

MOTHER & SON: A LOVE STORY PT. 04

Ahabscribe

Mom cums for Homecoming and meets her son's friend.

Incest/Taboo

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Pt. 04: Mom Comes for Homecoming

Just in time for Christmas, the latest installment of this very personal story. I hope it was worth waiting for. Consider this my Christmas present to all the Literotica family (although, lol, there's not a bit of Christmas in it!). I hope you can cuddle up with a loved one on Christmas Eve and have fun unwrapping it (and each other). I look forward to your observations and criticisms both positive and negative (I'll view them as my Christmas gifts from you!).

All the usual labels apply: This is a work of fiction and any resemblance to anyone living or dead is sheer coincidence. All characters exist only within the realm of my imagination.

Again, I hope you enjoy this segment of the story -- there's more to come as time allows. I wish each of you a wonderful Christmas and a joyful New Year!

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I think that I now understand a little better the hell that addicts go through while in withdrawal. After a summer of daily sating my desires for my mother, I was in tears as I watched her drive away from in front of my Chicago apartment building, knowing that tonight, tomorrow and for an unknown number of long, lonely days, I would be deprived of the company of the great love of my life.

Mom had driven me back to Chicago on the last Friday of August, planning to do some shopping, but we both found ourselves literally unable to leave my bed -- our impending separation looming over us like a prison sentence. We didn't wander far from bed from the time we arrived until Sunday afternoon, both hungering for each other in ways that transcended mere sex; knowing that the near future would bring only brief, guarded phone calls and letters.

Sunday morning found us waking together, bodies sticky with perspiration from the summer heat despite the best efforts of my rickety air conditioner, and sticky from our lovemaking throughout the night. I think we both had begun to make love once more even before we woke up. I realized with great happiness that Mom and I were wrapped in each other's arms, kissing, our tongues intertwining as our bodies began to intertwine.

Silently, we kissed and caressed each other until finally I was above Mom, gazing down at her beautiful, lush body -- her magnificent breasts heaving and rolling as she breathed heavily in anticipation, spreading her shapely legs wide, her thick hairy muff glistening with her juices as she arched her pelvis upwards, her labia flowered and inviting, making my cock ache with the need to become buried in her satiny warmth and wetness. Mom's bed-tousled hair, long and dark spread out like a halo around her head, making her an angel of incest, blessing my bed with her presence.

I thrust into my mother with delight, savoring the wonderfulness of her pussy flesh surrounding; swallowing my penis within her womb, Mom's arms coming around my neck as I came to rest on

top of her. Mom's thick nipples, swollen and hard dragged across my chest as we moved together as one -- now completely knowing of each other's bodies, glorying in the secret incestuous knowledge of our love. "Oh, I love you, John," Mom sighed in a hoarse voice as I filled her with my cock."

"I love you so much, Mom," I whispered back as I ground my groin against hers, feeling her thighs sliding along mine and then wrapping her legs behind my back, pressing herself against me until we were almost one body -- certainly one soul. We made love gently, both of us aware that our weekend's hungry, almost desperate lovemaking had left us both worn and sore. Still whatever pain that we both felt was nothing to our overwhelming desire to have each other one more time.

From experience, we both knew that this would be a long bout of incestuous lovemaking. My need to cum was tempered by several bouts of sweet fucking over the long night and I knew I could go for as long as my loving mother could take it. Mom's sore and tender flesh was soothed by the balm of her creamy juices, flowing heavily from her motherly cunt, enveloping my cock in their rejuvenating heat as I slowly moved back and forth.

We barely spoke as we fucked, communicating with our eyes, with our touch, with our lips and our tongues. The world outside my bed simply became lost and we were alone, wrapped up in the glory of our love. My cock slipping in and out of Mom's creamy pussy, Mom's breasts spreading out underneath my weight, her legs tightening around my back, our tongues tasting and teasing each other; all this became our world. Mom's skinned glistened with sweat, making her body slick against mine, seemed to be on fire -- an inferno that began between her legs and enveloped us both.

I would bring Mom to the brink of climax and then stop, buried inside her pussy, both of us struggling to maintain our control and then we would resume our carnal, loving dance, expressing our unquenchable need for each other -- the undeniable love that one mother and son share.

Time seemed to stop, the universe seemed to stop and all of reality winnowed down to my mother and me, joined together, cock and pussy, bodies becoming one as our souls were. We were insatiable, knowing that we could never have enough of each other; knowing that an eternity of incestuous love would not be enough for what we were, what we shared and what we needed.

Gradually, our needs became more demanding. Mom cried out as I brought her to orgasm, her legs scissoring as she worked herself against me, urging me to get deeper inside her as her pussy muscles tightened around my throbbing cock, coating my shaft with a new flood of her juices. Mom writhed beneath me, her fingernails leaving tracks down my back as she orgasmed.

Somehow I found the strength to not cum, sinking deep within her massaging pussy and waiting until her orgasm faded before resuming. Mom smiled at me through tear blurred eyes, trying to catch her breath while each slow thrust sent orgasmic aftershocks through her beautiful body. Her orgasm had left her legs spread akimbo and I slipped my hands down to Mom's full thighs and then further downward to her knees and I lifted Mom's legs up, making her sob as I rocked her forward until her legs were draped over my shoulders, curling her up like a ball and finding myself that sweet fraction of an inch deeper inside her cunt.

Mom bit her lower lip as she tried to meet my thrusts with her own. My hands rested on her breasts, palms teasing and rubbing her swollen nipples, engorged with blood and throbbing so powerfully, I could feel the pulse of her heart as pleasure coursed through her body, corresponding with the pulse in her cunt as she tightened her grip on my cock.

Mom began to gasp, her moans coming in rhythm with my thrusts and now I knew I was beginning to lose my control as well. Our bodies slapped together wetly, sweat flying and splashing as we moved together, approaching a crescendo of incestuous delight.

"Please," Mom whispered as tears rolled down her pleasure wracked face. "Please, son, cum with me! Cum with Momma!" I increased my thrusts and then as Mom cried out as her orgasm swelled up like a balloon only to explode, I felt my cock swell and then I was exploding, unleashing a torrent of my semen inside my mother's cunt. It was that incredible type of ejaculation where each spurt of sperm sent tendrils of pleasure throughout my body and seemed to jump to Mom's writhing body, making her shake with incestuous joy as well.

We collapsed together, a pile of joined arms and legs and melded flesh, both of us laughing and crying and kissing and seemingly unable to let each other go. Exhausted, we barely talked, letting our wildly beating hearts do our speaking for us. We slept and kissed and cuddled and slept some more. Summer was over and our season of unrelenting passion was at least temporarily at an end.

"Only another year," Mom repeated as I kissed her one last time as she stood outside her car. Mom stroked my cheek lovingly. "The twins will graduate and then I leave your father and we are together forever, son."

We hugged each other tight. "Seems like it will take forever, doesn't it, Mom?" I sighed into her ear.

Mom nodded and said, "I know. I want to cry every time I realize that tomorrow I won't be able to make love to my sweet John." Mom kissed me and then pressed her face into my chest. I felt her choke down a sob. In a quavering voice, she said, "But, I'll be back when I can. I promise I'll be up for Homecoming and there's Thanksgiving and..." Mom raised her head and grinned. "And, we will definitely be celebrating our anniversary at Christmas -- maybe we'll get stuck in another blizzard."

We continued to kiss and make small talk for a long time, both of us on the verge of tears, until we knew we had to part. We were both crying as we kissed one last time and then, somehow we managed to let each other go and through my tears, I watched until I lost Mom's car in the traffic.

So...I was alone again, at the least in the now. My heart traveled home with Mom and I tried to do the best I could in her absence. Like last winter, I threw myself into my school work and tried to burn energy working as many hours as I could at the distributorship, loading trucks. It helped some, but not enough. My thoughts were constantly of Mom and I felt like I was almost in a constant state of blue balls as memories of our romantic and wicked summer constantly haunted me.

Heightening my desires for Mom were my encounters with Molly Cash -- my old fuck buddy who was also in her senior year at the university. Mom's observations of me being involved with women who resembled my mother were driven home every time I hung out with Molly. Mom had nailed it on the head and I was almost embarrassed by how much this young vibrant woman was like my mother.

Even worse, Molly had started to wear her hair longer -- before it had been cut short, almost a pixie cut, but she had started to let it grow out in the spring and now after summer, with it approaching her shoulders, Molly reminded me of Mom more than ever. Many times I was so tempted to succumb to Molly's overt sexuality, but I somehow found the strength to resist breaking my vow to my mother.

There was an added sense of desire I now associated with Mom and Molly as well. After my revelations of my past relationships and mentioning Molly was as fond as women as she was men

(perhaps even more), Mom had questioned me a lot about Molly and I found myself have fantasies of the two of them together. It might have just been my wicked imagination, but I almost thought that Mom was fantasizing about it as well. That Mom had a bisexual side to her was obvious, but her experience with women had been limited to her loving relationship with my Aunt Deb. And Mom had repeated several times that she really wanted to meet my friend Molly. More than once, I had taken the edge off my horniness with fantasizing Mom and Molly (and yes, me as well), making love.

Molly was still miffed at me for not telling her more about my "secret" lover, but was mollified when I finally told her that I would introduce her to my lover when she visited at Homecoming. "That, sugar, is something I look forward to," Molly said as we shared a beer one night after classes. "I want to meet the woman that stole the best male fuck I've ever known."

Molly seemed pleased and I knew she was intrigued. I had told her very little, but what little I disclosed only whetted her appetite. "Carrie is an older woman," I told Molly. "A good bit older than me."

Molly had grinned and said, "Big surprise. You've always had a thing for older women." She shook a finger at me as I tried to look baffled. "Remember, you told me all about you and Professor Black and about that woman at the campus library." Molly stuck her tongue out at me and added, "I'm surprised you even bothered with me -- young, sweet thang that I am." Molly kicked me under the table, none too softly and in an only slightly miffed tone said, "Not that you bother with me anymore, John Hamilton."

I sighed and replied as I always did, "I miss you too, Molly, but," I paused as I struggled to control the emotion in my voice. "I'm crazy in love with my -- my Carrie. I just feel I have to be faithful to her, I love her so much." It felt so odd to refer to Mom by her given name -- for me then as now, she is my Mom. Being family and lovers is too interrelated to be considered separate for us.

Molly nodded. "I know -- I can see it in your eyes how you feel about this woman. She has to be something wonderful." That intrigued look returned to her face -- mixed with some mischief. "Who knows, sugar? I might just have to steal her away from you -- find out what makes her so special. Maybe your Carrie will spill all your secrets."

As for myself, I wondered how much Mom and I could reveal to Molly. This little bisexual hillbilly divinity student was about the most open minded person I knew, but I wondered how she would react if she discovered my lover just happened to be my own mother.

Still, Homecoming seemed so long away, almost eight weeks and each day without experiencing Mom's touch was an eternity. My need for Mom seemed sometimes to verge on madness and I would be convinced that I would last another day without her.

Still, time did pass. The warm September days passed into the cooler days of October and as the month progressed the weather turned colder as my desires for Mom burned hotter with each day I checked off the calendar.

Homecoming finally arrived. Now, in all my years at school, I was usually too focused on studies, work and sex to pay much attention to sports, but now I was eager to see our university's annual celebration centered around the big football game finally arrive, because it would be in the company of the woman I loved.

I got out of classes that Friday afternoon around two o'clock and hurried home as fast as the 'El' could get me there. I raced the flights of stairs, expecting to find Mom waiting for me, but the door was locked and my heart sank. I went inside my apartment crestfallen, but stopped dead in the middle of the large room. I took a look around and I knew she had been there. I inhaled deeply and I could smell her -- that hint of jasmine mixed with her womanly fragrances that I had come to know so well.

I trooped downstairs and out the back and my heart leapt at the sight of her station wagon tucked into a parking slot. I wandered out in front and gazed up and down the street. On impulse, I started towards the old Korean grocery and hadn't gone a hundred steps before my choice was rewarded.

Mom walked towards me, her beauty shining brightly, making everyone around her seem drab by comparison. My heart began to beat loudly as I beheld the loveliest sight in all of God's creation. Mom was wearing a thick red sweater and a plaid skirt, befitting the cool day. The sweater clung tightly to Mom's zaftig figure, proudly proclaiming the heft and magnificent shape of her heavy breasts unfettered by a bra, while her not quite knee length skirt called attention to Mom's curvaceous legs, accentuated by a pair of sexy high heels.

Mom's long black hair framed her beautiful smile and those mesmerizing brown-green eyes which suddenly widened and seemed almost to glow as she saw me standing there admiring her. "John!" she cried out and she ran into my arms, dropping at our feet a canvas bag full of groceries.

I swept her up and spun her around, savoring the sheer sweetness of feeling my mother in my arms again, before I sat her down and kissed her. Mom's arms wrapped around my neck and I lifted her off her feet, her right leg curling around my legs as I cupped her ass cheeks and kissed her for everything I was worth; my tongue seeking out hers. We stood in the middle of the street and kissed passionately, while people walked around us, frowning or smiling at the reunited lovers in their midst.

My hands felt the material of her skirt slipping upwards and Mom let out a little, "Eep!" and wiggled out of my grasp. "Be careful, son," Mom said softly as she reached out and tugged her skirt down. She looked up into my eyes with that naughty look of hers that made me so achingly erect and continued in a low voice, "Momma's not wearing any panties at the moment!"

I had to work my mouth a moment to get it working, but eventually managed to comment, "Really?"

Mom giggled and nodding her head, replied, "Really. I figured why bother when I know darn well my son would just rip them apart anyway."

I gave Mom another juicy kiss and then leaned over and picked up her bag. "God, I missed you, Mom. Now let's go before I rape you right here in the street." Mom giggled as she took my arm and we strolled back to my apartment -- me strutting like the proudest man in the world, which I was.

Somehow we managed not to walk into a telephone pole or into other pedestrians, which was a miracle since we couldn't take our eyes off each other. Like a schoolboy with his first crush, my heart was pounding madly and I was literally exploding with joy to reunited with my mother again. Just to feel her body next to mine, the weight of her breast brushing against my arm, to have Mom's scent filling my nostrils, to feel her eyes on me, made me feel as if I was in heaven.

Heaven became something else once we had made it inside my apartment as groceries fell at our feet and we began to passionately kiss as we frantically pawed at each other's clothes. I unbuttoned Mom's plaid skirt and it fell at her feet. My hand caressed her lower belly and then plunged into her thick bush, proving that indeed my mother had been walking around downtown Chicago sans panties!

My fingers slipped between her labia and I felt Mom's heat and wetness. Mom broke the kiss with a quick gasp and she left off fumbling at my belt to whip her sweater over her head and just like that Mom stood naked before me. My hands went to her breasts without hesitation and I hefted and squeezed her meaty tits, feeling her nipples harden and lengthen between my fingers.

"Mmmmm, sweet John, I have missed your touch," Mom purred as she resumed her efforts to get my pants off. I felt a sudden rush of cool air as Mom gave a triumphant cry and my trousers pooled at my ankles. Then Mom had my sweatshirt off me and was nuzzling my neck.

"Oh, Mom! I love you," I groaned happily as Mom's lips kissed downward, pausing at my own erect nipples to lick and teasingly bite. Her hands were busy tugging off my shorts and then I felt my cock slap against my belly and then Mom moving against me, trapping my erect penis between our warm bodies. I was hard -- so hard it almost hurt. Still, Mom continued to kiss me, going downward, going into a squat as her tongue teased my belly button and then I felt her hot breath on the glans of my cock.

"And I missed you too, big fella," Mom murmured below me, gazing up to look into my eyes as she wrapped her lips around the head of my cock and rolled her sweet tongue over it. Slowly Mom took me in her mouth, taking me inch by inch, my legs quivering as Mom deep throated me until her lips were brushing my pubic hairs. I bit my lip and focused on not cumming as Mom expertly sucked my cock.

I didn't want it to end, but I also needed more of my mother and I urged her back up, kissing her and then picking her up and carrying her to our bed. I sat her down and then straddled her face looking down at her pussy. Mom cooed with delight as I dropped myself on top of her, burying my face in her hairy cunt. As I nosed my way into her pink, sopping wet flesh, I moaned as I felt Mom's lips again slip around my cock. I ran my tongue down the length of her pussy and back again while Mom sucked me with gusto. It was like drinking nectar, savoring the sweet and powerful juices of Mom's pussy.

Using my fingers, I spread Mom's lips wide so that I could lick and suck at as much of Mom's cunt as possible. I felt her tremble beneath me as I plunged my tongue deep into her pussy as my cheeks brushed her tender flesh and my chin rubbed against her swollen clitoris. Mom returned the favor as her tongue fluttered up and down my shaft and danced around the head of my cock, her teeth delicately scraping across my sensitive member.

I proceeded to love on Mom's clitoris, sucking and nibbling ever so gently while my tongue probed her secret nooks and crannies around her little penis like nub. Mom began to burble around my cock and I felt her flinging her pelvis upwards, urging me to continue with my incestuous pussy eating. She began to more earnestly suck my aching dick, making delicious gobbling and smacking noises as she gave as good as she was getting.

I heard her begin to moan with my cock in her mouth and I felt the tell-tale fluttering of her stomach muscles and then I was rewarded by a virtual explosion of pussy juices as Mom began to

orgasm -- her thighs tightening against the sides of my head to keep my loving mouth in place. I lapped and sucked and drank from Mom's heavenly cunt as she flooded my face with her cream.

That was all it took for me and I sobbed into Mom's pussy as I felt my dick swell and then explode in a torrent of semen, jet after jet of my white, steaming sperm ejaculating in my mother's mouth. I had abstained from masturbating for almost a week, anticipating Mom's visit and now it seemed as if I couldn't stop. Even Mom seemed to choke on the flood of semen I was producing, a fact confirmed when I rolled off Mom's naked body and saw her panting for breath, several globs of spunk splattering her chin.

When she could speak, Mom wheezed, "Oh my god, son! Somebody really needed that! Don't you ever masturbate?" She reached up and scooped the cum off her face and then licked her fingers clean. "Not that I'm complaining!"

We both went into the giggles until I was turned around and with her juices dripping from my face, I kissed her, tasting myself and letting her have a sample of her own sweet pussy cream. It felt so damn good to finally have Mom back in my arms again. We lay there naked in bed, wrapped up in each others arms and legs until well after sundown. Mom gave me all the latest news from home.

Dad was, well, Dad -- consumed with everything related to hunting or fishing. "Oh, and now, bowling. Two nights a week," Mom reported with a bit of ill will in her voice. "And your brothers have both signed papers to go into the military -- one joining the Marines, the other enlisting into the Navy." Mom leaned into me and kissed me. "And by this time next year, it will be you and me, forever, John."

"It can't come soon enough, Mom," I replied after I kissed her back. So much seemed to be happening so fast, but not fast enough for me. Mom and me together for the rest of our lives -- yeah, I could hardly stand to wait for it.

We snuggled quietly for a few minutes and then Mom, her voice full of mischief said, "Oh, I think I embarrassed your first woman, son." She looked up into my eyes, her own full of amusement.

"Oh yeah, how's that, Mom?"

"I was in the 24/7 convenience store a few weeks ago and guess who was working the register?"

I laughed and said. "Darleen? Oh hell, Mom, what did you do?"

Mom replied, "Well, I was standing there in line and I just stared at her like the jealous woman I am and she finally noticed. By the time she was waiting on me, she was bright red. She knew that I knew about her and my son."

"What did you say, Mom?"

Mom looked smug as she answered me. "Nothing, just 'hi Darleen, how are you,' and..." Mom's voice dropped to a deadly tone, "My son, John said to tell you, 'Hello.'"

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry as Mom said in that same icy voice, "I wanted to claw her eyes out -- be the first to fuck my son...bitch."

Mom's words made me shiver and surprisingly, they made me hard again -- who knew jealousy could be such a turn on. Mom felt my hardness and moved to squat over me. As Mom lowered

herself on me, I said as I felt her flowered cunt lips engulf my erection, "I promise you again, Mom. I am a one woman man."

Mom gave me that same icy look for a long moment as she slowly slipped down my cock and then couldn't hold it anymore, laughing and moaning as she ground her hairy bush against my groin. "I don't mind my son fucking another woman -- I love watching you fuck Deb, but I think, as your mother, I should have first approval of your selections!" Mom sneered at me then, partly teasing me and partly from being impaled on my cock. I could feel myself throbbing against her tightly clasping cunt muscles.

Slowly, Mom began to move up and down on my cock, pistoning up and down, her silky wet flesh massaging my erect penis. Mom's massive breasts bobbed in time to her movements, the large sloping gourd shaped tits swaying almost hypnotically as my mother had her way with me. Mom's calf muscles began to bulge at the strain, but Mom seemed perfectly content to fuck me this way. I savored the moment, enjoying the opportunity to just stare happily at my mother.

The more I looked, the more I realized some little changes. As Mom rode me, I reached out and caressed her breasts, letting my hand slide down to her round stomach. It suddenly hit me. "Mom -- you've lost weight!" And she had. Mom's figure was still a full one, but with a little more definition. Her stomach pooch wasn't as big as it had been and as I reached out with my free hand, I realized that Mom's thigh was more tone than before.

Mom beamed at me proudly and I felt her flex her cunt muscles in reward, doing things to my cock that words are simply too inadequate for. "Thanks for noticing, sweetheart," Mom said. "Mommy's been working off her tension and stress from missing her darling son! And, Mommy wants to look sexy for her son." Mom's voice had gotten husky with her last words. She looked down at me with such a look of love and desire.

"Oh Mom, I will always love you and want you! You will always be sexy to me, Mom," I moaned with happiness.

Mom twisted and rolled her hips as she bounced on my cock. "I love you too, John," Mom replied, her voice quavering now. She had leaned forward and was getting some serious clitoral attention as she rasped up and down on my cock and in a squat she was getting maximum penetration, my cock going as deep as possible into her womb.

It didn't take too much longer before Mom was struggling to keep moving, not from exhaustion, but from her body beginning to be racked with orgasmic convulsions. Mom rose up one final time and then with agonizing slowness, squatted down, down until our pubic hairs were entangled in the wetness of her flooding cunt. Mom arched her back and ground herself against me, my cock pressing into her cervix as her pussy tightened its grip on my erection, coating it with her slick, searing hot juices. "I -- Love -- You -- Johnnn!" Mom cried out as she came.

The sight of Mom creaming on my cock was enough and I didn't try to hold back, but surrendered to the sweet delight of flooding Mom's womb with my sperm, both of our bodies spasming as we were engulfed with incestuous pleasure.

Finally, Mom's strength faded and she collapsed on top of me, her breasts pillowing out against my chest as her lips found mine and we kissed and gasped for air and kissed some more. My cock was still trapped inside Mom's pussy, her muscles hanging onto me possessively.

When we could speak again, Mom lifted her head off my chest and said, "Speaking of your former lovers, have you seen your friend, Molly, lately?"

"Um, yeah, we hang out some," I replied. "We went out for beers last Saturday night."

"Have you fucked Molly lately?" Mom said in a teasing voice. "Tell Momma the truth. Momma knows if her son is telling the truth or not."

I grinned and raised my head and gave Mom a quick peck on the lips. "Nope, I told you, I am a one woman, or rather I'm a one Mom man."

Mom smiled down at me, her face betraying how pleased she was. "That's my good son. Now, have you told your Molly that I want to meet her?"

I nodded. "Yes, she says she's looking forward to it. You and I will try and hook up with her tomorrow night after the game." I paused, unsure how to put into words my feelings on this. "Mom, why are you so intent on meeting Molly? I love you, I'm your man."

Mom grinned and waggled her eyebrows. "I know, son, and I love you. I don't doubt that I'm your woman either, but..." Mom paused and stroked my face. "There's more to it than that. Something in your voice when you talk about her -- she's more than just a -- what did you call it -- a fuck buddy. I want to find out what that is."

"Okay, but how do we go about this? Should I just say, Molly, I want you to meet the love of my life who just happens to be my mother. Mom, meet Molly."

Mom shrugged and replied, "I'm not worried about that -- from everything you've said about her, she sounds very open minded." A very mischievous smile crossed Mom's face and she added, "I'm sure Molly and I are going to get along wonderfully."

That gave me lots to think about over the next several hours as Mom and I finally retrieved the groceries from the floor and made dinner. Having eaten and rested, Mom and I went to bed for the night, somehow finding time to sleep after a long bout of lovemaking. The last thing I recalled as I faded into dreamland, was how wonderful it was to have Mom's head nestled against my chest and her shapely leg draped across my thighs; and how I felt more content and happy than at any time in the previous two months.

The next day was a flurry of activity as I accompanied Mom on a shopping spree in downtown Chicago. I passed many men who sat with looks of resignation on their faces as they waited resolutely for their wives outside dressing rooms, but I was more than delighted to just spend time with Mom, be it shopping for shoes, dresses or lingerie. We finished the afternoon strolling through the Chicago Museum of Art. Mom made me blush as we walked through a gallery of sculptures, pausing at one male nude after another and shaking her head and announcing, "Nope, doesn't compare to my John!" Those comments drew more than a few stern, scolding stares as well as some astonished looks and a few appraising glances from other women. Mom paid them all no mind at all, laughing and moving onto the next.

Late afternoon found us on campus, making our way towards the football stadium. It was brisk, the wind off the lake sending a chill through everyone. Mom looked stunning, wearing another tight sweater -- green this time, with a long black wool dress slit down the side and black boots. Over this, Mom had put on a wool serape. Mom had her hair pulled back into a pony tail and was as beautiful a woman that ever walked the planet.

We found our seats in the stadium -- about half way up the stands, but near the fifty yard line. We sat in the bleachers amongst a mixed group of alumni, professors and spouses and students. The air grew colder with each moment as the first half of the game progressed. Mom was a delight to be with -- she threw herself into the game with complete enthusiasm. We feasted on hot dogs and pretzels from the concession stands and hot chocolate that we'd brought along in a thermos, Mom winking at me naughtily as she ate her hot dog with enthusiasm. "I'm gonna eat a bigger hot dog later tonight," she whispered into my ear, flicking her tongue out and sending a shiver through me that had nothing to do with the cold weather.

As the homecoming festivities began during half-time, Mom pulled my backpack out from under the seat and from it, revealed a blanket -- no, a quilt that she had packed away before we'd left my place. "I'm getting cold, John, how about you?" Mom asked as she unfolded it and proceeded to drape it across our laps and pulling it up until it was tucked under our chins.

Mom scooted a little closer to me and I felt her hand fall on my thigh and she smiled at me in a way that would make the most impotent of men erect. Then I realized what quilt was covering us. "This is Granny Polly's quilt," I stated.

Mom nodded, an amused and naughty look on her face, confirming what I already knew. This was Mom's treasured quilt, made by her grandmother -- the same quilt that Mom had lain on when Grandpa Tom took her virginity and which we had made love on this past summer at the old family home.

"I thought it might come in useful tonight," Mom said. "We have good memories with this quilt and maybe we'll make some more this evening." I felt her squeeze my leg as she turned her attention back to the presentation of the homecoming court on the football field.

Within a few minutes, I felt Mom's hand spider-walk along my thigh. "Sit up, straight, son," Mom admonished me. I did so and realized it allowed Mom better access to my fly and zipper. Slowly, Mom unzipped my pants and then her knowledgeable fingers began to explore. Mom slipped through the front of my shorts and fished out my already hard cock. "That's a lovely one," Mom commented, nodding towards the field where the Homecoming Queen was being delivered in a convertible Corvette. Mom smiled at me and began to stroke my cock.

"I love you, Mom," I said softly as Mom masturbated me. I marveled at her deft touch, her soft fingers stroking and caressing, making me squirm as Mom milked the head of my cock, her thumb brushing ever so maddeningly over my slit. Her arm moved so imperceptibly that one could barely tell she was doing anything at all.

"I know, John. Momma loves you too." Mom replied, leaning in to kiss me. Mom stroked me with skill and finesse and teased me -- drawing it out and not letting me cum too soon. When my breath would quicken and I began to tense up, Mom would squeeze me and expertly calm my aching cock down. All this while we watched some girl be crowned as Homecoming Queen. It didn't take long for me, despite the cold air to be sweating profusely, making me shiver not from cold, but from pleasure.

It wasn't until the second half resumed that Mom let me come, speeding up her strokes and doing magical things with her fingers that had me roaring in delight while the crowd roared at the kickoff of the third quarter.

Mom cupped her free hand over my cock to catch my stream of semen, leaning a little awkwardly in to do so. As the kick receiver took the catch and scooted downfield, Mom yelled loudly, "Go, boy,

go! Show us what you got!" grinning at me as she shouted.

I shook and shivered as Mom pumped me empty. I gave Mom my most loving smile and said, "Wow!" Mom just smiled back and stroked me a couple of more times before she tucked me lovingly back inside my shorts and zipped me up.

"Honey, would you pour your Mom another cup of hot chocolate?" Mom asked me.

"After that, Mom, I'd do anything you asked," I responded enthusiastically.

I poured Mom a fresh cup of hot chocolate and handed it to her. Mom slipped out the hand that she had jacked me off with and I felt my eyes widen as I saw streamers of sperm hanging off her fingers. "Oops!" Mom giggled and she brought her hand to her mouth and licked her fingers clean. She then took the cup from me and took a sip. "Mmmm, not a bad combination, son; I think this could be turn into an addiction."

Mom then pulled her other hand carefully out from under the quilt, still cupped -- her palm holding a pool of my semen. Mom watched me stare awestruck at her as she tipped her hand over the cup of hot chocolate and let my jism ooze down into the hot liquid. Then Mom carefully scraped her palm along the rim of the Styrofoam cup, scrapping more semen off into her hot chocolate.

An older woman, perhaps sixty years old and I assumed the wife of an old English professor from my Freshman year, turned around in front of us and did a double take as Mom finished dumping my seed into her drink and then nonchalantly licked her hand clean of any remaining spunk. The woman eyed Mom's cup and the globs of semen floating on top. Her eyes widened and she gasped as she realized what she was seeing.

The woman stared up at Mom who was grinning like a Cheshire cat. Mom raised the cup up as if she was about to make a toast and said, "Nothing like fresh cream, straight from the tap, is there?"

The woman turned bright red and then a smile fluttered across her face and she gave Mom a quick nod and turned back around. Mom looked pleased as she swirled her cup around, mixing my semen with the chocolate before she took a sip. "You are so bad, Mom," I said, trying not to laugh. "Thank you." I leaned in and kissed her, tasting chocolate and myself on her lips.

We turned our attention back to the game -- our university was behind by five points. We sat quietly for a while, then Mom reached out and took my hand. "Oh baby, your hand is so cold," Mom said. "Would you like to warm your hand up?"

I shrugged and said, "Forgot to wear gloves tonight, Mom. I'll be alright."

Mom squeezed my hand again and said in that low, husky, "I want to fuck you right now," voice, said, "I said, would you like to warm your hand up, son?"

Okay, so sometimes, I'm a bit slow. I grinned at Mom and slipped my hand underneath the quilt. I wasn't very surprised to find that Mom had tugged her dress around to position the split to expose the top of her right thigh. I slipped my hand between Mom's thighs, feeling the heat emanating from between her legs long before my fingertips brushed the curly mass of hair that made up Mom's thick bush.

I whispered into Mom's ear, "Didn't you teach us to always wear underwear, Mom?"

Mom wiggled a bit on the bleacher, spreading her thighs a bit wider as I angled my arm to give me better access and replied, "You want me to put them on right now?"

I grinned and shook my head. My middle finger touched wet, juicy and steaming flesh and Mom let out a little sigh as I sank my finger up to the second knuckle into her soaking pussy.

I stirred up Mom's wet juices for a few minutes, pausing every now and then to probe one of Mom's pleasure points. Mom continued to sigh and to occasionally bite her lower lip. I added a second finger and then a third and Mom tried to flex her pelvis against my probing digits without seeming obvious. I began to tease various sensitive spots and accidentally found a new one, catching Mom off guard and causing her to squeal with pleasure.

"Oops," I said in my best innocent voice.

"Oops my ass, son," Mom panted. "Whatever you do, don't forget that place -- that felt wonderful, John."

I turned my wrist slightly and used my thumb to search for Mom's clitoris which I knew from long experience had emerged from its hood, seeking to join the party. I began to gently caress and rub the swollen nub, making Mom's sighs intensify. For long minutes I fingered Mom's pussy, taking her to that place that was just short of orgasm.

I divided my time watching the game and watching Mom. You know I think she's the most beautiful woman in the world and at that moment, she had that extra special quality that all women on the verge of orgasm possess. Mom's eyes were closed and she was rocking ever so slightly and shivering, not from the cold but from the intensity of her pleasure. I let my fingers flutter inside her, showing off my knowledge of my mother's most secret erogenous points while I waited for the right moment to push her over the edge.

Mom was growing desperate, whispering, "Please, son, please now," when the opportune moment arrived. The crowd's cheering began to swell as our team's quarterback lobbed a lateral pass to our best running back on our own twenty yard line. As he broke through the defensive line and the crowd began to roar, I stepped up my efforts on Mom's clitoris while my middle finger curled upwards and sought out Mom's G-spot.

While the crowd leapt to its feat and cheered the running back down the line, Mom began to orgasm, her cries of delight all but lost amongst the bedlam of the crowd. Mom's hand clamped down on mine, her nails digging into my flesh, intent on keeping my hand in place as I fingered and teased her through her orgasm. The crowd's screams hit a higher crescendo and Mom screamed right along with them, even as she slumped against me as her body shook and convulsed. My fingers were bathed in a torrent of fresh pussy juice, slick and hot as her cunt tried to tighten around my busy fingers.

I felt eyes upon us and tore my gaze away from Mom and looked up. The professor's wife in front of us was staring down at Mom and me, a slightly dazed look on her face as she struggled to frown or smile. Finally, the smile seemed to win out. As Mom struggled to regain control of herself, the crowd settled down and began to sit again.

The professor's wife continued to stare at us and I said, "So, what happened?"

She started to speak and then paused, licked her lips and replied, "Our team scored. We're ahead."

Mom tried to sit up straight and between gasps for air, squeaked, "That's nice."

The older woman replied, "Uh huh. I don't think they were the only ones to score a touchdown, though."

I laughed and shrugged my shoulders. "No argument there."

Mom finally released her grip on my hand and I slipped it out, my move making a distinctly wet sound. My hand emerged from under the quilt glistening with Mom's juices. The professor's wife's eyes widened and she turned bright red. "Everybody's a winner," I said, taking and sucking Mom's cunt cream off my forefinger.

"Oh my," gasped the professor's wife, watching as if pole axed as I sucked my ring finger clean.

Mom was recovering and her eyes gleamed as we acted out her fantasies of exhibition. She took my hand and said, "Isn't love wonderful, ma'am?" and then Mom sucked her own pussy juice off my middle finger and then kissed me.

The older woman touched her chest, her fingers plucking at the lapel of her jacket as if she wanted to rip it off and bare her breasts. A sexual flush was creeping up her neck. She nodded as I licked the rest of Mom's nectar off my hand and then smiled at us again before turning around and trying to watch the rest of the game.

The rest of the game passed in sort of a glow; Mom and I huddled up underneath our quilt, my arm around her waist, keeping her tight against me. The professor's wife continued to give us the occasional glance and Mom nodded to me at one point directing my gaze to the older woman's hand, gradually edging its way up her husband's thigh.

Finally the game was over, our team won and everyone stood and cheered. The older woman turned and said, "I hope you two have a wonderful evening." and then almost dragged her husband into the throng heading for the exits.

"Hmmm, somebody's gonna get lucky tonight," I said to Mom, chuckling.

Mom leaned in and with her lips touching my ear, whispered, "He's not the only one, son," again flicking her tongue into my ear in such a way that I was fully erect before we reached the aisle.

Arm in arm, Mom and I exited the stadium and walked through the tree shrouded campus. "So, when are we meeting your Molly, sweetheart?" Mom asked.

"We're supposed to meet her at Minelli's at Nine O'clock," I replied. I glanced at my watch. "We've got an hour to kill." I bumped Mom's hip with mine gently and said, "Any ideas?"

Mom grinned and glanced around. The Campus was mostly deserted -- old brick buildings, brightly colored trees in all their fall glory and grass -- and mostly in shadow. "C'mere, son," Mom said as she dragged me towards a narrow walkway between two buildings.

Halfway down the walk, deep into the shadows, Mom pulled me to her and kissed me. Our tongues began to dance and Mom leaned back against the wall, pulling me onto her, taking my weight. As we kissed, Mom began working my belt while her left leg rose and curled behind my thighs.

"Fuck me, John," Mom hissed. "I need your cock and I want it right here, right now." I was way ahead of her, my hands filled with the fabric of her skirt, lifting it up even as I felt cold air as my

pants and shorts fell down around my ankles.

Mom thrust her furry cunt against me, her flowered cunt lips, trapping my cock against them, slathering my shaft with her fiery juices. "Get nasty, son. Fuck Momma with that fine cock," Mom hissed.

In the cold night, my nostrils were suddenly filled with the powerful aroma of Mom's aroused pussy and that combined with the sweet heat of Mom's half naked body pressing against mine suddenly enflamed my desires and with a feral growl, I pushed Mom hard against the brick wall and hunched down and drove my cock upwards and into Mom's open cunt while I pressed my mouth hard against hers.

Mom cried out in surprise and pleasure at my aggressiveness and kissed me back passionately -- her tongue a relentless serpent sparring with my own tongue. My hands slipped down and cupped her naked butt cheeks and lifted her up and down on my erect and throbbing dick. The wind blew wicked cold down that passageway, but Mom and I were impervious to it; our incestuous lust keeping us warm and toasty.

Like two animals in heat, Mom and I fucked furiously, frantically slamming our bodies into each other, savoring every moment my stiff penis was buried inside her soaking wet pussy. When we broke off the kiss, I pressed my face into Mom's throat, nibbling, licking and biting her sweet flesh as I plunged again and again into her molten cunt.

Words were unnecessary -- our eyes and lips and body movements conveyed our every desire as we again joined in that holy union of incestuous passion that made us complete. We slipped into a steady rhythm -- my cock driving in and out of Mom's claspings pussy, each stroke a taste of heaven as her sugar walls clung hungrily to my shaft.

Mom's fists beat against my back as our ravenous passion overwhelmed us. "Oh sweet God, baby; you-you're making Momma cummmmm!" Mom cried out, her voice halting -- interrupted with every sharp thrust of my cock. I felt her legs rise up and wrap around my back, ankles crossing as she tried to lock her cunt into place, grinding against my crotch, seeking to bury my throbbing cock deep in her womb. Her pussy muscles clamped down tight around my shaft and began to milk my dick for its seed.

"Oh god, Mom -- I love your pussssyyy!" I groaned as I thrust upwards, seeking to get ever deeper inside my mother. The floodgates opened and Mom cried out as I began to spray my semen inside her womb, spurring Mom's orgasm on to greater heights. I felt Mom shake and writhe in my grasp and I pressed myself more firmly into her, pinning her against the wall as we both savored our orgasms.

We remained in place for a long time, almost paralyzed by the intensity of lovemaking; compounded by our great delight in each other's body and what was to us the most natural of conditions -- my cock buried in my mother's loving cunt.

Eventually and regrettably, I slipped from Mom's loving embrace and I eased Mom back to her feet and began to reach for my pants. "Not so fast there, buster," Mom said in a mock scolding voice. "Never deprive your mother of her little pleasures."

Although her knees were a little wobbly, Mom squatted down and found my semi-erect cock with her mouth, making me reach out and lean against the brick wall as she sucked my cock clean of our

mingled cum. I groaned happily as Mom's tongue rolled and roiled around my sensitive flesh, scouring it clean of all traces of semen and pussy cream.

Finally, Mom slowly stood up, pulling my trousers up with her as she did so and then doing up my belt and fly. Mom stood on tip-toe and kissed me. "I am the luckiest mother in the world to have a son like you, John." Mom whispered, putting her arms around my neck.

"And I'm the happiest son in the world, Mom to have a mother like you," I replied in between kisses. We continued to kiss until the cold night air finally convinced us to move on. I put my arm around Mom's shoulder and we walked on through the campus to the El station and went on towards our rendezvous with Molly, oblivious to almost everything, our world really narrowing down to just us -- two people, man and woman, mother and son, madly in love.

Minelli's was an old Italian restaurant with a bar -- great atmosphere, great food and great accommodations -- old, high backed booths for privacy. We checked our coats and after securing a table, we both peeked into the bar, looking for Molly.

"Ah, there she is, Mom," I said in a low voice and nodding in Molly's direction where she sat on a high bar stool, "In the red dress." Molly had gone all out -- looking as sexy as I had ever seen her -- clothed anyway. Molly had on a short, sweater dress -- fire-truck red and molding tightly to her voluptuous body and leaving little to the imagination as to the shape and heft of her youthful and meaty tits. She had one leg crossed over the other, pulling the dress hem higher to reveal her luscious thighs while a stiletto heel dangled from one dainty foot.

I walked up and said, "Hi Molly," interrupting some guy in a leather jacket and a tie who was hitting on her.

Molly grinned with relief and said, "Well, hey, sugar. It's about time." She patted the guy's hand sympathetically and said, "Been fun, but my date's here." I helped her off her bar stool, getting a peck on the cheek for rescuing her.

Hand in hand, we walked back up to the end of the bar where Mom was waiting, studying Molly with great interest. "Um, Carrie -- I'd like you to meet Molly Cash. Molly, this is -- um, this is my Carrie."

I expected both to shake hands or just nod to each other, but Mom and Molly stood still for a moment and stared at each other, looking much like mother and daughter or younger and older versions of one person. I shivered as Mom's words from this past summer passed through my thoughts. "My baby wanted to fuck Mommy so bad, you went out and fucked women who look like me, didn't you?" I felt a thrilling tingle shoot through my cock as I watched Mom and Molly study each other. A few people sitting nearby even seemed to pick up on the tension building between them.

Mom began to smile and moved towards Molly, arms spread wide and hugged her, kissing her on the cheek. "I have been looking forward to meeting you so much, Molly! Good lord, we must be related somewhere back down the line. Looking at you is like looking into a mirror from my youth."

Molly seemed a little stunned, but she hugged Mom right back and returned the kiss, landing it close to the corner of Mom's mouth, triggering a wild thought in my head as I realized that not long before Mom had been licking her juices and my cum off my cock and wondering if Molly could taste it. "It's nice to meet you too, Carrie." She cast a glance over at me -- guess we both know what John's taste in women run to."

Mom took Molly by the arm and led us to our table -- a booth with seats on three sides. I sat in the middle -- my back against the wall and flanked by Mom on my left and Molly on my right. The two women chatted animatedly as we ordered drinks and dinner; Mom quizzing Molly about her background and her plans for the future and Molly volleying with questions about Mom and how we came together.

Mom laughed and said, "Well, I've known John his entire life and I guess it was just fate that we became lovers." Mom was enjoying the game -- being just vague enough to not reveal our familial relationship. Me -- I answered questions and watched the interplay between Mom and Molly and trying not to say anything stupid. Several times, I almost called Mom, "Mom" instead of Carrie. It was a little disconcerting for me as Mom would hold my hand while playing footsie underneath the table, running her boot along my leg while grinning mischievously at me.

Dinner was spectacular and we were winding things down when Mom looked at Molly and said, "I've been worried, you know, that John and me becoming lovers, that it screwed up something between you two."

Molly shrugged and said. "Well, we have shared something special and I think John will always be one of my most important friends." She turned and looked at me with a frost expression. "I do wish he would be more honest about things though. He's been keeping his great love a mystery from me and I think he's still bullshitting me now." She sat back and took a sip of wine and watched our reaction.

Mom smiled and tilting her head said, "What do you mean, honey? Bullshitting you how?"

"He promised me I could meet the woman that stole his heart away and now he's playing games with me...and you're helping him." There was a little heat now in Molly's voice.

Mom opened her mouth, not sure what to say. I blurted out. "I don't know what you mean, Molly. I told you I'd introduce you to um, Carrie and here she is."

Molly laughed and shook a finger at me. "Listen to yourself, sugar. This is your Mom across the table. You never say it, but you might as well say 'Mom' every time you open your mouth and say her name. This isn't your secret older woman -- this is your Mother. You've been bullshitting me all night. I just can't figure out why."

"Molly -- I...no, I haven't -- this is my mo -- dammit, I mean this is my lover, Carrie."

Molly shook her head and said. "Don't you dare lie to me, John Hamilton. Just tell me the truth -- your lover couldn't make it or you didn't want us to meet and you talked your mom into helping you con me."

I started to deny it, but she pressed on. "C'mon, sugar -- this is your mother...a blind man could see it. You have the same eyes, the same chin, the same sweet, sexy smile."

"Molly?" Mom spoke up for the first time in the exchange. Her voice was full of passion and energy and something fierce and loving. Molly swung her gaze around to meet Mom's and her eyes widened as she felt Mom's presence more than ever before. Mom was almost glowing -- excited as she took a deep breath and continued. "Molly, can't I be both?" She reached out and squeezed my hand, nervous, excited and proud as she announced, "John is my son and my lover."

Molly's mouth fell open and for the first time in the two years I'd known her, she was at a loss for words. Both women gazed at the other, both excited and scared. I swung my eyes from one to the other, seeing them both breathing heavily, heavy, meaty breasts rising and falling. I felt sweet desire rise up in me for both my mother and my former lover as I observed their nipples harden and swell up -- straining against the fabric of their sweaters -- Mom's prominent, thick nubs and Molly's smaller, but longer nipples.

"That's not possible," whispered Molly, her tongue snaking out to lick her lips nervously. "You can't be your son's..." She turned her gaze towards me and said hoarsely, "You can't be fucking your mom, sugar...that's..." She didn't finish her sentence.

"Molly?" Mom said again, her voice now full of that husky desire I knew all too well. Mom reached out and took Molly's hands, holding them in her own hands. "Molly, I will never lie to you. My son, John and I are lovers -- we have been lovers since Christmas and we intend to live the rest of our lives as mother and son -- husband and wife."

Molly slowly shook her head as she squeezed Mom's hands. "You and John? I can't believe this -- it's too incredible, Carrie. John fucking you -- his mother, that's sooo unbelievable." She was practically shivering -- her neck turning red and spreading to her face.

Mom grinned and nodded and said, "Molly, come with me, honey." Without letting go of Molly's hands, Mom slid out and around the table, urging Molly to her feet. "Son, Molly and I need to go the ladies' room. We'll be back in a bit."

I watched as my mother walked away hand in hand with my former lover, pulling her along like a mother taking her little girl to the restroom. Not being sure what to do in the light of Molly's intuition and Mom's revelation, I opted to sit quietly and order another beer.

Fifteen minutes or so passed before Mom and Molly returned, Molly's arm circling Mom's arm. Molly had an almost dazed and goofy grin and Mom's face was flushed and she was smiling as well, although walking a bit awkwardly -- as if her knees wanted to buckle. Mom winked at me and said, "John, get the check -- it's time for us to go. We'll be waiting for you outside."

I signaled our waiter and settled up as fast as I could. Out on the street, I glanced around for Mom and Molly. There wasn't a lot of foot traffic, but several people's glances were drawn back towards the end of the brick side of Minelli's where Mom and Molly were in an ardent embrace, kissing passionately.

Slowly I walked towards them, hanging back a few feet and watching with something akin to awe as I watched Mom and Molly soul kiss. They slowly became aware of me and as Mom slowly drew away from Molly, I watched my former lover sucking on Mom's tongue before letting it slip from between her lips. I felt my cock stiffening inside my pants and I felt my own knees grow weak.

"It's time we all went home, son," Mom said huskily.

Molly nodded and smiled at me. I found myself arm in arm with both women as we hurried to the 'El. On the train, we found ourselves in a mostly deserted car and sat at one end by ourselves; Mom sitting between Molly and me. Mom reached out a hand to both of us and pulled us close. Molly looked at me in the harsh light of the commuter car and blushed, grinned and looked at Mom with a silly, love struck expression.

"Son, I have to beg your pardon -- I've gone off and done something without consulting you," Mom said softly, squeezing my hand.

My heart was about to leap through my throat and I shook my head and said, "You never have to ask me anything, Mom," realizing as I said it that it was the first time I had acknowledged her as Mom since she had revealed it to Molly.

Mom gave Molly an evil grin. "Well, John -- I knew I had to prove to Molly here that you and I were lovers and so we went to the ladies room and into a stall and..." She paused and took a deep breath. "I lifted my skirt and offered Molly the chance to eat your spunk out of my pussy." I almost came in my pants hearing Mom talk so lewdly.

I didn't know what to say and Molly jumped in and said, "So, I did, sugar. I'd know the taste of your jism anywhere, John." Her voice was awed and full of wonder. "You weren't lying to me -- you really are your Mom's lover."

I felt my face turning red. "Yes," I whispered.

Molly shivered and replied, "Oh my god -- this is so hot and sexy. Just imagining the two of you fucking makes me so fucking wet." Her long black coat was open and she spread her legs, causing her very short skirt to draw up, revealing her soft thighs and a pair of red lacy bikini panties with a great wet spot molded against her labia lips.

Mom dropped her left hand down on Molly's bare thigh and then her right hand down into my lap, cupping the huge bulge in my pants. "Son, I know we are lovers, sworn to each other forever, but tonight, would you mind if Molly were to join us?"

I sure my grin gave my answer before I even spoke. "Hell no, Mom -- I've dreamed of seeing the two of you together."

Mom smiled and leaned in to kiss me -- her tongue dancing with mine before replying, "I confess, I've had fantasies even before meeting your Molly -- of me and her together and of seeing my son fuck another woman like his mother."

Mom turned to Molly and said, "Molly, would you do my son and me the honor of sharing our bed tonight?"

Molly grinned like a child on Christmas morning and leaned over and pulled me close and kissed me. My cock throbbed as I could taste hints of my semen and Mom's cream as I sucked her tongue and I could smell my Mom's cunt on her face. I struggled not to cum as I envisioned Molly squatting in that restroom stall, her face buried in Mom's hairy pussy.

I felt Mom's lips nuzzle my cheek and Molly and I both turned and let Mom kiss us in turn, first Molly and then me. I sure the few other occupants of the commuter car were gaping at us in shock, but I was too caught up in our lovemaking to look or care. Hands were caressing bodies, cupping tits through sweaters, stroking bare thighs and squeezing bulges that throbbed and felt like flesh made into iron.

I scarcely remember getting off the 'E1' and climbing the flights of stairs to my apartment. Suddenly we were in the warm studio apartment and touching and kissing were now joined by a frantic effort to disrobe each other.

Mom and I sandwiched Molly between us -- Mom in front and me in back and together, we stripped the young woman. I worked Molly's red panties off while Mom slowly pulled Molly's sweater dress up, revealing first her luscious thighs ending in her black-haired bush, neatly trimmed in a 'V' and her full ass cheeks. Molly sighed as both Mom and I showered her with kisses.. On and up over her flat stomach we tugged her dress; unleashing her firm, bountiful breasts, erect nipples standing up over an inch long and round like dimes. Mom leaned over and sucked each one while I cupped and lifted Molly's meaty tits. Finally, pulling the dress over her head, getting it stuck and blinding Molly momentarily while I nuzzled her neck and Mom kissed her lips and we both pinched and pulled at her hard, rubbery nipples, making her moan and sag in our arms.

Then it was Mom's turn as Molly and I flanked her. Molly undid Mom's skirt and pulled it off her -- giving life to my vision of her and Mom earlier by squatting and running her right hand through Mom's thick mat of hair before pressing her face into Mom's hairy bush and rolling her tongue up along her swollen and bloomed labia lips. I pulled Mom's sweater over her head, freeing her massive breasts, slightly sagging and looking so erotic sloped on her chest -- her thick, aroused nipples standing up and looking like they might burst. Molly trailed kisses up her body and joined me at sucking Mom's tits.

Finally, it was my turn -- Mom pulling my shirt off me while Molly helped me remove shoes, socks and then pants, flinging them across the room as she squatted and took me in her hand. Mom licked and bit my hard, pebbled nipples and then gave me butterfly kisses as she slowly lowered herself downwards to squat next to Molly. I felt like I was about to pass out as I gazed happily down at two women who kept their eyes on me as they took turns sucking my cock. Both had their techniques and both were familiar with my likes -- Mom and Molly both have talented tongues, but had different styles of cocksucking. I groaned in sheer delight as they watched me watch them suck my aching penis.

Molly sucked the head of my cock vigorously while her tongue fluttered madly over my slit and then she let me slip from her mouth and looked at Mom and said, "Carrie, I want to see your son fuck you...right now!"

Mom giggled and said, "My pleasure, honey," as they both slowly rose up and kissed me. We stumbled towards the bed and Mom fell into it, rolling over and over until her head was on the pillows and she was spread-eagled -- legs wide open and inviting, her thick bush split wide by her pink, wet flesh, gleaming in the light of the room. Mom's huge breasts heaved and rolled as she breathed heavily, anticipating my climbing on top of her.

Molly climbed up beside her, lying not quite on one side -- her legs opening and closing as she revealed her wetness as well. I felt my breath go away as I was able to see Mom and Molly naked and aroused together for the first time. My unconscious incestuous desires were clear to see as I gazed at their aroused naked flesh. Mom and Molly -- black hair spilled on the pillows, both with large breasts (Molly's tits on a slightly smaller frame seemed larger by just a little bit), both with voluptuous figures, shapely legs, but with different pussies. Mom's in a forest of hair with long, full labial lips while Molly's cunt was of shorter length, her pussy lips thicker and plumper. Two southern beauties laying in my bed and both staring eagerly up at me. I felt my cock throb and slap up against my stomach.

"Come to Momma, son," Mom sighed, holding out her arms to me. "Come fuck your mother, John,"

I did as only a good son could do -- I obeyed my mother. I climbed up into the bed and knelt between Mom's widespread legs. As Molly watched in awe, I eased onto Mom, rolling my hips to

meet her own pelvic lift and felt the head of my cock ease into Mom's spongy, silky wet opening. "I love you, Mom," I breathed as I thrust steadily into her.

Mom cried out as I buried myself in her hot pussy with one motion, my shaft swollen and scraping her sweet cunt walls as she tightened her cunt muscles around me, massaging me as I felt my cock head press into her cervix. Mom's legs lifted and pulled back, coming to cross over each other against my back and pull me even deeper into her.

The sweet pleasure of our incestuous joining was increased with the knowledge that we were fucking for an audience; allowing us to make love openly and proudly as mother and son while someone watched admiringly.

We kissed as we began to move together -- perfect, knowing lovers touching and fucking as only two people in love can do. Mom's tits pressed into my chest -- her breasts jiggling as we slapped bellies again and again. Between kisses, Mom and I would glance over at Molly who watched us in disbelief and joy.

"It -- you two are so beautiful," she whispered. "You two look so happy together, like love itself come to life." Molly reached out and caressed my face and then stroked Mom's face, gasping as Mom reached out and sucked her forefinger.

Mom slowly let Molly's finger slip from her lips and said, "I want to taste you, Molly dear."

Molly shivered and we watched as she slipped her hand down between her legs and dipped her finger into her own pussy, stirring it around and then emerging with her finger glistening with her juices. She brought her wet finger to my mother's lips and Mom obligingly sucked it off. "Sweet as honey, Molly, but I mean, I want to taste you...now."

Molly giggled as she suddenly realized what Mom was requesting. To be honest, I was tickled that I wasn't the only one slow on the uptake today. Molly quickly was on her knees and then easing herself in front of me, facing the wall as she straddled Mom's face. I had a bird's eye view as she lowered her cunt to Mom's waiting mouth -- her labia spread and quivering, dripping pussy cream as she sat on Mom's face. Mom let out a cooing sound that was muffled and cut off as her lips and tongue welcomed Molly's wet meat and she began to eat my friend out.

I felt Mom's body beneath me react to licking her first pussy besides her big sisters while being simultaneously fucked by her loving son. Mom's pussy squeezed me a little tighter, pulsating incredibly as I slipped my meat in and out of her. I began to alternate between nuzzling Mom's meaty tits and showering little licks and kisses on Molly's fleshy ass cheeks -- making her squeal as I ran my tongue down her lower back and along the crack of her ass.

I could hear and see Mom's mouth hungrily gobbling Molly's young pussy -- her tongue flickering this way and that as Molly rocked on my mother's face. Mom's lips and chin were coated thickly with Molly's cunt cream and I could smell Molly's aroused pussy as well as hear her happy groans and cries. Bracing myself on one arm, I reached around and found Molly's right breast and squeezed her soft flesh, playing and teasing her erect and elongated nipple.

I found a steady pace and fucked Mom until she began to lose control -- her legs tightening around my back and then falling helplessly akimbo as her pussy began to throb in orgasm, bathing my erection in her wet juices. I began to increase my motion, slamming harder and harder into Mom's molten, syrupy cunt. I released Molly's tit and brought my hand around, tracing a line down her back, over her ass cheeks and underneath, slipping a finger against her quivering cunt until I

could feel Mom's lower lip as she nibbled on Molly's pussy. I sensed that Mom was working her tongue on Molly's clitoris and slipped a finger inside the young woman's wet pussy, curling it to rub her inner wall.

She yelped as I fingered her while Mom tongued her, her own ass now bucking against Mom's face more frantically. "Oh my Christ!" Molly panted. "I'm gonna cum, sugar -- your Mommm's got a -- OOHFFF -- awesome tongue!" It had been almost a year, but I recognized Molly's higher pitched voice, now filled with little yelps as a sign she was cumming as well as Mom's frantic writhing underneath me as I slammed my cock deep in her again and again.

Mom's whole body suddenly convulsed, almost throwing Molly off her face and I heard her scream -- the sound muffled by Molly's sweet pussy. Mom's cunt clamped down hard on my shaft and I roared triumphantly as I let loose with another load of hot semen, bathing Mom's womb with my seed. Molly's little yelps escalated into a high pitched scream so loud, I thought Mom must have bitten her by accident, but the scream evolved into sobs of "YES! YES! YES!" as Molly ground her pussy against Mom's face.

Molly's triumphant cries of orgasm peaked and slowly faded and she suddenly slumped over and fell onto her back, revealing Mom's gasping face, drenched in Molly's pussy juices. Mom's own orgasm was fading as we both slowed down and I sank gratefully on her body, my cock still hard and throbbing as I took in the carnal scene before me.

Without hesitation, I moved to kiss Mom, enjoying the remembered taste of Molly's juices as I kissed and licked Mom's lips and face. Mom was grinning triumphantly as she kissed me back, licking some of Molly's cream smeared on my face. "That was fun, son!" Mom wheezed as she squeezed my cock with her cunt, making me shiver. "You're still hard, baby!" she gasped.

Glancing over at Molly who was grinning as she gasped for breath, Mom gave my cock another loving motherly squeeze and said, "Fuck her now, John. Show Mommy what a good cocksman you are!"

I sighed and smiled at Mom as I slowly withdrew my erect dick from her pussy with a wet plop. I eased off her and reached out to caress Molly's leg. She scooted around crossways on the bed and raised her legs, reminding me that she preferred for me to lift her legs up and let them rest against my chest as we fucked -- literally tucking her up into a sexy ball of flesh.

I took her by her ankles and lifted them up, spreading them slightly to get better access to her neatly trimmed cunt, now flowered and glistening wet from Mom's loving ministrations. "God and Jesus, sugar, it's been too long," hissed Molly as her cunt lips kissed the head of my cock. Then she flung back her head and moaned as I pressed my already cum covered penis into her tight pussy. Her legs stiffened and quivered as I sank my shaft into her vise like cunt, her toes curling with pleasure.

Molly had a sweet pussy, but it felt odd to be fucking anyone but Mom, but a thrill went through me as I felt Mom kneel next to me and whisper, "Remember baby, when you fuck her, you're fucking me -- you're fucking Mommy!" Molly began to sob as Mom's words spurred me to begin fucking my friend fast and furious. Molly clawed the sheets as I hammered my cock into her.

Mom's hands quickly found their way to Molly's breasts, taking hold of her bouncing tits, teasing and stretching Molly's already long and swollen nipples. "Ohhhh yessss -- ohhhh myyy lorddd!" Molly cried as I fucked her and Mom leaned over and began to suck on her nipples, biting and

pulling on them with her teeth, rolling her tongue over them and flicking the long, rubbery tips of her breasts.

Mom moved on, letting her hands maul Molly's breasts as she rose up and began kissing her, tongues dueling and dancing, their faces growing wet from saliva, sweat and the remnants of Molly's cunt cream smeared on Mom's face. The warm room grew hot -- we were all sweating like we were in a steam bath -- the room filling with the smell of both Mom's and Molly's aroused pussies and the smell of freshly ejaculated spunk. The aroma seemed to permeate our slick, sweaty bodies and increase our ardor even more.

Molly's cunt tightened around my cock as her sensitive flesh yielded to another orgasm, her fiery flesh squeezing my cock demanding my seed. "Oh God!" I moaned as I felt my own need to cum growing. Normally I should have been able to hold out for a long time, but just the sight of Mom and Molly in a carnal embrace was enough to make any man cum. "I'm gonna cum!"

"Yessss, cum in me, sugar!" sobbed Molly, trying to fuck back; to take me deeper, but barely able to control her spasming body.

Mom rose up and kissed me, snaking her tongue into my mouth and sucking on my tongue, urging me to "Fuck her son. Show her how good you make your mother feel with that big dick. Fuck her like you fuck Mommy!" I groaned into Mom's mouth as I drove deep one last time and with my cock buried in Molly's womb, I began to cum -- one white hot spurt after another of my semen, bathing her young pussy walls with baby-making seed.

Molly went spastic, her body convulsing -- my semen spurring her orgasm on to new heights before going limp -- tears rolling down her face and her only visible movement her heaving breasts as she tried to breathe. Her pussy continued to squeeze and milk me for every drop of my jism and her sugar walls massaged me long past the moment I stopped ejaculating.

Finally, I slipped from the grasp of Molly's pussy and collapsed at her side, gathering just enough strength to lean over and give her a loving kiss. Mom knelt over us, gazing at us with such love and desire that it made my heart want to swell and burst. Despite the wonderful fuck I had just enjoyed, one look at Mom and I knew who my heart and cock truly belonged to.

"That was beautiful," Mom said softly as if she were in church. "It was like seeing myself as a teenager, getting fucked by the man who will be my son in the future." She slipped down onto her belly and spread my legs. "I need a little taste of my son and you, Molly." I bet you taste divine." Mom took my rapidly shrinking cock in her mouth, making me groan as she rolled her tongue over the still sensitive flesh, licking up the creamy mixture of mine and Molly's juices.

Molly groaned as she watched my mother clean my cock with her mouth. Shaking her head, she said, "You fuck your mother. You're in love with your mother and the two of you are lovers. Oh -- My -- God!" Molly grasped my hand and brought it to her lips. "John Hamilton, this is the lewdest, sexiest, wildest moment of my life. Thank you, sugar."

Molly struggled to sit up and then spun slightly and leaned in to kiss my mother. "Thank you, Carrie -- thank you for letting me be witness to the most erotic lovemaking of my life."

Mom returned her kiss enthusiastically, her tongue dancing with Molly's as her hands caressed Molly's body. "Sweetie, you ain't seen nothing yet," Mom said huskily when she finished their kiss. Mom glanced over at me and we smiled knowingly at each other. "I think John needs a little recuperation time and I know the perfect thing to inspire him."

Mom pushed Molly onto her back and swung herself around and lifted her leg and straddled Molly's face. "I think I have something you enjoy and I know I'm going to love what you have between your legs, Molly," Mom murmured as she lowered her mouth to Molly's open and semen filled pussy. Mom lowered her own cunt to Molly's waiting mouth and tongue as she ran her tongue the length of Molly's slit, lapping up oozing sperm and pussy cream.

Molly let out a muffled cry as Mom tongue teased her sensitive flesh -- her cries fading into noisy licking as she began to eat my mother's pussy. I could only watch in awe as my beautiful sexy mother and best friend pleased each other in a passionate sixty-nine, each hungrily lapping up my jism mixed with their juices. My eyes roamed their sweat-slick bodies, their meaty tits pillowing against each other's stomachs, luscious thighs tightening around dark haired heads which bobbed and nodded as they ate each other out and fingers cupped ass cheeks, pulling their tasty treasures closer to busy lips and probing tongues.

The lewd and wonderful sounds of pussy eating began to mix with sighs and moans of pleasure as both Mom and Molly licked, nibbled and sucked. Their bodies began to move in an erotic rhythm of unspoken joy and I watched with lust and delight, wondering which would orgasm first. I moved around my old bed, looking at my mother and my friend from different angles, seeing the pleasure on their faces as tongues dug deep inside cunts, mining my seed from each other's wombs.

Molly surrendered first, unable to continue and sobbing out her orgasmic joy as her power of speech failed her. I watched as tears dripped from her cum smeared face and her mouth made an 'O' as she crooned her delight as Mom continued to flutter her tongue over Molly's swollen clit.

Then Molly rallied and attacked Mom's pussy with a ferocious effort, clamping her lips around Mom's swollen nub and then it was my mother who yielded to her orgasm. Mom's back arched and she lifted her head from between Molly's thighs and cried out, "Yesssssss!" her face contorted by a lust filled sneer that combined with the frosting of semen and cunt cream on her face turned my mother into an icon of carnal delight.

Mom finally fell over and struggled shakily to turn herself around and kiss Molly again. "Everything I dreamed it would be!" Mom sighed as she stroked Molly's face, kissing Molly's tears away. I let them cuddle and bask in the glow of their lesbian lovemaking until they remembered that I was there and beckoned me to join them.

Mom steered me between them and we spent a wonderful time simply kissing and caressing. Erotic thrills shot through me as I kissed my mother and Molly, tasting myself and them with each wet, sticky kiss. Sometimes I was kissing Mom, other times I was kissing Molly and other times it seemed as if all three of us were kissing, the unusual and exciting sensation of three tongues dancing together, making me shiver. I took delight in caressing their orgasm charged bodies, making them shiver with orgasmic aftershocks as I pinched still swollen nipples and caressed their quivering pussies.

Gradually, Mom and Molly regained their composure and their breathing slowed and we lay there in a jumble of arms and legs. We rested silently for a few minutes until Molly giggled and ran her fingers across my chest. "Carrie, I think we got somebody turned on."

Mom laughed and rubbed my chest until her fingers met Molly's and they intertwined. Looking downward, Mom said, "I do love a young man's recuperative powers." Mom lifted her head and kissed me and then resumed staring down between my legs where my cock stood proudly at attention, restored to life by Mom and Molly's erotic lovemaking.

"Molly's fingers strolled southward, tickling my belly. "I love a young man's hard cock," she declared. "Which of us gets him this time?"

Mom purred back, "I think we should share him this time." She glanced at Molly and an unspoken decision passed between them. I sighed happily as both the beautiful naked women began to kiss their way down my body. Mom wrapped her fingers around my throbbing shaft and started to lean in to kiss the tip of my cock, but she paused and looked over at Molly. "Pardon my manners. Guests go first," Mom said, chuckling.

"Mmmm, don't mind if I do," Molly said in her sweet southern accent. She took me in her mouth, her tongue rolling over the soft, swollen head of my penis, curling around it before slithering away, creating a delicious sensation as tongue rubbed against cockflesh. It was my time to claw the sheets as she and Mom began sucking and licking me.

Mom and Molly almost seemed to view sucking my dick as a competition, both demonstrating their ability to deep throat (Mom clearly won as she was much more adept and familiar at taking my length), and showing off their different techniques. Both worked hard to not let me cum too soon -- backing off and letting me calm down when it was obvious that I was close to blowing my load.

Calming down was hard, especially when I could look down and see (as well as feel) two sets of lips kissing my penis -- two tongues dancing over and around my cock, often working in tandem to share a kiss, their mouths joined around my aching erection, as they both stared at me with loving eyes.

Finally, Molly was sucking the head of my cock while Mom was licking my shaft when Molly raised a finger to Mom's lips. Mom obligingly sucked her finger, Molly leaving it there until it was slick and dripping with Mom's saliva. Then as Mom joined her in licking my cockhead, Molly slipped a finger down below my balls and into my asscrack, probing until she found my asshole. Slowly, Molly wormed her saliva lubricated finger into my ass, probing into me until she found my prostate.

"OHMYGOD!" I shouted as without any warning, I began to cum, ejaculating great spurts of semen into Mom's and Molly's mouths, splattering ribbons of sperm against their lips and cheeks and noses. Molly giggled as she caught a splash of white hot jism on her tongue while she continued to finger my ass. I was shocked that I even had that much sperm left in my balls, but Molly's little trick seemed to have tapped unknown reservoirs of semen in my balls and I just kept cumming until both Mom and Molly had faces dripping with my spunk. My cock jerked and offered one last spurt that splashed off Mom's upper lip as Molly suddenly withdrew her probing finger. I went limp, almost overwhelmed by the intensity of my orgasm. Even Mom was a little wide-eyed at my response.

"Sugar, I think you liked that," Molly murmured in a pleased voice.

Mom nodded and said in a voice that promised future delights, "Yeah, I'm gonna have to remember that little trick!"

I managed to reply, "Fine...by...me," before lying back and watching as Mom and Molly kissed and licked each other clean. Words cannot truly describe the carnality of the vision that was my mother, a thick streamer of my semen strung out between her extended tongue and Molly's lips. Each licked and kissed my jism from each other's face only to share their treasure in a passionate kiss.

Finally we were all cuddling again, Molly wide-eyed as Mom and I recounted how our love affair began and confessed our hopeful plans for the future. We talked into the wee hours of the night

and then fell asleep, our bodies embracing in a tumble of arms and legs, warming ourselves in the cool autumn night.

In the dim light of early morning, I woke to find Mom and Molly again locked passionately in a Sapphic embrace, each sighing happily as they licked each other towards orgasm. I watched sleepily at the two lovely women in the dim light. Mom seemed to sense my awakening and slowly she reached out a hand to me.

I did not join them, somehow understanding that this was a special moment for Mom and Molly, but also feeling privileged for being able to witness it and to have a small role as I held Mom's hand as she and Molly made love. Afterwards, both kissed me before falling back into a satisfied slumber, offering me the sweet taste of each other before sleep claimed us all.

When I woke again, it was to the murmur of whispers and the late morning sun was streaming through the window. I rolled over to see Molly, now dressed again in her tight fitting sweater dress, half kneeling on the bed and kissing Mom, who looked incredibly erotic, with her bed tousled hair and the blankets covering her up to her waist, and her heavy, slightly sagging breasts exposed. Their kiss ended and Mom eased back down.

Molly came around and leaning over, kissed me. "It's late, sugar. I need to get going."

"Are you sure, Molly?" I replied. "We'd love for you to stay." I added, glancing over at Mom who nodded in agreement.

Molly gave me her loving grin and kissed me once more. ""That's sweet, John, and I want to thank you and your Mom for the greatest night of my young naughty life. But, I need to get going, besides, this is your's and your Mom's time together -- treasure each moment before she has to go back home." She kissed me again and then stood up and looked at me and Mom as Mom scooted over and cuddled with me.

"Thank you both for sharing your love with me. God creates love in so many different ways -- I'm proud to have experienced the wonderful love you two share as mother and son and as lovers."

Mom touched my shoulder and replied, "You're welcome in John's bed -- in our bed anytime, Molly." Mom gave a little sexy laugh and continued, "From this day on, I'm going to think of you like a daughter, Molly."

Molly shivered a little and gave us both a look that held the promise of love and lust. "Thank you...Mom." Molly giggled and stuck her tongue out at us. "Lord Jesus, just calling you Mom makes me wet." She wagged her fingers at us and said, "I love you two -- take care." And then she was gone, leaving me alone with the woman I loved more than the world itself.

Mom and I cuddled quietly for quite a while -- savoring that sweet weariness that accompanies a lusty bout of lovemaking. Finally, Mom broke the silence by asking, "Son, are you okay with Molly and me -- what we did?"

I pulled Mom tight to me and looking into her eyes, replied, "Seeing you two together is one of the loveliest things I've ever witnessed, Mom."

"And, if we want to do it again?"

I kissed my mother and said, "Whatever makes you happy, Mom. That's all I'll ever want for you. I love you, Mom."

Mom replied with one of her cock rising loving looks and kissed me, her tongue searching out mine for the beginning of a long, loving, and incestuous kiss. I felt Mom's hand travel downwards underneath the blanket, searching and discovering that several hours of sleep had indeed restored my vigor. Mom stroked me until I was fully erect and then she climbed onto me, slowly lowering herself onto my throbbing cockstand. "Mmm, I love you too, son," Mom sighed as her pussy enveloped my erect penis, wrapping me in her soft, wet and oh so warm folds of motherly flesh. Her knees pressed against my waist as she rested on top of me -- her large, meaty tits dragging across my chest as she leaned in and kissed me again.

Taking our time, we made love, slowly rocking together, drawing out each movement of her pussy lifting and falling on my cock, her tender sugar walls clinging to my shaft. We were mother and son joined, becoming that one erotic and carnal being that made our union so unique and special.

"You're fucking your mother," Mom whispered to me, her lips less than an inch from mine -- beads of sweat forming on her face, eventually falling onto mine. "Your mother loves to be fucked by her son." Mom kissed me again, her hands clasping my face as she expressed her love and passion for me in the touch of her lips and tongue, even as her pussy squeezed around my cock.

"I want you to be able to fuck me anytime, son," Mom panted. "Even when I'm not here." Mom squirmed against me, flexing her pelvis to grant another bit of room inside her for my cock.

"Mom?"

Mom's heart was pounding -- I could feel her excitement in spite of the leisurely pace of our lovemaking. "When you want to, make love to Molly, sweetheart. Fuck your lovely little friend and remember, when you're fucking her, you're really fucking me -- you're fucking your mother, John."

Mom's juices were flooding, bathing my cock in her hot, slick cream as she neared orgasm. Mom's kisses became more urgent, yet she refused to increase her pace -- making the movements of our lovemaking sweet, delicious and incestuous agony. Mom moaned and looking down at me, said, "Make love to Molly whenever you want -- Mmmaaagghhh." Mom licked her lips and grinned and managed to gasp, "Just don't go overboard, son. Save some of that sweet loving for Mommy. Christmas will be here soon and Mommy will need plenty of loving from her lover-son."

Mom's cunt clamped down and began to milk my cock involuntarily as Mom began to orgasm. I groaned with delight and began cumming too -- my semen flooding Mom's womb. In between our mutual sighs and moans, we cried out our love for each other and lost ourselves in the moment of incestuous pleasure and at the thought of our future lovemaking.

Christmas was coming. Great changes were coming -- some changes that we had planned and some changes we had no idea were approaching. None of that mattered at the moment -- we were mother and son, locked together in the carnal embrace that was the ultimate moment of unity for a man and a woman. It was the perfect moment, suspended in time -- so simple yet so complex -- a son and his mother making love and in love.

To be continued...