

# MOM KNOWS HOW TO MOTIVATE!

## *Ahabscribe*

*Mom motivates son to pass his classes her own special way.*

Incest/Taboo

4.71

14k words

*Here's a fun little story I think you will enjoy, a major rewrite of a story that was part of my "Neighborhood Moms" story on another website, alas now long defunct.*

As always, this story is fictitious and any resemblance to anyone living or dead is purely coincidental. All characters are imaginary and exist only within the confines of this story and my happy imagination. I look forward to your feedback which has been very helpful of late in making my offerings to you all the better. Enjoy!

"Now, Mrs. Porter, I'm not sure what's going on with Josh. He just doesn't seem motivated." My son's Economics teacher shifted in his seat, trying to surreptitiously scope out my breasts as he continued to discuss the problems Josh was having in his class. I shifted a little away from Mr. Delson, wishing I hadn't picked out this particular sweater to wear to the Parent-Teacher conference. The V-necked cashmere sweater clung too tightly to my breasts and too much cleavage was exposed and this horny guy couldn't resist letting his eyes crawl over my partially exposed breasts.

I sighed unhappily as I listened. Since starting his senior year, my son had been listless, preoccupied, distracted and unreliable in his duties for his classes – not taking notes, not turning in homework, not studying for quizzes and tests. In short, my son was about to fail and not graduate if he didn't make a complete turnaround. It had been the same with each teacher I had visited.

I finally had to retreat from Mr. Delson's continuous litany of my son's problems, him rehashing them over and over as he stalled for more time to eyeball me. I stood up and backed out of the room, trying to be polite, saying, "I'll have a good talk with Josh and we'll get him turned around, Mr. Delson," I stammered before I turned and fled, hating the fact that he was now staring at my butt. I regretted wearing the dressy jeans I had on. They were probably a little too tight and I hated thinking about the dirty movies going on in my son's teacher's mind.

Things didn't get any better when I went and visited Mrs. Henderson, Josh's English Teacher. She was close to my age and I'd known her for years – I saw often at the local health which I frequented often in an effort to keep my figure in check. She had had my son for English every year that he'd been in High School. "Corinne, he's been this way since the semester started," she told me. "Josh has always been a lively student – always participating in class, always keeping a high B+ or an A in my classes. But now, missing assignments, he's doing terrible on my tests and he's squeaking by with a C- only by my good graces. He's looking at best a 'D' or worse if he doesn't turn it around."

"I just don't know what has happened with him," I replied, not quite telling the truth. "I've been hoping it's just a phase Josh's going through and that he'll snap out of it."

Mrs. Henderson pursed her lips and studied me for a minute. She appeared to be struggling with a decision. Finally she nodded and as she unlocked a drawer, she said, "I think, I think I have an idea, Corinne. I'm not sure I should show you this, but if anyone can help your son, I think it will be you."

She reached into the drawer and pulled out a sheet of notebook paper. "We were reviewing for a test over Shakespeare last week and instead of writing notes, I caught Josh drawing this. I took it up."

She handed it to me. I looked down and gasped. It was a picture of a naked woman drawn in colored pencils. Josh had always had artistic talent, but the detail here shocked me. My son had drawn a woman in a reclining position, hints of a sedan or sofa around the edges. She was a woman on the edge of voluptuousness, with full, mature breasts, a stomach on the edge of flatness and roundness, legs that were long and shapely. Between her open thighs was a neatly trimmed bush pointing downward towards a thick lipped vagina, partly open. Somehow, Josh had even managed to portray a hint of wetness in the slight opening

The woman's eyes were hazel and her hair was long and unruly, hints of red in the dark brown hair. Lips were apart, conveying a gasp of excitement, her expression one of joy or maybe arousal. Silently I noted how talented my son was. I recognized this woman and this body. I should – I looked at it every morning in the mirror.

"Oh my goodness," I whispered, feeling my face begin to burn. "I don't know – I don't know what to say, Doris. What will happen, what kind of discipline will he..." I lost my voice.

I felt the room spinning, steadying only when Josh's teacher reached out and squeezed my hand. "It's all right, Corinne. I didn't show this to anyone, Josh's not in trouble for it. I knew you'd be here for parent-teacher conferences and that we would be talking."

Mrs. Henderson continued on. "I think it's fairly obvious what's wrong with your son, Corinne and I think everything will work out okay. I know you fairly well and I'm confident you can deal with this situation."

I looked up from the erotic drawing and blurted out, "How? My god, I can't even begin to think of how to take care of something like this. Should I take him to the doctor? Maybe a psychiatrist? Where do I begin, Doris?"

She looked me in the eye and took a deep breath. "Mrs. Porter – Corinne, as one mother to another who raised two boys, I just know that deep down you know in your heart how to help your son." She paused and then said slowly and carefully. "All Josh needs is his mother's love. It takes bravery and patience, but I know you can do it. Do it for your son and in the end, do it for yourself. I know he is all you have and you want him to be happy. I want you to feel free to call me if you need a word of encouragement or advice."

My eyes grew wider with each word she spoke. Was I losing my mind or did I truly understand what this woman was saying to me? My whole world seemed to be falling apart and I could scarcely believe I comprehended what she was suggesting.

I needed to escape. I glanced at my watch and giggled nervously. "Oh my, look at the time. It's getting late and I know you have other parents to see." I rose up, folding up my son's drawing and shoving it in my purse. "Thank you, Doris – um, Mrs. Henderson. Thanks for everything."

Josh's English Teacher rose up with me. She took my hand and then gave me a quick hug. "It will be alright, Corinne. You have a wonderful son and you're a good mother. I know that you'll know what to do."

We left it at that and I fled her room and walked quickly through the halls, convinced that everyone was staring at me and my red face. I felt like everyone could literally read my thoughts and I felt so ashamed. I reached the parking lot and climbed inside my minivan, the "Mom Mobile" as Josh had dubbed it. I pulled the drawing out of my purse and for a second, marveled at the talent and detail my son had put into it. Then I burst into tears. This was all my fault.

Where do I truly begin? I am a single mother, thirty-nine years old and raising a son, Josh who turned eighteen this past summer. He started a year late to school due to having scarlet fever when he was six and losing too much time in the fall of what should have been his First Grade year. I divorced Josh's father ten years ago, when it became apparent that his job and his beer drinking cronies came first. He drifted away and we haven't heard from him since. I do well as a buyer for a department store in town. We aren't rich, but we have a good life.

My son has been my pride and joy – my source of inspiration and strength all these years. He's been a good son, until his senior year, a hard working student and except for a couple of speeding tickets, hardly a worry. He has always been shy around the girls, but started to date a little after he turned seventeen. I was maybe a little jealous, but I thought I was okay with it. I knew he had to grow up someday.

Myself, I have dated off and on, even came close to getting remarried once, but he suddenly announced plans to send Josh off to boarding school and I sent him packing. My sex life has been mostly a solitary one – confined to my bedroom with the usual toys in a bedside table drawer.

I've always considered myself to be a good looking woman and I have never been ashamed to dress a little sexy to show off my looks. My son's drawing was dead on accurate. I am a tall woman, five foot, nine inches tall. I still have a good figure, but it takes a lot of work – I'm always working out, either at the gym or to an exercise tape, you may have even seen me walking around the neighborhood. The exercise has kept my long legs shapely. My figure is 40DD-27-38, and as the years go by, I'm getting more voluptuous, but I know that my body, combined with this big mane of hair that looks bed-tousled constantly can still turn heads. The problem has always been finding a decent man to share myself with.

Maybe it was my sexy outfits that started the problem. I favor clothes that flatter and sometimes flaunt my figure. I wear dresses that are shorter than most women my age would wear to show off my great legs and I've never been one to hide the fact that I have tits. I like people to know I am all woman! Maybe, I'm too immodest around the house. I usually don't think much about running around in bra and panties in front of my son – I've been doing it all his life. In summer, I spend a lot of time in the back yard getting my tan. I don't wear scandalous bikini's, but with my figure, but I guess I'm still showing off a lot of skin.

Maybe it was my hugging and cuddling with Josh that started the problem. I've always been demonstrative with my affections and because Josh is always there and he is practically my best friend, I have always showered him with physical affection. I just didn't think how maybe as he got older, hugging and kissing on him could cause problems – or maybe I'm lying to myself, maybe I knew exactly what I was doing, especially over the past couple of years as I watched him mature and start to notice girls and I realized that one of these days he might just leave me. Maybe I was competing for his affections, flirting with him to remind him that all those high school girls weren't the only ones who loved him.

But, all that didn't matter. I knew exactly what brought on Josh's current problems. It all began a week or so before the school year started, back in late August. It was hot and humid – one of those

nights that you can't get comfortable, that you develop an itch deep inside you that only a sweaty, sheet clawing orgasm can bring you any semblance of relief. It was one of those nights when you and your man will wrap yourselves up in the sticky heat as you wrap yourselves up in each other, slipping and sliding and grinding your way to erotic satisfaction.

Josh was out fishing at the lake with some buddies and I decided to scratch my itch with "mother's little helper," a life like flesh colored dildo, twelve inches long and with a rotating, vibrating head." It was an expensive toy that I'd found online, but worth every penny.

That night it seemed that I played with myself for hours, spread out on my bed, most of the dildo inside my pussy, bringing myself agonizingly to the edge over and over, never quite having that big orgasm, but rather letting the little explosions rule. My body was quivering and slick with sweat. My tits were bouncing about madly, nipples swollen like ripe, oversize cherries. I felt the perspiration running down my cheeks, rolling across my heaving breasts, trickling in my hair. The sheets were soaked with sweat. It felt so sweet. I imagine I was quite the sight, a woman, stark naked, knees drawn up and spread wide, eight inches of rubber cock buried inside her cunt, nipples hard and swollen and a sneer of absolute lust etched on her face, on the verge of a screaming orgasm.

I must have been quite a sight. Lord knows I had my son rooted into place. I don't know how long he had been in the doorway watching me – long enough to have sprouted an erection that he was rubbing through his khaki shorts. That wasn't the really important question though. The important thing to ponder is why didn't I stop? Why didn't I scream and yell at Josh to close the door? Why didn't I scramble to cover myself with a blanket or sheet? Why didn't I calmly tell Josh to give his mother some privacy and excuse himself? Why didn't I do any of those things?

Or maybe, just maybe, the really important question is why did I do what I did? I looked at my son and I smiled and I just continued to masturbate. I continued to plunge and work that big dildo in and out of my pussy, my other hand dividing time between my clit and my swollen nipples.

My son watched and it took all my self control not to cum right then and there. I prolonged it, giving my son quite the show. After a few minutes, Josh nervously, hesitantly began to push his shorts down. His cock, long and lovely and so big, popped into view. Rather than tell Josh to go to his room, I just smiled and continued to masturbate as my son watched me and began to slowly stroke his hard prick.

Minutes passed by or maybe it was hours. You could smell our sweat and our sex as we masturbated. We were brazenly ogling each other in the light of my bedroom lamp. I marveled at the length of my son's cock, inches longer than his father and with much greater girth. I could see the precum glistening on its head as he stroked, pausing occasionally to smear it over the swollen crown with his thumb.

I felt myself reach another crest and this time there was no going back, I couldn't forestall my orgasm any longer. I plunged the dildo deep into my cunt, taking almost all of it, deftly flicking the switch on the end to increase the intensity of its movement. A huge bubble of sweet pleasure swelled up inside me and as it burst and flooded my body with the most intense orgasm I had experienced in years, I cried out, "Ohhh, Josh!" My body began to convulse in orgasm and it was all I could do to keep my hand in control of my pretend cock.

Josh's eyes widened as he watched me begin to cum and he whispered, "Mom, I love you!" and his body stiffened and he began to cum – his semen bursting forth in jets of white, flying across the room as if seeking me. The intensity of my son's orgasm drove him to his knees as he continued to

stroke and urge forth his young man's spunk. The sight of my son cumming because of me, propelled my orgasm to greater intensity and the room was filled with our moans of mutual pleasure as we came and came.

When the world returned to normal, we stared at each other, suddenly aware of the enormity of our actions. The words 'WHAT HAVE YOU DONE!' roared through my brain as I realized what had just transpired. I stared with a mix of desire and self loathing at my son as he gave a last stroke to his now half-erect penis. He smiled at me so lovingly, it almost broke my heart, especially as I girded myself to speak to him.

"Josh – go to bed, honey. We'll talk in the morning." Not thinking, but acting out of instinct, I chose that moment to pull the dildo out of my pussy, making myself jerk and moan as it slid out with a wet plop.

My son gawped at my sex toy, glistening with my juices and then as my words sank in begin to look crushed. "But, Mom – I wanted to..." He stopped speaking as I held up my hand.

"In the morning, son, we can talk. Do what I tell you now. Go to bed, Josh."

"Yes, Mom," my son said in a voice so full of disappointment and sadness that I almost sprang out of my bed to go and embrace him and tell him to stay. Instead, I watched as he got to his feet, cock going limp (but still amazingly big), and murmuring, "Good night, Mom," trudged out of my room, looking back once with such longing as I have never seen in a man.

It was a long night and I got very little sleep. My mind swam with thoughts of what I had done – what we had done and the boundary lines that had been crossed. I was ashamed and embarrassed as I wondered how we could ever get past this one event. And yet, at the same time, I was aroused. My son, hard and erect for me, his mother, cumming buckets for me, his mother. My mind kept seeing that cock, my pussy tingling as I wondered what it would feel like buried in it to the root. Deep inside me, a part of my soul whispered that I should go to him, comfort him and reassure him. I resisted that urge, even as imagining it made me wet all over again.

In the morning, he came into our kitchen cautiously, disconcerted when I didn't do my traditional morning greeting of a warm embrace and a kiss on the corner of his mouth. I was dressed as conservatively as possible, a long, fluffy flannel robe on that hid my body from anything approaching a provocative display.

As he approached me, wearing only pajama bottoms, I waved him off, pointing to a chair at the breakfast table. As I piled up bacon and eggs onto two plates, I couldn't help but let my eyes wander over to him, admiring his maturing body. He'd taken to working out in the afternoons with one of his friends who'd set up weights in his Dad's garage. Josh muscles were becoming well developed and he looked very good.

I tried to banish such thoughts from my mind as I set down our plates and sat down across from him. A tense silence filled the room as we began to eat. Finally, I set down my fork and looked at him. He was staring at me like a lost puppy and had barely touched his food.

I took a deep breath and began. "Josh, what happened last night was wrong and I'm sorry. I should have put a stop to it as soon as I saw you. You shouldn't have been looking at me and I should have told you to leave."

Josh's face fell and it was like I took all hope away from him. "Why was it wrong, Mom? You enjoyed it, I know you did."

I felt my face burn as I tried to reply. "I cannot deny that, honey, but we're mother and son. We shouldn't be acting like that – that's wrong. Someday, with the right girl, Josh, you will do things, but we can't be like that."

"Why not, Mom? You loved it! I loved it and we love each other. I don't want some girl. I want you, Mom!" Josh was trembling and my heart ached for the pain I knew I was causing him.

"We do love each other, son, but we can't love each other that way – we just..." my voice cracked as a remnant of my fantasies from last night flashed through my mind – a vision of us lying together, naked, in the throes of passion. I banished the naughty image from my mind and continued. "It's just wrong, Josh and we have to put last night behind us and get back to normal."

I stood up and began to move away, but Josh reached out and took my hand. "But, Mom, if we both liked it, if we both want it, how can it be wro-"

I stopped him and put a finger over his lips. "Hush now, son. It happened, but its over – we're going to get back to normal and that's my final word on it!" I stepped away and Josh slowly released my hand. He was on the verge of tears. Inside, I was shaking like a leaf and I think now that if he had grabbed me or had tried to kiss me, all resistance on my part would have collapsed and lord knows how far we might have taken it.

But...Josh didn't. He obeyed me and things went back to normal. Well, that's not true. Things were different. Josh became withdrawn and quieter. There was an awkward distance between us now. An uncomfortable knowledge of our shared intimacy that now put some normal things out of reach. I wasn't hugging or kissing him as much and was unnerved when I did he would quickly retreat to his bedroom, usually sporting an erection in his pants.

For a short while, I tried to dress more modestly, but old habits are hard to break and honestly, I don't think it would have made any difference if I had been dressed in an old potato sack dress or a street walkers outfit, I think I would have given my son a hard on just the same.

He wasn't the only one who was retreating to the bedroom for relief. I think I almost wore out "mother's little helper," and went through several sets of batteries. I dreamed of my son, incredible, carnal, incestuous dreams that left me wet and shaking when I would wake up.

This is how things began. This is how things led up to this moment as I wiped the tears from my eyes, started up the minivan and left the school parking lot. Secretly, I had thought that maybe Josh was getting over what had happened, that he was about to "snap out of it" as I had said to Mrs. Henderson. His teachers had now given me testimony that told me that he hadn't snapped out of it and that if something wasn't done, my son was going to fail his senior year of high school.

When I arrived home, I found that Josh had made dinner, a simple casserole, but still, I was very touched that he had made the effort. As he finished preparations for our dinner, I sat down at the kitchen table and took off my high heels. I leaned over to massage my feet. When I began to straighten up, I found my son staring at me and realized that leaning over, my tight sweater gaped open and he could see right down my top. I was wearing a low cut bra and I knew he had seen most of my breasts. Sure enough, he was already sporting a hard-on in his jeans.

I felt an incredible tingle between my legs. As I shifted, I could feel the moistness building in my pussy and that sweet, almost intangible deliciousness as my labia lips rubbed together. I looked back at my son, feeling the same naughty desires welling in me as I felt his eyes roam over me. Unlike his horny Economics teacher's gaze, my son's frank and hungry stare excited me.

I pushed the feelings away and focused on the plate of food my son sat down in front of me. We ate in silence for a long time. It was good, just hamburger and cheese and veggies, but Josh had fixed a good meal. I swallowed a mouthful and slowly licked my lips, saying, "You're a good cook, honey!" I immediately regretted licking my lips as Josh's eyes widened slowly. Somehow, I knew that if his erection had faded, I'd just brought it back up again. I was suddenly obsessed with finding out. I dropped my napkin and bent over quickly to pick it up.

Under the table, I watched his hand jerk away from the enormous bulge in his pants. He had been rubbing himself! I sat back up with a satisfied grin that quickly went away as I realized I had to keep myself in control! More silence ensued until Josh spoke up, "So did everything go alright at the teacher conference, Mom? Or, am I in trouble?"

I let out a long sigh. "Well, we both know you're in trouble, young man. I'm just not sure what I need to do about it. Mrs. Henderson and I had a long talk about what's going on and I need to mull some things over." I gave him a wink to show I wasn't too angry and said, "Consider yourself on parole until then and stay out of trouble."

Josh's breath caught when I mentioned his English teacher and our dinner conversation died out again. When we were done, I volunteered to clean up, telling my son, "It was a wonderful meal, honey. Why don't you go ahead and run on up to your room. It wouldn't hurt for you to crack open your books and get some studying done."

Josh hung his head and said, "Yes, Mom," and trudged on out of the room. As I cleaned up the kitchen, I pondered my dilemma and all of Doris Henderson's advice, wondering if I wasn't trying to put too much meaning into her words. Over the years, she had spoken of her sons' problems at school and with the law. Somehow she had turned both her sons around and both were now college graduates with good jobs. The youngest still lived at home while he worked in a local law firm. I tried to apply her words with her own past situation and was both excited and scared of my conclusions.

Upstairs, I passed by my son's room, my bare feet barely making a noise. I started to knock and tell my son goodnight, but stopped as I heard a low moan and then my son's voice call out, "Yessss, Mom! I love it when you suck me like that." My mouth dropped open and then I covered it with my hand before I could make a sound, whether a squeak or a scream, I don't know!

I was nailed to the spot as I listened. I put my ear to the door and could now hear more. There was a soft slap of skin and I knew he was masturbating vigorously. Now and again, he called out to me. "Mom, that's it, use your tongue. You love your son's cock don't you, Mom? Yes, I want that wet pussy, Mom. I want to fuck you – spread those fine legs, Mom and let me at that wet puss!" Finally, I could hear him reach climax, calling out, "Yeahhhh! I'm cumming, Mommy! Cumming for you."

Horrified and incredibly aroused, I quickly retreated to my bedroom where I was quickly out of my clothes and fingering myself frantically with one hand while the other hand fumbled for my dildo. I hammered myself vigorously with my play toy and brought myself to orgasm quickly – one fist jammed in my mouth to muffle my screams. Exhausted, I fell asleep, images of Josh naked and doing all sorts of things to me running through my mind.

The weekend passed with us both warily keeping our distance. If we were in the same room, I was constantly aware of my son's gaze on my body. I tried not to be provocative, but even a T-shirt and old jeans seemed to give him an erection. Sunday morning, I wore a tasteful dress to church, but I guess it showed off too much leg and clung to tightly to my bosom because Josh, dividing his time between my exposed legs and my breasts, had a hard-on all through Reverend Sumter's sermon. I wasn't much better. By the time services were over, my panties were drenched, I was sure that everyone (especially my son), could smell my arousal, and I was thankful that my dress was dark colored and could not show any wet spots.

The rest of the day, Josh sequestered himself in his room while I moved about the house restlessly. An idea was forming in my mind – one that a few days ago, I would have been aghast to even consider. I had doubts, Lord, did I have doubts, but as the hours passed, the idea became clearer and more reasonable in my mind. By evening, I was fairly sure I was going to have the courage to carry it out, but I decided I needed a little extra support.

It was almost ten o'clock when I picked up the phone and dialed a number. "Hello?" I heard Doris Henderson say.

"Mrs. Henderson – um, Doris? It's Corinne Porter."

"Corinne! Hello, dear! Is everything all right?" I could hear concern and excitement in her voice.

"Yes. I think so. I think I know what to do about my son, but I wanted to ask you a question?"

"Certainly, dear! Please ask away."

"When you dealt with the problems your sons were having – how you dealt with them, do you have any regrets?"

There was a long pause on the other end and then a chuckle. Doris replied with a voice full of happiness and joy, "Oh no, Corinne – no regrets whatsoever! I'll be honest," she added with more emotion than before, "Every night I go to bed and every morning I wake up, thanking God that I did what I did. Everything turned out so much better for my boys and for me."

I could feel my pussy moisten at her words and at the sheer joy in her voice. "Thank you, Doris, that's all I needed to know. Good night."

"You're welcome, my dear," Doris replied. "I wish both of you every happiness." She hung up. I sat the receiver down and stood there for a long minute. I knew I had reached a defining moment, that I was about to cross over to a place from which there was no return.

"It's time," I breathed aloud. I turned and hurried upstairs to my bedroom. In my bathroom, I took a long, hot shower, washing myself thoroughly. I blow-dried my hair, fixing it up and applied a little makeup. I padded naked back into my room and considered what I should wear.

I settled on a baby doll negligee, one I never wore around Josh. In fact, I hadn't worn it in over three years, not since I had an overnight trip with my last boyfriend. It was white and sheer to the point of that I might as well be naked. I decided to not bother with panties. I added a pair of high heels – what we used to call in high school 'fuck me pumps.' Gazing in the mirror, I thought I looked drop dead sexy. My large breasts were almost spilling out of the top, hanging on only by the grace of my hard nipples and the hem of the negligee ended teasingly just below my pussy.

Satisfied with that, I donned my old flannel robe, cinching it up tightly by the sash and walked out of my bedroom and down the hall. Knocking at my son's door, I called out in a tremulous voice, "Josh, are you still up? I need to talk with you – may I come in?"

I heard Josh say in a strained voice, "Wait a moment, Mom! I'm not decent." I heard a rustling of covers and other noises and had to smile. Considering what I was about to say to him and how he felt, I was touched by his consideration. "Okay, Mom, come on in."

I opened the door and stepped in. My son's room wasn't too messy, he never liked to let his room get too out of hand. He was sitting on his bed, wearing gym shorts and a T-shirt. He had a pillow on his lap that he was handling nervously. I smiled to myself, imagining what he was trying to conceal. I looked around and walked over to his computer desk and dragged the old, wooden straight backed chair he used over towards the bed, stopping maybe two feet from my son. Sitting down, I happened to glance at his bedside table. There was a photograph of my son and I at the beach from a couple of years ago. We were laughing into the camera, arms around each other's waist. I was wearing a little yellow bikini that was probably less modest than a mother should wear. I felt my pulse quicken as I put two and two together and knew exactly what my son had been doing. So much the better, I thought to myself.

I sat down and said, "Josh, we need to have a serious talk."

My son looked at me miserably, I guess expecting me to lower the boom over his grades. "Yeah, Mom, I know."

"You're failing your senior classes, honey. Your behavior has got to stop. You need to tackle your studies like you used to."

"Yes, ma'am," Josh hung his head. "I'll do better, Mom."

"Yes you will, son. But we need clear the air a little first. I know all this is because of what happened between you and me back in August. I know you're fantasizing about me all the time instead of focusing on your studies. That has got to stop."

Josh's face began to burn and I felt heat on my skin as well. "I tried, Mom, but I want you so much – it's all I ever think about. I want you, Mom, I want to fuck you and be your lover and for us do things sooo much!" Again, my heart ached as my son poured his heart out to me.

Calmly I replied, "I know, Josh. I want you too." Josh's head snapped up, a stunned expression on his face.. I pressed on. "Your studies are so important, we've got to do something to get you turned around, honey." I took a deep breath. "So, Momma has come up with a plan."

I undid my sash and let the robe fall off of me onto the back of the chair, revealing my barely clothed body in my sheer negligee. "Oh my gosh!" Josh gasped as he took me in. My breasts heaved with excitement, barely contained within the flimsy fabric. I had my knees primly together, hiding my vagina, but more than hinting at my trimmed black bush. My legs were completely exposed, made even more curvaceous by my high heels. I thought Josh was about to leap the short distance between us and attack me, his eyes were shining so brightly with lust.

I held up my hand and said, "Sit still, Josh and hear me out. I've come up with a way to motivate you into getting your grades up to where they ought to be." I licked my lips and composed myself. This was a big step, a final, no looking back step and as confident as I hoped I sounded to my son, I was frankly, scared to death.

"From now on, your mother is going to be wearing a lot of sexy outfits like this around the house to motivate you to do better. And when your work improves, Momma's got some rewards for her handsome son." I tried to sound sexy and naughty as I spoke. "When you bring home a quiz with a 'B' grade or better, I'm going to give you a handjob"

"You mean you'll..." Josh made a fist and did an up and down motion.

"Yes, son, I'll jack you off." I winked at him then, enjoying the shocked look on his face. Next, if you bring home a test grade with a 'B' or better, Momma's gonna suck your cock, son." I rolled my tongue around my lips for emphasis.

Josh's face split into a big grin. "I can't believe this is happening!"

"Mmmm, well that's not all, son." I set my hands on top of my knees. "In six weeks your next report card comes out. If you get all 'B's or better, Momma's gonna let you stick that big cock of yours here all you want." Slowly I spread my knees apart, baring my pussy to my son. I was so wet and aroused, I knew that my labia were spread wide and he was looking at my slick, glistening pussy folds.

"You mean it, Mom?" Josh almost hollered in disbelief.

I reached down with one hand and slid my fingers between my pussy lips, letting him see the wetness on my fingers and then slowly slipping them back upwards, wiping my pussy juices on my trimmed pubic hairs, making them glisten with my arousal. "Of course, I mean it, son," I replied. "We've both denied our feelings and look where that's got us. We're going to be lovers, Josh and in the process, you're going to graduate on time with good grades." I stuck my tongue out at him and smiled wickedly. "Tell me your mother doesn't know how to motivate."

Josh just shook his head. "I must be dreaming. I fell asleep and I'm dreaming."

I stood up and approached my son. I bent over and kissed him. Chaste at first, pressing my lips firmly against his mouth. I eased my tongue out and rolled it against his lips and when he gasped at the sensation, I slipped my tongue inside and found his own, taunting it, teasing it until we were dueling, letting the delicious feeling of tongue sliding against tongue envelope us both, sending us both shivers to run up and down our spines. Is there anything like that first sexy, passionate kiss?

When our kiss ended, I whispered, "Did that feel like you were dreaming?" Glancing downward, I realized that my right breast had rolled out of the negligee, my heavy breast, still firm and gourd-shaped, was swaying gently. I reached out and took Josh's left hand and placed it on my breast, palming my hard, cherry sized nipple. "Does that feel like you're dreaming, Josh?" I asked.

I straightened up, holding Josh's hand to my tit and then I took his right hand and guided it between my legs. I steered his hand across my bush, letting his finger tips brush along my wiry pubic hairs. I guided his hand downward and pressed it against my wet, steamy folds. I moved my hand to take control of his forefinger and middle finger and guided them inside me, hearing him take a sharp intake of breath as his fingers sank into my creamy cunt. "Do you feel like you are dreaming, son?" I breathed.

In a voice full of fear and desire, Josh replied, "No."

I worked his fingers deeper until I feel his knuckles brushing my throbbing flesh. "Do you like it, son?" I asked in a husky voice. "Isn't it nice and wet? Hot and creamy? I let go of his hand on my

breast and reached out and tilted his chin up so our eyes met. "Wouldn't it feel good to put your hard cock in my pussy, son?"

"Oh yes, Mom!" Josh almost sobbed.

I stroked his cheek gently and smiled. "Then study hard and it will happen, baby. I have faith in you and I know you can do it."

As I leaned over to kiss him again, he replied, "I will, Mom. I promise!"

When our second lovers kiss ended, I moved to my knees, regretfully letting Josh's fingers slip out of my pussy. "Now, as a show of good faith and to seal our deal, son, Momma's going to give you a little treat – a sneak preview you might say." I said. I lifted the pillow off Josh's lap and tossed it on the bed. As I suspected, he had been hiding a magnificent erection. His hastily donned shorts couldn't contain it, the large head of his penis, poking out of his waistband. "Oh, son – it's beautiful!" I murmured as he lifted up his butt so I could slide his shorts off to pool at his feet.

It was beautiful and hard and standing proudly, rising up from his pubic hair like a mighty tree trunk. "It's so big and long," I cooed, wrapping my fingers around it. "I think this is the biggest cock I've ever had in my hand, Josh," I looked up into his still disbelieving face and grinned. "This is going to feel so good in my pussy, son!" I said teasingly. "I can hardly wait!"

I slowly stroked his shaft, letting my fingers run up and down, gently squeezing him as I did so. "That's – wow, um, so good, Mom!" my son gasped.

"I'm glad you like it, baby," I replied. Precum pooled around his pee slit as I stroked my son off. "You're going to like this even more!" I lowered my head and ran my tongue slowly over the top of his swollen head, lapping up my son's precum. I swirled my tongue around and over his cock head again and again, before taking the swollen knob in my mouth, sucking and licking – my heart beating rapidly as I pleased my son orally.

"Ohhhh, yessss. I can't believe it. Yessss, Mom! I love your mouth on my cock," Josh babbled as I began to bob my head up and down, taking more of him into my mouth with each movement. As I sucked my son's cock, I kept my eyes fixed on his face, keeping his gaze locked downward, wanting him to see his mother sucking him off."

As I licked and sucked, running my tongue up and down his long shaft of stiff meat, I reached out and found his hands and brought them to my head, encouraging him to intertwine his fingers in my thick mane. It sent a thrill through me as he took the hint and began to control my movement, slowing me down, guiding me to spend more time on certain areas of his cock.

Any doubts I had about my plan were at least temporarily dispelled. This felt so right, so perfect, that I knew that it was meant to be. I had walked this world for thirty-nine years, had fallen in love several times, but not until now did I feel that I had found my soul mate. I was pleasing the only man I really cared about and I felt like I could do this the rest of eternity and feel like my life had not been wasted.

I took Josh completely within me, deep-throating him and making him moan as he felt his cock being squeezed by my reflexive throat constrictions. I worked his cock with every bit of experience I could summon, trying different things and gauging his facial expressions as to what he liked most. As I sucked Josh's wonderful penis, I could feel his pulse pounding along the veins in his shaft and as his heartbeat began to quicken, I knew he was about to cum.

"I'm –I'm going to blow, Mom," Josh gasped. I can't – I'm going to cum, Mommy!" Bless his heart, he tried to pull away and I pitied the girl or girls that had maybe given him a blow-job before but refused to let him cum in their mouths. Such a waste! I gave my head a little shake as I clamped my lips around his shaft, holding his cock head firmly in my mouth. I sucked and fluttered my tongue over his swelling flesh and then as my son sobbed, "Love you so much, Mommmy!" he exploded in my mouth, his hot semen gushing and flooding my mouth.

I marveled at how delicious my son was! Thick wads of salty, sweet fluid coated my waiting tongue and I swirled it around even as I continued to suck his throbbing dick. I swallowed again and again as I marveled at the sheer quantity of sperm my son was producing. I felt liquid heat splatter against my inner thighs and even as I ate my son's spunk, I realized I was having little tremors of orgasm and was actually ejaculating pussy juice!

I didn't let a drop of his precious seed spill from my mouth and I continued to suck his cock even after the spasms left him and I had milked him dry with my lips. Josh's cock was still at half-mast when I finally, regretfully let him slip out of my mouth. I gave him one last gentle kiss on the crown of his penis and then stood up slowly, brushing my body against his as I did so, letting his feel my breast drag along his chest before I kissed him one last time.

Josh was soaking wet with sweat and still trying to catch his breath as I pressed my lips against his. I offered him my tongue and he took it without hesitation, not caring that I now offered him a taste of himself.

When our kiss ended, I smiled and stroked his face tenderly. In a soft, motherly voice, I said to my son, "Now, I want you to go to bed and get a good night's sleep, Josh. Tomorrow, I want you to start hitting those books and earning those rewards." I closed the distance between us until we were literally nose to nose. "As bad as you want this, son, remember your mother wants it even more!" I said in a husky whisper.

I turned and walked to the door, knowing my son was getting a good look at my almost naked ass (thank goodness for all that time in the stairmaster!). At the door, I looked over my shoulder and smiled, "Good night, son. Sleep knowing that your mother loves you more than anything in the whole wide world!"

Josh replied in a voice that cracked with emotion, "I love you too, Mom."

I closed his bedroom door and on suddenly shaky legs, quickly returned to my own bedroom. I jumped on the bed, suddenly in great need of relief. I didn't even take the time to reach for my dildo, but was on my back, legs spread and four fingers plunging quickly in and out of my wet cunt. Frantically, I masturbated myself until the room was spinning and I came in a blinding rush of images and sensations, envisioning my son's cock taking its rightful place in my pussy! Sleep came easy then, my dreams filled with images of my son and I doing all sorts of wonderful things.

The next few days passed in a sort of a sex hungry haze. True to my word, I dressed sexy around the house to inspire my son as he studied his ass off. While he was at school Monday, I took a half day off from work and went shopping for some around the house lounge wear, negligees and other outfits.

When Josh arrived home after school that first day, I greeted him wearing a black corset, garters and stockings and high heels. The corset lifted my breasts up to overflow their half cups, exposing my breasts from the nipples up. The black stocking and the stiletto heels kept drawing Josh's attention to my long legs and the nakedness between my legs.

I worried a little that my appearance might prove too much a distraction to my son, but he went upstairs and did his homework without complaint, not emerging for three hours after we had finished eating. I checked his homework while he sat next to me on the living room couch. I gave him permission to play with my nipples while I reviewed his work. After he corrected a few minor mistakes, we kissed and necked for a long time until I sent him back to his room to study for another hour with instructions to study – no masturbating allowed.

When his hour was up, I went to his room and I encouraged my son to jack off while I posed for him, fingering myself a little while I watched Josh stroke his cock and explode. I tucked him in and told him to get a good night's sleep.

The pattern repeated on Tuesday as I wore a sheer red nightgown about the house, the long folds of material parting when I sat to reveal my long legs and my pussy whenever I sat down. His homework contained no errors when I checked it that evening. That evening, I brought my dildo along with me to my son's bedroom and we enjoyed a mutual masturbation session after Josh's studies were done.

On Wednesday afternoon, Josh burst through the door, reminding me of his earlier years when something exciting happened at school, and he couldn't wait to share it with his mother. He was waving a sheet of paper, but drew up short as he scoped out my outfit consisting of a diaphanous light blue and low cut top, nipples clearly visible as the filmy material clung tightly to my breasts and a pair of high cut bikini panties which had the same diaphanous fabric in the crotch. Just putting them on had made me wet and the material clung wetly to my mound, outlining clearly my cunt lips.

"Wow, that looks hot, Mom!" my son said, eyes roaming hungrily over me. Then he remembered he had something to show me. "Oh, look at this, Mom!"

"What is this, honey?" I asked, looking it over and feeling my heart beat faster as I spotted in red ink at the top of the page, '100' and 'A+' circled with an attached comment, "Remarkable improvement!" I looked up at my son, a smile growing on my face.

"Delson hit us with a pop quiz today in Econ and I aced it!" He was almost jumping up and down and in his excitement he wrapped his arms around me and hugged me tight. "Can you believe it, Mom, I aced the sucker!"

When he finally let me go, I put my arms around my son's neck and gave him a long and tender kiss. "Well, I guess your mother owes you a nice hand job tonight then, doesn't she?" I whispered in his ear. I cannot describe how it made me feel inside to see the glow on my son's face then.

After dinner and studying and homework were all done, I made my way to Josh's room and asked him to make himself comfortable on his bed. I had to laugh as he leaped into bed, still wearing his shorts and a T-shirt. "Honey, I want you to enjoy this, so get all naked for your mother," I said with a laugh. I laughed more as Josh became a jumble of knees and elbows wiggling his way out of his clothes.

I stopped laughing as I realized how handsome my son was. His broad chest and well muscles arms and legs made my pussy tingle. The already erect pole between his legs, pointing at the ceiling took that tingle and turned it into a pulsing current of orgasmic energy that raced around my body again and again.

I sat down on the bed next to my son who was stretched out with a big, boyish grin on his face. I placed a hand on his chest and slowly moved it around – caressing him lovingly. "You are so handsome, son," I sighed. I slid my hand down to his stomach and then into his curly pubic hair and around and under his cock to cup his balls which I caressed oh so carefully, drawing a happy gasp from him.

I moved my hand up and wrapped it around the base of his hard penis and added, "And you're sooo big, Josh." I giggled and said, "You're so much bigger than your father!"

My son blushed and then laughed. "Really? You're not just saying that, Mom?"

I shook my head. "I'll never lie to you, son. You are huge compared to him." Slowly, I stroked his shaft, ending by gently squeezing his cock head and smearing his pre-cum around. "I can't wait to have you inside me, filling me up, stretching my pussy and cumming inside me." As I talked, I continued to stroke my son.

"I can cum inside you, Mom, really?" Josh said in awe. "I don't have to use a rubber?"

I giggled and said, "Oh no! I want to feel my son's cock when I wrap my pussy around you, not latex!" I meant it too. I already had an appointment to see my doctor about resuming birth control pills. Even that seemed like too much – part of me was experiencing a powerful yearning to mate with my one true love and make him a father.

I continued on, whispering descriptions of what lay in store for my son – the adventures we'd have in the near future and how I could hardly wait. Finally, I could see Josh's need in his eyes and felt it in the throbbing meat in my hands. "I'm gonna – oh, Mom, I'm going to..."

"Cum for me baby," I urged him. "Cum for Mommy!" Like Old Faithful, Josh obediently began to erupt. I had angled his cock slightly towards me and was rewarded with a tremendous spurt of semen that splashed across my face. I squealed with surprise and delight as his second spurt landed in my mouth and on my chin. The next few shots splattered across my chest and then he lost power and his last few strong ejaculations flowed out and over my stroking fist.

With my free hand, I wiped up dripping jism from my face and licking it off, managing to say between tastes, "Good shooting, honey! Waste not, want not!" I finished by licking the thick coat of his seed off my hand and then teased him after giving him a passionate goodnight kiss by leaning down and giving the head of his cock a kiss goodnight as well.

Thursday night, I again stroked him off after he brought home an 'A-' on a Calculus quiz. I could see his old confidence returning as well as a growing excitement over our newly created relationship.

Friday, my son presented me with two test papers that he had made 'A's' on as well as another quiz with a 'B' grade. I let him choose when to get his rewards and later that night I knelt between my son's legs and sucked him off with great satisfaction.

Sunday after church, I showed my son how long and sweet a blowjob could be after first jerking him off. His needs tempered, I sucked his cock for nearly an hour, lying between his wide-spread legs on my bed, making him squirm and moan and sweat until he was begging for mercy and he exploded with a massive load that I hungrily drank.

Weeks passed by and I saw the son that I so dearly loved return to me. His grades leapt upwards quickly and with each time that I stroked my son's cock or went to my knees and lovingly sucked

him off, I felt our bonds strengthen and become more than just mother and son. Our household was a happy one and we grew closer together than ever before.

The Friday before grade cards were sent out, my son walked triumphantly into the house and presented me with six tests with the lowest grade being a '95'! I was especially pleased with his '100' on his English exam, a note in Doris Henderson's hand on it, saying only, "Only a mother can help a son do as well as Josh has done. Be proud of yourself, Corinne and enjoy!"

We spent most of the weekend in bed and I'd be lying if my jaws weren't aching by Sunday evening. But I felt well fed on my son's seed. I even dared finger myself while he watched and recovered from my oral pleasures. As a bonus reward for all his fine efforts, I masturbated and let Josh lick my pussy cream from my fingers, telling him it was another sneak preview of things to come.

Wednesday, report cards were mailed out and Josh was like a kid on Christmas Eve, barely able to contain himself. I was tempted to give him a bonus blow job to take the edge off, but instead naughtily insisted that he even refrain from masturbating that evening.

As I tucked him in, I told him, "Darling, I want you to save it. The first time you're in me, I want to get flooded with your seed!" I kissed him goodnight and then as I had done since we had begun our new relationship, I kissed him on the head of his cock. That night I had worn the black corset and stockings again and I think that was his favorite outfit – I'd not seen his cock flag all night. We both had a restless night I think. Come to think of it, I felt like a kid on Christmas Eve.

I saw Josh off to school the next day and then called out sick for the rest of the week. I had a suspicion that once my son and I made love, we might never stop. It was a warm day and had been steadily raining since early morning. There was an element of electricity to the air as if a storm were about to break wide open, even though no storms were in the forecast.

It seemed like many hours passed by as I watched from the living room window for the mailman, but it was only 9:30 when he strolled up the walk and deposited my mail. I hurried to retrieve it and tore open the envelope from Josh's high school. I had been sure based on the grades and comments coming home what I would find, but still, looking at my son's report card and seeing the six 'A's and one 'B+' made me almost cum in my panties.

I had had a vague idea of how I wanted to celebrate this with my son, how to make the first time with my child a special one, but suddenly, a fresh idea just occurred to me.

I went upstairs and showered. Naked, I went into my bedroom and selected a pair of high heels that I knew Josh liked – not my 'fuck me pumps' or the stiletto heeled pair, but a pair of strap on high heels that my son had often complimented me on, even long before our relationship changed. Naked, wearing only the high heels, I went downstairs and from the hall closet I took my rain coat out. I put it on and studied myself in the mirror. It was a trench coat cut that ended a few inches above my knees. With the belt pulled closed, you couldn't really tell that I was naked, although I was showing off a tremendous amount of leg and thigh and one would have to assume I was wearing a low cut blouse or sweater as you could see a good deal of my upper chest. As long as I didn't bend over, I didn't think anyone would know.

I grabbed my car keys and purse and drove out to my son's school, feeling like a shameless slut as I drove wearing only my raincoat. My heart felt like it would burst out of my chest as I stepped inside the school. The office was down a long corridor and I managed to arrive during the end of a class

change. I was jostled by rushing students once or twice and almost giggled madly as I envisioned my coat falling open and standing naked surrounded by all these young men and women.

In the office, I informed the secretary that I needed to check my son out of school. I told her that we had urgent family business to tend to and told her my son would not be back the rest of today or tomorrow. She was very polite and told me she would summon Josh immediately and get his assignments for the rest of the week.

It felt warm in the office and the vinyl coat was making me sweat something awful. I could rivulets of perspiration running down between my breasts and I was fairly sure the wetness that was trickling down my inner thigh wasn't sweat. I could have sworn I could smell my arousal wafting up from below. I wondered if anyone else could smell me.

"Mrs. Porter, how wonderful to see you!" I turned around, jumping a little and betraying my nervousness. Doris Henderson stood in the doorway, holding a manila folder.

"Oh, hello," I replied. "It's good to see you too."

She came up close and took my hand, taking me in, a look of curiosity on her face. "You've been on my mind a lot lately, dear. I just wanted to tell you how impressed I am with how you've turned your son around."

I squeezed her hand and stepped closer to her. "Thank you, Doris. I have to give you part of the credit. Your words and encouragement have meant so much – to me and Josh. I – I don't know when I've been so happy."

Josh's teacher beamed at me. "Have you received Josh's report card yet?"

"Yes, that's why I'm here." I leaned in towards the shorter woman, aware that my coat might gape open and reveal my nakedness. In a conspiratorial whisper, I said, "I promised Josh something very special if he did well on his report card and I'm here to deliver on it."

I paused for several seconds, giving Doris plenty of time to stare at the right places and work it out. She smiled and sniffed the air, her eyes suddenly widening. "That sounds exciting. I'm sure you are both going to enjoy it!"

The secretary returned then and told Doris that Principal Horton would see her now. Doris kissed me on the cheek and said, "Enjoy yourselves, Corinne. One of these days when we run into each other at the health club, let's sit down and have a good, long chat, shall we?"

I grinned at her and nodded my head vigorously. "I would love to do that, Doris."

I watched her disappear into the inner offices and then almost jumped out of my skin as someone dropped a hand on my shoulder. "Mom? Is everything alright?"

I turned around and smiled at my son. "Honey, I'm checking you out of school for the rest of the week."

Josh looked at me with concern. "Is something wrong, Mom? What's happened.?"

I just shook my head and said, "You and I have some family business to attend to, remember? I said it would come up after your report card arrived..." I arched my eyebrows and winked once at him, relishing the sudden dawn of comprehension on his face.

With his assignments and books in hand, I put my hand through his arm and we walked out of the office and down the hallway which had become practically deserted. Josh noticed that I was sweating and asked, "Are you okay, Mom. If you're hot, why don't you take that raincoat off?"

I grinned up at my son and in a soft voice said, "That might cause a little hubbub, son." I lowered my voice to a whisper. "I'm not wearing anything under this raincoat." It's funny just how fast a young man can grow an erection. By the time we walked out the front entrance, Josh had a bulge in his khaki slacks that threatened to burst the seams.

The rain was still falling steadily, the warm water feeling wonderful on my face as we hurried to my van. I handed my keys to my son to let him drive, both of us laughing as we splashed through water puddles climbing into the minivan. Josh started up the car and then glanced over at me, his eyes coming to rest on my legs. The raincoat had pulled up as I climbed in and was now just short of my pussy. Josh had a tremendous view of my long legs. His gaze traveled upwards, pausing where the raincoat opened at my neck and upper chest and then up to where I panted, both from running and my growing arousal.

"You're really naked under that coat, aren't you, Mom? Josh asked. I grinned and nodded. "We're really, finally going to do it, aren't we, Mom?" Josh said softly.

I reached out and caressed his rain dampened hair. "Yes, darling we are. Mother and son are going to be lovers," I replied. "Let's go, Josh."

My son grinned and pulled out of the school parking lot. He drove carefully and I'm sure to both of us, too slowly. There was such a powerful tension in the vehicle – like we were hooked up to massive generators. We neared our neighborhood and approached the entrance to the local park where Josh had played when he was little. A naughty idea sprung full blown into my mind and I whispered, "Pull in here, Josh, drive through the park."

"Mom?" Josh replied in confusion.

I grinned at him in such an evil way, I know his cock had to have throbbed in response. "Do it, son. Listen to your mother." Josh obeyed me and we slowly drove through the park. It was completely deserted. All the little ones and their mothers were home doing rainy day activities. The old folks who sometimes walked or sat on the benches were home or at the Mall. We had the park completely to ourselves.

"There," I said, pointing to a small secluded parking lot near the playground. "Pull in there and park." Josh did so, still looking confused. "Leave the keys under the seat, baby. We don't want to lose them." I climbed out of the car and motioned for my son to join me. He did so, his zippered gray hoodie getting darker quickly as the steady rain fell on us.

I walked around and took my son's hand and led him towards the playground, a mixture of swings and see-saws and other childhood things that had been here for decades. In a remote corner, hidden from the park road, was an old fashioned jungle gym, a mushroom dome of steel rods, crisscrossing and still looking strong even though two or three generations of children had climbed on him. In this safety-obsessed world, most of them have been dismantled, but around here, nobody complained about its existence. A great old oak tree loomed over it, providing shade for about half of the structure and giving it even more cover from the rest of the playground.

I led my son around to the far side, away from the protection of the old tree. "Mom? What in the world are we doing?" Josh sounded a bit scared and confused. I'm sure he had imagined our first

time would be in my bed, my legs spread wide for his lovely cock. Later tonight, I would fulfill his fantasy, but right now I had other plans.

I let his hand go and stepped up to the domelike structure, leaning back and resting my butt against the steel bars. "Doesn't this rain feel wonderful, son?" I asked Josh. "As we were driving home I was thinking how good it would feel to fuck my son in the rain like this and then as we passed the park, it just came to me." I unbuckled my coat belt and as I slowly opened up my coat, I said, "You had a lot of good memories playing in this park, son. But Momma is going to give you a memory you will never forget!"

I opened my coat wide, spreading my legs apart, letting the jungle gym support me and keep me balanced. I opened my coat wide and showed – no, offered my son my naked, aroused body, glorying in the sweet feel of the warm rain showering down on us.

Josh looked at me, his mouth gaping open in surprise and amazement. I couldn't tell if he was just getting soaked or if he was crying as he said in a choked voice, "Oh Mom, you are so beautiful."

"I'm so proud of you, son. You worked so hard and now it's time for your reward. Josh, come here and fuck your mother!"

Josh didn't hesitate a second, but rushed to me, his hands cupping my face as he kissed me. A thrill ran through me as my son pressed his lips against mine, conveying his passion for me, but also so much more. He was a man taking possession of his woman, making her his very own. I moaned into his open mouth as shivers ran through me and I felt a little weak in the knees. I needed my son. I needed Josh's cock inside me.

I fumbled at his belt, unbuckling it and unbuttoning his slacks – unzipping him and freeing his aching cock. I felt his rigid flesh spring and press against my stomach and again I moaned into our kiss, one hand encircling and stroking his long shaft while the other hand worked his shorts and pants down his legs. Our kiss ended as he moaned, "I love you so much, Mom! Your hand feels sooo good!"

We were both panting like we'd ran a mile and I managed to gasp in reply, "Wait till you put that big thing inside your mother, you're going to love my pussy, son!" I let him go and reached out and used my hands to rip his button-down dress shirt apart, baring his strong, muscular chest. I leaned in and ran my tongue over Josh's nipple and then nipped at it slightly before again kissing my son, murmuring, "Now! Fuck me now, Josh, Momma needs it sooo bad!"

I felt Josh bend his knees slightly and then with my help guiding him, my son's cock poked me, brushing against my creamy, wet flesh and then found it's way into the flowered opening of my hungry cunt and then – oh, god, then Josh was thrusting upwards, his cock filling me up, spreading me, steadily upwards and I threw my head back and sobbed triumphantly, "YESSSS!"

How do describe it? I don't know that any words can do it justice. There is that sweet sensation you get with accepting any cock into your womb, the delicious feel of a man moving into you – filling you with himself, but with my son, there was so much more, an intimacy unmatched by any I'd ever experienced, a closeness of recognition of this flesh being my own, a sense of something missing finally returning, merging and becoming one, all the while producing in every cell of my body, pleasure unlike any other. This is as close to touching God as any human can ever hope for.

My son's thrust pushed his cock into me, sinking his cock fully in me with one wonderful and swift movement. I let his weight press me against the jungle gym and I lifted my long legs up and

wrapped them around his waist, crying out with joy as it allowed his erect penis to sink a little deeper inside me. "Do you like it, son? Do you like Momma's pussy – because I love your cock, Josh!" I sobbed as I hunched myself into him.

"Yesyesyes, Mom!" my son growled as he slightly withdrew and then thrust again. "I love it – you are so hot and wet and deep!" Josh's words gave way to a mannish grunting as he was consumed in lust with my naked body. The rain bathed us in its warmth, mixing with the sweat our bodies produced as we hunched and grinded into each other – each movement of his erect cock against my clinging cunt flesh, sending ripples of orgasmic delight coursing through my veins. I could feel my toes clenching as the incestuous pleasure of my son fucking me was almost too intense to bear.

My first orgasm overtook me without warning and I sobbed my pleasure into the heavy rain, my body spasming and arching, allowing me to thrust my pelvis more forcefully into my son. I felt my head knock against the metal bars behind me, but any pain I might have experienced was overwhelmed by the incestuous delight my son's cock was giving me. My head thrown back as it was, pulled my breasts taut and Josh took the opportunity to suck my nipples and maul my meaty breasts with his hands.

Josh's hips never stopped moving, his hard, thick shaft continuing to plunge in and out of me, despite my pussy's best efforts to clasp him tight. As my orgasm began to wane, Josh had been rolling his tongue over my nipples, flicking my hard, rubbery tips. Without warning, my son bit down on my right nipple, not hard enough to draw blood, but still hard. The pain it produced, mingled with my ebbing orgasm and suddenly the world exploded for me in white hot, incestuous pleasure as another orgasm ignited between my legs and consumed me.

My son moaned, "oh my god, Mom – your pussy – OHGODYESSS!" as my muscles clamped down and held his throbbing cock in place and was baptized in my flooding cream as I came as no man has ever made me cum before. When I didn't think it could get any more powerful than that, Josh's cock head swelled and I swear I could feel his cum racing up his long shaft to emerge in a torrent, flooding my womb with his fiery seed. We were both elevated to a high plane of existence, becoming one body, one mind and one soul. We shared our thoughts which were solely focused on our love for each other as from between our legs radiated a bright shining sun of orgasmic energy fueled by our incestuous lusts.

When I came to myself again, I found my body galvanized and locked into place against my son, my thigh muscles aching from trying to maintain their grip on Josh's body, pulling him against me more, so I get more of him inside me. His hips jerked as he fed me spurt after thick spurt of his semen. We were both crying, our tears mixing with raindrops.

As we regained control of our bodies and as Josh emptied the last of his sweet seen in me, we again kissed, trembling with the power and intensity of our first joining, happy in the shared knowledge that it was but the first of many couplings to come. We were still locked cock and pussy, embracing tightly. The rain continued to shower us, giving us a gentle, romantic baptism into our new lives.

When I could speak, I said, "That was incredible, son. You are an awesome lover."

Josh's face glowed with pride as he responded, "I can't believe it, Mom. That was so different – so wonderful. I love you, Mom!" We kissed again, basking in the afterglow of our lovemaking, savoring each sensation as we shifted or moved. Even the sad realization of Josh's cock reducing, the feeling

of his penis slowly withdrawing out of my clasp brought me pleasure. I finally released him, my legs trembling with effort and I stood upright.

My leg muscles quivered with exhaustion as I squatted down quickly and cleaned my son's cock off, relishing every lick of his exhausted cock and the taste of our mixed juices. I stood up, yanking Josh's sodden pants up as I rose. Josh was soaked to the skin now. "We better get going, darling. I can't have you catching a chill and getting sick," I whispered as I tucked his penis back into his shorts and buttoned and zipped him up. "Momma needs you too much.

We walked back to the 'Mom Mobile' and climbed in. I had left my coat open and we were lucky no one saw me walking practically naked through the playground with my darling son. We were silent as we drove the rest of the way home. I pulled into the garage and once we were inside, I let the raincoat fall to the kitchen floor. "Just strip in here, Josh," I told him. "Let's get ourselves a hot shower before..." I let the rest go unsaid, but my son's grin told me he understood.

Josh shucked off his clothes quickly, but as he did so, I realized he was staring downwards at my legs. I glanced down and had to stifle a laugh. My body was still glistening with rainwater and sweat, but standing out was the trickle of Josh's semen trickling down my inner thigh. Josh's penis began to twitch and stir.

Upstairs in the shower, washing each other turned into caressing each other and that turned into making out as the hot water and steam swirled around us. Our shower ended with Josh on his knees while I gripped the shower nozzle overhead moaning as he ate my pussy out for the first time. The tile enclosure echoed with my screams as I had a violent orgasm from Josh's talented tongue. I marveled that my eighteen year old son could go down on a woman so well, but his tongue seemed to be everywhere and his gentle yet firm touch on my clit as he tongued it and then gently sucked the swollen nub had me literally ejaculating cunt cream into his hungry mouth.

When it was over, I could barely stand, and was in a daze as my son helped me out of the shower and toweled me off. "Where did you learn to do that, Josh?" I murmured as I leaned into him, my big breasts pressing against his chest, my hand idly stroking his again erect cock.

Josh blushed and said, "I guess you just know how to motivate your son, Mom. I mean, look what you did for my grades." He finished patting me dry and kissed me gently and tenderly. "I've dreamed of doing that for a long time, Mom – I guess I've practiced in my mind a hundred times over and when I was licking you, it just seemed as if I knew what you would like." He kissed me again, more forcefully and passionately before saying, "It just seems like it was meant to be – that we're meant for each other."

I wiggled with delight at my son's words, rubbing myself against his naked body. Josh's words excited and amazed me and I felt it too. Since the first moment way back when Josh had walked in on me – deep down, I think I had always known we would reach this moment, this point in our joined destinies.

"Take me to bed, son." I whispered, my voice growing husky with desire. "Make love to me. Make love to your mother."

Josh's eyes glowed with hunger and purpose and taking my hand, he led me to my bed – our bed now. As I spread my legs and Josh climbed between them, his hard cock aimed at my wet pussy, I said, "I'm so proud of you, Josh. You've worked so hard for this and become a man – my man. I'm yours for as long as you want, son, forever if you wan – uhhh YESSSS!" Josh pressed his cock into my slick folds and with one hard thrust, conveyed his answer and I knew as he sank deep inside my

womb that I was his, his forever and ever. I could envision a lifetime of mother son love, of incestuous and domestic happiness as my son fucked me with that magnificent cock.

We made love throughout the night, my son becoming a stud stallion, mounting me again and again until we sank into a sex sodden slumber, briefly satiating our incestuous desires. In between we talked and giggled as we discussed our new lives. I assured Josh that I would continue to honor our agreement regarding his school work, although I also assured him, "I am yours anytime you want me, son."

I was utterly confident that he would continue to excel at school and thrilled when he said he looked forward to getting his future rewards as he was thrilled to get such gifts from his mother.

And so six months later, I was sitting in the bleachers, glowing with motherly pride as I watched my son walk across the graduation stage and accept his diploma from the high school principal. As Josh walked off the stage, he looked and found me standing, cheering him in the stands and my son blew me a kiss. I shivered, both with happiness for my son's success, but also because of the sweet sensation of having a thick load of his semen warming my cunt and making my panties wet. Josh had insisted on fucking me in the Mom Mobile just before we climbed out to attend his graduation ceremony and I was more than happy to comply.

I returned his kiss with one of my own and as I sat back down, I saw Doris Henderson sitting several rows below looking back at me. She smiled broadly and gave me a sexy wink before turning her attention back to the ceremony. I couldn't help but notice a family resemblance between her and the young man sitting with her, or that she and her son were holding hands. I gave a silent prayer of thanks for her help in changing my life and that she would always know the same happiness that she had helped Josh and I to find.

Josh is now working on his bachelor's degree with a furious passion. He plans to be done in just three years and I know he will succeed. Not only do we continue to carry out our old agreement for quizzes, tests and grades, but I've sweetened the pot. Josh wants to give me a baby and the day he picks up his degree, I'll throw away my birth control pills. Just the thought of my belly being swollen with my son's child makes me wet and my son's cock hard. We both wait for that day anxiously and we practice constantly. We both know the power and joy of love and motivation that exists between a son and his mother and that for a man and a woman – a son and a mother such as we, anything is possible.

The End