

# MOTHER & SON: A LOVE STORY PT. 03

**Ahabscribe**

*Mother & son's vacation continue as they share secrets.*

Incest/Taboo

4.71

10.9k words

*Thanks to everyone who has requested (nay, demanded!), that this story continue and my apologies for this next installment taking so long to come to life -- writer's block sucks, but I seem to slowly getting my writing chops back. For those tuning in for the first time -- please go check out in order "Christmas with Mom", "New Year's Eve with Mom" and then Parts 01 and 02 of "Mother and Son: A Love Story." Please keep up the feedback -- it is what inspires me to continue and hopefully makes me write better with each successive effort.*

As for the usual -- any character's resemblance to anyone living or dead is purely coincidence. All characters exist only within the confines of my imagination. Now, please go read and enjoy!

\*

This place was something out of an old country-gospel song. A small clapboard church, painted white with a small, but tall steeple, situated in a holler between two low mountain ridges. Mom and I were sitting on hard wooden benches about mid way up the sanctuary, holding hands as the minister, a scrawny, middle aged fellow with a bobbing Adam's apple, held forth in a sermon about God's love for us and that love was what our world lacked most.

Mom squeezed my hand as the minister emphasized with a slapping hand on his podium that, "An' love just ain't overflowing in this sinful world and when you find love, you need to embrace it and hold it as tight as you can, for it is sure to be a sin in God's eyes for anyone to let love, which is his most precious gift to us all, to let love be lost and abandoned."

Several of the church's parishioners murmured a fervent amen and I glanced at Mom, the sight of her making my heart beat just that much faster and I said in a heartfelt whisper, "Amen." The look my mother gave me in response made me fall in love with her all over again and to be honest, gave me an erection right in the middle of the church service.

Mom had asked me to take her to church and I was happy to do so. We had gotten up early and we had drove deep into the mountains of Eastern Kentucky to take Mom's friend, Emma up on her invitation to attend church this sunny Sunday morning -- the same church Mom had been raised up in. It was a beautiful day -- yesterday's long rain scrubbing the humidity out of the air and making it a day to be thankful just be alive, not to mention sitting hand in hand with the woman you loved.

Mom looked lovely as always. She was wearing the most conservative of her sexy outfits that she had brought with her on our trip, but it did nothing to nullify her sheer sensuous beauty. Mom's longish black hair was pulled back in a French twist that draped over her right shoulder. She was wearing another yellow sundress that had a squared scoop neckline that put the upper portions of her voluptuous breasts on proud display. The hemline was just above her knees and showed off her shapely legs in a way that drew the eye of every male with a pulse and not a few of the females around as well. Mom was lovely and exuded sex, but in truth, I think Mom would have looked sexy in a polar suit.

We had been greeted warmly by the minister, a Reverend Golwell, who announced our presence early in his remarks to the church before beginning his sermon. "We are so gratified to have our sister Carrie back amongst us today, her and her son John and we hope they will visit us again. Sister Emma tells me they are considering a move back to our beautiful state and Lord willing, maybe soon we'll see them every Sunday."

There were several murmurs and cranings of necks to check us out, the murmurs seeming to be positive in tone. Emma Johnson smiled happily at us from the choir loft and for not the last time, I marveled that someone else knew about Mom and I being lovers and they wholeheartedly approved. When the choir finished its last song and they returned to their seats while the last refrain played out, I looked with great interest as Emma sat down next to a tall, middle aged man a little older than her. They both smiled approvingly at Mom and me as Reverend Golwell began his sermon.

It sent a thrill through me to know that Emma and her Bill were brother and sister, that we weren't the only incestuous lovers around. I could see the family resemblance in them from the color of their hair and eyes to the shape of their noses. As Reverend Golwell preached, I would let my eyes wander over the worshippers and tried to imagine who else sitting here might know and understand the love that Mom and I shared.

After the service, many folks came by to greet us or to catch up with Mom. As Mom chatted with several folks, I stood by her side proudly, holding her hand as she introduced me to various old friends or neighbors. I had no idea how many might know or suspect that Mom and I were lovers and soulmates, but each seemed to greet us as a couple and I found that wonderful and arousing, although I was a little embarrassed as my slacks did nothing to hide the bulge of my erect cock.

As we walked down the steps of the church entrance, an old man tottered up to meet us at the bottom, his arm held and supported by a woman maybe fifteen or twenty years older than Mom. He was short and slightly built, his hair white and thin and he was wearing glasses with coke bottle lenses, magnifying his eyes into enormous orbs.

"Why, Carrie Hamilton! You've gone an' grown up!" the old man said in a voice that belied his years.

Mom squealed with happiness and said, "Why, Reverend Simmons! I didn't see you when we came in. It's so good to see you!" Mom hurried to the bottom of the steps and gave the old man a careful hug. He cackled and hugged her back hard.

"Yessireebob! Little Carrie Hamilton all grown up, pretty as ever and with a handsome young man!" He turned to the woman beside him and remarked, "Why, I can remember baptizing this little girl when she was eleven years old. Her daddy was so proud."

Mom blushed with happiness and introduced me as her son. Reverend Simmons shook my head gravely and said, "Your Mom is just a wonderful woman, but --" and he paused and winked at me, "But I reckon you already know that." He turned again to the woman on his arm and said, "Carrie, you remember my youngest daughter, Melinda?"

"Pleased to meet you, Carrie -- John," Melinda said. "Papa, I doubt Carrie would remember me. I moved to Detroit about the time Carrie was a little girl." She smiled at us and said, "I came home to live with Papa when Mama died."

"Oh Reverend Simmons, I didn't know! I am so sorry to hear Miz Simmons passed on!" Mom reached out and hugged the old man again. "Marilyn was a wonderful woman!"

An expression of sadness passed over the old man's face. "Yes, I miss her everyday, Carrie." Then his expression brightened as he turned and smiled at his daughter. "But my Melinda has been by my side every day since these last nine years or so and we've been very happy." He reached over and kissed his daughter on the cheek and she beamed with happiness.

A thrill shot through me as I read a lot into his remarks. Mom had told me that Reverend Simmons had married his own sister and now I had to wonder if he had the same loving relationship with his daughter.

Melinda seemed to read my mind and almost confirmed my speculations as she grinned unashamedly and replied, "Yes, Papa has made me a happy woman these past years," she nudged him and added, "He's pretty spry for such an old coot."

Reverend Simmons guffawed and said, "Why, I'm just hittin' my prime. My old daddy lived to be one hundred and ought-three and I'm just eighty-four!"

At that moment, Emma Johnson walked up with her husband and invited all of us to eat with them at a local restaurant. We all agreed to meet up there in half an hour. Once Mom and I were in the car, I looked at her and repeated my remarks from a few days earlier. "Mom, we have got to move here!"

Mom laughed as we pulled out of the gravel and dirt parking lot and onto the highway. "Yes, we wouldn't be a scandal around here, would we?" She gave me directions for this restaurant we were heading for, apparently a local legend for fried catfish dinners.

"Son, I am as wet as you are hard from all this." Mom exclaimed as I drove us along, pulling up her dress to show me her yellow thong bikini, the small patch of material dark and wet and her inner thighs glistening faintly with her arousal. "As soon as we get finished with dinner, I'm going to take you somewhere and rape you." Mom said in a teasing voice. I could only groan and it took all my willpower to tear my gaze away from Mom's full luscious thighs and pay attention to the curvy road.

The restaurant was in a dilapidated old building with old, well used tables and chairs, but the food was exquisite. It was a remarkable dinner with Mom and Emma and Reverend Simmons dominating the conversation. Along with the talk of old times and remembered friends and family were a lot of knowing glances at each other and a few times I had to stifle a giddy impulse to just stand up and shout, "ISN'T INCEST JUST FUCKING GREAT!" But I knew there was no need to really say it. Our glances at each other -- the knowing smiles said it all for us. The topic never came up at the table and I came to realize that although we all were thinking about it, for the Johnsons and the Simmons, this was normal life. I both envied them and found myself eager for the time when Mom and I would be able to share their honest and wonderful lifestyle.

Mom's face was flushed and she kept glancing at me with a needful look in her eyes. There was almost a visible vibration to her -- one I had come to recognize as intense sexual desire. I knew that if I slipped my hand up her dress that between her legs I would find a molten mound of wet pussy flesh.

After the table was cleared of our dinner dishes and we were waiting on dessert -- "Apple Pie from Heaven!" drawled Bill Johnson, I excused myself to go to the restroom. I was just shaking off at a urinal and idly thinking that for an old rundown restaurant, they kept their restrooms clean, when I heard the Men's door open and Mom gasped, "Get into the stall now, son!"

Before I could say a word, Mom had pushed me into the single stall in the room and closed and latched the door behind us. Mom threw her arms around me and kissed me hard and passionately, her tongue demanding entrance into my mouth to dance with my tongue. I felt my cock quickly harden as Mom pressed her voluptuous body against mine.

"I need you right now, John!" Mom moaned, pushing me back and dropping the lid down on the toilet seat. "I need to feel you hard inside me, son!" In a flurry of hands, Mom had my slacks unbuckled, undone and pooled down around my ankles. Then Mom reached under her sun dress and stepped out of her thong bikini. She handed it to me and I was amazed at how it was positively dripping with her cunt cream. My cock stood at full attention as Mom pushed me onto the toilet seat, hiked up her dress and straddled me.

"Fuck me, John. Give Momma that big dick right now," Mom moaned before kissing me again.

"Ohhhh, Mom -- yessss!" I managed to gasp as Mom's sweet, hot syrupy pussy engulfed my rigid dick and she slowly slid down my erection until her wet, hairy cunt ground against my pubic hairs. Any other words I might have spoken were lost as Mom's luscious tongue rolled over my own as we kissed passionately.

"Mmmmmgodd!" Mom moaned as she squirmed happily on my cock, her pussy flesh massaging my throbbing shaft. She kissed me firmly, finishing it with a deliciously lewd lick of her tongue across my lips. "Sorry, son. I couldn't hold out any longer. I was about to start screaming!" She began to slowly rise up and down on my cock. "God -- mmmmm, I may have to scream anyway. I love your cock so much, John!" Mom sighed.

I had my hands on Mom's waist, helping her piston up and down, trying to make each moment of my mother's pussy being wrapped around my dick last as long as possible. There is nothing that matches the sweet, sinful sensation of your mother's pussy sliding wetly and steamily around your swollen cockflesh. "I love you, Mom," I gasped as she rode me slow and sweet.

"I love you too, son!" Mom whispered back, her voice strained and halting as incestuous pleasure began to overwhelm her. "My sweet, precious John -- my lover -- my son, Momma loves you too!" The heat from her aroused pussy was incredible and Mom was so wet -- her cream flowing into my crotch -- drenching our entangled pubic hair. The wonderful aroma of Mom's wet cunt wafted upwards, making my nostrils flare.

Mom's slow movements began to pick up speed over several minutes until she was riding me hard, her calf muscles bulging as she worked herself back and forth atop my erection. Mom and I stared into each other's eyes as we kissed and said sweet nothings to each other. I saw my own love and lust reflected in my mother's beautiful eyes and then the need, the urge to orgasm. Mom's pussy tightened around my cock and her fingernails dug into my shoulders.

"J-John, I'm going to -- ohhhh yessss, I'm goingggg to cummmm!" Mom wailed and then she spasmed on top of me, lifting her feet off the floor, allowing her own weight to drive me as deep inside her womb as possible, her knees rising to press against my hips. "Yessssss, makingggg me cummmm!"

Mom's pussy closed tight around my pussy, bathing it in a flood of her molten cunt juices and spurring me on to orgasm. I buried my face against Mom's mostly exposed breasts, my lips kissing her soft, fleshy globes as my cock began to jerk inside Mom and fill her with my hot semen.

Mom and I gripped each other tight, rocking in synch as only lovers can, basking in the sweet delights of our incestuous lovemaking. We gazed happily into each others eyes as we slowly got our breath back and fuck sweat cooled on our bodies making us shiver delightfully.

It was with regret that Mom finally climbed off of me, moaning softly as my cock slipped free of her claspng cunt with a juicy plop. I felt a hungry twinge of resurgence as Mom stood over me, an angelic smile on her face as she held her dress up with one hand while cupping her sex with the other. "My god, son -- that was quite the load!" Mom murmured as she gently rubbed her pussy and then brought her jism covered fingers up to her lips and quickly slurped my semen off them.

Mom reached over and took back her juicy panties and deftly stepped into them. "I can't believe I did that, John," Mom giggled. "What will those people out there think?"

I shrugged as I stood up and kissed Mom while buckling up my pants. I could taste myself on her lips, making my cock stir even more. "I'm sure they'll be thinking that we've been doing exactly what we have been doing. Does it really matter?"

Mom laughed again, glancing in the mirror and trying to fix her sweat dampened hair. "I guess not. In truth, its making me wet again just knowing that when I walk back out there, those people will know my pussy's full of my son's sperm."

I stepped up behind her, pressing my bulge against her soft rear end. "Yeah, it's making me hard again too." I paused as I wrapped my arms around Mom. "No, you're making me hard, Mom. I love you."

Mom wiggled in my grasp and kissed me quick, saying, "Down, tiger! We'll have time again in a little bit, maybe. Right now, our dessert is growing cold."

I slipped a hand under Mom's dress and palmed her panty covered mound, feeling the wetness, worsened now by my load of spunk. "I dunno, Mom. My dessert feels mighty hot!"

Somehow, Mom managed to escape my grasp and redfaced and giggling, we both returned to the table where the others were already eating their apple pie. Reverend Simmons beamed up at us and said, "Sorry, we started dessert without you." He looked at us over his thick lenses and wagged his thick eyebrows lasciviously and continued, "Or maybe you two already had something sweet?"

There was some general guffaws and his daughter, Melinda smacked him softly on the arm and said, "Now, Papa behave yourself." I felt my face burn and Mom grinned and said nothing, taking a bite of apple pie with her right hand while her left slipped down and caressed my inner thigh.

We enjoyed the rest of dinner and then slowly ambled our way out of the place -- Bill Johnson and Reverend Simmons having a good natured, but spirited argument over who was picking up the check. I found myself alone with Melinda on the front porch of the restaurant, her appraising me carefully. For a woman of maybe fifty five or sixty years, she was a lovely woman, with a small, trim figure, Sandy blonde hair going to gray, and brilliant green eyes that were filled with laughter.

"So, John -- how long have you and your mother...?" She let the question trail off and smiled at me knowingly.

"Um...since this past Christmas," I replied, feeling my blush begin anew.

Melinda smiled at me as she stepped up and took my hand and gave it a gentle squeeze that was somehow both comforting and exhilarating. "Ahhh. Why, you two are still honeymooners!" she said

and then let out a sigh. "I remember how it was when I came home to take care of Papa. For a while, I thought I'd moved in with a teenager." We both turned at the sound of her father's voice as he came through the doors arm in arm with my mother.

Melinda leaned into me a little, her small pert breasts brushing against my arms, nipples small and hard like stones. Her eyes were fixed on Reverend Simmons as she said softly, "And for a man his age, he still surprises me."

"Any regrets, Ma'am?" I asked in a quiet voice.

Melinda slowly shook her head and said, "Not at all. Well, maybe that I wish I had come home earlier than I did. Every day with Papa is heaven to me." She turned and looked me directly in the eye. "Is that the way it is for you and your mother?"

I was surprised to hear myself almost choke up as I replied. "Yes, I love her more than anything in the world."

Melinda smiled and nodded. "Then that's all that matters, doesn't it?" She stood up on tip-toe and gave me a peck on the cheek. "I'm glad we got to meet y'all. I hope you and Carrie do move down here someday. Someday soon."

"Now, boy, you're not trying to steal my daughter, are you?" Reverend Simmons said in mock anger, grinning as he spoke. "I can't have that -- I'd have to fight you!" The old man held up his fists and waved them about. "Melinda's mine!"

I held up my hands in surrender and laughed. "No, sir! I would never come between a man and the most important woman in his life!"

We looked at each other in complete understanding and he nodded. Taking Mom's hand from his arm, he placed her hand in mine and said gravely, "Neither would I, John. You and me, boy, we're been blessed." He held our joined hands between his own for long seconds and then said, "May the two of you know nothing but happiness all your days!" I shivered as he spoke, looking into Mom's eyes. The love I found there was almost overwhelming and I felt like we had taken vows -- that our love had just been blessed in a holy way.

Our goodbyes in the parking lot were long as no one really wanted the enjoyable afternoon to end, but finally we began to climb back into our cars. I shook Reverend Simmons hand after helping him climb in his daughter's van. "John, you take good care of your mother, she's a good woman." Before I could respond, he tugged me by the arm, pulling me close and said in a stage whisper, "Besides, a woman that can suck cock like your mother deserves nothing but the best."

"Papa! I swear!" I heard Melinda gasp. "You're awful!" Reverend Simmons winked at me as she pulled away and I turned to see Mom turning red and trying not to laugh as we climbed into the car.

She giggled nervously as we pulled out onto the road, trying to look me in the face, but then looking away. "Something you'd care to share, Mom?" I said in a teasing voice.

Mom looked at me and rolled her eyes. With a tinge of pride, she replied, "I believe my sister and I already told you that I was a slut when I was young and back then that I never met a cock I didn't like -- or want to suck."

"Including Reverend Simmons?" I said sternly.

Mom licked her lips and winked at me. "Especially Reverend Simmons -- that man had a nice cock on him." Mom relaxed in her seat and idly ran her fingers over her lips. "He was kind of like a surrogate father after Daddy passed away. He was a handsome older man. I was helping him clean up the church one Saturday afternoon and -- well, I made a pass at him that he happily accepted. I sucked his cock for the first time right there on the church altar."

Mom smiled at the memory and then glanced over at my stunned expression. "Jealous, honey? Mad at your nasty Mom?"

I tried to focus on the road as I shook my head. "Jealous? I guess a little. Not angry though." I glanced over at my beautiful mother. "The truth is, just imagining you doing that back then, has me as hard as a rock." I rubbed my crotch for emphasis. "I can't wait to get you back to the motel."

Mom squirmed in her seat and said, "Mmmm, sounds like fun, honey, but -- can we swing by Mama Polly's house one more time? You think you can keep that big ol thang in your pants till we get back to our room?"

I gave a mock sigh of exasperation. "I suppose so," I replied in a long suffering tone.

Mom laughed and undoing her seat belt, leaned over and kissed my cheek, letting her tongue roll upwards to tease my ear before easing back into her seat. "You're a good son, John."

The house was as we had left it. Mom and I strolled around the place, making suggestions as to how to remodel it to be suit our needs. Mom had brought in a tape measure and had me write down dimensions of doors, windows and some of the rooms. As we worked, we seemed to get into each other's way a lot -- leading to lots of brushing and rubbing against each other, each of us grinning and as it went on, pausing to kiss with each kiss more passionate than the last.

We found ourselves in the kitchen where Mom was measuring a window and I hovered behind her, bumping up against her -- my cock hard in my pants, rubbing against her firm buttocks. Bumping became grinding and then the grinding became an embrace - my arms wrapping around Mom, cupping her meaty breasts through her dress, my thumbs rubbing against her exposed tit flesh in the deeply cut neckline.

"God, John, you know that makes me crazy," Mom murmured, pressing her ass back against my groin as I began to nuzzle the back of her neck, slowly working my way around.

"That's the idea, Mom. You're so sexy I just cannot keep my hands off you!" Mom eased her head back, resting it on my shoulder, allowing me to kiss and lick the hollow of her neck and then kiss my way up to her lips. Mom opened her mouth and our tongues met and began their familiar dance. As we kissed, my hands went into the neckline of her dress, easing her meaty tits out of their half bra and then out and over the material of the dress, giving my mother a sluttish appearance as her heavy, pendulous breasts sloped proudly against her chest. Mom groaned happily as I began to pull and twist her thick nipples.

As we embraced and made out, I gradually turned us around and walked us carefully over to the kitchen table. Mom knew exactly what I was up to and began to giggle as we reached the old wooden table. Mom playfully nipped at my tongue as our kiss ended and she looked at me with her loving eyes and said, "Does my son want to fuck Mommy on the kitchen table like Daddy used to do to Mama Polly?"

For an answer, I pushed on Mom's back gently, bending her over the table. I slipped her dress up over her back, revealing her shapely legs and meaty ass, cheeks bare in her sexy little thong. I kissed Mom's bare skin as I squatted and slowly pulled Mom's panties off of her. I inhaled deeply as Mom's arousal was quite evident -- her aroma strong and enticing. Mom stepped nimbly out of her sopping wet thong and spread her legs, revealing her dripping wet pussy, labia flowered open -- a beautiful, exotic pink flower nestled in her thick bush.

"Ohhhhhh!" Mom gasped as I pressed my face into her mound, my forehead pressing into her soft ass cheeks as my tongue found Mom's dripping cunt and lapped her slit from bottom to top. Mom's juices quickly coated my face as I feverishly licked her sweet, sodden pussy. My hands ran up and down Mom's shapely legs, feeling them quiver with excitement and nervous energy.

"Please, son. Fuck me," Mom moaned, thrusting her hips back into my face, urging my tongue ever deeper. "Fuck Momma -- fuck me now!"

I took one last slow and long lick of my mother's soaked vagina and then rose to my feet, tugging my slacks down to my feet as I did so, baring my cock which was hard and throbbing and aimed right at Mom's fiery cunt.

"YEEESSSSSS!" Mom screamed as with one brutal thrust, I slid effortlessly home inside her, Mom so wet and aroused that it was like sinking into hot butter. Mom leaned forward as I pressed myself against her, grinding my groin against her backside, seeking to bury my cock deeper in her welcoming pussy. My hands encircled Mom, coming to cup her hanging tits, finding her nipples hard and rubbery against my palms. I squeezed and massaged Mom's huge breasts and savored the feel of her hard nubs against my hands.

Mom and I were both deeply aroused, not only because we were in the midst of another incestuous dance that had become the center of our lives, but because of where we were -- this kitchen, an almost holy shrine to the dedicated incest that had been born of this family, where so many times before a mother and son had reveled in each other -- become intoxicated in the pleasuring of each other.

I sensed almost immediately that thanks to our romp back at the restaurant, I was capable of an extended bout of lovemaking and I wanted to give my mother every moment of incestuous pleasure her heart desired. I settled into a steady rhythm of thrusting into Mom, enjoying the sweet, fiery and velvet sensation of her cunt flesh tightening and loosening around my shaft as I plunged into her motherly pussy again and again -- allowing Mom to call the tune.

Long minutes passed as the room filled with the noise of our now sweaty flesh slapping together, Mom occasionally calling out, "Harder -- faster," or "Slower, son, slower!" It didn't take long for the room to begin to echo with the sounds of Mom's gasps of pleasure building to an orgasmic scream. I held on, taking deep breaths and resisted the urge to cum myself as Mom's cunt contracted tight around my cock and bathed me in her steamy juices as Mom convulsed in orgasm.

Mom rested her arms on the table and I used my leverage to support her as she gasped for breath and tried to regain control of her quivering body. After a glorious minute in which I luxuriated in the sensation of her still pulsing pussy, I slowly began to thrust in and out again, pausing only to whisper in her ear, "Mom -- that was for Grandpa."

Mom jerked a little in surprise and then turned her head to gaze at me and whispering hoarsely, "I love you, John." I gave Mom a slow, steady fucking, increasing speed gradually as her moans began to build. I could feel her juices being forced out of her cunt by my thrusting cock and slowly



trickling down our thighs. My fingers were now pulling and pinching Mom's swollen nipples, almost like I was trying to milk her large udders.

Mom's second orgasm came on quickly and erupted in full glory as again her motherly cunt clamped down around my throbbing penis and Mom thrust herself back into me, meekly crying out, "Deeper, John! Make me cum deep inside me!" I hugged her tight against me, my lips kissing her lovely neck, the sweat pouring down my face as it took a visible effort not to cum inside Mom's molten pussy. Mom's hands clawed the table and came to rest in dim depressions that seemed to fit her fingers perfectly. In a moment of giddy imagination, I wondered if those places had been formed over the years by Mom's grandmother gripping the kitchen table while her son had fucked her.

Mom was taking in big gulps of air as I again leaned over her and whispered in her ear, "Mom -- that was for Mama Polly."

"Oh son," Mom wheezed, her whole body quivering as I again began to fuck her. At first, Mom was sprawled helpless before me, her orgasm wracked body exhausted and I spurred her on towards her next orgasm as I fucked her hard, slamming my cock in her as she moaned approvingly, no longer capable of words. As orgasm approached, Mom's energy renewed and suddenly we were both flinging our bodies together, lost in our lust for each other, determined to become one great mating beast like two great jungle cats.

"Fuck me, baby!" Mom sobbed, flinging her head about, the sweat soaked strands of her dark hair lashing my head and chest as I plunged deep inside her womb. I felt her pussy again begin to tighten around my aching shaft as her pussy was flooded with her creamy juices and I knew that my own resistance was about gone.

Gritting my teeth, I spoke slowly -- a single word with each hard thrust. "And. Mom. This. One. Is. For. You. And. Me!" I plunged my cock deep into Mom one final time and as she reached the peak of her climax, with a great growl of incestuous satisfaction, I yielded to my own needs and began to cum, spraying great jets of hot semen inside my mother's orgasming cunt.

Once again our pleasure took us away from the world to that wonderful, heavenly place that our lovemaking took us -- a universe that was inhabited only by us in our incestuous ecstasy, save maybe a couple of loving spirits that had begun this family tradition of incest. Mom and I clung to each other through the highs and lows of our intermingled orgasmic pleasure, kissing and whispering renewed vows of love to each other.

When I came back to reality, I was leaning on the table and Mom was on her knees, tenderly licking my cock clean of our juices, her exposed breasts swaying hypnotically as her tongue rolled over my cock, licking up streamers and streaks of our mingling fluids

I helped Mom to her feet, kissed her as I wrapped my arms around her, tasting us both on her lips and comprehending in my heart how this was meant to be.

"That was lovely, son," Mom said softly, looking up into my eyes. "The first time we've made love in what is going to be our house."

"The first of many good times, Mom. We're going to be making love in this -- our home for many years to come." I kissed Mom tenderly. "We'll grow old in this house -- maybe even raise our daughter here."

Mom shivered a little with delight. "Anything's possible -- after all, despite all the odds and obstacles, we both found our way to each other -- taboos be damned." Mom kissed me passionately then and then with her eyes blazing with desire and need, "I am going to give you a child -- no maybes about it! We will raise our daughter here!"

We slowly pulled our clothes together, Mom giving up on her bra altogether and shoving it in the glove compartment when we left. My mother looked incredible, glowing with that "I've been well fucked" glow and with her hair slightly unkempt and the smell of sex around her, radiating an aura of motherly sexuality about her. I felt privileged just to be with her.

We were mostly silent on the drive back to the motel. I would glance over at Mom and she would be smiling back at me, giving me that look that told me just how much and passionately she loved me. I could live my whole life and be just happy to have Mom look at me like that. Central to it was that motherly smile that I had enjoyed my whole life, but now wrapped around it was a sexuality that completed it and made it something greater. I've said it before and I will say it now, "I am the luckiest motherfucker in the world!"

That evening, we talked about our travel plans. We were in no particular hurry to get home -- Mom had taken two weeks off from work and the twins would be a camp for another three weeks and even Dad wouldn't be home for at least a few more days. We decided to take a leisurely return route back.

When we went to bed that evening, Mom and I just cuddled. We had shared a long, hot bath and Mom confessed that she was more than a little sore. We snuggled under the covers and watched television and talked quiet lovers talk -- mostly about the incestuous attitudes of folks down here and about Mom's sluttish ways when she was younger and how she felt for years like she had sleepwalked through life before our coming together released the real her.

We were both drifting on the edge of sleep when Mom looked into my eyes and said, "You know, son. For months, you've been discovering all about my sexual adventures, but we've never really talked about your sex life."

Yawning, I stifled a laugh and said, "What do you want to know?"

Mom snuggled up to me and kissed me. "Everything, John. Tell Mommy everything." Then she yawned and said, "First thing tomorrow."

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The morning began with me waking up to one of the sweetest sensations any son can ever know -- his mother giving him head with such loving affection that it borders on sheer bliss. "Ummm, wow! Good morning, Mom, I gasped, reaching down to caress her head.

Mom was staring up at me with those beautiful eyes, lips wrapped tightly around the head of my cock while her tongue did a butterfly dance around my sensitive flesh. With a loud, sucking pop, she released my penis and replied, "Good morning, John. I hope you don't mind -- I'm hungry and I couldn't wait for breakfast." She took me in her mouth again, her eyes never leaving me as she sucked on my dick.

"Oh, I'm ummm, Mom, you can sure suck cock!" I moaned as Mom slowly deep-throated my shaft and then slowly rose up again.

Mom again released me and said, "So, time for you to fess up -- who was the first woman to suck your cock?"

It seems incredible that I would feel myself blushing about fessing up who was the first person to give me a blowjob while my mother was actually sucking my dick, but I felt my skin burn as I said, "Bonnie Jones -- my senior year of high school."

Mom released me again and said, her eyebrows raised, "That cute little girl with the long, black hair that was president of the Chess Club?" She shook her head and then continued, "So, how was she?"

I had to laugh and then moan as Mom tongued my shaft. "Well, Mom -- you know how guys look at it. Even a sloppy blowjob is a good blowjob."

Mom snorted (and weirdly, that felt really good), and released me again, a little sliver of precum strung between her lips and my cockhead. "Okay...tell me, who was the first person to give you a good blowjob?"

Again, I felt almost embarrassed as I replied, "Um, that was Darlene Thompson at the 24/7-Mart. Um, again, my senior year."

Mom raised her head and looked at me in disbelief. "Darleen Thompson? Dark haired, mid thirties, big tits, used to be married to that mechanic on the south side?" I nodded and Mom shook her head. "Son, I swear. You were barely eighteen -- what were you doing letting a woman almost as old as me suck you off?" Mom stopped, realized how silly her question was and then said, "Never mind." Mom went back to sucking me, loving me with her tongue and mouth until I was clawing the sheets.

Mom stopped again, giving my cock a loving lick as it slipped from between her lips. "How many women have sucked your cock, John?" Mom asked before slowly rolling her tongue up the back of my shaft, my nerve endings exploding as her wet, velvety flesh lapped at my skin.

Have you ever tried to think clearly while your mother circles her tongue around the head of your penis again and again? Finally, I stammered, "Um, I -- I think twelve before you did, Mom!"

Mom laughed and said, "Only twelve? Lord, son, I bet I sucked twice that many my senior year of high school alone." She gently rolled her teeth over my cockhead. In a coy voice, she whispered, "So, who was the first woman who allowed you to cum on her face?" Mom nipped my cock and said, "Tell me about it."

Again, I felt myself blush as I said, "Professor Veronica Black, my political science professor -- sophomore year." I had to smile at the memory of my middle aged, recently divorced professor being so amused when I acted shocked at her request and then happily taking my semen in her face. I describe to Mom how Professor Veronica had been on her hands and knees -- her roly-poly figure deliciously sexy in a black widow corset, her large, sagging breasts swaying back and forth and her long salt and pepper hair, usually kept up in a prim bun, now wild and unkempt from our torrid lovemaking. Professor Veronica had an angelic smile on her face as jet after jet of my semen had splashed across her face until it looked like she was wearing a sperm facial, her tongue snaking out to lick up as much of it as she could."

As I talked, Mom really began to work on me, her mouth doing unbelievable things to my erect penis. As I neared orgasm, Mom stopped and in a hoarse whisper, asked, "And out of everyone, who was the best cocksucker?"

I sighed and replied, "No question about it, Mom. You're the best."

Mom grinned and said, "You're damn right, I am. Nobody sucks cock like Momma!" She returned to loving on my cock and within seconds, my mother's tongue had me shouting her praises as I came in her loving mouth.

Afterwards, when I could finally speak and Mom was cuddled up with me, her heavy breasts pillowing against my chest, I said, "I have to say, Mom, I like your interrogation techniques. You want to know anything else?"

Mom smiled mysteriously and said, "Well -- we'll see what comes up as the day goes by, okay?"

#

We packed up and decided to just mosey our way back north, stopping whenever we felt the need, driving on old two-lane roads that meandered across Kentucky and simply enjoying each other's company. Mom had on mid thigh high denim skirt and a pullover cotton top with a very low and revealing neckline. Forsaking modesty, Mom had gone braless today, the cotton molding itself to her voluptuous breasts -- her nipples semi-erect and clearly visible against the soft cloth.

As we drove through the country side, I would glance at Mom, who forsaking her seat belt, was curled up on the front seat, leaning against the locked car door and watching me. We would chat for a while and then ride silently. I kept my speed down so I could look at Mom whenever it suited me. As the morning sun began to rise high, I happened to glance over at my mother only to see her fingers running lightly over the top of her right breast. With each successive glance, it seemed that more of her breast was exposed until finally I looked over and realized that she had tugged the neckline down and allowed her meaty tit to escape. Mom was playing with the nipple, now swollen and engorged with blood.

Whose breast was the first you ever touched, John?" Mom asked in a dreamy voice. She then laughed, "I mean after I suckled you as a baby."

"Oh that's easy, Mom. High School -- Judy Marrero one evening after a football game. We were necking under the stands. She let me get my whole hand up under her sweater and bra. She had nipples like little pencil erasers," I answered.

"I remember her," Mom replied. "She married the Winston boy, didn't she?" When I nodded, Mom nodded too, almost absently. "Tell me about the first time you sucked a woman's nipple."

I began to reply, but let my foot off the accelerator to watch as Mom hefted her breast upwards and licked and then sucked her own nipple. It took me a minute to get my head back together. "Um, it was Gina Allison -- the secretary at the distributorship?" I replied. Summers and back in high school, I worked loading up soda drink trucks for a local bottling and distributing plant. I described to Mom how Miss Gina, a 40ish buxom bleach bottle blonde who was known around the plant as rather "friendly" had cornered me in the break room one day and teased me by baring her breasts and offering to let me suck on them. I had been scared out of my wits, but managed to suck on the hot blonde's long, thin nipples. Before it had gotten any further, I lost control and came in my pants. Apparently, this really disappointed Miss Gina and she never tried anything with me again.

Mom chuckled at my misfortune and then tucked her breast back into her blouse and was silent for awhile.

We stopped for lunch at a roadside park, just an wide spot off the road with a couple of picnic tables and a rusty charcoal grill leaning precariously to the north, all of which was nestled in a shady grove of trees. Mom and I had it all to ourselves except for some nosy squirrels and a few robins and a pair of mourning doves. The day was hot and sticky and we both quickly had a sheen of sweat glistening on our bodies.

Mom finished her soda and ham sandwich that we'd picked up in a little country store a few miles back and then climbed up onto the table, stretching out her shapely legs while I finished my bologna and cheese sandwich. I reached out and caressed Mom's leg, letting my hand drift upwards above Mom's knee.

I let my fingers disappear under Mom's denim skirt and as Mom said in a sing song voice, "Be careful," I discovered that Mom had no panties on. My fingers slid through her thick forest of pubic hair and Mom sighed and spread her legs slightly, allowing me to discover her wetness.

"John, tell me, whose pussy was the first you ever touched?" Mom wiggled a little to adjust my access to her moist lips.

"Um, that was Bonnie Jones again -- she of the sloppy blowjob. Bonnie had virtually no hair on her pussy. I was totally shocked. I'd already peeked at you and thought all women had a beautiful full bush." I paused and gave a chuckle. "Actually, I think I was more disappointed than shocked." I slipped a finger into Mom's pussy and slowly circled it inside her hot wetness.

"Mmm -- uh hummm. Was she the first girl you ever fingered, son?" Mom had closed her eyes and was smiling.

"Yes, I was so excited and we were both scared to death, but I wanted to touch it so badly and I wanted to make her happy after she'd sucked my cock."

Mom sighed and replied, "I raised you right, didn't I. You are so considerate, trying to make sure that you please your woman. Did you eat Bonnie's pussy?"

"No, she wouldn't let me. I fingered her -- she was a virgin, I could feel her hymen, but she did cum -- sorta and seemed very pleased by the whole experience.

Mom began to move, forcing my finger out of her pussy. She swung around so she was sitting right in front of me, her legs straddling me on either side. Mom lifted up her jean skirt and revealed her pussy to me. Perspiration mixed with her juices to make her thighs shine. Her thick muff glistened with wetness and her labia lips were spread wide, revealing Mom's tender cunt meat, dripping with her arousal.

"So tell me about the first time you ate pussy, son." Mom said in a whispery voice, full of desire and need.

Again, I felt that awkwardness of telling my mother about my earlier escapades, but I plunged right in, even as I palmed Mom's hairy pussy and resumed fingering her. "It was right after I graduated, Mom. Remember when you asked me to mow Janet Gibson's yard for her that summer because her husband was away for some accountant class for six weeks?"

Mom gasped and I knew that I had at the very least shocked her. For years, Mom and Janet were best friends -- we lived just four houses down from Janet and her family back then -- they moved to Colorado two years ago. At the time, Janet's husband was gone, both their daughters had

already graduated from college and had moved on. "You went down on Janet Gibson! My friend, John -- you ate my friend's cunt?"

Mom was almost speechless and I thought she might get mad, but she sat there getting wetter around my fingers as I described how Janet, a handsome black-haired woman then in her late 40's had come on to me and how after giving me a nice blowjob, had let me lick her pussy until she began squirting pussy juice into my face. Mom began to moan as I gave her all the details -- of how Janet kept her bush trimmed into the classic 'V' shape and how she had long, thin labial lips that she loved to have sucked and how her clitoris was almost two inches long when aroused. "I don't think she was very experienced at having her pussy eaten, though -- she didn't give me much direction, just kept begging me to lick her," I told Mom. "Janet really just liked getting her pussy eaten."

Mom groaned and leaning forward, entangled her fingers in my hair and pulled my face downward to her crotch. Mom's cunt was soaked and her juices were warm and delicious as I happily yielded to Mom's fervent gasps to "Eat me, John. Eat my pussy -- make Momma cum!"

I ravaged Mom's pussy with my tongue, hungrily slurping up her juices as I kissed and nibbled and licked at her steamy cunt flesh. Mom's bare legs came up and over my shoulders, her ankles crossed as she tightened her thighs around my head. I could hear the doves cooing in the trees, accompanying Mom's moans and cries of delight as I ate her pussy. Her cream was sweet and tangy -- her pungent aroma inflaming my desire, my need to both please Mom and to savor her succulent pussy.

Mom was so aroused that it didn't take long for the air to fill with her screams of incestuous delight as I licked her to orgasm, her mound bucking up into my face, trying to get my maddening tongue deeper inside her excited flesh. I evilly kept licking her long after Mom began to beg for me to stop, sobbing, "It's too good, baby -- Mommy can't take it anymore, I'll explode."

I finally stopped and as the squirrels scolded us for our naughty commotion, I savored the sight of my Mom, hairy pussy exposed to the world, spread-legged on that picnic table, trying to catch her breath. Just when I thought Mom couldn't get any sexier, she would (and still does), prove me wrong.

I put away the rest of our picnic trash while Mom lay stretched out on the table, essentially naked from the waist down, smiling and humming as she enjoyed her after-orgasm glow. She was still humming when we returned to the car, pausing when I opened the car door for her to say, "I cannot believe my son went down on my best friend!" before kissing me, tasting her own wetness that was still drying on my face.

Our little picnic had us both smiling and content for many miles. Mom watched me drive with an expression of love and happiness that would make the crankiest person smile. As for me, I loved watching my mother, sitting casually in the passenger seat, sometimes intentionally flashing me and other times unaware that I was able to see her beautiful hairy cunt.

Our quiet loving moment endured for many miles until we pulled into a small town and Mom's eyes got wide as she realized we were heading back to the bourbon country bed and breakfast we had stayed at a week before.

"John? Are we -- oh, son, I love this place!" Mom exclaimed.

I smiled, pleased with my surprise. "I called while you were in the shower this morning, Mom. I even got us the same room -- with that brass bed we fell in love with."

"Awww, baby," Mom cooed, leaning over to kiss me as we stopped in the parking lot. "I love you, son!" she sighed as we kissed and kissed and kissed some more. Mom finally broke the kiss and grinning at me said, "Mom is going to fuck her baby good tonight!"

We got ourselves checked in and unpacked for the evening and then went out strolling hand in hand through the small town's business village which seemed mostly to be made up of antique shops. Mom and I drew our fair share of curious looks as we carried on like the lovers we were, but we paid them no mind. In a sense, for the moment we were in our own little romantic world.

We ate in an old restaurant that specialized in southern fried foods, but we were both too occupied with each other to do more than nibble at our food. I kept waiting for Mom to continue her line of questioning, but she said little and we just let the real world fade away while we spent most of the meal holding hands and gazing into each other's eyes. Everything we really needed to say was in the looks we gave each other. "I love you, Mom, more than anything." "I love you, son. You are my life." Unspoken, yet we heard each other's words crystal clear.

Back in our room, we began to kiss and slowly dance as the music from a bluegrass waltz played somewhere outside and drifted through the bay windows of our second floor room. As we danced and our tongues played, clothes began to slowly fall away until finally Mom and I were naked in our swaying embrace -- her full, luscious body growing increasingly warm against mine.

We continued to move as the kiss ended and Mom said softly, "Tell me about the first time you made love -- who was it with?"

"Um, that would have been Darleen Thompson, Mom." My cock throbbed against her belly as I found myself both embarrassed and aroused at telling my mother about losing my virginity.

Mom laughed. "Again with an older woman! She was what, twenty years older than you?"

"More like eighteen years, Mom. She was thirty-six or thirty-seven." Mom had danced us over onto the bed and pushed me down on the bed, climbing on top of me and straddling me. I could feel her wet muff brushing wonderfully against my hard-on.

"Tell me everything, John," Mom commanded as she rubbed her sex against my stiff cock and then deftly rose up and took me inside her. It took more than a minute for me to compose myself as my entire being was occupied with the sweet sensation of Mom slowly burying my cock inside her wet, steaming pussy.

In halting tones, I told Mom how we'd been talking one summer evening when I had stopped to pick up a drink and a sandwich after work. We chatted and flirted and she just happened to be going off shift in a few minutes and she suggested we go for a drive.

"Mmmm and so my eighteen year old son just decided to go traipsing off with a woman twice his age, huh?" Mom sank down on my cock till she could grind herself against my crotch and then smiled down at me, slowly trailing fingernails across my chest. "I wonder what prompted that?"

In between growing gasps, I told Mom how we wound up at the park and in the backseat of her old Cadillac and how after giving me a wonderful blowjob and then sucking me until I was stiff again,

Darleen Thompson had fucked me until we had both were sweaty and out of breath and gasping from an incredible orgasm.

Mom was riding me steadily by now and was leaning over me, letting her swaying tits brush my face as she held onto the brass railing of the headboard. "I hate that I wasn't your first, John, but I'm realizing something."

I was thrusting upwards now, anxious and needing to have my aching erection buried in the warm comfort of her silky, hot pussy. "What's ummmm -- that, Mom?"

"Everyone you've told me about -- almost all of them, are similar, young or old. Dark hair, full bodied or big titted...sound familiar?"

I could see where Mom was heading. "Yeah," I replied, gasping for breath.

Mom flexed her cunt muscles making me almost cry from the sweetness that was wrapped around my cock. "Who -- mmmm -- who was the last woman you fucked before me, son?" Mom had me at the edge of orgasm and held me there, quivering with delight, aching for release of our incestuous desires.

"Molly -- Molly Cash, Mom. She's in some of my classes."

Mom looked down at me intently, flames of love and maybe jealousy in her eyes. "Describe her, John. Describe this Molly you've been fucking."

"Oh god, Mom," I moaned. "Mo-Molly is black haired, short -- maybe, five foot, three. Big heavy boobs like -- oh, Mom, like..."

Mom sighed and with sweat dripping off her face and splattering on my chest, finished my sentence, "Like me -- like your mother." Mom kissed me and whispered, "My baby wanted to fuck Mommy so bad, you went out and fucked women who look like me, didn't you?"

Mom's pussy flesh squeezed me again and I couldn't hold back, exploding with a massive gush of hot cum as I cried out, "YESSSSSS!" I thrust upwards, burying my cock deep in Mom's fiery womb and released my seed, relishing every sweet second of incest inspired pleasure my mother was giving me.

Mom begin to sob and moan as my semen splashed her cunt's inner walls. "Oh yesss, John! You were always fucking Mommy, weren't you? I love you, John! OHHH, I love you so much -- and now you can fuck me forever, baby!" Mom began to convulse with her orgasm and the old brass bed banged and squeaked as she held onto the headboard as she came and came again.

"Momma is all yours, son, we're lovers for the rest of our lives," Mom gasped as she squeezed the last of my semen out of my cock, holding my softening member inside her even as she let go of the bed and collapsed on top of me. We kissed between gasps of air and luxuriated in the mutual heat of our sweaty bodies.

Mom's thighs pressed tightly against my legs and her arms went around my neck as I pulled her tight against me. I always treasure these moments as our lovemaking winds down when we cuddle and savor our post-orgasmic moments. Hugging each other so tight, we almost become one is such a spiritual moment -- one of peace and safety and so incestuous -- what son doesn't feel loved and safe in his mother's arms? "I love you, Mom -- always and forever." We fell asleep still in our embrace, both of us dreaming wonderful things about our future.



I awoke several hours later to find Mom curled up by my side, one soft thigh draped across my legs and one finger idly and gently tracing lines on my chest. Mom sensed that I was awake and said, "I love you, son."

"I love you, Mom," I replied.

"I've been thinking about what you said today -- tonight. I've been thinking about your other lovers," Mom said, her voice a little odd.

"Um, are you okay with everything?" I asked.

"Yes. No." Mom sighed. "I'm so jealous that that woman Darleen took your virginity, but when I think about you being with her and those other women, I get so turned on -- so wet between my legs. I wish I could have been there -- to have seen your first times with a woman." Mom rose up on one elbow and looked at my face in the dim, early morning light. "Does that make sense?"

I raised my head and gave Mom a soft kiss. "Yeah, it does. I feel jealous whenever you've told me about your younger days like with Reverend Simmons, but it always makes my cock hard -- you make my cock hard, Mom."

Mom nodded and said, "So, I'm curious. Who is this Molly?"

I laughed and said, "We met about two years ago -- we had the same biology class and she came up to me one day in the library and asked if she could copy some notes." I stroked Mom's face. "I hadn't noticed her in that big auditorium class, but right away I was turned on by her. She looks a lot like you, Mom and has this sexy Tennessee hillbilly accent that reminded me of your Kentucky twang. I reckon the feeling was mutual because we fucked that same evening."

"Is she somebody special? Did I -- did we screw something up between you two by becoming lovers?" There was more than a trace of concern in Mom's voice.

"Oh no, Mom. We are really good friends, we care about each other, but mostly, we're just fuck buddies -- good in the sack together and we enjoy each other's company. We were never going to become more than that -- truth is, Molly prefers gals more than guys."

Mom grinned and made a cooing sound. "Oh my. She sounds fascinating. When -- when did you last see her? I mean, when did you two fuck last?"

"Um, it was Thanksgiving weekend. I worked that week, remember and didn't come home for the holiday." I laughed. "She was a little put out with me when we started back to school after New Years. I told her I was seriously involved with someone from home and we couldn't fool around anymore"

"Really?" Mom sounded a little shocked.

"Really, Mom. I made you a promise. You're the woman I love -- I don't want or need another woman."

"My sweetheart," Mom sighed and kissed me, this time long and hard, even as her hand slipped down my chest and found my semi-erect cock. "Do you miss her? Do you miss fucking Miss Molly?"

Laughing, I replied, "Not really -- she was great in the sack, I can't deny it, Mom, but what I miss is fucking you when I'm off at school and you're back home."

"You smooth talking motherfucker," Mom giggled as she stroked me to a full erection. "Is Molly still mad at you? Has she forgiven you yet for leaving her high and dry?"

"No -- she's over that. She didn't speak to me for about two months, but we sat down and talked it over. We care for each other too much to let something like sex get in the way."

I paused for a moment remembering Molly's bright, smiling face as we sat in the Student Center over cups of coffee back in early May. Molly had too much of a good spirited nature to stay angry although she was still mildly irritated over, well, as she put it, "C'mon, sugar, the least you can do is introduce me to your lady love that stole your heart and that fine dick away!"

"Molly's still a little miffed that I won't tell her who it is I'm seeing or introduce her." Mom rolled over onto her back, holding onto my cock to direct me to climb on top of her.

"Awww, sounds as if I royally screwed up a couple of people's love lives." Mom sighed as she spread her legs wide and rolled her hips a little so that the head of my cock was now nestled between her slick, clasping labial lips.

"Well, maybe our becoming lovers messed up Molly's sex life, but I'm happier than I've ever been and I'm right where I want to be." I grinned as I said it and as I slowly sank my cock into Mom's wonderful pussy.

"Mmmmmm, yessss. "You're right where I want you to be too, John." Mom brought her legs up and crossed them behind my back. "I love you, son." We began to move together, slowly, savoring each motion of my cock in and out of Mom's cunt. "Still, I feel bad for your friend." Mom closed her eyes for several seconds, biting her lower lip as I slowly buried myself all the way inside her, our gentle motion making her meaty tits roll back and forth.

Mom suddenly opened her eyes and in them I could see incestuous desire and something else, something naughty and adventurous. "John, this fall, I want to meet her. When I come up to visit, I want to meet your friend, Molly."

*To be continued...*