

MOTHER & SON: A LOVE STORY PT. 05

Ahabscribe

Mother and son celebrate their 1st anniversary as lovers.

Incest/Taboo

4.73

9.7k words

Hi everyone! Sorry this chapter is so long in coming. Not entirely happy with it - it is a bit of a set up piece for Part 06. For newcomers, please read "Christmas with Mom" and New Year's with Mom and then begin the entire sequence of Mother and Son: A Love Story to get the entire scope of things.

Look forward to feedback. Positive or negative, its what I want to get, so please, let me know what you're thinking! I appreciate all the strong support you've lent this storyline. Enjoy!

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Christmas time is a time that is replete with memories. Childhood memories of toys and Santa and Christmas trees and singing carols and eating all sorts of Christmas goodies, the images sometimes almost overwhelm you. For me all of those memories involve my Mom, the most loving and caring woman I have ever known. Truly, Mom is the wellspring of happiness that has blessed my life.

Just as powerful are my memories of Mom and I and our first Christmas together as lovers. Memories of Mom standing naked before me, backlit by the gentle glow of snow falling beyond the window behind her will stay with me forever. Mom naked on a quilt underneath my Christmas tree, legs spread wide as we make love. Those are memories I'll always treasure and their existence gives me hope that many more memories of the same will follow.

Mom drove up to Chicago three days before Christmas to bring me back home. As was tradition, she stayed the night so we could go shopping. We never made it to the big department stores or to the malls. We spent that night and most of the next day in bed, making love and listening to the weather reports.

It had been a little less than a month since we'd made love. Mom had drove me home for Thanksgiving and we gave thanks for being able to make love most of the long holiday weekend while the old Man and my brothers went deer hunting in Michigan. They were out the door before Thanksgiving dinner was digested Thursday afternoon, leaving Mom and me alone in the house for the next three glorious days. We made love in every room in the house I think, excepting for the messy pit that was my brothers' bedroom. We were both a little sore when Mom drove me back to Chicago Monday morning, but even so, we couldn't get enough of each other.

And despite just a month's absence, feeling Mom's body, soft and warm against mine, was like a man dying of thirst suddenly finding himself in a beautiful oasis. I let myself become besotted with Mom's luscious body. Now forty-three years old, Mom was more beautiful than ever. Mom's figure wasn't quite as zaftig as it had been a year ago, but Mom still possessed a voluptuous beauty with her heavy, gourd shaped breasts with thick, wide nipples that begged to be sucked on. Her legs were toned and shapely and between them was her thickly haired muff that hid her wet, fiery treasure box of a pussy.

All it took to get me hard was to see her lusty gaze, her brown-green eyes staring at me with such love and passion or to simply inhale her natural fragrance when I buried my face in her long, black hair; the hint of jasmine arousing me as no one else can. Mom is a powder keg of incestuous desire packaged in a sexy five foot, five inch frame. I don't see how any healthy male wouldn't fall in love with her instantly.

I was delighted to spend the evening of December 22 making love to Mom, her pussy wrapped tight around my cock and her legs wrapped tight around my back, the apartment filled with our mingled cries of passion as we tried to make up for a month's absence from each other. Other than whispered words of love, we rarely spoke as we fucked -- we didn't need to speak, we were linked heart and soul and we knew each other's thoughts as we gazed into each other's eyes and fucked as only a mother and son in love can fuck.

When we paused to catch our breath, we would listen anxiously to the weather reports, but alas, a second miracle Christmas blizzard was not in the offing. It was with more than a little wistfulness that we left for home the following afternoon. Still, every moment I spend with Mom alone is a good moment and we had an enjoyable drive back to my hometown in western Illinois. We listened to Christmas songs on the radio and Mom, wearing a long denim skirt with a slit up one side kept me entertained as she slowly worked it up her legs, revealing her creamy thighs and finally her wild, thick bush.

"Mommy's got a tasty Christmas treat for her son if he's hungry," Mom cooed as she used two fingers to spread wide her thick lips and reveal the lovely, glistening pink flesh of her cunt.

I glanced over at Mom's pussy and licked my lips. "I'm always hungry for you, Mom, but not sure I can eat pussy and drive at the same time." I was having a real hard time keeping my eyes on the road. Can you blame me? "Maybe I should pull off somewhere?"

Mom giggled and scooted across the bench seat, her skirt still up around her waist, revealing her furry twat. "No, John. Keep driving and I'll feed you myself." I felt myself hardening as Mom slipped her hand back between her legs and began rubbing herself, slipping one and then two fingers into her wet snatch. Her other hand found its way into my crotch, rubbing my growing erection under my jeans.

Mom purred appreciatively, partly from liking what she was feeling in my pants, and partly from fingering her already wet pussy. After playing with herself for maybe a minute, Mom lifted her fingers to my mouth.

I inhaled her scent, my nostrils flaring as I breathed the sweet, heady aroma of my mother's cunt. Mom pressed her wet, slick, pussy cream covered fingers against my lips and I sucked them into my mouth and licked them clean. I groaned happily as Mom took her fingers away. I've never tasted a woman as delicious as my mother. Mixed in with her creamy goodness was a hint of my own semen, not surprising as I had emptied my balls into her at least five times between one o'clock yesterday afternoon and two o'clock today.

We drove for the next hour that way, Mom fingering herself for a minute or two and then letting me suck her juices off her fingers. Gradually, Mom began to moan and sigh, working her fingers more vigorously in and out of her sopping wet pussy, filling the inside of the station wagon with her sexy scent. It was exciting to watch Mom pleasure herself and to taste her excitement with each sample of her juices literally dripping from her fingers.

The sun was setting and the light was dim inside our car as Mom finally cried out with orgasmic pleasure, hunching against her own fingers as she frantically and finally made herself cum. Traffic was light and the two lane road was straight, so as Mom squirmed on the seat next to me, I slipped one hand off the wheel and down along her soft thigh, my fingers sliding through her thick, curly hair and then into her wetness, finding and mingling with her fingers inside her hot, soaked pussy.

Mom cried out as she now had two additional fingers now teasing her insides. I counted three of her wriggling digits and between her gasps, I said in a teasing voice. "Between the two of us, you're getting a fist fuck, Mom!"

Mom could only sob in reply as her other hand clamped down on my wrist and began to pull it back and forth in a fucking motion until her orgasm went to a higher plain and she convulsed there on the seat next to me, lost for the moment in her orgasmic delight.

Then Mom's fingers were in my mouth and I was sucking off globs of her cream while she rose up and kissed my cheek and nuzzled my neck. When I was finished sucking her fingers clean, Mom's hand dropped to my crotch and she rubbed my aching hard-on anxiously while she continued to hunch herself on my fingers.

"Get off the road, son. Now! I need to taste you too," Mom sighed.

Luck was with me and I saw a small country church up ahead. I pulled off into its parking lot, stopping well away from the road. Mom was caught up in her arousal and before I had even put the car in park, she was furiously working my belt undone while squirming on my probing fingers. I scooted up and away from the wheel as Mom unzipped me, her hand freeing my aching cock. I groaned with long awaited anticipation as I felt Mom's soft breath on the head of my cock and then her wet tongue and then I was being swallowed as Mom began to suck me.

Mom's moans were stifled and soft, muffled by the meat between her lips, spurred on by my fingers as I plunged them in and out of her steamy, clapping cunt, curling them upwards as I sought out her G-spot. "Oh God, Mom! I love your mouth!" I groaned as Mom sucked and swirled her tongue over and around the head of my cock again and again. I had to laugh. I was certainly in the right place to send up a prayer of thanks for allowing me the privilege of being my Mom's lover.

Just knowing I was fingering my mother's cunt outside this little church was exciting and suddenly I had to taste Mom from the source. I eased her upwards as I stretched out on the bench seat and dropped her dripping cunt right on my face, my tongue spearing her drenched, pink flesh, slurping up the juices flooding her pussy. As I ate my mother out, I returned two fingers to her tender folds and again began to search for her sensitive places.

I pressed down on the right place and Mom squealed happily as her pussy suddenly flooded my face with her juices as I made her orgasm again. Mom sucked me furiously and after such an extended period of arousal, I was ready to explode and did so. "Cumming, Mom!" I cried as I sloppily lapped up her tasty cream.

Long minutes passed as we both rode out our respective orgasms, Mom refusing to relinquish my penis until she had sucked and licked it clean of every bit of my semen. When I knew Mom couldn't take my probing fingers anymore, I slipped them from her quivering pussy and sucked her delectable creamy juices until my fingers were clean.

Mom and I kissed then, embracing each other tightly as we tasted ourselves on each other. We held each other for a long time, reveling in our love and both sending up to God our silent thanks for

each other. "It's a pretty little church, isn't it, John?" Mom said.

"Yeah, it kinda reminds me of your old church back in Kentucky," I replied.

"Someday, son," Mom whispered. "Someday I'm going to marry you in front of God and everyone in a church like this." Even in the dark of early evening, I could see the fire in Mom's eyes -- the passion that made my heart swell with love and desire for her whenever I saw it.

I kissed Mom again, a tender lovers kiss. "Yes, you will marry me, Mom. It's meant to be, but just hearing you say it aloud is like the world's best Christmas present."

Mom made a cooing sound and melted into my arms and we kissed again until the cold air began to penetrate the car and then we reluctantly began to make our way home again.

Once we arrived at the house, Mom leaned over and kissed me again, her tongue dancing with mine and then playfully licking the tip of my nose before saying, "I have a surprise for you in your room."

When I asked her what it was, Mom just smiled and said, "Wait and see."

Inside, we were greeted by our family. My younger twin brothers doing the obligatory punching and roughhousing of their big brother and our father looking up from his Lazy boy chair and after taking a sip of beer saying grumpily, "I thought you'd be home in time to cook supper, Carrie." He gestured towards the kitchen. We ordered pizza. There's some left in the kitchen."

Mom and I exchanged a naughty grin and Mom replied, "No, thanks, John and I had something to eat on the road."

We sat and chatted awhile, catching up on my brothers' goings on as they went into the home stretch of senior year. I went over my own progress in school as I prepared to graduate in May. Not for the last time my father snorted in derision and said, "Yeah, there goes four years wasted and a lot of money down the drain. Good luck getting a job as a -- what the hell is it -- technical writer?" Dad rolled his eyes.

Normally, I would have done a slow burn and probably left the room and in truth I had planned to share this news with Mom alone first as a Christmas surprise, but the moment was too sweet. "Actually, Dad, I been interviewed by several companies and I already have two job offers." I looked over at Mom and added as her eyes grew wider with surprise. "One of the companies is near Lexington, Kentucky, Mom -- not too far from where you grew up."

Mom's hands flew to her mouth and for a moment I thought she might cry. Then she came across the room and hugged me. "Oh, John! That's wonderful, just wonderful!" It felt good and it felt strange to have Mom hugging me like that in front of Dad. I liked it.

Mom turned and looked at the old Man. "Well, Frank. Tell your son congratulations for heaven's sake."

Dad looked mildly irritated, but he stood up and shook my hand. "Good, um, work. Be glad to have you paying your own way." He turned and headed for the stairs, mumbling something about the world going to hell these days.

Mom hugged me again, kissing me on my cheek. The twins whacked me on the back and headed down to their bedroom in the basement. When they had turned thirteen, they had begged Mom to

let them move down there so they could have more room for their combined junk. Between the weight equipment, ping-pong table, their beds and assorted sports clutter, it looked more like a testosterone tinged thrift shop than a bedroom. Hey, it made them happy.

Mom and I headed upstairs. Alone for the moment, our hands found each other as we walked up the steps. "Are you ready for your surprise?" Mom asked as we approached my old room.

I raised an eyebrow and looked around. I could hear the old Man messing around in the hall bathroom. "Right now, here, with everyone around?" I replied.

Mom smiled and said, "Well, at least the first part of your surprise." She pointed towards my door. "Go ahead, John."

I opened the door and stopped -- a little amazed. "Wow!" I said. There in my room was a full sized Christmas tree, next to the window that looked out into the street. It was decorated and lit up. "Mom, it's beautiful." I said. For some reason, my heart was pounding as so many memories from last Christmas flooded my thoughts.

"Isn't that the silliest shit you ever saw?" Dad came up from behind us. He looked over our shoulders at the tree in my room and then shook his head in disgust. "One tree is bad enough, but your mother thought it would look cute up here." He let his voice rise to a falsetto and said, "It looks Christmassy!"

Mom ignored him, her eyes on me, full of passion and love. "I like it. No, I love it," I said in reply. "Thanks, Mom!" I leaned over and kissed her on the corner of her mouth.

Mom's face flushed, partly I think from my near brazen expression of my love for her and partly out of her own love for me. Neither of us paid Dad much attention as he headed for the stairs, muttering, "Figures, you two are just alike -- got your damn heads in the clouds. John's definitely your son, Carrie."

Mom's hand linked up with mine again as Dad disappeared downstairs and she pulled herself into my embrace. "Yes, you are definitely my son, John...and so much more, thank God. I love you, son."

"I love you, Mom," I replied and we kissed as only passionate lovers can, pulling each other tighter until we could feel our hearts pounding in unison. When we finally parted, we were both breathing heavily. After trying to sate our appetite for each other the last couple of days, we were both as anxious as honeymooners to have each other again.

"I really do love the tree, Mom. It is Christmassy!" I said. "Um, you said something about this just being the first part of my surprise?"

Mom grinned and ran her hands over the throbbing bulge in my jeans. "Patience, son -- Christmas is almost here and you never know what Santa might leave under your Christmas tree on Christmas morning."

I started to say something in reply, but we heard the phone ring and a few moments later, the old man bawling, "Carrie, the phone! I think it's your sister."

Mom rolled her eyes and then kissed me again and whispered, "Later, son."

The next day was extremely busy as Mom hurried around, getting things ready for Christmas dinner. She rarely was able to leave the kitchen, despite my help. Of course, I probably slowed her

down as we would pause to kiss and make out whenever a chance arose.

We'd hoped for a little quiet time, but it being Christmas Eve, all of Dad's cronies were also doing the family thing and even his favorite bar/bowling alley closed early. Additionally, a few of Dad's relatives lived in town and were in and out all day as well and it's really hard trying to feel your mother up when there are youngsters screaming around the house at any given moment.

The evening ended quietly enough. The twins went out with friends to go sledding and Dad sullenly worked his way through a 12-pack of beer while watching Christmas themed television shows. Mom and I sat on the couch, as near to each other as decorum would allow. Around ten o'clock, snow began to fall and the weatherman soon confirmed that we would get a Christmas snow. "Not as much as last year's blizzard, but a good five or six inches of snow by morning. So, go to bed, kids. Santa is already on his way!" the weatherman told us cheerfully.

Despite Dad's protestations, Mom turned out all the lights except for the family Christmas tree and she and I watched the snow fall through the big bay window in the living room while Dad drank beer and alternately watched and dozed through Aliaster Sim's version of 'A Christmas Carol.' In the dimness as we watched the lovely snowfall, Mom's hand somehow found its way into mine. Amazing how much love can be communicated just through the gentle squeeze of a hand.

Shortly before Midnight, Mom announced she was going to bed. She stood up, leaned over and kissed me softly on the corner of my mouth, mouthing the words, "I love you, John," and told the Old Man goodnight. He was somewhere around his tenth or eleventh beer and what he said back wasn't real intelligible.

I watched old Scrooge wake up Christmas morning to a fresh start on life and wishing my father, Merry Christmas, I went to my room as well. I wasn't sleepy and was edgy and horny as hell, knowing Mom was just down the hall. I got out and wrapped gifts, placing one of them under the Christmas tree. I read for a little while, but finally just turned out all the lights, but for my Christmas tree and stretched out on my bed in a t-shirt and shorts and watched the lights twinkle and the snow fall through the window beyond.

Near one A.M. I heard the twins come in. They were laughing and giggling and more than a bit noisy as they stumbled around the kitchen. I heard Mom's door open and her footsteps in the hall and then down the stairs. I guess she read the boys the riot act because the last noise I heard from them was them retreating to their basement bedroom.

In a bit I heard Mom's footsteps again on the stairs and in the hall, stopping in front of my door. I felt my heart beat faster as I heard her lightly knock on the door and then step inside, closing the door quietly behind her. Mom looked lovely as always even though she was wearing her old flannel robe that she'd had for as long as I could remember. She had a heavy comforter in her arms that she tossed into a chair.

"Merry Christmas, son," Mom said in a breathless voice. "Happy anniversary, sweetheart." Mom undid the sash of her robe and then shrugged it off her shoulders. I sat up quick as Mom's body, dressed in a diaphanous white negligee. Remember this, John?" Mom asked me, a lusty gleam in her eyes.

I was off the bed in a second, rushing to my barely clad mother, admiring the way her lush body filled out the almost transparent nightgown. Low cut and offering an almost completely unfettered view of her breasts, nipples swollen and prominent. The gauzy material did little to hide her curvy legs or the unruly thatch of hair between her porcelain thighs.

I took Mom in my arms. "Our first night as lovers, Mom," I said in a voice thick with emotion. "You're as beautiful now as you were that first night." I kissed Mom -- my lips opening to the touch of her tongue, sucking her tongue into my mouth and caressing it with my own tongue. I tightened my embrace, pulling Mom against me -- feeling the heat of her body melding with mine.

Our kiss seemed to go on and on, as if we were afraid that it might be our last and we had to make it last as long as we could. Our tongues swirled madly against each other, our breathing growing heavy as our passion grew. Already, I could smell Mom's arousal, wafting upwards from her wet cunt, mingling with that ever present hint of jasmine, a sweet scent I will treasure until the end of my days. My cock swelled within my shorts, seeking escape, seeing to press against and into my mother's loving flesh.

When our kiss finally ended, Mom gasped in a whisper, "I love you, son. Make love to me. It's Christmas -- it's our night. Make love to me right now." For emphasis, Mom again pressed her lips against mine, her ardent kiss making me lightheaded even as her hands probed and began to work my shorts down.

My cock sprung free and was in Mom's hand and she began to rub it against her belly, pressing her silk covered body against mine. "What if we get caught?" I said softly as Mom ended the kiss and yanked my shirt over my head, her lips kissing me on the chest, tongue rolling over my own pebbled nipples.

Mom kissed me again, a hungry kiss that nipped at my lips. "I don't care, John. All I know is this is our anniversary -- our first anniversary and I want my son to fuck me, right here, right now under our Christmas tree."

One hand still wrapped around my erect dick, Mom turned and reached for the comforter she'd brought in. With a flick of her wrist, she unfolded it and flung it in the general direction of the tree. My mother kissed me again and as we again were locked in a lover's kiss, she walked us over towards our blinking tree. Mom's hand gently stroked up and down on my throbbing penis while she used her feet to kick open and spread out the comforter. She walked us a few steps to the bed where she seized the pillows and tossed them onto the spread out blanket.

"I love you, John. Make love to me. Fuck me, son. Fuck me right now. Fuck me, John. Fuck me." Mom whispered her incestuous words with an almost religious intensity. Mom began to sink onto the blanket, pulling me down with her, squatting and then lying back as her legs spread out, taking me to rest between them, even as she somehow managed to pull her negligee over her head. "Fuck me, son. Promise me that on Christmas you will always make love to me, John."

I eased myself down on top of Mom, feeling her thighs pull back alongside my hips, rolling her hips upward, her thick hairy muff tickling my aching erection and then pressing upwards to reveal Mom's heat, Mom's wetness and Mom's need. "I love you so much, Mom," I said as I felt my chest press into her meaty tits. "Merry Christmas, Mom. I love youuu." My last word came out in a moan as the head of my cock found Mom's pussy, slick and open with desire and then I was thrusting and I was inside my mother once again, home where I belonged.

Mom moaned, lifting her head to muffle her own cries by kissing me. I felt her fingernails dig into my back as with one long, slow movement, I buried my cock deep in her motherly cunt. Mom thrust her pelvis up to meet my cock's movement and to help me go deeper all that more quickly. Mom's ankles brushed my asscheeks and then her heels dug in, using that leverage to open herself to me even more, to help my cock get deeper into her womb.

It was that perfect erotic and incestuous moment where need and desire become pleasure, indescribably delicious as man and woman join to become one. My cock sank through Mom's hot, creamy flesh which tightened around my shaft, embracing it lovingly as she took all of me. For an indeterminate amount of time, we were suspended in that perfect incestuous embrace, unable and unwilling to move, our kiss growing more passionate as we savored the intense pleasure that grows in intensity every time we make love.

Mom's nipples, already thick and swollen, seemed to grow even more erect against my chest. Through her heavy breasts, flattened out by my weight, I could feel her heart beat wildly, it's frantic pace matched by my own.

As our kiss ended and I frantically gasped for air, Mom's head rolled back on the pillow, her eyes almost closed as she grinned with a near obscene leer, a soft and almost animal like groan of sexual satisfaction escaping her lips.

My arms went under hers and then I curled them around to grip her shoulders, using the position for leverage as I slowly withdrew my cock halfway and then thrust back into Mom's steaming pussy.

As only lovers can, we began to move as one -- my cock slipping in and out of Mom's loving cunt as she worked her vaginal muscles, her silky slick sugar walls clinging greedily to my shaft, creating that unique, incredibly pleasurable friction that grew with each movement of our bodies. Our eyes were locked on each other, we shared short, quick, tender kisses intermixed with longer, passionate soul kisses that seemed to go on forever. Mom's arms and legs tightened around me, pressing our suddenly sweat slick bodies tighter.

In between kisses, Mom would bite her lower lip (such a sexy overbite!), and sigh or moan. If my thrusts made her cry out louder, she would rush to kiss me, let her own moan fade on my lips. Mom, with her black hair spread out on the pillow, looked like an angel, the lights of the tree playing off her fair skin, enhancing the sparkle in her eyes. I felt my heart and soul become lost in her eyes, taking me in and enveloping me in her love, never to let me go.

Our pleasure built as we fucked, our movements picking up speed and intensity. The liquid fire of Mom's pussy, enveloping my cock seemed to spread -- the flames of our incestuous desire for each other raced through our veins, consuming us as we drove each other closer to the immolation of pure, incestuous love and pleasure.

Mom's tongue thrust into my mouth, frantically dueling my own as she began to cry out her overwhelming joy at once again being brought to orgasm by her oldest son. Mom's cunt walls clamped down around my cock. I was buried inside Mom's womb to the root, feeling my own orgasm breaking through as her steamy flesh massaged my cock shaft. There was a flood of wetness, like a scalding stream of sweet and deliciously fragrant oil bathing my cock and then I answered with my own -- my cock head swelling and then spraying Mom's pussy with jet after jet of my hot semen.

Our bodies clinched even tighter and seemed to freeze in the sweet moment of our incestuous orgasm. As we kissed, our tongues intertwined, we both had our eyes opened, staring into each other's souls and seeing the deep love that we had for each other. We clung to each other out of desire and out of need for each other and most of all out of love for each other. Mom and I both knew that in each other's arms was where we were meant to be, now and forever.

As we calmed down, I moved to take my weight off Mom, but she tightened her legs around me to maintain her grip. "Son, are you really going to take a job with the E_____ company? In Lexington?"

You'll be moving to Lexington?"

I smiled, nodded and said, "No, we'll be moving to the old home place. Together. Forever."

Tears rolled down Mom's face as she tried to laugh and cry at the same time. All she could manage to say was "Yes, together."

The last thing I remember was Mom in my arms after I slipped out of her, both of us cuddling on the quilt and I had yanked my blankets off the bed to cover us. I whispered, "I love you so much, Mom."

Mom's head was resting on my chest, her hand on my stomach, just above my pubic hair. She turned to kiss my cheek and replied, "I love you, son. Merry Christmas." We fell asleep, finding everything we needed to be happy in each other's embrace.

When I woke, it was early morning. A grayish light shone through the window, but even the dim and gloomy morning light did nothing to detract from Mom's beauty. Mom was lying next to me, her head propped up on her elbow watching me.

"Good morning, sweetheart," Mom said quietly. She leaned over me, her breasts mashing against my chest and side, and kissed me, a gentle lover's kiss.

"Merry Christmas, Mom," I answered, reaching out to pull her close again to kiss her again. "What time is it?"

"Early still. Nobody will be up for a while."

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Watching my son sleep." Mom replied. "I used to love watching you sleep when you were little." Mom reached out and brushed my hair off my forehead. "I missed it when you got to be older. I'm glad to be able to do it again."

We kissed again, Mom halfway rolling on top of me, her naked body warm and soft against mine. We necked under the blankets for a bit, but we both knew that she needed to leave soon. In any case, it was a fine way to wake up Christmas morning, kissing and caressing the woman I love.

Finally the moment came that we both knew Mom should get up or we would be discovered. I hated that feeling. I wished we could simply go public with our love for each other, but I knew deep down that for now, we had to be satisfied with what we had.

Mom sat up, the blankets falling away as she raised her arms and stretched, pulling her breasts up in a fine display. She looked so sexy, I couldn't resist reaching up and cupping one hefty and meaty globe, slowly rubbing Mom's thick nipple with a finger.

Mom giggled and swatted my hand away. "God, you know that makes me nuts. I better get going before the twins get moving around and looking for breakfast."

I reached out and took Mom's hand. "Can you wait a second, Mom. I think Santa left you something under the tree."

Mom laughed and said, "Oh really?" She reached under the blankets and found my hard cock. She stroked it slowly. "Maybe he left me a tree from the size of this."

I sighed happily but turned and reached out further under the tree and pulled out the present I had left there the night before. "Merry Christmas, Mom." I said, giving her a kiss as I handed it to her. "I wanted to give you this while we're alone."

Mom cooed and turned it over in her hands. "Baby, you shouldn't have." Mom tore the wrapping off to reveal a small, oblong box. "John, what have you done?" Mom said in an anxious voice. She opened it and gasped. She held up the double string of pearls. "Oh my goodness. They're beautiful! Son, you spent too much!"

"Lots of overtime and weekends this fall, Mom," I said. "And you know what a bargain hunter I am." Truthfully, it was a bargain. I had found the necklace in a pawn shop and had haggled with the dealer for half an hour before we settled on a price. Myself, I didn't feel it was too much money to spend, besides, working all those extra hours had helped me get through all those long, lonely weeks without Mom.

"Here, let me help you with them." Mom turned around and I slipped the pearls around her neck and did up the clasp.

Mom turned back and I helped her get the strands arranged. I realized that there is little one can do to improve the beauty of a naked woman, but pearls...well as they rested against her chest, drawing attention to her flawless skin and to her magnificent mature breasts, the pearls seemed to compliment Mom's natural loveliness.

"Well?" Mom said eagerly. "How do they look.?"

I climbed to my feet, Mom snickered as my now erect penis swayed in front of her. "Come and see, Mom," I said, holding out my hand to her.

I led Mom over to the mirror hanging on the wall. Mom stared at her own naked body, running a finger over the strands. I stood behind my mother, my cock, pressing into the cleft between her soft cheeks. I slipped my arms around her waist and we both stared at ourselves. Yes, there is something a little extra erotic about a woman wearing nothing but a pearl necklace. I kissed Mom on the shoulder. "See, Mom? You look beautiful."

Mom shivered and leaned back against me. "Well, I can tell you like how they look." Mom admired them for a moment again and then said, "Thank you, darling." She raised an eyebrow and tried for a chagrined look. "And I didn't bring you a present." Mom turned around in my arms, her breasts sweeping deliciously across my skin, her nipples hard as diamonds.

I kissed Mom and replied, "I think I had my present last night. And I really, enjoyed it!"

Mom's hand trailed down my chest and found its way to my hard cock. "Well, maybe I can give you a little something extra right now. Besides, I haven't had breakfast, John."

Mom slipped out of my embrace, lowering herself into a squatting position. Let me tell you, Mom never looked hotter. She looked up at me with her beautiful eyes and said, "If I wasn't so hungry for your cum, I might just get me another pearl necklace, John."

Mom took me entire her mouth and I groaned as my hands cupped her head, fingers intertwining with the strands of her dark hair. In the growing light of Christmas morning, I looked down to the cock swelling sight of my mother staring intently up at me as her lips engulfed my shaft and slid back and forth wetly while her tongue did things to my cock that made my knees weak. As Mom

sucked me, she fondled my balls gently, a fingernail gently scratching that sensitive, ticklish place just behind my testicles.

Mom truly is a cocksucking artist, varying her pace as she made her loving blowjob last and last. Mom was aware of the visual aspect of sucking cock as well, making sure to come up for air once in a while, letting me slip from her warm, wet mouth so she could lewdly lick and kiss the head of my cock, slick with her saliva and my precum and not once did Mom take her eyes off my face, a naughty grin flashing and showing me that she was enjoying this as much as I was.

With a loud slurp, Mom took me back in her mouth, demonstrating once again her ability to deep throat me, taking me until my pubic hair was tickling her nose. With my cock wedged in her throat, Mom would make a happy, gurgling sound that made me reach out and touch the wall in order to keep my balance.

It was at that moment that we both heard the old Man thumping up the stairs, hacking and coughing. I started to pull back, but Mom's hands were quickly cupping my ass cheeks and she subtly shook her head and continued to suck my cock, unhurried by any outside concerns. In fact, as Mom continued to stare up at me lovingly, she seemed to be smiling, her eyes full of delight at our carnal behavior with Dad stomping down the hall.

We heard the bathroom door open and close. Mom never slowed down. Her tongue continued to dance around the crown of my cock, swirling here and teasing there, sanding over my piss slit in such a way that I felt the pressure begin to build. "Mom," I said softly. "I'm going to cum."

"Mmmmmmm!" Mom hummed as her tongue continued to flutter over the head of my cock. She began sucking me furiously and then it felt like my cock head was swelling to bursting and then I was cumming -- powerful gouts of hot semen flooding Mom's mouth. I felt her lips tighten around my shaft, locking me in place as she gulped down my seed. Mom's fingernails dug slightly into my ass cheeks as she continued to suck and swallow while I whimpered in sheer delight at the expression of incestuous love on my mother's face.

Long after I was drained, Mom continued to suck me, making sure she had taken every precious drop of my sperm that she could and then lovingly she licked me clean and smiled up at me. ""This is so unfair. I just realized that that's the second Christmas present I've gotten from you this morning." Mom said, licking her lips with her semen smeared tongue.

I pulled Mom to her feet and gave her a kiss, tasting myself on her lovely lips. "No complaints here, Mom. I love the way you celebrate Christmas."

We both knew that our lovely Christmas morning was over, but neither of us wanted it to end. We continued to kiss as I helped Mom with her sleek and sheer negligee and then with true regret, I helped her slip on her old flannel robe.

"I love you so much, Mom. Thank you for the last wonderful year," I said as I slipped my arms around her one more time.

As I pulled her in for another kiss, Mom replied, "This is just the beginning, son. We're going to have a lifetime of wonderful years together. I love you, John." We kissed, a long slow kiss that neither of us wanted to end, but alas, it did. My heart filled with a sort of melancholy as Mom slipped quietly out the door. Any place that didn't have Mom to brighten it with her presence always seems a little sad to me.

Much to my surprise, when I went downstairs to get a bit of breakfast, Mom was wearing her pearls. Mom had on navy jeans that emphasized her lovely ass and a Christmas sweater, very red with a scoop neck that drew attention to her voluptuous cleavage and her new pearl necklace.

We were alone and I gave Mom a kiss on the back of her neck that made her sigh and then a kiss on the lips that made me hard again. As Mom handed me a glass of orange juice, I said, "You look lovely, Mom. But..."

"But what?" Mom replied.

"How are you going to explain these?"

Mom snorted and rolled her eyes. "Please, baby -- like your father or your brothers are even going to notice. Mom leaned in and kissed me again. "And if they do, I'll tell them I got them from my wonderful oldest son." Mom looked into my eyes with a fierce determination that might make most men quake. "I'm not embarrassed or ashamed in the slightest. None of them treat me with any more respect than they would a hired maid -- maybe even worse. I lived with that for years, but you brought me back to life, my dear son and lover. They don't like it, fuck them."

I have to confess. Mom's words thrilled me. I wanted to make love to her right then and there. Alas, that we heard Dad come coughing and snorting back down the stairs, dressed, but looking bleary eyed.

Mom handed him a cup of coffee and said, "Merry Christmas, Frank."

The old Man mumbled something that sounded like "Sure," and took his cup and went back into the living room. A moment later, we heard the television come on. Mom rolled her eyes again, then smiled and kissed me, slipping her tongue into my mouth. We kissed, arms around each other until we heard footsteps coming up from the basement.

Mom, with my help, fixed a big breakfast and the good smells of it even drew the Old Man into the kitchen. After eating our breakfast feast, our family retired to the living room (it had been a long time since Christmas began early morning with the whole family opening presents under the Christmas tree. Of course, nowadays, Mom and I have our own traditions, began so many years ago.

Mom (and officially, Dad, although I am positive, he never lifted a hand to do any shopping), had music albums for the twins, as well as the obligatory clothes and bottles of aftershave. The twins gave Mom a box of chocolates and the same perfume they'd been giving her for the last six years -- not the one she favored.

I got the twins new albums as well and tickets to see the Cubs in May. Dad I gave an antique casting spinner I had found in a second hand store on the Chicago's South Side one that actually worked. I think it was the first honest and happy smile I had been the cause on the Old Man's face in several years. He actually said, "Thank you, son."

For me, there was cologne as well, a brand Mom had long told me that she found sexy when I wore it and a beautiful sweater and to a brand new watch. Inside the watch case was a little note and I felt my face flush a bit and looked up to see Mom smiling at me evilly. The note read, "Just a little something to help you count down the hours, minutes and seconds until we're free to fuck each other's brains out forever! Love, Mom!" I know I had a big grin on my face as I exclaimed, "Thanks!"

Dad feeling gregarious and as he had so often done in the past, took credit for my present and spoke up for both him and Mom and said, "My pleasure." Mom grinned with amusement and gave me a sly wink that made my cock throb with pleasure.

Mom was a little surprised when I handed her an envelope and said, "Merry Christmas, Mom."

She opened it and pulled out the contents, giving a little gasp as she said, "Tickets to see Chicago (the rock group)! New Year's Eve! John, how did you get these? They must have cost a fortune!"

I shrugged and said in my best Chicago accent, "Hey, I know somebody who knows somebody." Truthfully, my boss at the distributorship got the tickets from the club, but his wife had made plans for dinner at some county club for New Year's Eve and had sold them to me. "You and Dad can paint the town and party in Chicago this New Year's." Mom's face went wide with surprise when I said that, but I gave her a reassuring wink and begin to count to ten.

I made it to three before the Old Man blustered. "To hell with that. I got plans already. I already told you, Carrie. I'm taking the boys ice fishing up in Minnesota. Blair's got a cabin up there we're going to stay in, just like last year."

Mom struggled to keep a grin on her face and said with a plaintive tone. "Well, what am I supposed to do, Frank? I can't go alone?"

The Old Man shrugged (and I suddenly realized we do that the same way), and said, "Well, you were going to run John back up on the second of January anyway. Go up early and let him go with you. Hell, he got the tickets for you, anyway."

Mom frowned and then nodded her head. "I guess I could do that. John, you okay with that? You mind spending New Year's Eve with your mother?"

I grinned and shrugged. "I guess so, Mom. Sounds all right with me." And I winked again. Merry Christmas at the Hamilton House!

Later on in the day, I was in the kitchen again with Mom. The twins had gone off to see how their friends had made out for Christmas and Dad was watching the Football game in between naps. Mom had put on a wonderful Christmas dinner and I was helping her clean up the kitchen. We washed and dried and snuck in kisses and the occasional goose.

We'd put the last of the dishes up and Mom was leaning against the sink while I kissed her. As much as I love having Mom's pussy wrapped around my cock, there is something to be said for the sweet and simple pleasure of having your mother's lips pressed against yours, with or without tongue. I had one denim covered leg between Mom's slightly spread legs and as we kissed, she slowly rubbed her jean covered mound against my thigh. Even through her jeans, I could feel Mom's heat.

"Somebody think's they're clever," Mom said, her hand on my chest. "What would you have done if your father had said he'd take me to the show?"

I laughed and shaking my head, said, "I don't know. Pistols at dawn. Winner keeps the most beautiful woman in the world?" I stroked a finger down Mom's cheek and across her luscious lips. "It sucks to say it, but, we both know how the Old Man is. I never had a doubt that on New Year's Eve you and I would be together. And now we can be ourselves, lost in the crowd, being the lovers we are."

Mom kissed my finger, rolling her lips around it and then nipping it playfully. "You're right of course. We live a bit dangerously, don't we?" Mom sucked on my finger, slowly as if it were my cock, her eyes always looking into my eyes. She let me slip from her mouth and pushed off the sink, her arms going up and around my neck. "We have to, don't we? We have to because we're meant to be together."

Mom kissed me then, pressing her mouth fiercely to mine, her tongue hungrily searching out mine. I pulled her tighter against me, relishing the softness and warmth of her body. We were meant to be together. Nothing ever felt so right then or now. Our hearts seemed to beat as one, driving the blood through our bodies, driving the lusty thoughts that quickly inflamed our need for each other.

Not for the first time was I amazed at how the wildfire of incestuous passion came over us both. Without thinking, without saying a word, Mom and I were caught up in our immediate carnal desires.

Mom's hands dropped to my waist and began fumbling at my jeans. She broke the kiss suddenly, a string of saliva stretching between our mouths as she looked into my eyes and gasped, "Fuck me, lover. Fuck me now, John!"

I reached out for Mom's hand and rolled my eyes up towards the ceiling, ready to lead her upstairs. Mom shook her head as she undid my jeans and unzipped me. "I want my son to fuck me right here, right now!" she hissed. Mom undid her jeans and pushed them down over her hips, her panties, right along with them. I caught a pungent whiff of her aroused cunt and any doubts or concerns went right out the window.

Mom stepped out of her jeans and kicked them away, looking incredibly erotic naked from the waist down except for a cute pair of white ankle socks. Her thick bush glistened with her juices and she again hissed quietly, "C'mon, John. Give your mother what she needs -- a good Christmas day fucking!"

My jeans were down around my ankles now and I kicked them off to join Mom's pants in a crumpled heap. My cock was throbbing and erect, anxious to be buried in Mom's warmth. Mom's arms came up around my neck again and she hunched herself against me, her moist and blossoming wide labia rubbing wetly against my thigh and cock. My hands came up and squeezed Mom's heavy breasts through her sweater and I kissed her hard, forcing my tongue into her mouth

I felt Mom's left leg lift, her thigh rubbing against mine. I dropped my hand to her meaty ass cheeks and lifted her slightly while bending my knees. Mom's other leg came up, leaving her suspended in my hands. I felt my cock trapped between our bodies and rubbing against her soft belly, then through thick, crinkly hair and then wetness, sweet, hot wetness and my hard erection knew its way home and then Mom moaned into my mouth as my cockhead found the opening to her steamy cunt and drove upwards into her welcoming flesh.

Using the sink behind her as a support, Mom wrapped her luscious legs around my waist and impaled herself on my long cock, breaking the kiss and arching her back as she ground herself into me, her teeth clenched as she struggled not to moan as I plunged ever deeper into her cunt until our pubic hair tangled together and I felt her wetness against my groin.

It was a sweet moment, our mother-son lust mingling with the thrill of being discovered. The Old Man, Mom's husband and my father sat not fifteen feet away, oblivious to our love making just as he had become oblivious to the beautiful, sexual woman that was about to escape his life.

Planting my feet firmly, I whispered, "I love you so much, Mom!" as I began to slowly thrust into her, my hands on her waist, helping brace her as I fucked her creamy pussy. Mom's breasts bounced above and underneath her red sweater, her new pearls looking so enticing on the exposed portion of her neck and chest. I leaned in, pulling Mom close and began kissing her neck and upper chest, my tongue rolling across the exposed swells of her breasts.

Mom's hands became entangled in my hair and she held me close, shuddering from the quick, hard strokes of my stiff penis and shivering from my loving kisses and licks and nibbles on her chest and throat. I felt her lips kissing my ear and her lovely voice gasping softly, "I love you, John, sweet lover son. I love you too!" Mom tightened her legs around me, trying to get me deeper inside her as she flexed and worked her cunt muscles, massaging my cock in her liquid, velvety heat.

On and on we fucked, our lust and love consuming us, making us ignorant to the world around us. It simply didn't exist. Mom urged my face upwards and I was looking into her lovely eyes, pools of love that became the center of my existence as our bodies slapped into each other again and again. We kissed and within that kiss as our tongues made love on their own, I felt the moan growing in Mom's throat. Mom's thighs tightened against me as her cunt began to spasm, clenching my cock in it's velvet grip and bathing it anew with her fiery creams.

As Mom began to orgasm, I tried to hold out, but her body urged me to cum and I did, going rigid, trying to thrust as deeply into her womb as possible as my cock began to gush streamer after streamer of hot, thick semen. It was that exquisite mutual orgasm -- the one where we merge into one being, one consciousness, almost able to read each other's thoughts, sharing our individual pleasures and creating something greater, something eternal. It seemed to go on and on -- our hearts racing, our bodies covered in fuck sweat, tears running down our face from the sheer power of our incestuous lovemaking.

Long minutes passed before I was willing to let Mom out of my grip. Finally, with both of us trembling with effort and gasping for air, I sat Mom down. We stood there in the kitchen, Mom's arms around my neck for support, her head against my chest, holding each other up as we found ourselves mortals again.

Finally, Mom looked up at me. "Son, I will never get tired of that! You do know how to fuck a woman!"

I kissed her on the forehead and replied, "I know how to fuck my mother. She's taught me well."

Giggling like naughty children, we gathered up our jeans and naked from the bottom down, walked quietly passed the living room where the Old Man sat oblivious and ignorant of the passion and love and lust that had been burning just a few feet away. Up the stairs we crept, my hand cupping Mom's ass as we went.

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So went our Christmas holidays. Days spent secretly or blatantly seeking opportunities to make love. Dad and the twins did their thing, ignoring Mom as they had done for years, while I strove to make every second with her count. It was none too soon that we drove back to Chicago where at last we could be the real us -- a happy, loving couple.

New Year's Eve found us together. My most enduring memory of that night is of us dancing at the club, listening to the words of one of our favorite band's favorite songs. Mom really outdid herself, dressing up to please me and to let the exhibitionist sexuality of her nature shine.

Mom's party dress was sinfully hot -- a sexy red dress -- short and strapless like last year. This one had a plunging V-neckline that put all but perhaps a third of her magnificent breasts on view for all the world to see and short enough to show off her sexy legs, especially with the four inch heels. Mom had also decided to perm her dark hair, so that it fell past her shoulders in a cascade of curls. She looked like some perfect incarnation of a goddess -- and to me, that was what Mom was and is -- the goddess of my heart.

There were other couples out on the dance floor, but we might as well have been alone, lost in our own world, caught up in the music and each other. "As time goes on, I realize, just what you mean to me." Never were truer words spoken or sung. Mom and I danced the night away, sure in each other's love, knowing that we would always have each other, bodies close together, aroused by the simple presence of each other, confident in the knowledge that as light dawned on the first day of the New Year, Mom and I would be making love, Mom's legs spread wide, my cock in her motherly pussy, knowing that this was just the beginning -- the first wonderful day of the rest of our lives, lives that would be spent together as mother and son, lovers and eventually husband and wife.

We had no clue that fate was about to take a hand in our lives...

To be continued...