

# MOTHER & SON: A LOVE STORY PT. 07

## *Ahabscribe*

*Mother & son move in together; there's a wedding.*

Incest/Taboo

4.74

11k words

*Not as long a wait for this installment and I hope followers of this story will be pleased. Things are unfolding, but this story is far from finished - several installments yet to come.*

As always, this is a work of fiction and the characters exist only within the confines of my imagination. Please keep the feedback rolling in, both pro and con. You, the reader, are my inspiration! Enjoy!

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It was a perfect Florida summer day -- the powerful heat blunted by the fresh breeze coming off the Gulf of Mexico. I glanced at my mother standing across from me, looking even lovelier than ever -- her almost flawless skin just a bit red over her tan and her dark hair being gently blown around by the wind from the sea. Mom was wearing a strapless off the shoulder, red dress, her bountiful breasts almost spilling out from the low cut front, the material clinging on by virtue of prayer and Mom's erect nipples. The hem was at mid thigh, showing off Mom's shapely legs and the dress clung tightly to her, accentuating every luscious curve of her beautiful body. If I hadn't already been head over heels in love with Mom, I would have fallen for her right then.

The sound of the surf mixed wonderfully with the music of two guitars playing softly near us with the murmurs of those gathered together for the ceremony underlying everything. I could hear the laughter and shouts of children playing with a dog further on down the beach. I smiled at Mom and she smiled back, filling my heart with something so wonderful and powerful that it needs a better name than love.

In front of us, I heard the minister clear his throat and say in a happy voice, "Would everyone please stand." Mom winked at me and blew me a kiss. It was a beautiful day for a wedding. The guitars shifted from the classical piece they were playing into the Wedding March and Mom and I turned along with the twenty-five or so people gathered and watched as my Aunt Debbie and my best friend Molly came walking hand in hand down between the rows of folding chairs set up in the sand.

Molly looked incredibly beautiful as only a bride can -- wearing a white dress -- complete with veil, but ignoring the tradition of long dress and train. I can honestly say, I've never seen a shorter hemline on a wedding dress, ending just south of her crotch and showing off her well toned and curvaceous legs. She went barefoot in deference to the sand and the whole ensemble worked for her.

Debbie, throwing all conventions to the wind, had chosen a scandalous dark blue halter dress that was little more than straps across her enhanced breasts attached to a short skirt. I had to smile at the glow on my aunt's face -- she was truly smitten by my sometimes lover and college classmate, Molly. The two women were on first look a seeming mismatch -- Deb blonde, tall and athletic and

Molly dark haired, short and voluptuous, but once you saw them look at each other, you realized that they were soul mates.

They came to a halt between Mom and me, each passing us loving glances before they took each other's hands. The minister -- a burly, bearded, fellow who introduced himself only as Steinbeck and was some kind of non-denominational cleric, gave everyone a big smile and began. "Dearly beloved -- we are gathered here today in the sight of God as witnesses to the marriage of Molly and Debbie as they pledge their love to each other and join in the holy bonds of matrimony."

Steinbeck smiled out at all those present -- mostly Deb's friends and Molly's aged grandmother, a wizened old woman who had loudly declared earlier, "That girl should be with whoever she wants. I got pushed into marrying her granddaddy and I had to put up with that miserable son-of-a-bitch for fifty-three years!" Molly had known that her family would be outraged when she announced she was "marrying" another woman and her father was quick to disown her, but you could tell when you saw her looking at Debbie, that all that crap didn't matter. The fact that her grandmother had accepted her invitation to attend their wedding meant the world to her.

"Whatever the laws and conventions of society may say, today we rejoice as these two wonderful ladies take the love that is within them and by joining as a couple, combine their love to make something that cannot be anything but holy in the sight of God," intoned Steinbeck. "If there be any who would deny them this sacred act, let them speak now or forever hold their peace."

I don't know who had the more forbidding look as folks scanned the crowd -- the minister, myself or Molly's grandmother. There was nothing but a sea of smiles among those gathered. Steinbeck's scowl fell away and his beatific smile reemerged and he continued. "Debbie, here in front of these witnesses and God Almighty, do you vow to love, honor and cherish Molly for all time?"

Aunt Debbie's eyes were brimming with happy tears as she nodded and then almost giggled as she remembered she had to speak, "With all my heart, I do!"

The minister turned to Molly and said, "Molly, here in front of these witnesses and God Almighty, do you vow to love, honor and cherish Debbie for all time?"

Molly face was streaked with tears of joy as she said in voice quavering with excitement, "With all my heart, I do!"

Steinbeck nodded in satisfaction and said, "Molly and Debbie would like to share their own vows with you all."

He nodded and Molly spoke up first, turning to Debbie and slipping her own hands into the grasp of the older woman. "Debbie, my darling. I knew what love was before I met you, but you have shown me just how truly wonderful love can be. I am yours heart and soul, now and forever. I love you, sugar."

Debbie sighed and replied, "My wonderful Molly. You've made an old gal's heart young again and reminded me how wonderful it is not only to love, but to be in love. I am yours, heart and soul, now and forever. I love you, Molly."

I think we all did sort of a communal, "Awww." I looked at Mom and saw tears in her eyes and she looked at me with the same burning emotions that her sister and Molly were showing.

The minister said, "The rings, please." Molly and Debbie turned and took the simple gold bands that Mom and I held in our hands.

As Molly and Debbie repeated the words, "With this ring, I thee wed," Mom and I stared at each other and Mom mouthed the word, "Soon," to me and even silent, it held so much promise that I could feel my cock stirring in my slacks.

"I now pronounce you married in the eyes of God," intoned Steinbeck. "You may both kiss the bride!" Everyone laughed and Molly and Debbie came together, their bodies seeming to fit perfectly as they kissed, tongues hungrily dancing in unison. "Ladies and Gentlemen, I present to you, Debbie and Molly Hamilton-Cash!" We all began to applaud and then there was simply a press of folks coming forward and for a few minutes a lot of hugs and kisses -- a surprising number of which were very passionate.

Then Mom was in my arms and we were kissing and I felt that delicious and naughty charge that I always got when French kissing my own mother in front of other people -- some who knew we were mother and son and others who were totally oblivious. Either way, it was exciting and it felt good to have Mom's lush body pressing against mine, feeling her heartbeat, her pulse racing as our tongues twirled and dueled.

Those sweet sensations were suddenly tripled as Debbie and Molly closed in on us and suddenly I had Debbie sucking on my tongue while Mom and Molly kissed passionately. When my aunt sets her mind to it, she can make your head spin with just her lips and tongue and she certainly had me dizzy with desire before she passed me along to Molly who was rubbing up against me as she seemed to climb up my body and press her lips to mine, whispering, "I've never been so happy, sugar and I have you and your family to thank for it!" before she and I locked lips and kissed.

I was vaguely aware of muffled and contented sighs from beside us and managed to spare a glance over to see Mom and Debbie kissing, hands roaming knowingly over each other's bodies. My bulge in my pants was beginning to feel insistent and a remote part of my mind was calculating where and when I get my mother alone and do something about it.

Molly's hand palmed the tent in my pants and she giggled as she slowly rubbed it. Breaking our kiss, saliva in stringers between our barely parted lips, she said teasingly, "Sweet Lord, John! If our wedding turns you on this much, you'll be fucking your mother right in front of the preacher when it's your turn!"

Everyone laughed around us and again a thrill rippled through me as this reference to our incestuous behavior seemed not to create even a stir with Debbie's friends. No wonder she loved this bohemian little town so much!

"All right everyone, the reception is in our back yard!" called out my aunt. Why don't y'all get moseying that way and let's get this party rolling!" There was a lot of hurraing and cheers and at the prospect of booze and free food, the entire wedding party began to move off the beach.

Molly gave me another cock swelling kiss and then after Debbie rubbed my obvious erection and collected her bride, they moved off into the crowd. I saw Molly's grandmother take the Minister Steinbeck's arm and stroll off towards Debbie's and Molly's home and suddenly I found myself alone with my mother.

Mom slipped into my arms again, her arms wrapping around my neck as she let her meaty breasts pillow against my chest. Somehow, even without seeming to move, I could feel her voluptuous

body rub against mine. Mom kissed me and the world just went away. All that remained was my mother and me, tongues dancing while we felt our hearts beat together as one. I had one hand running down her back and under her skirt and was thrilled to discover Mom wasn't wearing panties, cupping her meaty cheek in my hand, trailing one finger along the crack of her ass.

We kissed for a long time, long enough for me to start leaking precum. I wanted, no needed to fuck Mom in the worse way. Mom sensed it and she rubbed her stomach against my bulging pants until I was ready to cum and then eased off. Mom's eyes were full of naughty secrets as she whispered, "I love you, son!"

She put her head against my chest, her breath warm and delicious against my shirt. "I love you, Mom!" I replied.

I took her right hand and put it against the tent in my crotch and she giggled and rubbed it just for a moment, saying, "We need to be careful. We don't want to let this big thing go to waste."

I let my free hand slip over her belly and then up to cup Mom's large breast. A thick, swollen nipple slipped out from the low cut front and Mom shivered as I rubbed it with my thumb. "What do you say we find a hiding spot in the sand and make love, Mom?" I asked.

Mom almost purred and replied, "Right now, I'd just like to fuck like wild animals, son, but..." Mom let out a long suffering sigh, "Right now, we're supposed to be helping out at the reception." She kissed me again, slowly and deeply and then winking at me, took me by the hand and we began the walk back to her sister's bungalow. On the way, I reached over and tucked her nipple away, letting out a long suffering sigh myself.

We walked slowly, my arm around Mom's naked shoulders, fingers idly brushing the half top of her soft tit, not saying a word, just savoring the presence of each other. I loved it. I loved just being with my mother all the time now. I had only graduated about seven weeks ago, but already the world had changed so much.

Graduation had been a blur. Mom and the twins and Aunt Debbie had descended upon Chicago -- the presence of the twins making it awkward and achingly difficult for Mom and me to be our true selves. My brothers were filled with excitement for their own impending high school graduation which would immediately be followed by their joining their respective military branches.

It had been a tough few months for them as they came to terms with our father's death and then dealing with the twin shocks of learning Dad had left them a lake cabin in Wisconsin and that Mom was selling the house and moving back to Kentucky. Mom had been shocked to learn about the cabin too, but her anger at the Old Man's secret hideout was muted by realizing it gave her younger sons a 'home' to come back too.

It wasn't said aloud, but we all knew -- the twins were their father's sons and once they left, Mom and to even a greater extent, me, were out of their lives. I know that they loved Mom in their own way, but to them, she was someone who would soon no longer truly matter in their immediate lives. Mom and I have always made sure they knew they were welcome, but in all the years since, contact has been sporadic at best and almost always initiated by Mom and me.

Mom decided that the boys would be allowed to stay at a local hotel alone during their visit for my graduation and to "save money" Mom would stay at my apartment on the couch and to help me pack up. It worked out rather well. The boys stayed out of trouble, content with hotel cable and beer and pizza provided by me and I spent most of the weekend making love with our mother.

It was bittersweet in a way. It was time to move on, but Mom and I had such wonderful memories of my apartment. It was there, just two Christmases past that we had first made love, sweet, incestuous memories that we devoted ourselves to reliving as much as possible that last weekend.

We saw little of Debbie and Molly as well, their love affair exploding with as much passion as Mom and I shared. They seemed made for each other, both with a seemingly inexhaustible capacity for making love. During spring break, Molly had flown down to Florida to be with Debbie and she had returned with a weary, but heavenly smile on her face and an engagement ring on her finger. It was during our post graduation dinner that they asked Mom and me to stand up with them at their wedding in July and while my brothers just sat there looking poleaxed, we both said yes, amid passionate kisses and hugs.

Two weeks later, we all applauded as the boys walked across their high school football field and collected their diplomas and a week later as Mom wept and I was rather misty eyed myself, we dropped the boys off at their enlistment depots and suddenly and finally, it was just Mom and me.

I'd like to tell you we went home and immediately went to bed and fucked our brains out until we passed out. That didn't happen. Truth is, we barely made it past the front door, before we were ripping our clothes off and touching, caressing, biting and sucking on each other. Our first time alone was on the living room carpet, clothes strewn every which way, Mom naked and on her back, legs spread wide as I slipped my erection into her wet pussy, kissing my mother hungrily, biting and sucking her lips as I began to thrust in and out of her sweet cunt.

It was now us, just us, no one to worry about catching us or surprising us. We were free to be a couple -- never again alone, but together, united in our incestuous love forever. We planned to be married in October when the leaves are so incredibly beautiful, but that was truly the moment that we made our vows, unspoken and unformed but complete and permanent. We fucked as mother and son. We fucked as husband and wife. We fucked as soulmates. We fucked and became one.

When I began to shoot my hot semen into Mom's milking cunt, Mom let out a great wail of pleasure that I had never heard from her before, the orgasmic cries of a woman truly free to express herself and I joined her, roaring out my delight and joy and pleasure at our incestuous lovemaking.

For a week, we barely stopped making love, limited only by the demands of the human body for sleep and food and we tried our damndest to incorporate our fucking into those activities as well. The entire house reeked of pussy and semen as we fucked and sucked and tried to sate ourselves of our hunger for each other and never succeeding. In all these years, I've never satisfied my desire to have my mother and I never will.

We stopped only when the moving people called to set a date for collecting and shipping those belongings of Mom's and myself to Kentucky and to close down our house. Even then, as we worked feverishly to get the house packed up and ready to go, we could barely keep our hands off each other. It was the beginning of our honeymoon, one we have never truly stopped taking -- even today.

But, somehow we did get it finished and good thing too. Mom already had a buyer for the house and our new home -- Mama Polly's old house was ready to move into. Mom had been very busy. During Spring Break, I had driven her to Kentucky and in a whirlwind of activity, Mom had engaged the services of Bill, her friend, Emma's husband, to serve as the building contractor to do work on our new home.

Mom hired Bill to have the house remodeled completely, redoing the wiring and plumbing and adding central air and heat. What Mom had planned was to expand the back end of the house, adding a downstairs guestroom, a bathroom and increasing the size of the kitchen, while upstairs expanding Polly's old room into what would be our master bedroom complete with a bath as well as expand the old bathroom.

Mom fortunately had the money to burn from the Old Man's life insurance and Bill brought in really talented and competent people who had worked fast all spring so that by mid June, we could move in. Mom walked around with a huge smile as we toured it with Bill and Emma. Emma expressed amazement that Mom had kept the old kitchen table and despite having a modern range installed, had kept the old wood burning stove in one corner.

"I swear, Carrie -- you know you can get a beautiful table for this room -- hell, Bill here could make you one to order!" Emma said.

Mom just shook her head and replied while running her hand over the old rough surface and looking at me, "Oh no, I have too many good memories of this old table to get rid of it." She winked at me and added, "And I hope to make some new memories with it as well."

Later on, Mom and I were standing outside, admiring the way Bill and his folks had made the new addition seem almost part of the original house, when it hit me. "Mom, there's just the two of us and we have a five bedroom house. What're we gonna do with all that space?"

Mom just smiled at me and turned around to kiss me, her arms around my neck. "It's just us now, but you know how life is -- you never know when things might change!" Mom kissed me then, long and deep and when we were finished, Mom whispered, "John, I want a baby. I want to have my son's baby and raise him or her right here."

I felt my heart begin to beat and as my cock began to stir, I saw that hungry gleam in my mother's eyes. We moved as one, me lifting Mom up as she wrapped her legs around my waist and I carried her back up onto the porch and into the living room. It was a warm spring day and my skin was slick with sweat from the effort of carrying Mom and my muscles were throbbing and swelling, but somehow I managed to carry Mom to the kitchen and set her down on the old kitchen table. "Let's make some memories, Mom," I gasped as I began to tug her blouse over her head while she fumbled with my belt and kicked off her sneakers.

Mom groaned as I leaned over and sucked her unfettered breasts and replied, "Fuck memories, let's make a baby, son!" I felt my jeans slide down my legs to pool at my feet and Mom lifted her sweet ass up so I could tug her jeans off her, revealing her thick pelt of black pubic hair, already split by her swollen labia, revealing glistening pink flesh. I groaned happily as Mom's hand stroked my hard cock, thick and long and always hungering for her hot and steamy womb.

Mom scooted to the edge of the kitchen table, spreading her legs wide, allowing her cunt flesh to spread open to welcome my cock. "Fuck me, John. Fuck me and make Momma a baby!"

I responded by thrusting forward, sinking my cock deep into her slick, fiery flesh, her pussy walls wrapping my shaft in their wet and loving embrace, and sighing, "I love you, Mom!"

Our bodies slapped wetly together as I sank into Mom's cunt to the hilt, her thick pubic hair entangling with mine. I pulled Mom to me as her feet hooked around my legs and her thighs tightened against mine. We kissed as our bodies began lunging and bucking at each other, our

breath whistling noisily as our tongues curled round each other, our hands busy caressing and cupping.

I could smell that sweet jasmine scent of Mom's mingling with our sweat and the aroma of sex. I could see the excitement in Mom's eyes as we made love. It was never less than intense between us, but whenever the thought of us making a child of our love was brought up, our lovemaking changed into something greater, hungrier and more erotic. We lost ourselves as the basic human urge to procreate merged with the delicious incestuous nature of our love to take us to a new plane of existence.

The entire world winnowed down to just us and we became so much more aware of each other, becoming cognizant of every molecule of each other's body. My erect penis thrust through Mom's lubricated flesh, bathed in her hot juices as I pressed into her womb again and again. I could feel Mom's nipples, hard and swollen, scraping against my chest, not quite sure when she had unbuttoned my shirt. Mom's heels dug into my ass cheeks as she tried to work my cock deeper into her tightening cunt. Mom hunched herself into me, her ass coming closer and closer to slipping off the edge of the table.

Mom's tongue rolled insistently around mine, doing things that made me almost dizzy with lust and urging closer and closer to the brink. Mom groaned into my mouth as my cock head swelled and I could feel my sperm surging upwards from my balls. Mom slipped forward and then seemed to jump free of the table, her legs tightening around my waist.

"OH GOD YESSSS, JOHN! GIVE ME YOUR CUM! FUCK ME HARD AND DEEP AND GIVE ME A BABYYYY!" Mom cried out as her weight drove her down deeper on my cock and I began filling her womb with hot semen. For what seemed both too short a time and all of eternity, Mom and I stood there, two beings joined as one, stiffly quivering, awash in the storm of our mutual orgasm -- my seed filling up Mom's clasping cunt.

Finally, we came back to Earth and exhausted from our baby making efforts, we both laid down on the sturdy, weathered table and tried to catch our breath. We looked at each other and then up at the ceiling, at the joists and beams and wood, hammered together by Mama Polly's father before the beginning of the twentieth century.

"We're home, aren't we?" I breathed, taking Mom's hand and squeezing it gently.

Mom sighed and she looked at me with such love in her eyes and said, "Yes, son, we're home -- finally and forever."

The movers arrived two days later with the few fragments of our old lives we had chosen to keep which hadn't been much at all, especially for Mom. I kidded her when we drove away from the house in for the first time that I had more clothes than she did. Mom had given most of what she called her dowdy housewife clothes to the Goodwill and was in the process of rebuilding her wardrobe to better meet her own exhibitionist desires.

When we had been apart from family, as I have often mentioned, Mom's wardrobe reflected her long suppressed urges to flaunt her voluptuous and sexy body. Short dresses with scoop necklines -- tight fitting clothes that showed off her curves, shorts and halter tops and tube tops that left more of her luscious ass and tits exposed than it covered up, along with sexy heels and shoes that accentuated her lovely legs. Mom was having a ball clothes shopping and I loved helping her, watching her pick out more daring outfits than I had had the courage to suggest. Everyday was a

wonderful day in which Mom showed off to me and the rest of the world jiggling tit flesh and her sexy legs and bare shoulders!

When the movers arrived, I had another surprise for her -- one that I'd saved months for and had had to be a little sneaky in arranging. As Mom supervised the movers (who were ogling her in her red tube top and short denim shorts), directing various boxes and furniture to various rooms, she just stopped and stared as they unloaded from the truck the frame of a brass rail bed. The older of the two movers worked a cigar around in his mouth, his eyes roaming enviously over Mom's lush body and said, "So, where you want the bed, lady?"

I came up behind Mom and ran my arms around her waist. "She'll want it in the master bedroom." I gave them directions to the room while Mom whirled around in my arms and gasped, "John, where did you get that? It looks exactly like the one in that inn we stayed at!"

I was grinning like the proverbial Cheshire cat and I said, "It is the same bed. I bought it and arranged for the movers to pick it up on their way down. It's a wedding gift to you a few months early."

Mom's lip trembled and tears began to trickle down her face and then she was showering my faces with kisses and sobbing, "I love you! I never imagined...no-one ever did something like that for me before!" I got more hugs and the kisses became more passionate, drawing chuckles from the movers as they passed by several more times before Mom calmed down. Of course, by then, I was pretty worked up, but Mom just grinned when I suggested we take a walk up the hill, saying, "Oh no. I want you saving it up till tonight when we get our bed set up and break it in right!"

As frustrated as I was at that moment, it was all worth it as I discovered when that evening after we had bid the movers goodbye and had set the bed up, getting the new mattresses situated on it and I was sitting naked on clean sheets and Mom emerged from the bathroom. I could feel my heart begin to pound and my cock, already erect, stiffened and slapped against my belly.

Mom's long black hair with just a few sexy streaks of gray had been brushed out and hung over her bare shoulders. She had on a filmy green negligee of sorts that seemed to wrap around her in wispy layers, but was almost completely transparent, her meaty, slightly sagging breasts hanging proudly on her chest and her thick dark bush stood out between her pale, flawless thighs. She was wearing a pair of four inch high heels that drew attention to her shapely calves. Mom had added the perfect finishing touch -- a black ribbon tied around her neck, holding a cameo I had given her when I was younger.

"Oh, Mom, you're beautiful!" I murmured as she approached, smiling that naughty smile of hers that promised so much -- a smile full of wicked carnality and sexual hunger.

I started to rise up, but Mom pushed me back and leaned over and kissed me, her tongue snaking into my mouth while her hand wrapped around my cock and slowly stroked me. "I love you, son!" Mom sighed against my lips. Silently, using her hands she urged me back on the bed until I was on my back, head on the pillows. Mom straddled me, resting her hairy bush against my throbbing cock and rocking slowly back and forth, her wet, slick lips sliding along the shaft of my cock. "Tonight, Momma shows her son how much she loves him," Mom said softly, her voice husky with desire.

My hands went to her waist, slipping in between the folds of the silky negligee, but to my surprise Mom shook her head and with a smile full of secrets, pulled my hands free and then drew my right hand up to the brass rails of the bed. "Tonight, John, Momma's in total control," she murmured.

I looked on in total amazement as she pulled at the negligee and a long strand of the transparent green cloth came free. Mom leaned into me, her breasts dragging across my chest as she proceeded to tie my hand to the railing. "Um, Mom? What are you doing?" I asked.

Mom just replied, "Shhhh," and took my other arm and pulling loose another strand of green, silky cloth, tied my other hand to the brass bed as well. Sitting up, Mom wiggled atop my cock and smiled at her handiwork. "Now then, I have you just where I want you, John," she said.

I have to say, I was excited. My cock was throbbing madly and it was all I could do not to blow my wad right then and there. "Sooo, what are you doing, Mom?" I asked again.

Mom started pulling more of the wraparound negligee away from her body as she answered. "Just a little fantasy I've had for a while and now that we're home, sweetheart..." Mom leaned in and brushed my lips with hers, her tongue trailing over my mouth. "Now that we're in our home, I thought I would live out my fantasy."

Mom's hips undulated atop me, her pussy dripping with hot juices that were bathing my cock. "Son, I'm going to fuck you all night long and you're just going to have to lie back and love it." Mom lifted herself off me, my cock rising along with her, seeking her heat and wetness, until the head of my cock slipped between her lips and found her warm and succulent opening.

"Ahhhhhhmmmmmm, yesssss," Mom hissed as she began to move back down, my cock spearing inside her as she enveloped it within her sticky-slick hot cunt.

Mom was the perfect image of a carnal whore as she sat on my cock, her eyes closing as she bit her lower lip with her sexy overbite, savoring the wonderful and incestuous sensation of her son's cock filling her motherly pussy. "My god, I love you so much, John," Mom whispered as she began to ride me.

I wanted to tell her I loved her too, but I was biting my lip as I struggled not to lose control in the midst of the sweetest sensation a son can know, the feeling of his mother's pussy wrapped around his hard cock. I groaned with pleasure as Mom's hot flesh caressed by cock as it worked its way up and down my shaft. My eyes shifted back and forth between my mother's lovely face, now twisted with carnal pleasure, and her bouncing, rolling breasts -- nipples swollen like ripe strawberries ready to explode.

Mom's knees pressed into my sides as she fucked me and the room seemed to grow hot, the heat building outward from our joined crotches, causing our bodies to become slick with fucksweat. "I love your cock, son!" Mom called out again and again in a sing-song voice as she rode me, her back arching and causing her tits to be thrust out, her hands caressing the heavy bags of flesh, pinching and pulling her nipples as she squirmed astride me, somehow seeming to take me deeper with each movement.

We were both aware of a third participant in our love making as the bed began to squeak and groan as Mom bounced up and down on my cock. Its protesting creaks ran counterpoint to our cries and moans as we fucked and Mom stroked my chest with her hand and grinned happily at me, letting me know how much she loved how her new brass bed amplified the noises of our incestuous fucking. With each new noise from our bed, Mom's excitement seemed to escalate and I could sense her approaching climax.

Mom's hot juices turned to scalding cream as her orgasm swept over her and I could not hold out any longer and Mom's sudden cries of pleasure were joined by me bellowing, "FUCK, I LOVE YOU, MOMMMM!" as I began ejaculating thick streamers of semen inside her pussy. My body convulsed

with pleasure and I flung my pelvis upwards, seeking to pierce Mom's womb deeper as I flooded her with hot sperm. Mom stiffened with sexual elation, her body becoming almost perfectly still until her pleasure began to make her body first quiver and then shudder as her orgasm ripped through her.

Mom collapsed, pressing her face against mine as her body heaved with aftershocks, kissing me between gasps for breath while her cunt continued to massage my cock, refusing to let it go flaccid. My flood of hot seed became a trickle and I dueled tongues with Mom until we both had to stop or pass out from lack of air.

Finally, Mom's breathing relaxed and she began to purr, her breath warm against my neck. "That...that, Mom was fantastic," I wheezed.

Mom nuzzled my neck and whispered, "John, my darling, you aint seen nothing yet!" She giggled and said, "I love my bed, son. I love hearing it -- hearing the noise of fucking!" To illustrate, Mom began to slowly roll her hips, my still mostly erect cock responding to the caress of her cunt walls. In turn, we heard a soft creak of metal as the bedsprings began to respond to Mom's loving movements.

Mom was still shaky from her earlier exertions and as she mewled as pleasure began to work its way through her again, she leaned forward, using the brass rail headboards for support as she began to rock back and forth on my now massively stiff cock again. Mom's huge, pendulous breasts swung back and forth over my face and I watched them hungrily until she leaned forward a little more and I raised my head and snapped my teeth onto one of her nipples.

"OHHHHHYESSSS!" Mom squealed, her whole body shaking as I nipped and sucked at her tit, holding her hard, rubbery nipple in place with my teeth and rolling my tongue over the very tip of the thick and swollen nub. Again, Mom bathed my cock with her steaming juices, but now that I had cummed, I knew I would last and I began to buck, thrusting my crotch upwards to meet her descending pelvis.

The bed shook and screeched as Mom hung on as she rode into orgasm again, her pussy clamping tightly around my penis while her body shivered and quaked. When she began to calm down, I let go of her nipple and caught the other tit with my mouth before she could move and her body, reacting to the pain and pleasure my mouth and cock provided sent her over the edge again.

Long minutes passed as we fucked slowly, my mouth chewing on Mom's nipples until my jaws ached while Mom rose and fell and rose again on my cock, her orgasm waxing and waning again and again. The intense gratification seemed to go on and on, taking us to almost unbearable heights until Mom was wailing, tears falling from her face to splatter against my cheeks, begging me to, "Cummmmm, Johnnnnn -- please, son, cummmmm in Momma's pussy!"

I held out as long as I could, but eventually as Mom collapsed on top of me, her cunt spasming around my aching cock, I cried out, "I love you, Mom -- cumming for you, MOM!" and I again emptied my load in Mom's wet and steaming womb.

We were both exhausted and by the time we had regained our breath, Mom was softly snoring on top of me, my semi-erect cock still buried inside her semen drenched cunt. Tied up, I could do little more than enjoy the sweet sensations that Mom's body offered and went to sleep myself savoring her touch.

The rest of the night was a bit hazy -- full of sleepy time fucking and at one point sucking as Mom cleaned my cock of our mixed juices. I awoke at one point to find Mom's hairy pussy rubbing against my face while she swirled her tongue around my sensitive penis and I happily tongued her to another orgasm, lapping up her juices and my own semen in the process.

I also discovered a strange and exciting experience. Now, Mom and I are not big fans of wet play, but that first real night in our home, Mom introduced me to something I never even dreamed of. I had been awaked by an intense need to urinate and realized Mom wasn't on the bed. Then I heard the toilet flush and Mom reappeared, beautiful in the dim light of the room, naked with bed tousled hair. She smiled at me as I said, "Thank God, you're awake. Mom, I need to pee something awful!"

Mom stopped and laughed and replied, "Okay, so go ahead."

I laughed in response and tried to move my arms, still tied to the bed. "Hello -- some kinky woman tied your son up!"

Mom found this funny and said, "Oh yeah? Well, I told you, you're mine all night and I'm not untying you."

I bet I looked desperate because Mom shook her head and turned around and headed back to the bathroom. "Hang on, son. I'll see if I can find something to help you out." She returned a minute later with an old long necked plastic flower vase. "Here you go, son. Piss in this."

Mom climbed up in the bed and taking my cock in hand, aimed it at the vase's opening. "Um, Mom. I don't know about this." I said.

My mother giggled and said, "Go ahead and pee. I'll make sure you don't make a mess." Mom thought this was hilarious and kept giggling while I struggled with the moment. You all went through toilet training as toddlers and know the dilemma I was facing. It's damned near impossible to urinate when someone else is guiding your penis and you're lying down. All those old instincts kick in and your body tries to resist.

The pressure was intense and strangely erotic, I could feel and see my cock begin to erect. "Mom, you're going to have to let me up. I can't..."

Mom leaned in and whispered in my ear, "You have to trust me, John. Momma knows best." Mom's tongue flickered out and danced around the outer shell of my ear. "Let it go, son," she said softly. And I did. I began to piss -- you know the feeling -- that sweet pleasure when you can finally achieve release? I was experiencing that and more -- the pleasure of emptying my bladder and just letting everything relax was intense -- perhaps not on the scale of an orgasm, but close, very, very close!

Afterwards, as Mom took care of the vase, I lay there, again catching my breath and not for the first or last time, considered how so very much my world was changing! And of course, I was thinking that same thing again as Mom and I walked back from Molly and Deb's wedding ceremony.

Mom giggled as she gazed down at the even more prominent bulge in my slacks and said, "Yum, I wonder what you're thinking about, sweetheart?"

I laughed and said, "Well, truth is, if I'm around you, Mom -- I'm usually hard, but I was thinking back to our first night at Mama Polly's -- breaking in your brass bed."

Mom cozied up closer to me, her mostly exposed breast rubbing against my arm and said, "Mmmmmm -- that was a fun night. I already miss our new bed!" She reached down and rubbed her palm against my bulge. "And I miss this big thing too! We've been so busy today, we've not had a chance to make love!"

I made a face and growled, "Not for lack of trying! Maybe we can find a closet or something at Deb's while everyone is partying."

Mom stuck her tongue out at me. "Patience, baby. Momma promises you'll get some relief before the night is over." She laughed when I rolled my eyes and then we were back at Deb's and the party. Despite my blue balls, it was a wonderful party, full of laughter and food and drink. Debbie's friends were a very accepting and hedonistic bunch and it was nice not having to hide my feelings about Mom and knowing that we could just be ourselves -- affectionate and loving with each other and receiving only approving or at worse, envious stares when we kissed or embraced or cuddled during the evening.

My only bad moment of the evening was when wedding presents were opened and I realized I didn't have a clue what Mom and I had gotten Debbie and Molly. I cornered Mom and questioned her, but she just shook her head and said, "We'll give them their present in private, later." She then smiled lovingly at me and said not another word, even though I pressed her several times about the matter.

Finally, the evening began to wind down and the guests started to drift out in couples or small groups. Molly asked me to drive her grandmother back to her hotel as her original ride, Steinbeck was passed out drunk and being carried out by several other guests.

The old woman didn't say much during the ride, but seemed to be studying me as I drove along the coast road. Finally, as I pulled up in front of her hotel, she turned and said, "Thank you, John." I walked her up to her room and she shook my hand and as I turned to leave, she reached out and squeezed my arm. "You love your mother, boy?"

"Yes, ma'am, I do," I replied, feeling my face get warm under her scrutinizing stare.

She nodded. "Well, you make a good couple and Molly thinks the world of you both. I reckon it will all work out for you two." She tightened her grip on my arm. "I expect you to keep an eye on my little girl too. You're the man of that family now. Be a good one!"

The old lady let go of me and stepped inside the doorway. She turned and grinned at me -- I knew where Molly got her charming smile now. "Family loving aint so bad, I reckon. Doubt Molly's ever heard the stories about my great grandparents. Come over from Ireland, they did. Lots of stories about how Great-granddaddy married a woman half his age." Molly's grandmother winked at me. "Some of those stories say my Great-granny was really his daughter. Not that it matters -- they shore loved each other and aint that all that matters?" She nodded her head and closed the door as I stared in mouth wide open shock.

I don't remember much of the drive back, but agreed with Molly's grandmother about family loving and I was anxious to pick up Mom and take her back to our hotel room and work on some family loving of our own. We'd taken a room nearby to give Molly and Debbie privacy on their wedding night before they took a flight out to Aruba for their honeymoon.

When I got back to Debbie's and Molly's house, it appeared deserted. All the guests' cars were gone. I walked in to find Mom sitting on the couch, her sexy red dress hiked up above her thighs,

revealing her thick bush and a very wet pussy. Mom had two fingers slowly rubbing her wet, aroused cunt, her face flushed red with desire. She beckoned me to sit next to her and then she kissed me hungrily, her thick tongue thrusting into my mouth, seeking a playmate. When she was finished, I was red-faced and hard as steel. My hand slipped to her thigh and moved upwards, feeling the heat coming off of her cunt.

Mom moved to stop me, taking my hand in hers and in a quiet voice, said, "John, we need to talk."

Mom's quiet but serious tone pulled me up short. "Is something wrong, Mom?"

My mother shook her head and gave me a gentle smile. "No, baby -- everything's fine. We need to discuss Molly's and your Aunt Deb's wedding present."

"Um...okay. What is it anyway? Why's it been such a big secret?"

Mom took my hand and kissed it. She reached out and stroked my face and replied, "John, your aunt and Molly have asked me to ask you for something." Mom paused and took a deep breath. "Son, Molly and Debbie want to have a baby and they want you to be the father."

Okay, I admit, I didn't see that one coming. I stared at Mom in complete and utter shock and when I could finally reply, said, "Um...what?"

Mom nodded and said, "Molly and Deb want to have a family and want you to be the baby's father."

My head began to spin and I felt this incredible well of emotions erupting. "A baby? For Molly and Aunt Deb -- um, me be the father." I shook my head, trying unsuccessfully to clear it. "Mom, um...I always thought I would have a family with you. Having a baby with someone else...I don't know. I can't see having a child and not being a part of its life and I want to have a child with you..."

Mom nodded and replied, "Oh son, I want that too, but I've been off the pill for a while and God knows we've tried and I'm forty-three now and it might not happen." Mom cast her eyes down and I could see her lower lip tremble as she struggled to keep control. Finally, she looked back up at me, her hazel eyes misty with tears. "John, I want to spend my life with you, but I want you to have a chance to know how wonderful it is to have a child -- to be a parent.

"You're not just a sperm donor here. Molly and Deb want you to be a father in every way for this baby. You will be...we both will be as much a part of his or her life as we want." Mom smiled and added, "And if I might just be a bit of a conceited future grandmother, I think you and Molly would have beautiful babies."

My mind was still reeling, but I will confess I already found the possibility exciting. I loved Molly and Debbie -- in truth, if Mom and I had never found our true way, I think I would have proposed to Molly. To imagine that she and I might create a child -- well, it made my cock hard!

"Mom, are you sure about this?" I asked, reaching out and taking her hand.

She nodded and said, "Yes, son. I know you're in shock. I was when Molly and Debbie first asked me, but I think that giving them a baby -- making a child with two wonderful, loving people...well, how can it be wrong?"

I nodded in agreement and replied, "Okay, then...so what, um, do I do?"

Mom looked at me with a silly smirk and then her lip trembled as she struggled for control and then Mom was almost on the floor as she began to laugh, almost choking as she answered me, "Ohhh, John. I know you know how to make babies!" And then Mom was laughing again until she had to wipe the tears from her eyes. I felt stupid for asking the question the way I had, but had to laugh at myself too.

Finally, when Mom had recovered, I asked, "Okay, so what is the plan here anyway?"

Mom giggled and replied, "Well, Debbie and Molly are in their bedroom -- Debbie's been getting Molly ready for your big cock and Molly is ovulating right now, so...I know you've been dying to get some relief all day. Let's go tell the newlyweds that you said yes and then let's give them our wedding present!"

Mom stood up and leading me by the hand, walked me to the master bedroom. As she opened the door, she called out. "Who's ready to get knocked up?"

We stepped into the bedroom to behold a lovely sight. Molly was lying on the bed, propped up on pillows, naked as the day she was born. Her face and chest were flushed and her hair was wet with sweat as Debbie lay between her legs and was tonguing her shaved pussy. Molly opened her eyes and gasped, "So, sugar, you're gonna do it? You'll make a baby with us?"

She gave a little squeal as Debbie rolled her tongue over her partner's swollen clitoris before sitting up and grinning as she replied, "Of course John will do it -- we're family after all and a loving family at that!" My Aunt Deb slithered off the bed and stalked towards me, giving me that lusty look of hers that had me almost creaming in my slacks. I felt almost hypnotized by her carnal stare, scarcely aware that Mom was unbuttoning my shirt and pulling it off me.

My statuesque and naked aunt came up and placed her hands on my bare chest as she rose up and kissed me, her tongue coated with Molly's pussy cream. As she shared Molly's sweet juices with me, her hands joined with Mom's to undo my slacks and free my aching cock. When I was naked, my sexy aunt squatted down in front of me, taking my cock in hand and stroking me gently. "Are you ready to give us a baby," she cooed, her tongue flicking out to tease my erect penis.

"Are you ready to fuck my Molly pregnant?" Debbie added as she rose up and kissed me again, joining with Mom to envelope me in mature, womanly flesh and guide me towards the bed.

As I climbed up on the bed, Mom reached out and touched my cheek and then leaned in and she kissed me, whispering, "Make me proud, John," and then slipping down to kiss the head of my erect cock. She looked up at me with so much love in her eyes and said, "For good luck."

Debbie then kissed me again, her tongue dancing with mine before she leaned down and kissed my throbbing cock head. "It's time, nephew. Make us a beautiful love child!" she breathed as I moved between Molly's widespread legs.

"Hi there, sugar," Molly said, her voice a little nervous. Mom and Deb eased down along either side of her and Molly let her attention wander away from me and my aching dick long enough to give each woman her tongue in an erotic kiss. I eased down until my cock was resting just above her flowered, sopping wet pussy, her heavy tits heaving with excitement.

"Are you ready for me, Molly?" I asked, surprised by the nervousness in my voice.

She nodded and replied, "Um, I think so." Then she grinned and said, "Sugar, I know we've fucked a couple of hundred times, but John, I swear I think I just forgot how to do it!" We both laughed, recognizing the line from the movie, *The Big Chill*.

"Yeah -- knowing we're trying to make a baby makes it all different, doesn't it?" I said.

Molly lifted her head up, bringing her lips to mine and we kissed, tongues making love as our bodies began to move against each other -- Molly rolling her pelvis with old familiarity and capturing the head of my cock between her labia, her arousal clearly evident in the wet heat her cunt was generating. "It does, John," Molly said in a quiet, almost breathless voice. "It makes it better! Fuck me, John. Let's make a baby!"

As one we moved together, Molly thrusting her hips upward as I drove my cock down into her and with one swift motion, I buried my cock inside her hot pussy to the root, grinding my hairy crotch against her smooth mound.

Debbie had taken Molly to the edge of orgasm before we entered the room and now she found release as I filled her pussy with my long, hard cock and she gave a scream of intense pleasure as I brought her over the edge into climax. "Oh, god, yessss!" Molly cried out as she arched her back and wrapped her arms and legs around my body, trying to will me as deep as possible into her womb. "Ohhhh, Debbielove, his cock feels sooo good," she crooned as waves of orgasmic pleasure wracked her body.

Molly opened her mouth, her tongue appearing, seeking company and before I could react, Debbie ducked in and was kissing her newlywed partner. Molly gurgled and moaned into Aunt Deb's mouth as I plunged in and out of her tight pussy, her sugar walls clinging to my shaft as I thrust deep inside her and slowly withdrew.

My body trembled with effort as I struggled to maintain control and hold off my own orgasm. Mom leaned over and kissed me and whispered words of support as I fucked Molly, trying to bury my aching cock as deep as I could go. "Momma's so proud of you, baby!" Mom sighed between wet kisses. "Make it good for her, John. Show Molly how good fucking is when you're trying for a baby!"

Then I was kissing Molly again, our eyes locked on each other as we increased the pace and intensity of our lovemaking. Sweat covered us and the room felt and smelled like a sauna room in a whorehouse -- the air full of pussy and more than a hint of semen as we fucked. Molly's orgasm had waned, but was now rising up in her again, her hard nipples scraping against my chest as her cunt began to spasm and tighten around my penis again and then I passed the point of no return.

"Here it comes, Molly," I moaned as I drove deep in her, feeling her hips roll upwards to take me just a fraction deeper. "Cumming, Molly -- giving you a baby, lover!" I went deep and felt my balls jerk painfully as I exploded inside her, thick heavy jets of sperm bursting forth from my cock and flooding her womb with hot semen.

Molly cried out, the intense pleasure of my ejaculations sending her into orgasm again and she mashed her lips against mine and my head reverberated with her squelched sobs as she held on tightly to me and welcomed my seed in her pulsating pussy. Pleasure locked us tight together as we came together. A quick glance to both sides revealed Mom and her sister close to us, both working fingers furiously in and out of their own cunts, eyes shining with excitement as they watched us fuck and cum.

Finally, we both collapsed, me keeping my weight off Molly with my elbows, my cock still throbbing and hard, buried in her cum soaked pussy. Molly grinned up at me and wheezed, "Oh sugar, your hot cum feels so good. I can feel your hot baby makers inside me, trying to make me pregnant!" She lay back helpless, pinned to the mattress by my cock. Aunt Deb moved in and began kissing her face, her tongue licking at her lover's lips, tasting her sweat and our mingled saliva.

Mom began to moan as she reached climax, four of her own fingers thrust deep inside her hairy cunt. I reached out with one hand and wrapped it around Mom's wrist and worked her hand in and out of her pussy -- glops of pussy cream smeared over her fingers. Mom sobbed and shivered as she came and then I took her juice soaked hand and began licking it off, Molly and Deb joining in. It was such a nasty scene, I felt my cock throb with need and slowly I began to pump into Molly's cunt again.

Molly stretched her limbs like a lazy cat and purred, "Mmmmm, yes -- I just know you've knocked me up, John, but sugar, nothing wrong with giving me some more of your big dick's hot jizzum!"

We began to fuck, sweet and slow and then fast and furious and then slow and sweet again. The edge now off my own need to cum, I knew I was good for a long fuck and I tried to make it good for Molly, finding her sweet spots and rolling and twisting my hips to allow my cock to touch them all. Soon, the sexy thing was writhing underneath me, her meaty, pert tits bouncing merrily as she moaned and scissored her legs, trying to take me as deep as possible.

Molly's eyes were glazed and her tongue peaked out, licking her lips as she began moaning, "Pussy! PUSSSSSYYYY NEED ITTTT! GIVE MEEE PUSSSYYYY!"

Deb, who had resumed fingering herself quickly moved to straddle her lover's face with her own pussy, squatting over Molly's mouth and letting her began to lick and nibble at her long labia, cunt cream dripping down to cover Molly's face. Mom clambered behind her sister and knelt there and wrapped her arms around Deb, cupping her sister's big tits with her hands in an effort to keep her steady and to help spur Aunt Debbie's impending orgasm on by pinching her long, swollen nipples.

My aunt's bald pussy right in front of my face served as a distraction to help me keep from cumming from the excitement of this carnal exhibit as I pressed my face into her pussy, my tongue joining with Molly's to lick Debbie's sodden cunt. Soon, Molly's cries of pleasure were mingling with Deb's sobs of orgasmic joy culminating in my aunt screaming her love for her family as she literally sprayed pussy cream all over her newly wedded lover's face.

Aunt Deb pitched over into a quivering heap of pleased flesh and Mom and I quickly began licking Molly's face clean of Deb's juices. "My turn," Mom sang out happily as she hurried to straddle Molly's face, rubbing her thick furred mound over Molly's open mouth, squealing with delight as Molly's long tongue plowed the furrow between Mom's thick lips.

What followed was so nasty and erotic -- the sounds of Molly slurping and licking and gasping for air as my mother rode her face, rocking back and forth as Molly's tongue pierced her pussy, delving deep inside Mom's hot twat while I pounded Molly's claspung cunt with my stiff, swollen penis. I leaned forward and was content to feel Mom's hairy muff caress my face as she sat on Molly's talented mouth. Soon, Molly had Mom moaning and groaning, her hands coming up and catching Mom's swinging breasts, pinching Mom's nipples hard as she tongued her until Mom began to sob from the sweet mix of pain and pleasure.

Mom's body stiffened and she closed her eyes and began biting her lower lip as orgasm turned her into a quivering mountain of lusty pleasure and the beauty of seeing Mom cum sent me over the

edge again and Molly began to scream, her voice muffled by Mom's creaming pussy as I pumped Molly's womb full of hot semen again.

Mom finally keeled over, sliding off Molly's face, leaving the young woman with a cunt cream facial. I drove my ejaculating cock deep one last time and began kissing Molly's face, cleaning her of my Mom's copious pussy juices while Molly's cunt milked the last of my seed from my now aching and weary cock.

"I love -- love -- love this family, John!" Molly whimpered as I showered her with kisses. "You've made me pregnant -- I just know you have and now our family can grow and be even more wonderful than ever!"

As her orgasm subsided, her eyes were fluttering and I knew she was on the edge of sleep. I kissed her and whispered, "Yes and you're going to be such a wonderful mother, Molly darling. Thank you for allowing me the privilege of being your baby's father." Molly smiled at me and started to reply, but then her eyes closed and she began to snore, stopping only to groan as I slowly wormed my semi-erect cock out of her grasping cunt.

I rolled over onto my back, trying to catch my breath when Mom and Debbie descended upon me and I groaned with pleasure as my overly sensitive cock responded to the two mature women eagerly cleaning my cock with their tongues, licking up my sperm and Molly's juices and then sharing them with each other.

After watching them kiss in such a way as to begin to revive my cock for another go, Deb curled up next to Molly who in her sleep snuggled up to her newly wed partner and sighed happily while Mom curled up with me. "I'm so proud of you, son," Mom whispered to me. "I can't begin to tell you how exciting it was to watch you just now -- more than ever before!" Mom kissed me long and passionately, her tongue a hungry animal seeking to be satiated. "When we get home, we'll work on making babies some more. Watching you with Molly makes me want to give you a child more than ever!"

Mom and I stayed with her sister and Molly all night and through most of the next day until they left on their honeymoon and Mom with a mixture of envy and satisfaction made sure that every load of my hot semen was delivered to Molly, filling her womb to overflowing with hot, baby-making seed.

When we kissed Molly and Deb goodbye at the airport, watching them fly off on their honeymoon, Molly thanked us for making her pregnant. When I asked her how she could be sure, Molly just smiled, her face lit with an almost holy glow and replied, "Sugar...I just know -- I reckon if a mother looks in her heart, she always knows."

Turns out, Molly knew what she was talking about. Five weeks later, as Mom was keeping busy with putting finishing touches on the house and I was settling into my new job near Lexington, we got a call from Molly and Deb announcing that our family was about to get bigger and that I was going to be a father!

Mom and I were almost as thrilled as if it was Mom that was pregnant. Lord knows we were trying, making love whenever we felt like it and we felt like it a lot! I knew there was a little sadness behind Mom's smile, but in a sense, she felt like this child was going to belong to all of us and in that I believe that was and is true. As Mom and I explored our new world together, eagerly looking towards our own wedding, the impending arrival of a child I had fathered was an equally exciting

adventure that Mom and I were taking part in. We could only hope that more blessings would follow. Only time would tell.

*To Be Continued...*