

ROSALITA CH. 02

Ahabscribe

Rosalita changes a mother and son's world forever.

Incest/Taboo

4.81

13.1k words

Well, I'm happy to announce I finally got this story out of my system. I think it's a good story but for some reason it was a bear to write. Something about Mom Cindy taking over the storyline just made it a more difficult decision. I hope you enjoy it. Any screw-ups on the Spanish language are my fault - no offense intended. Please let me know your thoughts on the story - didn't get too many comments on Chapter 01 (it's never too late - hint, hint!)

As always, this is a work of fiction and the characters are simply figments of my rather overactive imagination. Any resemblance to anyone living or dead is pure coincidence. Now, go - read - enjoy!

I got the call just as Rosalita and I were gasping for breath after a long wonderful bout of lovemaking. We had spent most of Saturday in bed together, still insatiable for each other after four weeks of being together. I could not keep my hands, mouth and cock away from my cinnamon skinned lover's body. We had been napping and I had woken to find Rosalita straddling my body – my cock in her warm mouth and her thick, furry muff hovering over my face – labia parted and drops of her sweet juices splashing on my face.

My mature lover had introduced me to the concept of the sixty-nine and I couldn't get enough of it. I raised my head and ran my tongue along the length of Rosalita's spread pussy, savoring her sweet taste as much as the muffled and soulful moan she gave in response. I was making every effort to know how to best please my Latino lover and felt that I was learning her little secret pleasure spots – especially that certain little point just under her clitoris that when probed gently with my tongue had such spectacular results.

"OHHHH JOHNNNNYYY – MI HIJOOOO!" Rosalita sobbed, rocking back onto my face. "I love that, but I can't take iiittttt!" she cried as she tightened her thighs' grip on my head as her cunt spasmed and flooded my face with her pussy juices. Rosalita sprawled forward and off me after a few more taunts from my tongue, onto her knees, her face against the sheets. "I love your mouth, hijo!" she panted.

My cock waved happily in the air, straight, long and stiff, getting harder at the image of my Rosalita's full ass raised as if in offering. I scrambled to my knees and positioned myself behind her – tilting her ass up slightly to give me better access to her fur covered pussy. I ran my cock up and down between her labia lips and Rosalita moaned, "Oh yes, mi amado hijo, FUCK MAMA, FUCK ME NOW, SON!"

With a feral, possessive growl, I thrust hungrily into Rosalita's steamy pussy – my growl becoming a happy sigh as her buttery soft flesh enfolded itself around my throbbing cock. The room filled with our cries and the aroma of our sweat and juices and pheromones as we made love with passion and hunger and complete abandon.

Rosalita's sobs and my groans of pleasure mixed in with the noises of sweaty, slapping flesh as we came together again and again. I leaned forward and slipped my hands around my lover to cup and

knead her bountiful, meaty breasts – eventually finding her blood engorged nipples, thick and swollen and pulled and teased them as I fucked my lover with everything I could muster.

Already primed by Rosalita's talented tongue, it didn't take me too long to reach the point of no return and as I began to cum deep inside Rosalita's cunt, my hot semen bathing her womb set off a tremendous orgasm in her. Together, we bucked and thrust and climaxed together for what seemed an eternity – only stopping when our bodies could take no more.

We collapsed together and wound up on our sides face to face. Rosalita gasped for breath and grinned saucily as she kissed me and said, "Every single time, hijo, is better than the time before. If this keeps up, your cock may wind up killing me."

Between gasps for air, I replied, "Well, we can give it up if we need to, Rosalita. I wouldn't want to..."

I didn't finish as Rosalita reached out and took my semi-erect cock in her hand and said, "Don't you even think it – I will never give up this lovely dick or the boy it is attached to." Rosalita kissed me again. "I love my little hijo, Johnny and his big cock!"

I flushed with pleasure, thrilled at Rosalita's words. "I love you, too my amado Rosalita. Te quiero, mi amado Rosalita." We were kissing again when my cell phone went off. "Ignore it," I whispered to my lover and we kissed some more, our tongues playing and dancing.

The cell phone finally stopped, but a minute later, it went off again. I was thinking clearly enough now to recognize Mom's ring tone. I sighed and resolved to ignore it, but Rosalita recognized it too and said, "You better answer it. If she's calling this late, it must be important."

I turned it on and said, "Mom? Everything okay?"

"Is this Johnny Holman?" It was a man's voice – tight and grumpy.

"Who is this? Where's my mother? What's wrong?" I sat up, suddenly scared.

"Settle down, son. Your Mom's fine. This is Deke Rogers – I manage Mallory's Pub – downtown on 9th Street. You need to come get your mother – she can't drive."

"What's wrong with her? Where is she?"

I heard a bored, exasperated sigh from the other end. "Mr. Holman, your mother's fine – she's just had a little too much to drink and can't drive - and she was having trouble dialing the phone, so I'm making the call. Come get your mother, son and take her home."

He hung up and I gave a sigh and explained the situation to Rosalita. My lover just stroked my face and smiling, said, "Go, my hijo. She needs your help." I dressed quickly as my mature lover watched – me marveling at the lack of jealousy or anger in this woman – her face betraying nothing but her love for me. "Be careful, Johnny – I love you, mi hijo," she said as she kissed me goodbye at the door, hiding behind it as I left.

As I drove, my mind ran over the heady world my life had become. The weeks following Rosalita and I becoming lovers were like nothing I had ever experienced before. It was as if losing my virginity to that lovely Hispanic woman was the trigger for world changing events – at least, world changing for me.

Seeing her at school was the hardest. Every time I saw my Rosalita going about her job as a school janitor, I just wanted to sweep her up in my arms and carry her off and make love to her – I hated that I couldn't even go up and kiss her, but she was adamant that our love remain a secret at least until after I graduated from school. But in the evenings, I would come to her and my cinnamon skinned beauty would be waiting for me, her beautiful, long black hair undone and we would make love and I would find peace and happiness wrapped up in her arms and legs,

In Rosalita's embrace, I would find everything I needed to make sense of a steadily growing crazy world. I was coming to the end of my high school career – we had two weeks left. My life was mostly consumed by going through the motions for my classes (I already had the required credits to graduate), playing the last games of the baseball season, and spending every possible free moment with Rosalita.

And Rosalita and I weren't the only ones whose lives had been turned upside down. Mom's flirting with me became more steadily obvious, especially after she and Dad sat me down the first week in May and announced that they were going to try a temporary separation. "We have some issues that your Mom and I need to work out," Dad said in his best 'fatherly' voice. Dad informed me that for a while, he was moving out, taking an apartment downtown to be nearer his office.

Now, I had known that things had been rocky between Mom and Dad for a few years. Their arguments had grown increasingly hostile and loud and it was no secret that the fire had gone out of their love life and that recent efforts to rekindle things had been a dismal failure. Dad appeared to have lost interest in sex just as Mom desired more and more.

Things grew even more complicated when just a few days after Dad moved, the rumors began to fly about Dad being seen in public with a young woman that used to work in his office. From the shouting matches Mom had with Dad over the phone, it sounded like Dad had simply moved in with this young woman and that the relationship had been ongoing for quite some time. I guess we were wrong about Dad and his interest in sex.

Mom took it hard. She was drinking more and spent a lot of time crying in her room. I tried to comfort her as best I could, but she either seemed to withdraw from me or flirt with me and I couldn't predict which way she would jump each time.

I pulled up in front of Mallory's. It was close to midnight and the place was nearly deserted. I confess I felt a pang of jealousy – Mallory's Pub had the reputation as a pick-up joint and I hated to think of Mom even wanting to visit. I made my way in and found Mom at the bar, staring sullenly into a mostly empty glass with an umbrella in it.

"Mom? Are you okay?" I said as I stood beside her and placed my hand on her arm.

I confess – Mom looked stunning. She had on a sexy black dress that showed everything off to best advantage – from the low cut halter strapped front showcasing her large, firm breasts, to the short hemline that highlighted her tanned, slender legs. The dress was tight, leaving no doubts about her gorgeous figure and her tight rear end. Mom's honey blonde hair hung down to her bare shoulders (something about bare shoulders really turns me on).

"Mom?" I said again. "C'mon, let's go home."

Mom turned slowly and looked at me and then moving slowly, she hugged me to her, pulling me tight against her lush body. I half expected her to start crying, but she just hugged me for a long time and then in a whisper that tickled my throat, said, "Please."

I took that as a request to take her home. I retrieved her car keys from the bartender and then, after making sure my car would be okay where it was, walked out of the bar with my arm around Mom's shoulders as she moved unsteadily to her sedan. Her car's front seat was a bench seat and after I got Mom inside and got behind the wheel, Mom scooted over and leaned herself into me. It was a little awkward as I pulled out, her breast pressing into my right arm, but in a minute, I adjusted to compensate by putting my arm around her.

We drove in silence for a while – the radio playing soft jazz very low and Mom snuggled up to me, her steady breath on my neck as she rested her head on my shoulder. We were several minutes from home when Mom finally said something – the last thing I would have expected to hear her to say to me.

"I can smell her on you, Johnny." Mom pressed her face up, her nose brushing my cheek. "I can smell Rosalita's pussy on you."

"Jeezus, Mom!" I hadn't given it much thought, but she was right. I had rushed out of Rosalita's place without washing up and my lover had creamed heavily on my face and in my hair.

Mom giggled. "It's no big deal. We both know you two have been fucking like minks. I would assume you would be going down on her. I'd be disappointed if you didn't. A man should know how to please a woman." She paused and sighed. "God knows your father never wanted to go down on me." Mom sighed again and I shivered as she again inhaled. "I said it before, son – your Rosalita is a lucky woman."

Mom snuggled a little closer, I could feel her nose brushing my neck. She made a little huffing noise. "I bet your father goes down on his little whore."

I took one hand off the steering wheel and squeezed Mom's hand. "Things will be alright, Mom." Yeah, it sounded lame, but I didn't know what else to say. Mom just sighed and squeezed my hand back, bringing it up and kissing it and then letting it rest in her lap the rest of the ride home.

I helped Mom inside and up the stairs to her room. I turned on the light and started to go when Mom stepped in front of me and did a little wiggle and her dress seemed to simply float off her, falling in a puddle at her feet. I groaned inwardly even as my cock jerked in response to her barely clad body. My mother stood before me in a black, strapless half bra – her aureoles partially exposed – and a black thong bikini. Mom, though drunk recognized a man ogling her when she saw it and smiled evilly. She turned around and said, "Undo my bra, honey."

I sighed and reached out – Mom making it difficult as she swayed unsteadily on her feet. She finally edged backwards to lean against me, her lithe body pressing against mine – her ass rubbing against the hard-on in my pants. I got the damned thing unhooked and Mom slipped out of it and fell into her bed, her tits bouncing invitingly as she did.

"Um, good night, Mom – call me if you need something."

Mom pouted and patted the bed next to her. "Stay, Johnny. Talk to me for a few minutes. I never get to see you anymore." She giggled. "Not since you and your older woman got all hot and heavy."

I felt my skin turn red – no, redder, since I had been blushing since Mom let her dress fall to the floor. "Sure, Mom," I replied, sitting down on the edge of the bed, my eyes traveling back and forth

between her face and her full, still very firm breasts – her nipples hard and swollen. Mom's nipples weren't as big as Rosalita's, but they were much longer.

"Well, the one good thing about tonight was I found out that this older woman can still get plenty of attention," Mom said matter-of-factly.

"Oh yeah?" I said, not really sure I wanted to hear this.

"You betcha! I bet I had a dozen guys hit up on me tonight. I guess I still have it," she said as she took her hands and cupped her breasts, making them jiggle slightly. "You young guys sure love big tits!"

I opened my mouth and didn't know what to say, so I closed it again. Mom sighed then and said, "Some were good looking young studs – just a little older than you, son. But, I didn't have the heart to leave with any of them. I turned them all down cold."

My curiosity got the better of me. "Why not, Mom?" I asked.

"I – I just realized that I didn't want to get fucked by some strange dick. I wanted someone to make love to me – someone who loved me." Mom sniffled and her eyes began to tear up. I reached over to the bedside table and snatched up some tissues. Mom looked up at me, her blue eyes searching my matching ones for the answer to some unasked question. "I don't want just sex, son. I want to be loved."

Mom began to cry and I gave her the tissues and I sat with her while she had a good cry. After a bit, her sobs became sniffles and then she was snoring softly. I sat a while longer, looking at my lovely mother. Finally, I leaned over and kissed her on the lips, and whispered, "I love you, Mom."

Mom moaned a little and mumbled, "I love you too, baby." She turned on her side and returned to her gentle snoring. I covered Mom up with a blanket and went to my room.

I sat in a chair next to a window and watched the empty street below. Things just seemed to be getting crazier and crazier. Mom's flirting became more outrageous with each passing day whether she was sober or not. The hugs and kisses and rubbing up against me were a constant thing now at home as were her becoming more immodest.

Mom thought nothing now of walking naked by my room, claiming to have run out of fresh towels after a shower or to leave her door open while dressing. Tonight, she had left her skimpy panties on, but I didn't need to pull them off to know that Mom had had a lovely pussy lightly covered with golden brown hair or that a few days ago, she had shaved her pussy bare, leaving her tender, thick labia as bare as the day she was born.

I wanted Mom like an addict wants drugs, but – over the same last few weeks, I had realized that I was truly in love with Rosalita and I had decided that I would not be unfaithful to her. I saw the pain that Mom was in over Dad's cheating and I could not – would not make Rosalita endure the same pain. In the meantime, I would resist my incestuous desires and spend a lot of sleepless hours thinking of Rosalita and Mom and a few restless hours of dreaming of both the important women in my life.

In the morning I woke up to the smell of bacon and eggs. I quickly dressed and headed downstairs. Mom stood at the stove, wearing one of my dress shirts and I suspected little else – looking sexy with her hair bed-tousled and face clean of make-up. She had looked beautiful last night with her

make-up on, almost like some movie star or something, but I always had thought Mom didn't need much of that and looked prettier without it.

"Morning, sleepy head," Mom said, turning on bare feet to watch me sit down at the table. "Breakfast is almost ready."

"How are you feeling, Mom?" I asked, trying to not notice how sexy her ankles and thighs were.

Mom shrugged her shoulders and said, "Better than I expected. A bit of a headache is all." She came to the table with two plates of food. Mom leaned forward, showing off her breasts when my old shirt gaped open, only half the buttons done up. We began eating and Mom said, "I'm sorry I interrupted your night with Rosalita." She paused to eat a bite of food and then said, "Of course, it's nice to have you here on a Sunday morning. I've missed that these last couple of months."

I wolfed down my food; feeling famished and then said, "I have to admit, Mom. You've been really cool about Rosalita and me."

"How do you mean, Johnny?" Mom said, smiling at me.

I felt myself blushing as I replied, "Well, I'm sleeping with a woman who's forty-two years old – actually a year older than you, Mom. You seem to act like it's perfectly normal – you've never even objected when I spend the night with Rosalita."

Mom looked at me in a way that made me feel a bit nervous – like a cat studying its prey. "Son – it's like I told you before. I've known for years how you feel about older women. I've seen how you would look at my friends – Kelly MacArthur and I used to think it was so cute to see you walking around with an erection while trying to peek at us when we would be sunbathing. I always knew that you would wind up falling in love with an older woman. Maybe I'm a little surprised by the woman you picked, but you're old enough to make your own decisions – I think it would be silly to fight about it."

Part of me – the part that decided whether or not my cock gets hard, wanted me to follow up on her comment about being surprised by my choice – I was both anxious and fearful to hear her answer. Somehow, I resisted the temptation to ask. Instead, I just shook my head and grinned. "You're the greatest Mom a son could have."

Mom laughed as she gathered up our plates and kissed me on top of my head, rubbing herself against me as she did so. "And you can have me whenever you want, baby," Mom said, winking at me over her shoulder as she walked to the sink.

I sat there speechless for a minute until she rolled her eyes at me and said, "Go. Go spend the day with your hot woman or MILF or whatever they call it these days. I ruined your Saturday night – go have fun with your Rosalita."

That was the hardest thing I ever had to do. In one breath, Mom had come on to me yet again and with the next, she gave me her blessing to go fuck another woman. "I love you, Mom." I said in a voice barely above a whisper.

Mom looked back at me, leaning against the sink, my dress shirt riding up to reveal the bottoms of her firm ass cheeks, her long, tanned legs looking so sexy – so inviting. "I love you too, son. Now go on – go visit your woman. Go fuck up a storm."

Later that afternoon, feeling satisfied that I had obeyed my mother to the best of my capabilities; I was resting in Rosalita's bed, her sweaty body on top of mine – my weary, but happy cock having just slipped from the loving embrace of her warm, cum-filled cunt. Our heartbeats were both just slowing down and we both luxuriated in the sweet sensation of our bodies pressed together in the afterglow of our lovemaking.

One of the great things about Rosalita was that I felt I could tell her anything. I guess all great loves are like that. It felt good to be able to talk to someone about Mom and my feelings and all that.

Rosalita rested against me, her head propped up on one hand and she gently ran her fingernails over my chest. "Your poor mother – she's just so lonely. I understand that." For a second – I saw the old sadness pass by in her eyes and then she smiled and said, "Thank you, hijo, for changing that for me." She leaned over and kissed me, her tongue soft in my mouth.

"Your mother will be okay, Johnny. It will just take time, I think." Rosalita studied me closely as I nodded – my expression surely betraying that I was still conflicted about Mom's situation.

"Johnny, tell me something – promise me you will tell the truth," Rosalita said.

"Anything, mi amado." I replied.

Rosalita paused as if gathering up the right words, and then looked me in the eye. "Johnny, we both know you have fantasized about your mother – the thought of fucking your mom turns you on." Her hand slipped down my chest and stomach and found my cock – sure enough it was beginning to stir. "Your mother wants you – it sounds like she's made that clear, hijo. What's keeping you from making love to her?"

I felt my face burn even as I felt my cock grow in Rosalita's hand. "It's you Rosalita – I love you and I would never be unfaithful to you."

Rosalita smiled and her face beamed lovingly at me as she whispered, "Awww, mi amado hijo." Again we kissed and I sighed as she slowly worked her hand up and down my shaft. "You are such a wonderful man," she said softly when our kiss ended. "I almost feel guilty keeping me all to myself. And I feel honored that you would love me so much that you would give up your heart's desire."

My need for Rosalita swelled within me then and I said, "You are my heart's desire. You are my great love!" I rose up and kissed my Latina lover, using my body on hers to roll her over on her back. As I climbed between her quickly spread thighs, my hands running up and down her luscious body, I gasped, "You are all I ever need or want!"

With a quick thrust of my hips, I slipped inside my Rosalita – her semen drenched cunt welcoming me home, her pussy muscles quickly tightening around my swollen cock.

Rosalita's dark eyes sparkled with carnal joy as she flung her pelvis upwards, taking me as deep as possible inside her womb. I ducked and licked her swollen nipples, catching one engorged digit with my teeth as her huge breasts rolled and wobbled and making her moan as I bit it slightly. "Ohhhhh, mi hijo, fuck me, Johnnnyy! Fuck your Mama Rosalita.

The room, already pungent with our sex, filled afresh with the intoxicating aroma of Rosalita's wet pussy, spurring me to ride her harder and faster with each thrust. Rosalita's legs came up and tightened against my sides, even as she pulled her knees back to open herself deeper to my probing cock. "Te quiero, mi amado Rosalita," I cried as I felt myself slip a little further inside her. My

tongue teased her nipples and then found its way upwards to run over her lower lip, discovering her teeth, biting the luscious lip. Her moans became muffled as I kissed her, her tongue greeting my own with a lewd, wet dance.

"Fuck me, Johnny! Fuck me the way you would fuck your mother!" Rosalita panted as I plunged in and out of her grasping pussy. Her words excited us both and we lost ourselves in a frantic fucking motion of cock and pussy, hands and lips and moans and sobs. I felt Rosalita grabbing my ass cheeks with her hands, nails digging in as she tried to urge me deeper into her wet, molten hot cunt. "Fuck me, hijo – show Mama what a man you are!" Rosalita sobbed and I couldn't take it anymore.

I plunged inside her to the hilt, my pubic hairs entangling with hers and with a cry, I quit fighting against the urge to cum and let myself explode inside her steamy womb. "I love you, Mom!" I shouted as I filled my lover with my sperm. "I love you, Mama Rosalita!"

We kissed and cuddled as we caught our breath – silently speaking volumes with our eyes as we savored each other's touch. We both grew sleepy – our need for each other sated for the moment. As I drifted off to sleep, Rosalita's head on my chest, my hand stroking her luxurious long, black hair, I heard her sigh and whisper, "I am so happy, mi hijo – I would give you anything to make you this happy."

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And then it finally happened – Graduation. After twelve years of intermittent boredom – I was finally getting out of school. We held the ceremony inside the gymnasium – us graduates marching in and sitting on the portable bleachers set up on the stage. As we walked down the aisle between our beaming parents and siblings and other loved ones, I looked for Rosalita, but didn't find her.

Once in our seats, I looked for her some more, but didn't see her. Mom, I found quickly. Mom looked gorgeous in a tight olive colored jersey dress that molded itself to her body, showing off her voluptuous figure – the hemline designed to show off her shapely legs. Mom's honey colored hair framed her lovely face – the only thing detracting from her beauty being her swollen, red eyes. Mom had had a furious fight with Dad on the phone an hour before we had left for school. Dad and his new gal had decided to go off to Vegas for the weekend and he called to let me know he just wasn't able to be there for my graduation. I'm not sure what the real story was – whether his new girlfriend was leading him around by his cock or if he was scared to be in the same room as Mom.

People spoke, we heard a couple of songs from the High School glee club, we all walked across the stage, collected our diplomas and then as the Principal declared us graduates, we flung our caps into the air and just like that – we were done with high school.

We milled around on stage for a moment, exchanging high fives and hugs and then we began to make our way to our families. Like a scene from a movie, as I made my way through the crowd – people suddenly parted and there stood my Rosalita.

She was so beautiful it took my breath away. Rosalita was wearing a cream colored dress that emphasized her tawny reddish-brown skin and ended just above her knees. It left her shoulders bare and the neckline curved dangerously downward, prominently displaying the upper halves of her massive breasts. My lover's hair was braided in a French Twist and draped over her shoulder.

We looked at each other for a moment and then came together, her bussing me on the cheek and giving me a passionate hug. "Mi hijo, I am so proud of you!" Rosalita exclaimed. We held on to each

other, her arms around my neck while I encircled her waist and grinned a bit silly at each other while pretending not to be kinda embarrassed to be together in public.

We hugged again and then my heart beating madly, I kissed her on the lips. "I love you, Rosalita," I murmured as we embraced. I wondered if we were causing a scene with our display of affection but part of me didn't care and the rest of me was just caught up in her glorious, loving smile.

"Well, there you are!" I felt Rosalita stiffen slightly in my arms as I heard my Mom call out from behind me. Rosalita blushed and began to untangle herself from my embrace. I turned to see Mom standing there, beaming at us. She stepped up and hugged me, kissing me on the corner of my mouth. "I'm so proud of you, honey!" Mom exclaimed, her hand stroking my cheek as she ended her hug.

Mom turned and smiled at Rosalita. "Hello. I'm Cindy – Johnny's mother. I have so been looking forward to meeting you!" Mom held out her hand.

Rosalita smiled back and bravely stepped forward. "It's nice to meet you, Cindy. I'm Rosalita." Mom and she shook hands, taking their time about it – sizing each other up with me standing in the middle. I felt both nervous as a hen at a party of foxes and as proud as a young man with two beautiful women around him could be.

Mom gave Rosalita a close look over and then turned to me and said, "Your girlfriend is beautiful, Johnny! I can understand why you fell for her."

I reached out and took Rosalita's hand. "Yes, she is, Mom. Rosalita is a wonderful woman."

Rosalita replied, "Thank you, Cindy. You know you have a wonderful son. I know you must be so proud." Then, maybe to show she wasn't intimidated, she said, "I see that Johnny gets his good looks from you. You look lovely this evening – I wish I had your figure."

Mom blushed and said, "That is so sweet. I'm so glad we've finally met." With her free hand, she again grasped Rosalita's hand and said, "We have so much to talk about. I was planning to take Johnny out to dinner to celebrate graduation. Could you please join us?"

"I would love to, but I don't want to intrude – this is a family night," Rosalita replied.

Mom shook her head and said, "Oh no, and let's be honest about it. You are as much family now as anyone. I would really love to get to spend some time with you and Johnny."

And so that's how I found myself seated between the two most important women in my life at Magglio's Restaurant, feeling a little like a cow invited to a Bar-B-Q. Mom and Rosalita chatted about mundane things for the longest time. The weather, my college plans, embarrassing stories from my childhood and other inconsequential things.

At one point, Rosalita placed her hand on the table and without thinking, I placed my hand over hers and we instinctively let our fingers intertwined. Mom paused in mid-sentence to stare at our little display of affection and then looked up and smiled at both of us. In her eyes seemed to be a mix of emotions at play – love, tenderness, regret and maybe jealousy. Under that powerful gaze, I felt Rosalita shiver and she began to withdraw her hand from mine.

"No, please – don't," Mom murmured. "Please, Johnny – Rosalita, don't be shy around me. I think it's sweet to see two people so obviously in love."

Rosalita paused and I seized the moment to tighten my grip on her hand, squeezing in encouragement. "Thank you, Mom," I said, my voice tight with emotion.

Rosalita started to speak and then paused as if unsure what she should say, lowering her eyes to look at our intertwined hands... Finally, a quiet little smile played across her lips and she raised her head and replied to Mom, "Thank you, Cindy."

Rosalita took a deep breath and continued. "I have been very worried about how you and your husband would react to what has happened with Johnny and me. Johnny has told me again and again that you were fine with us being...lovers, but still, I know it has to be hard to understand, an eighteen year old man and a forty-two year old woman..." Rosalita's courage faltered and she was unable to go on.

Mom shook her head and reached out and squeezed Rosalita's free hand for a moment. "I am completely fine with you and my son, dear. Johnny and I have already had this conversation – he's probably told you that I've known for years his – um, preference for older women. I've been readying myself for this for a long time and the only thing I would ever be concerned with is that my son falls in love with a good woman. And I can just tell already that you are that, Rosalita. I'm happy for you – I'm happy for both of you."

Mom paused and took a sip of wine. She seemed to consider something for a moment and then continued. "In fact, I suppose I'm a little jealous, considering my current situation. What I wouldn't give to find love with a handsome young man that would make me smile the way Johnny makes you smile."

"That is so sweet of you, Cindy," said Rosalita in a voice that was barely above a whisper. "I feel lucky to have Johnny. You have raised a wonderful son." She hesitated for a second and then said in a rush. "He's more than wonderful – your son is a tender, considerate lover."

Mom glowed with that compliment and replied, "Yes, Johnny is a handsome sexy thing, isn't he?" She giggled as she took another sip of wine. "If I wasn't his mother, I would be all over him in a second." Mom giggled again and her face turned red. "I guess that sounds awful, doesn't it – me talking about my own son like that?"

Rosalita's face began to flush as well and in a quiet voice she replied, "No. I understand completely."

Both Mom and Rosalita appeared shocked to have talked so forthright and the conversation quieted down considerably, both women seemingly lost in thought. We finished our meal and I helped both lovely ladies into Mom's car. Once I was buckled up, I glanced at Mom in the rear view mirror and at my lover next to me. "Where to, ladies?"

Mom smiled at me and said, "This is a night for celebration. Why don't you drop me off at home, Johnny and you two go have some fun?"

Before I could protest, Rosalita turned in the seat and said, "Oh no! This is an important night for you too, Cindy. Besides, we just met – I'd love to talk to you more – get to know you better."

Mom appeared pleased by Rosalita's suggestion but she shook her head and said, "Oh no – you lovers should be alone and do what lovers do. You don't need a third wheel interfering with your love life."

"No! Please, stay with us," Rosalita said in an insistent voice. She turned to me and said, "Convince her, mi hijo." Rosalita reached out and touched my shoulder, drawing my gaze into her eyes. Her beautiful eyes told me that she wasn't being just polite.

"Please, Mom," said. "We both want you to stay with us. It's a beautiful night – we could go home and maybe just hang out in the back yard by the pool. Maybe toast my graduation with some champagne." I put a teasing tone in my voice. "You have that bottle of twenty year old Dom Perignon that Dad was saving for a big occasion. Why don't we break it open and celebrate?"

Mom laughed evilly at the idea of drinking Dad's prized bottle of bubbly and shook a finger at me. "Well, maybe Rosalita and I could have a little bit of champagne, but you're not twenty-one yet. Remember, you're still underage for drinking, young man."

Rosalita laughed with her and said, "A little champagne sounds good to me, Cindy. We can always buy Johnny a coke."

Despite the teasing, once we got back to our house, Mom did let me have a little of the champagne (which I'll be honest – I'd have just as soon had a beer), and we found ourselves relaxing in the lounge chairs by the pool. Mom and Rosalita chatted while I mostly listened, still finding it unnerving to be with both the most important women in my life.

Mom talked about her childhood in Missouri and Rosalita talked about the loss of her husband and son. Some tears were shed by both women and they hugged when Mom stood up and moved to sit with Rosalita. They were both getting a little tipsy from the champagne and I found myself with a hard-on by the time they finished their embrace.

"Oh Rosalita – I'm so sorry for your loss. I cannot imagine life without Johnny," Mom said, sniffing. "I don't know how you managed to go on."

Rosalita wiped her tear streaked face and nodded, looking over at me and letting the pain slip away as she smiled at me. "For a while, Cindy, I wasn't sure I would – but God sent a little angel to me to give me strength and then he sent him back to me all grown up to remind me what love was again. Te quiero, mi amado hijo."

Mom sighed at Rosalita's words. "Awww, that's sounds so lovely. What does it mean, Rosalita?"

"I love you, my beloved..." Rosalita paused, her eyes traveling from my mom to me and back to Mom. "Um – my beloved son."

Mom shivered at the words. She turned and looked at me and despite being fully clothed, I felt like she was seeing me stark naked. My cock throbbed at her intense, longing gaze. "That sounds sooo beautiful. Te quiero...mi...?" She looked at Rosalita for help.

Rosalita licked her lips nervously and said, "Mi amado hijo – my beloved son." There was unusual tension in her voice.

Mom turned and looked at me with a fiery gleam in her eyes, "Te quiero, mi amado hijo." We looked at each other for long seconds – desire written in both our eyes and then Mom turned back to Rosalita sitting next to her. "That's so lovely, Rosalita – it sounds sooo romantic, and," Mom's facial expression went from dreamy desire to naughtily lewd, "Very sexy – you call Johnny, son? Does he call you Mom too?"

Mom seemed to be breathing funny – her breasts, tightly wrapped in that jersey dress were heaving noticeably in the dim lights by the pool.

Rosalita had a funny look on her face as she replied softly, "Well, Cindy – like I said earlier, I understand, I think, how you feel about Johnny."

Mom's eyes widened and I think she realized for the first time just how much I confided in Rosalita. "Oh my," she whispered and then she stood up and fanned herself with her hand. "Is it me or is it getting hotter out here?"

The tension in the air was so thick it should have been visible. Part of me wanted to suggest that Rosalita and I get on our way. My cock was throbbing and I never felt more hungry to fuck my Latina lover than I did at that moment, but part of me didn't want this moment to end and I was as surprised as anyone when I blurted out, "How about we all take a swim? Maybe that will cool things off."

Mom laughed and the tension seemed to flood away. "That sounds like a wonderful idea, honey."

Rosalita looked intrigued and nodded, but replied, "I'd love to, but I didn't bring a suit."

"Oh that won't matter," exclaimed Mom, reaching down and pulling Rosalita to her feet. "I'm sure we can find you something to wear." Mom smiled at me and said, "Go put on your trunks, Johnny and Rosalita and I will see what I have available."

Just the thought of Mom and Rosalita in bathing suits made my cock throb and I was sure both could see the bulge in my slacks as I climbed out of my lounge chair. "I can't wait," I said, unable to keep the eagerness out of my voice.

Both women giggled and Mom rolled her eyes and said as she led Rosalita off, "I bet! Well, we'll try not to disappoint."

I think I was finished changing and back down at the pool in about four minutes. I was wearing regular boxer type swim trunks – knowing there was no way I could get on my smaller, tighter swim trunks with the erection I was sporting. Several minutes passed before I heard the voices of Rosalita and Mom coming from the house. My cock hadn't softened a bit as I imagined the two sexiest women on the planet upstairs in Mom's bedroom changing into swimsuits. All sort of naughty images swam through my imagination.

When they stepped through the door, I realized I was in big trouble. Mom was wearing a light green bikini – its sparse material of the top covering perhaps fifty percent of her large breasts. It came with a matching green bottom and I knew before she even turned around that it was a g-string, her shapely, well toned cheeks completely bare.

Beside Mom, holding her hand and looking a little shy was my Rosalita. Mom had found her a white string bikini top that seemed to cover her nipples and areolas and little more. Her mountainous tit flesh jiggled and swayed and threatened to break free from the scant few inches of material that failed to cover her lovely breasts. She wore what I assumed were her almost sheer bikini panties that matched the cream colored dress she had worn to my graduation. Her thick pubic hair shadowed the material, doing more than hinting at her luxurious and thick bush.

"Wow!" I said. "Now you two are definitely are worth waiting for!"

Rosalita snickered despite her apparent embarrassment and said, "Would you look at him. Johnny is in hog heaven."

Mom nodded and said, "Two sexy older woman – his greatest fantasies come to life!" I was standing at the edge of the pool as they approached, enjoying the sexy view my mother and my lover were giving me. Mom turned and said something to Rosalita, whispering it so I couldn't hear.

I felt my heart pounding as they neared me. Both grinned at me and when they reached me, both Mom and Rosalita leaned in, their breasts brushing my arms, and gave me a kiss on each cheek. Then they pushed me into the pool.

I came up sputtering, spitting out the chlorine tinted water. "I – I can't believe you did that – that was just mean." I said, attempting to sound flustered, but laughing beside myself. "You know, payback's gonna be a bitch!"

Mom snickered and said, "First you have to catch me!" Mom dove into the pool, slicing through the water to emerge on the far side, hanging onto the edge and laughing at me. "C'mon in, Rosalita."

I bobbed in the water close to where Rosalita was standing, looking at the water uncertainly. "What's wrong, sweetheart?" I asked.

Rosalita bit her lower lip and then grinned. "I'm not sure I should jump in – I'm not sure this top will stay on." She ran her hands lightly over her barely covered tits, emphasizing the shortage of cloth. "This was the only thing of your Mom's that came close to fitting."

I giggled and said, "It's okay, Rosalita. We're all adults here, aren't we?"

Rosalita decided to take the safe route though, walking around to near where Mom was floating and then sitting on the edge of the pool and easing herself down into the water. "Mmmmm, this feels wonderful, Cindy!" my lover murmured.

I began to swim towards them, but Mom and Rosalita kept their distance. "Watch out for him, Cindy – he's going to try something," Rosalita giggled as they swam away from me.

"What?" I protested, putting on an air of innocence. "We're just all hanging out, right?" I would edge towards them and Mom and my lover kept slipping away. We began to chat again – innocuous things as I tried to lull them into complacency. Eventually, they made their way into the deepest part of the pool, hanging onto the edge, their breasts serving to keep them buoyant and looking sexy at the same time – their luscious tit flesh half in and half out of the water.

I suddenly dived and paddled furiously through the dimly lit water, targeting Mom for attack. I swam up beneath her and took hold of her long, shapely legs and pulled her down.

Mom reached down to swat me, her legs and arms all akimbo underneath the water and then we both came up, me laughing and Mom sputtering. "You monster!" she growled. "Is that anyway to treat your beautiful, sainted mother?"

"Beautiful, yes, but sainted?" I wagged my eyebrows at Mom. "Not many saints could look that sexy in a bikini, Mom." I swam around her – keeping a close eye on Rosalita who was trying to put a little distance from us.

Mom blushed at my comments, but looked pleased. "You are an awful, naughty boy, aren't you?" Mom said, trying not to laugh.

"Yeah, naughty to the core, Mom," I replied and dived again, swimming swiftly towards Rosalita's kicking legs. I swam upwards till I had my hands on Rosalita's waist and pulled her down, her struggling and fighting all the way. Under the water, her hair slipped out the braid and spread out wonderfully in the water. I pulled Rosalita to me and kissed her under the water as she struggled to get out of my grip.

Rosalita kicked for the surface and I followed, suddenly aware of a strip of cloth in my hands. As I surfaced beside my lover, her face betrayed panic and surprise and she gasped "Mi hijo – my top – you tore off my top!"

I had the thin strip of fabric that was her bikini top in my hands. I looked at it for a second and then at my lovely Rosalita – trying to cover up her mammoth breasts with her hands and stay afloat at the same time. "Give it back to me, Johnny. I'm practically naked!" Rosalita extended her hand for the bikini top and then jerked it back as she left exposed her left breast – nipple hard either from the cool air or something else.

"Uh huh," I replied. "And what's wrong with that?" I held out the strip of cloth and then threw it over her head – the wet piece of fabric landing on one of the lounge chairs with a wet plop. "I think you look fine," I teased as I swam towards her, suddenly needing to kiss her.

Rosalita's arms went around me as I embraced her – allowing her huge breasts to pillow against my bare chest – hard nipples poking into my chest. "I think you look beautiful, Rosalita." I kissed her then, ignoring Mom's presence (or maybe because I knew she was watching), and kissing her hard and passionately – my tongue probing into her mouth.

We kissed for long seconds. I became aware that Rosalita was tightening her embrace, her arms wrapped tight around me and then I became aware of the trap and it was too late. I felt hands tugging at my swim trunks and wrapped in Rosalita's arms, I was unable to fend off Mom who had dived underneath and was dragging my trunks off over my kicking legs.

"YESSS!" I heard Mom shout in triumph as she surfaced a few feet away, holding my swim trunks up like a trophy. "We women have to stick together." Rosalita broke off the kiss, and pushed away – giggling like a school girl.

I treaded water as I assessed my situation – stark naked in a swimming pool with my mature girlfriend and my mother. Oh, and sporting a significant erection. "Um – can I have my trunks back, Mom?"

Mom giggled and winked at Rosalita. "Why, I'm not sure – why don't you ask your girlfriend?" Mom said.

Rosalita continued to giggle and her eyes had a strange look – akin to the look she would give me when I was between her legs and about to plunge deep into her wetness. "No – I don't think so, Cindy. Maybe they should join my top in that lounge chair."

"Good idea," Mom replied and with a flick of her arm, sent my shorts flying over my head to plop down in the grass behind the lounge chair. "Oops – I missed," Mom said smugly. "You can always climb out and get them, son."

I felt my face reddening even as my cock seemed to swell even more. "Geez," I said lamely. "I'm naked in here."

Mom laughed and said, "Oh really, let's check it out!" Mom dived beneath the surface, followed by Rosalita. Their distorted images were clearly visible as they approached me. I tried to cover up my aroused cock with my hands, but Mom and Rosalita each took one of my arms and pulled them away. I sank below the surface then and shook my finger at my Latina lover and my mother while they stared at my erect penis. I reached out to grab Rosalita and when she moved out of range, turned to face Mom who had drifted closer – her eyes on my cock. Too late she reacted and as she turned to swim away, my fingers grabbed onto her bikini top and it snapped as it was hung on my fingers.

We all surfaced and suddenly tension seemed to descend upon us and we all hovered in place, my eyes taking in both women's breasts. Mom broke the silence finally, an evil, needy smile on her face. "Somebody's got a hard-on!" she said in a sing-song voice.

"I think someone really likes big tits!" Rosalita said in the same tone of voice.

"The question is, what's Johnny going to do about it?" said Mom – her voice suddenly sounding unsure.

Rosalita suddenly pounced, swimming to me and kissing me, her nipples rubbing deliciously against my bare skin as her hand descended to wrap around my aching cock. "No, it's what I'm going to do with it," she hissed as she briefly broke our kiss. "Make love to me, mi amado hijo. I felt Rosalita's legs come up and wrap around me, now clinging to me, hunching her panty covered pussy against my erection.

I kissed her back – our tongues dancing together as I worked us over to the side of the pool, my hands reaching down and tearing her thin panties apart to get to her furry mound. In the back of my mind, a part of me marveled at the fact I was about to fuck my girlfriend in front of my mother.

Mom realized that too – that her son and his lover had suddenly lost their inhibitions and she stared at us hungrily as we kissed and touched. Suddenly, as if she had awoken from a dream, she moved towards the other end of the pool. "Um, I think I'll just leave you two lovebirds alone," she said with longing and desire in her voice.

Rosalita stopped her with a quiet, "No." She stared intently at my mother. "We want you to stay – stay and watch us, Cindy." Rosalita supported herself by laying her arms on the concrete lip of the pool. Beneath the water, her thighs parted and she hunched her naked pelvis up against my swollen dick. "Please, watch your son and me make love, Cindy."

Mom was standing in the wading area – her eyes now wide, both with desire and fear. Her breasts, full and firm heaved as she tried to catch her breath and her nipples seemed to swell before our eyes – appearing like ripe berries about to burst. "Stay, Cindy," commanded my lover. I want you to see how well your son makes love." The head of my cock found its way between Rosalita's labial lips and she let out a small moan. Stay and watch – mi amado hijo wants his mother to see how good he makes a woman feel."

Mom staggered over to sit on the edge of the pool. She gasped as I felt Rosalita raised her legs and drive her heels into my ass cheeks, urging me to slip deep inside her. Rosalita's moan as my cock filled her fiery pussy was met and matched by a moan from Mom.

"Oh my god," sighed my mother, her eyes roaming hungrily over Rosalita and me.

Rosalita had her arms and legs wrapped around me and used me as leverage to thrust herself back and forth on my cock. I could feel Rosalita's heart pounding against my chest as her hard nipples scraped my skin – her heart's beats kept time with the throbbing pulse of her cunt massaging my erect penis. My lover's gaze moved back and forth, staring into my eyes and then over my shoulders at Mom.

"Isn't he beautiful, Cindy?" Rosalita gasped as I sank deep within her fiery womb. Isn't our Johnny, our lovely hijo beautiful?" She moaned as I ground myself into her, my pubic hairs tangling with hers, her pussy muscles flexing and caressing my hard shaft. We kissed, our tongues thrusting and probing and making love on their own as she held me tightly within her, hunching herself against me, keeping my cock buried in her loving cunt.

"Ohhhh god, yessss," Mom sobbed. "You're both so beautiful, making love."

Rosalita ended our kiss, wantonly licking my lips as she did so. "You want your son, don't you, Cindy? You want mi amado hijo to take you, fuck you, make love to you, don't you?"

Mom groaned but didn't reply. Rosalita pressed on as I stared at her in awe and wonder. "It's okay to admit it, Cindy. I understand. I used to dream about my son – grown to be a man, a fine man like Johnny and I would imagine him making love to me, making me his woman. Johnny has brought my dreams to life for me – I love him and I know he loves me..." Rosalita sighed then as a pre orgasmic shiver ran through her. She smiled at me then, her love for me evident, both as a lover and a mother.

"I know how you feel, Cindy – you love Johnny more than anything and Cindy, he loves you too. He wants you too – I can feel him inside of me, not just hard for me, Cindy, but for you – for his mother!"

"Yessss," Mom whimpered and I looked over my shoulder at Mom. She sat on the edge of the pool, legs spread wide and one hand fingering her pussy – her bikini bottom pushed aside to reveal her shaved cunt. Mom's nipples were huge, her other hand fondling and pinching them. Mom's face and chest were red with a sexual flush. Her eyes were glazed with sexual hunger and need.

"Out of the pool, mi hijo," whispered Rosalita in my ear. I don't know how we did it, but we managed to swim across to the shallow end of the pool still joined together, cock and pussy and then I walked us out, Rosalita's arms and legs wrapped tight around me as we emerged from the water. Each step seemed to drive my cock a little deeper into Rosalita's motherly womb, eliciting little cries of pleasure from her.

I lowered us to one of the larger padded lounge chairs and we began to fuck frantically. Mom had spun around, legs still spread, fingering herself as she watched Rosalita and me fuck. "Fuck me, Johnny! Fuck your Mama Rosalita, mi amado hijo. I – I love you, love you MI HIJO!"

Rosalita's orgasm exploded on her and she began to buck wildly underneath me. "FUCK ME, HIJO! SHOW YOUR OHHHH GODDD, SHOW YOUR MOTHER HOW GOOD YOU MAKE A WOMANNN FEELLL. I LOVE YOU, JOHNNYYY!" I couldn't hold myself back any longer and I felt myself explode inside Rosalita's womb, spraying hot semen inside her milking cunt. We both filled the night air with moans and sobs as we seemed to cum and cum and cum, our faces cheek to cheek as we looked at my mother frantically fingering her pussy, three fingers plunging in and out of her wet, glistening cunt.

As our mutual orgasm faded, between gasps for air, Rosalita hissed in my ear, "Stay hard, mi hijo – stay hard for your mother. She needs you, Johnny. Your mother needs your hard cock." Despite shivering from her orgasm, my Rosalita managed to work her cunt muscles, massaging my cock, urging it to keep hard. Rosalita's words helped make that an easy chore. "Look at your Mom, hijo – look how wet she is for you. Look at your mother, Johnny!"

I did. Mom looked like sex incarnate. Her honey-blond hair was plastered wetly to her skin, her body glistening with pool water mixed with sweat as she worked her fingers in and out of her pussy – her full breasts heaving as she breathed hard.

With her hands, Rosalita urged me off her, moaning as I withdrew my still fully erect cock, her pussy releasing my swollen cockhead with a wet plop. A bit shakily, Rosalita sat up and then she slipped off the lounge kneeling beside it with me standing beside her.

Rosalita crooked a finger at Mom. "Come here, Cindy – your son has something for you."

Suddenly it was if Mom and I both woke from a dream. I stared down at my lover, amazed at what had just happened – amazed at what was about to happen. "Rosalita – no...I promised you I would always be faithful," I whispered, a part of me astounded that I was trying to turn down something I had fantasized for years.

Rosalita looked up at me and shook her head, smiling that beautiful, loving smile of hers. "You are faithful to me – I want you to have this." She turned and looked at Mom who was staring at us unbelievably. "I want you both to have this. I know what this means to Cindy and to you. I know how important it is for you both just as having you is important to me." She reached up and took my hand, squeezing it gently. "This doesn't mean the end of us, mi amado hijo – it only means we are sharing it with someone you love. If my son was here, you wouldn't deny me his love, would you?"

Her words hit home and I shook my head slowly, whispering, "No," as I envisioned her Juan making love to her.

Rosalita nodded and said to Mom, "Come here, Cindy – come share your son's love with me. Johnny loves you and you love him. You've wanted him for a long time, haven't you? You want your son to make love to you – to fuck you like a woman, no, a mother deserves."

Tears ran down Mom's eyes as she slowly nodded. Mom got to her feet, tugging at the ties of her bikini bottom and letting the strip of cloth fall to the ground as she rose. Naked, my mother padded across the damp concrete to stand before me. She reached out a hand to me and I pulled her to me.

For the first time in my life, I kissed my mother like a lover. Her soft lips met mine and then parted, her tongue greeting mine – slowly rolling it over and around mine. Mom and I sighed as we tasted each other.

"Touch him, Cindy," said Rosalita. "Touch your son – your hijo. Feel how hard your Johnny is for his mother." I felt Mom's hand slip from mine and find its way between our bodies – her wet fingers encircling my erect penis. Mom moaned into my mouth as her tongue began to dance frantically with mine.

"Isn't it lovely, Cindy? Taste him; let your son feel himself in his mother's mouth."

Our kiss ended, me nipping at Mom's tongue and then watching Mom as she slowly squatted down, her eyes not leaving mine as she guided my cock to her mouth. I had a naughty thrill shoot through me as I could see my own semen and Rosalita's pussy cream still glistening on the shaft of my cock. Mom ovaled her lips and took me into her mouth – her warm, delicious mouth and her tongue dancing joyfully around the head of my throbbing dick.

Mom shivered and gasped as she began to suck me – realizing secret dreams of both of us. I stroked Mom's cheek, brushing back a wet strand of her hair from her face as she looked up at me with her beautiful blue eyes, blazing with her love.

I shifted my gaze to Rosalita kneeling next to me, staring in wonder at the incestuous sight she had created. A quiet, motherly smile was etched on her face. Licking her lips, she said in a husky voice. "It's time – lay back, Cindy. Lay back and spread your legs wide. Your handsome son is hard for you and he wants to please his mother. Johnny wants – needs to fuck his mother now." Rosalita reached out and touched Mom's bare shoulder and her mere touch registered with Mom and she slowly let me slide from her mouth.

Mom looked askance at Rosalita who nodded and whispered, "It's time, Cindy. Your son is about to make your dreams come true." Rosalita leaned in and gave Mom a gentle kiss on the mouth and then guided her up and onto the lounge chair. Mom was breathing heavy, her breasts rising and falling and her nipples visibly throbbed as she kept looking from me to Rosalita and back again.

Rosalita placed her hand on Mom's thigh and pulled it towards her, lifting up Mom's knee as she did so. Mom instinctively copied the movement with her other leg and I had to remember to breathe as my mother lay spread out before me, baring her bald cunt, now flowered and dripping with her juices.

"Mi hijo. Your mother is waiting for you to make love to her. Make her happy, Johnny. Make both of us happy," murmured Rosalita. She placed a hand on my ass cheek and gave me a little push. Not quite believing what was happening, I climbed onto the lounge between Mom's widespread legs, my cock so hard it hurt.

"I love you, Johnny," Mom whispered. "Please, make love to me, son." Mom lifted her arms to me.

I leaned in, my cock slicing between Mom's thick labia lips to nestle against her pussy as I lowered my body onto hers. "I love you, Mom," I said softly as I pressed my lips to hers, kissing her not just as a son, but as my lover. Neither of us moved – the moment almost perfect, Mom's fingers digging into my shoulders as her raised knees tightened against my thighs. I could her pussy pulsing against my cock, her labia trying to close around the length of my shaft, my cockhead throbbing against Mom's slick shaved skin.

"So beautiful," I heard Rosalita whisper. She scooted a little bit to one side, leaning forward to kiss me on the cheek and then bussing Mom's cheek as well. I felt her hand slip down my ass cheeks and then between Mom's and my bodies. I rose up a little as she took my cock in her hand and guided my cockhead between Mom's cunt lips.

"Your mother had waited long enough, mi hijo," Rosalita said almost too soft to hear. "Fuck your mother, Johnny. Fuck your mother now!"

"I love you," I sobbed, not sure if I meant Mom or Rosalita or both and I thrust forward, burying my cock in Mom's steaming, slick cunt. Mom cried out as I pressed into her pussy, her back arcing and allowing me to sink even deeper. She felt tighter than Rosalita – not better, but different, but sweet

and hot and buttery and I quickly sank the length of my cock inside Mom, my pubic hairs scraping her slick, shaved mound.

Mom raised her face and her lips found mine as her fingernails dug into my back. I felt her long legs cross over my hips and then her heels drove into my thighs and she urged me even deeper. For a long, sweet minute, I was buried deep in Mom's womb, wrapped tight in her loving embrace by her arms, legs and pussy – the only movement our tongues dueling feverishly in our joined mouths. It was the culmination of so many sleepless nights and long days of teasing and fantasy. Mother and son joined together in the holy act of lovemaking.

The sensation of having my cock wrapped up in Mom's incredible hot and wet softness was almost heaven, transcended only by the new pleasures produced by our gradual, instinctive movements as our bodies responded to our incestuous needs. Slowly, we began to make love, my thrusts in and out of Mom's tight cunt matched by her movements, flinging her hips upwards, too impatient to wait for me to bury my erect dick in her pussy again.

Mom's first orgasm was almost immediate as her longed for yearnings were finally realized. Mom broke our kiss to sob, "Oh baby, Mommy's cumming!" She tried to speak again, but all that came out was a long drawn out sob as her first son induced orgasm swept over her. I sank deep inside Mom, resting my cock in her womb and hanging on as she bucked and writhed as her incestuous ecstasy overwhelmed her. I ducked my head down and caught an erect nipple in my mouth, barely biting it with my teeth before sucking at it hungrily. This seemed to increase Mom's pleasure and she pressed a hand to the back of my head to hold me in place. I bit and sucked at her nipple till her body, exhausted, ceased all movement except for trembling in the afterglow of her orgasm.

"Oh my god, that was wonderful," Mom gasped and then she began to cry, hugging me to her.

"I love you too, Mom," I said a little nervously – women crying from an orgasm was still an unusual experience for me and I wasn't sure how to act.

Rosalita reassured me, by leaning in and kissing me, her tongue snaking into my mouth, allowing me to contrast her taste with Mom's. Then she reached out and stroked Mom's face. "I'm so happy for you, Cindy – to know the same joy your son has blessed me with, and..." Rosalita's smile grew wider and took on a naughty tinge. "And it's not over yet. I've primed Johnny to last a long time with you. He's going to make you cum and cum again, so hang on to him tight – mi hijo's wonderful cock is going to take you to heaven!"

Mom reached up and grasped Rosalita's hand. "Th-thank y-you, Rosalita," Mom stammered. "Thank you for sharing my son with me."

Rosalita smiled and kissed Mom's hand and replied, "How could I deny you this. We mothers, we understand each other – we know what we need. Thank you for sharing your son with me." Rosalita turned to me and nodded. "Make love to your mother, Johnny – give her what she's been missing. Give your mother what she needs."

I didn't have to be told twice. Gently I began to slowly roll my hips, moving my cock bit by bit, in and out of Mom's grasping pussy. At first, Mom moaned and shivered, still in the aftermath of her orgasm, her pussy so sensitive that every minute movement was pleasure almost too great to bear. Gradually though, Mom began to move on her own until finally we were moving as one – Mom meeting my thrusts with her own, the intensity rising by the second. I let Mom control the pace. When she wanted it fast and hard, I fucked my mother fast and hard. When she needed it slow and

gentle, I fucked her slow and gentle – our movements quickly matching each other as if we had been lovers for years.

Mom's pleasure rose and rose until she was again on the edge of orgasm. Through it all, with each thrust of my cock into her fiery cunt, Mom never let go of Rosalita's hand, keeping her close, allowing her to do more than share the moment. Mom bit her lower lip, her mounting pleasure evident. I glanced over at Rosalita and saw the same look of ecstasy on her face. The muscles in her arm and Mom's were bulging as they tightly, desperately clung to each other. I realized that Rosalita's hand had disappeared below my line of sight and I comprehended that Rosalita was pleasuring herself as Mom and I made love.

Mom panted, "More, Johnny, more! Fuck me, son, give Mommy what she needs! LOVE ME, JOHNNYYYY!" Mom's movements became more frantic, more demanding – she was rising up off the lounge cushions to meet my hard thrusts down while her pussy muscles clung stubbornly to my cock, massaging them with her silk soft, creamy wet flesh.

I felt my need building in me. My mind reeled as I realized I was about to put my own seed into Mom's pussy – giving back a part of me that had sprung from her womb. "I love you, Mom," I moaned. I turned my head and said, "I love you too, Rosalita."

Rosalita nodded, her own orgasm threatening to overwhelm her. "Te quiero, mi amado hijo," she sobbed.

A whimper escaped Mom's lips and she gasped, "Oh, Johnnnnyyy – you're making me cummmm. I love you, sonnn!"

And then it was as if a bomb composed of pure pleasure went off. Cries from all three of us exploded at once as Mom's pussy tightened around my deeply buried cock, triggering my ejaculation – an orgasm that overwhelmed me in its intensity and length. I felt my cock throb as I shot jet after jet of hot semen inside my mother's pussy – her muscles contracting powerfully as she writhed beneath me. I leaned forward to kiss her, our tongues licking each other's face sloppily and then joined by a third as Rosalita leaned in, her tongue insinuating itself into the delicious tangle of Mom's tongue and mine. I sensed more than saw the seizure like quaking of Rosalita as she fingered herself to orgasm along with us.

Our orgasms seemed to feed off each other, the knowledge of all three of us being present, being part of this incestuous, wonderful moment, spurring our pleasure to unexpected heights. My cock actually ached from the intensity of my ejaculations – it seemed as if my dick had become a fire hose, gushing forth an unbelievable amount of sperm in response to the flood of Mom's hot pussy cream that coated my cock.

I collapsed on top of Mom, feeling incredibly satiated and exhilarated, if not a little exhausted. All three of us were crying and laughing, touching and kissing and embracing in a drunken whirl of ecstatic delight. I felt as if I had experienced perfection and was intoxicated by it.

Somehow, arm in arm, we managed to retreat into the house where we tumbled naked into Mom's bed, talking and chatting late into the night, me in the middle between the two most beautiful women in the world. I felt so lucky and in love and so horny. Mom and Rosalita kept me showered in kisses and their hands rarely left my body. Over the next few hours, both felt completely comfortable in going down on me while the other watched and talked me through it.

It is an indescribable delight to have your mother urge you to cum in your lover's mouth or to have your lover tell your mother how much she will enjoy the taste of your semen. We fell asleep in a tumble of arms and limbs and all had the best rest of our lives, picking up in the morning after refueling on a big breakfast of bacon and eggs.

As I made love to Rosalita and Mom, a potentially mind-blowing possibility kept offering itself as I watched Mom and Rosalita interact with each other. Both had literally lowered all their inhibitions in so far as making love to me, but I could sense the underlying erotic tension as they related to each other.

Rosalita was the most overt, unhesitatingly touching Mom or kissing her as one or the other made love to me. They shared intimacy with me as the conduit – never quit succumbing to the desires they may or may not have discovered for each other, but still intimate in a sexual way that kept me erect more than I would have thought possible.

Sometime in early afternoon, I was flat on my back, Mom straddling me, riding my cock, making her magnificent breasts bounce as she slid up and down my cock. I felt Rosalita's weight suddenly as she straddled me from behind Mom. Resting her head on Mom's shoulder, her long black hair falling all about, Rosalita teased and urged Mom to fuck me hard, to enjoy my big cock. Mom leaned back, resting herself against Rosalita's lush body. Rosalita would give her little kisses on the cheek and neck and then as Mom rode herself to orgasm, Rosalita helped her along as her arms came around Mom and cupped my mother's breasts, tweaking and teasing Mom's nipples as she began to cum on my cock.

When I had recovered and Rosalita had lowered herself onto my throbbing erection, Mom returned the favor. I cannot adequately describe the erotic picture of seeing my mother with her arms around Rosalita, her light skinned hands cupping and kneading Rosalita's brownish-reddish colored tits as she kissed Rosalita's neck and urging me to "Make Mommy proud – fuck your lover like you fuck Mommy – make Rosalita cum, son!"

Later that evening as my endurance began to wane; both Rosalita and Mom took turns riding my cock while the other rode my face. My imagination ran wild as I could only envision my two lovers facing each other as I gave them pleasure. Did they play with each other's tits? Did Mom and Rosalita kiss each other passionately, tongues dueling as my cock and tongue made them cum and cum again?

As I lay exhausted in bed with them, my cock temporarily spent, they would look at each other and giggle when I gave them a questioning look. The only thing I was sure of was my discovery that is possible to love two women equally. Having realized my long secret desires for my mother had only increased my hunger and love for her, but at the same time, my love for Rosalita had increased ten-fold. I was in awe of her courage and heartfelt desire to make me happy and to give me the gift of completely knowing my mother's love.

We spoke vows that night, Mom, Rosalita and I, that what had begun on my graduation night was the beginning of something great and lasting between all three of us. That whatever might lie waiting in the future, we would all face it together – that our lives would indeed be spent together. And so it has – a wonderful life that has surprises yet to be realized and which daily makes me proud and thankful to be a son and a lover to both Mom and Rosalita. Our story isn't over – it is just beginning.

To be continued...someday.