

MOTHER & SON: A LOVE STORY PT. 08

Ahabscribe

Everyone is cordially invited to a mother & son wedding!

Incest/Taboo

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A lot of you have been waiting anxiously for this installment. Merry Christmas to you all - consider this your Christmas present! I hope it lives up to expectations. As always, please offer up your thoughts, comments and criticisms - it is what helps to inspire me.

Enjoy...

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"Hey, Hamilton! Tony and me are catching a beer -- why don't you come along?"

I was unlocking my truck in the company parking lot, heading home after a day's work. I turned at the invitation and shook my head as I replied to one of my co-workers, Willis, "Naw, man -- heading home. My lady's waiting for me." Willis and Tony worked in cubicles near my own -- like me, they were fresh out of college, but unlike me, they were still looking for Miss Right or even better as far as they were concerned, Miss Right Now.

Tony rolled his eyes and said, "C'mon, John! Man, you're not even married yet and you're pussy whipped!"

I just grinned and shook my head again. "With what's waiting for me at home, if that's pussy whipped, then Lord, beat me all you can!"

Both guys guffawed and while Willis climbed into his beater of a car, Tony got a far away look on his face and I knew he was calling up the picture of my Mom that sat on my work desk. It wasn't anything scandalous -- just a picture of Mom sitting on a rock, the hills above our home in the background -- she was wearing a short summer dress that showed off the heft and beauty of Mom's heavy breasts and her shapely legs. "Yeah, man -- I can dig that, I reckon." He grinned at me and waved goodbye. "John, you and your lady have a great weekend!"

Of that there was no doubt. As I drove home, I thought that truthfully, life couldn't get much better. It was now October and we'd been living on Mama Polly's old property for the better part of five months now. My first real job was going well -- my supervisor was pleased with the quality of my technical writing and although it was a little more than an hour's commute each way, I generally left the house each morning with a smile and the memory of Mom on her knees sucking my cock before I was allowed out the door and I drove home each night keenly anticipating taking my mother in my arms again.

Each day seemed to bring new discoveries as I realized how incredibly deep a relationship can become when you are sharing your life so intimately with another. It wasn't just the sex, although that became more intense as time passed, but also the simple things that make up everyday life. Holding hands as we strolled along the street, catching our reflections in a storefront window, marveling at seeing ourselves, hand in hand or arms around each other's waists -- just another couple in love out window shopping.

Reveling in the knowledge that this was my mother and soon to be my wife and that now, here in this time and place, I could kiss her like a man kisses his woman in public and that others saw us as only a couple -- as "John and Carrie" whether or not they knew our incestuous secret. Simple things like sitting at Mama Polly's kitchen table having supper and looking at my beautiful mother and knowing that we would be sharing thousands of suppers like this in the decades to come, filled me with wonder.

And of course, there was the sex. Everyone can debate whether the ever increasing pleasure of our lovemaking is because of us being mother and son -- or simply the end result of the joining of true soul mates. It is both and neither and it is something more, this thing that Mom and I share, and although I have tried so many times to put what we are on paper -- I, at best, can only create a pale echo of the love my mother and I have. Nevertheless, as Mom and I lie gasping in bed, naked and sweaty as we bask in the afterglow of our incestuous orgasms, we both agree that it just gets better and better each time we are joined -- cock and pussy.

Now we were preparing to marry -- to be joined as husband and wife under the eyes and blessing of God -- a joyous event that we had both been anticipating for a long time. A long time ago, atop a tall building in Chicago on New Year's Eve, I had promised Mom I would stand with her in front of a minister and before God and claim her as my wife and now that time was upon us.

As to who would perform the ceremony -- well, Mom and I agreed that there was only one possibility...Reverend Simmons, the now retired preacher from Mom's childhood church -- the church we were now attending. As I tooled down Interstate 75, I felt my cock stirring as I recalled the day we had finally asked Reverend Simmons to officiate at our nuptials.

It had been back in August, a few weeks after returning from Molly and Deb's wedding that we had invited Reverend Simmons and his daughter Melinda over for Sunday supper. Mom fixed a sumptuous pot roast and mountains of mashed potatoes and peach cobbler for dessert and I was amused to see that wiry little old man put away two heaping helpings of everything.

We all had a good time -- the reverend was a great story teller, never really crossing bawdy, but titillating us with his recollections and making us laugh till we were almost crying. The whole time he was talking, his eyes behind his thick lenses were roving over Mom's delicious body while his hands always seemed to be wandering about Melinda's petite frame.

I didn't blame him, Mom was wearing a halter top that left little to the imagination, tit flesh overflowing the top and sides and which the seams appeared to be on the verge of unleashing Mom's massive breasts. She also had on blue jean cutoffs, her ass cheeks jiggling enticingly as she moved around the kitchen and dining area bringing food to the table or bending over to check the cobbler in the oven.

And I confess to roaming an appreciative eye over his Melinda who, despite being at least fifteen years older than Mom, was a very attractive and sexy woman in her own right -- wearing a light blue spaghetti strap summer dress that drew attention to her bare shoulders and slim figure.

We had finished dinner and were in the living room enjoying Reverend Simmons's stories -- him finishing up one about Mom's daddy, Tom and how as a teenaged boy, he had dropped a skink (a salamander-like critter) down the front of the Reverend's mother's dress at a church picnic. "And Momma let out a yell to curl your hair and she was out of her dress in a flash and running across the field, her big ol boobs flopping this way and that and turns out she wasn't wearing knickers that day."

The old man smiled a bit sadly and said, "Now, Momma -- she didn't cotton to family loving like Daddy's side of the family did and it wasn't till that moment and I was in my late twenties, mind you, that I ever had my prayers answered and saw my mother naked as the day she was born, but I swear, I think about her fine body that God blessed her with every day of my life since...praise God. And I got your daddy, Carrie, to thank for that!"

Reverend Simmons was sitting in a big leather chair and Melinda was curled up next to him on the wide arm, her arm draped around her father's shoulders. She snorted and said, "That's true, but I doubt a day goes by that you don't think about every woman you've seen naked your entire life, Papa!" We all laughed at that and then a moment of awkward silence set in as we all looked at each other expectantly.

Finally, the old man stepped into the void. "Now, while I know y'all enjoy our company, I reckon you're wanting to ask me something, Carrie."

Mom's face reddened and she reached out and took my hand and said, "You always knew what was on my mind, Reverend Simmons. The fact of the matter is..." Mom paused and I understood why. True enough, we were reveling in our incestuous relationship and were unashamed that we were lovers, but it is still difficult to just say out loud...

"Reverend Simmons, Mom and I want to get married and we want you to perform the ceremony!" I blurted it out, both embarrassed and basking in Mom's sudden loving stare.

Quiet followed as the old man studied us both for a moment, his daughter smiling mysteriously at us, a slight flush spreading out from the low neckline of her dress. Reverend Simmons scooted forward to the edge of the seat, his thin, angular frame almost swimming in his white dress shirt and black slacks and then he flashed us a toothy grin and said, "Well, boy, it's about time you made an honest woman out of your momma! It would be my pleasure to bind you to holy wedlock!"

We both jumped up and ran across the room, Mom hugging the reverend till I thought he might break while I accepted a congratulatory kiss on the corner of my mouth from Melinda. Then Reverend Simmons was shaking my hand in an iron grip while Mom and Melinda hugged and gave each other a less than quick kiss on the lips -- a spectacle erotic enough to stop the reverend from talking and which had us both watching eagerly.

I felt a stirring inside my blue jeans as Mom strolled by me and I followed her back to the couch across from the reverend and his daughter. We spent a few minutes working out details -- the reverend had Melinda use our phone and reserve the church for our chosen day in October, before we all settled in, expecting Reverend Simmons to resume his story-telling.

Instead, he fell silent for a few minutes, just studying Mom and me, his hand reaching out to rest on Melinda's bare knee. "I swear, John, you are one of the luckiest boys on the planet. I believe I said it the first time we met and I'll say it again, your mother is one of the finest cock suckers in the world!"

"Papa, behave yourself!" giggled Melinda, giving him a slap on the hand resting on your knees. I glanced at Mom to see her grinning devilishly, maybe embarrassed, maybe not.

"Well, it's true, isn't it, Carrie?" He pointed a long, bony finger at Mom. "This here girl never met a cock she didn't like is the way I always heard it. I know she always sucked my cock like it was her favorite dick in the whole world!"

Mom laughed and sighed. "Yes, that's true, especially back then and Reverend Simmons, your cock was always one of my favorites!" She smacked her lips loudly and added, "I bet he still tastes delicious, doesn't he, Melinda?"

It was the fair-skinned Melinda's turn to blush -- her reddening face drawing attention to her still mostly sandy-blond hair -- lightly shot through with gray. I reckoned that like us, she wasn't ashamed of the relationship she had with her father, but it's not something one gets to discuss with others on a regular basis. "Yes, Papa's spunk is tasty." She elbowed her father. "I reckon my little ol' mouth suits him well enough."

Reverend Simmons sighed and he idly ran his fingers over his daughter's leg above just above her knee. "Ain't nothing finer than your mouth on my old pecker, sweetie." She smiled and leaned over and gave him a quick kiss. "I reckon you're in a league with Carrie here." He sighed. "Lordy, I can still remember the first time with little Carrie there -- she was a fine figure of a young girl -- lean with those big, upstanding titties. We was in the sanctuary of the Church -- she was helping me with the cleaning a month or two after she lost her daddy." Mom nodded, a smile, both sad and pleased on her face.

"We were polishing the wood on the alter, me on the top step and her kneeling below me and doggone if that sweet girl just didn't reach out with her hand and start rubbing my crotch! And when I asked her what she thought she was doing, Carrie said to me, 'I miss my daddy, Reverend. I miss his cock something awful and I was thinking, if you don't mind, I'd love to suck your big peter for you!'"

"And I did, didn't I, Reverend," said Momma, her voice soft and breathless. "I fished your big peter out and on my knees gave you the best blowjob you'd ever had!" Mom sighed, her hand squeezing my hand a little tighter. "I was so surprised. I figured you'd taste just like Daddy, but you didn't. It was goood, but different." Mom giggled. "And you were shocked that first time that I would swallow." She shook her head. "All these silly girls that refuse to let a man cum in their mouths -- all that good jizz going to waste!"

"Amen," breathed Melinda in response. Mom's and her father's reminiscing was getting her aroused. I could see her smallish breasts rising and falling under her light cotton dress. Hell, I was getting aroused. I could absolutely envision my mother -- young cock slut that she was, going down on the reverend and the image made me stiffening up. I squirmed a bit on the couch, trying to adjust for my growing erection.

"Yessir, your Mom sucking cock was quite a sight...a sight I'll never forget!" said Reverend Simmons in a voice I think was mostly used to praise awe inspiring miracles.

Mom looked over at me, winking and giving me that, "I want to be bad" grin of hers and then turned back to face the reverend and his daughter and said, "Well, if you and Melinda don't mind, I'm more than happy to put on a show and let you relive those good old days!" Mom's hand suddenly was on the bulge in my crotch, her fingers seeking out my zipper. She looked expectantly at the family Simmons across the room.

Melinda's hand went to her mouth and she said, "Oh my!" and fell silent.

Her father grinned, his furry eyebrows waggling and he produced a handkerchief and was busily cleaning his glasses. "Thanks be to God for his many blessings," he said aloud and then added under his breath. "Lord, don't strike me blind!"

"Melinda, do you mind? I don't want to offend you." Mom said softly.

Melinda was silent for a moment, her tongue peeking out and running slowly over her lower lip. Finally, she answered, "No, I don't mind at all. I gotta confess, I've been hearing about how good you suck cock for years, Carrie and I reckon I've also been wondering about the kinda of cock a son must have that would make his mother want to marry him."

Mom giggled and replied, "Well, let me show you!" The room was very still and quiet and the sound of my zipper being pulled down seemed so loud. Mom looked up at me, a naughty grin etched on her face and she raised an eyebrow as if to ask me, "Oh, do you mind, son, if Momma sucks your cock in front of these folks?" I reached out and stroked Mom's face and then entwined my fingers in her dark hair and said, "God, I love you, Mom!"

"I love you too, son," Mom said breathily. "And I love this big dick of yours," she added as she worked my erection out of my jeans. I was hard as I could be, swollen and large and as Mom slowly stroked my cock, she turned and said to Melinda, "Well, hon -- what do you think?"

Melinda was looking at me with definite interest -- studying my long, thick cock intensely. "That's...um, that's real nice and big, Carrie." She licked her lips and continued, "Well, that explains a lot now, especially why you're always smiling, Carrie!" She shivered as her father continued to rub his palm against her thigh.

"Go ahead, Carrie," urged Reverend Simmons. "You don't need to make an old man wait...nor your son either! Get to sucking, girl!"

Mom obliged him, lowering her head into my lap and taking me in her mouth. I sighed as only a man can when he feels his mother's satiny wet tongue flattening out and rolling over his sensitive cock head, the warmth of her mouth -- of her saliva making me shiver with delight. Mom's lips slid down my shaft, her dancing tongue accompanying them as she began to suck me. With little effort, Mom took me deep until her lips were brushing my wiry pubic hair. Then slowly, Mom moved back up the length of my cock, sucking fiercely as her tongue swirled and pleased me as only she could do.

"Oh my Lord," gasped Melinda, her eyes wide as she watched Mom suck me. Her hand came down on her father's hand and squeezed as she watched Mom demonstrate the agility and inventiveness of her tongue, rolling and licking it around and over the head of my cock. Minutes began to pass as Mom sucked and licked me, her gaze traveling from my face to the reverend and his daughter and then back to me -- Mom's beautiful hazel eyes gleaming with pleased desire.

I know this was making Mom more excited by the moment -- allowed to take her exhibitionist streak to a new level -- moving way beyond her normal practice of wearing scanty and sexy clothes to actually sucking her son's cock in front of non family members. I began to catch whiffs of Mom's scents -- that unique jasmine scent mixed in with the aroma of her sweet cunt and felt myself swell even more in her mouth.

"Praise Jesus, Carrie!" cried out Reverend Simmons, fumbling with his own zipper. "Would you look at what Carrie has done inspired, Melinda!" The old man fished his own cock out of his pants and I was shocked to see that this eighty-five or six year old man was sprouting an erection to rival my own. Now, I don't imagine that Reverend Simmons weighed one hundred-twenty pounds soaking wet, but he was certainly well endowed. A snatch of memory came back to me -- Mom looking slyly at me after I first met the Reverend and saying, "Reverend Simmons -- that man had a nice cock on him!"

"Oh Papa, look at you!" Melinda cooed, staring down at her father's hard-on. Her hand quickly made its way down to his crotch and she urged his erection on, stroking and squeezing his dick gently. She leaned over and gave Reverend Simmons a long, loving kiss, her tongue spearing in and out of his mouth. Slowly she slid off the big, overstuffed chair, easing down on her knees, surprisingly nimble for a woman of fifty-seven. "Papa, you don't mind if I get a taste, do you?" she sighed as she took him in her mouth and began sucking him.

Minutes passed, the room silent except for the slurping wet sounds of Mom and Melinda sucking cocks and the steady groans that Reverend Simmons and I produced as a mother and a daughter pleased their men. My gaze moved back and forth, watching Mom suck me and watching the talented Melinda giving her father a lavish blowjob.

At one point, Melinda let her father's erect cock slip from her lips, a long blobby string of saliva connecting her mouth and his cock and she whispered, "Well, Papa, tell me -- who's better, Carrie or me?" Her voice was full of devilish glee as she teased her father.

"Well," gasped the old man. "It's hard to say -- daughter, you have the sweetest mouth I know, but I remember Carrie being quite the cocksucker -- albeit, its been a long time since I had that pleasure." Reverend Simmons was leaning back into the chair, breathing hard and enjoying both his daughter's efforts and the sight of my mother sucking hungrily on my dick.

Mom snorted around my dick and looked up at me, the question in her eyes easy to read. I knew that Mom would honor my decision, even if the answer was no, but I would never deny Mom her pleasures...never. "Go ahead, Mom -- its okay. He's like family anyway, isn't he?"

Mom's eyes glowed with pleasure and she whispered, "Thank you, John," as she let me slip from her lips, giving the head of my cock a gentle, loving kiss before she turned and walked on hands and knees to Reverend Simmons and his daughter. My cock throbbed at the sight of Mom crawling, the crotch of her cut-off shorts wetly dark with her arousal and breasts swaying hypnotically as she moved.

Melinda, busy with pleasuring her father, gave a little start as Mom reached her, placing a hand on the older woman's shoulder. Melinda let her father's cock slide from her mouth and she and Mom stared into each other's eyes for several seconds before Melinda began to grin and leaned over and kissed Mom, their tongues dancing briefly together before Mom ducked her head and began to suck on Reverend Simmon's cock.

"Oh yes, yes, yes -- I love this mouth!" groaned the old man, throwing his head back, an expression of extreme pleasure dominating his face. Mom, on her knees before the minister, was busy loving up his cock, her tongue working feverishly as she sucked him. I couldn't see Mom's face, but I knew that as she worshipped his cock with her mouth and tongue, she was worshipping Reverend Simmons with her eyes and I was impressed with his self control under her carnal gaze.

Melinda sat beside my mother, watching her father get pleased by Mom. She glanced back at me from time to time, smiling at me as I slowly masturbated myself -- enjoying this rare and erotic spectacle. She whispered in Mom's ear and I watch Mom nod her head. Melinda turned and began to crawl towards me, almost like a big cat, approaching its prey. Her face and upper chest were flushed and her dress gaped open, showing me small, apple sized tits, marvelously firm with small, pebble hard nipples.

"One favor deserves another, huh, John?" Melinda whispered. "I've imagined doing this since we first met. Papa fucked me hard that night, listening to me fantasize about you and I came so hard, I

damned near blacked out!" She crawled between my legs and without another word wrapped her lips around my cock, removing my hand from my shaft and replacing it with her small, delicate fingers and began to stroke me as she licked and sucked the head of my cock.

I ran my fingers through Melinda's sandy blonde-gray hair, mesmerized by her brilliant green eyes as she bobbed up and down on my hard, throbbing dick. Her tongue swirled delicately around my swollen and sensitive crown and she definitely was talented, making me grow dizzy as she made love to my erect penis. "Well...am I as good as your mother, John? Can I suck dick like your momma?" she burred between mouthfuls of cock.

I would have been hard pressed to give her an honest answer, although I do believe I'd have to give Mom the benefit of a doubt. Still, I comprehended that this beautiful woman had several more years of experience on my mother which led me to the mind bogglingly exciting thought of how good Mom would be at sucking cock when she reached Melinda's age.

Finally, I felt cool air on my cock as Melinda released me. She looked up at me, her face flush with desire and said, "I'd love to see how you taste, but my Papa's as hard as I've seen him in a long time and well, I got to have Papa inside me now!"

Melinda stood up, kissed me on the mouth, her tongue sharing with me the taste of my own cock and then turned and hurried across the room -- panties falling to the floor on the way. She touched Mom on the head and said, "I'll trade you, Carrie!"

Mom looked up and saw the desire etched on the older woman's face and scooted out of the way. "Fuck me, Papa," Melinda groaned, straddling her aged father in the chair, lifting up her dress and giving Mom and me a glimpse of a shaved bare pussy, glistening with desire before she guided Reverend Simmons's cock into her wet cunt.

Father and daughter groaned as one as Melinda slowly sank on the reverend's cock, taking its considerable length completely inside her in one long motion. Reverend Simmons's hands came around to slip underneath her dress and cup her ass cheeks, accidentally or maybe on purpose, exposing her still pert and tight butt. Melinda began riding him slowly, murmuring words of love to her father while he kissed her and groaned his contentment.

Mom watched captivated for a moment and then hurried back to me, working her tight jean shorts off as she came. Finally, they fell to her feet and she deftly stepped out of them, her thick, hairy bush glistening with her wet desire, the dark hair split by her pink and juicy labia. We didn't bother to waste words as Mom climbed atop me and with easy knowledge dropped down onto me, her soaking wet and oh so slick cunt enveloping my stiff pole and like Melinda, sliding down and impaling herself on my erection in one movement. Mom leaned in and kissed me, her tits pillowing out against my chest -- her thick nipples trying to punch through the thin fabric of her halter top. Mom's tongue snaked into my mouth where I tried happily, but in vain to capture it with my tongue. Undaunted, I pursued only to have Mom's tongue surrender and we tasted each other, me marveling over how excited Mom could make me with just a kiss.

Reverend Simmons and I spared each other occasional glances as his daughter rode him and Mom fucked me masterfully, the room rapidly growing warm and beginning to smell of the oldest and sweetest aroma known to man -- wet pussy aroused by long, hard cock. Mom worked her pussy against my penis, massaging and squeezing it as she worked herself up and down my shaft.

When Mom flung back her head, her back arching as she began to cum, I spared a glance over at Reverend Simmons and his daughter and saw that she was already in the throes of orgasm, her

hands scrabbling against her father's dress shirt as she quivered with pleasure. Reverend Simmons grinned fiercely at me and gave me a thumbs up. As Mom's sweet creams flooded over my cock, I surrendered and exploded inside her juicy cunt, spraying Mom's loving womb with my hot semen. All four of us cried out as one, giving praise to God for the familial love we were blessed to share.

When Mom and Melinda slipped off our respective cocks, Reverend Simmons gave a quick prayer of thanks and then giggling like school girls, the two mature women staggered past each other to land at the other's man's feet. Mom eagerly began to lick Reverend Simmons's and Melinda's mixed juices off the elderly minister's rapidly fading cock while Melinda took my cock in hand and after licking her lips, quickly cleaned my penis of Mom's sweet sauce and my sperm.

By the time Mom finished cleaning Reverend Simmons, his head was tilted back and he was snoring softly, his glasses askew on his face and a broad smile on his lips. Mom turned back to us and said, "Is he okay?"

Melinda turned and beamed at Mom, replying, "Oh yes, honey, Papa's fine. He can't go as often as he'd like and it takes a bit out of him -- he usually takes a long nap afterwards, but he's fine, the dirty old man!" She laughed, the love she had for her father evident in her face.

Mom crawled back over to us and said in a soft voice, "Thank you. This was special and it means the world to me!"

Melinda leaned in and kissed Mom, licking a bit of the reverend's semen off Mom's cheek. "No, Carrie -- thank you! Papa still is hell on wheels when it comes to licking pussy -- he wakes me up every morning with his face buried in my honey pot, but it gets harder all the time for him to get erect. We both enjoyed what you started!" She pulled the hem of her dress up, revealing her pussy - lips flowered open and her father's sperm leaking from her naked cunt. "There's nothing like feeling Papa's seed in me...nothing like it in all the world." She leaned into Mom and gave her another kiss -- a long and soulful kiss that had my semi-erect cock reviving quickly.

Mom offered to lick Melinda's pussy clean, but the older woman shook her head and said, "I bet it would feel heavenly, but...I'm enjoying just having Papa's hot cum in me again and I just want to enjoy it!"

Instead, we just sat there as the Reverend snored on -- Mom and Melinda talking about how wonderful the men in their lives were and about our plans for the wedding. As they talked, both women began to reach out and play with my cock, stroking and caressing me until I had a huge cock stand waving proudly in their faces. Mom and Melinda began to take turns sucking on my cock -- carrying on the conversation while the other sucked and licked my throbbing penis.

Reverend Simmons woke up just as I was lifting my hips off the couch while Mom and Melinda had somehow managed to close their mouths around the head of my cock while kissing at the same time, their tongues slithering over my glans while teasing each other. I let out a cry as the semen geysered out of my cock only to be deftly contained by their talented mouths.

When I came back to my senses, Mom and Melinda were kissing again, passing my seed back and forth in their mouths while the reverend grinned and shook his fingers at me, saying, "Shame on you, boy -- taking advantage of these two sweet things while I was napping. That's something I'd have expected from your grandfather -- he was quite the horndog too!"

As our guests were leaving us, on our front porch, Reverend Simmons turned around and beamed at me and said, "John -- it's the best thing in the world you're doing -- marrying your mother." His

white, bushy eyebrows wagged at me ferociously as he continued speaking, holding up his hand intertwined with his daughter's. "As wonderful as things are now, when you and your mother have truly become united in God's eyes, things will be hundredfold better as HE showers you with his blessings." For the first time, I noticed that on his left hand ring finger, he had two wedding bands - one plain and the other with a Celtic like pattern. A quick glance at Melinda's ring finger confirmed that she wore one identical to his.

The reverend noticed my attention to these small details and said, "You understand, don't you, boy?"

I grinned back at him and Melinda and replied, "Yes sir, I do. I can't wait -- I'm counting the days!"

And I have...I've been counting the days eagerly, savoring my life with Mom while keeping one eye on the calendar and dreaming of the day I made my mother my wife!

And then finally...the day has come. The last few days had been a blur. Despite the fact that Mom and I planned a simple ceremony, things had been crazy around the house. Molly and Aunt Deb were there, helping Mom with last minute details, shooing me out of the room whenever Deb was assisting Mom with her dress -- Molly cooking up a storm for the small reception planned for afterwards. And I was as horny as I could ever remember. I don't remember now who suggested it - Mom, her sister or Molly, but someone came up with the idea that I should abstain from all sexual activity for several days to help our Honeymoon, "get started with a bigger bang," as I think Aunt Deb put. All these lovely women around, radiating sexual energy and me with a near constant erection and no release -- it had been a while since I had had to endure blue balls.

Molly looked radiant by the way, as only a mother to be can. She literally glowed -- happier than I've ever known her to be. At about three months along now, she gleefully showed me the small baby bump in her belly that was our child and just running my hand over her softly rounded stomach sent a thrill through me. Already I felt that there was now a deeper connection between Molly and me and the little guy or gal that was growing in her womb. I loved the feeling of knowing I was going to be a father and the intensity of that happiness stunned me and not for the last time in my life was I to be in awe of the wondrous law of nature that love only produces more love! If I felt any regrets at that time -- it was that Mom and I had not been able to make a baby.

Finally though, on a beautiful Saturday in October, I was standing in that old white, clapboard church in front of the alter with Molly at my side, looking radiant in a red halter dress, short as could be without actually showing her crotch, her breasts already beginning to swell, rising prominently over her neckline. She gave me that searing smile of hers, overjoyed for me that I was about to experience the wedded bliss that she and Aunt Deb had known these last few months.

Reverend Simmons stood before us, his weathered Bible in hand and in his best suit. Despite his eighty-five or so years, he positively beamed with vitality and life. The source of that vitality was sitting in the third row -- Melinda looking radiant herself, pleased and happy for Mom and I. Emma Johnson was there, Mom's old childhood friend and her husband and brother Bill. Both were smiling at us, Bill throwing me a knowing wink. Beside them were two of their children, a teenage boy and girl. The brother periodically would lean over and whisper something in her ear and she would blush and give her brother an evil grin. I wondered what they were talking about. Mom and me? Their own parents? Perhaps they had secrets of their own.

There were a few other people, mostly old friends of Moms or members of the church who were aware and obviously approved of the match of my mother and me. One very old lady introduced

herself as Miz Bess and told me how she had been Mama Polly's best friend and hoped that Mom and I would be as blessed and happy as Polly and Tom had been many years ago.

Abruptly, the organ sounded and began playing. My attention went to the back of the church where at the top of the center aisle, Aunt Deb was slowly walking towards us. She shared Molly's look of radiant joy and looked lovely, her tall, lithe body sheathed in a red halter dress that matched her wife's outfit. My aunt, with her large, buoyant breasts trying to break free from the halter top, radiated sexual power and every male in the sanctuary followed her progress down the aisle (and several of the women as well).

She joined our little gathering at the altar, pausing to give me a kiss on the lips, her tongue swirling around mine, that had my cock pulsing with desire. Aunt Deb proceeded to lay a similar kiss on Molly -- one that her mate returned enthusiastically. Everyone in attendance chuckled, amused by the passion that the two women obviously shared with each other. Deb finished by turning to Reverend Simmons and whispering, "Still sexy as ever, Reverend!" and giving him an equally carnal kiss.

The music stopped and then resumed with the traditional bridal march. I turned to look up the aisle and felt my breath just get taken away. Mom stood there looking lovelier than I could ever recall. Mom was wearing some sort of corset like white bustier that left her shoulders bare and lifted and exposed her breasts almost to the aureoles -- in truth I couldn't figure out how Mom's huge breasts weren't literally falling out of her wedding dress. The bustier seemed to flow into a long dress that appeared to cover Mom's legs, but as she walked, you realized that there were high slits cut into it, exposing her shapely legs almost to the thigh as she slowly strode towards me, her feet encased in three inch high heels.

Mom's black hair, shot through with faint lines of silver, brushed her naked shoulders, framing her lovely face, eyes glowing with love for me and her smile -- her lovely, sensuous smile that promised so many things both innocent and naughty. I felt so much love for my mother welling up inside me at that moment, I thought my heart might explode. As she came towards me, a fall bouquet of flowers in her hands, time seemed to slow down and my whole universe became Mom.

"Last chance to run for it, sugar," Molly whispered into my ear, breaking my reverie. I spared her a glance and she gave me a wink and added, "You better marry her, John Hamilton, 'cause if you don't, I will!"

I laughed and then turned back to Mom who had finally reached us. She handed Deb her bouquet and as we stepped in front of Reverend Simmons, I realized I was now sporting a huge boner in my trousers. Mom and I brushed shoulders and I caught a whiff of her -- jasmine and pussy mixed together and knew that Mom was as turned on as I was. We joined hands and I felt that wonderful spark of incestuous energy that always seemed to grow when we touched.

Reverend Simmons cleared his throat and began, "Friends and family of Carrie and John -- we are all gathered here on this joyful day to bear witness to their joining in the blessed bonds of holy wedlock. We are called here to bear witness to the Lord's blessing to their eternal love for each other." I felt Mom's hand tighten around mine.

"We are here in this house of the Lord's to celebrate his greatest gift of all -- the gift of love. We believe that when two people discover that special love that is theirs and theirs alone, that it would be a sin to not hold on to it and nurture it and by doing so bring even more love into an old, cold world. John and Carrie -- mother and son, have always shared love but now in this place and time,

they have discovered that they are more than mother and son, that they are as the Lord has surely intended, soul mates -- that they held within them, a purer, deeper love that most folk are never blessed to know. Here today, with y'all bearing witness, they take that next step to more fully embrace and celebrate that love by becoming for all time, husband and wife."

The minister's tone grew stern and baleful as he said, "I must ask if there is anyone present who can give us a reason that this marriage should not take place." He scowled at the few people present and then relaxed and chuckled, "I didn't think so!"

He looked at me and said, "John Hamilton, do you vow to love, honor and cherish your mother as your beloved wife, now and forevermore?"

I'd heard the words before when we'd had a practice run-through the previous night, but now, with Mom looking more beautiful than ever, her hand in mine in front of our friends and family, the rightness, the appropriateness of the moment almost overwhelmed me. My eyes burned with tears as I had to work to control myself as I said, "I do."

Reverend Simmons turned to Mom and said, "Carrie Hamilton, do you vow to love, honor and cherish your son as your beloved husband, now and forevermore?"

Mom let out a happy, little sigh and with her eyes never leaving mine, replied, "I do."

The minister beamed at us and said, "Do you wish to exchange more personal vows?"

We both nodded and joined hands, the world disappearing as our world centered in on each other's faces. "John, I never knew what love was until I was in your arms. I love you as my son and I will love you as my husband till the end of time." Mom's voice wasn't quavering a bit, but was husky with the love and lust that I knew she had for me.

"Carrie," I began, but then shook my head. I know Mom had time and again told me that she preferred not her given name, but Mom. I began again, "Mom, I love you as my mother and I will love you as my wife until the end of my life. It's only when I'm with you that I know what true love is."

Together, we said, "I love you," and started to kiss until Reverend Simmons loudly cleared his throat and gravely shook his head.

"The rings, please," he prompted and Molly and Deb stepped forward. Molly held the antique ring that I'd given Mom our first New Year's together. I'd offered to replace it with a new one, but Mom had flatly refused insisting that in some ways, she'd become my wife on that wonderful night. Aunt Deb passed to Mom a new ring that was an exact duplicate of the antique ring, right down to the minute scrollwork. Mom had found a goldsmith in Lexington that created a ring for me that matched hers.

"With this ring, I wed thee, Mom," I said, returning her ring to its rightful place.

"With this ring, I wed thee, son," Mom replied, sliding my ring onto my finger where it has remained to this day.

"Here and now and forevermore, in the eyes of these witnesses and God, I do pronounce you, husband and wife," intoned Reverend Simmons. With a great deal of satisfied glee, he continued, "You may kiss your mama, the bride, John!"

And kiss we did, coming together, bodies pressed together, feeling each other's hearts beating as our lips met and tongues greeted each other and my mother and I kissed for the first time as husband and wife. We savored the kiss, not wanting to let it end, passionately kissing each other as if we hadn't kissed each other in days or weeks. There was love in the kiss and lust and hunger and joy. It was as if by finally taking this last step we two lovers had become one entity. We were complete. We kissed and it went on and on. We dimly heard chuckling in the background and then some scattered applause and still we kissed, our tongues intertwined and coiling around each other until finally I heard Reverend Simmons clearing his throat.

With a mournful sigh, Mom and I ended the wet kiss, both of us licking our lips as we did so, tasting each other's saliva and grinning wickedly at each other. We were both trembling with desire. The reverend stepped forward and turned us to face the congregation. "Friends and family, may I present Mister and Missus Hamilton!" and we glowed happily as our friends and neighbors and relatives loudly cheered us.

The rest of the day seemed to pass in a surreal blur of joyous activity. Mom and I were never more than a few feet apart as we departed the church amid a shower of rice thrown by our family and friends after what seemed like an exhaustive amount of photographs taken by Emma's husband, Bill who did wedding photography as a hobby. Awaiting us was an old fashioned horse and carriage, driven by another member of our church -- a special gift we had not been expecting.

We were holding a reception at our house and had planned to drive back on our own, but while Molly and Deb and Melinda and the others raced back to finish getting the food ready, Mom and I were taken on a leisurely buggy ride through the gorgeous Autumn colored hills of Kentucky. Our carriage driver left Mom and I to ourselves as he wound through the curvy roads and hills -- the oranges, reds and yellows of the Fall leaves brilliant on the hills while Mom and I snuggled and kissed.

"How's my husband doing," Mom whispered to me, her tongue teasing around my earlobe while her hand caressed my upper thigh.

"I'm on top of the world, wife," I replied, my hand slowly moving back and forth under Mom's slit dress, rubbing her soft, warm thigh, resisting the temptation of going further. Under my dress pants, my cock, not used to denial anymore, throbbed painfully. "I've just married the most wonderful woman in the world."

Mom kissed me, her tongue doing things that made my cock throb even more and she could see the desperateness of my situation. "My son needs to cum, doesn't he?" she teased me. "My hubby's cock is going to explode if he doesn't get some relief."

"You have no idea, Mom," I growled in exasperation.

"Just a few hours more, John," Mom whispered, her hand moving up and lightly caressing the big bulge in my trousers. "Our first time as husband and wife." She kissed me again and said, "I was thinking this morning about when you were a little boy and we'd gone to a wedding -- your first. You must've been about five. We were in the kitchen after -- I think I'd fixed you a snack and you were asking me questions about the wedding. I told you that a man and a woman who loved each other more than anything would get married. You thought about it for a while and told me that when you got older you were going to marry me. I laughed about it and told you that you didn't marry your mother, but that you'd grow up and find a beautiful girl and fall in love and marry her."

You thought about that and then told me, 'No, I love you, Mom and when I grow up, I'm going to marry you.'"

I didn't remember that at all, but I grinned at Mom and said, "And you were right and I kept my word. I did grow up and find a beautiful girl that I fell in love with...and then I married her."

There were tears of joy in Mom's eyes when she replied, "Yes, you did, son. Thank god, you did. I love you, John."

We kissed again -- a long, lovers kiss that seemed to go on near forever and didn't end until we were coming to the bumpy, gravelly end of the road that led up to our home. As we pulled up in front of the house, our friends and family applauding on the front porch, I replied, "I love you, Mom...then, now and forever."

The reception was fun with lots of good, southern style food (Molly's fried chicken is supreme and Melinda makes a mean Chocolate pie), dancing and in general good fun. It seemed to me that every slow dance with one of the several lovely ladies there, be it Molly, Aunt Deb, Melinda or Emma's teenage daughter was part of a conspiracy to make me all the hornier and it was all I could do to not cum in my pants. Reverend Simmons held court in one corner and had all within earshot doubled over with laughter at his stories. The celebration went on well into the evening and it was after nine o'clock before it ended.

The last folks out the door were Molly and Deb -- planning to take a late flight out of Lexington to head back to Florida. Mom and I received knee shaking kisses from each woman and I had one last thrill of running my hands over Molly's little baby bump before they left. "We'll be down for New Year's Eve," I said to Molly, kissing her one last time. I leaned over and pulled up her shirt and kissed her softly swelling belly. "And I expect you to be a lot bigger when we get there," I said to our unborn child.

Aunt Deb swept into my arms and kissed me again, rubbing her sexy body against me shamelessly. "It seems a little wrong -- to come all this way and neither Molly or me got even a taste of this fine cock," she said as she palmed my crotch, teasing my aching cock. Then my aunt flashed a grin at Mom and winked at her as she said to me, "Although, I guess we more than got our fill of your wife's juicy pussy!"

Mom grinned evilly and stepped up to us and kissed her sister before saying, "Well, there was no sense that we both had to suffer!" Everyone had a good laugh at my expense, myself included and Mom and I stood on the front porch waving at Deb and Molly until they were out of sight.

Finally...finally, Mom and I were alone. She looked so beautiful in the light of the moon shining through the woods about our home, still in her wedding dress. Mom looked up at me and said, "We've been married almost ten hours, son. Don't you think its time we consummated our marriage?"

I grinned at her and said, "I'll race you to the bedroom."

Mom purred and kissed me and then said, "No, there's no rush. Give me a few minutes before you come up. Lock up the house and get the lights and then please come up and make love to your wife."

"I like the sound of that...wife," I replied. Mom kissed me again and then we went inside and I watched her go gracefully up the stairs and disappear into our bedroom. I quickly raced around

locking up and turning down the lights, pausing only to put on some music -- some slow, sexy jazz.

I climbed the stairs and stepped into our bedroom. Mom had several candles set and lit about the room. "Mom?" I said, looking about. The bedding on our brass bed was turned down, but the bed itself was empty.

"Get undressed, son," Mom called out from the bathroom. "Make yourself comfortable. I'm almost ready." I quickly undressed, debating whether to keep on my boxer shorts, but decided in the long run that my aching cock had been restrained long enough. I climbed into bed naked, stretching out -- my cock standing up hard, tall and proud.

"Hello, husband...son," Mom called out softly from the doorway of the bathroom. I sat straight up and was on my feet before I could even think about it. The candles illuminated Mom in a heavenly glow. Mom had taken off her dress, but still wore the white bustier and that was all! Now, Mom's nipples were peeking out above the cups of the corset, thick and erect and below the bustier she was completely naked, her thick, black bush standing out against the whiteness of her sexy outfit and her flawless pale skin. I felt my cock slap hard against my stomach, precum drooling from the head in anticipation of soon being buried between her thighs.

"Mom...my wife, you are -- my God, Mom, you are beautiful!" I gasped, holding out my arms to her. Mom again seemed to have become carnality incarnate. Maybe it was the juxtaposition of all her voluptuous nakedness despite much of her torso being covered in that sinful looking bustier, the lush sexuality of her completely exposed or maybe Mom just had the power to generate instinctively such erotic power -- I don't know. All I knew for sure was that this was my mother and now my wife and I was the luckiest fucking man on the planet.

Mom began to walk slowly and provocatively towards me -- her lips turned up in an evil, lusty smile, swinging her full hips as she moved and making her huge, mostly uncovered breasts bounce and roll with each step. Her thick, furry bush glistened with her juices off the candlelight, revealing her arousal long before the sweet, musky aroma of her cunt reached me.

Then Mom was in my arms, murmuring, "I love you, husband," as she pressed her body against mine -- her skin feverish with desire.

"I love you too, wife," I replied softly before we kissed, our tongues meshing together as our lips met, dancing joyfully as we hugged each other tight -- Mom's nipples rubbing across my bare chest and my erect cock pressing against the satiny fabric of her wedding outfit.

As the kiss ended, I looked into her eyes and whispered, "I love you, Mom!"

I ducked my head and kiss the tops of her soft, fleshy breasts, my tongue slithering downwards towards her nipples as she sighed in reply, "I love you, son!" I took each nipple in my mouth, nipping at the thick, rubbery stems with my teeth before suckling at her breasts as I had done as a babe, Mom's hands stroked my shoulders and back while my hands wandered further down, sliding a palm through her heavy jungle of pubic hair and then fingers splicing through her slick lips and finding her hot, syrupy inner-flesh, drawing a happy moan from my newly wedded wife and mother.

"Oh, John -- I love you so much. I need you! I need you inside me now. Make love to me, son. Fuck your wife -- fuck your mother -- please, god, John, fuck me right now!"

I scooped up Mom in my arms, my mouth leaving her hard, thick nipples to kiss her once again. I mentally kicked myself for forgetting to carry her over the hearth earlier, but now I carried my

woman to the place most important to us both -- our bed. I eased Mom down onto the bed, resting her head on the pillows -- her dark hair fanning out over the pillows, creating a dark halo around the mother angel of my heart.

"So beautiful, Mom," I whispered as I climbed into bed, getting on my knees between her legs. Mom's knees were drawn up and she spread her thighs slowly apart, letting me see her in all her aroused glory.

Mom's eyes were full of love and lust and she shivered with anticipation as I knelt over her, my cock still standing hard against my stomach. Mom looked into my eyes and softly whispered, "John, do you vow to love, honor and cherish your mother as your beloved wife, now and forevermore?"

My head seemed to hum with a song of incestuous lust -- my heart pounding so powerfully that I could feel my pulse even in my cock as I replied, my voice thick with emotion, "I do."

Again, I reached out with my hand and ran my palm across Mom's pussy, savoring the heat and wetness and then the full thickness of her dark, full muff. "Mom, do you vow to love, honor and cherish your son as your beloved husband, now and forevermore?"

Mom flexed her hips, thrusting her pelvis upwards against my hand and sighed, "I do." My mother held out her arms to me and I came to her then, as her son and husband and lover, my body sliding along hers, feeling her hot and already sweaty flesh beneath mine, her bountiful tits rolling upwards with my motion and then my cock slicing between her wet labia and then as we kissed, lips to lips and cock to pussy, tongue and penis thrusting inside Mom at the same time. I was home -- home between my mother's thighs once and forever!

Mom's body began to spasm and she arched her back as she brought her luscious form upwards, taking more of me inside her -- her creams molten and sweet, urging me deeper in one continuous motion and she whimpered as her pussy muscles began to clamp down, hungry to take me within her womb and hold me there and then I was buried inside my mother and as our tongues danced and cavorted, Mom's legs came up and encircled my ass, heels digging into my cheeks, intending to never let me go.

I don't know how long we sat in place, relishing the moment. Maybe a second, maybe a minute, maybe a year -- it didn't matter, time stood still for us, locked in the most intimate of incestuous moments. Mother and son, husband and wife joined as God had to have intended! Mom held me tightly to her, the wetness and heat of her pussy soaking and massaging the aches away from her man's long, hard penis. Our hearts beat as one and we achieved an oneness that only a rare few who dare live their lives as we have could ever know. It was the perfect moment of love and lust and incest and desire and it seemed to last forever. Then we began to move and it only got better!

Mom's long nails clawed slowly down my back as I began to fuck her motherly cunt, our kiss never ending as I began to piston in and out of my mother's slick, clasp grasp. Each time I buried myself in her wet pussy, it seemed to grow hotter and creamier and sweeter than the moment before. Mom pulled her thighs back towards her body, legs still locked around me, but sliding upwards to be wrapped around my lower back, seeking to open herself even more, to get every possible inch of cock inside her.

I lost myself within the carnal entity that was my mother and wife. The touch of her skin, the gleam in her eyes, the brush of her tongue against mine, the heat of her velvet soft pussy all became as one as every fiber of her body seems to meld with mine, reducing every minute movement by either of us into pleasure that one wouldn't think possible as existing anywhere shy of heaven.

Mom's pussy tightened around my thrusting shaft, bathing it in torrents of hot pussy juice as her orgasm swept over her, tears running down her cheeks as her tongue went wild in my mouth and her arms and legs squeezed me hard, pulling me more tightly against into her naked flesh.

I struggled for control -- not wanting it to end so soon. My mind seized on the metallic banging of the brass rail headboard against the wall and I focused on the noise of the bed and Mom's muffled sobs of pleasure which served as counterpoint in the noise of our incestuous lovemaking and somehow managed to back off the urge to cum and continue the sweet joy of fucking my mother.

Mom's body writhed around me in long minutes of orgasm before she relaxed somewhat. Our kiss ended briefly and wetly, strings of saliva hanging between our mouths as she moaned, "L-love you, John! Don't stop. God, please, don't stop!"

I replied with my tongue, conveying that I loved her with a renewed passionate kiss as I resumed fucking her sodden pussy -- picking up speed with each downward thrust. Mom happily and meekly accepted my hard thrusts as she regained strength and then began to meet me, throwing her hips upwards to grind into me as I plowed deep into her cream drenched womb. Her tongue swept around mine in a frenzy of motion as we fucked, our eyes open as we kissed, losing ourselves -- our souls in each other's gaze as cunt and cock slammed together again and again.

In just a few minutes or perhaps after an eternity, Mom's orgasm crested again, this time more intensely than before -- her pussy becoming a velvet vise around my cock as she flung her hips to meet my cock and taking me deep within her womb and locking me into place as her cunt hungrily milked my penis.

It was too much. I felt the pressure build in an instant again, unrelenting and stubborn and my entire cock felt like it was swelling as my seed boiled from my full and aching balls and the pleasure just overwhelmed me as I began to pump my hot semen into Mom's pussy in huge, almost painful bursts. Mom's orgasm went to a new level as she felt me fill her womb with sperm and she was like a maddened animal struggling in my grip, not seeking to escape, but to have me -- to consume me completely. We kissed and bit and clawed and clung to each other as our mutual orgasm seemed bound to go on for all eternity.

It felt like I had been chaste for a year and had a never ending supply of sperm stored in my balls and I just kept cumming and cumming. Mom cried and moaned, our kiss finally ending as she flung her head back into the pillows and let out a scream of love and pain and passion and pleasure that seemed to echo through every room in our home, as her orgasm intensified and intensified until finally, Mom collapsed back into the mattress, still holding me in a tight grip until at long last, our orgasms began to ebb.

We were gasping for air, taking deep, gulping breaths between quick, passionate kisses and then Mom began to cry and buried her face against my neck, sobbing, "I love you, I love you, I love you, John, I love you husband, I LOVE YOU SON!" I was crying too -- amazed and stunned that it was possible that after almost two years of making love to my mother that it could get even better.

Reverend Simmons words from many weeks before came to me again as I lie there atop my mother lost in the wonder of the sweet joy of the moment. "As wonderful as things are now, when you and your mother have truly become united in God's eyes, things will be hundredfold better as HE showers you with his blessings."

I had thought I had understood him then, but only now was I able to begin comprehending the true meaning of his words. My heart was near to bursting with more love than I thought possible

for my mother. I wiped Mom's tears from her face, kissed her and whispered to my wife, "I love you, Mom." I smiled at her then and said, "And it will only get better from here...our love, our joy, our lives...its just beginning!

We held each other long into the night, hardly talking -- talking being unnecessary as we were now joined in bonds that transcended all others. What we each felt was in our hearts was simply known by the other -- our spirits, joined in incestuous love were one -- now and forever.

The next several weeks passed quickly and joyously as we lost ourselves in the sweet pleasure of newly wedded bliss. As ardent a lovers as we had been since we'd first become lovers, we were now crazed honeymooners, unable to leave each other alone and making love virtually every chance we got until we were too sore to fuck or suck. Everyday seemed better than the day before -- Mom seemed like a new woman compared to how she'd been when the old man was still alive.

Before we knew it, our beautiful autumn leaves had fallen, the weather turned cold and Christmas was upon us. My employer shut down for a two week break and much to my surprise, I received a partial bonus despite only having worked there for about five months. I blew it all on a special Christmas gift for Mom.

It seemed a bit strange, not having anything hanging over us to interfere with Christmas, but we relished each minute that the holidays gave us to spend together. Mom decorated the house so that it looked like something out of a Christmas fairy tale. When I would drive up the hill in the evening and see the warm glow of our home -- I felt like I was coming home to my favorite, almost forgotten childhood dreams...and I guess in a way, I was.

We walked through the snowy woods on our land and picked a perfect fir tree and Mom teased me about being her mighty lumberjack as I cut it down with an axe and we towed it back on a sled. Decorating it was a little more difficult as we kept getting in each other's way and pausing to kiss and then kissing led to touching which led to making love and we were three days getting the tree completed, but it was beautiful when it was finished and we were both pleased with it after much pleasing of each other.

Christmas Eve arrived in the company of an early winter storm -- literally snowing us in, which was perfect -- so reminiscent of our first Christmas as lovers and we sat with only the light of the living room fireplace and the lights on the Christmas tree watching the snowfall, cuddled up on the couch while Christmas tunes played on the radio.

Just before midnight, I couldn't wait any longer and gave Mom the present I'd gotten with my bonus. When I handed her the little gift wrapped box, Mom was like a little girl as she excitedly tore the wrapping and ribbons off and then she was oohing and aahing over the gold earrings I'd given her. I'd gone to the same goldsmith in Lexington who'd made my wedding ring and he'd created the same antique scrollwork that our rings possessed for her present. I got a big hug and kiss from Mom, her climbing into my lap and her tongue slipping into my mouth and we kissed for long minutes until after the clock on the fireplace mantle had chimed twelve times at midnight.

Mom was in soft old jeans and a thick sweater -- it being a cold night, but still I could feel the heat emanating from between her thighs as she rocked herself on the quickly appearing bulge in my pants. "I love my present, baby," Mom cooed. "You've made me so happy, husband."

I kissed her again and we nuzzled noses as I replied, "I love you, wife. You've made everyday like Christmas."

"Mmmm -- speaking of which, Merry Christmas, son," Mom said, glancing at the clock. "I'll be right back, John. I need to give you your present." Mom slid out of my lap, my hands sneaking in touches of her bountiful breasts as she did, her giggling as she escaped my grasp and hurried up the stairs.

Contented, I quietly watched the Christmas tree and beyond the window, the snow falling like silent grace from heaven. I had never been happier. I didn't know Mom was back until she spoke from the bottom of the staircase. "Merry Christmas, John," Mom said softly.

Even though I was pretty sure I knew how Mom would be dressed when I turned, it still took my breath away. Mom was wearing a nearly transparent white negligee -- the very same one that she had worn the first Christmas morning we'd made love and last Christmas as well. Mom looked even lovelier now than she had then. Just having turned forty-four, Mom was the epitome of motherly beauty.

The negligee was cut very low, revealing most of Mom's full, meaty breasts, nipples hard and standing out against the diaphanous white silk. She began to walk towards me and I could see her wet arousal glistening amidst her thick pubic thatch in the light from the fireplace and her new earrings twinkling brightly in the firelight. "God, I love that nightie, Mom," I said breathlessly.

Mom smiled at me and shook her head. "I don't know why -- I never seem to wear it more than a few minutes." She reached me, her brown-green eyes burning intensely with love for me. She slipped her arms around me and grinned impishly up at me, "Why is that, son?"

My arms went around and I cupped her bare ass cheeks, pulling her close. "Well, everyone likes to unwrap their Christmas present fast, Mom!" I bent down a little and kissed my mother, her lips sweet and moist and her tongue insistent and hungry. The scent of jasmine wafted into my nostrils, mixed with her natural scent, feeding the desire I felt for my mother...my wife.

As the kiss ended, I felt Mom fumbling with my belt, undoing it and unbuttoning my jeans. She looked down to check her progress and worked my shirt up out of my jeans. "Well, if I'm soon to be naked, I think you should join me," Mom said as she unbuttoned my shirt. My shirt came off and Mom sent it flying towards the couch. I felt a shiver of delicious anticipation as my pants fell to my feet and Mom slowly followed them down, squatting before me, offering me a bird's eye view of her tremendous cleavage. Mom helped me step out of my jeans and then my socks while deftly ducking my erect penis, jutting out and waving happily in front of her.

When I was completely naked, Mom's hand slid up my ankle, over my knee and then wrapped around my hard cock. Mom smiled at the swollen head of my penis and said, "And a Merry Christmas to you too!" and kissed it gently, her tongue peeking out to take just a little lick at the precum pooling there on my slit. I sighed happily as Mom proceeded to take me in her mouth, her warm tongue rolling over my flesh as she sucked me while her fingers reached around and trailed down the crack of my ass, raising goose bumps on my skin.

Abruptly, Mom stopped, letting me escape from her mouth, her teeth scraping teasingly over the crown of my dick. She stood up and kissed me, sharing my own taste with me and then she said, "Go build up the fire, son. Hurry now, your mother needs you more than ever."

I quickly moved to the fireplace and as quickly and as carefully as a naked man can, I stoked the fire, feeding it several seasoned logs. When I turned back to Mom, she was standing naked in front of the Christmas tree, its colored lights reflecting off the window and off Mom's pale skin. I realized she was standing on a quilt laid out for our comfort and I grinned lewdly. Another Christmas tradition of my mother's and mine.

I hurried back into Mom's arms, kissing her ardently. As our tongues danced, we both slowly sank to our knees and then Mom urged me onto my back, looking hungry and wicked as she scrambled to straddle me, her heavy, pendulous breasts swinging and swaying as she did. Mom's thick bush slid up my leg, leaving a trail of warm wetness behind, betraying her arousal and her need.

"Make love to me, son!" Mom murmured as she leaned into me, her breasts and long, hard nipples dragging across my stomach and then chest as she came face to face with me. Her pussy, now with labia blooming, embraced my shaft, rubbing up and down on it, hunching as she worked to take it inside her. "Make love to me, John!"

"I love you, Mom! Merry Christmas, my love!" I said as Mom raised her hips and the head of my cock found her open and wet and so deliciously slick and she slowly lowered herself down, impaling herself on my thick, long shaft! We groaned together as Mom took me inside her, enveloping my throbbing cock in her liquid heat, soft, pulsating flesh wrapping around me and holding my penis tight in its embrace.

"Yesssssss," Mom hissed, throwing her head back as she arched her back, her breasts rising and quivering as Mom's entire body began to stiffen as she reveled in being filled with her son and husband's hard cock. Her nipples, already hard seemed to swell even more, appearing like huge, ripe cherries about to burst. Mom's lips curled into a lewd sneer as she closed her eyes, creating a portrait of carnal joy.

Mom sat there, impaled for long minutes, her only movement being minute squirming as she ground her thick bush into my pubic hair. She bit her lower lips with her sexy overbite and then suddenly became a frenzy of motion, screaming, "YES, YES, YES! I LOVE YOU, JOHNSHUSBANDSON! I LOVE YOUR COCK! I LOVE YOU!" as she began to ride me like a woman possessed.

I lay there, barely moving, caught up in the wonder that was my mother, dark hair flying as her big, meaty tits bouncing wildly as she bounced up and down on my cock, never quite letting all of me escape her velvet wet grasp before sliding back down to take all of me inside her. I reached out and took big handfuls of her fleshy breasts, my palms rubbing and teasing her thick, long nipples. "I love you, Mom," I said through clenched teeth, desperate to not cum too soon, wanting her to enjoy this as long as possible.

As Mom neared her orgasm, her rough and wild ride slowed down as if she too was trying to delay as long as possible her climax. With great care, Mom slid slowly up and down on my throbbing shaft, leaning forward, her eyes full of love and lust and something that contained both yet surpassed it as she stared into my eyes. Again, Mom was biting her lower lip as sweat dripped from her face to splash on mine, her breasts slowing dragging against my chest, the maddening friction of her rubbery hard nipples increasing her pleasure as she slowly fucked me.

Mom's movements became slower and slower, her muscles straining with the effort and then she came to a complete stop, my cock completely inside her, buried in her womb. Mom opened her mouth, her lips working noiselessly for a minute before a harsh, short cry emerged. I chose that moment to fling my hips upward, going a little deeper in her and Mom's eyes went wide and she screamed and her molten cunt clamped tight around my cock and bathed it in her furnace hot creams as her orgasm erupted with swift, overwhelming fury. "OHGODYESSSSS! I LOVE YOU JOHNNNN!"

The sheer eroticism of seeing Mom orgasm so hard would have been enough to send me over the edge, but it was certainly helped by the loving attention her pussy was giving my cock, milking me -

- demanding my seed and with a cry of "I love you, Mom," I surrendered and my cock jerked in her cunt's grasp and I flooded Mom's womb with my fiery semen. My orgasm spurred Mom's orgasm to even higher heights and we both rode our incestuous climax joyously to its end, Mom finally slumping forward to rest atop me, her heart beating quickly in time against my chest as she whimpered from the sheer pleasure.

We lay there under the Christmas tree for a long time, my arms holding Mom tight as we regained our breath and our fuckswat slowly dried on our bodies, helping to create that sinfully sweet stickiness that seemed to bond our skin together. When I could manage it, I wheezed, "Now that's what I call a Christmas present, Mom!"

Mom chuckled and nuzzled my neck before raising her head to look at me, her love evident in her smile. "This was wonderful, but not as great as the Christmas present you gave me, John."

I shrugged and said, "I don't know -- making love to you is better than any pair of earrings, Mom."

Mom scooted up a little, making us both moan slightly, my semi-erect cock still inside her grasping cunt. She kissed me, long, slowly and deeply before she replied, "No, my wonderful husband. I'm talking about the present you gave me on our wedding night." Mom smiled down at me, her expression full of motherly love as she said, "You gave me a baby, son. I'm pregnant!"

To be continued...