

MOTHER & SON: A LOVE STORY PT. 11

Ahabscribe

The story continues with a new generation of mother and son.

Incest/Taboo

4.7

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Chapter 11 -- The Next Generation

After a long interim, I have returned to my most popular series. If you're not familiar with the Mother & Son: A Love Story series, you should read 1. Christmas with Mom, 2. New Year's Eve with Mom and the entire Mother & Son: A Love Story set...all amongst what most readers consider my best work. I look forward to hearing your comments and thoughts about this story which I hope to continue with others.

As always, this is a work of fiction and all characters within being fictitious as well. Enjoy!

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It didn't take the sidelong glances and surreptitious stares of the other diners in the restaurant to cue me in that I was sharing a table with the sexiest and loveliest woman in the establishment. The fact that I had known the woman all my life didn't inure me of the fact either nor did the fact that the woman was my mother deter me from possessing such lustful desires for her. The truth is, I have always loved my mother more than anyone else and especially since puberty clued me in that love has many facets. I didn't only love Mom, I was in love with Mom.

Mom radiated such intense sexuality, it was a wonder that anyone could gaze at her long without going blind. Thankfully, instead of striking me sightless, her sheer carnality just fueled my longing for her. My heart beat wildly as I watched her sitting across from me, toying with her pasta, her brilliant green eyes seeming to peer into my soul as she coyly smiled at me.

For our evening out, Mom had chosen a strapless black dress with a plunging neckline that exposed much of her heavy, but still firm breasts and put her lovely shoulders on display. After years of wearing her black hair long, Mom had recently cut it much shorter, reminding me of that actress in "Ghost" from years ago. Out of sight underneath the table, but nevertheless on my mind was the short hem of her dress -- when standing, it ended at mid thigh showing off her lovely legs -- her outfit made complete by the three inch stilettos on her dainty feet. Mom was a voluptuous package in a skimpy dress and it thrilled me that she had chosen it for tonight...an intimate dinner with her son.

Mom smiled at me and then said softly in her lilting Tennessee accent, "You're awfully quiet tonight, sugar. Penny for your thoughts?"

I shrugged my shoulders -- an expression I had often been informed was exactly like my dad's and replied, "Just amazed that I'm the one sitting here with such a beautiful woman, Mom." I paused and said, "I can't begin to imagine how I got so lucky."

Mom blushed a little and said, "Well, thank you, Tommy...you're a silver tongued devil just like your daddy." It was hard to tell in the dim light of the Italian restaurant, but it seemed liked the blush was spreading down to her neck and exposed upper chest. There was a little wobble in her breasts

as she seemed to breathe a little faster. "You know, son...you could call me Molly now. You're eighteen...we're both grown-ups." Mom gave me a speculative look as she said the last few words."

I nodded and said, "Molly...I guess I could get used to that, but...even when I call you that, in my heart, I would always mean Mom. Whatever else may be...you'll always be Mom to me."

That seemed to please my mother and she nodded. "I know...you have my blessing to call me Molly whenever you want, but I like hearing you call me Mom. I'll be honest, sugar -- I like the way you say it...I always have." She reached out and took my hand and squeezed it gently. "Speaking of whatever else may be...I reckon there's a few things we really need to talk about, isn't there?"

"Yes," I replied in almost a whisper -- my mouth suddenly dry and my heart beating even faster.

Mom smiled at me and said, "Well, you're eighteen now...you're no fool. You know how things are with me and your Dad and Mom-Carrie. How they were with Mom-Deb and Mom-Carrie and your Dad and me. We've talked many times over the years about what might happen when you became a man. You've never asked about the possibilities, but I know you have feelings for me...feelings beyond what's traditional between a mother and son."

My mother's face was definitely on fire now...for such a sexual woman, I was almost amazed that Mom seemed to be embarrassed. She plunged on, her fingers wrapped so tightly around mine that it was almost painful. "When...when you asked me out to dinner...asked me to go on a date with you, I knew that finally the time had come. You're eighteen, Tommy. You're a man now. You and I can finally talk about it."

I had a funny grin on my face and in a raspy voice said, "Talk about what, Mom?"

Mom barked a short laugh and said, "Don't you dare play coy with me, Matthew Thomas Hamilton. We're going to talk about us becoming lovers!" Mom's eyes were almost alit with green fire...denoting the carnal passion that I had only seen her have for Dad and Mom-Carrie and in my distant memory, Mom-Deb.

I shook my head slowly and said, "No, Mom...I didn't ask you here to talk about becoming lovers."

Mom's eyes went wide and she gasped. I felt her fingers loosen around mine and she began to sit back in her chair, but I tightened my grip on her hand even as she replied in a very quiet and shocked voice, "You...Tommy, you don't want to be my lover?"

Never letting go of her hand, I slipped out of my chair and moved to her side, dropping to one knee as I did so. With my free hand, I reached into my jacket pocket and removed a small box, flicking it open as I raised it and replied, "I don't want to just be your lover, Mom, I want to marry you."

I kissed Mom's hand and extended the engagement ring in the box. "Mom...Molly Cash Hamilton, will you please marry me?"

Mom was speechless, one hand clapped against her mouth, eyes wide open in stunned amazement. I let her hand slip free so that I could pluck the ring out of its container...the square cut diamond sparkling magically off the flickering light of the candle on our table. I took Mom's left hand and placed the ring at the tip of her ring finger and looked back up at my mother. "Marry me, Mom. Be my wife and make me your husband...lovers and husband and wife forever."

Tears were running down Mom's face and for a moment I thought she would refuse, but then she nodded furiously and replied, "Oh yes, sugar! I love you so much, son! Yes, Tommy, I'll marry you!"

As I slid the ring onto Mom's finger, applause spread from throughout the room -- some of the closest diners applauding with somewhat confused expressions over the mix of the words 'Mom' and 'son' amidst my proposal and Mom's acceptance. I really didn't care and paid little attention to the world around me as I rose back up and Mom stood up and flung herself against me, her arms flying around my neck as she almost climbed up my taller form and pressed her body against mine even as she pressed her lips against mine.

I was in heaven as for the first time in our lives, my mother kissed me as a man and not a child, her lips open as her tongue slipped into my mouth and sought out my own tongue! Mom tasted delicious, her mouth wet and electric as we kissed as only two people in love could kiss. The loving French kiss seemed to last forever and I felt dizzy and breathless when it ended and Mom whispered, "I can't believe you proposed to me, sugar!" She giggled and added, "And on our first date!"

I hugged Mom's body tight against my own, relishing the feel of her large breasts against my chest...even through her dress and my shirt and jacket, I could feel the aroused beating of her heart. "I want you, Mom...I want to love you and be with you forever and I don't want to waste a moment!"

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Okay, I am sure that many of you reading this are rolling your eyes and thinking that this is just another "Wham-Bam, Hey Mom wanna fuck? Sure do, Son, fuck me blind," story and I suppose in a sense it is, but the truth is that there was always a sense of inevitability that Mom and I would become lovers. If you know the story of my Dad and his mother and my mom and the whole Hamilton clan, well...you know I can honestly make the claim that incest is in my blood and that incest was always my destiny.

Call me Tommy...it is the name I prefer...my great grandfather's name...or my grandfather's name depending on your point of view. I am the son of Molly, Deb and John Hamilton. Molly was my birth mother and for about eight glorious years was married to my Mom-Deb before she passed away. John was Deb's niece and Mom's lover going back to college. Well, Dad was Mom-Deb's lover too and Dad is married to Carrie Hamilton, his wife and mother. Yeah, it gets complicated. To add to the confusion, Dad and Mom-Carrie also have a daughter...my half-sister, Polly.

Before we go any further, let's just drag out the controversial word...INCEST! You could say my family are experts in incest. Mom-Carrie says it just comes naturally to us -- that it's in our blood. See, Great-grandpa Tom and his mother, Polly were lovers. Mom-Deb and Mom-Carrie were lovers with Great-grandpa Tom and with each other when they were teenagers. Dad and Mom-Carrie resumed the family tradition when Dad was in college which was how Mom-Carrie and Mom-Molly met and became lovers and then through Dad and Mom-Carrie, Mom-Molly met Mom-Deb and they fell in love and got married. Mom-Carrie married her son, John (my Dad), a few months later. Within the year, I was born -- the son of Dad and Mom-Molly and Dad and his mom had a daughter, Polly, my half sister.

All my Moms and Dad set Polly and me down when we were twelve and explained our family...history and tendencies to us. It kinda amused me and I think it freaked Polly out a little until Dad and Mom-Carrie assured her that she wasn't obligated to carry on the family tradition. As for

me, I wasn't freaked out one bit...it just sort of reaffirmed my feelings and desires. I knew even then as I dealt with the onslaught of puberty that I didn't just love my mother, I was in LOVE with her.

Maybe it was the fact that losing Mom-Deb when I was eight had driven us closer together...maybe it was my Hamilton blood rising to the surface, but even at twelve, I was already attracted to my mother and already wondered when I would be able to take my place alongside the adults in their lovemaking. Now, to be honest, neither Mom or Mom-Carrie or Dad ever even suggested such a thing...in fact they never brought it up. Nevertheless, I was thinking about it constantly and inadvertently or not, my parents (all three of them) helped fuel my fantasies and desires.

I do want to be clear. Mom and Dad and Mom-Carrie weren't intentionally screwing in front of me and my sister, but they were passionate, lustful people and throughout my childhood, there were accidents of walking in on two or more of them. I think I've lost count of the number of times I've strolled unexpectedly into the kitchen or pantry to find my mother going down on Mom-Carrie or vice-versa or Mom or Mom-Carrie sucking Dad's cock.

I don't know how many times I've walked into Mom's bedroom or Dad and Mom-Carrie's bedroom to discover two or more of them having sex. I remember once walking in and seeing Dad slipping it to Mom from behind while she licked Mom-Carrie's pussy. Once I walked in to see Mom-Carrie riding Dad's cock while Mom rode his face -- she and Mom-Carrie kissing each other and playing with each other's huge tits. Most nights growing up, I fell asleep to the sounds of orgasm coming from their rooms...it was a lullaby putting me to sleep. Their moans and cries were as comforting to me as the sound of rain gently falling on the roof.

It was amidst all that that I knew that I wanted to...no, that I was destined to become Mom's lover...no, I wanted to be her husband and lover. I would defy any red-blooded male who has a mother as sexy and beautiful as mine to feel differently. Mom as she entered her forties was drop dead gorgeous. Mom stands five-foot, two inches with a voluptuous figure: 38D-27-38 and legs to die for. She has green eyes and black hair with thin streaks of grey that arrived during the time Mom-Deb was sick, but which have never increased. She radiates sexuality and I've seen her turn the volume up on it and rendered both men and women speechless and near befuddled. When she smiles at you...I mean really smiles at you, your knees go weak and your cock gets instantly hard.

Mom and Mom-Carrie, besides looking like daughter and mother, both share a passion for sexy...sometimes sluttish looking clothes...neither being modest or ashamed to show off their good looks and luscious bodies! Trust me, growing up in our remote home in Eastern Kentucky was better than living in a penthouse with a dozen Victoria's Secret Angels!

Now, there is no doubt that I was sexually attracted to my mom, but it went deeper than that, even though I barely have the words to describe it. Mom and I were close emotionally...she was my best friend and closest confidant. It often seemed like I could read her moods...her mind almost and she mine, although if she noticed how much I lusted for her, she never let on until our dinner date a week after I turned eighteen. I loved Dad and Mom-Carrie, but Mom was my favorite person to spend time with and I think -- outside of the carnal world, I was her favorite person as well.

Now, I would have declared my love and lust for Mom when I was fifteen...hell, I was ready to propose at fifteen, but my sister Polly counseled me to wait. She had been going through her own struggles dealing with our family nature...both fearing and curious about engaging our parents sexually, but Dad and Mom-Carrie had already informed her that that was something they would only discuss with her when she was eighteen.

"You might as well wait, Tommy," Polly informed me late one night when we'd sneaked out onto the roof between our rooms with a couple of pilfered beers from Dad's supply. "I guess they think they're looking out for us...want us a little more mature before we decide."

I pouted and replied, "I don't see why. I know what I want and three more years won't make a difference."

Polly shrugged and looked down at her feet, her face in shadow beneath her long, blonde tresses. "I don't know either, but it's important to them." She lifted her head, her eyes glittering in the light of the full moon. "They do love us though and want what's best for us."

It's sort of funny to think about it, but even though we were two teenagers with hormones aplenty between us, we didn't fool around with each other. Polly walked her own way and I knew that she was interested in Dad, but unsure if she could or would ever act on it. Polly was a deep thinker...that was the biggest difference between us. My sister liked to examine every possible decision from every possible angle before she committed to anything. Me...I was always the plunger -- jumping in without a second thought. Patience wasn't my best virtue.

Waiting to turn eighteen was to say the least, frustrating, especially when you consider that in addition to Dad and myself, I lived with two very sexual women and a lovely teenaged girl. Mom and Mom-Carrie were as I said, like nearly identical mother and daughter -- both with lovely meaty breasts, voluptuous bodies and great legs. Both exuded raw sex and I think I spent most of my pubescent years with a constant erection. When you add in the sexual nature of my parents and the little accidents and the every night sounds of orgasmic passion echoing everywhere -- I was either erect, masturbating or recovering from my own climax constantly.

I would have probably gone insane if I hadn't found a diversion in work. I was about thirteen when I discovered that I enjoyed and had a talent for yard work...something that expanded from mowing yards to actual landscaping by the time I was sixteen. I worked as much as I could -- sparing time only for sleep, school, homework and baseball. I worked so much that Mom-Carrie worried that I had inherited traits from Dad's late father who had helped push Mom-Carrie into her son's arms with his neglect of her needs in his own single-minded pursuit of work and his hunting and fishing.

I think Dad was a bit worried too, at least until one day when we were coming back from a major league game in Cincinnati when I was sixteen and he decided we had to have a heart to heart talk. "Tommy, your Moms and I are worried that you're working too much," he said after our post game dissection of the Reds' shitty performance had faded away.

"Why, Dad?" I replied. "I keep my grades up and I do my chores at home."

"Yeah," Dad said, nodding his head. "I...we have no complaints there, but son...we worry about you not...well, not getting out and having fun. You don't hang out much with the guys and you hardly ever date." He paused and added, "You don't even spend any of the money you earn. You do know you can cut loose once in a while?"

I shrugged and said, "I'm saving my money for something special, Dad."

My father looked at me curiously and replied, "Like what?"

I wasn't ready to tell him and instead tried to change the subject. "Dad, do you think Mom will ever marry again?"

Dad looked pole-axed and was quiet for a few minutes before he said, "I don't know, Tommy. Molly...your mother still feels married to your Mom-Deb." He waited a few more minutes before he added, "I asked her to join me and uh, Mom-Carrie...to at least take a vow of marriage. In some ways, we are married already, I guess." He actually seemed a bit embarrassed to discuss it. "But, she said no...that things are fine the way they are."

I plunged deeper, asking questions for the first time since my parents had revealed to me and Polly the true nature of everyone's relationship. "Did...do you ever regret marrying your mother, Dad?"

My father grunted and then laughed before his face became very serious and he replied, "Becoming Mom's lover and marrying her and making her my wife have been the greatest things I've done with the exception of being yours and Polly's father." When I didn't say anything, he realized that he hadn't quite answered my question. "No, son...no regrets about marrying my mother at all...she is simply the great love of my life."

I nodded and said, "I know how you and Mom-Carrie and Mom are, but do you think there might ever be another woman or...." My voice cracked a little as I finished, "Another man in Mom's life?"

Dad looked at me a second and then he smiled as his eyes seemed to express a recognition of a kindred spirit before he said, "I don't know, son...I reckon it would have to be a special woman or a very special young man." He grinned at me and then reached out and squeezed my shoulder.

Nothing else was said for a while. We rode silently down the interstate and once past Lexington, had turned off onto the winding roads that an hour away would see us home. "Dad," I finally said. "Do you know what kind of diamonds Mom likes? You know, like for a ring."

Dad looked at me, surprised again by one of my questions. "Um...I believe she likes what's called a 'princess' cut. Why? You planning to buy your Mom a ring?"

I smiled slyly at Dad and said, "Someday...maybe." I suddenly realized that it was I that was blushing. "Don't tell Mom, please? I want it to be a surprise."

"I won't save a word, Tommy...I promise," replied my father. He then added, "You know, those can get quite expensive...if you need a little money...."

I shook my head and said, "No...I'm good, Dad. I've been saving my money for years."

Dad looked at me with a look of pride and astonishment before he began to laugh. I laughed along with him and never felt closer to him. If ever there was moment where we knew we were so alike, it was then.

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Mom couldn't take her eyes off her ring all the long drive home, admiring the way it glittered in the greenish light of the dashboard. She was curled up beside me on the bench seat of her old station wagon, her right hand resting lightly on my upper leg, distractingly close to the bulge that seemed ever present in my pants.

"Tommy, darling...I can't get over this," Mom said softly. She looked up at me in the dim light of the car and as her fingers squeezed my leg, continued with, "I knew that there was something between us and I thought you might want to be your momma's lover, but...Lord, sugar, I never expected this! How long have you been planning this?"

I shrugged and replied, "Sometimes, it seems all my life, Mom, I've always loved you and it seems like forever that I've been in love with you."

Mom nodded and grew silent for the rest of the trip, resting her head on my shoulder as I drove, still looking at her ring on her left hand while her right hand gently caressed my leg.

Once home, I got out and opened the door for Mom. In the light of a full moon, I got a heart-stopping glance at Mom's upper thighs as she swung her legs out of the car, offering a teasing glimpse at her black panties. Aside from the porch light, the house was dark and quiet, although the quiet was pierced once by a loud moan through an open upper window. I smiled as I helped Mom out of the car, knowing that Dad was pleasuring his mother, my Mom-Carrie.

Mom came right into my arms and as I closed the car door, maneuvered me back against it, laughing lightly as she said, "Kiss me, Tommy! Kiss your mother here under this beautiful lovers' moon!" I bent down a little even as she seemed to again crawl up my body, her leg wrapped around mine as her breasts slid upward against my shirt. Her lips tasted sweet against mine even as her tongue tasted of wicked promises yet to come, wet and firm as it curled and slid around my tongue.

We held each other tight and I took the liberty for the first time in my life to let my hands roam over her body, sliding over the slinky material of her little black dress to cup her toned butt cheeks, rubbing and spreading them slightly, gathering up the hem of her dress until her ass was exposed and I could touch her bare skin left bare by her g-string panties. As I caressed her butt, Mom purred approvingly into my mouth.

Her hands left my neck to rub my shoulders and then my upper arms, again purring her appreciation at my biceps, well defined by years of hard work. Then Mom was groping my buttocks, giggling as her tongue explored my mouth and then it was my turn to gasp as for the first time, Mom touched my privates, her hand palming the bulge in my slacks, trying to assess its length and girth. Mom broke the kiss for a moment as she murmured, "Oh my, sugar, oh my!"

Then we were kissing again. Somehow, one of my hands found its way to her barely covered breast and with little effort, I freed it without even thinking, cupping Mom's meaty and still firm breast in my hand as my thumb flicked over her dime sized and elongated nipple, feeling rubbery and hard in her arousal.

We continued to kiss and although I don't really remember the journey, somehow we managed to walk from the car, up the steps and onto the front porch, finally reaching an old porch sofa. Mom was curled up against me, half in my lap as we continued to kiss and touch each other. We seemed to be lost in each other as our tongues danced merrily and our fingers slowly, almost cautiously explored each others body.

I confess not a lot of experience...oh, I had dated several girls in high school and had my share of make-out sessions, but this was much more intense...much more personal and most of all, felt utterly proper and correct. I've liked a lot of girls, but this was the girl...the woman I LOVED! I already knew in my heart that I would never tire of kissing and touching my mother even if we both lived forever.

My hand slid up her upper thigh, sliding down and suddenly I realized that one of us had already removed her panties as my fingers brushed soft, curly hair and then wetness...a lot of wetness. I ran my middle finger along Mom's flowered slit, marveling at how hot and slippery she was. Mom

broke the kiss and her hand left my cloth covered cock to intercept my exploring hand as she exclaimed, "Whoa now, sugar! My Lord, Tommy, but you can sweep a girl off her feet."

I laughed and nuzzled Mom's face with my own, stealing a quick kiss before I replied, "Am I moving too fast for you, Mom?"

Mom took a deep breath and shook her head before saying, "I'm not sure. When we left the house this evening, we were just a regular mother and son...now, we're engaged and kissing like soon to be lovers and my son just touched my wet pussy for the first time!" She giggled and said, "I always thought I was the fast one, but...son, you have your mother's head just a spinning!"

I leaned in and kissed Mom again, her tongue playfully rolling over mine. I couldn't get over how sweet she seemed to taste. "I'm not sure we've ever been a regular mother and son...not in this family and I've had not so normal feelings for you, Mom, for longer than you might think."

"Yeah, I reckon we are the poster family for incest, aren't we?" Mom said. She pressed her body against mine, her fingers rolling up and down the now aching lump of cock in my slacks. "So, tell me, Tommy, just when did you fall in love with your mother?"

I gave out a long sigh and said, "Wow...I'm not sure, Mom." I considered for a moment and then said, "I was twelve-maybe thirteen and one day you and Mom-Carrie got caught out in the garden by a rainstorm. I watched you two come running up to the house from my bedroom window. I fetched some towels and came down here to the porch and you and Mom-Carrie were soaked to the skin and laughing and I remember you were wearing a red handkerchief top and jean shorts and your hair was plastered to your head and your top was like a second skin around your breasts and you were chilled and your nipples were hard..."

Mom's face seemed to flush under the dim porch light. "Yeah?"

"You and Mom-Carrie were giggling and kissing and in each other's arms and I think you'd just kissed each other when I stepped out on the porch and, Mom, you looked at me and smiled at me with such an expression of love that it almost knocked me down. I remember...I remember that it was one of the first times I ever had a erection."

"And that's when you fell in love with me, son?" Mom asked.

I nodded and replied, "I think so...at least in part." I paused and licked my lips and looked down into Mom's face, her eyes wide with interest and glowing with her love. "It was maybe a few months later and Coach Parker had dropped me off earlier than expected cause our practice got canceled and I walked into the house and you and Dad were on the sofa and you were...um, naked and on top of Dad, facing me." I paused for a moment, recalling with perfect clarity, Mom riding Dad's cock, her body shiny with sweat, breasts bouncing as she slid up and down his erection, her eyes glazed with lust and pleasure.

I pulled Mom a little closer and continued, "You never stopped fucking Dad, even when you realized that I was in the room, but you gave me that same loving smile and it was like you were happy to see me...happy to see me seeing you like that and you managed to gasp, "I love you, Tommy!" and again, you just about knocked me down, Mom with everything that was just you..."

Mom reached up and kissed me long and hard, her tongue almost supernatural in its ability to arouse me as it whirled about in my mouth. "And then, sugar?"

I felt myself blushing. "I said 'I love you, too' and beat a retreat to my room and I...for the first time I masturbated and shot my first load of spunk...dreaming that it was me, not Dad making love..."

"Fucking me...fucking your mother," Mom said softly and huskily!

I nodded and finally said in barely a whisper. "Yeah, I dreamed that I was fucking you, Mom."

Mom let out a shuddering sigh. "I kinda recall getting caught in the rain with Carrie, but I absolutely remember you catching your father and I fucking that summer day." Mom looked down at where her hand was stroking the outline of my erect penis and then looked up at me and said, "I will always remember the look on your face...the desire...the want that was there. Tommy, that was the day I first realized that maybe...just maybe someday you and I could become what your daddy and his mother are...to share what they have."

We both smiled at each other and then were kissing again, my hand returning to rest between her legs, tentatively stroking her blossoming pussy lips, her juices covering my exploring fingers. When we broke the kiss, I suddenly realized that my cock was now free in the cool night air, Mom's fingers stroking me gently and slowly. "Oh Mom!" I breathed softly.

Mom looked up at me and said, "Some would consider it in poor taste for a woman to leave her date in such a condition after such a wonderful date. I think my son needs some relief!" With practiced ease, Mom slid off my lap and onto the porch floor, squatting between my legs. "Tommy, is it okay if Momma sucks your big, lovely cock?"

I nodded slowly and then somehow managed to mutter, "Oh yes, please, Mom!" Mom gave me her patented sexy and sly grin and then opening her mouth wide, wrapped her lips around the head of my cock, eliciting a tremendous moan from me as her wet, warm mouth and tongue consumed my erection. Slowly and expertly, Mom slid her lips down my shaft, pausing mid-length and rising back up to suck sweetly on my cock head, her eyes never leaving mine.

I felt light-headed as one of my most dreamed about fantasies became true before my eyes. My mother was sucking my cock...the first woman to ever do so and it felt so perfect -- so natural -- so right! Mom again slid her lips down my shaft, this time not stopping until her lips brushed my pubic hairs...the tip of my cock buried deep in her throat. Mom made an approving "Mmmmmm," that sent ecstatic vibrations racing up my hard penis and into the rest of my body, making my muscles almost spasm as I stretched them reflexively.

"Omigod, Mom!" I moaned. "I love you, Mom! I love your mouth...your sweet, hot, cocksucking mouth!" Mom gave me that sly, sexy wink again and slowly retreated, sucking me fiercely as she did, her tongue busily rolling over my shaft before resuming it's wonderful teasing of my swollen knob. I suddenly had a clearer inkling of how precious Dad's love was with Mom-Carrie.

She let me escape from her mouth so that she could show off her dexterous tongue as it rolled over the turgid crown and whisper, "I love your cock, Tommy! I love how it tastes." Mom winked at me again before adding, "And I didn't realize how big you are, sugar! You might be longer and thicker than your daddy!"

Then Mom was gobbling me up again, taking me deep into her mouth, showing off her ease at deep-throating her son...sucking me furiously and making me squirm and moan on the porch sofa. Neither masturbation nor having a date stroke me prepared me for the intensity of the pleasure of my mother sucking my cock and I was stunned at how soon Mom brought me to the edge. One moment I was reveling in the sweet sensation of Mom's warm mouth and her liquid silk tongue and

the next, I could feel my spunk rising from my balls and I gasped, "Mom...oh God, Mom, I'm gonna cum!"

I wasn't surprised when Mom refused to release me, but it still filled me with awe to see her look up into my eyes with excitement as she continued to suck me, her cheeks hollowing out and then I was cumming -- no, exploding in my mother's mouth, ejaculating semen so hard and fast that the sensation bordered both pleasure and pain with pleasure triumphing in the end, me whimpering as Mom made noises of appreciation as she gobbled up my hot seed for the first time.

Mom continued to suck my dick even as the flow of my semen tapered off to nothing, her tongue busy on the head of my cock and making me claw the sofa cushions as pleasure unlike anything I had ever experience pulsed through my penis. After an eternity of ecstasy, Mom let me slip from her lips and sat back on her heels, her face glowing with love and lust.

"Oh son!" Mom sighed, her voice thick with lust. "You tasted...oh, Tommy, I love the taste of your sperm. I love you, Tommy...I love you and I love your cock...Momma loves you so -- so..." Mom's eyes grew incredibly wide and she slapped her hand across her face as if the enormity of what she had done, sucking her son's cock for the first time had overwhelmed her.

I leaned forward and stroked her face with my hand. "Mom, are you okay."

Mom nodded, her hand still covering her mouth as tears ran down her cheeks. Finally in a hoarse whisper, she replied, "Oh god, yes! I love you, Tommy!" She stood up, looking wild and lovely with both of her formidable breasts escaped from the confines of her dress and I could smell her arousal...her wetness which filled me with powerful and primal desires.

I reached for her, but Mom shook her head. "I love you, son. We -- we'll talk in the morning!" She bent down and kissed me, her tongue thrusting into my mouth for a long, lovely moment, me mildly aware that I was tasting myself on my mother's mouth and tongue and then she broke the kiss and gave me one last loving look and whispered, "I love you, Tommy Hamilton!" and hurried inside, leaving me dazed and a bit confused.

I don't know how long I sat there on our front porch, reliving the evening and its strange and wonderful climax. Mom seemed to have loved what she'd done and hadn't acted like I'd done anything wrong, but still had seemed to flee at the last. I wasn't sure what I should do next...follow her up and confront her and make sure she was okay or wait to morning. Thankfully, my pondering of the dilemma was interrupted and resolved by someone else.

"Tommy...honey, are you okay?"

I looked up, half expecting to see Mom, but instead I found Mom-Carrie staring down at me, her face flushed from making love with her son...my Dad. Mom and Mom-Carrie looked a lot alike, the biggest difference these days being Mom-Carrie's silver white hair that framed her face...a glorious mane that hung down below her shoulders and was at the moment tangled and wild, betraying the fact that she had recently risen from bed.

"Yeah, Mom...um, I'm okay." I murmured, trying to look away, but still enough of a male that it was hard to look away from such a voluptuous and lovely woman.

Mom-Carrie eased out the door with two cans...beers from Dad's supply. She offered me one, saying, "Sounds like you could use a drink, honey," as she sat down beside me, her full, lush body wrapped tightly in a short silk bed robe. Mom-Carrie had just turned sixty-two, but except for her

silver mane, could have passed for ten or fifteen years younger...maybe more. I felt my cock stir a little at the sight of her meaty breasts straining against her robe, nipples clearly outlined against the thin material. My penis jerked a little in response to her beauty and the scent of sex that rose off of her...her pussy smelling much like Mom's mixed with the aroma of Dad's semen.

Suddenly, I realized that my cock was just hanging out of my slacks and hardening up, rising up to as if studying Mom-Carrie itself. "Oh God, sorry, Mom!" I gasped as I reached down with my free hand to force my cock back into my pants.

My dad's mother reached out with a hand and stopped me. "Oh, Tommy, it's alright. It's not the first time I've seen it." She grinned evilly at me and added, "And to be perfectly honest, there's a nearly identical one upstairs and..." Mom-Carrie squinted down at it, studying it for a moment before continuing, "It looks a lot like your Grandpa Tom's cock too!"

I sort of gawped at Mom-Carrie as she tightened her grip on my arm and pulled it back to reveal my now prominent erection, her fingers lithely sliding down my arm until they were intertwining with my own. "And," she casually announced, "I never object to seeing such a thing of beauty." She raised her beer to me in a sort of salute and like a struck stupid idiot, I followed her example and we both took a drink...me gulping nearly half of mine down.

Silence followed as I looked at her and she looked at me...all of me before she finally said, "Tommy, you should know that you've made your mother happy...very happy."

I gave a shrug and replied, "I don't know. Mom seemed awfully upset after she...she, um, went down on me!"

Mom-Carrie nodded and said, "I think maybe the better word is 'overwhelmed,' honey. It's been a long time since Molly...your mother felt this much love for another person."

At my puzzled look, Mom-Carrie squeezed my hand and said, "Molly loves John and me greatly...like the lovers we all are. In a way, we are all three married, but, Tommy, your mother's great love was always your Mom-Deb." Her voice cracked a little at the mention of my other mother's name...her sister's name. She smiled at me and continued, "Your mother lost a piece of herself when Deb died. What you did tonight brought it back to her. Most people are lucky if they meet their soul-mate. It's incredibly rare to discover that you have another soul-mate...someone who loves you so intimately and so strongly."

I understood that and said hurriedly, "I do love Mom like that...like I love no-one else in the world." I hesitated and then plunged on, "I love Mom like Dad loves you, Mom-Carrie!"

She gave out a strong sigh and grinned at me, lovingly. "I know you do, honey. I could see it in your mother's eyes when she came upstairs a bit ago. Don't worry -- nothing will change, but right now, she just needs a little time to deal with it." Mom-Carrie leaned over, her heavy breasts pressing against my chest and brushing the tip of my now very erect cock, and kissed me chastely on the lips.

She leaned back and studied me. Again, she asked, "Are you okay, Tommy?"

I smiled at my lovely Mom-Carrie and said, "Yeah, I think so."

She smiled back at me and said, "Good, I guess I better get back to bed before this lovely thing of yours leads me into temptation." I groaned as she quickly let go of my hand and wrapped her

fingers around my erection. She ducked her head and gave me a little kiss right along the slit of my cock-head, her tongue flicking out to lap up a little of my already pooling precum.

"Oh, God, Mom!" I moaned, my cock still sensitive from my mother's loving attention.

Mom-Carrie giggled and stood up. Grinning like a child caught with her hand in the cookie jar, she said, "Sorry....being a good girl has never been my strong suit. I better scoot along before I piss your mother off something terrible."

It took a moment for me to say anything as I was focusing on not cumming again on the spot. "Wow...does this mean...you and I...like you and Mom and Dad?"

I didn't think I'd made any sense at all, but Mom-Carrie seemed to understand the gist of my question. She shrugged her shoulders, making her heavy breasts roll underneath her robe and replied, "Well, that's really up to you and your mother, Tommy." She wrinkled her nose at me and then winked sexily. "But I sure hope so. I bet your cock would feel wonderful inside me and I'm already wondering what having you and John at the same time would be like!"

She headed for the door, but paused after opening it. Mom-Carrie looked back at me with a more serious expression and said, "I'm happy that you and your mother are ready to take this step now. My only regret in becoming my son's lover and wife is that I waited as long as I did." Dad's mom licked her lips and added, "If I had known exactly how wonderful it was going to be, I'd have fucked my son the second he turned eighteen instead of losing three years of the greatest love a woman could ever know."

She moved into the doorway, but stopped and came back. "One more thing, Tommy. I'm proud of you. You've grown up to be a fine, loving man and our family is all the richer for having you become a greater part of it. I love you, son." She stopped and giggled. "Maybe I should said, 'I love you, grandson!' Damn, this does get complicated, doesn't it?" She laughed and disappeared into the house while I sat there feeling more stunned than before.

I sat and finished my beer, suddenly feeling tired and a bit overwhelmed by the evening myself. I couldn't even recall how I had hoped the evening would go. Finally, I got up and headed on inside. My cock had reduced itself to about half-erect, not quite willing to surrender the hope of more fun and games. As a concession to it, I didn't even bother to tuck it away, assuming I was the only one still up. I walked quietly upstairs, pausing for a moment outside Mom's door and wondering if I should go in. In the end, I decided not to push things and made my way down to my own bedroom.

I closed the door behind me and turned on the light only to jump two feet straight up as I heard, "So, what the hell, Thomas? Did you fuck both our moms tonight?"

I took a deep breath and turned around to find my sister sitting on the window ledge, looking as lovely as Mom and Mom-Carrie in a light blue jersey cloth nightshirt that ended somewhere around mid-thigh. Her long, blonde hair hung down her back, gleaming as if it had been brushed a thousand times. Blonde hair aside, Polly was a taller and slimmer version of her mother -- incredible tanned legs and huge, firm breasts that were proudly molded around her nightshirt. Not for the first time did I notice that her nipples looked just like her Mom's. "Jeezus, Sis...you fucking scared me and no...I didn't fuck my Mom or yours."

Polly smirked at me and replied, "Well something happened, Tommy. I could hear you moaning from my room and Mom came up stairs humming happily like she'd just been fucked by Daddy." She paused and said, "Did you propose to Molly tonight?"

I gave her a broad smile and nodded. My sister gave me a funny look -- something akin to a mixture of fear and envy. "Well? What happened?" Polly growled, leaning forward and making her heavy breasts strain against her night shirt.

I let out a long sigh and said, "Mom said yes! We'll be lovers and husband and wife...I'm not sure when, but she said yes."

"And all the moaning a while ago?" My sister grinned and then did a passably imitation of my voice, "Oh God, Mom...I'm gonna cum, Mom!" Polly laughed and said, "What was up with that? I mean, someone's been busy tonight...or something." She looked down at my semi-erect cock with an amused look.

I felt both proud and embarrassed as I replied, "Um...Mom gave me my first blowjob." I thought about it for a moment. "It was freaking awesome!"

Polly stared at me for a time, her eyes filled again with both fear and envy, her large breasts heaving up and down under her night shirt. "So...wow. You and your Mom, huh? Another Hamilton family incest love story."

My sister ran her hand through her hair and with a funny look on her face, added, "I'm happy for you, Tommy. You've always known what you wanted and now your dreams are coming true." Polly stood up and came over and gave me a hug, making her the third lovely and sexy woman tonight to press her luscious body against me. My penis, already at about half mast, twitched and rose up in response, pressing into Polly's lower stomach and attracting her attention.

Polly broke free of our embrace and stepped back. "Settle down there, tiger. Maybe you should holster that weapon!" she said as she again eyed my cock, now both amused and interested.

I sighed and reached down and tucked it away. "I can't help it...all you damn hot Hamilton women." Polly laughed and I looked at her and said, "Y'know, they say most cases of incest are between brothers and sisters."

Polly rolled her eyes and returned to her seat on the window sill. "Yeah, well even if I gave into the temptation, you want your first to be your Mom and Molly deserves that." She paused for a moment, a distant look in her eyes and said, "And so do you, brother. You've been in love with your mom since before your thing started getting hard."

Whatever sexual tension had been stirred up between my sister and myself dissipated in the silence that followed. Only about three months separated us in age and we had never kept secrets from each other. I had shared my feelings about Mom with Polly for what seemed nearly forever. We had never tried to explore the possibilities between us over the years...sure we had our 'show me yours and I'll show you mine' moments and I'll be honest and say that it was Polly who taught me how to French kiss a girl, but we both had always known that I wanted my mother and that Polly, well...

"And you, Polly...have you made up your mind about...?"

"Daddy and me?" Polly's face went beet red. "No...God, I think about it all the time and the thought of Daddy and me being lovers makes me wet and scared and pissed off, all at the same time."

I sighed and shook my head. Maybe it was the difference between being male and female. I had never had any reservations about wanting my mother and once I fully realized that I did want to be

completely intimate with Mom, the only thing that had held me back was Polly's counsel to wait until I was eighteen...an adult.

On the other hand, since Polly and I had been told the truth about our family, she had struggled with whether or not she wanted to become intimate with Dad. I knew she loved him and I knew that she was attracted to him...that she fantasized often about Dad and about Mom and Mom-Carrie, but there was a part of her that held back. I wasn't sure if it was some sort of hang-up over incest itself or if it was part of that stubborn streak that Polly had that argued that she didn't really have a choice about it. For the last few years, she'd confided in me often, detailing her feelings that had her ready to tear her clothes off and go fuck Dad blind or to never, ever contemplate the possibility of joining our family's sexual activities.

"I suppose that you and your Mom becoming lovers means you and my mom will become lovers too?" Polly said, snapping me out of my reverie.

I shrugged and replied, "I don't know...maybe. I think that Mom and I need to make that decision together. I know...I don't want to make Mom stop being intimate with Dad or your mom." I grinned, unable to resist the brotherly teasing opportunity and added, "Mom-Carrie told me she was very open to the possibility."

Polly rolled her eyes and gave an amused and yet bitter laugh. "God! Mom can be such a slut." She eyed my crotch where my still mostly erect cock bulged prominently. "Did she suck your cock tonight too!"

I shook my head and replied, "No, but she did tell me how much it resembled Dad's and Grandpa Tom's...and she gave it a little kiss."

Polly's jaw dropped and she had a look of exasperation even as she also seemed to become a little aroused, her prominent nipples swelling against the thin cotton of her night shirt. Finally, she just laughed and then swung her long shapely legs around to climb out the window. "Goodnight, big brother. Get some rest. With our nympho moms, I suppose you're going to need it."

She was out the window before I could tell her good night, but she returned, leaning her head in and accidentally allowing the neck of her night shirt to gape open and reveal most of her large tits as she said, "I am happy for you, Tommy and for what its worth, I think you and Molly will be as happy as Daddy and Mom! She blew me a kiss and said, "I love you, brother," and then was gone. I heard her bedroom window slide shut a few moments later.

I stood there for a moment, my mind in a whirl. Finally, I shucked off my clothes and dropped into bed, giving my erection a few sympathy strokes as I thought about Mom and Mom-Carrie and even my sister. In the end, I decided not to jack off. I had no idea of what tomorrow would bring, but I suspected that my masturbating days were at an end. It was with that thought that I drifted off to sleep, a slight smile on my face.

#

I came down to breakfast the next morning to find Dad examining Mom's new engagement ring, the two of them sitting at the old, scarred kitchen table that dated back to my great-great grandmother Polly...my sister's namesake. Mom was grinning from ear to ear, her face a bit red from embarrassment as Dad looked up at me and after whistling, said, "That's quite a pretty rock. How the hell did you afford it?"

I flexed my arm, swelling the muscle up and said, "Hard work and sweat. That's the last three years of mowing yards and planting trees and bushes and all that other stuff." Mom's eyes grew wide and I knew the objection that she was about to voice and I rushed to her side and kissed her hard on the mouth, smothering whatever she had been about to say. To my delight, she acquiesced to my kiss, parting her lips and sucking my tongue into her mouth. When the kiss ended a minute or two later, I added breathlessly, "And I didn't touch a single drop of my college fund!"

Mom's eyes grew wider and seemed to moisten as she gasped, "I love you so much, son!" She threw her arms around me and hugged me tight to her and I felt my cock quickly harden as I realized that under her yellow and flowery sundress, she wasn't wearing a bra and from what my hand on her butt cheek could tell, at most, another thong bikini.

It took a few moments, but I finally remembered that there were other people in the room. Mom told me to take a seat and I did after accepting a handshake and hug from Dad who was looking at me oddly...an expression that seemed proud and curious and even a little sad all at the same time.

"Everything okay, Dad?" I said, unsure of that strange expression.

Dad sighed and nodded. "Someday, you'll look at your own children, Tommy, and suddenly wonder, 'When the hell did they grow up and what the hell did we do that allowed them to turn out so right?'" He continued looking at me with the same odd expression and said softly, "I'm proud of you, son."

"We all are," Mom-Carrie said, suddenly at my side, still wearing that same tight fitting robe she'd had the night before and obviously as naked underneath it. She set down a plate loaded with eggs, sausage and grits. "Eat up, Tommy. I suspect you're going to need your strength today." She threw me a wink and then smiled wickedly at Mom.

Mom-Carrie joined us at the table and the four of us talked casually about Mom's and my possible wedding plans. Mom said, "I'd like to get married on the Gulf somewhere...I here there's some nice, quiet places along the Alabama shore." She reached out and took my hand and continued, "Sugar...if it's all right with you, I'd like Reverend Steinbeck to marry us. He's getting up there in years, but I know he'd be thrilled to perform the ceremony."

Dad and his mom both smiled and nodded their heads and although I was a bit slow to pick up on it, it suddenly hit me that Steinbeck was the one who performed Mom's and Mom-Deb's ceremony in Florida so long ago. I brought Mom's hand to my lips and after kissing her fingers, replied, "I think Mom-Deb would approve!"

"When do you think you'd like to have your wedding, Molly?" Mom-Carrie asked.

I looked at Mom and she gave me a shrug and a smile. I grinned and said, "Well, both Polly and I graduate in three weeks. How's about we shoot for the first Saturday in June."

Mom gave a little squeal and suddenly was in my lap, kissing my face and giggling, "Yes, yes, yes!"

Dad laughed and said, "Y'all don't believe in long engagements I guess!" Then he seemed to sober up for a moment and said, "Uh, y'all do plan to go on living here, don't you?"

Mom-Carrie gave him a playful swat on the back of the head and said, "Of course they do...this is their home as much as it ours." Then her smile faded and she looked at Mom and me and asked, "Right?"

My mother looked at me with a questioning look and I grinned back and looked at Dad and Mom-Carrie and replied, "Absolutely, there is no where else that Mom and I want to live." It felt weird and yet sorta cool to be speaking for both Mom and myself...to be the dominant male...kinda sorta.

Dad began clapping while Mom-Carrie got up and came around and first kissed me, her tongue snaking sexily into my mouth and then kissed Mom with equal if not more passion. "Good," she said huskily. "I can't imagine our lives without the people we love the most."

Mom caressed Mom-Carrie's face and said softly, "I don't even want to think about such things, sugar. I...we...love you and John so much."

There were tears in her eyes as she rose then and kissed Mom-Carrie and then my Dad passionately, finally returning to bend over and kiss me long and hard. "Tommy, it's such a beautiful day, I thought you and I might take a long walk after breakfast." Her eyes glowed with a lustful power through her tears.

"I'd love to, Mom!" I replied.

Mom-Carrie turned to Mom and said, "I left Mama-Polly's quilt out on the sofa in the living room, Molly...if you'd like it."

Mom reddened a little and then grinned mischievously and said, "I'd love it." She turned to me and said, "You finish up eating, sugar, while I go get a few things."

She started to leave the room when Mom-Carrie called out to her, "Molly, maybe later we can talk about fixing up Tommy's room after he moves in to your bedroom."

I looked up at Mom-Carrie with a look of confusion. "Fix it up...fix it up into what?"

I saw Mom turn around, looking a little puzzled even as Mom-Carrie gave us all an evil little grin and replied, "Oh, I don't know...a sewing room, or a guest room or maybe a nursery."

Mom's mouth gaped open for a moment while Dad chuckled next to me. Mom took several seconds to gather herself together, her hand going to her cheek, maybe to feel the heat of her blushing skin before she finally smiled back at us, her eyes focusing on me with such loving intensity that it took my breath away and said, "Oh my!"

#

It was a glorious day...one of those that God offered us up in late April before the heat of summer rolled in. Mom and I walked hand in hand along one of the paths that ran in a circular fashion up the hill above the house. Songbirds serenaded us as we strolled along, a mild breeze ruffling Mom's short hair. For a while, we just walked silently, but finally I had to ask, "Are you okay, Mom? Are we okay?"

Mom released my hand, her fingers sliding up my arm as she brushed up against me, resting her head against my chest. "Oh yes, Tommy, I'm just fine. I guess last night...the enormity of what I...we had done just overwhelmed me." She looked up at me, her green eyes filled with passion. "Son, I hadn't felt like I did last night in a long time. As much as I love John and Carrie, I'd forgotten just how intense -- how beautiful true love can be."

We stopped and kissed, Mom's hand on my cheek as our tongues met and danced joyfully in our mouths. When we ended the kiss, I felt a little dizzy and as happy as a person could be. "Wow, I

could spend the rest of my life kissing you, Mom," I murmured, holding her close to me. I was wearing a T-shirt and jeans and could feel Mom's heavy breasts under her thin, summer dress. I felt her heart beating powerfully and knew she could feel my heart pounding as well.

"We will, sugar...kissing and so much more. She let me go and took my hand again and stepped forward, looking over her shoulder at me speculatively as she led me on. "C'mon, sugar," she said in a low, lusty tone.

We walked on and up. I knew these paths like the back of my hand and wasn't a bit surprised when we emerged into a bright sun-filled meadow that held our family cemetery. Mom's hand tightened on mine as we passed through the open wrought-iron gate and walked past Mama-Polly's grave and Grandpa Tom's stone, nestled side by side like the lovers they had been. I couldn't help but smile and nod to them as we passed, somehow feeling as if they were aware of us and that they approved.

"Oh, darling..." I heard Mom whisper as we came to Mom-Deb's grave. Tears trickled down her face as she reached out and stroked the smooth edge of the marble marker. I closed with Mom and put my arm around her shoulder. Mom's mouth moved silently as she sent a prayer up to her lover and partner and first great love. Finally, she wiped her face and looked up at me and said, "Your Mom-Deb would be so proud of you...to see what a wonderful, loving young man you grew up to be." She slipped from my embrace and sat down on top of Mom-Deb's marker facing me.

"Deb and I never talked about the possibilities that you becoming a man might entail, Tommy, but I think she always knew that this might happen...you Hamiltons and your love for family. I wish she could be here for this...to take part." Mom giggled and said, "Deb would have loved to have fucked your brains out!"

I looked around, feeling the mild breeze in my face, offering up fragrances that seemed both familiar and elusive...or perhaps they were just memories. "I think she's here now, Mom...I think maybe all the loving folk in our family that have passed are never far away from us. Maybe it's our love that draws them close to us.

Mom smiled and said, "Yes, love. I feel her around me almost always. I hope she's here right now, because I think there's something about to happen that worth witnessing." Never taking her eyes off me, I watched her slowly pull the hem of her dress up.

"Son, last night...I was the first woman to ever suck your cock, wasn't I?"

I nodded and gave Mom a big smile as I replied, "Yes, and it was wonderful, Mom!"

She smiled naughtily back at me and continued to raise her dress up until I gasped with delight when my mother revealed her pussy to me. Over the last several years, I had made a point whenever the opportunity had arisen to check out Mom's pussy and its appearance. When I had first made my observations, Mom had been completely shaven although later, I noticed that she had begun letting her bush grow, eventually becoming a wild and unruly thing that rivaled the bush of Dad's mother, but for the last year or so, Mom had begun trimming her pussy hair into a groomed 'V' shape pointing towards her beautiful cunt.

Mom spread her thighs, forcing her dress higher and exposing her pussy to the sun. "Mom, you are so beautiful!" I breathed as I instinctively came closer and dropped to my knees, a bit awkward as my cock, already semi-erect, now swelled at being so near the place of my birth. Her pussy

lips...labia were swollen and almost a dark pink in their arousal, spread wide in sexual blossom and glistening with wetness.

"Your Mom-Deb always said to never have a man that can't or won't make you cum with his mouth," Mom said softly. "Have you ever licked a pussy before, Tommy?" When I dumbly shook my head no, Mom sighed and said, "Would you like to lick Mommy's pussy, son?"

"Oh yeah," I almost yelled. I moved forward on my knees a little and could smell Mom's juices...her wet and aroused cock -- her aroma making my cock throb in response, her pungent scent impacting me on all conscious and unconscious levels.

I eased forward, my hands coming to rest on Mom's thighs which I spread a little wider, marveling at how juicy and wet and lovely, her cunt was. The world seemed to grow silent except for Mom's increasingly heavy breaths and the sound of my pounding heart. "So beautiful, Mom," I said softly, my face scant inches from her pussy.

On impulse, I pursed my lips and blew air across her quivering flesh and Mom gasped and her thighs convulsed under my hands and her pussy seemed to spasm and a jet of hot liquid shot out and splattered across my face. Mom sobbed, "Oh God!" and before I could react, I was hit by another spray of hot juices.

I don't know how I knew, but I immediately comprehended that Mom had just doused me with her pussy juices. I let them run down my face and into my mouth while my cock nearly exploded as I tasted Mom's pussy. "S-sorry, son," Mom moaned. "I am so...so turned on right now."

I glanced upwards and was enchanted by my mother's face, her lower lip quivering and her eyes wild with excitement and arousal. "I love it, Mom," I said enthusiastically. "I love how you taste!" And to prove it, I abruptly mashed my face against her pussy, marveling at the sudden sensation of wet, silky heat and the intensity of her taste as I slathered my tongue wildly up and down Mom's cunt.

Mom's entire body seemed to galvanize, her legs becoming spastic and then rising up and dropping down over my shoulders as her thighs clamped down against my ears, soft and slick not quite muffling her cries of pleasure. I felt her hands drop onto my head, fingers twisting into my hair and pulling and holding on for support. For a moment, Mom's entire body seemed to waver back and forth atop Mom-Deb's stone and then contracted around my head and face, hanging on to me as if for dear life. As I licked and sucked at Mom's delicious pussy, I reached around her and cupped her ass cheeks, stabilizing her and giving me leverage to press my face more firmly between her thighs!

I was like a little kid given leave to just bury his face into his birthday cake and I ate Mom's cunt with the delight and enthusiasm of such a child, rolling my tongue up and down her pussy lips and then spearing it inside her, gobbling her copious juices until their gushing flow threatened to drown me with my mouth and nose buried in the folds of her flesh.

I eased back for a moment, only a few inches, but still drawing a wail from Mom as I gasped for air. I paused only long enough to orientate myself and plunged back in, again, licking and sucking Mom's cunt as she clung to me, but with more of a game plan than initially. I rolled my tongue up Mom's gaping open slit, slathering back and forth over her lips and then at the apex, slowed my licks until I felt my tongue roll over a small swollen protuberance and heard and felt Mom's reaction -- her body convulsing as she squealed in such a way that nearly had me cumming in my jeans. In my mind, I was smiling like the cat that had just eaten the canary. I had found Mom's clitoris.

"OH FUCK YES....TOMMYBABYSONSUGAR...YESSSS!" Mom crooned, as I rolled my tongue gently around and over her clit. I felt another spray of her juices against my lower lip and chin as I lightly and slowly ran my tongue over her swollen penis-like appendage. I repeated the action and felt her roll her pelvis against my face. I withdrew my tongue and as careful as I could, pursed my lips around her clitoris and just held it in place and Mom stiffened as if hit by a bolt of electricity, baying like a bitch hound maddened by lust. I was fairly sure Dad and Mom-Carrie could hear her back at the house.

I felt Mom's hands drop away from my head only to begin clawing at my shoulders while her heels drummed helplessly against my back as she plunged into an intense orgasm. Leaving one hand cupping her butt, I worked my other hand back in close and ran my middle finger along her slit, slightly tilting my head down to give it room to work. After a short reconnaissance, I plunged my finger into my mother and turned my wrist, a memory of advice for fingering a girl that Polly had offered a while back fixed in my mind.

"Gently stir your finger around, rotate your wrist and then carefully probe the front upper wall of the girl's pussy until you find her special spot," Polly had instructed me as matter of factly as if she'd been giving me instructions on baking a cake.

I recalled listening to her eagerly and asking, "How will I know when I've found her special spot?"

My sister had grinned at me and replied, "Trust me, Tommy...you'll know."

Polly, god bless her, had been right. Inside Mom's oven hot pussy, I had turned my wrist over and my finger was gently stroking and probing when suddenly Mom began to scream and bark hysterically, trying to buck against my face and finger and then as I massaged her G-spot, I began to softly suck on her clit, she went insane with pleasure.

"FUCKFUCKFUCK! LOVE YES, LOVE FINGERS AND SUCK ME MAKE ME CUMMMMMMM, TOMMMMMMYYYY" Mom shrieked as I felt her juices gushing everywhere as she began to orgasm. I again glanced up and her face was a painting of pure lust and ecstasy, drooling as her eyes rolled madly and she screamed, "LOVE ME FUCK ME SUGARSON! MAKE ME CUMMM CUMMM LIKE FUCK LIKE DEB USED TOOOOO!"

Mom suddenly went limp as if she'd passed out and she pitched forward into my arms, her weight driving us down and I kicked out so we landed stretched out, me flat on my back and Mom on top of me. For a few seconds, I thought something might be wrong with my mother, but then her eyes focused and she let out a cry of, "I love you, son!" and she was clinging to me and kissing me, not minding her own juices and the kisses themselves became a mixture of kisses, licks and nuzzles until both our faces were smeared and sticky with Mom's pussy cream. I discovered that tasting Mom's own juices from her mouth was an incredibly arousing experience.

We lay there for a long time, not saying anything, but simply looking into each other's eyes, whether we were kissing or not. When I finally began to speak, Mom placed her fingers over my mouth and shook her head.

Another minute or two passed and Mom said in a very quiet and subdued voice. "I've known and experienced a lot of pleasure in my life, son...done so many things with so many people, especially Deb and Carrie and your daddy. I can't tell you how many times I've watched John and his mother make love or fuck like demons and I always wondered if the pleasure, the sheer ecstasy that they experienced was greater than my own because they were mother and son. I thought that I'd never

know anything greater than your Mom's Deb's tongue and touch or maybe your daddy's cock, but..."

Mom began to cry softly and I wasn't sure what to do, but I hugged her tight until she finally said, "Tommy, I haven't even felt you and that big cock inside me yet, but just having you in my mouth and feeling your mouth and fingers on me...it was like something..." Mom's eyes grew wide with wonder. "Like something...holy...like touching God."

Her voice quavered and faded and I lifted my head and kissed her gently. "Oh, Mom...I love you!"

She nodded vigorously and kissed me back. "I love you, Tommy...more than anything." She stroked my cheek and then dropped her hand down to slide it under my T-shirt so she was touching my chest. "I get it now, son...how special and rare this is. Your flesh and my flesh, being the same flesh...sharing life and love and in becoming one again, becoming something...divine and precious." She paused and smiled at me. "Sorry, preacher's habit of sermonizing, but what I'm saying, son, is I love you and I thank you for opening up this world for me...for us and that I will pray everyday that it never ends."

She kissed me again, a slow, languorous kiss, our tongues merging to move as one, tasting and savoring each other. When it ended, Mom's face was flushed again and she grinned evilly at me and said, "And we haven't even fucked each other yet...I'm not sure my heart will take it!"

My cock throbbed beneath her at her teasing words and I whispered, "I'm willing to chance it if you are, Mom!"

Mom purred and sat up atop me and with a quick, violent motion, flung her dress up and over her head, leaving her naked. "I think I've been waiting all my life for this moment, son!" she said, standing up now, her legs straddling me and her pussy wet and dripping above me. "Get yourself naked, Tommy...do it now!"

Mom stepped away from me and retrieved the quilt Mom-Carrie had left for her. She unfurled it and laid it out on the grass in front of Mom-Deb's grave. Her eyes were on me and I stripped off my pussy soaked T-shirt and undid my jeans, making a small, plaintive noise that made my blood race as my cock sprang free, purplish and angry with need.

Tearing her eyes away from my now naked body, Mom turned around in a circle, saying loudly, "Listen up all you Hamilton ghosts and spirits. A Hamilton son is about to lose his virginity to his mother...gather round and enjoy and give us your blessing that we might be the happiest incestuous couple in our family's history!"

The breeze picked up and ruffled Mom's short locks and the surrounding trees rustled as if letting us know our ancestors' reply and affirmation of their presence. Mom seemed to sense this as I did and got a slightly funny look on her face as she went to her knees and looked at Mom-Deb's final resting place. She held out her hand and said in a voice brimming with lust, "Fuck me son. Lay down with me here and made love to your mother!"

As I took Mom's hand, she lay back and pulling me to her, spreading her legs wide until I was lying between her thighs, me pausing as the head of my cock seemed to find her pussy naturally and I felt her wet, hot flesh clasping it. "Mom..." I whispered as it was my turn to be overwhelmed by the enormity of the moment. My entire existence seemed to funnel down to this moment and I felt the sure rightness...the absolute correctness of the moment like destiny would have it no other way.

"Mom..." I began again. "Are you ready for me, Mom?"

My mother lay beneath me, her entire body seeming to vibrate in anticipation. A thin sheen of sweat seemed to break out all across her body even as it appeared on me. I felt hot and anxious and Mom scarcely murmured, "I'm your's, son...I've waited all my life for this moment, now fuck me, Tommy!" before I was dropping onto her and into her, feeling for the first time the sweet heat of a woman's cunt sheathing my cock in her steaming wet and silky embrace.

The moment was electric and I immediately understood what Mom had meant about the holiness of the moment. I felt embraced by God...all perceptions seared by the incredible rightness and carnality of the moment. I knew that Mom and I had no choice but to become lovers...to become man and wife. Our incestuous union was...perfect and utter sexual and spiritual bliss!

Mom met my thrust with an upward movement of her own and though her pussy felt tight around my cock, I slipped effortlessly into her until my cock bumped into something fleshy and solid even as my pubic hair ground against her outer folds. The moment was electric as we both seemed to convulse from bolts of intense sexual power, grinding us into each other even more. Mom's legs wrapped around my lower back and she was clawing my shoulders again, pulling me into her even as her mouth found mine to muffle her cries of ecstasy and my moans of carnal pleasure, which exploded into a volcano of exquisite joy as I found myself unable to stop from cumming!

As I flooded my mother's pussy with hot semen, it seemed to trigger her orgasm, easily more powerful than the one I had given her with my mouth and tongue and for a few short moments, we merged into one pure being composed of incestuous love, fused together with passion and lust. I had nothing comparable to understand the beauty of the moment. Masturbation and a few hurried hand-jobs from high school sweethearts were not even on the same plane of existence of fucking and cumming inside my mother.

In the aftermath of our mutual orgasm, we were both reduced to tears and breathy exclamations of "I love you," between gasps for precious air and kisses that helped rekindle those delicious, almost indescribable moments of incestuous ecstasy!

We lay there together for I don't know how long, our bodies slick with sweat, faces wet with tears, not sure whether we should laugh or cry, but both desiring to savor the moment for as long as possible. When finally, I had the strength and sensibility, I began to move, but Mom moaned plaintively and as she tightened both arms and legs around me, whimpered, "No...don't."

I smiled at Mom and kissed her again. "I'm not leaving you, Mom," I said in a husky voice. "I'm still hard and I'm going to fuck you, Mom!"

Mom gave a little half cry-half laugh and said, "Yessssss! Fuck me, son. Fuck your mother like she needs to be fucked!" She tightened her grip on me, creating tension that my body used to move just enough to slide my cock perhaps half way out of her molten pussy and then drive forward hard and fast, making my mother cry out with pleasure.

Mom's pussy seemed to tighten around my cock like a velvety vise, squeezing me even as I slowly withdrew halfway out of her and then plunged forward again, this time, making Mom gasp as if I had driven the air from her body. Her entire body seemed to flex and roll under me, burying my cock a bit more minutely inside her. Mom's arms were around my neck and she pulled me in for a kiss as I slid partly out of her again and then as our tongues curled around each other, she cried out in her passion into my mouth, her eyes widening with intense pleasure.

I continued to withdraw slowly and then thrust quickly into Mom's pussy, almost subconsciously monitoring her reactions as I would shift my hips slightly, changing the angle of my thrusts to seem what seemed to offer Mom the most pleasure. Gradually both withdrawals and thrusts became quicker and then I heard our bodies slapping together wetly as we both became sweaty with our efforts, punctuated by Mom's grunts and groans as I began to fuck her frantically.

I was in heaven, totally lost in the feel of my hard and aching cock in my mother's tight and so wet and slick cunt, loving how it felt as it pulsated around my erection, kissing and massaging it of its own volition even as Mom and I kissed. Mom broke the kiss to offer up brief barks of screaming pleasure as I sort of lost control and began fucking her wildly, feeling pleased at how expertly I was making love to my mother until suddenly I slipped out of her, my cock sliding up along her lower belly, leaving a trail of semen and pussy juice over her pale, flawless skin.

Mom laughed and said, "Careful there, son! Momma doesn't want a moment to go by when her son's hard cock ain't buried inside her!" She flexed her body and twisted her hips and then somehow, her pussy had me in its grasp again and I was again deep inside her fiery hot vagina. She felt even slicker and tighter than before and again, I was fucking my mother like a madman as she wailed and writhed underneath me.

We kissed and touched each other -- Mom's feet feeling so delicious as they slid back and forth over my butt cheeks or over my bulging calf muscles while her thighs seemed locked like soft vises against my hips. Mom's hard, rubbery nipples slid back and forth against my sweat-slick chest -- so swollen were the blood engorged nobs, I could feel her pulse racing through them.

Each kiss brought her tongue to mine -- both intertwining like small serpents making love, conveying her taste and her arousal through her saliva...between dances of our tongues, we would suck each other's tongue as her motherly pussy accepted her son's cock.

The warm sun beat down on us, adding its heat to our own carnal fires until I thought that our incestuous love and lust for each other would cause us to simply burst into flame...our mortal bodies unable to contain such intense desires. I fucked Mom through orgasm and then another, marveling at the heat and wetness that existed between her legs...a testimony to her own incestuous desires and then as Mom gasped and moaned under my never ceasing motherfucking, I felt at last my own climax approaching.

My earlier orgasm had been born of the sheer wonder and amazement of finally returning to my mother's womb, but now, my need to cum was fueled by many needs -- perhaps the most overwhelming of all was that of offering my baby-making seed to my soul-mate...my mother. I fucked Mom all the harder, relishing her cries of carnal delight as I thrust deep and hard again and again. "C-cummming, Mom!" I growled. "I want to fuck you and cum in you and make you cum and fill you up and make babies with you!" I howled as I fucked Mom more furiously than I would have ever thought possible.

Mom's eyes were fiery with a wild and supernatural lust and she gave me a sneering grin as she flung her hips upwards to meet my thrusts into her pussy, her legs sliding up to wrap more tightly around me. "FUCK MOM! FUCK MOM HARD! KNOCK ME UP, SON! FEEL ME WITH YOUR HOT JIZZ AND MAKE ME...OH GODDDDDDD! FUCK ME, TOMMY! FUCK MOMMMMMMMYYYYY FOREVERRRRRR!"

And I drove deep into Mom's pussy, grinding myself against her crotch as I felt the dams break and a flood of hot semen barreled out of my cock to drown Mom's womb with hot, incestuous sperm

and we were both howling and screaming our love and lust for each other as we both began to orgasm!

We were lost in each other's bodies and in each other's souls -- the material world seemed to fade away, leaving us and our incestuous love for each other as the only things that existed...we became the universe and it was lovely and carnal and a thing of ecstasy that would never burn out...never extinguish...love that was eternal and immortal.

It seemed forever before the world gradually materialized around us...the gradual recognition of the gentle breeze cooling our sweat soaked bodies...the songbirds serenading our great love for each other and for a fleeting moment, the murmurs of approval as if our long gone family members were offering their affirmation of our joining. Mom's eyes grew wide as I am sure mine did as I felt more than heard Mom-Deb's voice whisper in my ear, "Sooo beautiful!"

As our orgasm slowly waned, Mom began to sob, hugging me tight. I joined her, overwhelmed by such intense love that I had never thought could exist, but now wrapped in my mother's embrace I realized that we'd just begun to explore the depths of such a great and powerful love that could exist between a mother and son.

Finally, we regained control of ourselves, happily kissing each other's tears away between passionate kisses. "Well, sugar," Mom finally began in a breathy voice. "I think we've gotten the family seal of approval."

I nodded and replied, "I don't think there was ever any doubt that we would. I just can feel it in my heart...this is what's meant to be."

Mom smiled and kissed me, still holding me tight in her grip, my cock slowly softening inside her pulsating pussy. "I imagine we never had a choice. It's family tradition." She dropped a hand to the quilt, damp with our passion. "Just like this quilt is a family tradition."

I glanced down at the old quilt with its patchwork flowery pattern. "Really?"

Mom grinned and replied, "Your grandfather and his momma, Polly were the first to fuck on this quilt. He took Carrie's virginity on this blanket and she fucked her son...your daddy on this love quilt and now...you lost your virginity to your mother on this lovely old thing."

Once again, I was nearly overwhelmed by my emotions -- thinking of the tradition and power of family love that had existed in this place for so long and of the love that my family had raised me in and now the great culmination of all that love in what I felt for my mother...the love that only a mother and son could share...an incestuous love that could only grow more powerful day by day and year by year as Mom and I devoted ourselves to each other.

I felt as if family were watching over us as Mom and I embraced, naked and joined cock and pussy. I could feel the presence of Mom-Deb, her spirit aroused and rejoicing at the sight of her great love and their son joined in holy incest at last. I sensed the presence of Grandpa Tom and Great, great grandma Polly and their approval of our continuation of their tradition of family love and although I knew that Dad and Mom-Carrie were not present physically, I could feel their loving spirits hovering over us.

I was proud to be my mother's lover...her man...her husband already by every definition except the legal one. Mom groaned as I began to harden inside of her again and even as she whispered, "Love

me, son, make love to your mother," I was already thrusting into her as I said softly into her ear,
"Forever, Mom...forever.

To be continued...