

# NEW YEAR'S EVE WITH MOM

**Ahabscribe**

*What mother and son began at Christmas continues to grow.*

Incest/Taboo

4.71

8.1k words

*This is a continuation of my story, "Christmas with Mom," and you might want to read it first. I appreciate all the positive feedback from the first installment, it is very gratifying. I hope you like the second installment as well. And yes, there will be more.*

As always, you may assume that this is a work of fiction and that all characters exist only within my mind, but as always, what is one man's fantasy is another's reality...it all depends on your perception, doesn't it. All one can really hope is that you, dear readers, enjoy the story.

Words cannot quite capture my feelings after becoming Mom's lover on Christmas morning. I wish I was a poet or an artist or a composer. Perhaps I could then do some justice in describing this new world that I now find myself in. Everything changed with our first intimate dance of love and lust, both passionate and exhilarating. I know that I could not help the goofy grin that was perpetually plastered on my face. And words simply fail to capture the beatific glow that Mom now exhibited. I knew now that it was my life's mission to keep Mom looking this happy for the rest of her life (a job I merrily carry on to this day.).

In the days after Christmas, as Chicago and the rest of the Midwest began digging itself out, I could not keep my eyes off my mother, amazed that this woman who'd I'd been in love with practically all my life was now mine. My mother, who had nursed me, cared for me, tended to my wounds and encouraged me to explore the world around me, my mother was now my soul mate, my lover.

The day after Christmas, we took things easy, just enjoying each others company, savoring our new found intimacy. And Mom admitted a little sheepishly, "John, I'm kinda sore." She laughed as we embraced under the Christmas tree, wrapped up in our blankets and each other after waking up, "I swear, it almost feels like I lost my virginity again last night. It's been a long, long time, since anyone made love to me like you did, son." She reached down and stroked my already erect cock. "And I've never had anything as big and long as this inside me. I guess you did fuck virgin territory!" she giggled as I pulled her in for a kiss.

Truth be told, my cock was also aching a bit, but it was that pleasant 'I've had a lot of great sex kind of ache,' so I wasn't complaining a bit. It was a wonderful day, our lusts momentarily sated, but there was no uncomfortable "what do we do now," atmosphere left behind. We have always been comfortable just being together and I think that even without sex, we enjoyed an equally intimate time together. We talked and napped and kissed and just spent the day 'cocooning' as they used to say. I enjoyed the freedom of cuddling up with Mom as we slept and savored the delicious feel of her warm body against mine when we woke up.

In the late afternoon on December 27, Mom suggested a nice, long soak in the tub. The best thing about my apartment was that it had an old fashioned claw foot tub that two normal size people could squeeze into – emphasis on "Squeeze." It took a little wiggling and adjusting, but we both managed to fit in the tub. We sat at opposite ends and adjusting our legs, found ourselves joined at the crotch, my semi-erect cock resting against Mom's furry mound.

We spent most of the morning in a hot bubble bath, continuing our talk from the day before, Mom looking at me with an expression that few sons have probably ever seen in their mother's eyes; a look that signaled desire, lust, love and utter and complete happiness.

Something had been on my mind, a memory of Mom straddling me, crying out her orgasm and begging me to make her pregnant. I reminded Mom of that moment and she smiled mysteriously and wiggled a bit in the water as if the image was making her horny. "Mom, did you mean that? Would you really like to have a baby with me?"

Mom sighed as she smiled sadly at me. "Well, I think that's just natural. A woman wants to have a baby with her lover and the thought of having my son's baby in my belly really makes me wet, John."

"But...? It really sounds like there's a 'but' in there." I said

Mom sighed again, her breasts heaving into sight as she did so, swollen nipples peeking out briefly. I had an image of Mom's heavy, sloping breasts becoming swelled with mother's milk and my cock stiffened a little more. "But, I'm forty-two years old, honey," Mom said. "And I had my tubes tied after your brothers were born. I might be able to get that procedure undone, but at my age, getting pregnant is a long shot. And like we talked about, I don't expect to divorce your father for another couple of years." Mom raised her right foot and gently brushed my chest with it, the movement making her thick matted mound rub deliciously against my cock. "After that, well, son, we'll just see what happens."

I felt Mom roll her pelvis slightly, raising up so my cock was brushing against her blooming pussy lips which felt like hot, wet silk. "I suppose I should ask you, John. Would you like to make a baby with your Mom?" Mom was grinning evilly at me now.

I flexed my hips to counter her movement. "Mom, the thought of you pregnant alone makes me hard. The thought that I could make your belly and breasts swell because I put a baby inside you is almost enough to make me cum!" I thrust forward and my now iron hard cock slipped a couple of inches into Mom's hot pussy. "I would love to make Mommy pregnant!"

Mom groaned, a little bit of pain, a whole lot of pleasure and bit her lip as she moved forward to take more of me into her. I moved deeper into Mom's pussy on my own, finally our arms were wrapped around each other as sitting in the tub, we became joined, cock and pussy. "I love you, Mom!" I stammered as I felt her mature cunt muscles wrap around my cock. Sitting face to face in the bubble filled water, Mom and I couldn't move easily, but it's amazing what delicious pleasures a man and a woman can derive from the slightest movements when making love!

Mom kissed me hard, her body shivering with excitement as her wet, soapy body pressed against mine; her heavy, meaty breasts pillowing out against my chest, her thick nipples making me shiver as they scraped against my flesh. Mom's legs wrapped around me, digging into the small of my back as she thrust herself against me, taking me deep within her fiery womb.

Mom cried out against my mouth as I thrust back, my hands cupping her ass cheeks to hold her against me as I shoved my cock into my mother's hungry pussy. It was a long, sweet fuck, our slow in and out motions making things last forever. Sweat poured out of our bodies, joining the bathwater which didn't seem to cool off. Our incestuous lovemaking seemed to keep the water and ourselves steaming hot.

For what seemed hours we both crept towards the edge of climax. Mom and I stared at each other, our mouths slightly open in awe or disbelief that we were again consummating our desires for each other. Our eyes held the real expression of our deed. Looking into Mom's eyes I could see the desire and love that she had for me. I saw her raw, naked, incestuous passion steadily growing towards the moment of no return and I knew that the same look was in my own eyes. I was making love to my mother, my woman, my soul mate! Each gentle, slow agonizing thrust into Mom made us groan and sigh. We seemed to reach climax together, Mom crying gently as she pressed her face against my chest, her arms holding me so tight, her nails digging slowly into my back as our mutual pleasure mounted and mounted until finally, my cock buried deep in Mom's pussy, I cried out, "I love you, Mom!" and let myself go, ejaculating my seed into her steamy cunt.

Mom screamed, her voice muffled against my chest and I felt her subtly thrust a little more, taking me a fraction deeper into her pussy before her vaginal muscles clamped down tightly and enhance my pleasure by constantly milking me of my semen. I held on tight to Mom as she convulsed in orgasmic delight. Her long, black mane of hair ticked my nose as she shivered and I could smell her distinct jasmine tinged scent, mixed with sweat and our lusty, combined musks.

We sat in the middle of my old bathtub for what seemed an eternity, our orgasms seeming to go on forever. I couldn't believe how much semen I pumped into my mother's body. I couldn't believe how I seemed to be able to produce such intense orgasms in my own mother! Her chest heaved against mine, both our hearts pounding as we struggled to regain our breath.

Finally though, Mom shifted to look up at me, her face streaked with tears. "That was wonderful, John." Mom kissed me then, tenderly, her tongue dancing with mine. "I don't know how I can leave you, son," Mom whispered. "I want to stay with you here and never go back."

"I know, Mom," I replied softly. "That day will come, though. Not soon enough, but someday we'll be together forever."

Eventually we climbed out of the tub, not wanting to turn into prunes. We spent the evening on the couch, making out and talking more. I tried to press Mom about other things she'd said, "Incest runs in our family," being a comment that hung tantalizingly between us. Mom was adamant though, and told me she would answer that when she was ready.

Mostly Mom talked about her suppressed desires. "Like I've told you, John, I think at heart, I am a slut. I can't tell you how much I want to just open up the windows and tell the world that my son is the best cocksman I've ever known. That I fuck my son and that I love it and I love him more than anything on Earth!"

I'm sure you can imagine how swelled my ego was at that moment, not to mention how swelled my cock was. I mean, this was my Mom. Mom of the matronly dresses and the conservative pantsuits. Mom of the PTA and Cub Scout Den Mother and Sunday School teacher. Mom, who without fail, had dinner ready every night, helped with homework and tucked us in at night. My cock throbbed as she talked about her desire to throw away her conservative clothes and begin dressing provocatively. "I know I'm no thin model, but dammit, I've still got a nice body, son!"

Mom shrugged off the blanket we had ourselves wrapped in and cupped her meaty breasts, lifting them up and squeezing them, her fingers digging deep into her tit flesh. "I mean, I know these boobs aren't perfect anymore, but I think they're still pretty damned terrific!"

I kicked off the blanket to show how much I appreciated Mom how much I appreciated her body and we both laughed as my hard-on pointed its swollen head at her. "Mmmm, now that's a

compliment," Mom cooed, sliding off the couch and moving between my knees. Taking me in her right hand, Mom kissed the head of my cock and whispered, "Mommy just loves her son's big penis!"

I spent the next several minutes moaning as Mom showed her appreciation for my compliment. I looked down at Mom and again was completely in awe. Mom could suck my cock a million times and I think each time, I would be in awe that my wonderful Mom was between my legs, sucking my cock with naked passion and hunger.

Finally, I pulled Mom up and into my lap. "Baby, I don't know," Mom sighed as my cock slipped between her flowered, wet lips. "Mommy's awful sore."

"Shhhh," I replied, shushing Mom with a loving kiss. Our tongues danced and dueled as I gently eased Mom down the length of my stiff meat until finally our pubic hairs were entangled and I felt her mound against me. "We're not going to move, Mom. Let's just sit here, mother and son, joined cock and pussy and savor the moment." My hands gripped Mom's voluptuous ass cheeks tightly, restraining any movement.

"Mmmm, savor. I like the sound of that," Mom purred, leaning her naked body into my mine, her breasts like large pillows against my chest. For long minutes, our only conscious movement was kissing. As the minutes passed, involuntary movements took over as my cock throbbed powerfully inside my mother's vagina and her cunt muscles began to massage my penis of their own accord. Her internal temperature seemed to be steadily increasing, going from warm to hot to fiery in scant seconds. I could feel her wetness literally flowing from her pussy, drenching my thighs.

The sensation began to get to Mom. She broke the kiss to moan and gasp, "Omigod, son. I can't keep this up." Mom's ass was trying to flex to increase the pressure, to create movement and friction, to bring fruition to our joining, but I held her firm and allowed little movement..

Pleasure was thick in her voice and I grinned as I replied, "Wait, control it if you can, Mom. Let it happen on its own." In truth, I was in dire need of release as well. Mom's pussy muscles were incredible, squeezing and milking at my cock and I wondered which of us would lose control first.

We kissed a little more and then Mom buried her face against my shoulder, gasping and whimpering, wanting to make the incredible pleasure increase just that one sweet fraction that would bring orgasm. I could feel Mom's heart, beating wildly. Her pussy was a steam furnace now, roasting my cock with her fiery wetness.

A sob broke her lips and then I felt Mom bit down on my shoulder, her sexy little overbite breaking skin as her orgasm suddenly detonated. Tighter than I might have believed possible, Mom's cunt clamped down around my cock and my cock was coated and bathed in a lava hot flood of her pussy cream. Her sob drew out to become a cry of "Ohhh godddd, I'mmm c-c-cummmminggg!"

Mom's incestuous orgasm triggered mine and I felt my cockhead swell and then begin ejaculating my pent up load into Mom's womb. Wordlessly, I roared my pleasure as jet after scalding jet of my semen blasted into Mom's pussy. My own heart was beating so fast that I feared it might explode.

As orgasms faded, we slumped together, gasping for air and laughing and crying and so happy that we had finally made this leap and become lovers. We fell asleep on the couch, my cock still nestled in Mom's pussy, her head on my chest, feeling safe and loved in each others embrace.

By December 28th, Chicago had dug itself out enough to get the "El" running again and some of the braver taxis were out and about. Heads were rolling downtown as the city government spent most of its time pointing fingers about how long it had taken to dig out of the snow. As for Mom and me, they could have waited a few days more.

On the twenty-ninth, Mom and I walked down the newly shoveled sidewalks to the Korean grocery and called home. I kept teasing Mom about how she was walking a little bowlegged and she grinned and blushed and said, "Between my bowed legs and the big smile, everyone in Chicago should know that my son was keeping me well fucked." Mom talked to the twins, who reported that the roads were pretty much clear now, but still drifting at night. When Dad got on the phone, Mom told him that she expected to be home tomorrow. Mom looked at me as she said it, her expression that of a condemned prisoner. "I guess we'll make the Miller's New Years party after all."

Dad said something in reply and Mom's eyes widened. "What? You're taking the boys where?"

"You mean I'm going to be alone until the 3rd of January? Well, Christ, Harold. I might as well stay in Chicago with John. I don't want to spend New Year's Eve alone."

Mom's face broke out into a disbelieving grin. "Well, be careful. Take care of the twins. Tell them I love them." Dad hung up and Mom barely got the phone into its cradle before leaping into my arms.

"Baby, you can keep fucking Mommy until after New Years," Mom squealed, drawing more than one amused or shocked glance from customers. Mom literally climbed up me till her legs were wrapped around my waist. Despite our bulky coats, I managed to keep us both together.

"Your father decided to dump our New Years plans and take the boys on a hunting and ice fishing expedition up in Northern Wisconsin. Some of his buddies own a cabin up there. Frank decided to take the boys along!" Mom kissed me passionately and if I couldn't have leaned against the wall, I imagined we would have toppled over. "Son, are you looking for a date for New Year's Eve?"

I laughed and replied, "Not any more!"

We had lunch in a little coffee shop and talked it over. Mom was serious about a date for New Year's. She began planning a solitary shopping expedition and told me that she was leaving the details to me. "I expect dining and dancing, sweetheart!" Mom said.

I stared at Mom, again seeing a new side of her. For the first time, I could really imagine Mom as a teenager, excited about going to the Prom. "It's a deal, Mom, but I expect you to be wearing something really sexy. I want to show off my hot Mom to the entire city. I want everyone to know I'm the luckiest motherfucker in the world!"

Mom glowed, both pleased with the compliment and excited about her opportunity to live out long suppressed fantasies. After lunch, Mom decided to venture off downtown by herself to do a little shopping. I saw her off in a taxi, getting a wet, hungry kiss that left the taxi driver wide-eyed, and left me with a small ache in my heart. For the first time in several days, I didn't have my mother within arms reach and it made me a little sad.

I occupied myself by organizing plans for our New Year's Eve. I took my suit to the cleaners, they assuring me they'd have it ready by December 30th. I then proceeded to make a call to a friend. He was an ex-roommate of mine who owed me a few favors and he happened to work for his uncle who ran a well known nightclub downtown. A couple of minutes later, I had us reservations for a

nice dinner and dancing (their orchestra specializes in old, big band music from the Forties and Fifties), well into the wee hours. You want to live in Chi-town, make all the connections you can! My last stop was at our neighborhood pawn shop, where I made a purchase after careful study of the goods.

Mom didn't get back until early evening, carrying in several shopping bags with a mischievous smile on her face; a smile that grew larger as she realized that she could smell supper cooking. "And he cooks too!" Mom exclaimed as she put the bags away and came running into my arms. "Your father has never cooked a meal for me, not even once!" Mom kissed me and rubbed herself against me. She was wearing her jeans and her sweater, but I could feel from the way her breasts pressed into my chest that she'd left the bra off. I brought my hand up and cupped one of Mom's meaty tits, the feel of it in my hand making me hard again.

Mom brushed her hand over the crotch of my sweatpants and then palmed my burgeoning erection. "Mmmm and your father never got this hard for me in his life!" Mom began tugging my sweats down, asking as she began to squat, "Will dinner keep? I need a little snack right now.

I ran my hands through Mom's long hair as she swallowed my stiff dick. Mom's tongue felt so incredible. It seemed as if it was magic, the way Mom made it swirl and dance around my swollen flesh. "Um, it's um, stew, Mom. It needs to simmer a while longer anyway."

Mom made an agreeable noise and continued to lick and suck my hard penis. Even though Mom had now sucked me off numerous times in the past week, seeing her squatting before me, sucking me as her big, brown eyes watched me, studied me, developing her knowledge of how to best please me.

Too soon I felt the unstoppable urge to cum and gave Mom a warning. She burbled something and if it's actually possible to grin while sucking cock, Mom did it and as I began to cum, Mom deftly drank my semen, not losing a drop this time. Even after I was spent, Mom continued to suck me. I was so weak in the knees I thought I might pass out and fall over, but the sensations that Mom's tongue offered me were so exquisite that somehow I managed to stay up. Again I wondered how Mom had come to be such a wonderful cocksucker. When and where did she pick up those skills? And when would she tell me?

New Year's Eve couldn't come quickly enough, but Mom and I spent the time well, visiting museums, making love and just spending time together. As I said, it wasn't (and isn't) just about the sex. Just being with Mom, be it washing the dishes, reading quietly, taking a walk, or watching her sleep, fills me with a deep and abiding joy. I remember years later Mom and I watching that Tom Cruise movie at the theaters and when they first used the line 'You complete me,' Mom and I turned and smiled at each other. We've understood the concept of 'you complete me' for a long, long time.

Finally though, the day came. I picked up my suit and while Mom was getting ready, I got dressed. It's your basic black suit with black tie. I refer to it as my 'Blues Brothers' suit. Nothing fancy, but it works for all occasions. I even had a nifty black Fedora to complete the ensemble. Anxiously, I paced while Mom got herself together.

Mom suddenly hollered, "Baby, I'm coming out. I hope you're not disappointed." I could hear the apprehension in her voice. She stepped out of the bathroom, stopping me dead in my tracks. "Mom," I gasped, my throat feeling tight even as the butterflies began to dance in my stomach. "Mom, you're beautiful."

Mom was more than beautiful. She was an avatar of erotic beauty unlike anything I could have imagined. I think she was fulfilling her fantasies as well as mine. Mom's beautiful black hair, combed until it had an almost glowing luster cascaded down around her bare shoulders. Mom was wearing a short evening dress, the hem scant inches below her crotch, showing off her luscious thighs and shapely calves to full effect in combination with her stiletto heels.

The dress was a sparkling electric blue, the material interwoven with metallic pieces. It was strapless with a wide, revealing scoop neck that both seemed to lift Mom's bountiful breasts and allow them to almost spill over the top and sides of the dress. Fully half of Mom's huge tits were exposed and her aureoles would be exposed if the dress slipped even another millimeter. And I realized again the erotic allure that bare shoulders offered. My mother posed for me exuding sex. I don't think I'd ever seen such a display of unashamed, sluttish beauty in all my life.

I truly understood Mom's desires to be an exhibitionist for the first time. Our society's normal mores and culture would look at Mom and disapprove of a middle aged, Rubenesque beauty flaunting her treasures so brazenly, but I understood. Mom's self esteem, her self image may be the healthiest I've ever encountered. Mom knew she was a woman and a sexual being and she reveled in it and so justly wanted to flaunt her sexuality and her sheer womanliness. And in my honest and absolutely biased opinion, my mother was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen.

It was a proud and beaming son that guided his mother into a taxi that New Year's Eve night. A warm front had moved in, allowing Mom to wear a simple wrap around her bare shoulders and not hide anything of her sexy outfit. My biggest worry as we headed downtown was that the cabbie would wreck the car ogling Mom's bountiful cleavage in the rear view mirror rather than keeping his eyes on the road.

Mom grinned knowingly at me, acknowledging his stares with a sexy wink even as she and I made small talk with him about the blizzard. When we arrived at the nightclub, I paid him off and began to hand him a tip and for the first time in my life, was turned down. He waved my money away and said, "I done got me my tip, pal. That's one good looking woman you're with!" His eyes crawled over my mother's voluptuous body and as he pulled away, he murmured. "Kid, you're one lucky motherfucker."

I laughed and called after him, "You got that right, buddy!"

Proud as a peacock, I led my mother inside, relishing the awestruck stares that greeted her almost as much as she did. A few prudish types frowned or pointed, but virtually all the men (and not a few of the women), seemed to look at Mom with envy and desire. Mom's sheer display of sexuality seemed to overwhelm any conventional sense of beauty. In the elevator, folks stole constant glances at the mature beauty that I had on my arm.

Several floors up, we arrived at the nightclub. We were shown to our table and I proudly helped Mom sit and savored the glow as she basked in the attention she was receiving. The band was already playing a classic called, "Fly me to the Moon," and that is how I think we both felt. We had been swept up and out of our ordinary world and were now living a life known only to a privileged few who dare to escape conventionality. As the band's crooner sang the words, "Darling, kiss me," I leaned down and gave Mom a kiss to convey to her how proud I was to be with her.

I scooted close enough to put my arm around Mom's shoulder, my fingers brushing the top of her exposed breast flesh and leaning in, asked her, "Does this meet with your approval, Mom?"

Mom nodded and as her hand slipped under the table and onto my inner thigh, replied, "Oh yes! Thank you, John. I love this!"

Our waiter turned up and I couldn't help but grin. It was my old roomie, working tonight in his Uncle's business. Tony's eyes grew very wide and for several seconds, he couldn't get his mouth to work right. It moved, but nothing came out. I knew Tony would be shocked. We'd been roommates at the University our Freshman and Sophomore years and he'd met Mom more than once. Even more, he and I had kept no secrets from each other. Many were the late night bull sessions when I had confessed my desires for my mother and he had admitted he'd had an affair with both his cousin and an aunt. Now he stood practically drooling over my mother.

"Um, hi, Mrs. Hamill!" Tony stammered. "You look beautiful tonight!"

Mom preened under his gaze, doing a little wiggle with her shoulders and leaning forward to offer him a better view of her bountiful cleavage as she offered him her hand. "Thank you, Tony. I am just so thrilled to be here," she said, her voice becoming thick with lust as she added as she caressed my thigh, "With my son."

Tony's mouth got wider and he murmured, "Wow!" as I winked knowingly at him. He managed to take our orders and stagger away, his pants bulging in front.

Mom looked at me, her face a mixture of surprise and naughty delight. "Tony knows, doesn't he?"

I shrugged my shoulders and said, "He knows I'm here with my mother, the sexiest woman in Chicago tonight and that I'm the happiest son in Chicago tonight!" I stood up and offered Mom my hand. "Mom, may I have this dance?"

Mom's smile made her glow and she replied, "Yes, you may. You can have every dance with me the rest of my life." Mom stepped into me, her arms going around my neck and her body pressing into mine, her body's warmth spreading to me and she kissed me. My mother's tongue snaked between my lips and I tasted her and relished it. We kissed and kissed and kissed some more and somewhere in the middle of the kiss we began to dance.

I don't know the name of the song. It was an oldie, maybe from World War Two. I remember some words, passing into my consciousness – "Somewhere there's music," and "How high the moon," but they were like clouds we passed through. Our bodies were pressed firmly together as were our lips. Mom and I rode the music like eagles gliding on the air currents, oblivious to everything except ourselves. I was conscious of Mom's body against mine, of her big brown eyes staring into mine, of her hard thick nipples pressing into my chest, of her heart beating rapidly in rhythm with mine, of my penis, achingly erect pressing against my pants, pulsing against Mom's belly, and of her scent, her arousal mixing with that hint of jasmine to create a truly delicious aroma.

We danced and danced through the night. I vaguely recall a delicious steak dinner and like young lovers, Mom and I feeding each other bites of food. I recall sips of champagne, but with no intoxicating effects as I was already drunk on incestuous love. Mostly I remember old, beautiful songs, "Unforgettable," "As Time Goes By," and others, Mom always in my arms, soft and close and always warm. She declined other men's offers to dance and with minimal effort, the world went away, winnowing down to just us two, making love through dancing and intense gazing. I felt my soul being drawn into Mom's beautiful eyes to become forever hers. It was lust and desire and most of all, love.



I vaguely remember people watching us, smiling as people do when they see two people together who are so undeniably in love with each, the smile that recognizes that passion or yearns for it themselves. I'm sure some figured out our relationship. I called her Mom and Mom called me son as often as she said my name. I don't recall anyone criticizing or frowning disapprovingly. I think the absoluteness of our love overawed and convinced everyone privileged enough to see us that here was the real thing and it made everyone around us happier for the knowledge that such love could and does exist.

Suddenly we found ourselves on a balcony overlooking a great water fountain several stories below, illuminated by brilliant lights of many colors. Mom and I and others were joyously counting down the last seconds of the year. Horns blew, people screamed or blew noisemakers. Mom and I embraced, crying out, "Happy New Year!" to each other. We kissed passionately as others sang 'Auld Lang Syne,' not coming up for air until the noise had faded somewhat.

Almost breathless, Mom and I held each other, watching each other. "Happy New Year, Mom. A new year and a new beginning for us," I said softly.

"A new life for us, darling," Mom replied. We leaned on the balcony's ramparts, and looked down at the brilliant lights below. A conga line of people were dancing around the fountain. I turned back to my mother and took a deep breath. I wanted to do something and was working up the courage.

"I love you, Mom," I said as I reached out and took her left hand. I stroked her hand and then slowly began to tug on her wedding ring, working it off.

Mom laughed nervously and said, "John, what in the world are you doing?"

I slipped the ring off Mom's finger and set it on the balcony's edge. "You're not Dad's wife anymore, Mom. He's not really your husband except on a stupid piece of paper. You're mine now and I'm yours. I don't want you to wear his ring anymore." With my free hand, I reached inside my coat jacket and pulled out a small black box.

Mom's eyes went wide and she looked down at the removed ring and then up into my eyes. "John? You can't – you shouldn't..." Her voice trailed off as I opened the box. Inside was a woman's wedding ring, a slender circlet of gold with subtle lines and designs etched into the metal. It had an antique charm to it and I knew the moment I found it that Mom would love it. When the pawnshop owner confirmed that the ring was Mom's size, I knew that it was meant to be.

I picked it out of the box and began to slip it onto Mom's ring finger. "Someday, somehow, we'll say the words in front of God and a minister," I whispered solemnly. "And someday, I'll get a ring that is worthy of you, but for now, my mother, my lover, my wife, wear my ring." I slipped it all the way onto Mom's finger. I leaned down and kissed her ring finger and then rose up and kissed my mother the way she deserved to be kissed every day for the rest of her life.

When our kiss ended, I pulled back. Tears ran down Mom's face. She laughed nervously. Looking at the ring, Mom said, "Oh son, its lovely. I can't believe you... John, it must have cost a fortune!" Mom rushed into my arms and kissed me all over my face, finishing with a knee weakening soul kiss that I would remember to the end of my days.

As we again paused to catch our breath, Mom asked the obvious question. "What happens when your father notices my ring?"

I laughed and replied, "Do you really think, Mom, that in a million years, Dad's actually going to notice?" Mom grinned and shook her head silently.

We gazed into each other's eyes and then Mom glanced down at Dad's abandoned ring. "What should we do about this?" Mom asked.

I studied for a minute and then looked over the balcony and down at the water fountain. "Make a wish, Mom" I suggested.

Mom's eyes widened as she realized what I was suggesting, then that naughty grin of hers that I love so much spread across her face. "I wish that every year from now on will be a better one than the year before for my son and I!" Winking at me, Mom flicked her finger and the ring sailed off the balcony. We barely managed to follow its flight before it plopped unnoticed into the fountain.

"Let your son kiss you, Mom, for luck," I said, gathering the love of my life in my arms again. I pressed my lips against Mom's and offered her my tongue. Mom moaned a little as our tongues danced and caressed.

Mom's body leaned into mine. Her skin felt warm to the touch. A brilliantly red sexual flush spread across her exposed cleavage and upper chest. As our kiss ended, she thrilled me by nipping and sucking at my tongue one last instant. "Son, take me home. Take me to bed," Mom sighed.

The doorman miraculously found us a cab and we clambered inside. I barely managed to give the driver our address before Mom was climbing all over me, kissing me and running her hands under my coat and into my shirt. Mom was rubbing herself against my thigh, her short dress riding up, exposing her thong underwear. I'm sure the cabbie was getting a splendid view of Mom's lush ass cheeks. I hope he enjoyed the view. I intuitively understood that that would please Mom even more. The heat emanating from between her thighs was intense. Mom's musky scent filled the cab.

"I love you, John, my sweet lover son," Mom gasped between excited kisses. She rubbed herself against me, one heavy breast rolling free of her dress momentarily, her erect nipple dragging across my chest before I helped her back in, taking a moment to squeeze and maul her meaty tit and suck her swollen nipple before tucking it back inside the dress.

Mom was sucking on my fingers and rubbing my swollen crotch while I rubbed my fingers over the sopping wet material of her thong panties. Mom kissed me aggressively, possessively, insistently, pausing only to whisper loudly all sorts of naughty things. "I need my baby's cock! Mommy needs a good fucking right now. My baby is making Mommy's pussy so wet."

Mom guided my fingers under the silky material of her panties, allowing my digits to slip through her thick, pussy juice covered bush and between her thick labial lips and into the wettest, hottest pussy I'd ever known.

We got back to the apartment building none too soon. I helped Mom out of the car and while she leaned against me, kissing my neck and undoing shirt buttons so she could kiss my chest, I managed to fish out and throw some bills at the cabbie and told him to keep the change. I'm not sure what denominations the bills were, but it made the driver happy and he hollered, "Thanks! Happy New Year's! You guys have a good night!"

Mom, looking every bit a slut in heat, her dress all tangled, one breast exposed to the nipple, grinned at him through her slightly mussed hair and said in a drop dead sexy voice, "Oh we will, sweetie. Mommy and her baby are going to have a lot of fucking fun!"

I don't know which I was more of – shocked at Mom's words and behavior or aroused by her words and behavior. I know I was certainly sporting a monster erection that threatened to burst out of my slacks. The cabbie drove off as I led Mom inside and we attempted to climb the stairs and make out at the same time.

Somewhere along the way, Mom removed her panties, rubbing the juicy crotch against my lips while she said in a sing-song voice, "Somebody's made Mommy all wet!" Neither Mom nor I had drank all that much, but Mom wasn't drunk on liquor or champagne, but was intoxicated on our incestuous love. By the time we began climbing the last flight of stairs Mom had my cock out and was stroking it.

We were a few steps from the top when we somehow stumbled and Mom was on top of me. Mom kissed me, giggled and said, "I need to taste you, John!" and she slithered down me and took me in her mouth. My head was spinning as if I was drunk. I don't know if I've ever been so aroused. I felt big! I felt as if I could stay hard for a month. Looking down to see Mom's full lips wrapped around my erect dick made me swell even more.

Suddenly Mom scrambled up my body, demanding, "Fuck me, son!" She raised her dress up, exposing her thick, black, hairy muff, glistening with her juices, her pussy lips blossomed like a lily nestled in her thick bush, and she sank down on my throbbing, aching cock, my hard meat slipping deep into Mom's steamy, slippery pussy.

"OH GOD YESSSS!" Mom screamed. "FUCK ME, JOHN! GIVE MOMMY THAT DICK!" Mom rode me hard for several seconds, her face focused on mine, her intense desire and need. Her pussy felt so damned good, hot and slick slipping up and down on my hard penis.

Finally, with every ounce of determination that I could muster, I reached for the stair rail and heaved us up, throwing my weight back against the wall to keep us from toppling. Mom came up with me, wrapping her arms and legs around me as we moved, her cunt tightening around my cock to keep us joined. Slowly, on unsteady legs, I climbed the last steps and eased us to my door.

While Mom hunched herself against me, driving my cock deeper into her twat, I fumbled with my keys. I'm not sure how I managed to get the door unlocked. My own needs and desires were overwhelming all other considerations, but then we were inside, the door was kicked shut and I was easing us onto the bed, still joined – son's cock and mother's pussy.

There was a violent flurry of flying shoes and clothes – how Mom's slinky dress didn't get torn or damaged, I'll never know and then we were mostly naked, Mom's bare legs wrapped around my back, both of us sweating, our skin feverish to the point of bursting into flame, her heaving breasts spreading out against my chest as I crushed myself down into her, kissing her hard enough to draw blood while I thrust madly into her wet, burning cunt.

Incestuous lust and love combusted and we were on fire, a blaze of consummating passion, cock buried in pussy, sweat slick bodies slipping against each other, grinding against each other, seeking to find a deeper purchase on each other until we found a state where mother and son became one single incestuous being.

Mom cried and screamed as I drove my cock into her pussy, clawing my back as she urged me on, "FUCKFUCKMELOVERSONJOHN! OHHH GODDD FUCK ME FUCK MOMMMMMMY WITH THAT COCKKK MAKE MEE CUMMM JOHN!"

Mom's pussy muscles, like slick, silken cords of steel wrapped themselves around my cock, milking, massaging, worshipping my erect penis as I wormed my way in and out of my mother's womb. I ducked my head to nurse at my mother's breast, licking her sweet sweat off her pendulous tit before taking her thick, swollen and throbbing nipple between my lips, biting the rubbery thing and sucking it, making Mom squirm even more underneath me.

We were caught up in the sheer incestuous carnality of the moment. Mother and son unleashing all restraint, reveling in our desire and lust for each other, becoming absolutely intoxicated in the sensation of each other, delighting in the feel of a son's swollen cock slipping through his mother's incredibly wet and slick and oh so tight cunt!

Mom's juices were flooding from her, baptizing my cock in her incestuous creams, her tantalizing scent permeating everything, mixing with our sweat to make the room seem like a bordello steam bath. Mom's scent mixed with her natural jasmine smell to become a lust inducing vapor that invaded my senses and spurred me on to even greater passion. Without an iota of guilt or remorse, I fucked my mother as a man gone insane on love.

Mom rolled into orgasm, her body arching against mine as it struck. Mom screamed wordlessly as her body shook and convulsed, her pussy becoming a fiery furnace as I savored her steaming juices and continued to thrust in and out of her. Mom's orgasm waned and for a few minutes she could only sob and moan as I continued to pleasure her helpless body.

Gradually Mom began to respond again, tightening her grip on my cock, her hips rolling in time with mine, perfecting the moment of deepest penetration as I grunted with the effort. The sheets were now soaked with our sweat. It flew off me in waves as I continued to hammer my cock into Mom's cream drenched pussy. Mom's wordless moans slowly evolved to words of encouragement, words of love and words of desire and need.

"Don't um stop, John. Fuck me, lover son! I-I love your ahhhh cock, baby. So good in me – feels sooo goood! Fuck me son. Don't ever stop fuckinggg meee, John!"

Faster and harder, I plunged deep into Mom's pussy. My own urges to orgasm were now racing to keep pace with Mom. I could feel her orgasm building inside her, becoming an unstoppable sexual beast. Mom's eyes were wide open and staring at me, filled with love and desire and with an intense, almost fearful expression as if she wasn't sure she could endure the intense sensations that were almost upon her.

I could hold on no longer and with the triumphant roar of a rutting bull, I thrust deep into Mom's pussy and began to cum. I exploded with intense jets of hot, thick cum, ejaculating so much and so hard, it almost hurt. As I bathed Mom's womb with my semen, she lost control too and screaming my name, crossed over into an orgasm so powerful that she almost bucked me off her.

The room filled with sounds of pleasure and delight and with the musky aroma of cunt cream and semen. I came and came and came. My orgasm was so intense I imagined it undoing any doctor's procedure, allowing my seed to impregnate my beloved mother. I consider it a tribute to his abilities that our glorious monster orgasm didn't make Mom pregnant right there and then.

Mom bucked and bounced against me, her heavy, meaty breasts rolling all about. She stiffened at the height of her orgasm and as I fed her womb my last large stream of jism, Mom gasped, "I love you and went limp." I collapsed on top of her and as her pussy muscles worked involuntarily, milking the last of my spunk from my aching cock, I was amazed to find that I was crying.

After several seconds, Mom's eyes fluttered open and her body shook as an orgasmic aftershock rippled through her. Mom began to cry as well. We held each other as tightly as our exhausted bodies would allow, sobbing words of love to each other. I finally eased off Mom and then drew her against me and we cuddled and fell asleep in the early morning hours of the new year of our new lives; mother and son, man and woman and as far as we were concerned, husband and wife.

My sleep was filled with dreams of the time when we would be able to fully share our lives, living completely as lovers, as spouses and still as mother and son. I woke in the early light of dawn and watch Mom sleep, looking so happy, the slightest hint of her evil smile on her lips. I pondered what the days ahead would be like. I knew that hard times were likely in our future, but that in the end, we would find ourselves together.

I knew that in a day or two, Mom and I would be separated for a time. Distance and obligations would delay our being together, but I also knew that we could never be truly apart. In the dizzying days of the last week, the love that had begun at Christmas and that we had begun to explore the depths of over the last few days, had joined our souls together for all eternity.

Mom loved me and I loved Mom. Our love would surpass all time and distance. No obstacle could withstand the intensity of our passion for each other. Mom and I were and are one, body and soul. I wondered where our path would travel. I had no real idea where it would lead, but I knew we would travel it forever together, Mom and me, and that was enough for now. The story books are true you know, love conquers all and there is no love stronger than that between a mother and son.

To be continued...