

FAMILY WORSHIP

Ahabscribe

2 mothers & sons discover new ways to love and worship!

Incest/Taboo

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Merry Christmas, Literotica readers! Here is my Christmas present to you...maybe the single longest incest themed story I've ever posted (not however a Christmas themed story). Partially re-adapted from my old "Neighborhood Moms" series on another site years and years ago..expanded and reworked to create a good (maybe a tad blasphemous) story. I look forward to hearing your comments.

As always, this is a work of fiction and all characters within are simply figments of my over-fertile imagination. Enjoy!

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This is a story of a mother and a son, but it is also a story within a story and that too is about a mother and a son. Over the years, I've tried to make sense and reconcile my faith with what happened. I know that society as a whole and Christians specifically find more than a little justification for vilifying us and our acts, but in the end, there was only love that was shared and I cannot see that any real harm was done. In the end there was truth and love and faith and those combine to create something magical and special...or dare I say it aloud, it -- we, created something holy.

There are many places where I could start my tale -- as I have already said, this is a story within a story. I think, perhaps, it is best to start in the Fall of 1980. It was an election year and anyone with half a brain could see that Uncle Ronnie was going to win the election. Times were tough...gas prices were high and so was unemployment. I felt myself fortunate to be a student at the local college -- still living at home while I worked towards a degree in psychology.

I was the only child of Jeffrey and Candace Hilton. Dad was an engineer with a local car parts manufacturer and spent most of his time in Detroit or at one of the Big Three's outlying factory sites. He was an absentee father and husband. I didn't much mind -- Dad was like one of the machines he designed...cold and aloof and very exacting. I think he got married and fathered a child because he was designed to. I guess he loved us in his own way, but it was a cold love...unfeeling and without depth.

Mom was the total opposite. She was devoted to Dad and me, working hard both as a breadwinner working as a paralegal and as a wife and mother. Mom was the one to make our home a generally happy place whether Dad was there or not. Dad's indifference to us both hurt her in many ways...some of her pain I recognized on a daily basis -- some of it I only began to comprehend as I matured. Mom sought solace in the Church -- a rather middle of the road Baptist Church. Mom wasn't an ardent Christian, but she enjoyed the companionship that the Women's Missionary Society offered and at least two or three times a week was helping out with the mission work and food pantry as well as the required Bible study.

Me...I was still a member of the church even though my faith wasn't nearly as strong as Mom's. Oh, I still usually attended Sunday morning services with Mom (and Dad if he was in town). I found Reverend Walker's sermons dry and humorless -- focusing more on sin than salvation, but going to services had other bonuses -- the top of the list being Mrs. Walker -- Gwen Marie Walker to be specific. The fact that her son, Kent was one of my closest friends did not detract from the thought that she ranked right up there as one of my biggest masturbatory fantasies!

I must confess right now that ever since I remember having sexual desires, I have had a thing for older ladies...what would be called a couple of decades later -- a MILF. And right at the top of my list was Gwen Walker. In her early forties at that point, she was a tall and very buxom woman with the bluest eyes and cornstalk colored hair that came down to her shoulders and did a little flip. Her native Texas twang sounded a little exotic in blah Western Ohio and only enhanced her attractiveness.

Many a Sunday for years, I had struggled with a hard-on during services while constantly glancing at that gorgeous preacher's wife. No conservative dress could hide or mute the size of her meaty breasts that swelled out from her chest -- nor could it conceal the curvy nature of her full and shapely butt. I rarely saw more of her legs than from the knees down, but I suspected that her trim ankles reflected a pair of long and shapely legs which I would again and again jerk off to imagining them spread wide for me, her hands raised up to beckon me to her.

There were others at church that I fantasized about...Mrs. Anna Torino...a sultry Italian American in her fifties, Mrs. Talbert who'd been my Sunday School teacher for most of my childhood, Ms. Grantham and Ms Dobbs who I didn't know at the time were two lesbians in a committed relationship -- not that that would have ended my fantasies about them, rather I imagine it would have increased my focus on them. Still in church, it was Gwen Walker that captured my imagination...the only real rival for her in my fantasy world being my mother.

Yes, you heard me correctly. It was Mom who'd given birth to my MILF tendencies when I was a teenager and why not? Mom was and is the most beautiful woman I know. Long, luxurious mahogany colored hair, a lean, yet voluptuous body with large breasts you just want to reach out and squeeze -- a narrow waist, toned hips and legs that seemed to go on forever. In my rather prejudiced opinion, there wasn't an inch of her five foot, ten inch frame that wasn't perfect. Mom was the first woman I masturbated over and would be the subject of my fantasies for the rest of my life.

But, Gwen Walker would be a close second. Mature women...YUM!

Anyway, back to the story... It was a Thursday in October in the Fall of 1980, late afternoon and I was studying in the living room, Springsteen's "The River" on the stereo and my psych notes spread out all around me, prepping for a mid-term when Mom came into the house, apparently in a hurry as the front door banged against the doorstep when she flung it open, throwing her purse and jacket into an empty chair as she crossed the room to the small bar she and Dad maintained (despite being church goers, my parents were not teetotalers). Mom was dressed in a pantsuit which stretched nicely across her backside and I added a mental snapshot of her lovely ass to the thousands already residing in my mind as she bent over and retrieved a bottle of bourbon and poured herself a stiff drink.

She turned abruptly in mid-drink to catch me ogling her. As she narrowed her eyes at me, I tried to cover my staring by voicing in a concerned tone, "Mom, is everything alright?"

Mom started to speak and then paused, looking at me oddly...almost as if she was just meeting me for the first time. She opened her mouth and said in a soft and strained voice, "No...I...I don't know. I was wondering...what you...I." She stopped and shook her head, several emotions playing across her lovely face. "I cannot discuss this right now, John. I need a while to...sort things out."

She poured herself another drink and picked it up and continued. "I'm going upstairs and taking a bath. We need to talk...later. Don't go out." That last was said in what I knew from long experience was her "Do not fuck with me" voice.

I nodded and said, "Okay...I need to study anyway." I watched her cross the room, still ogling her fine body, admiring the way her silk blouse pulled tight against her breast in profile when she turned back when I said, "Am I in some sort of trouble?"

Mom started to say something, but shook her head instead and marched out of the room. I listened to her high heels on the stairs and then a moment later, her door opening and slamming shut. I found it difficult to study after that, wondering what I might have done to have upset her so. I ran through the usual list. I was pretty sure she hadn't found my small stash of marijuana hidden the hollow of my old Nova's steering wheel. I hadn't been in trouble with the law since I'd got caught doing '85' in a '45' miles an hour zone my senior year in high school and my grades at the university while not spectacular, were at least respectable. I thought about it for a long while before it occurred to me that it was Thursday and that she would have come home from her Women's Bible Study class. A knot of dreadful cold announced its presence in the pit of my stomach and I wondered if my greatest secret had come out.

Two hours passed and the sun was low on the horizon as I put aside my notes and textbook and turned on the television, sitting in the gloom without any lights on and hearing all the fallout from the failed rescue mission in Iran and how with it, any last chance for Carter to be re-elected was out the window.

"John, turn off the TV please. We need to talk." I looked up to see Mom standing in the doorway, the glow from the television giving her a ghostly and supernatural beauty. Mom was wearing a long, cream colored silk gown with a delightfully deep V-cut neckline, drawing attention to the upper and inward portions of her large and prominent breasts. She walked barefoot across the room and turned on a small lamp beside the sofa before moving to the bar and pouring another scotch. She returned to the sofa and sat down, crossing her legs and in the process, offering up a brief glimpse of her curvaceous leg from her ankle to her thigh through a slit in the gown.

Mom looked at me sitting across from her and sighed. I shifted nervously in Dad's recliner and repeated what I had asked earlier, "Mom, am I in some sort of trouble?"

Mom hesitated in answering me, her eyes never leaving mine...those deep brown orbs appearing a little fiery to me. Mom appeared to be pissed and upset and confused. A new possibility suddenly occurred to me and I said in a rush, "Is it Dad? Is there a problem with you and Dad?" All through junior high and high school, I had suspected that Mom and Dad's marriage was on the rocks...that Dad's cold, distant nature had extinguished whatever passion they might have once had.

Mom sipped her scotch and then looked back up at me and in a voice that was just the tiniest bit slurred, replied, "This afternoon, as Gwen Walker was leading us in our studies, Reverend Walker walked into the classroom at our church and denounced his wife as a, and I quote, 'A vile promiscuous whore engaged in terrible and incestuous intercourse whose sins would see her burning in hell with her lovers for all eternity,' unquote."

I felt my stomach roll over sickeningly and tried to take a deep breath, but was unable as my chest suddenly felt too tight. I tried to match Mom's intense gaze, but was unable to maintain it under the glare of her burning eyes. "Gwen Walker stood up in front of all the women in Bible Study and said to her husband, 'I admit it, completely and without shame. If I had to do it all over again, I would. Our son is a hundred times the lover that you are, Rodney, and I don't believe that something as wonderful as what we share is sinful or wrong. All the love I've shared with Kent and his friends has changed my life and taught me that there is much more to God's love and his plan for us all than we ever imagined. All of you should examine the lives you lead and consider taking the leap into a new and passionate world with your own sons. Some of them are magnificent lovers!'" Mom paused and her eyes seemed to engulf me as she added, "John, she was looking right at me when she said that. Why?"

I felt my face burning as if it was on fire and when I didn't answer, Mom sat up and leaned forward, her glass in her hands and despite my predicament, I couldn't help but notice how her breasts swelled and bunched together, threatening to overflow the neckline of her robe. "John, Gwen Walker admits to fucking her own son. Have you been fucking her too?"

I opened my mouth and closed it and then opened it again to finally reply, "Mom...I'm over eighteen. My sex...love life is personal."

Mom flung the now empty glass over my head to shatter against the wall, shards and sprinkles of glass falling down in a tinkling rain on the bookshelf behind me. "You live under my roof and you'll answer me, John! Are you fucking Gwen Walker?"

"Yes," I replied in a low voice, both resenting Mom demanding the answer and embarrassed at the same time.

Mom said nothing, but nodded to herself. Slowly, stiffly, she rose and fixed herself another drink, surprising me when she poured a second drink and came over and handed it to me. She towered over me for a moment and then returned to her seat, sweeping her feet underneath her before she said, "Tell me."

I tilted my head and replied, "Mom?"

"Tell me everything. I want to know how this happened." Her voice grew tight and dangerous. "I want every detail -- leave nothing out!"

There was a long minute of tension filled silence between us -- Mom never taking her eyes off me as her breasts seemed to rise and fall heavily and her face was nearly as red as mine. She could have been an avatar for beauty incarnate at that moment or an avenging angel.

I liked my lips and took a sip of the scotch, grimacing at the taste. Finally, I looked up and said, "It's a long story, Mom. It began two years ago..."

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"I would do your Mom in a fucking second, man. She is smoking hot! She's like Pam on Dallas, only..." Kent grinned at me as he took the offered joint from my hand to take a hit before he finished. "Only, she's finely aged...mature."

It felt odd to hear someone else speaking of my mother in the same manner in which I felt. "Yeah, she is incredibly foxy...and better tits than Victoria Principal," I replied.

We were sitting in my car in the city park on a Monday afternoon, under the shade of the great trees, smoking a joint after work, listening to Aerosmith and getting a nice buzz. We both worked at Friedman's Department store as summer time stockers and had gotten off work at 4:00 P.M. and decided to chill out for a bit. We had both just turned eighteen at the time, our senior year was about to start and life was good. At work, we'd both noticed the other's appreciative looks at the often sexy middle aged women that frequented the store and now a discussion of the finer points of mature women and a good buzz had led Kent to volunteer his thoughts on my Mom.

"You've seen your Mom's tits, John?" Kent said, slowly releasing a cloud of marijuana smoke.

I giggled a little and said, "A few times...peeking as she hopped out of the shower. They're awesome...with real dark circles around the nipples and Mom's nipples are so big! I checked out her bras in the hamper and Mom's a 38DD and those bad boys don't hardly sag or anything." I leaned over a little and added, "And you wouldn't believe her bush, Kent...it's massive and huge. I'd love to just rub my face in it!"

Kent snorted and leaned back against the passenger seat and laughed. "Dude...you'd fuck your Mom if you could, wouldn't you?"

"Shit, yeah! If you had a chance to fuck your Mom, wouldn't you go for it?" I replied.

Kent paused and looked forward out the windshield at some kids playing around a jungle gym. "It's what I dream every fucking night, man!"

"Have you ever seen your Mom naked, man?" I asked, imagining Kent's mother in all her naked glory.

"All the fucking time, man," he replied. Kent winked at me and added, "And I seen her fingering herself too...damn near every day!"

I felt my jaw drop in surprise. "Bullshit, man."

Kent smirked and said, "It's fucking true...man, I've even jacked off and cum while she was making herself cum...pussy juice squirting from her sweet pussy while she moaned. It was almost like we were doing it together."

I took another hit from the joint, extinguishing it with the tips of my fingers as it was now down to a small nub. As I exhaled, I again stated, "Bullshit, man! I don't believe that for a fucking second!" Kent had a reputation that was in part born out of being a preacher's kid -- a reputation that he had worked hard to uphold over his teenage years. He'd had brushes with the law over drugs and booze and wild driving and was rumored to have gotten two different girls knocked up during high school. He was a renowned and respected bullshit artist and according to Mom, had been a trial and tribulation to his father and mother...especially his father, Reverend Walker.

Despite all this, we'd been friends since the seventh grade and I never held it against him when some of his misadventure's spilled over on me and got me in trouble with my parents. Kent merely smiled at my challenge and after glancing at his watch, replied, "Well, my good man, if you'll chauffeur me home, I'll show you." He licked his lips and said, "I bet you'll fucking cum in your pants if you get to see my mom naked and fingering her wet pussy."

"Dude, you are so fucking on!" I fired my beater of a Nova up and we carefully drove across town, keeping an eye out for Johnny Law until finally we drove past the Baptist church and pulled into the

driveway behind the parsonage.

As we pulled up close to the house, Kent leaned over and pointed out my window. "Check that sweet ass out. Damn, even with all her clothes on, Mom makes my pecker hard!"

I turned to find Gwen Walker kneeling in front of a flower bed situated in the middle of the yard. She was wearing a sleeveless top and loose khaki shorts that came almost to her knees, her fair skinned slightly reddened by the summer sun. Her blonde hair was pulled back into a short ponytail. Her back was to us and she had no idea the impact of her slowly swaying ass had on both her son and me.

When we climbed out, Kent hollered, "Hey, Mom! Can John stay for dinner?"

Gwen Walker looked over her shoulder and smiled at us, her lovely face marred slightly by a smudge of dirt on one cheek. "Sure, we've got plenty. Your father is over at General Hospital all evening. Hiya, John. How's your mother doing?"

I nodded and then said, "Doing fine...I guess you'll see her Sunday at services."

She smiled and replied, "And you too, young man. Just because y'all are seniors doesn't mean you can skip church!"

"Yes, ma'am," I answered before Kent told her we were going upstairs to play Pong on his Atari.

We disappeared inside and when I turned to head up their back stairs, Kent grabbed me and said, "No, man...basement...now!" We quietly slipped down to the parsonage basement where our church's youth group often met for nice quiet parties. The basement had long served multiple functions -- rumpus room, guest room and storage room. There was an old but serviceable couch and loveseat in one corner along with an ancient black and white television and a fridge. Partitioned by a vinyl and fabric wall was a toilet and sink and a large shower stall. Across the basement stood a washer and dryer and a canvas clothes hamper.

Kent pointed to a second set of stairs that led up to the outside exit and we started up them, getting about two thirds of the way where Kent climbed over the rail and began to carefully negotiate rafters running the length of the basement. I followed him until we were standing on a thick sheet of plywood that might have served as an additional storage space, but which was currently empty except for a few empty soda cans and a box of tissue. Kent knelt on one edge and motioned for me to join him. I looked over the edge and gasped. Below us at a slight angle was the shower stall...anyone inside it would be completely visible.

"Mom usually showers down here after she's been working in her garden and flowers," Kent said in an almost reverential tone. He pointed to an old coat rack that held several different sized bathrobes hanging on it.

"Goddamn, Kent!" I murmured. "How many times have you peeked on your mom and jacked off up here?" Maybe it was my imagination, but I thought I could smell a faint whiff of jizzum and sweat.

My friend laughed and shrugged. "I've lost count, but each time was better than the last!"

I started to reply, but above us, the outside door opened up and someone began descending the stairs. I knew it was Gwen Walker when I heard her humming an old gospel song...The Old Rugged Cross." Kent put a finger to his lips and we sat motionless as his mother came down the stairs.

Our perch gave us a bird's eye view of almost the entire room. We watched Gwen Walker cross the room and put away her gardening tools and then stroll over to the washing machine. I felt myself gasp as she abruptly tugged off her blouse, pulling it over her head to reveal a pale beige bra encasing two huge breasts that appeared ready to spill out of the garment. She reached up and undid something on the front and the cups gave way as her breasts fell out. "Damn!" I whispered as Kent smacked me on the head and again put his finger to his lips. Still, his eyes, like mine, were fixed on his mother's magnificent tits. Larger than Mom's, they sagged more, but in a most pleasing fashion, sloping down on her chest, nipples becoming stiff in the cooler air of the basement.

Kent's mom massaged her breasts after tossing the bra into the hamper as if the support garment had been uncomfortable, her fingers sliding around the nipples and making her shiver just slightly. Gwen then undid her khakis, letting them fall around her ankles and revealing a pair of white cotton panties and a sensuous little round belly. Her thighs were a little more meaty than I had suspected but they were attractive, both motherly and sexy at the same time.

She quickly stepped out of her panties to reveal her pussy and bush. Unlike Mom's pussy hair which was wild and unruly, Gwen's bush was neatly trimmed in a narrow line that pointed the way to her pussy lips which were nakedly exposed. I felt my cock throb with desire while next to me, Kent gave a mostly silent, but heavy and heartfelt sigh.

Gwen walked back over to the living area, pausing in front of an ornate, but battered full length mirror. She had a slight frown as she inspected herself. Her right hand came up to her neck and then moved slowly downward, sliding over a meaty, gourd-like breast and then over her sexy belly and finishing with a light stroke of her fingers across her cunt. As she touched her pussy, she closed her eyes and again shivered...her nipples swelling mightily in response, extending out to nearly half an inch.

She slowly walked over to the shower and turned the water on. While waiting for the hot water to reach her, she again caressed her body, lingering longer this time on her breasts and her pussy, tugging on the rubbery and swollen nipples and then rubbing her palm against her labia...which rapidly swelled in response to her attentions.

Gwen pulled the rubber band out of her hair and shook it out, the slightly askew mane making her seem more beautiful and sexy than ever. I spared Kent a glance and mouthed the word, "WOW!" silently. Then, Gwen slid back the plastic curtain and stepped into the water. She began to soak herself before taking up some soap in a bottle and began washing herself, looking incredibly erotic as she ran her soapy hands over her luscious body.

I turned at the unmistakable sound of a zipper being undone to see Kent fishing his erect cock out of his jeans. He was gazing intently down at his mother as he began stroking his erection. I gave him a quick glance and appraisal, feeling relieved that while he looked to be maybe a little longer than me, my cock was definitely thicker. I returned my gaze to that of the lovely and mature woman showering below us and then as my own cock throbbed angrily, decided it would be rude as his houseguest to not follow his example. I carefully and slowly unzipped my jeans and reached in and after a moment or two of awkward shifting, pulled out my own erect penis.

Gwen was almost hypnotic as she lathered up her body. She had graduated from humming 'The Old Rugged Cross' to singing the verses, her nipples growing even harder and more blood engorged as her fingers stroked, pulled and pinched at them. While one hand focused on her magnificent breasts, the other slid down to work on her soapy pussy as well -- her fingers slithering between her thick and long labia, offering brief glimpses at shiny, pink flesh. The lovely, mature

woman began to shampoo her hair and as her breasts rose and pulled taut as her raised hands lathered her hair, I had to make an effort not to cum amid the sudden revelation that a woman washing her hair was an erotic turn-on.

After rinsing her hair, Gwen's hands again began to caress her breasts and pussy again and I could see a flush spread across her chest and face as attentions become more assertive -- pinching and pulling on her nipples and fingers now not only slicing through her glistening labia, but plunging inside...slowly at first, but with increasing speed. Beside me, Kent was stroking his cock more intently now, his eyes glued to his mother's masturbating body.

Gwen let out a long, soulful moan and leaned back against the wall, raising her leg so she could rest one foot on a sitting shelf -- opening herself up more as she added a second and then a third finger plunging into her cunt. I caught a whiff of something on the air, a sweet, pungent odor that reminding me of Mom's panties when occasionally I would masturbate into them. Then she lifted her left breast upwards towards her mouth, her tongue lashing out to tease her nipple before she took it into her mouth, her cheeks hollowing as she sucked her own tit.

As her moans increased in number, the lewd scene became too much for Kent. To my surprise and dismay, he began to grunt and then call out, "Mom! Mom!" while he stroked himself towards an orgasm.

Despite the growing intensity of her own pre-orgasmic noises, Gwen picked up on her son's voice and at first looking around wildly, she suddenly looked up, her eyes widening in shock and terror when she spied us looking down at her naked and aroused body.

"KENT! OH MY LORD! KENT, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" she screamed, pulling her fingers from her pussy and trying to cover her nakedness with her arms.

Her son jerked upright, his body stiffening in part from his mother's cries and in part because he began to cum, hot semen spurting from his body to arch out into the air only to fall downward, some of the thick, whitish seed falling into the shower stall, a few jets of his jism splattering on his mother, only to be mostly washed away by the running water. His eyes seemed almost glazed over as he stroked his cock while cumming and trying to regain control, mumbling, "Mom...MOM! I...ummm, Mom."

Still trying in vain to cover her nakedness, Gwen scrunched down in an attempt to shield her wet, naked body from our sight...a vain attempt as her meaty titties kept slipping past her slick arms and hands. The expression on her face evolved from one of shock to one of red-faced anger as she yelled, "KENT! YOU BOYS GET DOWN HERE NOW!"

There was real power in her tone -- the "Mom Voice," as I thought of it when Mom exercised that particular maternal power, that had us both moving immediately, both of us scrabbling back across the rafters -- Kent leaving a splattering trail of spunk as he ejaculated the last remnants of his load. When we paused on the stairs to stuff our cocks back into our pants, we immediately abandoned the effort as Gwen Walker roared, "I SAID TO GET DOWN HERE THIS SECOND!"

We were met at the bottom of the stairs by his mother, who was standing there, still soaking wet and barely clothed by a thin bathrobe that seemed much too short and small for her, her frantically trying to close it, but not quite able to cover all of her front -- allowing much of her heavenly globes to peak out with the hem ending just below her crotch, offering a splendid view of her luscious thighs and an occasional wink from her pussy. Despite my own embarrassment at being busted by Kent's mom, I was still aroused.

Gwen glared at us, anger and dismay struggling for domination in her face. "Shame on you both for spying on me! How could you boys do such a sinful thing!" Her voice was full of rage and tears. "Kent Howard Walker, shame on you! We raised you better than this!" She shook a finger in Kent's face. "I raised you better. I am your mother! You should be ashamed of doing such a sinful...um, thing as...as." Gwen's voice trailed off as her gaze traveled down to spy Kent's still erect cock, his jizzum still dripping from it. Globes of semen were smeared on the head and shaft of his penis from where he had stroked it as he had cum.

Kent had an odd, almost dazed look on his face as his eyes followed his mother's gaze downward and then as if unable to restrain himself from an unbearable need, he reached down and gave his cock a final squeeze, somehow relieving himself of some kind of demanding pressure to assist his sperm in spurting out. Both Gwen and her son gave a little moan, their voices intermixing as they both tried to speak at once.

"Ohhhh, Mom...Kent...so beautiful...so sinful...I love you, Mom...surely not thinking of me while, while..."

Gwen's angry expression faded as her face reddened and slipped into confusion. She glanced over at me and down to where my erect penis was jutting up at angle from my fly. "This is such a terrible sin," she moaned as she licked her lips. "Both of you should be ashamed." She scowled at me, her eyes never leaving my erection and said, "John Hilton, your mother would be so ashamed to know you were peeking at me and mastur...doing what you were doing!"

She turned her gaze back to her son, her eyes sliding downwards to where Kent was still sliding his hand up and down on his hard-on. "Kent, I'm your mother...to have such thoughts about your mother...it's, it's..."

Kent's mother couldn't finish it, but Kent's eyes seemed to clear and gave her a little smile and finished it for her. "It's incest, Mom...and that's what makes it so hot! You are so sexy, how could I not jerk off and think of you and I..."

Gwen struck him across the face with an open hand, so abruptly and with such force that the sound of her palm striking his cheek sent a resounding 'crack' echoing around the basement.

"IT'S A SIN!" she screamed. "IT'S A SIN AGAINST GOD...A TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE SIN!" In her effort to slap her son, Gwen's robe pulled open, again revealing her magnificent breasts and her little blonde muff above her still flowered pussy. Her nipples were hard to the point of bursting. Her sudden and lovely nakedness diverted Kent's attention away from the shock and pain of her slap and he licked his lips at the naked beauty of his mother.

Gwen reached out and took her son by his free wrist, her eyes trying to pull away from his cock which he was stroking with his other hand. "We must pray. We must pray to God for strength and forgiveness," she said, falling to her knees, pulling her son down with her. She glanced up at me and reached out with her free hand, nearly brushing my hard cock as she took hold of my wrist and pulled me down on the other side of her. "Pray with me, boys, pray for forgiveness!"

Kent's mother, closed her eyes, her mouth moving in what I'm sure was a supplication to God, not even realizing that she was exposing her nakedness to us both. "Lord, please give us your all powerful strength to overcome the evil thoughts that dwell with us...um, these boys today! Give unto them the power and the will to resist such awful, lustful thoughts, dear Lord, and forgive my son the terrible sin of looking with lust upon his own mother! Fill his strong body with...with the strength and power to resist such lustful thoughts."

As she prayed, Kent and I continued to stare at her exposed body, I was amazed to see Gwen's pussy lips swelling even more, flowering even as fluids...her juices began to ooze from her cunt, making her cunt flesh look even more wet and inviting. I struggled with the desire...no, need, to resume stroking my erection.

Kent tore his attention away from his Mom for a second to glance over at me and offer up a wink and a smile. My eyes widened as I recognized that smile. It was Kent's patented, 'I am a bad preacher's kid!' smile that I'd seen every time he'd got us into trouble for one of his fun but reckless or foolish stunts. He shifted around on his knees until he was nearly facing his mother, reaching out with the hand that had been stroking his cock, his semen still smeared across his fingers.

As Gwen passionately prayed, Kent reached out with his cum smeared fingers and hesitating at first, gently brushed his fingertips against his mother's quivering labia, leaving tiny streamers of his semen on her swollen and slick flesh. "Please purge us...er, these boys of this evil lust, Lord. Make their strong, hard bodies resistant to thoughts of such adulterous and incestuous thou...KENT! KENT, OH LORD, WHAT ARE YOU...OHHHH...DOING!"

Gwen's eyes popped open and she looked down, mouth open in flabbergasted shock at her son's fingertips lingering on the rubbery, slick folds of her pussy. "Kent, oh my god. Son, I'm your mother! This is a terrible, terrible sin. It's incest, son!" A great shiver went through her body and she bit down on her lower lip as if trying to create a distraction from the sensation of her son's hand on her most private parts.

She seemed frozen to the cement floor, unable or unwilling to move as Kent continued to gently brush his fingers against his mother's pussy lips, his fingers now becoming wet and syrupy with Gwen's juices. In a shaky, unsure voice, Kevin said barely above a whisper, "Does this feel like a sin, Mom? Can something so good really be wrong, Mom? You're a beautiful woman...a beauty that God created. I'm hard and aroused because of God. Can it really be wrong that I find you so beautiful...I think that God makes us who we are and he's made me love you. It's God's will that your sexy body makes me hard, Mom, and makes me want to do all these wonderful things with you."

With her hand still in his other hand, he guided her to his erection and then wrapped her fingers around his shaft while she stared in disbelief. "Does this feel like it's wrong, Mom? Don't you think it's beautiful and Mom, it's hard because of you. It's hard for you!"

Gwen moaned as she stared down at her hand on her son's erect penis. Her eyes seemed to fill with tears. "Oh, Kent! This is a sin and we can't...I can't. It's wrong -- AHHHGHH!" She cried out as Kent suddenly plunged two fingers into her wet and apparently welcoming pussy!

Kent scooted closer to her, her pendulous breasts almost brushing his chest. "It's not wrong, Mom! It feels too good to be wrong! I love you, Mom and you love me and you taught me that God is love! How could this be wrong if we both love each other?" He slowly stirred his fingers inside her now sodden cunt and now I could smell the unmistakable aroma of aroused pussy.

Gwen was almost panting now, I think unaware that her hips were slowly moving in rhythm with her son's probing fingers. She glanced at me, her eyes now wild with alarm and fright and something else...something I would ever after associate with passionate hunger. Kent leaned in closer and I could barely hear him whisper into her ear, "It's not wrong, Mom. It's what you want...what you've wanted and needed for a long time. What were you thinking of when you were masturbating?" He

added a third finger into his mother's pussy as he added, "I bet you were thinking of me...me and John and how much you wanted to have one or both of us, fucking you with our big, hard cocks!"

Kent's mother shook and quivered under her son's fingering assault and there was a sudden surprised look in her eyes that had me wondering if Kent's words hadn't hit close to the mark. An image of the Reverend Walker flashed briefly through my mind and I wondered if like his sermons, his lovemaking was cold and lacking passion. I spoke up for the first time, moving closer to her and amazed to hear myself say, "Is that true, Mrs. Walker? Were you fingering yourself while fantasizing about fucking your son, about fucking Kent?"

Gwen let out a long, soulful moan, her head thrown back, her eyes closed and her face contorted with pleasure while her pelvis undulated under the ministrations of her son's fingers. Suddenly she opened her eyes and there was something wild and full of abandon in those blue orbs and she cried out, "YES!" even as she dived for her son's cock, babbling, "God forgive us! God forgive me. I do want this so! I want you, Kent, my precious son!" She began rubbing his cock against her face, showering it with kisses, her tongue lashing out to capture the smears of his semen that remained on his hard cock.

Tears ran down her face as she licked a small bubble of semen off Kent's cock head before panting, "I love you, Kent...I love you so much. Surely, God can forgive such a love!" She gazed up at him, her eyes pleading as if she needed confirmation that indeed God would bless their suddenly revealed incestuous desires.

Kent shot me a triumphant look and ran his fingers through his mother's wet, blonde hair as she began to suck his cock fervently, running her lips up and down his long cock shaft. As she leaned forward, I realized that the robe had risen up over her now upturned ass, her meaty globes looking voluptuous and enticing. Gwen made loud and lewd noises as she hungrily gobbled Kent's penis. I couldn't turn my sight away from her lovely ass and licking my lips, I shoved my jeans down to my knees and waddled around and behind her, now able to see her wet mound below her ass cheeks.

I gently spread her cheeks, exposing her pretty and puckered brown hole before I slid one hand upwards, pressuring her to bend a little more. I took my erect cock in hand and moved closer so that I could run the head of my penis up and down her sopping wet slit. "Oh my God, Mrs. Walker, your pussy feels like its on fire!" I moaned, loving how her hot and juicy flesh felt on my cock!

Kent's cock slipped from his mother's mouth, dripping with saliva, as Gwen looked back over her shoulder at me with a wild, lust crazed expression. "Oh Lord, John...what would your mother think if she saw us!" She thrust back against me, causing me to impale her with the first few inches of my cock. Gwen let out a canine like whine and then gasped, "Ohhhh, yesssss! Lord, this must be a sin because it feels soooo good!"

Kent stared at me, shock and envy mixed with disbelief that I had moved right up and stuck my hard dick in his mother. Then he smiled as Gwen again wrapped her lips around his erection and began to enthusiastically suck his cock. Kent winked at me and then reached down to began groping his mother's dangling breasts, pulling on the long, thick nipples as if they were milk udders, eliciting a muffled moan of approval from Gwen.

The beautiful mature woman began to rock back and forth, sliding her surprisingly tight pussy along my shaft until her baby soft butt cheeks were being scratched by my wiry pubic hair. I felt flushed and dizzy as I tried to reconcile the amazing reality that I was fucking my friend's mother...that I was fucking the preacher's wife! I was ramming my cock in and out of the motherly

woman who'd led our hymn singing at Sunday services and who'd taught me Bible verses in Sunday school.

Moreover, this was the first time my cock was really touching pussy! Oh, there had been anxious and furtive doings with a few girls in the back seat of my old Nova, but those girls, while horny, had been skittish and afraid, insisting on rubbers and the whole business while pleasurable had been missing something. Now I was fucking a real woman...a mature woman with no piece of goddamn latex between cock and pussy and I loved every moment of experiencing her steaming hot pussy while she wantonly sucked her son's cock!

Kent ran his hands through his mother's now drying and tangled blonde hair, his right hand cupping the back of her head to help moderate how fast her lips were sliding back and forth on his cock. He grinned at me and then groaned as his mother sucked him, making me wonder how this seemingly modest and prudish woman knew how to use her tongue and mouth with such talent.

The air was quickly filled with the scent of wet pussy and human sweat as well as the sounds of obscene slurping and that definitive sound of flash slapping against flesh as my hard thrusts were met by her frantic and determined thrusts backwards of her own. "Jesus, Mom. You can really suck cock!"

Gwen replied with a muffled and appreciative groan and continued to suck her son's erect penis while reaching up to undo and wrestle her son's jeans down to his knees. Forced to release her hold on Kent's cock for a moment to get it clear of his pants and briefs, she let it slip from her lips to bob in the cool air of the basement, dripping with her saliva while gasping, "Mommy loves your cock, baby!" Then she was taking him deep into her mouth again while her hands cupped her teenaged son's ass cheeks, driving him into her mouth with more force -- a hint Kent quickly divined as he began to fuck Gwen's mouth with unbridled enthusiasm. Once he had his rhythm going, her hands slipped back around and began to caress her child's large and heavy balls.

The sheer lewd beauty of this situation began to overwhelm me and I felt the pressure to cum building within me, compounded by already being on edge from masturbating over Gwen's naked body just a few minutes before. My hot seed began to boil out of my testicles as I cried out, "Oh, jeezus, Mrs. Walker! I'm going to cum! I'm going to cum inside you!"

My words seemed to galvanize Kent's mom as she seemed to coil and explode, hunching forward frantically and turning, forcing my cock to slip out of her tight, grasping pussy while letting Kent's erection slide from her mouth with a noisy pop! Gwen continued to turn around and she looked up at me with panic or maybe frustrated denial. She reached out to take my cock in hand, her fingers becoming slippery on the thick coating of her cunt cream that covered my erect penis. "Cum on my face, John! Spray your hot seed on my face." There was a brief shadow of embarrassment on her face, maybe from asking me to perform such an obscene and exciting act or maybe a foreshadowing of her next words. "I want...need my son to be the first to cum in my pussy!"

Gwen looked back over her shoulder at her son, his spit covered member waving angrily in the air. In a voice frantic with need, she sobbed, "Put your penis in me, son! F-fuck me, Kent! Fuck your mother now!"

Kent's mother hiked her ass up into the air, wiggling it lewdly as an offering for her son. Kent eyed her open and wet pussy with an expression of wonder and slowly edged towards her. He glanced up at me as his mother stroked my cock and said in an unsure voice. "Man...Mom, I've never..."

As I felt my cum began to erupt from my cock, I couldn't help but laugh as it suddenly hit me that Kent...the bad boy preacher's kid who'd honestly earned his reputation as a hellion had never fucked a woman before. "Between groans and gasps as my climax exploded, I managed to wheeze, "Mrs. Walker...your son is a virgin! You're going to get Kent's cherry!"

Gwen had a sudden look of astonishment on her face that was quickly gone as my hot semen began to spray on her face, splattering across her cheeks and the bridge of her nose, before scoring a bulls-eye on her open mouth. Her eyes almost rolled back in her head and she stiffened up and I think had an orgasm just thinking of being her son's first lover. With my hot spunk dripping off her face, she looked back at Kent and beckoned him to her, wailing, "OHHHH YES! FUCK ME, KENT! FUCK MOMMY! PUT THAT BIG THING IN MOMMY RIGHT NOW!"

Suddenly on the verge of tears, Kent sobbed, "Yes, Mom...I love you so much!" and he moved up to her and thrust his cock into his mother for the first time. He moaned as his mother screamed, her body stiffening up as if she was being electrocuted. Her back arched and she threw her head back as she became the perfect vision of a woman having the greatest orgasm of her life. Her eyes glazed over as her face began to almost glow with pure ecstasy that went beyond simple orgasm.

Instinctively, I intuited that this was because of who they were. Mrs. Walker...Gwen was now far beyond a lonely and horny woman yielding to her most carnal desires. She was now in the grasp of incestuous ecstasy, surrendering to the unsuspected intensity that maybe only a mother and son fucking could ever experience. It was the most glorious thing I had ever witnessed.

Before she was lost in her incestuous abandon, I stroked the last few spurts of semen from my cock, smearing them across her sperm smeared lips. I fell back onto my butt, ignoring the cold concrete floor, content with watching the lewd spectacle of watching a mother and son fucking. Kent pummeled his mother's pussy with his hard on, his facial expression locked into one of fierce pleasure and determination. Gwen struggled to raise her head and turn to look back at her son, but pleasure seemed to overwhelm her again and again and she would hang her head or look at me sprawled before her, her eyes filled with love and gratitude and lust.

As one orgasm ebbed and before another could take her, Gwen groaned and dropped her face into my lap, her mouth finding my still mostly erect cock and licking sperm and pussy juice off my penis. With each hard thrust of her son's cock, she grunted with pleasure around my member, her tongue doing wonderful things to my dick

Finally having licked my cock clean, Gwen gave it one last playful lick and sobbed, "Oh Lord...Kent, I love your cock! Never stop fucking your mother, you sinful boy!"

Kent let out a laugh and replied in a voice tinged with strain, "Never, Mom! I want to spend the rest of my life with my dick in your tight pussy, Mom!" As he continued to thrust into her, it became obvious that Kent was going to give his mother the fuck of her life. Having already cummed once, he appeared ready and able to fuck his mother indefinitely. Every few minutes her nipples would seem to swell to the point of bursting and she would wail from the intense pleasure of ever stronger orgasms, once biting her lower lip so hard as she came that it bled.

Finally, her knees aching from the concrete floor, she pushed Kent back, but immediately rolled over onto her back and spread her legs wide even as she held out her arms to her son. "Fuck me, Kent...give Mommy what she needs...give me that hard DICK!" Her voice rose and quavered, the naughty words rolling off her tongue with a tone that betrayed her unfamiliarity with them.

Kent obliged her and with his dick glistening with the slick and thick lubrication of his mother's cunt, wordlessly fell between Gwen's thighs and allowed his mother to guide his angry cock back into her pussy. Once her son's cock was completely buried in her pussy, she wrapped her trembling arms and legs around him, tightly holding on to her child in a carnal embrace. Sweat poured off their body as their crotches slammed together again and again before slowly separating and then slamming roughly into each other once more. Kent and Gwen's eyes were locked onto each other and I realized that their world had shrunk to only themselves. As mother and son fucked, even though I was scant inches away from their coupling bodies, I might as well have been on another planet.

I lost track of time, mesmerized by their ardent, passionate motherfucking. Gwen's moans became more shrill and I sensed that she was about to have the mother of all orgasms. Kent's face darkened, then twisted with almost agonizing pleasure as he roared, "Cumming, Mom! I'm cumming in my mom! Love...oh, Jesus, I love you, Mom!"

Instinctively, I think he was preparing to pull out, but just as his balls began to jerk in the act of ejaculation, Gwen tightened her grip on her son and her lovely contralto voice that I had heard beautifully singing so many gospel songs, escalated into a pure, clear note of pleasure as her orgasm exploded, fueled by the sensation of her son filling her mature womb with fiery semen!

They rocked together in the throes of incestuous climax for long minutes and even after they collapsed into a gasping, quivering mass of embracing flesh, it was many minutes before either of them were capable of any kind of speech. Gwen did nothing but cry for nearly half an hour after that and I imagine that Kent and I would have been very distressed by our actions save that his mother's few garbled words between sobs allayed our fears.

I did my best to follow the comments that came from her sperm smeared lips, Love...sweet Kent...so terrible and wonderful sin...incest-love...son...forever." The gist of her babbling seemed to be that while her mind was blown from having been fucked by her son, in those sweet and terribly erotic minutes of incestuous passion, Gwen had fallen head over heels in love with her son and was addicted to being fucked by such young and eager men.

After moving to the couch, Gwen sat naked between us, her hands constantly caressing each of us while she talked of her passionless marriage to Kent's father. It seemed that even before their son's birth, Reverend Walker had found sex a rather distasteful duty that was to be carried out as rarely as possible. She talked aching of years of suppressing her own needs and desire and feeling for so long and how having finally experienced what loving with abandon offered, she was barely able to comprehend how she felt, understanding only that she could never return to such a soulless life.

Even as she spoke, Gwen was barely able to focus on anything but her son. Her hands eventually found their way to Kent's crotch, caressing it until it began to harden again and then after giving me a soulful kiss that had my cock throbbing again, Gwen began to kiss her son and they became lost in each other until finally, he was laying her back on the couch and climbing between her legs and as she moaned happily, thrust himself deep into his mother's womb. It was exciting to watch, but I also began to feel as if I was intruding on a deeply intimate moment. I dressed and quietly slipped out through the outside exit.

I went home and had dinner with Mom and Dad, positive that my experience was etched on my face, but both went about their usual business, my father focusing on his next business trip and Mom trying not to look annoyed as he outlined his extended itinerary. Mom did ask me if I was

okay -- that I had been awfully quiet, but I simply replied, "It was a really busy day," and then retired to my room for the rest of the evening.

What I couldn't say was even as my mind was filled with erotic and pornographic images of Kent and his mother and myself, engaged in incredible sex, as I remembered the look of utter and complete bliss on Gwen's face as she was fucked by her son, she kept being replaced in my mind by my own mother, her long, mahogany hair hanging down and framing her lovely face as she glowed with that same orgasmic delight, brought to the height of ecstasy by me...her own son. I went to sleep having gratified myself again, my mind filled with carnal thoughts of fucking my mother and of Kent and his mother and how much I already envied them.

Kent failed to show up at the store for any of his shifts for the rest of the week. Saturday afternoon after I got off work, my curiosity was becoming too much and I found myself driving over to the church parsonage. His old Dodge Dart was parked out front, but there was no sign of life...it having been a beautiful day, I'd half expected to see Mrs. Walker out in the yard, working on her flowers.

Finally, I worked up the nerve to climb the front steps and ring the doorbell. After a long wait, the door swung open and Reverend Walker stood there in front of me -- wearing suit pants and a dress shirt, although he'd bowed to the fact that it was Saturday by undoing his tie. He glared at me owlishly through thick lenses, his balding appearance reminding me of that famous painting, 'American Gothic' with the farmer who looks like he's had a pitchfork shoved up his ass. Gwen's words about his cold and aloof manner that had grown over the years echoed in my ears. He frowned at me, looking harried and displeased at being disturbed.

"Ah...you're Jeffrey Hilton's son...John, yes? What can I do for you?

"Uh, I was looking for Kent, Reverend. Is he at home?" I had to suppress a giggle as I had a sudden image of myself asking him, "Is Kent here or is he busy banging your wife."

Reverend Walker sighed unhappily and replied, "You interrupted me. I'm working on tomorrow's sermon." Almost as if it was an afterthought, he waved at me dismissively and answered my question. "Kent is helping his mother clean the church -- you can look for him there. I'm busy...very busy." He turned away, almost slamming the door in his annoyance as he did so.

I shook my head and muttered, "Prick," under my breath and then went back down the steps and across the yard to the old church next door. It was an old brick building with several additions that were a mix of wood and aluminum siding. As I walked, I reflected on the possibility that while the reverend worked on his sermon, his son might be working on something more personal of the reverend's. I found the side entrance unlocked and moved through the lower level of the church, passing by darkened Sunday School rooms until from above me in the sanctuary, I heard the faint sounds of someone moaning...not in pain, but from passion.

Quietly, I made my way up the carpeted steps to the main floor and walked through the anteroom to the wide, double doors that swung open onto the church sanctuary. I pushed through the doors which swung on their hinges silently to behold a sight I never imagined I would witness in a church.

Most of the lights were off with only a single overhead lamp lit up over the altar and podium. The lamp was quite bright and provided a heavenly view of Gwen lying on the altar, her legs draped over Kent's shoulders as he fucked his mother hard and fast. I slowly walked forward as if I was answering an altar call to repent, admiring the erotic view of the incestuous couple engaged in their own special form of holy worship.

"YESSS! OH, GOD, YESSSS! MAKE LOVE TO ME, SON! FUCK ME, FUCK ME HARD, KENT! Gwen's face was screwed up with ecstatic passion as Kent plunged his cock in and out of her sloppy, wet pussy, her huge, meaty breasts rolling wildly across her chest as she met her son's thrusts with her own, flinging her cunt up to swallow his erection as he drove down into her silky, creamy heat. The naked and incestuous lovers appeared to be consumed by a religious fervor as they writhed and squirmed on the church altar.

I quietly took a seat on the front row of pews and watched Kent and his mother fuck, feeling my own cock grow hard, throbbing angrily for release. I slowly unzipped my jeans and fished my swelling penis out, feeling a little light-headed as I tried to wrap my mind around what I was witnessing and doing inside the church I had attended all my life. As mother and son screwed with a passion, I began to slowly stroke my cock.

Under her son's body, Gwen grabbed great handfuls of her heavy tits and pulled them skyward, offering her swollen nipples to her son to chew and bite as she approached orgasm. She began to babble with the fervent power of a woman speaking in tongues, sobbing, "YESSSS! FUCK ME! FUCK YOUR MOTHER! SHOW THE LORD ALMIGHTY HOW MUCH YOU LOVE YOUR MOMMY, KENT!" I shivered from the raw carnality that was in her voice which conveyed both blasphemy and reverence at the same time. As fuck sweat poured off her lovely body, she cried out, "YESSS, MAKE ME CUM AGAIN! LOVE ME, SON, LOVE ME!"

Encouraged by his mother's words, Kent's butt began to move more quickly and he gasped, "Yes...oh, Mom -- I gotta cum!"

Gwen's legs shot upwards from his shoulders, spreading wide as she moaned, "Yes! Baptize me with your sweet semen, son! Make me holy with your seed!"

Kent laughed a bit crazily and pulled his cock from his mother's clasping pussy with an erotic sucking sound and scooted around to slap his mother's face with his pussy covered erection. "Here it comes, Mom," Kent cried and then he continued, his voice taking on the cadence of a crusading country preacher. "Be blessed with my loving seed, Mom. I baptize thee as my forever motherlove, God be praised!"

He bellowed wordlessly as his cock began to spray hot semen all over his mom's face. Gwen sobbed and cried and laughed as his spunk splattered her face from forehead to chin as her hands rose up and began smearing Kent's jizzum all over her face like it was some sort of holy oil she had been anointed with.

Kent's eyes were glazed for several minutes as he ejaculated on his mother's face, finally refocusing and realizing that I was sitting on the front pew, a big smile on my face from witnessing their incestuous communion. He nodded and moved to kneel above his mother's head, straddling her face so he could feed her his now slowly deflating cock.

Gwen purred as she took his cunt cream covered penis between her lips, her tongue slathering over his still mostly turgid flesh. Her eyes flickered my way and then she returned her attentions to her son, but at the same time, spread her legs wide as she pulled her knees back.

Kent reached down and ran a palm over her open and quivering pussy, her shiny wet labia slithering through her fingers. "C'mon, John. Come make a love offering to my mother!"

I was between Gwen's legs within seconds, sparing only enough time to shuck off my jeans and shoes. Kent's mother let out a soulful moan as I sank my hard cock into her furnace like pussy.

Glancing down to our joined loins, I could judge by the mixed and smeared fuck juices on Gwen's thighs that mother and son had been at this a while. Her motherly pussy felt sticky yet slick and so incredibly wet and hot as I buried myself within her sugar walls. I ducked my head to get my lips around one of her swollen and nearly bruised nipples, feeling her pulse throbbing in the rubbery nub as I sucked and chewed it, making her moan around her son's cock.

Finally, Gwen let her son's cock slip from her lips and she threw her arms around my neck, a mad, passionate grin on her face as she gasped, "Yessss...fuck me, John! Give me your large p-p-prick and fuck me hard. Make me cum...make me scream so that God in heaven will hear it!"

I fucked Kent's mother frantically, reveling in the sweet heat of her cunt as I moved in and out of her, not the least bit alarmed as sometimes I saw her face, mouth sneering with lusty pleasure and other times saw Mom's face at other times, her face wrought with that perfect orgasmic glee that I will forever associate with incestuous perfection.

Never far from my mind was the realization of how lewd and decadent this was -- me screwing the preacher's wife on the top step of the altar of our church. I understood that in committing such erotic blasphemy, it wouldn't have surprised me if I'd had been struck down by lightning, but the creamy deliciousness that was Gwen Walker's motherly cunt would have made any amount of pain worthwhile.

On and on, I fucked my friend's mother while he remained astraddle her face so that when she was between being lost in the throes of orgasm, she could lick and tongue his cock, resurrecting it once again.. Finally, I felt my need to cum rise up and I announced that I was cumming. I expected Gwen to again instruct me to come on her face, but I felt her legs tighten around my back as she looked into my eyes and said in a passionate, almost pleading voice, "Cum in me, John. I want your semen in my womb...bless my pussy with your seed just as my son has done so many times these last wonderful days!"

Her words shoved me over the edge and I cried out in wordless ecstasy as I buried my cock deep in her snug, fiery pussy and exploded, filling her womb with thick spurt after thick spurt of hot semen. She screamed as her own orgasm swelled and swept her away, becoming a writhing and wild thing beneath me as if possessed by some carnal holy spirit.

When finally I fell back, completely spent, Kent climbed between her sticky thighs and began to fuck her again. Gwen sobbed and quivered as my orgasmic touch was replaced by the more powerful sensation of being fucked by her son. When she was coherent enough, she frantically beckoned me to her side and took hold of my cock so she could rub her juices and mine over her face, licking and kissing my penis between breathless exclamations of, "This is God's plan! This is what's meant to be. Glory in it, John. Glory in love whenever it is offered."

Finally, her son's steady thrusts transported her to some place where words were meaningless and like the early time, this particular bout of lovemaking seemed to be more intimate. I quietly dressed and left them to their incestuous union, glancing back once to see them locked together, cock and pussy in orgasmic bliss, the very embodiment of love. It struck me as I left that in all the years I'd attended church, I'd never felt the presence of God so greatly as then.

The next morning, as I set next to my mother while Reverend Walker droned on about the wages of sin, my gaze continuously wandered to Kent and his mother sitting together, alone on the second row of pews on the right hand side as had been tradition for decades in our church. I wondered if anyone else could see the power...the sexual energy that flowed between them. I wondered how

they managed to control themselves here in front of everyone. Were mother and son momentarily sated...Gwen's cunt still leaking her son's semen while Kent's aching and no doubt weary cock reveled in the joyous memory of his mother's pussy? I had no doubt that as the Reverend led us all in prayer, his wife and son were silently giving thanks to God for allowing their love and desire to surface and be realized in its true and intended form.

As the service neared its end, I kept glancing at my mother, my own teenage fantasies suddenly evolving into something more as I wistfully admired her lovely body and imagined her and I having the same loving relationship that Kent and his mother now shared. Mom caught me glancing at her and she smiled back...a mother's loving smile that filled my heart with warmth and love and swelled my cock with desire. A thousand fantasies unfolded as I imagined having the courage to steal her away from Dad, fantasies that grew stronger with each passing day ever after that.

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"Gwen and Kent have been lovers since that day two years ago," I said, having told my mother everything about that first passionate week. "I doubt a day has gone by that she hasn't had her son's cock inside her." Mom stared at me from the couch, breathing hard and making it impossible not to notice her breasts raising and falling beneath her silk robe, her nipples thick and obviously erect beneath the thin cloth.

"And you've been fucking her too?" Mom's voice was etched with anger, making it sound as if she was grinding out each word between clinched teeth.

I shrugged and replied, "Off and on...a few times a month when she gets the urge." I sat up in Dad's recliner, dropping the footrest down as I tried to get comfortable which wasn't easy. I was hard from telling the story despite my mother's clear anger. "I think Gwen...Mrs. Walker is happy with just Kent's cock most of the time, but now and again, she wants to be...fucked like a whore by more than one man."

Mom's eyes widened and she said, "You mean more than just you and her son?"

I nodded and said, "Oh yeah. I've known Gwen to take on four guys at once when she's got a mind to." I paused, considering how much I should say, but decided to plunge on. "Remember that Youth Retreat I went to last Spring? Kent went. I went. So did Jimmy and Sean and Mike...and Gwen went as our chaperone."

My mother's mouth dropped open and she had to make an effort to reply. "You mean she and all of you...?"

I smiled. "Oh yeah. We made a brief appearance at the retreat and then spent the remaining three days in a cabin on Lake Grant. We um...literally fucked her until she couldn't walk and she still wanted more."

"Jesus Christ!" Mom whispered and downed the last of her glass of scotch. She paused for a moment and then looked at me suspiciously. "Wait a minute. I thought Heather McGee went with you guys on that trip!"

I laughed nervously as I recalled Heather, just turned eighteen, her hair a bright fire engine red on top of her head and between her stocky thighs and nodded. "Yeah...that's when Gwen discovered she had an appetite for pussy too."

Mom closed her eyes and whispered, "Oh my Lord!" I wondered what she was envisioning in her mind...if she was even coming close to glimpsing the carnality of that weekend. The image of Gwen and Heather locked in a sixty-nine, slurping young men's semen out of each other's cunts even as we took turns fucking them both over and over, was forever burned into my memory...an image I would always cherish.

My reverie of that erotic memory was interrupted as Mom abruptly rose and paced around the room, finally pausing before the great window looking out onto our street. Not looking at me she said quietly, "So for a little over two years, you've been fucking our preacher's wife who's also her own son's lover?"

"Yes, Mom," I replied.

And Gwen Walker is not only fucking her son and you, but has other lovers?"

"Yes...I know of at least six guys and two women."

"Boys...young men from our church?"

"Yes, Mom...at least most of them go to the Baptist church."

Mom shook her head and glanced over her shoulder at me with an angry, contemptuous expression. "So, is anyone else fucking their mother?"

I hesitated and then shrugged. "I'm not sure. I think Jimmy Boggs and his mother...um, Dana, are. I don't know for sure, but I saw them on campus, walking hand in hand like they were..."

"Like they were lovers?" Mom finished for me. She nodded as if she knew something I didn't. She sat her glass down on the edge of a small table and then drew the blinds together, making the room feel smaller and despite the light from the table lamps, darker. Mom walked over to stand before me, her face flushed with anger, her hands resting on her hips. "And you...John Hilton, you sit there and tell me that for years you've been fantasizing about fucking me...fucking your mother?"

My mouth felt dry and my face burned with a great flush of embarrassment. "Yes, Mom, I've fantasized about you for longer than I can remember."

Mom spoke again, the words coming out bitterly. "And, John Hilton, you dare to sit there and tell me that for the last two years, you've been trying to work up the nerve to actually approach me...to try and seduce me so you can fuck your mother and make her like Gwen...an incestuous whore?"

It took a moment for me to answer. Even neck deep in shit as I was, I couldn't help but find Mom so incredibly sexy. I could barely take my eyes off her heaving chest to look into her lovely face and murmur, "I cannot lie to you, Mom. It's been my greatest dream."

Mom's hand lashed out, catching me by surprise as she slapped me hard across the face as she screamed, "GODDAMN YOU, SON!" As tears formed in my eyes in reaction to my burning cheek, before I could move or speak, Mom suddenly swarmed into my lap, her knees straddling me as her robe parted and I felt her naked crotch against my lap.

Mom held my face tight between her palms, bringing her head so close to mine that her lips almost brushed mine. She stared into my eyes, so much like her lovely brown orbs, with flames of anger flashing in them and in a tight, almost anguished voice, said, "You're telling me that you've been

fucking that whore of a preacher's wife for two goddamn years -- the whole time wishing you were fucking me and only now...only now when I'm confronting you about this whole sordid affair you actually confess how you feel about me...about your mother?"

I wasn't sure what to say. Mom was acting totally unlike herself while I struggled to maintain my composure while fully aware that except for her thin, silk gown, Mom was naked in my lap. "I'm sorry, Mom. I know it's wrong to think this way..."

"You don't anything, John," Mom said in nearly a whisper, her lips so achingly close...so close I could almost feel them brushing mine. "Do you know what my life has been like? Your father might as well be a fucking eunuch for as much as he touches me." Her hands tightened against my face and as she continued, I was suddenly aware of the pain in her voice. "You've let me suffer for two long years while Gwen fucking Walker has lived a life of glorious fucking pleasure when your own mother lies in bed night after night, lonely, unfulfilled, unloved and so very goddamn horny!"

"Mom?" I whispered, trying to make myself believe what my mother was implying.

"How could you not see what I needed, son? Did you think Gwen Walker could be the only neglected wife in the world. Your father is never here. I needed a man here...here in my life and in my bed. Don't you think I've never looked at you as a man...a handsome, virile man and wondered what you'd be like in bed?" Tears were falling down Mom's cheeks now as her voice rose to almost a scream. "I'VE BEEN SITTING HERE UNLOVED FOR TWO YEARS...YOU SHOULD HAVE TRIED TO FUCK ME, JOHN!"

I was stupefied to the point of being unable to speak. Finally, I stuttered, "Mom...I-I didn't know...I'm sorry."

Mom rolled her eyes and replied, "I don't want you to be sorry, son! I want you to fuck me...FUCK ME NOW!" Mom kissed me then, her lips pressed hard, almost painfully against mine as her tongue slipped into my open mouth. It took me a moment to recover and then I was kissing her back as I wrapped my arms around her and pulled her tight against my body. I felt my heart pounding, falling into a matching rhythm with her heart that I could feel beating wildly as her breasts pillowed against my chest.

Then we began to tilt back as the recliner's action worked until we were almost horizontal, Mom atop me, her luscious body squirming atop mine, her pelvis hunching against my jeans while her hands searched for and began undoing my belt. A series of violent contortions and maneuvers followed as she began to tug and pull at my clothes, breaking our kiss momentarily so that I could yank her silk gown up and over her head, revealing her incredible body. We twisted and turned, Mom using hands and feet to free me from my jeans and T-shirt until we were both naked, her skin feeling so incredibly warm against my body...as if she had a terrible fever.

Our hands roamed wildly -- Mom squeezing my ass cheeks and then sliding around to grope my hard cock while I cupped and mauled her large, still very youthful and upright breasts and slid a hand over her trimmed thicket of a bush, finding her already sopping wet pussy -- her long lipped labia already spreading like a morning lily.

We kissed and caressed each other for what seemed an eternity, but a notion settled over me as somehow we turned and tumbled on that stretched out recliner until Mom rested beneath me, her legs draped over the arms of the chair and my cock nestled lengthways against her fiery slit. The notion became a hunger and then a compulsion and I broke our soulful kiss as I shifted my weight

back, bringing down the foot rest as I landed on the carpet on my knees while Mom came to an abrupt upright position, her heavy breasts bouncing as she sat up.

I ran my hands along Mom's thighs until my fingers were framing her lovely cunt -- her muff a trimmed and thick triangle that pointed towards her creamy pussy. I looked up at Mom who was wide-eyed with excitement, her mouth hanging open, holding her breath. "I love you, Mom!" I cried. "I promise to spend the rest of my life making things up to you." I stuck my tongue out at her and added, "Beginning right now!"

I shoved my face into my mother's cunt with such force, I could feel her exhale in a great whoosh. I rubbed my face against her wet, slick flesh and her surprisingly soft bush, inhaling her scent that just in itself, sent bolts of arousal through my body and then I was madly lashing my tongue up and down her pussy, licking her thick, creamy juices of her thick, long labia and then delving deep with my tongue stiffened to probe her sweet inner flesh.

Mom's hands clapped down on my head, fingers intertwining in my shaggy brown locks to better hold me in place even as she screamed in shock and delight. There was both pleasure and disbelief in her voice as she moaned, "Ohhhh, John! Yessss...that feels so good!" hunching her crotch against my face.

As I furiously licked and slurped my mother's pussy, I had to devote a little concentration to not cumming on the spot...the simple knowledge that I was going down on my mother, licking the delicious juices from the hole I had sprung from...the pussy I had for so long dreamed of returning to, enough to make me cum without either of us laying so much as a hand on my throbbing cock. It was touch and go for a minute or two, but finally my need to climax receded and I redoubled my efforts to pleasure my mother orally.

I could feel Mom twist and writhe in the chair, her thighs shifting to assist her hands in keeping me clamped in place, slightly muffling her cries of long awaited pleasure. I wondered if in the grip of such carnal delight, Mom would have begrudged the fact that I was pleasuring her so well because I had so many times practiced on Gwen Walker's pussy, eating her sweet pussy while she sucked Kent's cock or at other times, allowed him to take her anally while I licked her pussy.

I put those thoughts aside as my fingers gently caressed Mom's clitoris, assisting it to emerge from its little protective hood -- a lovely little pink nub. With my face dripping with Mom's pussy juice, I brought my lips close to the swollen little organ and gently blew on it, eliciting a loud gasp from Mom! "Ohhhhhh, baby...oh, John...what are you doing, son! Feels sooooo good!"

"Keeping that promise, Mom. I love you and I love your sweet pussy!"

I extended my tongue and with the very tip, flicked it across my mother's clitoris once -- twice -- three times before Mom's body violently convulsed as she screamed, "OH, GOD, YES, JOHN!" and then I was being splashed by Mom's hot juices spraying out of her pussy, surprising me. I laughed, thinking Mom had just lost control and pissed on me, but I as her juices flowed over my tongue, I knew I was tasting her juicy cunt. Mom was surprised too, moaning as she quivered above me, her legs kicking reflexively, "Oh, Lord...that felt incredible...I've heard of...but I've never done that before." There was a look of wonder on Mom's face -- her lips eventually spreading into a lewd smile as she gasped, "Do it again!"

I laughed and immediately licked her clit again and again Mom sprayed my face with her liquid love, screaming wordlessly as this time I didn't back off, but instead enveloped her entire nub

between my lips, being gentle but aggressive as my tongue flitted over the swollen nub again and again.

"I LOVE YOU!" Mom screamed and sobbed as she bucked her pelvis against me, gushing pussy juices as her entire body seemed to levitate and spasm as she was galvanized with a massive orgasm. I felt her hands scrabbling and pushing at my head, sobbing, "FUCK....OH GODDDD! TOO GOOD...GOTTA STOP...LOVE IT BUT GOTTA STOP!" I resisted releasing Mom's clitoris from my mouth until from the tone of her cries I knew she was reaching that perilous border that exists between pleasure and pain.

I let her slip from my mouth and watched my mother convulse and shake for several seconds as her orgasm rioted through her body, reveling in her carnal appearance as I felt her copious juices drip from my chin to my chest and thighs. Then as Mom's climax seemed to start ebbing, I said, "Time for more, Mom!" and plunged my face back between her thighs and began licking her pussy from one end to the other, reigniting my mother's orgasm.

I took mercy on her and paid direct attention to her clitoris only occasionally, focusing my efforts and licking and nibbling on her labia in between delving deep between her pussy lips, tasting her sweet and pungent flesh overflowing with her creamy juices. Mom bounced around, wriggling in the recliner, rolling out of one orgasm into another, sometimes sobbing wordlessly as the ecstasy that she was experiencing stole her ability to speak while other times, she screamed and moaned her love for me. I lost track of how long I ate her pussy, just enjoying the knowledge that I was giving my mother pleasure unlike any she'd ever had experienced.

Finally, with my jaw muscles aching, I sat back on my haunches and grinned up at Mom. She never looked more beautiful, sitting back in the recliner with her tall and shapely body sprawled out -- her breasts heaving up and down as she gasped for air and her legs again flung wide over the arms of the chair, her long, dark brown hair in wild tangles from running her fingers through it...her pale, flawless skin mottled with a sexual flush.

"Incredible...fucking incredible!" Mom muttered between labored gasps for air. "You've made me cum more in a few minutes than your father has in fifteen years."

"I love you, Mom," I said, breathing a little heavy myself. "I'm sorry I've been a fool for so long. You'll never be ignored again."

Mom struggled to sit up and once she did, she flung her arms around me and pulled me to her, kissing me passionately -- apparently not minding the taste of her own aroused cunt on my lips and tongue. After a few minutes of intense tongue dueling, Mom broke the kiss and said breathlessly, "John Hilton, if you don't fuck your mother right here and now, I will just up and die!"

"We can't let that happen, Mom," I murmured.. I kissed her again and then rose to my feet, climbing between her legs which she again threw over the arms of the chair. I pushed her back and we both began to tilt as her seat reclined and in a single motion, we seemed to go horizontal even as I fell between her thighs -- my aching cock sliding between Mom's labia, both of us gasping as I buried my cock in the most perfect, fiery and wet flesh.

As I sank inch after inch of my long and hard cock into Mom's pussy, I watched her face and was thrilled and gratified to see a heavenly expression of utter bliss and contentment spread across her face -- confirmation that Mom felt the same way that I did -- that this was meant to be...that our bond of family and blood elevated our coupling to a new plane of intimacy.

Tears began tracking down Mom's face again as she gasped, "I love you, son. I love you more than I ever dreamed I could...ohhhhhhh...loved anyone." Mom flexed her hips upward, grinding her pussy against my crotch as I buried myself deeply -- marveling at the way her silky, slick flesh felt as it tightened around my shaft, holding me in place deep within her womb.

"Love you too, Mom," I whispered back. "Now and forever, Mom," I added before I kissed her and began to thrust into her. Mom's tongue dueled frantically with mine as we kissed, slowing only as my cock thrusts drew deep, pleased moans from her with each slow, sweet stroke -- her pussy flesh wrapped tightly around my throbbing penis.

I thought my head was beginning to spin dizzily, but then as Mom cried out as a jolt drove my cock deeper than before into her womb, I realized with some amusement that the recliner had rolled backwards into its final setting, leaving us almost horizontal again. I continued to thrust into my mother, each movement a little quicker and more forceful than the last. As Mom crooned and sighed, she drew her legs up and wrapped them around my back, her ankles crossing as she pulled me tighter into her.

The sheer rightness of the moment was almost overwhelming. Over the last two years, I had heard Gwen and Kent talk about how perfect it was when they were joined together...Gwen being very specific in her thoughts -- "John, you're a wonderful lover with an incredible cock, but I swear to heaven above, when my son is inside me...I feel completed and whole as if because Kent sprang from my womb, his cock was meant to be in me. When I make love to him, it's like I'm touching the face of God...it's like I've become..."

"Holy," I moaned out loud as I sank my turgid rod into Mom again, my swollen and throbbing cock head pressing into her cervix.

Mom's eyes widened and she came out of an orgasm-induced haze and gasped, "What's that, darling?"

I rocked into her again as I replied, "Fucking my mother...fucking you, Mom, I feel...holy!"

Mom nodded, perceiving the truth of my words instantly. "Oh yes....MMMMMMM...yes, this is so pure and sweet. It has to be the Lord blessing our union. Nothing that feels like this could be a sin!" Mom tightened her arms and legs around me and kissed me again until my thrusts compelled her to begin moaning with intense pleasure again, her entire body seeming to burn with the incestuous passion that consumed both of us. "This...this has to be the purest form of worship...making love to each other -- creating love and what is God but love."

Mom began flinging her hips upwards to meet my increasingly violent thrusts, screaming out with pleasure as we heard something snap and then the chair seemed to tilt and drop several inches, the jolt again making me slam deeper inside her. "Fuck me, son! Make me holy...make me pure with your cock...with your love. Fuck me, John. Worship me with that big cock!"

We began to buck and thrust into each other, our sweaty bodies slapping wetly together as we really threw ourselves into our incestuous fucking, losing ourselves in the carnal abandon of the moment, Mom screaming into my mouth and then biting my shoulder as her orgasm raged. We fucked on, part of me wondering how I was able to maintain control, fucking my mother madly into the onset of another orgasm.

As Mom's cunt tightened yet again around my hard cock, I slowly wormed my swollen penis all the way inside her pussy, feeling the onset of my own orgasm approaching. Mom's back arched and

her mouth hung open, the very avatar of incestuous orgasmic perfection and I hung on the precipice, trying to hang on to that wonderful moment of pleasure before orgasm when suddenly Mom tilted her head and looking into my eyes, whispered, "Son, you should know that your cock is so much bigger than your father's!"

I felt a wave of satisfaction and pleasure wash over me at her words and I growled, "And it's all yours, Mom!" and I exploded inside her pussy, great gouts of hot semen flooding her womb which tipped her over the edge of her orgasm and as our bodies stiffened together, our loins locked in place and ignited a sun of radiant, incestuous pleasure that consumed us and took us to heaven. In the throes of mutual orgasm, we both felt so blessed and happy, basking in the pureness of God's love as we created love...knowing that in our incestuous joining, we had found the keys to paradise.

I do not know how long we remained joined on the now broken recliner, Mom's arms and legs wrapped around me, holding by body to hers like the best security blanket that ever existed. We kissed and dozed and even fucked a little more as my cock, aching from such a tremendous climax took seemingly forever to soften.

Finally, when I felt my cock slip from between her sperm smeared labia, I began to move off of her, hopping off to the side of the chair after the recliner refused to return to an upright position. Laughing, I held a hand out to Mom as I walked around to the front of the chair while I said, "I reckon we broke Dad's chair."

I lifted a foot to the footrest of the chair and put my weight into it. Mom was suddenly flung into an upright position as I forced it down -- her breasts bouncing hypnotically as again we heard something snap and the seat canted another couple of inches to the side. "Yeah, we definitely broke Dad's chair."

Mom was now sitting up, her face even with my crotch and she gave me a sly grin as she eyed my semi-erect penis covered with semen and her pussy juices. "Who cares...I have more important things on my mind!" She leaned into me, mouthing my cock without using her hands, making me groan and go weak in the knees as she sucked my still incredibly sensitive penis into her mouth, seemingly eager and pleased to taste herself and my sperm as her tongue slathered over my shaft.

I ran my hands slowly through her long and tangled tresses, barely able to breathe as the reality of the situation sank in...that in the living room where I had spent so much time as a child and a teenager, watching cartoons and television shows and baseball games and did my homework, I was standing naked before my mother while she eagerly licked and sucked my cock clean of her pussy juices and my sperm. "My god, Mom...that's so...fucking sweet!"

I felt myself begin to harden again and heard Mom murmur her approval, her looking up at me with her big brown eyes to show how much she was enjoying this and then winking at me as she tried to take my entire cock down her throat, almost succeeding before with maybe an inch or so to go, she began to choke. She eased off me, coughing for a second before beginning to laugh.

Wiping her lips of spittle and maybe a smear or two of our mixed juices, Mom sighed and said, "I guess I'm a little out of practice." She grinned up at me and said, "You wouldn't know it, but by the time I graduated high school, I was considered the best cock sucker in my senior class."

I just gaped at her for a long minute before replying in a husky voice, "Well...um, Mom, if you want, I'd be happy to help you get back to form."

Mom reached out and stroked my resurrected erection and said, "Oh, you're going to help me with a lot of things. Right now, you're going to help me cum my brains out by going upstairs to bed with me and fucking me until I'm unconscious!"

My cock jerked at her bawdy words and if she hadn't been holding it firmly, I'm sure it would have slapped against my stomach...I was that hard -- the kind of hard that almost hurts and needs something hot and wet to soothe it. I pulled Mom to her feet and we kissed for a time, my arms pulling her tight against me as she continued to stroke my hard dick until finally, she broke the kiss with a playful lick across my lips and then led me by my erect penis towards the stairs.

As we climbed, I said, "So, my bedroom or yours, Mom?"

Mom looked at me, her eyes now filled with need and a little wildness and she said, "Our bed, son! From now on, you're taking your father's place in it." She gave my cock a little squeeze and added, "At least you know what to do with this big thing unlike your father." She squeezed and stroked it again and playfully said, "Did I already say you were bigger than your father? You are...thicker and longer too!"

I felt both excitement and a twinge of guilt at her words. Yes, Dad was a cold fish who rarely interacted with me...it being more years than I could remember when he and I had done anything together, but still...he'd been a good worker and along with Mom had been a good provider. I found it hard to dislike him even though I knew in my heart that given a choice between Mom or I and his briefcase full of engineering diagrams and specifications, his goddamn briefcase would win every time.

I pushed any guilt away and as we strolled slowly down the hallway towards Mom's bedroom...our bedroom, I put my arm around Mom's waist, savoring the touch of her still slightly sweaty flesh against mine and vowed that no matter what life through at us and what paths we might tread, that I would never put anything ahead of Mom's happiness.

Later, looking back at that night, I would remember the lovemaking...the raw, unbridled fucking that occurred as something almost mythical...legendary. It seems as if the entire night, my erection never faltered -- that I was hard and throbbing in my mother's incredible and perfect pussy...her wet and silky flesh massaging my cock to create pleasure that had heretofore been unimaginable.

I can still recall how awestruck I was to see Mom atop me, riding my cock with the skill that only a lifetime of fucking can create -- her large tits bouncing and her lewd sneers of ecstasy as she arched her back, hands running through her long, mahogany hair one moment and cupping and mauling her breasts the next.

I can still see how carnally alive Mom was as I took her from behind, her head turned to look back at me, her wordless cries of passion intermixed with screams of "More, fuck me more, John...give Momma MORE!"

I remember so much...the taste of her cum filled cunt and her quiet sobs of pleasure as I tongued her well fucked flesh and teased her throbbing clitoris. I remember the faint aroma of her favorite perfume, mixed with the scent of her pussy and her sweat as we rocked together, me sitting on the edge of the bed with her in my lap. I remember the look of contentment and satisfaction on Mom's face as she sucked a fresh load of hot semen from my cock.

I remember that first night of incestuous lovemaking...the night when my dreams of so many years came true...fantasies becoming realities and all through it, Mom and I both vowing to make the

dream live on, day after day, night after night, forever. When sleep came on, it was if nothing ended because my dreams were now reality...my mother and I now and for eternity, lovers.

I awoke to find that it was mid-morning and I'd slept through my early class. I'd open my eyes and stretched, feeling weary muscles popping in that delicious way one experiences after a night of glorious sex. I reached out for Mom, but her side of the bed was empty. I started to rise up, but there Mom was, curled up in an overstuffed chair by the bedroom's big bay window. She was a picture of erotic beauty...her hair bed tousled and her skin aglow from a night of passionate lovemaking. Mom had an afghan wrapped around her, but from her bare legs and thighs and a bare breast where the blanket had fallen off her shoulder, I knew that she was naked beneath it. A cup of what I assumed was tea steamed in the window sill.

Mom smiled at me and said, "Good morning, sleepy head. I was getting worried that I'd worn you out."

I sat up and leaned against the headboard, feeling my weary cock already stiffening at the sight of my beautiful mother. "Not hardly, Mom. I'd have to be a week past dead not to get hard just looking at you. Have you been awake long? You should have woken me up."

Mom gave me a sleepy smile. "I was just enjoying watching you sleep, son." She gave a little sigh. "I used to do it all the time when you were a baby...and as you grew up..." She chuckled and added, "At least until my little boy hit puberty and insisted on his privacy. I never dreamed I would have the opportunity to do it again...and so much more." She stuck her tongue out at me.

I felt a flush spread across my face...both of mild embarrassment and arousal. Part of me seemed to believe that I should have had a harder time reconciling that my lover...my soul mate was my mother, but it just seemed natural. Maybe it was all the long years of fantasizing about fucking Mom...maybe it was because of the role I had played in helping Gwen and her son become lovers. I guess it didn't matter. Mom and I were together now and I prayed that she had no regrets.

I couldn't help but voice those concerns. "Mom...are you okay with this...us, I mean? This is happening so fast -- I hope you have no regrets."

Mom smiled back at me and shook her head. "No, John...no regrets except maybe not realizing that becoming lovers with my son was actually possible." She took a deep breath and said. "It is happening so fast...and already I know that there are decisions that I've made that I will not go back on...that I don't want to go back on."

My mother stretched her arms above her head causing the afghan to fall away and expose her naked body to her waist.. "Now that I've had your lovely cock in me son, it's like I'm in a wonderful dream..." She paused and pursed her lips. "Or maybe, I've finally awoke from a long and dreary sleep. I've never felt so...alive!" Mom stood up, the afghan falling away completely as she slowly strolled towards me...her breasts slowly swaying as her long and shapely legs brought her closer and closer to me. "I've never felt like this before. It's like your cock, your kisses, your seed has awakened every cell in my body."

Mom climbed into bed to curl up against me, her moist bush nestling against my thigh as she kissed me. "I love you, John. I don't care if it's a sin. I never want another day to pass that I'm not well fucked by my son."

We continued to kiss for a while softly caressing each other, our hands eventually intertwining and tracing around each other's fingers. I trailed a finger of Mom's ring finger, pausing to brush against

her wedding ring. "What about Dad?" I said softly.

Mom answered without hesitation. "I'll not suffer him in my bed ever again. I'm divorcing him, son." She reached out and stroked my face with her free hand and said. "Please don't feel any guilt over this, John. Our marriage has been dead for years -- we just didn't want to admit it. We should've parted ways long ago." She glanced down to her hand where I was toying with her gold band, turning it on her finger. "While you were sleeping, I called a lawyer. I have an appointment on Monday -- I'll file for divorce."

I nodded and looked into her eyes. "Are you sure, Mom?"

Mom kissed me again, her tongue slipping between my lips to dance with my tongue for a long time. Finally, she said, "I'm positive. Your father isn't my man...my husband anymore." She looked at me with such love and desire, it nearly made me swoon as she finished. "You're my husband now, son. You're my man."

"Then...I guess you don't need this anymore," I said quietly, watching her watch me ease her wedding band off her ring finger." Mom's breathing seemed to quicken, her breasts rising and falling as her nipples swelled with arousal. "I love you, Mom!"

Mom took the wedding ring from me and tossed it casually onto the bedside table. She looked at where it rolled to a stop against the table lamp and then turned back to me, swarming into my lap as she breathed, "God, I love you, John!"

As naturally as if we'd been doing it for years, Mom rose up and sat down on my cock, gasping a little and wincing as she gasped, "You feel so wonderful, son, but we might want to take it slow and easy...I haven't been fucked like this in so long. I'm a little tender!"

Thinking of my own aching and slightly chafed cock, I nodded and replied, "I completely understand, Mom." We resumed our lovemaking, but instead of the mad passion of the night before, we simply took our time, barely moving, my cock remaining deep in my mother's wet pussy. I let Mom control the pace, allowing her to gently rock and hunch into me as we kissed and nuzzled each other, my hands sliding to cup her taut ass cheeks and lift and lower her when her pleasure overwhelmed her and she couldn't move on her own.

Time seemed to stand still as we slowly fucked, our bodies becoming slick with a thick sheen of sweat...both of us discovering to our mutual delight, the joyous ecstasy that comes from being so closely joined. We spoke little...Mom's little coos and cries of pleasure breaking the silence as we became one being. I don't know if I've ever seen a more beautiful sight than my mother, leaning back slightly, her glistening breasts swaying just a little as she slowly rolled her hips, mouth open in orgasmic awe and her eyes filled with absolute love for her son.

It seemed as if our languorous, incestuous fuck went on for hours and maybe it did. My need to cum was tempered by having had so many climaxes earlier and as I reveled in the intense pleasure of feeling Mom's body on mine and her wet, slick cunt flesh wrapped so deliciously around mine, I felt an overwhelming desire to stretch out my mother's pleasure for as long as she could endure it!

An eternity later, as Mom sobbed and leaned her head against me, her dark hair dripping with perspiration, she began to cum for...well, I'd lost count, her lips brushed my chest and she moaned, "Cum in me, son. Shoot your mother full of your hot, sweet seed."

In the end, it was the way Mom asked me that pushed me over the edge. How could any son not cum when their mother pleaded for them to fill their womb with their steaming semen? "Love you, Mom!" I rocked upwards, piercing her womb a little deeper and began to flood her pussy with my sperm.

Mom sobbed loudly and hugged herself to me, her body shaking violently, fingernails clawing my back as she rode out her orgasm, grinding herself down on my cock as her cunt muscles went into spasm, milking my shaft of my semen. Like the incestuous fuck that preceded it, our mutual orgasm seemed to last nearly forever. It was again, that perfect moment that I knew would be impossible to experience with anyone else...that only a mother and her son could share.

We rocked together for a long time, Mom's breasts sliding up and down as she worked to regain her breath. Finally, I felt Mom regaining mastery of herself, planting little kisses on my chest before she raised her head and looked at me -- her face streaked with tears. "Oh my...that was incredible, John. That was a baby making fuck, my son!"

I raised my eyebrows in surprise and interest. I'd never really considered the possibility of making Mom pregnant, but I was immediately interested and aroused by the possibility. "Mom...did we...did I make you pregnant. Can you really tell?"

Mom grinned and shook her head, "No...but I think I'd like that. And I think I'd like to try...a lot. Getting fucked like this is well..." She kissed me and said, "I know I have been fucked and loved well."

Soon after, we fell asleep and didn't wake up until well into the afternoon. We shared a long, hot bath, both of us very sore and quite weary and simply soaked for a long time -- Mom resting back against my chest, both of us luxuriating in the touch and presence of each other. Afterwards, we descended on the kitchen where we collaborated on a huge evening breakfast, almost letting the bacon burn as we got lost in kissing each other.

As we were finishing washing the dishes, the kitchen phone rang and after a brief hesitation, Mom crossed the room and answered it with, "Hilton Residence...Oh, hi, Dana. What? Um, no, I've been kinda busy since yesterday."

Mom shot me a wink and then her eyes went wide. "What!" she exclaimed, leaning against the wall, looking enticing in one of my AC-DC t-shirts. "Good lord! Does Gwen know?" She glanced at me, surprise in her eyes. "Is she okay? Well, maybe I'll call her later...no, I'm not going to judge her. I think any of us could be in her shoes if we were married to that cold fish."

Mom looked mischievously at me as she listened for a moment and then said, "I'm not implying anything, Dana. I'm just saying that in her situation, who knows what we might have done." She nodded and said, "Sure, if I hear anything, I'll let you know. Talk to you later...oh, give Jimmy our best!" Mom grinned again and I knew what she'd have looked like as a little girl being naughty. "No, I'm not implying anything, Dana...just being...um, polite! Yes...bye, bye."

Mom hung up the phone and looked at me speculatively. I finished drying the frying pan and set it on the counter and walked towards Mom. "What's up, Mom?"

Mom opened her arms and drew me in against her. "Well, I know that Dana Boggs is suddenly highly defensive about...um, her and her son, so maybe she and Jimmy are being as naughty as we are."

I nuzzled Mom's neck and said, "Old news, right. What else is happening?"

Taking a deep breath, Mom replied, "Well, it seems that after confronting Gwen at the Missionary meeting yesterday, Reverend Walker packed a suitcase, turned in his resignation to Church elder Tom Brewer and left town...his destination unknown."

That did surprise me. I wouldn't have thought anything short of dynamite or an act of God would ever pry Reverend Walker loose of the pulpit. "Did...has he said anything about Gwen and Kent?"

Mom shook her head and said, "Dana didn't say. I don't think any of us ladies have been gossiping." She kissed me and said, "Maybe I'll call her later." She rubbed up against me and said, "First, I think we should get some real sleep...maybe rest up for more interesting things this evening."

When we climbed back into bed, both of us naked, I thought sleep would be an impossibility, especially as I snuggled up behind Mom, my cock quickly rising against Mom's warm and soft buttocks, but apparently I was more tired than I thought and feel asleep feeling Mom wiggling her ass against my erection while I cupped one of her meaty breasts, feeling her hard nipple scraping against my palm.

I awoke to find myself alone and in darkness. I padded naked downstairs to hear Mom on the phone, looking freshly showered, her hair still wet as she curled up in a bathrobe on the couch. "Oh, I think an hour will be fine...uh, huh -- the side entrance." Mom glanced up at me and smiled. "Yes, I know John knows the way. See you then."

Mom hung up the phone and rose, her bathrobe falling open to reveal she was naked underneath, her pale and flawless skin still aglow from a hot shower. She stepped into my arms, my already swelling cock nestling in her trimmed bush while her breasts pillowed against my chest. "Everything alright, Mom?"

She kissed me and stroked my face. "I think so, baby. You need to hop in the shower while I fix us something to eat. We have places to go and things to do!"

I groaned a little as Mom rubbed herself against me teasingly. "Like what? I was hoping we could jump back into bed." I slid my hands down Mom's back to cup her cheeks and lift her up just enough so that my nearly erect cock could nuzzle and confirm the wetness of her pussy."

Mom giggled and broke free of me, her fingers softly running over my hard shaft as she danced away from me. "None of that now, son. I just spoke to Gwen and told her that I thought we needed to have a long heart to heart talk and she agrees." My mother pointed up the stairs. "Now hurry, get a shower and get dressed and come back down to eat. Be quick about it. You know how I hate to be late to church!"

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We parked in front of the parsonage and quietly walked next door and around the side of the Church we'd been attending for as long as I could remember. I had a sense of deja-vu as we moved to the side entrance and entered through the unlocked door. Even though that had been on a warm August day two years ago and there was now a chill in the air of the late October evening, I still remembered how that earlier evening had ended up.

"Gwen asked us to please lock the door behind us," Mom murmured in the near darkness, taking my hand after hear me turn the door's deadbolt. Although, I imagined that she knew the church

basement as well or better than I did, having taught Sunday school and working numerous Vacation Bible Schools during my childhood, she allowed me to lead the way through the dimly lit corridors.

There was more light on the stairs, particularly on the last set of steps that ended at the foyer to the church sanctuary. I glanced at Mom, admiring how lovely she was. I was in a sweatshirt and jeans while Mom had elected to wear a long denim skirt and a white blouse with a sweater over it. I imagined though, that in all the years she'd been coming here, she'd never entered the building braless or showed as much cleavage, having left undone enough buttons to make sure that anyone who saw her could appreciate her lovely bosom.

I pushed open the sanctuary's large double doors and let us both into the room. Much like the first time I had fucked the minister's wife in the center of the church, only the lights over the front of the church were on -- illuminating the alter and pulpit and the choir benches beyond. Gwen was standing facing away from us, her head tilted up towards the large ornate cross that hung on the wall behind the choir seats. Kent was sitting in front of her on the steps of the altar, his eyes fixed on his mother.

Neither of them seemed to notice our approach until we came around Gwen and stood off to one side. Her brilliant blue eyes were focused on the cross and her lips were moving in what I assumed was silent prayer. She was wearing a light blue dress that buttoned up the front -- one that I recalled from many Sunday morning services...although now instead of being buttoned up to the neck, several upper buttons were undone, spreading to reveal much of her breasts. Her nipples were hard, outlined by the cotton material and I realized that like Mom, Gwen wasn't wearing a bra. Her blonde hair hung down to her shoulders, framing her Nordic face.

Finally, she gave us a sidelong glance, smiling a bit wickedly before resuming to gaze up at the cross. Suddenly she spoke. "I guess I set off quite the hornet's nest, didn't I, Candace?"

Mom hesitated for a moment, her hand squeezing mine before she replied, "Well, you certainly have triggered some radical changes." She looked over at Kent for a moment and then at me before she added, "You didn't do this alone. There are others just as responsible too."

Gwen nodded. "I know and I give thanks to God every day for what these two boys helped me to discover. I told everyone yesterday, Candace, that I'm not ashamed one bit and I meant it. The love that your John and my darling son helped me to discover helped me understand the true meaning that I've heard parroted all my life." Still looking up at the cross, Kent's mother spoke in a hushed, reverential voice. "'He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love,' 1st John 4:8." She turned and smiled at us. "Plainly put, 'Anyone who loves, knows God, for God is love.'"

She turned and ran a hand through her blonde hair. "I love my son and in that love, I have discovered how wonderful...how incredible love can be. I'm not ashamed of being my son's lover and I don't believe I should be." She smiled proudly at us. "'There is no fear in love,' love covers a multitude of sins.' 1st John 4:10." She glanced back at Kent who had now stood up and was approaching his mother. As he slipped his arms around Gwen, she looked at us and said, "If fucking my son is a sin, I think the love that is created by our union is more than great enough to allow God to forgive and even to approve."

Gwen threw her arms around her son's shoulders and rising up on tip-toe, kissed him deeply, unashamedly making a show of slipping her tongue into his mouth. There was little sound except the erotic wetness of their kiss. Finally, the kiss ended and Gwen rested her head on Kent's chest as

she looked at us. Mom's chest was heaving up and down, her lips parted slightly as she breathed heavily...her eyes wide and shiny with excitement.

Kent's mother studied us for a moment and then she said, "I don't see judgment in your eyes, Candace...nor anger." She looked down to where our hands were still joined, Mom clenching me so hard that her knuckles were whitening. "My god...you understand. You listened. You listened to what I said yesterday and went home and fucked your son!"

Mom gasped, perhaps not prepared to have what we had done spoken of by another and I didn't have to look at her to know that she was turning a bright red. "I...I..." Mom's mouth worked but nothing came out for several moments until finally, Mom laughed and shook her head and said, "Yes...I fucked John and..." Mom paused as an expression of wonder crossed her face. "I fucked my son and I have absolutely no regret." Mom's voice then began to crack as she went on, "It was...is the most wonderful thing I've ever experienced. I love him and I love what we are now."

Tears were now running down Mom's face and to my surprise, Gwen began crying too and then suddenly both women stepped away from their sons and into each others arms. Kent and I glanced at each other...silly grins on our faces as our mothers embraced. On some instinctual level, I perceived that there was a sense of shared relief...a shared knowledge that someone else understood how they felt...and approved.

Gwen wiped her eyes with one hand and with her arm still around Mom's waist, said, "You don't hate me, Candace? I mean, you're not angry with me for all the lovely, stolen moments I've had fucking John?"

Mom started to laugh but suddenly seemed to sober up. "I was royally pissed off when I first comprehended what you were saying yesterday...that you had not only fucked your son, but my son too, but..." Mom held out her hand to me and I stepped up to her and kissed her on the cheek. "I think that it must have been God's plan -- things had to happen this way so I could accept the truth about my marriage and who was really the love of my life."

Kent stepped up behind his mother and kissed her on the neck. He glanced at me and then directed my gaze down to where our mothers' bodies were pressed together -- their immense breasts pressed together, both appearing as if they might spill out of their dresses. I felt my cock throb against Mom's thigh and I imagined Gwen was feeling her son's erection against her ass.

Mom and Gwen quickly picked up on what we were staring at and both laughed. Mom said, "Maybe we should get out of here...go find a couple of beds and deal with our sons' hard dicks."

Gwen nodded, but then raised her hands upward. "I think we should fuck these boys' till they can't move, but why leave?"

Mom gasped and looked around the sanctuary. "Here! Oh my god, I couldn't! Not here...that's like fucking in front of God."

Kent laughed and said, "Especially here, Mrs. Hilton!" Like his mother, he held his arms out, spreading them wide. "Fucking is just another word for making love and that's what fucking is...making LOVE and what's a more appropriate purpose for the house of God, but to make more love here?" He stepped us to us and hugged us both, saying in a raised voice that seemed to be a more humane version of his father's preaching tones, "FUCK YOUR SON AND REJOICE! FUCK YOUR SON AND GLORY IN THE LOVE THAT GOD HAS BLESSED YOU WITH!"

"I think my son has found his calling," giggled Gwen. "My son, a minister serving the Church of Incest!"

"Halleluejah!" I said. "That sounds like a faith I can believe in!"

Mom laughed and looked around at us, a look of disbelief still on her face. She gasped again as Gwen sank to her knees in front of Kent and began to undo his pants, her fingers flying over his belt with obvious experience. "Oh my God, you're serious!" She gasped again as Kent's mother yanked his pants down, freeing his long, erect penis.

Gwen grinned at Mom as she began to stroke her son's cock and replied, "Candace, for the last two years my son has fucked me right here on the altar of God more times than I can remember and never, in all the places I've spread my legs for my son's cock, did I cum harder and more powerful than right here in this most holiest of places." Gwen ran her tongue up Kent's shaft and added. "What we're doing is sacrament! You know that now...you've had John's thick cock buried in your womb...you know that it must be holy in the eyes of God!"

Mom stared, her mouth hanging open as Gwen began to suck on her son's dick, not moving until I shifted to stand behind her and reached around and began unbuttoning her blouse. Mom moaned and looked down as I undid the last button and then pulled her blouse out of the waistline of her skirt and spread her shirt and the overlaying sweater away from her chest and then off her arms, baring her large and beautiful breasts.

"Oh my lord, John...your mother's tits are awesome!" breathed Kent, staring at my now topless mother while his mother's head bobbed up and down on his erection.

Gwen let her son slip from her mouth and leaned back on her haunches to eye Mom appreciatively. "Kent is right, Candace...you're simply beautiful." She licked her lips and then her eyes went wide as I undid the clasp of Mom's skirt and it fell down to pool around her ankles revealing that Mom was not wearing panties either. "Oh, John -- your mother's pussy looks so delicious! You are such a lucky son to be able to fuck your mother!"

Mom moaned and leaned back against me as if her knees were about to give out. "I'm going to get fucked right in the middle of church!" she moaned...not asking, but stating it as a fact, her voice filled with desire and fear.

Gwen rose to her feet again and slowly stalked towards us, her eyes roaming hungrily over my mother's form. "Yes, Candace...you're going to get fucked in the sight of God...making holy communion with the Lord!" She kissed Mom gently and chastely on the lips. "And you'll cum like never before!" Gwen looked back to her son and nodded and Kent, kicking away his pants walked behind the pulpit to where the communion table resided. He removed the sacristy, placing them on the cushioned chair where special guests would sit during a service.

Gwen took Mom's hand and walked her towards the communion table, Mom high stepping to get clear of her skirt. Mom watched as Kent opened up the cabinet beneath the table top and pulled out a dark burgundy velvet cloth. He unfurled it over the top of the table and my mother looked back at me with questioning eyes. Her eyes widened as she realized that I was quickly shedding my clothes.

When Mom reached Kent, she gave a cry of surprise when he placed his hands on her waist and with little seeming effort, picked her up and placed her atop the communion table. "Candace Hilton, mother of John, prepare to offer witness to God and others of the glory of the love of a

mother and son!" he said in a reverent tone that seemed to echo throughout the church sanctuary while he guided Mom to lay back on the table, her knees bent and her feet resting at the edge of the table.

Gwen, now as naked as the rest of us, walked me up to the table, her hand stroking my cock as we approached my mother's prone body. "Candace, I have waited for so long to share this wonderful joy with another mother," she said as she walked around the table to Mom's side. She placed her hand on Mom's bare stomach, slowly caressing it in small circles and added, "Thank you for being brave enough to take this leap of faith!"

She motioned me to take my place between Mom's spread thighs, Mom's eyes shiny with lust as I ran my cock up and down her already flowered labia. Gwen nodded to me and began to pray, "Our heavenly father...we give you thanks for your love and blessing and for giving us the strength and bravery to step beyond the bounds of accepted society to know true and absolute love that only family can achieve! We ask you to shower our sister in incest with love and ecstasy as her son honors you and her by returning his cock to the place of his birth."

Gwen motioned to me to move and then Mom cried out, "OH, GOD, YESSSSSS, JOHNNN!" as I shoved my cock into her wet and steaming pussy, sending thrills of pleasure through us both as I sank inch after inch in motherly cunt flesh.

Even though I had fucked Gwen alongside her son many times, it seemed so strange to now be fucking my own mother in front of others....even though it was Gwen Walker...a woman who now proudly considered herself a cock slut for God...a woman who wantonly craved cock and now as she caressed Mom's naked breasts, reminded me that she had discovered an appetite for women too. New possibilities erupted in my mind and I offered up a little prayer of thanks to God while Gwen continued to pray -- Kent now joining her to offer up praises to the Lord.

Soon, the very air of the Church was filled with the almost musical praises of mother and son intermixed with Mom's moans of pleasure. I grunted with effort as I thrust into Mom's hot cunt again and again, her never looking more beautiful and sexy than she did on that communion table. As they prayed, Gwen and her son were adding to Mom's ecstasy as they caressed her -- hands massaging and squeezing her breasts with first Kent and then Gwen leaning in to flicker their tongues over Mom's swollen nipples before Kent moved to kiss Mom while Gwen's fingers slipped down to my mother's pussy to tease her swollen clit and caress my constantly thrusting penis.

To most folks' way of thinking, we were engaged in a wild and profane bacchanal -- performing a pagan rite, but never did it feel so right, me fucking my mother atop the broad communion altar of our church, demonstrating for our friends and God, our love...the perfect love that can be shared between mother and son. I felt Mom's cunt tighten around my cock as she approached orgasm, her breasts now rolling violently as she writhed atop the communion table, gasping and trying to control her cries of pleasure as it washed over her.

"Scream, Candace...scream your pleasure, raise your voice to God in thanks for being loved by such a wonderful son and let your orgasm ring out in Heaven!" Gwen cooed, her fingers trailing through Mom's furry bush to caress my mother's cock filled flesh.

Mom began to buck and twist, making me groan as her pussy clamped down around my cock, making it almost impossible for me to drive deep one last time and begin to cum inside my mother's womb. As my hot semen flooded her pussy, Mom arched her back and screamed, "FUCK

SON, OH GODDDDD YESSSSS CUMMINGGG, CUMMINING...THANK YOU, GOD FOR MY SON AND HIS BIG COCK! LOVE YOU, GOD, LOVE MY SON!"

Gwen laughed and raised her voice as well, praying loudly to the Lord as she watched Mom and I cum together, her eyes shiny with tears that fell onto Mom's face as she leaned down and kissed my mother, making me moan as I seemed to cum more intensely as I watched Gwen's tongue slip between my mother's lips.

When I finally stepped back, gasping for air as Mom's pussy let me slip wetly from her clasp, Mom moaned and said, "Soooo perfect and wonderful. I love you, John." She glanced at Gwen who was massaging her heaving breasts, shivering at the other woman's touch and said, "You were right, Gwen...it's like...fucking my son in heaven. I felt God's presence here."

Gwen nodded and said, "And you still have so much to experience...so much pleasure that the Lord's plan for us has to offer...if it be your will...your desire." Gwen turned to look at me and at Kent who had moved up alongside me, his cock slapping against his stomach, precum drooling out the tip of his swollen head. "Candace...I offer you the pleasure of my son. I want you to know the same ecstasy that Kent and John have given me so many times."

Mom moaned and her body quivered as she was hit by an aftershock of her incestuous orgasm or perhaps a anticipatory precursor if she allowed my friend to fuck her. "Oh, Lord...I don't know..." Mom glanced at me and I smiled at her -- letting her know that I was fine with sharing her with Kent.

"Mrs. Hilton...Candace, I would be honored to fuck you...here in the presence of my mother and your son and in the sight of almighty God," Kent said in a serious tone. "Making love...bringing more love into the world cannot be a sin, but rather the holiest of offerings in the eyes of the Lord."

Mom glanced at Gwen who smiled and as she teasingly pinched one of Mom's swollen nipples, said, "Look inside yourself, darling. Your heart will never steer you wrong."

Mom looked at me again and I said, "I love you, Mom."

My mother nodded and pulled her knees back and spread her thighs, opening herself up to Kent even as a trickle of semen emerged from her pussy. "Fuck me, Kent! Make me cum as an offering to the Lord!"

Kent murmured a fervent "Amen," as he stepped up to my mother, his hand guiding his cock towards Mom's sperm filled cunt. A moment later, Mom was throwing her head back in an ecstatic scream as Kent rammed his cock into her pussy! "My God, Mrs. Hilton...your pussy is like a furnace!" he growled as he sank himself into her wet flesh to the hilt.

With the skill developed from two years of near constant fucking of his mother, Kent began to thrust into Mom as Gwen stepped to me, both our gazes locked on their carnally joined bodies. I have to be honest...I wasn't sure how I would feel seeing another man fucking my mother and I confess that there was tinges of jealousy as I watched Mom's legs, shaking with effort, rise up and wrap around Kent's hips, her heels digging into his buttocks, but...damn, I felt my own half-erect cock jerk and swell as I watched the lewd and wondrous sight of my mother in the throes of sexual bliss as my best friend plowed his cock into her again and again. As much as I wanted that to be me in between my mother's thighs, fucking her hard, I found myself incredibly aroused to watch her fucking someone else.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" Gwen breathed into my ear, her naked body rubbing up against mine. "Kent had told me many times how incredibly exciting it was to watch you or Jimmy or one of the others fucking my brains out."

"Mom's lovely...like a goddess," I replied, my voice barely above a whisper.

"Exactly right, John," said Kent's mother. "Candace is filled with the spirit of the Lord and as such is divine...her orgasm is God's presence made manifest." As Gwen said Mom's name, Mom turned to look at us, her mouth gaping open in ecstasy and her eyes both seeing us and something beyond.

As Mom moaned, her back arching up off the communion table, Gwen slowly sank to her knees, her eyes never leaving Mom and her son as she reached out and with one hand guided my cum covered cock into her mouth. "There are many forms of communion, Candace," she said with a reverential tone before her tongue lashed over my growing penis, lapping up streamers of my semen and thick glops of Mom's pussy cream that coated my erection.

"SO-s-so b-beautiful," Mom sobbed as Kent fucked her, leaning over to suck on Mom's swollen nipples that jutted out from her heavy, rolling breasts. Her legs jerked back and up as the combination of Kent's cock fucking her and the sight of his mother sucking my cock triggered a tremendous orgasm. Mom's toes curled as her muscles clenched in carnal ecstasy.

Again, we began to raise a joyful noise, between the wet sounds of fucking and sucking and the screams and moans of pleasure creating a sexual gospel tune that seemed to echo off the church rafters. Amidst cries of "Fuck me!" and "Such good cock!" and "Sweet, sweet pussy!" were mixed praises to God for making us this way...for providing us with so many ways to achieve pleasure. Later, when I had time to reflect, I doubted that in the long history of our church had there ever been such a joyous celebration of God.

Gwen sucked me until I was so erect that it was nearly painful, my cock spanking clean of semen and pussy juice and now dripping with the minister's wife's saliva. As Mom and Kent both reached orgasm nearly at the same time, Gwen continued to kneel at my feet, my cock in her hand which she rubbed over her face, kissing the swollen, throbbing head from time to time.

Mom's scream were increasingly hoarse as she writhed on the table while Kent moaned, "Cumming...God love you, I'm cumming!" As he filled her with his hot seed, Mom's orgasm became stronger, her quaking body making the communion table rock and bang as she convulsed in the throes of divine ecstasy. A long stream of babble emerged from Mom's lips as she continued to cum...maybe she was nearly mindless from overwhelming pleasure or perhaps she was speaking in tongues, her orgasm allowing her to be filled with holy spirit.

When Kent finally withdrew from Mom's pussy, Gwen was there to meet him, on her knees, taking Kent's cock into her mouth even as streamers of semen and her creams hung between Mom's pussy and his penis, the hot fluids splattering against Gwen's lips and cheek. I crossed to Mom's side and as her cum glazed eyes turned to me, I leaned down and kissed her, murmuring, "Mom, you are the most beautiful woman in the world. I love you."

Mom sobbed back, "I love you too, son. I n-never imagined it could be so-so wonderful."

She threw her trembling arms around my neck and pulled me in for another kiss, her tongue hungrily seeking mine as her orgasm waned. Suddenly she jerked as if hit by an electric shock, our kiss dissolving in a lewd groan as she raised her head up and we both looked down between her thighs.

At the end of the table, kneeling between Mom's spread legs was Gwen, her hands on Mom's inner thighs, thumbs just scant inches from Mom's gaping open and sperm filled cunt. "Candace...I suspect this might be new to you, but I would love to join our sons in bringing you pleasure and exposing to you more of God's blessing."

Mom trembled and sighed as she said, "I've never...oh yes, Gwen, please, lick my pussy!"

Gwen laughed and plunged her face into my mother's cunt, making Mom cry out as her tongue slipped into Mom's overly sensitive and well fucked pussy. Gwen drew back, her cheeks and chin and lips frosted with semen and pussy juices. She stuck out her tongue which held thick globs of my and Kent's semen and then swallowed. She winked slyly at us and said in a lust tinged voice, "I'm getting something special out of this as well...something delicious!"

Kent's mother again pressed her face into Mom's pussy, enthusiastically licking and lapping at my mother's quivering cunt flesh. She sucked Mom's labia into her mouth, sucking semen and Mom's creamy juices off them before delving deep into my mother's sperm sodden flesh. The lovely blonde woman was the very vision of carnal delight as every time she drew back from Mom, her face was a mess smear of semen and pussy juice, stringers of all those fluids hanging from Gwen's face to Mom's pussy.

Kent moved to Mom's head, offering her his cock which his mother had sucked clean moments before. Mom tried her best to lick and suck the tip of his hard penis, but was going in and out of ecstatic convulsions as Gwen continued to lick her pussy. Mom's legs spread and shot out wide as Kent's mother discovered her clitoris and began teasing and nipping at it with her lips. "OH GOD...FUCK YESSSSSS!" Mom screamed as her entire body went rigid and suddenly she was gushing pussy juice on Gwen's surprised face, the room filling with the smell of aroused cunt as she practically pissed pussy juices into the blonde woman's open mouth.

Gwen sat back, licking her lips and laughing as Mom's juices dripped from her chin to splatter across her breasts and then she was on her feet, agilely climbing atop the communion table, her body slithering over Mom's naked and sweaty form until finally Gwen was able to kiss my mother with her cum covered lips. As I watched Mom frantically kiss Kent's mother, her tongue rolling across Gwen's face in an effort to taste Kent and myself as well as herself on Gwen's lips, I felt my cock throb with incestuous need and couldn't help but glance over at Kent and with a big grin on my face, say, "Praise the Lord!"

Watching Mom and Gwen in a Sapphic embrace had both Kent and I watching ardently as the women kissed and then flailed around until finally Gwen was on bottom with my mother atop her and for the first time in her life licking another woman's cunt while Gwen continued to plunge her long tongue into Mom's sopping wet pussy.

Finally, Kent and I could stand it no longer. I dragged the large, padded chair on the platform around so I could kneel on it behind Mom and as Gwen slithered her tongue along my shaft, plunged my aching erection into Mom's pussy. Gwen let out a soulful wail as Kent stepped to the other end of the communion table and rammed his long, hard penis into his mother.

A joyful noise ensued as sons fucked mothers while mothers licked at each others cunts, lapping off pussy juice from the thrusting cocks, filling the sanctuary with the wet and lewd sounds of incestuous fucking mixed with the cries, moans and groans of four men and women engaged in motherfucking of the most holiest kind.

Again, I was struck by the feeling of having retreated into an earlier era of pagan worship, perceiving the primordial power of sex and its ability to tap into the divine world and even as I reveled in the unsurpassable sensation of my mother's pussy tightening around my thrusting cock, a part of me wondered if the relationship between God and humanity hadn't been obscured over time by clinging so resolutely to scripture that obsessed with outmoded societal constraints and restrictions and that somehow, by divine intervention or by accident, we had stumbled upon this more powerful and intimate way to connect with God and with those we should love the most.

Of course, focusing on radical religious theory was impossible -- what with the sight of two beautiful mature women writhing in incestuous ecstasy, knowing that the slick labia molding around my cock like a greedy mouth belonged to my mother and that the grunts and groans coming from her were of my own doing. I got a glimpse into heaven as Mom raised her head and flinging her now sweaty and tangled tresses out of the way, looked over her shoulder at me, a feral, lusty sneer on her face which was dripping copious amounts of Gwen's cunt creams.

"I love your fucking cock, son...fuck Momma hard...make Momma scream so God in heaven will hear how good my son is fucking me!" Mom snarled, her voice becoming more of a sob as she finished. She began to turn her head back, her dark hair falling across her face, but her brown eyes were still on me as she ended with, "I love you, John!"

I took her words to heart and redoubled my efforts, impaling Mom again and again with my cock, the sound of my thighs slapping into her toned ass cheeks echoing like gunshots through the church. Gwen sobbed something that was unintelligible between being in the throes of orgasm from her son's determined fucking and her tongue being very busy slithering around my cum soaked shaft and Mom's dripping flesh.

Finally, I saw Kent's face begin to twist in a way I recognized from many bouts of he and I fucking his mother and he struggled not to cum even as he began thrusting his dick harder and faster into Gwen's pussy, I began fucking Mom harder as well, until we were both on the verge and then as our mothers began to orgasm again, we both shoved deep into our moms' wombs and flooded their hot, wet pussies with our youthful and vigorous semen, sending their cries of pleasure to new heights as they conveyed their pleasure to both us and God.

Eventually, we were all sitting on the top step of the altar, Kent and I bracketing our naked mothers who went back and forth from kissing us to kissing each other. Finally, Mom leaned back against me and looked at Gwen and Kent and said, "This has been so incredible...I can barely get my mind around it." She reached out and stroked Gwen's semen and pussy juice smeared face with one hand while one hand gently stroked my weary, but still semi-erect cock. "I feel so...so blessed. Like the world has suddenly opened up and is offering so many new paths."

Gwen looked at Mom sleepily and smiled as she replied, "You have been blessed. You now know what God's purpose for you is...who you were always meant to be with...to love for the rest of your life." She tilted her head back to kiss her son and then looked back at us. "The Lord has opened the door for you and you have stepped over the threshold and His blessings are just beginning."

Gwen took Kent's hand and placed it on her stomach, leaving her hand atop his. "The wonders that the Lord has in store for you two if you remain faithful to each other are limitless. Maybe, you will be blessed with the ultimate gift of God in your future, just as he has seen fit to bless my son and I." Mother and son looked at us, smiling a bit mysteriously as their joined hands slowly caressed Gwen's belly.

I totally missed her point, but Mom suddenly gasped and said, "Gwen...you...you're going to have your son's baby!"

Gwen's eyes misted up and she nodded as an expression of happiness spread across her face. Mom gave a cry of delighted amazement and reached out and hugged Gwen and then kissed her and then Kent who was beaming with pride and love for his mother.

After we left them, Mom was silent for a while, but finally reached over and placed her hand on mine. "I can barely breathe, John."

"Are you okay, Mom?" I asked, slowing the car down as I glanced at Mom...her face looking both ghostly and angelic in the light of the dashboard.

Mom nodded and sighed. "So much has happened in the last day or so, son. I can barely contain all that I'm feeling...the possibilities of what lies ahead are just...overwhelming."

"Is that good or bad, Mom?" I said, pulling all the way over to the curb. I put the car in park and then kissed Mom's hand.

"The last time I think I felt this way was when you were born, John." Mom said softly. "Your father was out making phone calls or something and the nurse put you into my arms and when I looked into your face, it was like the world just exploded with possibilities." Mom smiled at me. "I never knew I could love anyone as much as I loved you...not that I knew that when you were grown, I'd love you all the much more."

"Is that good or bad, Mom?" I repeated.

"It was good...and exciting, just imagining what you would grow up to become and how our lives were forever changed." Mom leaned over and kissed me. "And now it's the same way, darling. So many possible lives are ahead of us and with each passing moment more possibilities offer themselves up." In the dim light of the dashboard, I could tell she was blushing as she looked at me almost shyly and said, "When I first fucked you, I was just lost in the sheer pleasure of fucking my son, but now...after hearing Gwen tell us she was having her son's baby..."

Mom licked her lips and said, "Son, I'm sitting here in a puddle of my own pussy juices just thinking that you and I could have a son or a daughter of our own and I can't believe how I have no feelings of uncertainty about this...that I want your big, beautiful cock in me every moment of every day and I want to have your...our child." She shook her head and said, "It sounds crazy, doesn't it?"

I slowly shook my head in the negative and replied, "No, I think it would be wonderful and I think we were both thinking it even before Gwen told us about their baby." I glanced down the dimly lit tree-lined street before us, homes scattered here and there with windows lit and shadows occasionally passing by one. "It's simply God's will...God's plan and always has been. A man and woman in love want to make that love grow and they do that by being brave enough to make a baby...bringing more life and love into a world that can never have enough love in it."

I squeezed Mom's hand and said, "I love you, Mom...now and forever."

Mom leaned over and kissed me again and then whispered in a near tearful voice, "I love you, son. Now take me home and love me...give me a baby!"

I have always been a good son and tried to obey my mother and so I did as she asked. We went home and went to bed and made love long into the night...something we have done every night

since then.

Certainly there were rocky moments ahead, for Mom and I, and Kent and his mother. That following Sunday morning, emotions were tense and strong as the Church Elders confronted Gwen who held her own ground when confronted.

The lovely blonde mother rose from her seat, Kent holding her hand and rising alongside her as the head deacon of the church demanded an explanation. "I deny nothing my husband alleges and I apologize for nothing either. I believe that the dissolution of my marriage is the will of God and while I acknowledge that I broke my marriage vows to that cold hearted man, I believe it was the Lord who held my hand and showed me a better, more loving path to trod."

With her brilliant blue eyes shining, Gwen looked around the room and continued, "God's plan for me is mine and my son's affair alone and I will not suffer to explain it to you, although..." She paused as her eyes came to rest on Dana Boggs and her son, Jimmy and then on Mom and me. "Although there are many of you who, I think understand and realize that God's purpose will reveal itself to those eyes that will see."

Gwen sat back down as Deacon Brewer looked on, somewhat perplexed. Three weeks later, a new minister was hired and Gwen and Kent moved out of the parsonage...after a last gathering of mothers and sons occurred in the sanctuary of the church that even all these years later, remains gloriously burned into my mind...a gathering that saw more than just we four.

Many people within the church would remember that Autumn of 1980 as the Autumn of Divorce as several marriages died quick and merciful deaths. When Dad returned from his latest trip, he was greeted by a notice of divorce by the lawyers of Mom's legal firm. I was with Mom as she told my father that she wanted a divorce and to put an end to a marriage that had truthfully been dead for years.

Dad studied us both with a serious and chilling eye and whether he actually deduced the true motivation behind Mom's actions, he never said, but agreed that whatever love had existed between them had died long ago. He made no recriminations and other than a few contentious issues over money, their divorce proceeded painlessly and Dad became more or less a memory in our lives.

Reverend Walker divorced Gwen from a long distant venue...the entire proceedings worked out by the lawyers. The last I heard, the Reverend was ministering a church in Idaho, remarried to a former missionary. They had no children.

Dana Boggs divorced her husband in an ugly affair that had gossips wagging their tongues all over town. Dana and Jimmy left town and are living in Southern Ohio, still happy and in love and perhaps another time, I will share their story. I understand that they are now enjoying being grandparents.

One of Gwen's other young lovers, Sean and his mother also left town under a cloud of rumors, along with Heather who married Sean. They both live with Sean's mother in Tampa, Florida and I have often wondered about the magic that their lives must have created.

Gwen and Kent left town at Christmas, moving out of state so that Kent could attend seminary in Kentucky in a small college nestled into the foothills of the Appalachian Mountains. In time, Gwen and her son settled in Eastern Kentucky, taking on the ministry of a small rural church as husband and wife. Their daughter, Anna was born without complications, a bright and beautiful child with

her mother's blonde hair. We visit once in a while, renewing our commitment to our new understanding of love by joining them in impassioned lovemaking.

Alas, those visits were never as often as we wanted, but we kept up through letters and cards and the occasional phone call. I've kept a photo album of their Christmas cards which were always photos of their family. In leafing through that, Mom and I have marked the passage of the years of our beloved friends. I marvel as I see the earliest of these photos being of Kent and Gwen with their baby in their arms. I can see both my old friend and his mother, mature and grow into the autumn of their lives even as their baby grew into a lovely child, then teenager and eventually a lovely young woman. Along the way, we admired how lovely Gwen was as her belly swelled up a second time and then the following year, their Christmas card displayed a second daughter they named Candace.

In the latest card, received just a few weeks ago, Mom and I admired how youthful Gwen still looks, now in her early seventies...her hair a shimmering silver now. Kent has more gray in his hair and I take a little bit of delight in that. Candace is the spitting image of her mother, voluptuous and beautiful as she begins her first year of college and Anna glows with the love and joy that is begat by motherhood as she serves as the center of their most recent Christmas missive, surrounded by her loving family and holding her and Kent's son who they named after me.

As for Mom and I...well, our story and our love affair continue to unfold. Mom has worn my ring for twenty-five years. Since I graduated from college, I have been a successful architect in Wisconsin and our life has been blessed. We have been prosperous and healthy and most of all, blessed with children...the twins Kent and Gwen, born in the third year of our new and incestuous life, and our youngest, Martha who is about to join my firm, transforming it from Hilton Architecture to Hilton and Daughter.

We never hid our relationship of being mother and son from our children and taught them our beliefs of God's true plan for us all and to seek out their own truths. Our daughter Gwen has gone her own way, soon to marry a fellow officer in the Air Force while Kent and Martha embraced our way of life when the choice was offered on their eighteenth birthdays.

Our stories, both of our beloved friends Kent and Gwen and ourselves continue to unfold, intertwined with the so many other stories of those who have seen the truth in what Kent continues to preach from his pulpit -- "Anyone who loves, knows God, for God is love" and that there is no greater love in the eyes of God than that love that exists within a family.

The End