

MY BIKER MOMMA

Ahabscribe

Taking mom to biker rally rocks one son's world.

Incest/Taboo

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(All the usual stuff regarding this being a work of fiction and any resemblance to anyone living or dead is a coincidence. The characters are completely imaginary and exist only on paper and of course in my head!)

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To say that my old man was a dick is an understatement. He was a tight-waisted, old prude who had the narrowest point of view of the world possible. He took no joy in life and didn't approve of anyone else having fun either. You can imagine he wasn't thrilled when his son turned out to be a long haired freak who loved motorcycles and had a penchant for getting into trouble. It should come as no surprise that he booted me out of the house the day I got out of high school.

I felt bad for Mom. She is as sweet and caring a person as anyone could hope to meet. She did everything she could to please the Old Man, but he never paid her a compliment, brought her flowers, and only took her out to eat if he was forced to entertain clients from his accounting firm. Mom always struck me as the beautiful flower left to fade on the vine. Still, Mom soldiered on, making the best life for us that she could. It broke her heart to see me leave home.

I ran wild for a while...bikes, partying and pussy were all I was interested in. For all my Old Man could've cared or known, I was dead. Mom stayed in touch; bailing me out of jail a few times and slipping me a few bucks now and then. When I was twenty-one, a buddy and I got a small loan and started a motorcycle repair shop. When I was twenty-three, I bought my partner out and opened a small Motorcycle dealership. At twenty-five I was employing seven people and making good money. At twenty-six, the Old Man died and as part of his last will and testament, I was banned from the funeral service. No matter, I drank a Jack Daniels toast and pissed on his grave afterwards.

At least now, Mom didn't have to sneak around to see her son and now I could visit her whenever I wanted. I worried about her. Mom didn't go out much and seemed a little lost in that big, old house. She reassured me she was fine. "I'm going to exercise class with Jane and Magella, and I'm taking pottery classes. I'm fine, honey."

I would tease her about dating again and Mom would blush. "I'm not interested in new men. The house does get lonely though." She often kidded me about settling down, getting married and making her a grandmother. I'd laugh and tell her she was the only woman in my life. Mom would blush and giggle and tell me I was the only man in her life too.

For my twenty-seventh birthday, I decided to bike down to a huge motorcycle rally in the Kentucky hills. I called Mom and told her I was going out of town, but that I'd swing by on my way out of town for a visit. "Oh, John...that sounds like fun. Maybe I should go with you," Mom said.

I guffawed and told Mom that, "Sure...but it's a pretty wild thing...lots of partying, drinking, loud music and...uh, other nasty stuff."

"Maybe, I'll surprise you, son," Mom replied. "I've lived a pretty tame life...maybe it's time I lived it up."

I laughed and told Mom I'd take her. I told her I'd pick her up the next morning at 8:00 A.M. sharp. Imagine my surprise when Mom called my bluff. I roared in on my chopper, expecting Mom to maybe have me breakfast waiting, but instead, she was waiting on the front porch steps holding a small backpack. She stood up and waved and came running down the walk while my eyes popped and my jaw hit the ground.

At the Old Man's command, Mom had always dressed conservatively. Matronly dresses and pantsuits were all she wore. Well, Mom wasn't wearing anything like that now! In fact, Mom was wearing less clothes than I'd ever seen before. My Mom was a forty-five year old knockout!

Mom's mousy, sandy colored hair was now bleach-blonde. Mom was wearing a halter top that appeared to be a couple of sizes too small. Hell, I'd always known Mom was a bosomy woman, but damn...Mom had some huge tits spilling out of that checkered red halter top that tied behind her neck! Mom's waist was bare with just the slightest roll of fat peeking over her blue jean cutoff shorts...cut short enough to reveal Mom's jiggling ass cheeks. Her shorts also showed off a pair of world class legs, curved and slightly muscled. I swear, my Mom had the sexiest legs...legs a showgirl would kill for!

"I, uh...I hope I'm dressed okay, John. I'm not sure what one wears to a biker rally. Mom giggled, clearly amused at my reaction. She pirouetted for me, tits jiggling, jean shorts looking painted on and who knew my Mom has such a sweet looking ass! "So, son, how do I look?"

I managed to get my tongue back in my mouth and reply, "Um...Mom, you look hot. I'm gonna need a baseball bat just to beat the guys off of you!" Mom beamed at my compliment.

I stowed away Mom's backpack and helped her climb on my bike. I felt my heart begin to race as Mom's thighs tightened around me and her huge...I mean HUGE, pillowing boobs pressed against my back. My mother left no doubt that she was all woman! She hugged herself tight against me as I roared off down the street.

As we rode south, I was a fountain of conflicting emotions. I love my Mom, but now I was physically responding to her body rubbing up against mine. I felt my cock growing and bulging out just scant inches from where Mom's fingers were interlaced as she wrapped her arms around my waist. When she would shift, I could feel her bullet like nipples poking through her halter top, dragging against my T-shirt. And both of us were flattered and amused when passing cars or people on the street would turn and stare or catcall or wolf whistle at Mom's skimpily dressed and sexy body. As I said, I love my Mom...always have, but I had never viewed her like I'd view as someone I'd like to bed.

We stopped for lunch at a little road side diner. After Mom dismounted, she inadvertently showed off her curvaceous body as she stretched like a cat to get the kinks out from the long ride...thrusting her heavy breasts upward and outward. For a second, I expected her halter top ties to simply snap!

"Hours on a bike can really hurt," I commented. "You feeling okay, Mom?"

"I'm fine, son. I like your bike...kinda thrilling to have all that vibrating power between your legs!" Mom winked at me and proceeded inside, making me wonder if she'd always swung her hips so sexily.

We chatted during lunch, mostly about Mom's makeover. "Well...I've been taking seriously what you said, John...about getting out and getting a new fella. I've been working hard to get in shape and I'm feeling pretty good about myself. Mom intentionally jiggled her breasts ever so slightly. "Can't do much about my big ol' boobs, so I might as well show them off." Mom winked again. "And how about you, son? You find a lady yet?"

I decided to tease right back. "Why bother? I always said you're the only gal in my life."

Mom licked her lips and flashed me an evil smile. "Better be careful...You might get what you ask for."

Our flirting broke up when our lunch was served. We both looked a little embarrassed and I felt more than a little turned on as well. I think Mom noticed that too. She gave my bulging crotch a long stare before we climb back on my chopper. When she wrapped her hands around my waist...they were placed lower...fluttering around my belt buckle. Her nipples seemed harder as well. I felt my cock throb as she breathed into my ear, "Thanks for bringing me along, sweetheart. I love you, son."

As we roared off, I shouted over the din of my bike, "I love you, too, Mom!"

Mid afternoon found us deep in the hills of Eastern Kentucky. I dropped our stuff off at a roadside inn I'd made reservations at earlier. Luckily, our room had double beds. We then rode on up to the rally.

Mom was agog at all the people. Maybe ten thousand bikers, biker babes, weekend warriors and other in general partiers were in attendance in a meadow on top of a hill. A southern rock band was kicking ass on the far side of the meadow. Food and drink vendors were scattered about as were picnic tables and grills. Lots of booze, pot and all the usual hell raising substances were about.

I parked my chopper and spread out a quilt for us to sit on. Mom was being ogled from every direction and I was getting complimented about "my old lady." "You are one lucky motherfucker, man!" a young man bellowed in my face, grinning drunkenly at Mom.

"Maybe we better pretend you're my girlfriend," I kidded Mom. "Unless you want to get hit on all weekend."

Mom kissed my cheek. "Ohhh, I wouldn't have to pretend very hard, son. I guess I'm your date!" She stared off at the stage. "Is that woman naked?" she asked.

I looked up. A young, redheaded woman with large tits was swinging her jean shorts over her head and then flung them into the crowd amid hoots and cheers. A gray bearded dude laughing his ass off, picked her up and threw her over his shoulder. They headed our way. "Yeah...I told you, Mom. It can get really wild and raunchy out here.

Mom grinned. "I can hardly wait!" She eyed the approaching couple. He sat the girl down on a blanket close to ours. She began to dance, her breasts bouncing in time with the music. From the color of her pubic hair, I was guessing she was a natural redhead. "Wow! Mom whispered. "Maybe I should do that...get all naked and free!" Mom hugged her body against mine...her soft, voluptuous body beginning to move to the beat of the music.

I decided to match Mom tease for tease. "Hell, yeah! Mom, you got it, you should flaunt it!" Mom turned beet red and shut up. We enjoyed the music, found a vendor cooking fried chicken and

settled back to enjoy the show. I cracked open a fifth of Mr. Daniels which Mom and I nursed all afternoon. As the booze hit, I was delighted to see Mom relax and have fun. We danced to the music and together ogled the women as more and more went topless and some tossed away their clothes all together.

At twilight, Mom poked me in the ribs and pointed at the naked redhead and her gray bearded fellow. "Omigod, John...are they having sex?"

The young redhead was sitting in the older biker's lap and from our angle we could see his cock slipping in and out of her bottom as she bounced. Her cries soon were louder than the band as she screamed, "Fuck me, Big Daddy...FUCK ME, Daddy Blaze!" everyone around them paused in their partying to gape at the couple screwing their brains out.

That seemed to open up, if not a floodgate, then a steady stream of carnal acts. In between people fucking, others danced and drank. As a slow song played, Mom and I came together, our bodies pressed closely against each other, slowly moving to the music. I could feel both of Mom's hard nipples against my chest and her heart beating hard and fast. It was a warm evening anyway, but the heat coming from Mom's body was incredible. There was a definite smell...aroma about her that made my heart beat faster.

Others danced near us. Mom whispered in my ear, "Oh my...look at that!. She was gazing at the redhead and her old man slow dancing. Red had her back to us. "Look!" Mom hissed. "His spunk is running down her leg!" True enough, the old biker's sperm was slowly trailing down her inner thigh. Mom sighed heavily. "I can't remember the last time I had that much cum in me." Mom looked up into my eyes, embarrassed. "Sorry. You must think your old mother is going crazy telling you stuff like that."

I shook my head and pulled her tighter against me. I'm sure Mom could feel my growing hard-on against her belly. "Tell me anything you want to, Mom. I love you! The Old Man was an idiot!" Mom smiled and I bent down and kissed her lightly. For the rest of the dance, we just stared into each others eyes, holding each other tight.

A short while later, a new band hit the stage, opening up with some old Bad Company songs. When they played "Feel Like Making Love," Mom jumped up and squealed, "I love this song!" She began a really raunchy bump and grind dance, circling me as she sang along with the lyrics. Suddenly she reached up and tore her halter top off, eliciting cheers from all around. I think many folks had been hoping to see Mom's breasts...believe me, it was worth the wait!

My Mom's tits were awesome! Huge, gourd shaped udders that sloped downward, sagging from gravity and time, but still beautiful, womanly great mounds of breast flesh, capped with nickel sized nipples that stood out half an inch.

Mom danced for me as the crowd cheered her on. She began to play with her huge tits as she sang to me. Mom dropped to her knees, singing the last of the refrain to the song and pressed her palm against my jean covered erection. Down went my zipper and then out sprang my cock, Mom's fingers warm and soft around my stiff 8 inches. "Feel like making love, love, love...Feel like makin' luuuvvv to my son," Mom sang, adlibbing the last of the lyrics as she brought her lips down to the tip of my cock. I groaned as Mom lashed out her tongue and rolled it over the throbbing head of my cock.

All I could do was gasp as Mom gave me the sweetest head of my life. I couldn't believe my prim and proper mother was half naked, on her knees, giving me a blowjob from heaven. "Mom! I'm

gonna cum!" I murmured as I wrapped her blonde hair in my fingers. I exploded and Mom swallowed the first shot...then she let me slip from her lips and aimed my cock to splatter her face with several, heavy streamers of my jism. The bikers around us cheered wildly at Mom's nasty show. I collapsed next to Mom, my mind reeling from the fact I'd just had my cock sucked by my Mother...in front of a cheering crowd no less.

Mom grinning, said, "I love you, John!" and she scooped up a wad of sperm and licked it off her finger. The young redhead ran up and dropping to her knees, hugged Mom. "Damn, gal...you're one hot, nasty woman...I love you!" She kissed Mom on the mouth, Mom grunting in surprise, but accepted Red's tongue into her mouth. Red proceeded to lick Mom's face clean, sharing my jism with Mom in a hot, sexy French kiss before winking at me and running naked into the crowd again.

I leaned over and pulled Mom into my lap. I kissed Mom long and hard, our tongues dancing together. "I love you, Mom!" I whispered while my hands roamed hungrily over her massive breasts. After Mom told me how much she loved me, I stood us both up and announced it was time to go. I climbed on board my chopper, helped Mom, proud and bare-chested, aboard and weaved our way through the crowd and made our way back to our motel. Once there, I picked Mom up like she was my bride and carried her into our room.

Kissing passionately, we stripped each other and then Mom was spread-eagled on the bed, her neatly trimmed pubic hair pointing the way to her wet and pink pussy. I climbed between Mom's thighs and sank my cock into my mother's hot cunt, claiming it as my own! Late into the night we fucked like animals in heat. She screamed my name over and over, begging me...demanding that I "fuck Momma harder!" as I sucked and licked and bit her swollen nipples.

Forever in my memory will be the image of Mom riding my cock, her huge tits flopping every which way, her bleach blonde hair wet and tangled as she sobbed, "Son, your big cock and all that hot spunk is making me cummm! Her silky, hot, pussy, was squeezing and massaging my cock for all it was worth as her wet sugar walls slid up and down me!

The next morning, I staggered into the motel breakfast shop for some much needed nourishment...barely able to believe my own forty-five year old mother had damn near fucked me to death. The place was fairly crowded, but someone called out, "Hey, John...saved you a seat!"

I recognized him as the gray-bearded dude who had been fucking the hot young redhead the day before. I went over and he shook my hand. He looked as tired as I felt. "Name's Blaine, but most folks call me Blaze. My daughter is gonna join me in a moment, but we've got room for you and your Mom."

Two shocked thoughts crossed my mind. Was the redhead his daughter? And...how did he know I was with my Mom? "Um...Blaze, how'd you...uh know..."

Blaze laughed. "Hoss, we have the room next to yours. We're noisy fuckers ourselves, but you go me and Tonya beat all to hell. I swear, you woke my daughter up twice last night and made her so horny I had to eat cunt half the night in order to get any sleep!" He chuckled. "Not that I'm complaining. I enjoy the taste of my little girl's twat!"

Turns out Blaze and his daughter have been lovers since she was 18 and he'd brought her to her first biker's rally. Now they lived together as husband and wife. "This is like your honeymoon, right? Sounds like you and your Mom can't get enough of each other!"

He was right about that. All the other women I've known paled next to Mom, especially in my lust for her luscious body. I told Blaze that I thought I'd fallen in love with my Mom. He laughed and said he didn't blame me. "Hell, John...sometimes the love of your life is right at home. It's like you're made for each other." He looked up and waved...his eyes going wide. "Speak of the little devils, lookee there!" I turned in my seat as an awed hush came over the entire restaurant.

Blaze's daughter and Mom were walking arm in arm towards us, neither with a yard of cloth covering their bodies. Tonya had a thin piece of elastic cloth posing as a tube top. Which exposed the tops and bottoms of her large breasts (they weren't near the size of Mom's, but they were still big). She wore the tube top along with a white string bikini that molded itself against her cunt...camel toe impression clearly outlined.

Mom was even more exposed. Her bikini top barely covered her nipples and I knew if the material got wet, it would be like Mom was walking around topless. Her G-string bikini bottom left her voluptuous ass cheeks bare and could not hide her fluffy, light brown muff. Both women looked hot, slutty and ready for love. If this place wasn't a biker hangout, I'm sure they'd have been arrested for indecent exposure.

"Sorry, Daddy," exclaimed Tonya. "I ran into Carol (my Mom's name, by the way), and saw how naughty she looked and decided to change. Carol came with me back to our room and helped me pick out a new outfit."

She kissed her father and he licked his lips and grinned. "Got a feeling that isn't all you've been doing, honey!"

I realized Mom looked flushed. She kissed me and I tasted pussy on her lips...and semen. Mom grinned like the Cheshire Cat and said, "Tonya's been teaching me to lick pussy!"

Tonya looked proud and pleased. "We're lucky, Carol! Two hot looking studs, with tasty jizzum!"

We all chatted excitedly. Mom was amazed to meet another couple involved in incest. Both women described their little lesbian interlude and promised us a show in the very near future. Mom confessed to planning her "seduction" of me for the last three months. She admitted that "I've dreamed of my son fucking me for years. I used to be so jealous of all those hot sluts your father used to catch you with."

We all decided to ride to the rally together. Blaze had a beautiful H-D that he had painted himself. He had talent and I promised myself to try and hire him. Our almost naked ladies turned heads left and right. We spread out blankets and proceeded to party down. Our lovers were a major draw with their dancing...Mom's huge 48EEs and Tonya's 42DD's flopping all about. Before long, they were naked as jaybirds, strutting their stuff.

Finally they knelt side by side, wagging their butts at Blaze and me. We quickly shucked jeans and whipped out hard, stiff cocks. Blaze's dick was longer than mine, but mine is thicker. We knelt behind our ladies and gave them a good hard fuck. Before we finished, Mom and Tonya had scooted around so they could kiss and play with each other's heavy, hanging tits. Afterwards, they crawled together and Tonya guided Mom into a sixty-nine. Watching them got Blaze and I revved up again. He evilly suggested that we swap mates, so we surprised them, Tonya groaning as I wormed my thick penis into her tight pussy and Mom screaming as Blaze touched places in her that had never been touched before.

It was hot, fucking a pussy and knowing Mom was right there, fluttering her tongue over Tonya's cunt and my cock. Cumming gave Mom's and Tonya's faces a messy coating of pussy cream and semen, but some other biker gals who'd been cheering us on, rushed up and cleaned Mom and Tonya up. Now that was fucking hot and nasty, watching Mom swap semen with a woman who was a total stranger. It turned me on so much, I was sporting another erection. Blaze and I tackled our women again...Mom and

Tonya in another sixty-nine. Mom sobbed with delight as I fucked her hard while Tonya's tongue danced all over her clit and my dick. Both women came so hard this time, they passed out.

Of course, within a hour or so, Mom and her new bi-sexual friend rallied. Tonya was young and Mom...well, Mom had a lifetime of hot sex to catch up on. It was incredibly erotic to watch my mother and Blaze's daughter wake up, their faces in each other's pussy. Mom's eyes blinked open and she smiled as she looked up at Tonya's red-haired bush, labia gaping open and oozing sperm. Mom pressed her face into Tonya's cunt and literally began sucking Blaze's juices out. Tonya woke up with a happy moan and began to do the same to my Mom. After they made each other orgasm again, they finished with a messy cum filled kiss, drawing applause from many gathered admirers.

Mom struggled to her hands and knees and came to me, kissing me passionately, sharing the taste of cum and pussy with me and whispering in my ear, "I need to be with you, son...now! Mom lay back on the blanket and I grasped her ankles and spread her legs wide and as Mom begged unashamedly, "Fuck me, son! Fuck Mommy hard right now!" I rammed my hard boner deep into Mom's fiery wet pussy!

Nearby, I could hear Tonya's sobs of "Fuck me, Daddy!" but I was completely focused on my lovely mother, writhing erotically underneath me, breasts bouncing this way and that as I buried my cock in her womb again and again until we orgasmed together with an intensity that had us both in tears.

Too soon the rally ended. Mom and I were two tired lovers (emphasis on lovers!). That last morning as we loaded the bike, Mom looking naughty in white short shorts and a white tube tope that was ready to snap, she looked at me with sadness. "John, is what...what we've done...is it over now?"

I roared with laughter and took Mom in my arms and kissed her gently. "No, Mom. You're my woman now. You're gonna sell the house and move in with me. I love you, my hot, nasty, biker Momma!"

And that's exactly what we've done. Mom moved in with me. Her new, sexy appearance caused some scandal, but we don't give a fuck. I hired both Blaze and Tonya for my biker business. Slowly, we're building a national reputation. Mom and Tonya are great sale-persons and advertisements. Mom and Tonya even produced a Pin-up calendar featuring several hot biker gals and other sexy looking women. Some are young, some older...Mom's best friend, Magella even did a pose in a filmy red negligee.

The calendars most popular picture is December's pinup. Mom and Tonya are straddling a chopper, hugging each other in profile, wearing only red stockings and Santa Clause caps, kissing underneath a sprig of mistletoe. The sight of their awesome tits mashing against each other while their tongues are intertwined is well...cock inspiring. We can't keep the calendars in stock!

This summer we have something special planned. Mom and I will be married at this year's rally by an outlaw preacher. Blaze and Tonya are our best man and maid of honor. Mom and I are

happy...we are where we want to be. The Old Man was wrong when he thought I wouldn't amount to anything. I'm the man who won his wife's heart. I'm the man who won his own mother's heart!