

# THE LOVE LEFT BEHIND

*Ahabscribe*

*Sick father and husband hopes to unite mother and son.*

Incest/Taboo

4.72

20.2k words

This is a collaboration - my partner in crime preferring to remain in the shadows. This is primarily her fantasy with some additions and restructuring by me. I think it's a lovely story and I hope you like it as well. Let us know what you think. Enjoy!

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*From the journal of Richard Hamilton:*

Today I had what many would consider an epiphany -- a moment of clarity and understanding of the universe around me that I think in the end will be my greatest legacy...my greatest gift to the two people I love the most -- my wife and my son.

I was taking the sun today outside by the pool. It was a pretty day and I felt better than most days and I enjoyed watching my wife, Claire and our son, Johnny swimming and cutting up in the pool. Even though my days are numbered, I thank God for each and every day that I've been blessed to be with Claire. I sometimes wonder how I ever became so lucky to have such a beautiful woman as my wife.

I know what Claire would say, She'd roll her eyes and said, "Because you knocked me up, you dirty old man!" That's true -- it had been a bit of a scandal...she was working in my office as a receptionist, fresh out of high school and barely eighteen and so damned sexy and even though I was ten years her senior, I pursued her, landed her in bed and got her pregnant. We loved each other, so that didn't matter much, even though her parents weren't all that happy about it, but we got married while she was barely showing and we've had a bit over eighteen years of sheer happiness.

Still as I watched her climb from the pool, I'm still amazed that I'm married to such a gorgeous creature. Wearing only a tiny, red bikini, her sexy body was almost completely on display -- tall, with long blonde hair and green eyes, Claire is blessed with huge breasts that seem even bigger when contrasted with her slender waist. Her motherly and toned hips help accentuate her delicious figure...she is a sex goddess brought to life. Even from across the pool, her breasts drew the eye and her nipples, thick and hard, stood out against the wet material of her bikini top.

She said something to our son and I turned my attention to him and again felt blessed. Johnny is a wonderful young man and I'm proud to be his father. Bright and athletic, he's already breaking school girls' hearts with a strong, muscular body -- I was never as good looking as he is -- try as I might, I never had six-pack abs like he does. Claire refers to his athletic body as ripped.

As Claire turned to reach down for something near her pool towel, she showed off her luscious ass cheeks, the thong of her bikini bottom disappearing up the crack of her ass, leaving only the small covering stretched across her mound. I felt a twitch in my own shorts as her sexy body called to me. Then I glanced at my son and smiled as I see him staring at his mother too -- eyes almost gleaming

with lust and appreciation for Claire's sexy shape. As she rose up and walked around to the deepest end of the pool, Johnny's eyes followed her swaying ass and jiggling breasts and a glance at my son's lap as he sat on the edge of the pool, legs dangling into the water, I could see more than a hint that he was responding physically to her. My cock got a little harder as I comprehended that my son had an erection over his own mother.

Claire dove into the pool and Johnny was quick to follow. Quickly, they came together, horsing around, grabbing at each other, trying to dunk each other's head. No doubt, my son was copping a few not so innocent feels of his mother's lush body and as she squealed with laughter, I wonder if she noticed the bulge in his trunks or if she felt it against her as they played and wrestled in the water. I shivered with excitement and think back to my own mother and my own fantasies.

The summers of my youth were spent on the lake on an old ratty houseboat my dad bought at a police auction. Mom was a school teacher and had most of two months free as did I while Dad worked as supervisor of a construction firm -- mostly out of town for weeks at a time. During summer, Mom and I would virtually live on the houseboat, Dad joining us most weekends.

Other than the years I've had with Claire, it was the best time of my life. For days at a time, Mom and I would be anchored in some small cove of the lake, spending our time swimming, fishing, reading and in general, taking it easy. In the warm humid weather, clothing was always at a minimum -- me going mostly in swim trunks or jean cutoffs, rarely wearing a shirt. Mom liked jean cutoffs and halter tops -- usually in the evenings or if we were going to the docks for groceries, but when we were out alone, Mom was rarely dressed in more than a bikini -- spending a lot of time working on her tan or just lounging about.

Oh yeah, I had it good...I have what seems like years of erotic memories of Mom -- her short, full figured body a dark tan -- 36D breasts looking huge on a woman who only stood an even five feet tall, stretched out on the deck of our houseboat, letting the sun soak into her, removing her top to tan those heavy beauties while I was banished below deck -- even though we both knew I would constantly be peeking at her.

Yes, Mom knew she had a special admirer and was a constant flirt with me, being casual and even lewd sometimes in how she showed off her body to me, knowing it made me almost crazy with lust. She never seemed to mind being my number one masturbatory fantasy and had to know I was jacking off several times a day over her lovely body, often into her soiled panties and bikini bottoms.

At night, with no television, we'd listen to the radio and sometimes dance -- fast dances with which I'd get an exciting show of Mom's huge tits bouncing about -- sometimes bouncing right out of her tops. I would laugh and goggle at her breasts while she just giggled and scooped them back into the halter or bikini top. Other times, we dance cheek to cheek to slow tunes, our both half naked bodies pressed together, me aware of Mom's hard nipples poking through her top against my usually shirtless chest and Mom aware of my swollen erection pressing insistently against her stomach.

I'd like to say that Mom and I yielded to our urges, but in truth, it never happened. We were close -- probably more intimate than most married couples, but nothing beyond some less than innocent touching occurred. I lost Mom and Dad to a car accident when I was twenty-one and over the years since, I've come to the conclusion that Mom was waiting on me to make the first move -- to let me make the truly momentous decision that we'd be lovers. I confess that it feels me with regret that I never knew the wonder of making love to my mother.

Somewhere along the line as I recalled those wonderful days, I slipped off into sleep -- something I do more and more as the tumor progresses and I suddenly am back on that old houseboat, dancing slowly with Mom, her arms around my neck and her breasts pressed against my chest, her dark brown eyes staring soulfully up at mine. The intensity of the dream is almost overwhelming. I am aware of my erect penis -- trapped inside my swim trunks and pressing against Mom's bare stomach and so hard, it hurts. Mom is wearing a skimpy string bikini, its white fabric standing out so clearly in contrast to Mom's dark skin.

"Oh, Mom," I whisper. "It's been so long!" In the dream I seem to be young again, but with a lifetime of memories and regret.

Mom smiles up at me, one hand moving to toy with my now again long hair. "I've missed you too, son." She wriggles against me a little, making it clear that she feels and likes my cock hard against her. "I've missed this thing too."

Mom stands up on tip-toe and gives me a gentle kiss on the mouth, her tongue brushing lewdly over my lips. "Soon, we'll be back together for all time and maybe, Richard, this time you won't be so afraid to realize your fantasies." Mom grinds herself against me again.

I moan with delight as I comprehend what she's saying and then I moan again -- this time in dismay, as I hear the true ramifications of what she's saying. "You mean...Mom, I'm going to..."

Mom gives me a sad little smile and replies, "Yes, son. The tumor is almost big enough to kill you now...but don't be sad. You'll be coming back to me."

I feel strangely unafraid hearing my mother predicting my coming death and I say, "So, is this heaven?"

Mom gives me a smile full of secret knowledge and promise. "Heaven is where you go when you were the happiest. When the time comes, I'll be here waiting for you and we can be what we were both too timid to be in the last life." Mom raises up on her toes to kiss me again -- this time, offering me her tongue and kissing me as she would a lover.

"I can hardly wait, Mom...if only..." I left the rest unsaid, torn between the possibility of becoming Mom's lover and the certain eventuality of leaving my beloved Claire and my son behind."

Mom nodded and said, "I know, it's painful, but Claire and Johnny will still have each other. They are so close already...as close as you and I were all those years ago." Mom looked up at me and with eyes full of mischief said, "And they could be even happier if maybe, maybe they had a little push."

I felt my mouth open in surprise and said, "You mean..."

Mom kissed me one more time and then as my dream world began to gray out, she said, "Imagine what might have happened if we'd had a little encouragement..."

Suddenly I was awake -- feeling hot, sweaty and very horny -- my cock fully erect in my shorts. I looked around the back yard -- spotting Johnny and Claire sitting next to each other on the far edge of the pool, both slightly turned to face each other -- Claire grinning and laughing at something our son was saying, reaching out to flick away some bug on his shoulder, her fingers slightly caressing his tanned and muscular arm, seeming oblivious to Johnny's stares at her mostly exposed breasts.

For a long moment I watched my son and wife and recognized from their postures, their hesitant gestures and brief contacts -- skin brushing skin, I recognized them from my own long ago days with my mother. It was at the moment that I had my epiphany. My affairs were all in order -- Claire and Johnny would be fine after my death, financially, but I suddenly comprehended that I had something even more important I could leave them...

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I watched as my son climbed to his feet, awkwardly trying to face away from me in an attempt to hide the obvious bulge in his swim trunks. I felt a flush spread over my face and chest as I made no attempt to look away -- instead, studying his erection as best I could -- trying to envision its size. Johnny's face was bright red as well it should have been after constantly staring at my breasts and butt all afternoon long and I very much doubt some of those accidental touches of his hands were really accidental.

Part of me is shocked and ashamed that I am actually aroused by my son's frank and hungry looks. And to be honest, that's just the tip of the iceberg. I feel a delicious, yet shameful shiver course through me every time I close my eyes and recall finding a fresh, still warm pool of semen in my black French cut bikini panties when I went to do a load of laundry just a few days ago and literally going to my knees as I was suddenly so turned on, I had to plunge my fingers into my suddenly hot and wet pussy and masturbate on the spot, cumming with one hand while the other slipped in and through his thick load of sperm.

I know that for a while now, Johnny had been looking at me differently -- that when his friends were over, their favorite activity was hanging out eyeing me. I could have dressed like an old Amish woman and I don't think it would've mattered. Not much I can do to disguise these huge tits of mine -- I'm just proud that these huge DD breasts are still pretty firm at the age of thirty-six. I don't wave them in the boys' faces, but I'm not really conservative either -- favoring low cut sweaters that fit tightly and show off my best features. Same with my ass -- it's not tiny, but is a motherly, heart shaped butt -- still firm if a bit full. It excited me that my son was staring at me like any other man...maybe even more so because was my son. It scared me too. Sometimes the looks he gives me are those of a man starving and about to take what he wants no matter the consequences.

Looking up, I saw Johnny talking to his father -- Richard smiling and Johnny with a bit of a confused look on his face. My heart ached when I thought that my beloved husband won't be here much longer, but the anger and frustration are behind me now...mostly, leaving this heartache and acceptance. For four years, we've battled his brain tumor -- halting its progress for a while, but he's been given his final prognosis. Barring spontaneous remission, sometime in the next few months, it will grow and destroy a key blood vessel in Richard's brain, triggering a stroke or embolism that will be fatal. It's been no real consolation that this thing isn't causing any direct pain or suffering -- Richard is mostly normal, only tiring more quickly than he used to.

Richard and our son turned and looked at me and for a moment, I sensed that both were giving me a lusty once over. It made my nipples stiffen in delight and I wondered what Richard was saying while Johnny nodded in agreement. I waved and lifted myself onto my feet, wondering what their reaction was to see my huge breasts hanging down, threatening to snap the strings of my bikini top. As I walked towards them, Johnny gave me a wave and then beat a retreat through the patio door. It might have been my imagination, but I thought there was still a bulge in his swim trunks.

Richard scooted over on the oversize lounge -- its strong redwood capable of supporting a small town atop its cushions. "Now what were you two chattering on about?" I asked my husband as I

curled up into him -- his sun baked skin feeling warm against mine. While not as ripped as our son and fighting the middle-aged paunch, Richard was still a good looking man.

"Well..." Richard began, his voice full of amusement, "Your son was telling me how all his friends are in love with his mother."

"Omigod!" I groaned, burying my face against his arm. "He didn't." I tried to sound embarrassed, but I was secretly more than pleased and I felt the heat between my legs increase a hundred fold.

Richard laughed and replied, "I told him that it was okay, I mean, who wouldn't be struck by your mom's beauty and her mature, voluptuous body. It isn't every day that you see such lovely wide hips and massive breasts on a woman with a slender waist and a tight stomach."

I punched my husband playfully on the chest and said, "Richard, you didn't talk like that to our son!"

Richard grinned and leaned over and kissed me on the lips. "Sure I did, Claire. You're a gorgeous woman -- even your son appreciates that and besides -- you're so full of life and love, who wouldn't feel happy and grateful just to spend time with you?"

I felt a fresh wave of love for my man and also a little excited...my husband and my son talking about me! Feeling a bit like teasing him, I replied, "So what...you two were both checking me out?"

"You damn betcha, honey. Wearing that sinful little bikini on a body like yours, any man would have to check you out, even if are his mom. Johnny's not blind -- he knows his mom is the hottest, sexiest woman in town."

I felt my face burning as I suddenly wondered, did Richard notice Johnny checking me out earlier. Did he, God forbid, notice Johnny's not so accidental groping my tits while we were in the water? Lamely, I tried to deflect Richard's words. "Oh, that's just sick, honey! I'm Johnny's mom -- he doesn't notice me like that!"

Richard laughed and said, "Sure he does -- he's a man now. It's not sick, it's normal -- I'd be worried if he didn't notice how sexy his big titty Mom was. It's just normal for a boy." He paused, glancing off towards the pool where Johnny and I had been cavorting. "All boys think about their mother like that at one point or another," he said in a quieter voice.

I shivered and climbed out of the lounge. I held out my hand and said, "And maybe husbands think about their wives too, huh?"

Richard was still staring off at the pool blankly and said, "Do you think Johnny's up to being the man of the house once I'm gone?"

I felt a splinter of pain tear through my heart. "You're not going anywhere, Richard Hamilton."

The anguish in my voice pulled Richard's attention back to me. He smiled up at me. "I plan on staying as long as I can, Claire, but there'll be a day soon when it'll be just you and Johnny. Do you think he's ready to be the man of the house?"

I bit my lower lip and shivered, wondering how my husband truly meant that question or if he knew how loaded it was. "We both know Johnny's grown up to be a fine young man."

"Do you find him handsome, Claire? I mean, from a woman's point of view, do you think our son is handsome?"

Again, I wondered what Richard was driving at...was he trying to make an accusation in a roundabout way? I reached down and took his hand and began tugging. "He's my son, you perv!" I giggled nervously. "You've really got to clean up that dirty mind of yours!" I pulled Richard to his feet and led him inside. "Let's get cleaned up and start thinking about dinner."

Hand in hand, we walked inside and headed for the stairs. Halfway up, we met Johnny coming down, looking handsome in his tight jeans and a dress shirt, still partly unbuttoned, offering a hint of his mature and muscular chest. My eyes roamed appreciatively over his body even as I felt my son's eyes on mine. I felt a wave of self-consciousness sweep over me as I suddenly felt almost naked in my tiny bikini.

I fell back behind Richard as we met to give him room to get by. Richard slapped him on the shoulder and said, "Going out, son?"

Johnny paused, causing his father to stop as well and his gaze moves back and forth between Richard and myself -- quick glances at his father and more lingering ones at me, his eyes constantly drawn down to my barely concealed breasts. My nipples, already hard, pulsed excitedly, betraying at least to myself the arousal I felt at being looked at so...so frankly. "Gonna head out with the guys, Dad...just go cruising."

Richard grinned and said, "Uh huh. We know what you horn dogs are cruising for, don't we, Claire?" He turned and shot me a knowing wink.

I cast my eyes down, unable to bear both men looking at me. I felt my skin burning with the return of a sexual flush. "Try not to stay out too late, son," I murmured.

I chanced a glance up only to see Johnny staring at me with something akin to naked lust. "Sure, Mom," he replied, something almost frightening in his tone. He moved on down the steps, his hand brushing against my thigh even as his upper arm somehow brushed the edge of my breast -- bare skin gently kissing the bared area of my breast spilling out of the bikini top. I stifled a moan even as he paused below me, feeling his eyes now roaming over my near naked ass cheeks.

"So what're you guys up tonight?" He asked, watching us move on up the steps. "Playing horsey?"

I gasped and turned around quickly, making my breasts inadvertently roll about wildly as I snapped, "Johnny Hamilton, shame on you!" 'Playing horsey' is an old and I had thought forgotten joke in our house from when Johnny as a five year old had burst into our bedroom one evening while Richard and I were fucking after we'd thought he'd gone to sleep. The lights were on and Richard was fucking me doggy style and suddenly there was our son looking at us with confusion for a moment and then before we could stop, he grinned with amusement and cried out, "Daddy -- you're playing horsey with Mommy!"

It became a running joke for a few days. Johnny would ask us when we'd tuck him in if we were playing horsey tonight. We'd laughed it off at the time and he soon stopped. Now after all these years, to hear him say that, especially now with all these wicked thoughts running in my head, was a bit of a shock!

Richard just laughed and tugged me on up the stairs. "Mind your mother and don't stay out too late," he called out. When we reached the top, Richard slipped an arm around my waist and in an

obviously lascivious voice, added, "But don't be coming home too early!" I didn't have to look at my husband to know he was wiggling his eyebrows to accent his risqué suggestion.

Both he and our son laughed as I made a sound of exasperation and then we were walking away, hearing Johnny call out, "Love you guys," before the door slammed.

"Richard, I swear....sometimes you can act so-so awful." I exclaimed as he led me into our bedroom. "You practically told him we were going to make love."

Richard walked me to the bed, guiding us both into a reclining position, him looking down at me. "Well, he knows we fuck -- I imagine he's heard us enough times." My husband kissed me, his tongue slipping into my mouth as he stroked his fingers down my arms, making me shiver. When the kiss ended, Richard said softly, "Must be hard on him, imagining that...imagining his mother, naked and hot and sexy."

Richard nuzzled my neck as I playfully slapped him and said, "Lord, Richard -- you're such a pervert! Johnny would never think that way about his own mother." It sounded like a lie even as I said it.

Richard pulled the tie on my bikini top and it went flying off. My husband looked down at my bared breasts and smiled. "Goddamn, but your breasts are beautiful, Claire!" With that, he began massaging my large, meaty breasts. "I bet Johnny would love to do this," he sighed as he ran his hands over my tits, my nipples swelling more than ever before under his palms.

I felt a strong shiver of excitement and felt my pussy becoming wet in record time -- not just damp, but completely soaked -- the warmth spreading out from my pelvis. I began to wonder who was really the pervert here? Then Richard was kissing me again and I felt his erection rubbing against my thigh through his shorts. I kissed him back, my tongue aggressively pursuing his while his hand slid down my stomach and under my bikini bottoms.

I moaned as Richard's fingers touched my wetness and the heat spread further outward into my body. I pressed against him and then urged my husband onto his back. I slowly finished our kiss, sucking on his lower lip before I began kissing my way down his chest, hooking my fingers into his shorts and dragging them down and off as I moved. Richard's cock looked lovely, hard and proudly swaying in the air. I pressed my lips to the head of his erect penis and gave it a couple of gentle kisses.

As I ran my tongue up the shaft of Richard's cock, I turned my head and realized that we'd left the bedroom door standing ajar several inches. Richard must have sensed that I was going to get up and close it, but his hand, now intertwining in my long blonde locks, tightened as he said with need in his voice, "Don't worry, Claire. Johnny's out with his friends --he's liable to be out all night." I relaxed and returned to licking my husband's lovely cock until I couldn't stand it any more.

Straddling Richard, I guided his penis between my slick labia and slowly lowered myself down, sighing softly as his cock stretched my inner walls, feeling so damned wonderful as his dick seemed to touch all those special, hidden spots, offering up a glimpse of true nirvana to a mere mortal.

I began to ride Richard's cock, feeling so full of his long, thick cock, moaning with delight as I took all of him into me -- his swollen head pressing against my cervix. In the bureau mirror I could see myself in all my erotic splendor, the late afternoon sun's rays almost illuminating me -- my face transfixed with sexual delight and then behind my reflection I saw the bedroom door move slightly and beyond it a shadow becoming in the light, Johnny's face, eyes shiny with lust!

In the mirror, I saw my eyes widen in horror. Oh my God, Johnny came back. He was watching us have sex! For a moment, my head swam and my vision blurred while my body broke out into a sweat. This can't be happening, I thought as I thought my heart would burst out of my chest. Unlike the silly and maybe embarrassment of having our son catch us in the act when he was little, I was feeling something else at the shock and intensity of the moment. I knew I had to stop, to climb off my husband but Richard chose that moment to begin moving his hips upwards and around and a torrent of pleasure washed over me.

I cried out from the intensity of the ecstasy roaring through me at that moment -- my senses overloading with the pleasure of Richard's cock and the shocking knowledge that our son was watching us. I couldn't help myself -- my hips moved in response, allowing our bodies to engage in the old sweet dance that was fucking -- my massive breasts moving and rolling like waves in the ocean, my nipples, so erect that they hurt, drawing imaginary circles in the air while my stomach muscles tightened and relaxed as Richard flung his cock upwards into my pussy.

Carnal desire overruled any sense of propriety. Part of my mind rationalized that it wasn't my fault that the door was open and that I wasn't doing anything wrong. If Johnny wanted to watch his mother have sex, then so be it. I wasn't going to jump off Richard's wonderful cock and start yelling at him -- maybe doing something that would hurt him forever.

And in truth, a greater part of me instinctively understood it felt amazing, knowing that my son was watching me get fucked -- watching my breasts bounce all over the place while his father's hands were firmly around my waist, urging me to ride him, to ride his long, big cock. Richard couldn't see him and Johnny didn't know I could see him in the mirror and it made the sex between my husband and I better than anything I had ever known.

I cried out as I felt an immense orgasm approaching. I ran my hands over my jumping, flopping breasts and on up over my face and through my hair, crying out, "Yes, baby, fuck me...fuck Momma good!" Richard's eyes widened and his face broke out in a leer as he worked his hips harder, bringing me even closer, making me crazier with lust. I screamed as I saw Johnny's cock now in his hand, stroking it fast as it jutted out of the fly in his jeans and my orgasm swept me away as I cried out, "Yes, give Momma that fine cock!"

Richard let out a noise somewhere between a moan and a bearish growl and thrusts up hard, putting his cock deep inside me as he began to shoot his seed inside my throbbing pussy. I felt my abdomen muscles flutter spastically as I was overwhelmed by orgasmic bliss as my husband filled my womb with hot semen, my breasts rolling about as I stiffened and shook violently from the intensity of my climax.

When I thought I had reached the peak of my orgasm, it suddenly shot higher as I watched Johnny whip a handkerchief out of his back pocket and wrap it around the head of his cock as he began to cum -- a look of utter bliss on his face as he shot his load. I sobbed as pleasure greater than anything I'd ever known began to swamp me while I suddenly recognized the handkerchief as one I gave my son a few weeks ago...a silk handkerchief with my first initial...a letter 'C' stitched on it.

Richard cried out as my cunt contracted as I began to orgasm, milking Richard's big cock of his sperm even as Johnny stroked the last of his load inside the now spunk laden piece of cloth. I could barely sit up as waves of pleasure continued to wash over me. My hands moved nervously, but deliberately over my meaty breasts, cupping, squeezing and kneading as if I was intentionally giving my son a naughty show, quivering as I pulled and pinched at my nipples, eyes hooded with pleasure as my orgasm ebbed away. I savored the look of the hunger in Johnny's expression before



his face suddenly clouded with comprehension of the enormity of what he has done and he quietly moved away from the door.

Exhausted, I collapsed on top of Richard, gasping for breath while his arms came up and loosely held me to him while he said between gulps of air, "Wow...I guess my pervert talk got you really excited, hon! That was...wow, that was awesome. Guess my little Momma's got a bit of pervert in her too!"

I rested my head on my husband's chest, trying to calm my breathing and unable to look him in the face -- his words touching on more of the truth that I wanted to admit. I felt like I'd crossed a line...taking a step into a place I cannot return from. Lying naked atop Richard, his cock slowly shrinking and withdrawing from my pussy which was quivering from the best orgasm of my life, I knew that this wasn't the end of whatever was developing between Johnny and me, it was only the beginning.

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From the journal of Richard Hamilton:

Something is happening between Claire and our son -- something that is growing right before my eyes. I can scarcely believe that my little hints and jokes have taken root so quickly and deeply. Everyday, Johnny looks at his mother with more obvious lust than the day before, unable to resist the erotic allure of his mother's sexy body. Like any normal man, my son cannot resist allowing his eyes to roam over her large, magnificent breasts and her round, apple-like buttocks. He seems to be orbiting around her constantly, a seemingly permanent erection betraying his desires even when he can control the looks of longing on his face.

I think Claire too is tempted to taste the forbidden fruit that is our son. She has been for the last few days, merciless in her deliberate teasing of Johnny -- wearing the scantiest of outfits from the time she gets up until we retire at night. Breakfast time finds her wearing only a silk robe that barely covers her crotch, rarely wearing anything but a g-string bikini bottom underneath and which even when firmly belted, cannot conceal her wonderfully immense breasts -- nipples standing out clearly against the silk material which is stretched so tight you can even see the little bumps of her aureoles.

The rest of each day has been a delightful mix of tight T-shirts worn braless, too tight halter tops and a variety of skimpy bikinis. My wife has become an artiste in walking around, bending over and picking this and that up -- wiggling her ass like a hooker selling it on the street, completely aware of her son's eyes devouring the luscious full spheres of her mature ass. Claire's nipples are constantly hard and her eyes are shiny with the delight that her son is quite unable to resist her charms.

Claire too is caught up in his spell, both delighted and captivated by the now constant erection that Johnny sports around the house. I've lost count of how many times she's become distracted in the middle of talking to me or doing something because she cannot keep her eyes off the huge bulge in our son's pants or shorts or swim trunks. Poor Johnny -- as an eighteen year old, he's a walking, talking hormone, now made a hundred times worse by his mother's teasing.

I can see the struggle in both their eyes -- Johnny quivering with lust and the need to take his mother and claim her sexually, but held back by fear and shame of the incest taboo and by the slim chance of Claire rejecting him...not that she could. She is on the verge of making it happen, sometimes staring into his eyes with such longing that she might as well hold up a sign that

screams, "FUCK ME, SON!" So far, I'm the beneficiary of her lust -- the last few days our sex life has been passionate beyond anything we've had in eighteen years of marriage.

Frankly, I was at first puzzled by why neither has moved forward, satisfying their mutual desires for each other, but then it dawned on me...lack of opportunity because I am always around. On permanent sick leave -- I rarely leave the house without one or the other accompanying me. In light of this self revelation, I decided to take matters into my own hands. I don't know what time is left to me, but there are some things I'd like to do at least once more before the end...

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"Richard Hamilton, you haven't golfed in years!" I was a little surprised. Since Richard's battle with the brain tumor began, he'd stopped playing that irritating game. Now at the breakfast table he announced that Tim Willis would be picking him up for to go play eighteen holes at a new golf course fifty miles away at any minute.

My husband shrugged his shoulders and smiled as he replied, "I know, but I've had a yen lately to swing the clubs and was talking to Tim yesterday -- he put together a foursome. Hate to leave you home all alone, but..." he glanced over at Johnny who was eating his eggs and pretending not to be staring at the upper halves of my breasts bulging out of my silk robe, and then continued, "But, maybe Johnny can keep you company today?"

I felt a delicious shiver of wetness ripple across my pussy as my mind imagined all sorts of ways Johnny could keep me company. Images of him taking me bent over the breakfast table...that huge bulge he'd brought to breakfast with him in his pajamas unleashed and buried in me, leapt to mind. Another thrill of excitement swept over me as Johnny feigned boredom as he mumbled, "Whatever," while his eyes were focused on my breasts now heaving a bit with arousal -- my nipples swelling against the thin, slick fabric of my robe.

I tried to keep the excitement out of my voice as I said, "Sounds fine to me, darling. I just planned to take it easy today, maybe catch a bit of sun out by the pool." That made Johnny's eyes widen and he couldn't keep a hungry smile off his lips as he imagined my strutting around in another bikini. I felt my labia throb as blood swelled them, my arousal growing by the second.

Richard smiled lovingly at us both and said, "Fine -- it's settled then." A horn blew from our driveway and my husband was on his feet in a heartbeat. "There's Tim," he said, leaning over to kiss me, his hand stroking my cheek lovingly. He patted Johnny on the back as he passed and picked up his clubs leaning in a corner. Hefting them, he beamed at both of us happily and said, "I love you guys so much! Have fun today!"

Johnny waved rather nonchalantly from his chair as he downed the last of his juice while I said, "Love you too, darling!" A little twinge of guilt speared through my arousal, reminding me that I did love my husband despite all the naughty thoughts he'd help kindle in my mind. Then suddenly, I realized that for the first time in weeks, I was sitting alone with my son. He was brazenly staring back and for a moment I thought he might just stand up, throw me across the table and fuck me, but the moment passed and a look of what have been guilt played across his face and looking down he murmured, "I guess I'll go up stairs and change."

A part of me was mildly relieved that his simmering lust appeared to have settled down, but part of me felt extremely disappointed and I replied, "Me too!" I waved my arms at the dirty dishes and said, "I'll take care of this later, son. Let's get ready for some fun outside." I stood up with him and

we walked to the stairs. I moved ahead so he could follow me up, knowing he would be looking up under the hem of my short robe and get more than a glimpse of my naked ass.

By the time we were on the second floor, I could see that simmering lust emerging again and felt pleased and flattered. If my son had dragged me to his bed at that moment and fucked me, I wouldn't have minded a bit. As it was, I felt his eyes on me until I closed the door behind me in my bedroom. I had my robe off in a second, my hands quickly rubbing my already wet vulva -- aching for release. I was tempted to masturbate, but decided to not sate my hunger. Somehow, somehow, I was determined to move things forward with my son and that whatever that something was, it was happening today.

It was time to push the limits of my relationship with my son. It was time to break all the rules. I closed my eyes and imagined my son naked -- his body that of Adonis -- an erection, hard as steel jutting out, erect for me, his mother. I could see his green eyes and that devilish smile of his...I had seen them so many times in my sleep, assaulted by erotic dream after erotic dream. Dreams where all he wanted to do was plant his young, fertile seed in me. I know it was crazy, but I couldn't help myself anymore.

When I've put on my bikini, I stood before the bureau mirror -- the very one I watched Johnny stroke off in before and I know he doesn't really stand a chance. I'm wearing a new bikini -- one more daring than anything I've ever worn before. I would almost be better off naked. It was little more than a few red strings and three miniscule patches of red cloth. I bought it on-line from an internet business specializing in risqué women's clothing and it was leaps and bounds beyond risqué!

Two triangular patches barely covered my nipples, leaving most of my aureolas exposed as well as all my immense breasts. A third red patch fitted snugly over my crotch, stretched to cover my labia and unable to cover all the soft, wispy blonde hair of my muff. Even as I stood here looking at this sluttish version of myself, the scant crotch of my panties was turning a darker red with the juices of my arousal. When I turned around, the G-string disappeared between the full, firm cheeks of my ass, somehow making me appear more than naked. I pinned up my hair and this too was somehow making me appear even more sluttish than normal. The last final touch was some backless high heels -- what we used to call 'fuck me' pumps when I was in school.

Johnny was sitting outside, a pensive look on his face as he studied the sun's glittering reflection in the water -- his body so tan and muscular. I felt a spurt of wetness between my legs and imagined my pussy creams were about to start running down my legs. An orgasmic tremor rocketed through me as he turned and gave me an expression somewhere between pure lust and utter shock. I felt my nipples swelling under their scant covering and I wondered if they'd get so hard that they alone would snap the straps holding my tiny top together.

"Mmmmmm, beautiful day, isn't it, sweetie?" I purred as I began to strut around the pool -- taking my time and allowing Johnny to feast his eyes on his sexy mother. My huge breasts, barely contained, bounced and rolled, forever threatening to burst free, especially when I would pause and bent straight down, pretending to pick up a stray twig or piece of debris, allowing my great tits to hang down like massive udders, swinging to their own rhythm. Once in a while, I'd toss a glance towards my son, appreciating the bulge in his swim trunks and imagining that he regretted not wearing a looser pair.

I circled the pool, feeling his eyes on me the whole time, barely able to keep myself from shaking with excitement. Johnny climbed to his feet as I approached and turned away from me, beginning

his retreat, but he halted when I called out to him, "Johnny? Please wait, baby?"

My son halted in his tracks, still facing away from me and then he jumped just a bit as I wrapped my arms around him from behind, hugging him to me, letting my huge breasts press into his sun warmed back -- making him shudder as our flesh merged. I hugged him tight as I whispered in his ear. "Thanks for keeping me company today, son. I love you."

Johnny shivered a bit as he replied in a shaky, mumbling voice, "I love you too, Mom."

I eased up on my embrace and slowly turned him around -- my hands on his shoulders guiding him. I restrained myself from moaning as I felt his erection brush my thigh and as he faced me -- somehow sensing it hovering less than an inch away from my stomach even as my hard tipped nipples somehow just missed grazing his chest. "I know you do, Johnny -- you must, giving up this glorious day with your friends to stay here with me." I leaned into my son -- allowing my barely clad breasts to mash against his strong, muscular chest while his swim trunk clad erection throbbed against my stomach and kissed him on the corner of the mouth...a slow, measured yet chaste kiss, staring at him lovingly as I let him go.

I slowly strutted towards the big, chaste lounge -- knowing Johnny was watching my bare ass cheeks swing as I went. As I knelt on the cushion, I looked back over my shoulder at my son with a come hither look and said in a soft, come hither voice, "Son, would you mind putting a little sun tan lotion on my back? Momma doesn't want a sun burn."

I moved onto my hands and knees, preparing to stretch out on the lounge, but made another lewd spectacle of myself, knowing he was again seeing my big tits hanging down, threatening to snap the strings of my bikini top. I gave my ass a little shake as I slowly slid onto my belly, shaking my voluptuous cheeks again as I acted like I'm trying to find that perfect comfortable spot. Again, I look back at Johnny and ask him, "Please, honey, put some lotion on my back."

Johnny's eyes were wide with lust and the bulge in his pants looked ready to burst free. He licked his lips and I could see the struggle on his face as he tried to deal with his obvious lust for his mother. Reason wins out as he stammered, "Maybe...um, maybe that isn't such a great idea, Mom."

I smiled back at him and cooed innocently, "It'll be fine, son. Just a little lotion so Momma's back doesn't burn." I closed my eyes then and said a silent prayer. A minute passed and when I opened them again, Johnny was standing beside me -- my sun tan lotion in one hand and a towel in the other being used to hide his massive erection. My son knelt, a bit awkwardly with a hard penis in his swim trunks, dropping the towel to the concrete and pouring a dollop of lotion into his hands.

I could feel his hands trembling with excitement and fear as he began to rub the lotion slowly onto my back. He paused and began to pull back, muttering, "Mom, I don't...don't think I..."

I quickly cut him off with a happy moan, saying, "Ohhh, Johnny...your hands feel so good...please don't stop!" I was almost overcome with joy as I felt his hands return to my back, moving across my skin and feeling so good. Sighing contentedly, I said, "Honey, untie my bikini top -- it's just in the way."

"Oh...Mom, really? I mean, it's..."

I sigh again and say, "It's okay, son. No one can see us here. We have all the privacy we want."

I waited patiently, hearing Johnny's heavy breathing as he knelt over me as he steeled himself to move ahead. A thrill shot through me as I felt him fumbling with the ties and then they were undone and the strings fell away and my son resumed rubbing the lotion on my back, his hands feeling so strong and wonderful. His hands ran over my back, up and down over the shoulder blades and more gently along my spin, each movement somehow managing to cover more and more of my back.

I moaned encouragingly as his fingers moved further apart, now running along my sides until he finally brushed fingers over my spread out breast flesh. I purred with pleasure and he did it again, this time more openly until I could feel all his fingers stroking the sides of my breasts.

I quickly turned over, holding the almost useless fabric of my bikini top to my chest and stared at my son. "Hey now, what is that supposed to mean?"

My son's face collapsed and I thought he might begin crying as he began to stammer, "Mom...I -- I'm sorry, I didn't..."

His words trailed off as I looked at him with a seductive smile and then pointedly look down at the huge erection threatening to emerge from his shorts. "Looks like you're more than sorry, Johnny. Is this the reason you've been stealing my panties and sneaking peeks at me when your Daddy isn't looking and trying to barge in on me while I'm in the shower?" I leaned in closer and whispered huskily, "Does my body excite you that much, son?"

Johnny began blushing furiously as he tried to explain himself, "I'm sorry, Mom. I know I'm a freak. Please don't be mad at me...I, I just can't help it. Every time I see you, I feel like this. Here lately, it's been worse...unbearable and now...now..." My son's eyes roamed desperately over me and he said, "And now this...it's your body, your hair, your eyes, that make me forget you're my mother...or makes me not care that you're my mom..." Johnny shook his head, lost for words.

"Even watching me have sex with your father?" I prompted my son.

Johnny trembled and his face flushed even a deeper color of red. "Mom, I'm sorry, I didn't want to watch you and Dad, but you...you were naked and beautiful and I was jealous and wanted it to be me instead of Dad. I promise I'll never do it again." He hung his head and in a voice filled with pain and anguish, he said, "I know you must hate me now."

I reached out and stroked my son's cheek, drawing a finger down and lifting his chin up to face me -- to see my loving smile as I replied, "No, I don't hate you. I know how you feel, darling. I feel it too."

Johnny's eyes widened and he gasped, "You do? But, Mom, I mean, I have erections when I see you. When I dream, I dream about you and me!"

"Yes, baby, so do I." I gave my son my most loving smile. "I feel the same way about you."

My son's eyes seemed almost to glaze over with shock. "Really? But...what about Dad. What if he..." Johnny stopped when I reached out and pressed my forefinger against his lips.

"Shhhhh. Don't worry about Dad. This is between you and me, son."

A smile of disbelief broke out across Johnny's face and he said, "Omigod, Mom, I don't know what to say."

I grinned evilly at him and replied, "Don't say anything, honey. Let's just continue the massage. At least we both know that we both enjoy this. I rolled back over on my stomach, flinging the bikini top away. "Go ahead, Johnny, touch my body as much as you want."

Johnny didn't hesitate, quickly returning his hands to my back, becoming more assured in his movements...more confident and more daring. "Mmmmm, more oil, Johnny -- your hands are wonderful," I moaned, thrilling as my son grew bolder, his fingers and palms caressing the sides of her immense breasts. On impulse, I rose up on my elbows and I grinned to myself as Johnny's hands instantly slid under, cupping my breasts as his hands scraped sweetly against my blood swollen nipples.

My son's fingers dug deep into my breasts as he tried to capture them whole in his grasp, finding it impossible as my tits flowed and rippled under his grasp. "Oh, Mom, I can't believe this -- your tits...your tits feel amazing." My pussy fluttered with pleasure -- soaking my panties as I proudly thought that 'Yes, a thirty-six year old mother with a teenage son and I still have it!'

Johnny's words of praise made me quiver with pleasure -- my stomach tightening with excitement. I heard my own voice sounding a little hoarse as I said, "Johnny, you should remove my panties too - - you know I don't care for tan lines!"

Johnny gasped in shock at my words, but I felt his fingers tug at my skimpy bikini panties, pulling them off of me -- my G-string sliding out from between my cheeks. I spread my legs slightly so he could see how wet and slick my pussy was. He groaned with excitement as he exclaimed, "Mom, I don't think I can take this...my dick hurts."

I giggled and replied in a husky tone, "Then remove those shorts, baby. Momma doesn't want you getting too uncomfortable!" I felt more than heard him shuffle behind me and then his trunks flew over my head to land in a heap on the concrete. I looked back over my shoulder and it was my turn to let my mouth gape open as I looked at the most beautiful and biggest cock I had ever seen in my life. I tried to collect my wits and smiled at Johnny as I said, "Now, isn't that better?"

My son stood behind me, his cock so hard it now slapped against his stomach. "Y-yes, but, Mom, I don't think I should keep on massaging you," he nearly whispered, a look of amazement on his face at standing so close to his mother while both of us were naked.

"Nonsense," I purred. "Climb on top of me, straddle my legs and finish the job, darling. You don't want to keep your mother hanging."

Johnny nodded and climbed on top of me, his knees on each side of my legs, shakily squirting more oil onto my back. As he leaned forward, I felt a shock of incestuous pleasure ripple through me as I felt my son's hard cock touch my ass cheeks. Pussy juice was flowing out of me, pooling on the weatherproof fabric of the cushion and I had never felt more turned on in my life.

As he began running his hands over my back and ass, I moaned happily again as Johnny became brave enough to squeeze my bountiful ass cheeks before roaming upwards to cup my tits again. Feeling that huge cock against my cheeks, I couldn't resist the primal urge to begin moving against him, biting my lower lips as I felt his thick shaft nestling between my cheeks, the tip trailing precum wetly along the crack of my ass.

Johnny responded by moving his hips back and forth in a fucking motion, unable to control himself, unable to not respond to his mother with the world's oldest instincts between a man and a woman. "Mom," my son moaned. "I can't help it -- your ass feels so good!"

Part of me wanted to lift my hips up and guide his thick cock into my wet pussy, but I suddenly didn't want to rush him...sensing that while he was loving this, that maybe he wasn't quite ready to actually fuck me and part of me wanted him to come to me and take me when he was ready. I looked back at my son and said, "Why don't you put some lotion on that beautiful cock of yours and let me show you another way to apply that stuff to my skin."

Johnny climbed off of me, his entire body shaking as he reached for the bottle of suntan lotion. I shuddered at the erotic sight of my son slowly stroking his cock, spreading the lotion up and down his gorgeously erect penis. Part of me wanted him so badly -- my pussy ached to have him inside me, but I knew he needed to take that last step himself.

I rolled over and off the lounge and walked up to my son. Standing on tip-toe, I kissed him for the first time as a lover, our tongues joining to do battle while his hands were suddenly mauling my breasts, sending shivers down my spine as he pinched and tugged on my nipples. My vagina trembled with need as Johnny broke the kiss and put his mouth around a swollen nipple and began to suck and lick at the blood gorged nub. I got wetter, spurred on by sudden memories of my son nursing at my breasts as an infant.

My own hand trembled as for the first time I reached out and took Johnny's huge dick in my hand, slowly stroking his wonderfully thick and long penis while he began moving his hips with a needful fucking motion. "Easy, honey," I whispered, not letting him go as I turned around and bent over the small table next to the lounge, presenting my son with my shapely ass and wet pussy.

I guided his throbbing cock between my thighs and purred approvingly as he began to move his hips, his oiled cock sliding between my tightly pressed together thighs -- rubbing between my wet pussy and my inner thighs. A low, animalistic sound escaped my son's lips as he began pressing his pelvis forward, thrusting his cock into the slick tunnel I made for him to only temporarily replace the pussy I prayed he would always want.

"Oh, Mom -- God, this feels great," Johnny moaned as he continued to thrust his hips in a fucking motion as he leaned forward, his hands reaching out to cup and squeeze my swaying breasts.

"Yes, Johnny -- that's it, keep going, honey," I panted back. I'm here for you...Momma is always here for you. Mmmmm, yes, son, just like that!"

As I squirmed and rolled my hips, Johnny reached out and caught my hips with his hands, forcing me to remain in place as he began to fuck his cock back and forth between my thighs, the head rubbing against my swollen labia, making my pussy drool over his big dick as we wetly humped together. I was holding onto the table now, pushing my ass back at him as my son began to slam his body against mine harder and harder.

I cried out in lewd pleasure as I encouraged him on, "Yes, darling, yes! Make sure you get that suntan lotion all over Momma's pussy! Ahhh, yes, it feels so good, Johnny, yes!"

I knew by the intensity of his thrusts, my son was getting close and so was I -- a fire racing out of control between my legs -- juices spraying over my son's sliding cock. I sobbed with delight and tightened my thigh muscles and was gratified to hear my son yell in response, "Oh, Mom! Oh, fuck...fuck, yeah!" Johnny slammed into me hard and began to shoot as his arms wrapped around me, holding me tight against him. Thick, white ropes of hot semen sprayed against my thighs and onto my labia and spread pussy flesh and I began to scream too as my orgasm washed over me.

Johnny hugged me tightly from behind as his hips continued to move his jerking, shooting cock back and forth in that slippery tunnel between my thighs and pussy while I arched my back, nearly standing straight as his hands dig into my meaty breasts. Time seems to stand still as we remain locked together, his cock trapped between my thighs, his hot semen spreading thickly across my pussy flesh.

Finally, he let me go, his still hard cock sliding deliciously from between my legs. I turned around and draped my arms around his neck, letting our naked bodies come together as I kissed him slowly and whispered, "Thank you, Johnny for a job well done!" I kissed him again, running my tongue teasingly over his lips and said softly, "Mmmm, no worrying about those tan lines anymore."

Johnny nods without speaking -- a look of stunned awe on his face. I'm not even sure he heard a word I'd said. Slowly, his eyes came back into focus, quickly followed by a look of panic as he realizes what he's done with his mother. I kissed my son again and tenderly stroked his cheek as I said, "Son, if you want this to continue, I want you to be sure it's what you want."

I kissed him again and said, "If you want to keep having fun with me, you can." I giggled and added, "You wouldn't believe how much fun you and your momma can have, but, we must keep it a secret from your father."

I stroked Johnny's face again and make sure I had his attention. "And darling, if you're sorry you did this -- if you feel like you're betraying your father and you don't want to do it anymore, we can forget everything." I wiggled my body against him -- my oiled breasts sliding around his chest. "After all," I said, "All we really did was kiss a little and you helped me with my suntan lotion." I kissed him one last time and said, "And made a wonderful memory that I'll cherish for a lifetime."

I gave my son a sexy, little wink and stroked his cheek one last time and then turned and went inside, smiling to myself...proud of myself, knowing that no matter what, this wasn't an ending...it was a beginning to something wonderful.

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From the Journal of Richard Hamilton:

The house is rife with tension and I know that somehow, what I first nudged my family towards has moved more than a step further. In some way, my wife and son have become intimate -- I see it in the way Claire and Johnny look at each other -- the lust and love that is so evident in their faces when they speak to each other or look at each other, both bursting with longing whenever the other is near. I can also see it in how they both look at me -- expressions of guilt over what they have shared although they shouldn't feel bad. While I don't know what specifically has happened, I feel in my heart that they haven't actually fucked, but that they have crossed that taboo line between mother and son. I envy them -- wishing I had had the courage to take that next step with my mother.

My time is drawing close and I hope that I can help my wife and son to take those last final steps to complete intimacy and become the lovers that they could -- should be. I haven't much time left. I know this because Mom is so often with me now -- not just in my dreams, but with me during my waking time...her presence reassuring and even tantalizing as she hints at the life we will have together in the next world. On one level I believe that Mom has stepped from beyond to help guide me into the next life, but on another level I also realize I am likely hallucinating -- a symptom of the growing tumor in my brain. Either way, it doesn't really matter -- I am comforted by my mother's



presence -- real or imaginary...the fact that she appears mostly to me in one of her old string bikinis just makes it all the better!

To alleviate my family's guilt, I have tried to offer words of comfort and direction, especially to my son Johnny. I think he struggles with the guilt the most -- his desires for Claire achingly apparent. Yesterday, I had a heart to heart with him -- like any child, he didn't want to acknowledge the impending loss of a parent but I told him I needed his promise to look after his mother.

"Johnny, your mom will need you to be there for her -- to be with her, after I'm gone," I told him. "You'll be her man then, son. You and only you can step up and take my place." My son looked down at the ground, his face flushing and I knew that he was thinking of he and his mother becoming lovers. I reached out and took his hand in mine, squeezing it hard. "I know you and Claire are close...closer than most sons and mothers ever dream of being. Promise me, Johnny, promise me that you'll love her like I love her -- be the man she'll need in her life when I'm gone."

Johnny looked up at me and he had an odd expression. "I can do that, Dad. I will do that. I promise." I could see that for my son, some of the guilt he'd been feeling was fading even though he had no idea that he and I were completely thinking the same thing. I went to sleep thinking that soon Johnny would take that last leap with his mother and become her lover. It was a peaceful sleep that night with dreams of Johnny and Claire making love mixing with dreams of Mom and I cheering them on while we too achieved our deepest, most secret desires.

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In the glorious afterglow of my pool encounter with my son -- I was overwhelmed with both love and lust for Johnny and imagined that we would quickly make that next move to become complete and total lovers, but as the next several days passed, doubts started to creep into my mind -- doubts and guilt. I was not prepared for how having my son touch me so intimately could turn my world upside down.

Part of me ached to have my son touching me again -- I had never felt so much desire and love for someone, not even Richard, though I loved him dearly. I was completely unprepared for such intense longing and I tried to understand it, coming back again and again to the notion that part of this incredible passion was because my Johnny was mine -- he'd come from my body, my vagina, my womb and that to feel him inside me again would be something beyond intimacy. Just the mere thought of it made my pussy tingle and drip with desire.

Part of me was afraid of being discovered by Richard, fearing that this would be the end of our family even if he did like to tease me about Johnny, something that had triggered several bouts of lovemaking since Johnny and I had been intimate. Part of me felt overwhelming guilt in that I had already betrayed my vows to my husband and that I would be committing the ultimate act of betrayal, should I yield to my desires and spread my legs for my son.

I tried to clear my head of the feelings I had for Johnny -- literally avoiding him for days as much as possible, something that was easier the first few days after the pool affair when I saw in my son's eyes the same struggle between love and guilt that I was dealing with, but then something changed. Johnny went out of his way to be more loving to me and it was driving me absolutely nuts!

Even as I tried to keep my distance, my son always seemed to be hovering nearby, always ready to swoop in or I could feel his eyes on me as I walked through the house. I could see his near constant erections in his pants, impressive lumps against his jeans or slacks or swim trunks. I even tried to

dress more conservatively than usual, but it's not that easy to hide huge tits like mine or my voluptuous butt -- covering my breasts up seemed to somehow emphasize their enormous heft more.

Johnny also made sure that I could feel his erections when he'd slip up behind me and give me a loving hug, his hands sliding possessively over my breasts if his father was out of the room, while his bulge would press against my body, making me wet between my legs and weak in the knees. I feel my need for my son swelling inside me at those moments until I think I might burst.

Even when I'm sitting at breakfast or dinner with Richard and Johnny, I have vivid waking dreams of just ripping my son's clothes off, kneeling at his feet and sucking his cock in front of Richard or sweeping the table clean of dishes and food and letting Johnny fuck me from behind, taking me like the bitch in heat that I feel like. My skin burns both from my son's knowing stares as if he can read my desires in my eyes and from shame as Richard gives me loving glances oblivious to my desires and fantasies of betraying our wedding vows.

As another week unfolded, I found Richard declining my offers and requests to make love. I knew that his end was coming, deny it as I might. He seemed more tired and disconnected, sometimes staring at something that isn't there, his lips moving silently as if he's conversing with someone. With Richard unwilling or unable to fulfill the needs I so badly craved, I resorted to masturbation on those rare occasions I'm alone in the house, taking long, luxurious baths that concluded with my hands buried in my pussy as I sobbed Johnny's name, imagining that it's his hands or his huge cock inside me, making me cum.

Two nights ago, Johnny and Richard went out for a movie -- some action-cop thing and I drew myself a hot bubble bath and settled into it, relaxing for what seemed an eternity as I soaked in the soapy water. I let my mind wander towards fantasies of my son, imagining Johnny slowly undressing me and then exploring my body with his hands and then his mouth, letting my mind run amuck with my incestuous dreams until I was quivering with need, resisting the urge to touch myself until a raging fire burned wetly between my thighs.

Then and only then, as I imagined Johnny touching me again, I began to run my fingers over and around my immense breasts, kneading and massaging my massive tits before drawing fingers and thumbs up the slope of my breasts to pull and pinch my swollen nipples, engorged with so much blood, they ached. I cupped and lifted my breasts up as I dropped my face forward, allowing my tongue to flicker over the hard nubs, imagining it was my son who was licking, sucking at my breasts again. I closed my mouth over one nipple and then the other, nipping and sucking at them as in my mind I moaned, "Yes, darling, suck them -- feel them in your mouth -- suck Momma's tits!"

I could feel my labia swelling at the lewd, incestuous images in my thoughts, my coral pink lips flowering open, exposing the darker, pinker meat of my pussy, so wet and aroused that pussy juice was pouring from me, lathering my crotch as I thrust my hips up involuntarily -- revealing my arousal as my pelvis rose through the soap suds. My clitoris was erect and boldly emerged from its sheath. I let my breast slip from my mouth as I leaned my head back and draped my legs over the rim of the bathtub, allowing me to keep my pulsating pussy to remain above the steaming water. I inhaled deeply the pungent scent of my own arousal.

Slowly I slid a hand down my wet, soapy body until I could delicately spread my pussy lips wider using only the tips of my fingers. My hips moved on their own volition as I slowly slipped three fingers into the fiery maw of my pussy...no -- my hot and hungry cunt! I slowly wormed them back and forth inside me, stirring the thick juices flooding my aroused vagina. Moving torturously slow I

slipped my fingers free and brought them dripping to my mouth, my tongue flicking out to taste my own pussy cream before I opened my lips and hungrily sucked my digits clean, tasting my strong flavor and pretending that it was Johnny's cock I was sucking, coated in my own juices after being buried deep inside me.

My head was spinning -- my mind aflame with my fantasies creating a heat equal to that between my legs. I slid both my hands down my body, trailing fingers over my heaving breasts, flicking my rubbery stiff nipples before moving them lower, thrusting two fingers of one hand into the hot, gooey swamp of my cunt up to the knuckles, stirring my slick, flooded hole while my other hand began to tease my clit, fingers strumming it gently before I began rolling and pulling the electrified nub.

I whimpered, "Johnny...Johnny, I love you," as my clitoris throbbed in time with the blood pulsing through my erect nipples. My other hand began to move more forcefully inside my pussy, adding another finger as I began to fuck myself with my hand, triggering waves of fiery pleasure racing through my body. My clit hummed and pulsed, swelling up greater than ever before as I saw Johnny fucking me, his cock slamming in and out of me. I began flinging my head from side to side, a wordless cry escaping my lips as I fucked myself.

I could water splashing over the sides of the tub, but could have cared less -- I was caught up in a rapturous vision of my son pleasuring me -- his cock giving me what I craved as I inched closer and closer to orgasm. "Yes, Johnny, do it, darling, cum in me, cum in Momma now, fill me up with your babies!" I moaned as my climax peaked and hung there in that perfect moment, my clitoris exploding with pleasure in machine gun bursts, melting my insides as pussy cream sprayed over my plunging fingers, splattering against my thighs and into the hot, soapy water.

On and on, my orgasm swelled, almost making me afraid my heart would explode as the air filled with sparkling light and I struggled to gasp even as I sobbed with pleasure, lost in my world of incestuous fantasy, until I heard someone moan, "Oh, Mom!"

Even as I continued to thrash in the throes of my orgasm, my gaze snapped towards the door where my son stood -- a look of complete and utter love and lust on his face -- his hand wrapped around his cock which was spraying thick jets of semen all over his hand and the floor. I felt both shock and arousal that my son had been watching me masturbate while calling out his name. Knowing he was there did nothing to stop me from continuing to play with myself, his gaze on my naked and aroused body extending my orgasm.

As he stroked the last jets of his load out of his long, fat cock, he gasped, "I love you, Mom."

Between gasps of badly needed air, I whispered back, "I love you too, Johnny,"

For a long moment we just stared at each other, sharing the unexpected moment of incestuous desire before Richard's voice called out, "Did you find your mother?" snapping us out of our spell.

Johnny's eyes shifted off my wet, naked body as he called out to his father, "Yeah, I think she's taking a bath, Dad."

"Ask if she needs me to bring her a drink," came my husband's solicitous tone -- creating a twinge of guilt in me even as I shakily climbed to my feet in the tub, showing off my statuesque body to my son. I shook my head no.

Johnny took a deep breath and then let out a long sigh as his gaze wandered up and down my soapy, naked body. "Sh-she says, no, Dad. Says she'll be done in a few minutes."

There was a long pause and then Richard replied, "Good, tell her I'll fix us both something."

My son had already forgotten his father as I climbed out of the tub, his eyes moving constantly, shifting from my heavy and heaving breasts, down to my wet and very pink pussy -- labia still spread wide to reveal his most secret desire and then back up to my face which betrayed the panorama of emotions that I was feeling. I could see his own expression shift from lust to uncertainty to lust again as I strolled up to him.

I didn't reveal my doubts or fears as I said breathlessly, "Shame on you, peeking at your mother in the bath." Any concerns on his face were wiped away as I reached out and with one hand pulled his cum covered fingers off his semi-erect cock while my other hand slowly wrapped itself around his slick, semen covered shaft in his place.

As I brought his fingers to my lips, I whispered huskily, "But, I'm glad you did, son." Never taking my eyes off his, I slowly licked his still hot seed off his fingers, making a lewd display of swallowing it as he moaned...his cock quickly growing in my other hand. Once I finished licking his semen from his hand, I drew my other hand up, now coated with most of what had wound up on his cock and lapped it up slowly with my tongue as he watched me. His semen tasted clean and salty and fresh as only a young man's cum could.

"Mom..." Johnny began only to be silenced as I pressed my cum smeared lips against his mouth and kissed him, thrusting my tongue into his mouth, sharing his taste and I hoped mine with him. The kiss deepened as his tongue joined with mine, his hands fluttering about my body, squeezing my ass cheeks one moment and fondling my breasts the next. As the kiss ended, Johnny gasped and tried to begin again, getting out the word, "Mom" before I pressed fingers that had just moments before been inside my hot pussy against his lips.

"Shhhhh," I said. "Soon...soon, we'll talk about this, son. You and I, we'll figure this out." Johnny frowned and tried to reply, but I shook my head and said, "Not now...not here...not like this."

Johnny nodded, clearly not happy, but relenting as he said, "I love you, Mom!"

I trailed fingers down his face and felt my heart swell at his words. "I love you too, Johnny." I then pushed him out of the doorway, his cock still hard, jutting out from the fly of his jeans and then closed the door on him. I let out a choking sob and barely managed to make it to the edge of the tub before I began to cry, my emotions all churning as I tried to make sense of the overwhelming love and lust I had for my teenage son and the love I felt for my husband -- built and evolved over all the long and wonderful years Richard and I had been together.

I wanted Johnny so bad and I knew that I wouldn't be able to resist my desires for much longer, but part of me ached at the thought of betraying my husband, even though I could scarcely imagine being able to resist. It took a while to pull myself together, almost coming unglued again as I stopped and stared in amazement at the thick pools of my son's semen on the bathroom tiles. As I cleaned his seed up, it was all I could do to resist lapping it off the floor, making me wonder if I was going mad and turning into some kind of incestuous whoreslut.

The rest of the evening, I felt as nervous as a cat in a rocking chair factory -- horny and on edge as I shared a late drink with Richard and he and Johnny got caught up on the baseball scores on the television before we called it a night. Tension was thick in the room and every time I looked up to

see my son staring at me, I knew he was seeing me as he'd found me in the bath -- legs spread and fingers buried deep in my pussy and that he wanted me. The bulging lump in his pants seemed to be growing and my inflamed imagination seemed to see the very stitching of his pants coming undone.

I felt so aroused that I could smell myself and assumed both my husband and son could as well. Every innocent caress of my husband's hand sent shivers down my spine and I had to bite my lip and struggle not to orgasm when Johnny leaned down and gave me a chaste kiss on the cheek goodnight, his hand 'accidentally brushing my breast, his flesh separated from mine by a thin, silk kimono robe that did nothing to hide my hard, erect nipples.

Once we were alone in our bedroom, I was all over Richard, kissing his face as I tried to quickly undress him. I hungrily thrust my tongue into his mouth to be greeted by his tongue while he intercepted my hands which were busily unbuttoning his dress shirt. "Mmmm...slow down there, sweetie!" Richard sighed as he broke the kiss, drawing my hands down to my sides.

"Richard...I want you," I whined, wiggling my ass on his lap, feeling his already semi-hard cock against my bottom.

My husband smiled at me and sadly shook his head. "Not tonight, Claire. You've worn me out lately and tonight I'm just plain beat." He gave me a peck on the cheek and said, "I'm sorry, honey."

I pursed my lips into a pout, "But, sweetheart, I'm horny!" I opened my kimono and shook my meaty breasts at him and then leaned in and as I rubbed them against his chest, whispered into his ear. "I'm up for anything, Richard. You can talk your naughty perverted stuff about Johnny wanting me if you want."

Richard gave me a wicked grin and said, "See, I knew that turned you on." His hands came up and loving caressed my breasts for a moment before he sighed, "But, I'm not up for it tonight, Claire. I love you, but I reckon I just need to get some sleep." His entire body seemed to convey regret as his hands dropped to my waist and he lifted me off his lap.

A few minutes later the lights were out and we were both under the covers, the darkness cloaking my hurt expression of disappointment. Silence hung heavily over the room before Richard reached out and took my hand, "I love you, Claire. Never forget that. I love you and I always will, no matter what happens."

A long silence followed before I could master my anger and disappointment enough to speak the truth, "I love you, Richard." He squeezed my hand and the room was silent again as his breath slowly evened out and he began to softly snore while I confronted my own feelings. I absolutely did love Richard and after a few minutes of honest thought I had to confess that I wasn't angry because he had refused to make love -- I was really angry at myself because I had been about to use him to satisfy the lust and craving I had for our son. I wanted to fuck Johnny, but had chosen to use Richard as a proxy. I was more ashamed for that than I was for even considering betraying him with our son.

I cried for a few minutes and knew that I was finally at the crossroads. There could be no more denying what I wanted. I wanted to fuck my son and I was sure he wanted to fuck me -- those last tears washed away any doubts I had left. All that remained was to get on and live my life the way I wanted. I sat up and looked over my my husband of eighteen years and felt such love for him. "I love you, Richard, but I need this...I have to have him -- I love Johnny too," I whispered softly -- as much to myself as to him.

In the dim moonlight streaming through the window, I found and pulled over my head a thin, silk slip -- the hem barely reaching mid thigh. I padded barefoot to the door, opened it, paused once to glance back at my husband and then, completely at peace with what I was about to do, stepped out, closed the door on my old life and moved in the direction that my dreams lay.

I quietly padded down the hall to my son's bedroom door, my breasts heaving with excitement as I stood there with my fist ready to knock on his door. Despite my lusty desires, it is a couple of minutes before I worked up the courage to quietly tap on Johnny's door. I opened the door and slipped in. His bed table light was on and he was awake, his green eyes turning to me, lingering on my huge breasts overflowing the top of the slip more than should be appropriate between a mother and son. He sat a paperback novel down next to the lamp, his gaze never leaving me. I thought I saw something twitch between his legs, slightly moving the thin sheet covering him from the waist down. The tingle between my thighs swelled into a storm of passion as I admired his strong, muscular arms and chest.

"Can't sleep, honey?" I asked as I slowly approached his bed, feeling my skin redden under his intense stares. "I can't sleep either. I thought maybe we could...talk about what's been happening between us."

Johnny smiled and patted the mattress beside him. "Yeah, I can't sleep either, Mom. You and me have been on my mind." He looked at me with frank, undisguised lust and I sensed courage in him that I hadn't before. "I don't think talking about it is what I want to do."

I sat down beside him curling my legs up underneath of me -- maybe flashing my son a momentary glimpse of my trimmed, blonde muff. I felt my mouth go suddenly dry as I stammered, "Is -- is that so, mister? What do you want to do then, son?"

Johnny reached out and took my hand in his, drawing to his mouth and gently kissing it. His hand trembled then as he said in much less confident voice. "I want you...I want to make love to you. I want to fuck you, Mom. I want to be inside you."

A small groan escaped my lips as I said, "Oh, Johnny. I love you."

Johnny swallowed and with more passion than before, replied, "I love you too, Mom. I want you and I know you want me. I don't care if it's wrong. I don't care if it's sick. I want to touch you and kiss you and fuck you and..."

I stopped him with my lips, rising up to kneel beside him and kiss him with all the passion and love I could muster. For long minutes, we kissed silently, the only sounds that of our tongues and lips moving wetly together. Finally I whispered, "It's okay, Johnny -- it's not sick, I understand how you feel -- I feel the same way. Since that day at the pool, I've struggled to understand, even deny what I feel, but, son, I want you too."

We didn't move for a moment, our faces scant inches apart -- our eyes reflecting the love we felt for each other at that moment. My son's hands began to move over my scantily clad body, grasping hold of my slip and then he was yanking it over my head, leaving me naked and breathless and in his hands. Whatever lingering doubts I might have had were abandoned now as I let Johnny take charge.

My eyes conveyed approval as his hands slid from behind me to cup my breasts. My son stared into my eyes as he leaned in and kissed me again, his tongue being the aggressor this time, seeking out and claiming my tongue as his hands now claim my body. Any reluctance between us, between

mother and son fall away as my son possessively caresses my meaty tits, nipples thick and erect and caught between his pinching fingers, making me moan with pain and pleasure as he tests how much pressure I can endure, my hands rising up to keep his hands in place, assuring him I really loved his touch.

Suddenly I was caught up in a frenzy of incestuous desire. I tore the thin sheet off my son's body, finding him naked underneath, his erect cock massively thick and pointing upwards like a sexual monolith. I pushed Johnny onto his back and swung a leg over him, positioning myself so that my pussy is kissing the length of his huge shaft, labia trying to wrap itself around him throbbing meat. I rose up, sliding my wet pussy along his erect penis, making him moan and gasp, "Mom...this is unbelievable!"

My pussy gently kissed the tip of his cock, smearing my heavily flowing juices with his leaking pre-cum. "Believe it, son." I gasped as I reached down to hold his erection in my hand, feeling it throb with power and desire. "Your momma's gonna fuck you, Johnny. All your dreams and mine are about to come true!"

I lowered myself just a fraction and sighed happily as I felt his cock head press into me, widening me as he slid inside me. "Son, I want you inside me...would you like that?" My lower lip trembled as I felt the blood pulsing in the flared head of his angry penis.

Johnny looked up at me, his eyes filled with love for his mother and gasped, "Yes, Mom...more than anything!" I felt his hands slide up over my thighs, taking hold of me at the waist and I paused to savor one last moment of the sweet sensation of my son's cock at the gates of my womb before I take him in and Johnny took the initiative and thrust upwards with his hips and I cried out as my son thrusts completely inside me, filling me with pleasure as I am impaled on his incredible cock.

I was transfixed with ecstasy as I feel my son's massive dick stretching the walls of my pussy in such a beautiful way that I actually felt faint while my son moaned with pleasure. More than at any moment in my life, I felt more complete, finally united body and soul with my loving son...the flesh of my flesh.

I ran fingers down my face, clutching at my lips as I sobbed with incestuous pleasure, my body almost unable to contain the pure carnal joy that is exploding within me. I opened my mouth to tell my son I love him, but all that came out was a soulful moan of ecstatic delight. I felt insatiable and needing more, I began to ride Johnny's cock, riding him like a crazed rodeo rider on a bucking, fucking bronco -- my long blonde hair flailing about, flying and sweeping, falling into my face and even my mouth as I sob and moan in the throes of passion.

I'm sure my face is contorted with uncontrollable lust -- through glazed eyes, I saw the pride in my son's face as he gave his mother the most profound pleasure I've ever experienced. Suddenly his eyes widened and he cried out with both pleasure and dismay as he begins to cum, unable to control his passion. From between my legs, a fiery explosion of orgasmic pleasure erupted and I screamed Johnny's name as his cock gives me what I know will be the first of many semen triggered orgasms.

"Too soon..." my son moaned as he shoved deep into my pussy, flooding my insides with his steaming seed. "Don't want to stop!"

I laughed hysterically and shook my head, sending my hair flying about me, suddenly soaked with fuck sweat and between orgasmic tremors, gasp, "Not stopping, lover. You will stay hard in your momma!" I began to ride my son hard, squeezing my pussy muscles tight around his cock,

massaging him as I slid up and down on his shaft, urging, demanding his erection to continue, offering Johnny a wicked view of his mother, caught up in madness born of incestuous lust -- my hair flying about me as my huge breasts rolled and bounced as I kept myself speared on his long, thick penis. My son had no choice but to stay hard and we both gloried in his youthful endurance!

Johnny groaned happily with pleasure as we fucked, raising his legs behind me -- allowing me to lean back, his knees and thighs supporting me as I slid up and down his cock, allowing him to see his mother's pussy to move up and down his pussy cream and semen coated shaft. The room is filled with the thick scent of our sex and with our impassioned moans and the wet, smacking sounds as my ass slaps into his lap again and again.

Johnny's hands slid up to my breasts, squeezing and digging into my meaty flesh, drawing me forward as he sank his fingers deep into my tits. I was suspended on his cock, always in motion, sinking down even as he would thrust upwards, seeking to bury himself deeper and deeper within me with each hard, brutal thrust. Sweat poured from my face, my hair, my arms and my tits to splatter against his face and skin as we fucked. We were like animals seeking -- needing release -- our joined loins a mass of blazing hot wetness. My son growled as his hands gripped my hips, trying to drive himself deeper into me as if he wanted, needed to pierce my heart with his long cock as much as his love.

As I bounced atop his lovely shaft, my breasts flailing wildly, I could feel my son's cock swell -- the head again becoming infused with blood as he neared another climax. Knowing that my Johnny was about to again bathe my womb with his thick, hot seed spurred my own orgasm closer as I tried to contract my vagina around his thick, throbbing meat. We both moved to the precipice of passionate orgasm -- locked together in an incestuous dance -- an outpouring of our long denied love and lust for each other.

Johnny's brilliant green eyes locked onto mine and I could see his face contort as he struggled vainly to control his orgasm. "Mom...oh, God, Mom -- I love you so much!" he sobbed as he thrust upwards, driving deep against my cervix.

I managed to get out a husky, whispering sob of, "I love you too, son!" before I felt his cock head swell and then I was plunging into the most intense orgasm of my life as Johnny filled me with hot semen, flooding my womb and creating through my body the most intense pleasure of my life. I didn't care about anything beyond the moment -- losing myself in the almost supernatural ecstasy that consumed me as I felt thick jet after jet of my son's sperm fill my pussy.

I threw back my head and let loose with a soul wrenching cry of incestuous pleasure, knowing deep in my heart that I was now his -- that my son, Johnny was now my man, my lover, my husband -- that as much as I loved Richard, I didn't belong to him anymore. I was mastered, conquered, enslaved by the fantastic cock buried inside me and the strong, loving son it belonged to. My motherly vagina milked Johnny's cock, seeking to drain him of what seemed to be a never ending flow of semen -- each new spurt of his seed renewing the orgasm that wracked my body with pleasure I never suspected could exist.

Still quivering with cock induced pleasure, I collapsed atop my son's body, falling forward, kissing his face, bathing his flushed skin with my tears of joy. "I love you, Johnny. I'm yours now -- your momma belongs to you, darling."

My son was crying too, even as his cock flexed inside me, his hips still slowing working up against me, still showing me sweet, carnal pleasure. I love you too, Mom. I will never give you up. I'm sorry



for Dad, but, Mom, you're my woman now."

I laughed and cried, my heartbreak and shame for betraying Richard dwarfed into non-existence by my now all consuming love and need for my son. As Johnny and I kissed, still joined cock and pussy, our sweat slick bodies still quivering from orgasmic pleasure, I knew that my world has changed forever and that I -- we were traveling a new path.

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From the Journal of Richard Hamilton:

I cannot help but laugh -- tears of joy running down my face as I hear Claire's cries -- no, screams of pleasure from our son's room. My cock is as hard as it was when I was a teenager as I picture my wife and our son fucking -- all their pent up frustrations, all their denied passions finally unleashed. When I hear Claire shriek with that certain cry of delight in her voice, I know that our son is filling her pussy with his spunk. I feel no jealousy, no resentment...but rather the sense of accomplishment one gets with the fulfillment of a dream. I have no anger, only love for my son and wife and I pray to God that they know as much pleasure as any man and woman can from what I hope are many years of love and loving together as mother and son and husband and wife.

I shiver with the sinful pleasure that comes with knowing my wife and son are fucking. My cock is near to exploding too as Mom slowly strokes my long shaft. She grins up at me from where she is lying beside me, her dark brown hair falling into her eyes as she says, "They will happy -- almost as happy as you and me, son." Mom leans forward and makes a fantasy come to life as she plants a kiss on the head of my cock, precum smearing on her lips. "Are you ready, Richard? Are you ready to be with your mother forever?"

I reach out and stroke Mom's hair, guiding her down to slip her lips around my cock again -- my only regret is not making this happen all those years ago. "Will we be lovers, Mom...forever?"

Mom licked the head of my swollen cock with her tongue, making me squirm as she rolls it, soft and fleshy over my sensitive glans. "Forever, son."

I feel a thrill of excitement -- the kind you get when you know you're about to begin a great adventure. I look at my mother who I've missed for so long and I say, "Yes, Mom, I'm rea..."

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I ran my fingers over Richard's tight scrawl -- his words finding their way inside me, piercing my heart in ways I never expected, even as they end in mid sentence, a line of ink trailing away across the unfinished page. I could feel my heart beating powerfully -- so many emotions stirring inside of me, especially that of love. I could feel my love torn between my husband who had depths I had never suspected and my son who stirred a fire inside of me that I doubt I had yet to fully comprehend.

The house seemed so quiet after all the commotion of the last few days...now even the slightest noise seems to echo loudly. I closed up Richard's journal and sat it on the bedside table, smiling as I noticed his reading glasses resting there. Then I heard the shower start in our bedroom and a slight shiver rippled through me. I smiled as naughty thoughts began racing through my head. I stood up and shimmied out of the black dress I'd worn through this last long day.

I pulled my black slip off and as I walked towards the bathroom, undid my bra, releasing my heavy breasts, letting them fall slightly into a more comfortable position. I paused only to slip my panties off, kicking them across the room with a quick movement of my right foot. I opened up the door of the bathroom and paused, remembering how many times over the years I'd surprised my Richard this way.

The bathroom was clouded with steam as I slipped in. I could feel the moist air begin to cling to my skin. I felt liquid heat burble up between my legs and my nipples begin to throb as they began to swell. "Honey," I called out with a slight moaning quality to my voice. "I have a present for you. I think you're going to like it, it's something hot and wet."

The bubbled glass of the shower stall revealed its occupant stopping and turning towards me. A hand moved towards the stall door and paused. I took a deep breath and said, "Don't you want me? Here, maybe if you can see what you're missing, you'll like me better."

I moved up and pressed my naked body against the glass panels of the shower door, allowing my massive breasts to flatten and spread against the moisture covered glass, offering up a two dimensional view of my huge tits, nipples swollen and prominent. From inside the stall and over the roar of the shower, I heard a muffled groan and saw a hand moving towards the handle. I stepped back and spread my arms, my legs standing apart to reveal the arousal of my trimmed pussy -- labia swelling and blossoming like a hot house flower opening to the humid heat of the room.

Johnny," I moaned as he reached out and roughly gripped my arm. He began to drag me into the hot shower with him, his assertive actions arousing me -- making my nipples harden even more. "Baby, I..."

My son smiled and said, "It's okay, Mom, I know what you need. Dad's gone, but I'm here and I'll take care of you from now on -- I'll give you what you need." My son claimed me for his own, pulling me against his wet and soapy body, his lips pressing hard against mine while his tongue levered itself into my mouth to assault my waiting tongue.

I was Johnny's willing captive, yielding to his desires, feeling his long and already very hard prick throbbing between our bodies and as my fingers slipped down to touch it, I again marveled at how huge my son was! When Johnny broke the kiss, he smiled at me and said, "See? I know what you need, Mom." He pressed his body against mine, his cock sliding against my belly as he added, "I know what you want, Mom."

I felt that crazy feeling of absolute love for my son sweep over me as I whispered, "You know it's you I want. I've wanted you for a long time and now I have you, son!" I felt both my hands wrap around Johnny's prick and knew that there was nothing between heaven and hell that could tear me away from my son now.

With a tone of command in his voice...a tone that made pussy juice run down my leg, my son said with excitement in his voice, "Take a closer look at what you want, Mom." Johnny rested both hands on my shoulders and slightly pushed down, guiding me to my knees. As hot water splattered over us, I found myself looking at his young cock, my almost panting breath making my meaty breasts shake. Despite all that had gone on recently, I had had very little opportunity to look at my son's cock, but now I had an eye to eye view as his cock head seemed to swell and his slit seemed to be staring right back at me. I had a sudden entirely new perspective on how big his penis really was.

Slowly, I leaned in and gave the big slab of cock meat a dainty kiss right on the head, a stringer of precum catching on my lower lips as I leaned back and looked up at my son. "Oh yeah, Mom, kiss it,

please!" I didn't hesitate, slurping the big knob of Johnny's cock into my mouth, marveling at how big it was -- how I had to really work to get my lips around the head. I twirled my tongue around the spongy yet solid flesh, tasting his salty and delicious pre-cum -- my body responding ecstatically to how my son tasted, my pussy getting slicker and tingly.

I let him slip from my mouth, staring up at my son lovingly as I said, "Mmmm, it's perfect, Johnny -- you make Mommy feel so good."

Johnny groaned as I lapped at his cock head, sighing, "Oh, Mom, you're amazing." His groans grew louder as I took him back into my mouth, letting his knob poke into my cheek and worked my face back and forth, massaging his cock with my teeth and the soft, inner lining of my mouth. A tremor went through Johnny and my son leaned against the shower wall, my oral loving making his knees weak for a change. Hot water streamed down over his strong, muscled body to splash into my face as my son moved a hand to the back of my head.

My son didn't try and guide me, but instead seemed to have faith that I knew what I was doing as I teased his shaft with my soft lips while my fingers caressed his huge, sperm laden balls gently. I reach up and pushed my wet, blonde tresses back from my face and forced myself to take more of him inside me, pressing my face forward. When my son's cock head hit the back of my throat, like magic, it seemed to bend just enough and follow the curve of my throat downwards.

"OHMIGOD, Mom!" Johnny cried out as I looked up, my nose crinkling with delight as I knew he was looking down at his mother with her mouth filled with his prick -- my lips in a big oval, stretched tight around his thick meat. "Jesus!" he groaned as if he couldn't believe that his own mother could give such great head. I made a choked noise of lewd satisfaction as I pulled back until I had only the head of his cock in my mouth, my tongue fluttered madly around his flesh and then, letting my teeth grate gently along his shaft, I took all of him into my mouth again, not stopping until my nostrils were being ticked by his pubic hair.

I could feel the blood pulsing wildly along his shaft and understood that I would quickly make him cum if I kept this up and while I couldn't wait to taste his fresh load of young, hot semen, fresh from the tap, I wanted my son inside me. My pussy ached for Johnny's cock and I knew that as much as he loved my mouth, my son would love the feel of my pussy even more!

I slowly let him slip from my mouth and then in a voice filled with lust, I said hoarsely, "Johnny, do you want to fuck me now?" My son gave me a wide grin and quickly pulled me to my feet and then his eyes widened in surprise as I stopped him from opening the shower door and said, "Here, now," I hissed. "Up against this wall, fuck me now!" I turned and leaned against the wall of the shower stall.

Johnny just gaped at me for a moment, finally saying, "Standing up?"

I looked over my shoulder at my son and wiggled my hips, making him struggle to look at them yet watch my swaying breasts -- water hanging by long drops from my long, hard nipples. "You're gonna love it, son -- I promise!"

Johnny's eyes were round with excitement as he ogled my full and firm buttocks, gasping, "Oh God, Mom, this is so unbelievable -- I've never seen anything so beautiful!" My son's cock jumped up and down, his eyes roaming over the inviting cleavage of my ass cheeks and the magic spot between my legs, open, wet and inviting -- a sight guaranteed to make any hot blooded male crazy with lust. His cock seemed impossibly hard. Then Johnny shook off his lusty daze and said with a bit of a tease in his voice, "Mom, do you really want my cock inside you?"

I flung my hips back against my son, almost trapping his cock between my ass cheeks and I begged in reply, "Give it to me, son!"

Johnny was almost clumsy in his anxiousness to fulfill my demand, struggling to place his swollen cock head between my pussy lips. When he found my sweet flesh, my labia tried to swallow him, placing the huge knob securely inside of me and then my son gave a great shove, sinking the first few inches of his thick cock into his mother's hot pussy!

For a brief moment, I thought I was going to faint from the intense pleasure having my son in me again was bringing, but as Johnny slowly pulled back and then fucked forward into my womb again, I refused to succumb -- there being no way in hell I was going to miss one second of the pure incestuous ecstasy that being fucked by my son provided. I could feel my cunt muscles stretching, adapting to Johnny's big prick and I loved every sweet sensation.

I had found true happiness -- feeling my son giving me every inch of his cock -- my pussy creaming with pleasure, never satisfied, wanting more and more! Johnny sawed his hips back and forth, filling me up and then emptying me out, scraping my juices clean along the sugar walls of my pussy.

I moaned, non verbally begging Johnny for more and my son comprehended and gladly gave it to me, sliding his massive dick into me until he collided with my cervix, then quickly withdrawing only to fill me up again and again with more cock than I ever imagined I could take! I clamped down with my pussy muscles, trying to keep a tight clutch on my son's cock

"Oh God, Mom, you feel amazing," Johnny panted, fucking me with quick stabs.

"Yes! Yes, darling, fuck me -- fuck me hard!" I screamed out, my voice hoarse with unbridled passion I'd never felt before, even for his father.

My son chuckled and he snarled, "Oh, I'll fuck you, Mom. Do you want me to fuck you hard...do you, Mom?"

An orgasm that I knew would be frightfully huge was looming over me as I sobbed back, "Yes, son. Fuck me, fuck your mother hard, you son of a bitch!"

"Okay, Mom, take it all, you beautiful bitch. Take every bit of my big cock!" Johnny growled as he began thrusting into me harder and harder. My pussy boiled over with pleasure at hearing my son say those words to me while he plowed into my pussy. It made me feel slutty and sexy and loved. To show my approval, I humped my round ass back at him faster, spurring him to work hard to show me how hard and fast he could fuck his mother.

I could feel Johnny's hands slid up, one hand sliding across my belly, his arm tightening around me, pulling me tight against him while the other slipped upwards and cupped my swaying right breast. My son's fingers gouged into the soft, pliant flesh of my breast, the pain serving to increasing the erotic sensations coursing through my body. As he continued to plunge into my pussy with his lovely, thick cock, he leaned over and first kissed me on the neck, then almost tenderly bit me.

Sobs of pleasurable joy escaped my lips as I felt my son's hot breath on my neck between fevered love bits while his cock pummeled my pussy, fucking me harder and more passionately than anyone ever had, turning us into a perfectly running fuck machine -- all our moving parts combining with the flow of pleasure swollen blood through our veins, working us towards only one possible end -- an incestuous orgasm of ultimate pleasure.

The hot water falling on us were like cool, soothing drops of rain, our sexual arousal making our skin burn like we were on fire. I fucked back at Johnny, trying by sheer will power to take him deeper inside me, wanting, needing as much of his cock as possible. My huge tit was being mauled by his strong fingers, caressing, pinching, molding my flesh as his cock relentlessly ravaged my steaming pussy.

I felt like my son owned me -- I was his possession to do with what he willed. I was Johnny's to bite or claw or...fuck and I never felt happier. The realization that my son was now my lover -- that I was his heart, soul and pussy, accelerated my body's journey to orgasm. "Oh, Johnny," I sobbed. "I think I'm going to cum. Your big dick is making Mommy cum!"

I felt myself losing all control as my son hissed in my ear, "Do it! Do it, Mom. I wanna feel you cum. I want to feel your tight pussy cumming on your son's cock!"

The world seemed to gray out as my eyes rolled back in my head as I was swept up in the ecstasy my son was making me feel -- it had never been this good ever. Johnny's fingers clamped down and twisted my nipple hard as he hissed, "Cum for me, Mom!"

I felt compelled to obey my son's command. My back began to arch and I threw my ass back to meet his brutal thrust, taking him more deeply than before and I screamed, "C-cumming, NOW!" as my orgasm detonated, beginning in my clitoris and igniting a deeper explosion of incestuous pleasure within the core of my pussy. Johnny continued to fuck me hard as waves of ecstasy rushed through my loins and expanded like bolts of electricity through my thighs and arms and through my stomach and chest, making my nipples swell with sweet pain.

My pussy began to spasm and then locked tight around Johnny's monster cock, making him grunt and growl and thrust deep and then my son began to cum inside me -- his orgasm's beginnings inspiring mine to continue and grow! I felt a tremendous load of hot semen filling me up as we continued to grind against each other, making me almost insane with incestuous joy. Our voices intertwined in wordless delight as my son kept shooting huge amounts of his baby-making seed deep in my womb, spurring my pleasure on and on even as I began to wonder if he would ever stop. There was a part of me that wanted it to never stop -- that I would know for all eternity the sweet ecstasy of my son's hot sperm flooding my pussy!

Hot water from the shower mixed with sweat pouring from our aroused bodies as the sound of our wet bodies slapping together competed with the roar of the shower. Johnny kept fucking away at me until he was shaking with exhaustion and his cock was a mere shadow of its aroused immensity, still kissed and clung to by my ever ravenous cunt. Finally, my son pulled away, his cock making a wet, sucking noise as he broke free of my pussy's clasp, making me shiver as my pussy contracted and I felt the warm trickle of his semen already beginning to run down my thigh.

Johnny moaned as he gazed in wonder at me, the sight of his seed already percolating from between his mother's spread labia making his cock twitch and jump. He fumbled for the shower controls, turning off the steaming hot water even as I turned and faced my son, my immense breasts heaving mightily as I gasped for air. "I love you, Johnny," I whimpered as I felt my knees begin to give and I slowly sank to the floor, suddenly too weak to stand.

Johnny, breathing heavily himself, slowly went to his knees in front of me, panting, "Mom, that was something else. I think you drained every drop of spunk from my body." His eyes glowed with passionate love as he said in an awed voice, "Being inside you, it's...incredible."

I gave my son a smile and held out my arms to him. "You make me feel like I've never felt before, Johnny. I'm glad you like Mommy's pussy because it belongs to you now." I shivered as I realized I was offering myself to my son. "I belong to you, Johnny. I'm yours, forever."

My son gave me a knowing smile and said softly, "I know, Mom. I love you, too." Then he leaned into me and we kissed, lips parting and tongues joining, becoming one even as our bodies became one...a single perfect entity sharing one loving soul.

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As my son and I made ready to turn in that evening, Johnny noticed his father's journal sitting on my bed table. "Reading it again, Mom?" he asked, coming around to stand over me, wearing only his briefs -- a growing bulge promising more glorious pleasures to come.

I nodded and said. "It makes me feel better."

I held out my hand and pulled Johnny down beside me and kissed him, finding solace in the taste of his tongue and then in his hands as they undid the buttons of my silk negligee and caressed my large breasts, pulling them free of the skimpy nightie I had been wearing. As Johnny moved his lips across my face and down to nuzzle my neck while he deftly removed my blouse, I asked him, "Do you think Richard was hallucinating or do you think his mother was really with him at the end?"

Johnny rolled his tongue across the swell of my now heaving upper breasts before looking up into my eyes and smiling as he replied, "I think Dad was happy at the end and I think he's happy now -- he's in heaven making love to his Mom and watching us make love as well. He had no regrets and I'm sure he hopes we have no regrets."

As he trailed his tongue down over my breast, slowly approaching a throbbing nipple and while my hand slid over the huge bulge in his underwear, I whispered, "Do you have any regrets, son?"

Johnny rose up and kissed me, guiding me back on the bed while his hand slid between my thighs, expecting and finding the wetness and heat he knew was there between my thighs before he said, "No regrets...no guilt. Dad wanted this almost as much as we wanted it. Do you have any regrets, Mom?"

I breathily whisper, "None, darling," as my son tore away my negligee and then rolled me over on the bed. I heard the shuffling fall of his briefs and then felt his weight on the bed as he climbed between my spreading legs. I lifted my ass upwards even as I feel his hardness brushing my cheeks, his swollen cock head slowly brushing downwards until I felt my son's cock kiss my already sopping wet pussy. I looked over my shoulder at my son...my man...my husband and as he began to thrust his thick cock into me, and said again, "No regrets, son."

As Johnny fed me his cock, already as knowing a lover as one could hope for, I surrendered to his thrusts, a throaty moan rising from my lips as he spread me open as no man ever has, taking me to a place that only a loving son can.

As incestuous pleasure swept over me, I could hear my son speaking at his father's funeral service, his eyes fixed on me as he said, "Mom and I know...we understand that in many ways, Dad will always be with us -- in the gifts and guidance he gave us...that we will cherish for many years to come and for the rest of our lives, I know Mom and I will be sustained by the love he left behind."

The End