

THE NAUGHTY FAMILY CH. 04

Ahabscribe

Mom and Scotty join in on all the family's naughty behavior!

Incest/Taboo

4.76

13.2k words

Sorry about the delay...technical difficulties (sigh). Anyway, here is the promised conclusion to this series. I hope it was worth the wait to see how Scotty and his mother finally come together. Let me know what you think - there's been some interesting comments on their relationship already and I'm keen to hear what you have to say as we wrap things up (well, maybe...lol).

As always, this is a work of fiction and all characters exist only within the confines of the story and my imagination. Enjoy!

Naughty Mom's Naughty Son: Part 2

"Mom, can you go any faster, Mom?" My son, Scotty squirmed excitedly in his seat, straining against his seat belt as he would lean over to peer at the minivan's speedometer and repeat the same question he'd been asking me for nearly an hour. Of course, his eyes would wander from the speedometer to my partly bared breasts, my meaty tits bouncing as we drove down the interstate, barely contained by my black bustier that I'd struggled to get back into at the adult bookstore in the city.

I was amused by my son's insistence that I speed. His mild neurological condition, a form of Aspergers Syndrome, kept him from driving since he found it too unordered and chaotic and for much of his life, he'd fussed at his father and me whenever he saw the speedometer needle pass the posted speed limit. Rules and order were central to my son's way of life. His arms were waving about absently, usually a sign of being upset and unable to process his current situation, but now, I felt it was more a sign of excitement and arousal unlike anything I'd seen him be like before.

"Settle down, Scotty," I murmured, reaching over and stroking his thigh, taking my eyes off the road just long enough to confirm that his erection had returned. Not quite an hour ago, he'd ejaculated a massive load of cum in my face, remnants of which were still drying in my hair, after being urged to do so by a nasty lap-dancer named Sindy.

I felt myself blushing slightly as I recalled racing out of the adult bookstore, trying to keep up with my son who'd quickly gotten dressed and demanding we leave so he could go home and ask my husband...his father, for permission to fuck me. I recalled several surprised and amused faces staring at me as I followed him out, trying to get my large tits squared away inside my black bustier and wipe up little streamers of my son's sperm from my hair. Thankfully, Sindy had already licked the larger blobs of semen off my face, sharing them with me before Scotty had begun getting dressed.

"Mom!" Scotty said. "I have to fuck you and fuck you soon, Mom!" Scotty beamed at me, still wiggling in his seat in anticipation. "I love you!" he stated for maybe the hundredth time since we'd climbed back in the van.

"I love you too, son," I replied, running my hand up his thigh and over his swollen erection before returning my attention to the road. Thankfully, our exit was coming up and I felt a new spurt of

wetness between my thighs as I realized that very soon, my son's cock would be inside me, completing a circle of incest that had begun when I'd given my husband, John, my blessing to fuck our daughter, Jilly.

When I drove down the lane leading to our home, the seatbelt alarm began wailing and before I could come to a complete stop in front of the house, my son had the door open and was bolting for the front door, hollering "Dad! I need to talk to you, Dad.!"

By the time, I came in the house, Scotty had apparently moved upstairs in his search for his father and when I heard him call out, "Dad! Where are you, Dad? I need to ta..." I could only grin as I was sure that from Scotty's abrupt silence, he'd found his father and I was sure, he'd found his sister too.

I hurried up the stairs and found him standing in the doorway of Jilly's room. I didn't have to see his face to know he was standing there with his mouth open in shock, amazement and maybe even a little lust. I slipped up behind my son and put my arms around his waist, hugging him to me, my heavy breasts flattening out against his back. Looking over Scotty's shoulder, I smiled and said, "Hi, we're back!" to my husband and daughter.

Jilly, naked and on her hands and knees was at the moment incapable of replying, her mouth, like her brothers, gaping wide open, not from surprise but from what looked like the approach of a mind shattering orgasm...not too surprising since her father's long cock was buried deep inside her. John, my beloved husband smiled at me and our son, and managed to gasp, "Hiya, babe. Glad to see you two have made it home. We were staring to worry." His sweat slick body glistened in the afternoon light coming through the window as he slowly withdrew his cock from our daughter's cunt and then drove it home again.

I glanced at my son's face as he tried to process this incestuous and lewd scene in his head and was pleased to see that he wasn't thrashing his arms about in panic. As I hugged him to me, I replied to my husband, "Well, we made a stop on the way back. Sindi sends her love."

John's eyes widened slightly and he grinned. "She is a big ol' sexy thing, isn't she?" He glanced at our son who was now trying to move his mouth, but still hadn't found his voice. I wondered what Scotty was most preoccupied by...his sister's naked body, her pert ass hiked high in the air for her father and her swinging breasts, moving slowly back in forth in rhythm with her father's thrusts or by the actual sight of his father fucking his baby sister. "I can't wait to hear about it, Sandy!"

I started to reply, but Scotty finally recovered enough to blurt out, "Dad. I want to fuck Mom! I want to fuck her right now! Do I...can I have your permission, Dad!" He paused and took a breath, never letting his eyes fall away from his fornicating father and sister. Finally, he added in a pleading tone, "Dad...please, can I fuck Mom!"

Jilly let out a groan, her brother's words apparently exciting her beyond the pleasure her father's cock was bringing her. John too groaned in appreciation of the naughtiness of his son's request. "Well, Scotty, do you love her?"

"Dad!" exclaimed Scotty. "Dad, of course I do. I love Mom more than anything."

"Do you promise not to ever hurt her and to always treat her like a queen...to do everything within your power to make your mother happy?" John grinned, knowing that he was prolonging our son's agony.

"DAD! YES, I PROMISE! I LOVE MOM!"

Scotty's arms waved in anxious agitation and I tried to comfort him as best I could by hugging him all the tighter against my aroused body. I felt so wet and aroused that I knew if I looked down between my legs, I'd see my cunt juice splattering the carpet. "John," I said softly. "Don't tease him, baby."

My husband laughed and then nodded. "Yes, Scotty. You have my permission to fuck my wife...to fuck your mother whenever she and you want."

Scotty broke out of my embrace, jumping up into the air in joy and somehow coming back to earth having turned around and to my surprise, wrapped me in his arms and hugging me so strongly, he picked me up off the ground. I was astonished in that Scotty had rarely in his life, initiated physical contact. I was further surprised when he kissed me, pressing his mouth to mine as a man does when he claims a woman as his own, his tongue suddenly in my mouth, making me mewl like a kitten as we kissed in the doorway of his sister's room.

I could hear Jilly moaning as she and her father watched us passionately kiss while they fucked. I ran one leg up along Scotty's thigh, curling my foot behind to keep him pressed into me, enjoying his tongue dancing with mine while his hands slid up and down my semi-dressed body.

Scotty broke the kiss, pausing to lick his lips before saying, "Let's fuck, Mom!" as his hands pawed at my breasts, freeing them from my bustier.

I laughed and stepped back and said, "First things first, baby. You and I need to get a shower and take of some things before we make love." When he started to protest, I quickly placed a finger to his lips and said, "Do what Mommy says, Scotty!" I glanced over at my husband who was now slamming his cock into our youngest child with a vengeance. "Thirty minutes or so...our room?"

John who was starting to breathe hard, nodded and gasped, "We'll be there. We wouldn't miss this for the world!"

Jilly nodded in agreement, managing to grin at me through her sweaty hair now flying about her face as she began to convulse as her orgasm rose up in her. "Wa-wanna see my b-b-brother become a motherOHfucker!" she moaned as Scotty and I moved out of the room.

Holding Scotty by the hand, I began moving towards my bedroom, but suddenly felt him moving away as we passed the upstairs bathroom. "Where are you going, son?" I asked, a little surprised to see him trying to part from me.

My son looked at me with anxiety etched into his face and replied, "I'm going to take a shower so I can fuck you, Mom!" His voice echoed desire and exasperation.

I laughed and tugged on his hand. "No, baby, we're going to take a shower...together." I pulled him more forcefully towards my bedroom. "C'mon, my little boy -- come with Momma!" I drew him into his parents' bedroom and standing before the bed where I planned to soon fuck another man besides his father for the first time in nearly a quarter century, I slowly undressed my son -- tugging off his T-shirt and then after undoing his belt, pulling his khakis down to his ankles.

I slowly knelt down and tugged Scotty's sneakers off and then his socks and then helped him step out of his pants. Looking up lustily at my son's nearly naked body, I felt a gush of wet arousal pouring from my quivering cunt as I gazed at his erect cock covered by his shorts. "I love you, Scotty," I murmured as I reached up and hooked fingers into his waistband and yanked them down, freeing his immense cock which quickly slapped against his stomach.

"I love you, Mom," Scotty whispered as I rose up, allowing my face to brush against his crotch, feeling his hairy balls scrape against my cheek and then my lips slipping along his shaft, my tongue flicking out to dance briefly against his swollen cockhead. I then kissed my way up his stomach and chest, stopping only when his lips were pressed against mine, his tongue intertwining with mine.

As we kissed, I guided my son's hands in undressing me, undoing my bustier and letting it drop to the floor. Unzipping my leather skirt and letting it fall around my feet. Finally, I kicked my high heels off and murmured, "Come with me, baby," as I led my son to the master bathroom. We kissed and fondled each other as we waited for the water to grow hot and then, wrapping my hand around his cock, Scotty and I climbed into the large shower stall that his father and I had installed years ago.

Scotty groaned with pleasure as I soaped his body up and then handed him the body wash to lather me up as well. I paid attention to his throbbing erection, but tried not to lavish too much attention lest I trigger too early an eruption. I moaned happily as Scotty washed my hair, caressing my dark tresses and massaging my scalp with such passion and zeal that I knew that this, if nothing else, would have to become a common occurrence.

We rinsed off and stepped out of the stall, Scotty toweling me down first, lingering between my legs and making me reach out to the counter for balance as his rubbing my cunt with the soft, fluffy towel brought me close to the edge of an orgasm. Scotty knelt before me, toweling off my sex, his eyes locked in on my blossoming labia and the wet, pink flesh between them and whispered, "Can we fuck now, Mom?"

I pulled him to his feet and kissed him gently, growing more passionate with it until our tongues were in a torrid dance of lusty desire. "Very soon, darling, but first, before we join your father and sister, I want to give you something here...something private that will maybe help you enjoy things a little more later on."

Never taking my eyes off his face, I slowly squatted down, my fingers trailing down my son's chest and then stomach before wrapping around his long, thick penis. I moved my mouth slowly towards his cock head, saying as I drew near, "Scotty, Momma's going to suck your big dick. Just enjoy yourself and give me a big load of your spunk." I stuck my tongue out and rolled it over the spongy, swollen head, tasting a thick globule of precum bubbling from his pee slit.

Before I wrapped my lips around my son's dick, I said, "The first time you fuck me, I want it to last a long time and if you give Momma a hot snack of your tasty sperm right now, you're going to be able to fuck my brains out!"

Scotty's eyes were wide with child-like wonder as he watched me engulf his hard cock, my lips sliding over the head and then slowly traveling the length of his long cock. Although I was sure he was thicker than his father, I thought his father was a bit longer in length and despite the added girth, I had very little difficulty taking all of him in me, the head pressing deep into my throat.

"Mom...oh, Mom," Scotty burbled as he stared down at me, my nose being tickled by his still damp pubic hair. Calling out to me increased the heady, wonderful emotions going through my mind doubling my awareness of my incestuous activities, sucking the hard penis of my first-born child. I looked up at him with loving eyes, wiggling my head slightly in a rapid motion and making gurgling noises to let him know how much I loved him and how much I was enjoying sucking his dick.

Slowly, I released him from my mouth, slathering my lips along his thick shaft while my tongue fluttered over his skin until only the head remained trapped between my lips. I vigorously sucked

his cock head while my tongue danced and swirled until finally, I let his cock go free with a loud, wet pop. "I love your cock, Scotty!" I purred excitedly. "I could suck it all day long, son!"

I again took him in my mouth, taking his full length and then slowly began bobbing my head back and forth, sucking as I went along. I reached out and took his limp hands in mine and guided them to rest on my head, making sure his fingers intertwined with my wet, tangled locks and then helped him move my head back and forth until he understood that his mother was giving him control over the movement of her head while she sucked his cock!

"Mom...Mom...Mom," Scotty crooned over and over as he began to move his hips in time with the movement of my head, thrilling me as he began to fuck my face. My son was like a kid with a new toy as he experimented with various permutations...making me suck him fast, then slow, and then fast again. He guided my lips down his shaft until my lips were pressing against his hairy crotch, holding my head in place and savoring the feel of his mother's lips, mouth and throat wrapped around his throbbing cock.

My leg muscles began to sing from the strain of crouching down and I shifted to my knees as he began to guide me in sliding my lips back and forth quickly again, still moaning, "Mom...Mom...Mom," as I sucked him, then suddenly with a strained quality in his voice, adding, "Mom...love you, Mom! Mom...love you, Mom!"

I felt the head of his cock begin to swell slightly and as his body tensed up, I knew he was getting close. I took control of the situation again, sliding my lips up and back until again I had only the tip of his penis in my mouth, lips clamped down around the ridge of his helmeted head. I looked up at him imploringly with my eyes, begging him with my loving expression to give me his seed and my son did not disappoint me.

"MOM!" Scotty cried out. "MOM, I...I'M CUMMING!" His words barely came ahead of the torrent of thick, hot semen that suddenly flooded my mouth in huge, spraying ejaculations. Despite having shot a massive load all over my face a little over an hour ago, my son fed me another huge load of sperm, requiring me to swallow several times as he filled my mouth with his delicious seed.

A ripple of absolute pure incestuous pleasure coursed through my body as I sucked and swallowed my son's semen and I heard the wet splatter of pussy juices spray the tiles of the bathroom floor as the sheer enormity of sucking my own flesh and blood's cock triggered a short, but intense orgasm within myself.

I brought a trembling hand up to stroke Scotty's cock shaft, milking him for the last remnants of his load as I sucked on his cock furiously, finishing up with several loving licks before letting him slip from my grasp. Scotty was gasping for air as I leaned back on my haunches and smiled up at him with cum smeared lips. "Oh, baby...you are so delicious!" I sighed. "Mommy's going to have to suck your cock everyday...your spunk tastes that good!"

I licked my lips as I stared up at him lovingly, stroking his still hard cock slowly, his shaft slick with my saliva. Once I assured myself that he wasn't going to soften on me, I came to my feet and kissed him gently as he whispered in a shaky voice, "Thank you, Mom...never...never been, um, sucked before, Mom."

I kissed him passionately, delighted that he didn't seem to mind the taste of his own cum in his mother's mouth and then replied, "Well, Mommy's going to suck that big dick a lot from now on to make up for that, Scotty!"

I pressed my naked body to his, mashing my heavy tits against his chest and again looked up into his eyes, one hand slowly stroking his cock and the other gently running through his dark hair...so much like mine. "Son," I whispered. "Are you ready to fuck your mother now?"

Scotty's eyes widened as his grin grew and he replied, "Mom! Yes...lets go fuck, Mom!" He then surprised me by sweeping me up into his arms as if I were his bride and he was taking us across the threshold. His arms trembled a bit and it was an effort -- I am not a small woman, but he walked me out into the bedroom and towards the bed which was illuminated by dozens of candles that had just been lit.

Scotty carried me to the bed his father and I had shared for so long with nary a stranger in it until we'd invited Jilly there and now, at last, our son. Gently, he sat me down, leaning over me with one knee on the bed, staring down at me with a mixture of absolute love and utter animalistic lust. I doubt he noticed his father and his sister curled up in an overstuffed chair, Jilly sitting in her father's lap, her butt working anxiously atop his crotch. Hell, in my arousal and need to be fucked by my own son, I scarcely noticed them myself.

I scooted myself over to the center of our king sized bed and then spread my legs and held out my arms to my son -- wriggling my fingers to urge Scotty to come to his mother. He licked his lips, his eyes wandering avidly over my nakedness, making me feel both aroused and oddly shy, so intense was his gaze.

Scotty climbed up onto the bed and knelt between my legs. We were both breathing fast and I could feel a sexual flush spreading over my face, neck and chest -- the accompanying heat spreading everywhere as my primal desires began to spiral out of control. My son suddenly seemed unsure of himself and even as his youthful erection again slapped against his belly, he didn't move, finally whispering, "Mom...what should I do, Mom?"

I smiled, the love for my son within me nearly bursting my heart and replied, "Whatever you want, baby. You can do whatever you want with Mommy!"

Scotty returned my smile and slowly crawled forward and I pulled my knees back and spread my thighs, expecting him to plow right into me, but my son surprised me as he suddenly ducked his head, bringing his face just above my pulsating pussy -- close enough that I could feel his warm breath on my wet, quivering flesh. He took a deep breath through his nose and then lifted his head a little and said with a childlike wonder, "Mom, I like how you smell!"

Before I could laugh and reply, "Thank you," Scotty surprised me again by pressing his mouth to my pussy, making me cry out in pleasurable delight as I felt his tongue give me an enthusiastic and sloppy lick! He grunted, saying something unintelligible, his mouth muffled by my suddenly bucking pussy as I threw my hips up and dropped my hands to his head to keep him in place...not that he was planning to stop.

Scotty planted big kisses on my labia and inner flesh between long ice cream licks of his tongue through my burning and slick pussy folds, making me gasp and moan. That he was an amateur at eating pussy was obvious, but what he lacked in experience, he more than made up with his enthusiasm. "Ohhhhh, sonnnn!" I moaned as he licked me and slurped at my flowing juices. I had been on the edge of orgasm all day long and now between my son's eager efforts and the knowledge that it was my son who was licking my pussy, I was sliding off the precipice and free falling into a delicious orgasm.

My fingers curled through Scotty's hair, pulling his face tighter against my wet cunt as I sobbed with pure delight, feeling incestuous ecstasy course through my body like a massive electrical shock. My son, with his usual single-minded fervor, used his tongue to lash at my juicy flesh hungrily and his zeal thrilled me. I raised my legs up and curled them around his back, using them to assist in holding his wonderfully loving face in place as I crooned and squealed with joy until my orgasm was so great, my entire body convulsed and stiffened and I released him as my legs straightened out and my toes began to curl as my pleasure centers overloaded.

Suddenly, I was sprawled out on my marriage bed, gasping for breath and in my need to be completely loved by my son, I let out a strangled scream, "Scotty Ryan Hanson, fuck your mother RIGHT NOW!"

The intense demanding tone of my voice made my son raise his head up from my wet pussy, my juices dripping from his chin and lips. He studied me for a few seconds, concern on his face as he observed my heaving breasts and swollen nipples and my ecstatic yet needy face above them. Suddenly a grin broke out on his face and Scotty lifted himself up and moved up and onto me, unmindful of kissing me with his pussy juice covered mouth.

I groaned against his lips, thrilled with the naughty knowledge that this was my own son French kissing me and sharing the taste of my own pussy with me. Scotty showered me with kisses, pausing every so often to slip his tongue into my mouth, but always returning to eager, sloppy kisses over my face, neck and breasts, pausing now and again to lick and suck at my swollen nipples, so engorged with blood that they were painful.

We began hunching at each other, both of us anxious to have his cock inside me, but again, Scotty's inexperience showed. I began to try and worm a hand between us when I felt another weight on the bed and then Jilly was looking at me over her brother's shoulders and she put her finger to her lips and giving me an awfully lewd leer, winked at me and dropped from sight.

Seconds later, I felt fingers between my pussy lips and then a moment after that, the head of Scotty's cock wedged between my swollen labia. My son in his arousal, I don't think even realized that it had been his sister's hand that had placed his erect penis at the entrance to his mother's cunt. I reached up with one hand and drew Scotty's head down until as we had some many times in his life, bumped foreheads.

I could feel his body trembling as instinct was trying to kick in and I looked into my son's eyes and whispered in a shaky voice, "Do it, Scotty. Put your big, thick cock inside Mommy's pussy!"

I remember hearing my son gasp, "Mom!" but anything else he might have said was obliterated in my primal scream as he pushed his cock inside me, thrusting deep into his mother's pussy. As I felt him move into me, spreading my pussy walls wide, there was an instantaneous recognition of this was flesh of my flesh returning home, triggering unsuspected depths of pleasure spawned by the familial connection I shared with this sweet, young man. Every fiber of my being...every cell of my body recognized that this was my son, suddenly joined with me in the most intimate of ways, returning to my body and fulfilling me...completing me and making me whole as I had not been since his birth.

I was lost in the most powerful orgasm of my life, swept away in a storm of love and lust that I had not truly anticipated and having no real conscious thought except that this ultimate height of ecstasy upon which I had been tossed was due solely to the fact that it was my own son that was filling me up with his cock.

I am not sure how long I was lost in that wonderful madness of incestuous orgasm, but suddenly I found myself conscious again, my own sobs of pleasure echoing in my ears as I became aware of my son's body on top of me, thrusting into me, filling my pussy with the most wonderful cock imaginable and that I was responding as a woman filled with lust and desire, instinctively mating with a man I loved more than life itself. I felt full and complete with every strong thrust of Scotty's cock, reveling each time he ground his crotch against mine, his pelvis mashing against my spread lips, tickling and teasing my swollen and exposed clitoris.

"I LOVE YOU, SON! MOMMY LOVES YOU SO MUCH!" I screamed, realizing that I had already nearly screamed myself hoarse. I tried to wrap my arms and legs around my son's body in an effort to have him all that closer, savoring the feel of his sweaty skin sliding and sticky to mine. His sparse chest hair tickled my swollen nipples, each little brush of my nipples against his scratchy chest sending me that much deeper into an abyss of utter pleasure.

Scotty and I kissed -- my lips and tongue feeling swollen and so much more sensitive, relishing the taste of his saliva, his sweat...of him, recognizing him as a son and a lover, melding into something greater as he fed me his cock again and again. As my orgasm swelled up inside me again, I threw back my head and screamed as I arched my back, bucking my body upwards to meet my son's downward thrusts while he ducked his head to suck and bite my nipples -- the sudden sharp pain of his teeth on my blood-engorged tips escalating my orgasm to even greater heights.

My mind swirled with maddening thoughts as I recalled my husband describing the carnal intimacy of making love to our daughter and knew that coupling with our son transcended even their lovemaking. My eyes, clouded with the incestuous passion and pleasure of the moment would now and again clear momentarily and forever burned into my memory were images of Scotty's face, screwed up in an expression that mirrored his intensity, pleasure and love.

I recall giving my husband and daughter a momentary glance -- Jilly sitting in her father's lap, his long, hard dick jutting up from between her legs, her hips rocking slowly as she kissed it with her wide spread pussy lips which glistened with her wetness and his last load of hot semen. Both were staring avidly and happily as my son and I fucked with abandon. I could not concentrate on them for more than a few seconds -- my son's fine cock fucking me so sweetly, so passionately demanded my full and complete attention.

"Scotty, lover -- fuck me!" I moaned. "C'mon now, son -- fuck Momma hard with that big...MMMMMM...BIG DICK!" I felt my body acting on its own volition, seeking to meet my son's thrusts, to envelop and hold his thick penis inside my womb, kissing it with my pussy flesh, savoring its steady pace as it sawed in and out of me.

"Mom...oh, Mom -- love you, Mom!" Scotty panted between wet, sloppy kisses, arching his back as he slammed his body into mine again and again. "Mom...love fucking you, Mom...love you, Mom!" His eyes stared into mine with such sweet, devoted love that it nearly broke my heart and made me fall in love with him over and over and unleashing something inside me that had absolutely zero reservations about taking my own son as my lover and vowing to be his lover however and whenever he wanted. The only regret that I felt was in not realizing my own incestuous lusts before this -- in effect, denying him and myself such sweet, sinful pleasure for years.

Time just seemed to stop for us and it was like my son and I were locked together in sweet, unbelievable pleasure that went on and on, our bodies working hard in rhythm, coming together in fleshy, wet slaps, becoming slippery with sweat which seemed to conversely cement our lusty flesh

more solidly together until we were one -- a mass of heavenly pleasure on earth, our universe centered around my pussy and the massive cock that was crammed inside it.

My son induced my third cock induced orgasm, suddenly picking up the pace and fucking me more forcefully, really slamming his cock to me, taking my breath with each exquisite thrust until I my arms and legs slipped off his fine body, splayed out helpless as my son fucked me hard and sweet. It was all I could do to wriggle and writhe in complete ecstasy as he drove his cock into me again and again, making me feel fuller than I ever had before.

Suddenly, I began to comprehend that my orgasm was merely a prelude to something greater as Scotty's thrusts grew even more frantic and strong and I began to sense that I was about to ride a tidal wave of incestuous pleasure that would take me to heights I'd never before experienced. I truly understood the allure then of sweet, loving incest -- of family members giving themselves willingly to each other. All I needed was Scotty's ultimate offering of his love.

With tears running down my cheeks, I moaned, "Cum in me, Scotty -- give Momma all your hot cum! Cum in me, son -- cum in Mommy's pussy right the fuck now!"

My son was thrusting his cock into me now with maniacal energy, his face screwing up as his own pleasure and need built and then his eyes went wide as he slammed his body into mine one last time, his thick cock burying itself deeper than before and then he moaned, "MOM! MOM! MOM!" and began to ejaculate his hot, sweet semen into my womb and the world seemed to catch fire.

John described it later as a near epileptic seizure of orgasmic spasms. I wailed and sobbed from the pure pleasure of feeling my son's sperm filling my pussy, otherworldly ecstasy reducing me to a sobbing, sweaty mass of cum filled flesh. Scotty was bellowing too as his own pleasure was enhanced by my cunt muscles clamping down tightly around his cock, massaging and milking it for every drop of sperm he had to offer. Tears trickled down his face that I licked off, not wanting to deny myself any fluids my son had to offer.

In the end, we came back to ourselves to find we both had arms and legs wrapped around each other, unwilling to let go, to lose that intimate mother-son contact we had created, slowly rolling back and forth on the bed as we kissed and nibbled at each other, unable to speak because we couldn't spare the oxygen. We kept our embrace until finally, Scotty's cock slipped from my pussy, the loss of which triggered another bout of tears from me with my son awkwardly consoling me, assuring me, "Mom, I promise...we'll fuck some more, Mom."

I kissed him one last time before I let him collapse onto his back, gasping for air, telling him between kisses, "I love you so much, Scotty."

Our world apart was then pierced by applause and we remembered or realized we were not alone, suddenly noticing John and Jilly as they approached, naked and aroused themselves as they climbed gently onto the bed.

I felt Scotty tense up beside me and instinctively reached out to take his hand and reassure him that all was well. His father knelt beside me, his erection brushing my breast as he said reverently, "That was maybe the most erotic thing I've ever seen. I'm happy for you, babe." My husband leaned in and gave me a long, sweet kiss. After our lips parted, he added, "I love you, Sandy," and then glancing at Scotty who was looking at him with a little bit of jealousy, "I'm very proud of you, son. You really made your mother cum hard."

Scotty flashed a slight, but unsure smile his way, but then frowned as Jilly crawled onto the bed and knelt at our feet. Jilly gave us her reckless, loving smile and said, "That was so fucking hot, Scotty! You had Mom screaming for mercy." She scooted forward a little between our legs and reached a hand out towards her brother's semi-erect cock, thickly coated with pussy juice and sperm. "Somebody needs a good licking," she sang in a little girl's voice.

"Bitch, hands off, that belongs to me!" a voice snarled at my daughter and everyone turned in surprise at me. I grinned sheepishly and added in a somewhat softer tone. "I worked hard for this treat and I'm going to enjoy it." I sat up and leaned over my son, taking his cum covered penis in hand.

I lowered my head, stopping just shy of his still swollen head and turned to look at my now pouting daughter. I drew up my left leg, bending my knee until my foot was flat on the bed, exposing for a better view my wide open cunt, fresh semen oozing slowly out of it. "If you're hungry, there's plenty of your brother's semen right here, Jilly."

I then proceeded to ignore my daughter as I began to lavish attention on my son's cock, taking him into my mouth and sucking my juices and his spunk off his semi-erect member. As I swirled my tongue over his sensitive flesh, I heard him gasp with pleasure and then I was moaning too, a pleasurable but choked sound as Jilly mashed her face into my pussy and began licking it with gusto.

Even after all these weeks, I have to tip my hat to my daughter -- she has a talented tongue that I will never tire of and I was barely able to concentrate on cleaning Scotty's dick as she slurped and licked my cum filled cunt with enthusiasm. Finally, it was too much and I cried out as my well fucked pussy and its oh-so sensitive flesh began to propel me to another orgasm and I let Scotty slip from between my lips. I had cleaned him of his semen and my own juices, but he hadn't quite recovered and I realized that maybe this was an opportunity for him to see first hand how loving the rest of his family had become.

I fell back again onto my back and spread my legs, draping one thigh over Scotty's as I moaned, "Just relax, son and watch your sister do what she does best."

Jilly giggled as she scooted along with me, looking up at us with her chin and lips frosted with white blobs of semen and glistening with pussy cream and saying, "I love eating pussy, big brother...especially Mom's pussy!" Then she dived back between my legs, taking long, loving licks with her tongue and noisily slurping up Scotty's seed along with my juices, pausing now and again to tongue and suck my swollen clitoris.

I writhed happily on the bed, barely able to speak -- groaning and sobbing with ecstatic pleasure as my daughter ate me. My eyes would sometimes focus on my son who sat there next to me, staring with awe and wonder at the sight of his baby sister gobbling his mother's pussy. At some point, he'd taken my hand, not seeming to mind when I'd squeeze it nearly to the point of breaking as her tongue made me cum again and again.

Then John decided to enter the picture. He got to his knees and moved awkwardly until he was behind our daughter, his hands reaching out to caress her taut ass cheeks and then tilt them up as he brought his lovely erection to her pussy. As he slowly dragged his swollen head up and down her labia, Jilly raised her head up again and looking at her brother, sighed happily, "I love Daddy fucking me, Scotty! He fucks me night and day!"

I looked at my husband and managed to say in a hoarse voice during the brief absence of Jilly's tongue, "Been busy, honey, the last couple of days?"

John grinned and sighed, just a tinge of weariness in his expression and voice as he replied, "Thank God for those little magic pills you picked up." Then he jabbed his erection into our daughter's cunt, growling and sounding like that old cereal tiger, "They're GREAT!"

I felt more than heard Jilly grunt into my pussy as her father rammed his cock up her young cunt. Her assault on my pussy became more aggressive and my moans mixed with her muffled ones as she teased and sucked on my throbbing clitoris while John fucked her from behind.

From between my legs, I saw my sweet daughter's eyes rise up to meet mine, her dark orbs glazed with lust. I reached out and ran my fingers through her bed-tangled and sweaty golden blonde hair which confirmed that she and my husband had no doubt spent the time while I was gone screwing their brains out.

Jilly captured my swollen clit between her lips and while her tongue fluttered over it, she also began to hum. The sudden vibrations combined with her talented and maddening tongue caught me off guard, plunging me into the throes of another orgasm -- perhaps not as intense as the lovely ones my son had just given me, but which in their wake were incredibly intense. I was suddenly screaming with utter pleasure until my voice collapsed into a tiny squeak while I twisted and writhed under the merciless loving of her tongue and mouth.

My orgasm was wonderful and intense and to Scotty, perhaps a bit scary. In the chaotic madness that was my overloaded senses, I did feel him squeeze my hand and moan in a fearful voice, "Mom?" I wanted to reassure him, but I was caught up in the incestuous delights of his sister's mouth and could only continue to squirm under her nasty ministrations.

Pleasure began to straddle that razor thin border between pain and ecstasy and finally, I pushed my daughter away, gasping, "Sweet, baby...so sweet, but I need to stop...too much." My breasts rolled and bounced as I tried to catch my breath. I glanced over at my son, squeezing his hand to reassure him I was fine. Glancing down at his crotch I saw his cock had now recovered and was waving tall and proud in the air. "Watching your sister eat Mommy's pussy get you all excited, huh, Scotty?" I said between gasps for air.

My son slowly nodded, his eyes gleaming with excitement as he eyed my widespread pussy, now licked clean of his seed. "Mom...can we fuck again, Mom?" he asked, letting his hand slip from my grasp to reach out and playfully pinch my swollen and sore nipple.

I groaned at the pleasure his touch brought me, but shook my head and replied, "Mom needs a little timeout, son."

I was amused to see my son's lower lip begin to pouch out in a bit of a pout, but he was distracted as Jilly moaned plaintively, "Scotty, you really have a big cock!" between the slow and steady thrusts of her father.

My son studied his sister for a moment and again I was amused as I saw the struggle going on in his eyes on whether to fuss at her for going into his room and getting into his stuff or to simply admire her comely form and the way his father was fucking her. Finally, he said in matter of fact voice, "Mom says Dad is longer than me, but I'm thicker!"

Jilly's eyes widen at his comment, a sly grin on her face while John chuckled and said, "Really, son. Your mother told you that?"

Scotty blushed, not sure if repeating my words meant he'd committed a social faux pas, something he'd done countless times in his life. "Sorry, Dad."

My husband grinned at our son and said, "Reckon it could be worse." He suddenly thrust forward forcefully, drawing a pain and pleasure filled moan from Jilly. "Your sister seems to like my cock."

Jilly looked over her shoulder at her father and said, "No, Daddy. I love your big, long cock!" She blew him a kiss and then turned back to her brother and me with a sly grin. "Big brother...I bet I'm going to love your cock too!" She licked her lips and glanced at me and said, "I'd really like to suck it, Mom...if that's okay with you."

I giggled and gestured to my son and said, "That's up to Scotty."

Jilly turned and fixed her brother with a sultry stare, "Scotty, can I please suck your big, thick dick?"

Scotty trembled and looked at me. When I nodded and said, "Son, you can do whatever you want to with us," he scrambled to his knees and shifted his way over to his sister, his erection leading the way.

Jilly took his cock in her hand, wrapping her slender fingers around the massive penis and then looked coyly up at her brother. "I'm sorry for being so mean to you all these years, Scotty." She stuck out her tongue and ran it up the long length of his cock and added, "I promise, big brother, to never go into your room again unless it's to suck or fuck this big ol' dick of yours."

For the first time in years, Scotty smiled at something his sister said or did, raising a hand to Jilly's face and gently stroking her cheek before sliding his fingers into her wild, blonde hair and guiding her mouth to the head of his cock. "Jilly...I...I love you, Jilly."

I thought I could see tears forming in my daughter's eyes as she let out a soft, loving noise before sliding her lips over her brother's swollen knob and begin sucking his erect penis. I moaned with familial pleasure as I watched my daughter take cock from her father and brother -- Jilly's muffled moans filling the air as she noisily sucked Scotty's cock while John steadily fucked her from behind.

My sexy daughter was in her element, being the center of attention of two large cocks -- giving and receiving pleasure. Her body quickly became coated with fuck sweat, her hair wild and dripping down in her face until she would let Scotty's cock slip from her lips, whip her head around, throwing her blonde locks back, give me a leering grin and then open her mouth and resume sucking her brother's cock.

My husband fucked our daughter with easy thrusts, varying the speed to keep her off balance, his movements betraying the familiarity with which he'd gained in pleasuring our little girl. He smiled at me and I smiled back -- both of us silently communicating our devoted love for each other. Even though in my heart, I knew that something had changed the second our son had slid his cock inside me, I was still, in the end, John's wife and I could not have loved him more at that moment.

"Hey, son," said John, only his raspy voice revealing how hard he was really working at fucking Jilly. "Would you like to fuck your sister?"

Despite the fact that his little sister was at that moment swirling her tongue over the head of his swollen cock, Scotty was actually surprised at his father's suggestion. That blank "Does Not

Compute" stare passed over his face and his hands rose up and waved aimlessly for a moment before he recovered and looked with a slight look of panic at me. "Mom?" he groaned, looking to me for guidance.

I blew him a kiss and said, "Whatever you want to do is good, darling. I think you'd like it and I won't get jealous of your sister."

Scotty licked his lips and nodded. He looked down to where Jilly was slowly rolling her tongue around the crown of his cock. She planted a gentle kiss on the tip of his cock and said in her sexy little girl voice, "Please, big brother. Won't you please fuck me, Scotty?"

"Oh...okay, Jilly," Scotty said in a barely visible voice.

My daughter squealed with excitement and when her father withdrew, she spun around quickly, wiggling her toned ass up in the air and looking over her shoulder said, "Put that big donkey cock in me, big brother."

My son looked down at Jilly's splayed wide pussy, her labia swollen and spread like a carnal flower waiting to be pollinated. I started to lean forward and return Jilly the favor she'd done us when she'd guided her brother's cock into my pussy, but with a low growl, Scotty scooted forward on his knees and shoved the head of his cock into his sister's pussy, making her cry out when once he knew he was now inside her, he rammed the rest of his long cock home.

"FUCK ME!" she screamed. "You are fucking huge, Scotty!" Her fingernails clawed at the sheets as her brother eagerly, enthusiastically began to fuck her, operating more on instinct than knowledge. Her firm tits bounced under her from the force of his thrusts.

Her screams were quickly muted as her father moved forward again, his erect penis shining with her pussy creams. Jilly quickly took him into her mouth, cleaning his long shaft of his delicious juices. I felt my own pussy begin to twitch even as I felt some jealousy rise inside me as I watched my son fuck my daughter. I was a little unprepared for this even though I had just told Scotty I wouldn't be jealous of him and his sister, but still the vain emotion was there. There was a part of me that wanted to scream, "HE'S MINE, GODDAMMIT! SCOTTY IS MY SON AND HE AND HIS LOVELY COCK ARE MINE AND MINE ALONE!"

I giggled at my own possessive thoughts and quelled them by simply allowing the erotic moment to sweep over me, arousing me anew as I watched proudly as my two men pleased my daughter. Jilly moaned loudly and lewdly around her father's cock, quickly scouring it clean of her pussy creams and sucking it furiously as the wet slaps of her brother's pelvis against her taut cheeks filled the room.

John began grunting with effort and I knew from long experience that he was about to cum in our daughter's mouth. He held her head between his hands and began to fuck her face forcefully, matching our son's strokes perfectly until with a roar, he began shooting hot cum down Jilly's throat, her making nasty choking sounds as she struggled to swallow his load and keep sucking his cock.

My husband finally fell back from her, his now shrinking cock slipping from between her lips with a moist popping sound, rivulets of semen dribbling out and down her chin. As weary as I still was from being fucked by Scotty, I was up and scrabbling to her, my tongue flashing out and rescuing the thick streamer of sperm before it could drip off her face. "Mmmmmm -- Mom," Jilly sighed, closing the distance between us and opening her mouth and offering me her tongue.

I sighed happily as we kissed, our tongues dancing in her mouth amidst the semen she hadn't swallowed yet -- rolling the thick, tasty fluid back and forth in our mouths as we kissed. I opened my eyes so I could look beyond her and watch Scotty, now with a determined look, fuck his sister as hard as he could.

Too soon, my daughter broke our kiss, crying out in pleasure and maybe disbelief from the cock pounding she was taking from her brother. "F-Fuck...so fucking b-big!" she moaned, looking at me with lust glazed eyes, her mouth dropping open in slack-jawed pleasure.

I was thrilled as I watched my children fuck and when I felt John's hand on my shoulder, I turned and curled up against him, giving him a quick kiss and then with his arms around me, we watched proudly as our son gave our daughter orgasm after orgasm.

Jilly squalled with pleasure as her brother fed her his cock again and again -- sometimes thrusting back to meet his oncoming thick penis as it sank into her wet flesh again and again. Soon enough, she could no longer stay raised up on her arms, her hips held high by Scotty as he kept her in a doggie position. His sister literally chewed and drooled on the sheets as he buried his cock in her again and again, her sobbing the whole time as she came and came again.

Finally, perhaps out of self-preservation and only after a half dozen or so orgasms, Jilly clawed her way free, begging Scotty to, "Please...stop, Scotty. So good --so big, but I can't...can't take anymore. Jilly looked at us, exhausted from multiple Daddy fuckings and a hard banging from her big brother. She crawled towards us, whimpering, "I feel so fucking good!" She shivered and moaned as her still orgasming cunt sprayed cunt juice onto the bed.

Behind her, Scotty said in what was almost a petulant voice, "But, I'm not finished, Jilly!" his hard cock sticking out, dripping with her juices.

I was already preparing to come to his rescue when I heard my husband say, "Go...don't leave our boy hanging," as he gave me a gentle nudge forward.

I crawled to my son, ducking my head and tasting my daughter on his throbbing cock. I licked my lips and said to Scotty, "Don't you worry, sweetheart. Momma's going to take good care of you!" I put my hand on his chest and pushed him onto his back, eyeing his beautiful hard-on, towering in the air. "Just sit back, son and let Mom do all the work!"

A beatific smile broke out on my son's face as he watched me straddle him, sliding my wet pussy lips up and over his shaft and then slowly impaled myself on his hard cock. I let out a lusty groan as I slowly slipped down on his erection, my pussy stretching to take all his girth and him feeling so perfect inside me.

When I had all of him inside me, I wiggled contentedly, entangling the hair of my bush with his pubic hair. I made him groan as I flexed my cunt muscles around his girth -- the sensation making me groan as well, not to mention breaking out in a sweat as the feeling of again having my son inside me was almost too much to bear. "Oh, I love you so much, Scotty!" I said in a sing-song voice.

"Mom...I love you too, Mom," came my son's reply as his hands rose up to cup my heavy tits, palms scraping deliciously across my swollen nipples that were now literally sore from being hard and aroused for so long. I felt my body quiver as I savored just sitting atop him, feeling so incredibly full of his young, hard cock. I bit my lower lip as my new feelings of what could only be incestuous love were nearly too much to handle.

As Scotty fondled my breasts, digging his fingers into my meaty flesh, I slowly began to ride him, moving up and down a little more with each second, trying to draw out each incredible moment of erotic delight that fucking my son could produce. Again, I was struck by how intense these sensations were, much more than it had ever been with John or any lovers I had known before we had met. My body responded to my son's touch, his presence, his cock in a completely different way than I had ever thought possible. Fucking Scotty seem to trigger every pleasure sensor in every cell of my body, awakening them to their purest potential.

As I began to ride my son into orgasm, I felt like carnality itself made flesh, loving every second of the pleasure he and his magnificent cock gave me. I leaned forward a little, resting my hands on his chest as I began to piston up and down on his thick dick a little faster, my fingernails scratching against his slick skin each time I impaled myself to the hilt on his big spear.

My orgasm, when it struck, struck hard and I felt dizzy and wonderful as an explosion of pure pleasure detonated between my legs and spread through my body. I collapsed on top of him, my lips finding his as my limbs flailed about, only my hips seeming to know what to do, never ceasing to move up and down on his erection.

I could taste my own tears running down my cheeks, spilling between our lips as we kissed, barely in control of myself as my orgasm finally waned enough for me to rise back up to a sitting position and resume a steady, controlled pace as I bounced up and down on my boy's cock.

Although I was feeling very shaky, I drew my legs up into a squatting position and began to ride Scotty all the more quickly, my breasts bouncing wildly as I bounced atop his throbbing penis.

My orgasm returned quickly and again I was collapsing atop my son's body, feeling his heart pounding as quickly as mine as my breasts pillowed out on his chest. I was sobbing from utter and complete joy -- a carnal ecstasy coursing through my body that left me nearly incoherent as I sobbed loudly, "CUMMING, SCOTTY! MOMMY'S CUMMING -- OH FUCK, CUM WITH ME, SON...CUM WITH MOMMY!"

I felt my pussy muscles clamping down around his cock as I rode him, urging him on and I screamed happily as I felt his massive tool swelling inside me because I knew he was once again on the threshold. I kissed him hungrily and sloppily as he began to pant with need, trying to maintain his own control to prolong his pleasure and mine, but finally yielding to nature's demand as I said lustily, "Give Momma your sperm, son. Pump me full of your baby-making semen."

Scotty screamed out, "MOM, I LOVE YOU!" and then all was lost in a storm of white hot ecstasy as he began filling my well fucked womb with his sperm, flooding me with thick jets of his semen which seemed like they would never stop. I know I tried to reply that I loved him too, but caught up in the incestuous pleasure of what had to be the greatest day of my life, I could only babble gibberish as I writhed and shook with unimaginable delight.

I scarcely remember finally falling off my son's body, recalling little beyond a hazy disappointment as that sensation of being perfectly filled left me as Scotty's cock slipped from my pussy's grasp. I slowly realized that I was cuddling with Scotty on my left and John on my right, vaguely sensing Jilly cuddling up to her father from behind, one shapely leg draped over his hip. I drifted in the sweet clouds one often finds oneself in after wonderful sex, sorting out from the relative quiet of our bedroom, the sounds of Jilly and Scotty blissfully asleep, their soft snoring as familiar to me as breath itself.

Gradually, I realized I didn't hear my husband's sleep noises and I opened my eyes and let them focus in the dim light of the now low burning candles. I turned my head slightly to find John watching me sleep. Seeing me awake, he leaned into me and gave me a slow, sweet kiss -- our tongues dancing in greeting as we had some many times over the years.

When that loving kiss ended, my husband grinned at me and said, "Well...have to say we are one happy, loving family."

I giggled softly and replied, "To say the least." I stretched out, feeling muscles pop in that pleasing, sweet way when they are a little sore from a serious bout of sex. "When I first gave you permission to fuck Jilly, I never imagined it would wind up..." I gestured about me and at our naked, sleeping children.

"Regrets?" John asked, his eyes fixed on mine.

I took a long time to answer, finally shaking my head and replying, "No...no regrets, darling -- amazement, maybe. Even after making love to Jilly, I don't think I was prepared for how it would feel fucking my own son. I never imagined it would be so...so..."

"Perfect?" supplied my husband. I nodded and he said, "I know. I can't get over how good it feels...how right it feels when I'm making love with our daughter." He sighed and said, "When I put my cock in her pussy, it feels like they were..."

"Made for each other?" I finished. "I love you, John and I always will, but, my god, when Scotty's inside me, it's like I've died and gone to heaven." I giggled at my words. "If one can get into heaven after seducing and fucking one's son!"

John nodded to show me he understood what I was saying and that he agreed with me. "So, where does this leave us? Do things change?" There was a tinge of concern in his voice.

"No, babe...nothing changes," I replied. "I still love you and you're still my husband and always will be."

"But?" said John. "I hear a 'but' in there?"

I reached out and stroked my husband's face. "But, after all my high minded demands that you always wind up in our bed every night..." I licked my lips and looked guiltily into John's eyes. "I'm not sure I can always promise you I'll do the same when Scotty's home. Tonight was fun and I hope we have millions of family nights like this, but sometimes, I have a feeling I'll want to just go somewhere and hide with Scotty and let him fuck my brains out for days on end!"

John laughed, his amusement of my words helping to assuage my feelings and there was a look of understanding and comprehension evident in his eyes. "I think I get what you're saying. I feel the same way with Jilly. We both missed you these last couple of days, but a lot of the time you've been gone, I relished it being just me and our little girl."

"I don't love you any less, John," I said. "If anything, I love you even more and I'd never want to live without you, but..."

"But, we both agree to not mind the time we spend with our children," John smiled and said, "I don't think there's a problem, honey, but if either of us ever feel there might be..." He didn't finish his sentence, but instead let me know his thoughts on the matter by moving atop me, a little thrill

slipping through me as I felt his cock, long and hard brushing my thigh and then landing with great familiarity on my sex.

"Oh yes, I like this idea," I moaned as I rolled my hips and let my husband's cock slide inside me. I was aroused by the fact that I loved John, but confess that secretly, it also pleased me to know that he was slipping his erection into my wet, cum filled cunt...that it was our son's semen that lubricated my husband's passage now.

Whether John understood it or not, it didn't seem to affect him as we quickly slipped into a sweet, slow rhythm of fucking, both of us taking our time and enjoying the intimacy gained only from decades of love and desire. As we rocked together, I don't know if our children were awakened by our sighs and moans and were watching us -- it didn't really matter. I allowed myself to be consumed by my love for my husband, my eyes locked on his as he gently and passionately fucked me, pacing himself to my needs and pleasure...speeding up when I needed him to and slowing back down when it best suited my needs.

It seemed like we fucked through most of the night before finally, neither of us could hold back, John slamming into me harder and harder, making me cry out in ecstatic delight until finally, he began to cum in my pussy as it tightened around his long shaft in orgasmic spasm. We passionately kissed as our mutual climax peaked and then slowly faded into sweet echoes of pleasurable memory, finally falling asleep with the comforting knowledge that despite the dramatic and naughty changes in our lives, that our love was still strong and secure.

I awoke near dawn finding everyone else still asleep -- Jilly and her father curled up together, his face buried in her long, golden blonde hair with her arm and leg draped possessively over his body. Scotty was curled up next to me, a sweet, angelic smile on his lips, making me wonder what he was dreaming of -- perhaps himself in the middle of a Star Wars adventure or perhaps dreaming of fucking his mother's brains out...or a mixture of both. I slipped from the bed trying not to giggle at the thought of Scotty bending me over, my hair done up in Princess Leia's buns and fucking me while he was dressed up like Darth Vader.

I slipped from the bedroom and went to the hall bathroom for a shower so as not to wake everyone up. My body was a little sore and tender -- not in an entirely bad way, but more or less, that sweet ache one has after being fucked royally. I let the hot water pulse over my soapy body, afterimages of last night passing through my mind and feeling myself getting aroused all over again as I thought about how it felt to finally have my son back inside me -- shivering with wonder at the lovely cock my Scotty possessed and how it made me cum and him not a day from having lost his virginity.

I finished up, feeling a tremble of lust ripple through me as I toweled off, remembering my son doing this the evening before and how good it felt when he'd dabbed the soft terry-cloth against my wet pussy. I was thinking along the lines of returning to bed and seeing if I could wake him up in the naughtiest way as I combed the tangles out of my hair.

I emerged from the bathroom with a towel wrapped around me although it occurred to me that considering the current state of my family that such modesty was silly. I was padding back to my bedroom when I heard Scotty's door open. I turned to see my son standing there wearing a bed robe, belt tightly cinched around his waist. He looked at me bashfully and whispered, "Mom...can you come here, Mom?"

I quickly reversed direction. "Scotty? How long have you been up? Why aren't you still in Momma's bed."

He looked at me nervously, his hands wandering a bit in distress. When I approached, he remained in the doorway, blocking my entrance and I had a moment of deja-vu as I recalled his panicked appearance at his dorm room door just two days ago. "Mom...Mom..."

I reached out and placed a hand on his chest and gently pushed him back into his room. "Scotty, what's wrong?" When he didn't answer, I slowly put my arms around his neck and guided his head down so that we could press our foreheads together. "Son, why don't you tell me what's on your mind?"

We locked eyes for a moment and finally, Scotty opened his mouth and replied, "Mom...last night was -- wow -- wonderful and I wanted to know if we could um...Mom, can I fuck you again."

I grinned and answered, "Scotty, you can fuck me whenever you like. I told you. In this family, things have changed for good!" I reached out and took his hand and added, "C'mon, we'll go back to bed and..." I paused as my son stiffened his hand and didn't allow himself to be moved. "Son?" I said. "What's wrong."

He pulled me back to him and again rested his forehead against mine, surprising me as that was always my move to calm or center him. "Mom...can we...Mom, I want to fuck you here in my room. Just you and me, Mom."

"Oh, baby," I cooed -- feeling moved by his request. I knew full well that part of this was based on his psychological needs -- too much sensory input with his father and especially his sister in the room, but more than that...this was deeper and more personal. My son...my new lover wanted alone time with his mother. I felt pussy juice drip down my thighs at the realization of my son's passion for me."

I began working the sash to Scotty's robe, saying, "Honey, are you wearing anything underneath this robe?"

My son replied, "Mom...nope, I'm naked, Mom," just as I parted his robe, his very erect and very thick cock standing upright against his belly.

"Mmmmm, nice, Scotty. I love your cock." I stood on tiptoe and kissed him, pleased that he immediately parted his lips and greeted my tongue with his own. After a long kiss during which I slowly stroked his erection, I whispered, "Son, guess what Mom has on underneath this towel."

Scotty giggled and replied, "Mom...bet you're naked, Mom."

I nodded and then after kissing my way from his lips to his ear, I licked his earlobe with my tongue and replied, "Yes, Momma's naked and she's wet for you, Scotty!" I nibbled on his ear for a moment and then whispered, "Why don't you find out?"

I barely got the words out before my son lashed out with a hand and ripped my towel away! I gasped at his forcefulness, both surprised and aroused by his directness. Scotty reached out and with a little bit of possessive roughness, cupped my right breast, squeezing and kneading my meaty tit before his fingertips closed around my swollen nipple and pinched it hard.

I let out a loud and passionate moan and then slammed my lips against his, kissing my son while I ground my naked body against his. As Scotty's tongue danced with mine, I used my arms encircled

around his neck to leverage me up slightly against him so that my freshly washed and still damp bush scratched and tickled his throbbing cock.

My son let out a pleased groan and I felt his hands cup my butt cheeks and lift me up and against him firmly. We both let out sighs of pleasure as I felt my labia slide up the length of his thick shaft. I suddenly had renewed appreciation for his wiry, yet muscular body. I wasn't exactly a lightweight with my zaftig figure, but between his recently muscled up form and maybe the excitement of getting to fuck me again, Scotty seemed to have no problem picking me up.

I spread my legs around his waist and as the bulbous head of his cock pressed between my pussy lips, I rolled my hips and squirmed anxiously until I felt his thick cock head slip into the opening of my cunt. "Oh yes, Scotty, love," I panted hungrily, "Fuck Momma now!"

My head spun as I felt us begin to move backwards. We tilted for a brief second and then I heard the bedroom door slam and I realized that Scotty had kicked it closed just as we crashed into it, my breath being driven from me from the impact and from the incredible sensation of my son's cock sliding deep into my wet pussy!

It felt incredible feeling Scotty's pussy so deep in me, driven there by his thrusting efforts and by the sheer force of gravity. With his fingers digging into the fleshy cheeks of my ass, my son rammed his cock into me again and again even as his tongue wrestled with mine, taking me closer to orgasm stroke by sweet stroke. Scotty wasn't smooth about it -- he was shaking with desire and anxiousness, his body speaking of his eagerness to both please me and to simply be with me.

Anyone who's ever fucked standing up will tell you it's not something you can do for long, no matter what shape you're in and finally, realizing he was close to the limits of his endurance, my son grunted with effort and carried me, still impaled on his cock to his bed which I noticed for the first time, had the covers drawn and a couple of my candles sitting on his bedside table, lit in a sweet effort to add to the ambiance.

Gently, as if I was the most precious thing alive, Scotty sat me down on the bed, it's high sitting mattress leaving us perfectly positioned as I kept my legs wrapped around his buttocks while he remained standing and gasping, "Mom...love fucking your pussy, Mom!" as he began to fuck me hard and fast.

I was helpless to do anything but lay back and take his thick cock -- not that I'd have changed a thing as I was drowning happily in an ocean of incestuous pleasure, enraptured by the sweet, hungry smile on my son's face as well as the sensation of his hands now caressing and mauling my breasts and the feeling of his cock filling me up again and again.

"Fuck me, Scotty!" I whimpered as an incestuous orgasm crashed down on me. "Fuck your Mom hard...she loves you so much, son!" Then I was gone, lost in the storm of utter pleasure, aware of only my body, writhing with ecstatic torment and of my first born, bringer of such incredible carnal joy who was fucking me so earnestly and lovingly.

When the madness of orgasm had receded, I discovered that my son had literally fucked me across the bed -- bedspread and sheets in a tangle and my head more or less pointing towards the brass filigree of his head board. My legs were draped over his shoulders and I was curled up below his thrusting body enough so that he could alternate between licking and sucking at my throbbing nipples and giving me wet, sloppy kisses. Through it all, was his never ceasing cock, driving into me with the vigor that only a young man could muster. Whenever his lips were free of my body, he was moaning, "Mom...love to fuck you, Mom...love you, Mom!"

I reached up with my hands and ran my fingers through Scotty's sweat soaked hair, guiding his face to my lips and then to my breasts, reveling in the touch of my son's tongue and lips. "I. Love. You. Too. Scotty!" I gasped, near breathless from his forceful and wonderful thrusts, his throbbing cock opening me up and yet making me feel so damn full.

Tears began streaming down my face again as they had last night as the sheer power of how my son made me feel overwhelmed me even as another orgasm overwhelmed me, reducing me to a babbling blob of human flesh being torn asunder by unimaginable pleasure!

All the love that I had for my son seemed to well up from inside me -- flashes of his birth and holding him for the first time, hearing his first word as he looked up at me from his crib, smiling and cooing, "Ma-ma," fixing his inevitable scrapes and scratches as a youngster, struggling to help him cope with his disabilities, being so proud of his teenage triumphs and so amused at his endless conflicts with his sister -- all those memories building up to the new plateau he and I were now on and turning the powerful and ever growing maternal love that I had for my firstborn into something infinitely greater -- something that coupled familial love with sexual passion that took us to a world of sheer carnal bliss!

"Mom...oh, oh, Mom!" Scotty stammered and I felt him thrust hard and deep, his wonderful cock burying itself inside my pussy and then he exploded, his cock head swelling without warning and then my son was filling me with his hot semen, thick jets of his creamy and fiery seed that for a sweet slice of eternity seemed like it would never stop, making me feel utterly complete, both as a woman and a mother.

"YESSSSSSssssssss," I cried out, my voice withering away in the throes of my orgasm. "Oh, yes, son, Mommy loves you too!" Together as mother and son, we clung together, riding out our incestuous orgasm, merging for all too brief a time as one being of purest love -- two hearts beating as one, two minds joined as one in the name of absolute love and adoration.

Finally, our ecstasy began to recede, leaving us still joined and still loving each other, happy in our joy. I lay spent, but exhausted under my son, feeling his semen hot and warm in me, triggering for the first time in a long time the urge to give my lover a child for all the pleasure I had been given. I giggled through my gasps and tears at the thought of being a mother again and by my own son at that.

"Mom...are you okay, Mom?" Scotty, gasped, his body still trembling at the intensity of our shared climax.

I nodded and kissed him long and hard before answering, "I'm fine, son. Mom's just been having some naughty thoughts."

My son smiled down at me, his weight feeling good on me, especially as he discovered he could give me sweet aftershocks of pleasure by gently thrusting forward with his still mostly hard cock buried in my cum filled cunt. "Mom...this isn't ever going to end, is it. You and I are going to fuck and love each other forever, aren't we, Mom?"

He said it with such love and eagerness, it kept me teary-eyed with all the powerful love I was feeling for him. "Yes, Scotty. You and I are going to be naughty lovers forever and ever."

Scotty smiled and buried his face between my still heaving breasts, sighing happily as I considered the truth of my words. After a few minutes, my son's breath became more even and I realized he'd

fallen asleep, his still semi-erect cock still inside me. He moaned softly as I flexed my pussy muscles around his wonderful penis.

I could feel sleep creeping up on me, but it came slow as my mind was filled with such naughty thoughts. I heard a cry from elsewhere in the house, recognizing it immediately as the sound of Jilly being pleased by her father. I smiled at the image of John, my beloved husband, between our daughter's widespread legs, making love to her for the first time of many today. My thoughts drifted to all the naughty things our family might do before day's end and all the naughty things our family would discover in the days, months and years ahead. Images of Sindy, Diana -- our daughter's best friend and even the motel clerk, Madiya, entered my thoughts and the naughty ways they might interact with us.

I went to sleep with my arms and legs wrapped tightly around my son, thinking and dreaming of our naughty family and the new, deep reservoirs of love that we had discovered and the naughty adventures that awaited us.

To be continued?

Post Script...no promises, mind you, but maybe we'll come back to visit this story again. I certainly left enough loose threads to tease you with!