

WORKING WITH MOM

Ahabscribe

Son discovers working with Mom might have benefits!

Incest/Taboo

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So, maybe based on true events. Several years ago while attending a conference for my then employer, had a presentation by a Mom and son team as described in the story. As the day long presentation went on, it seemed to me as if there was a very complex relationship going on...lots of touches, looks and caresses and so the idea for a story began and now I've finally set it down on paper. I hope you like it. As always, this is a work of fiction...inspired by real life events, changed just enough. The characters exist only within my wishful imagination. If I'm anywhere near accurate, it was luck...lol. Again, enjoy!

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I managed to time my graduation possessing my not so marketable English Lit degree with the onset of the latest recession and quickly found myself despairing over ever finding a job that I trained for. Luckily, my Mom was equally despairing over the sudden departure of her computer tech partner and since I was a computer nerd from before I had even hit puberty, she pulled a few strings and I stepped into the position without Mom's sales tour hitting a snag.

Mom is a sales rep extraordinaire for an educational software company and is on the road most of the time, presenting her company's latest efforts or doing training seminars. Mom knows her stuff, but her presentations need a good computer savvy partner who can keep pace with her, making sure her programs are cued up when she needs them and that the internet is straining at the leash to do her bidding. My mother in action is a marvel to watch, a short, fiery dynamo, dazzling and thrilling her audience while raking in record sales each year.

In a darkened conference room or auditorium, I sit in the back and fiddle and manipulate my laptop and assorted hard-drives and it becomes almost a dance as I initiate programs or activate links as Mom does her sales spiel, her potential buyers' eyes riveted on her constantly in motion body, entranced both by her powerful enthusiasm for her products and by her hot body.

Yes, I said hot body. I'm not such a nerd that I don't recognize that my own mother is a very sexy and attractive woman. As my father had said more than once about his ex-wife, "Celeste is a lot of woman in a small package!" Mom stands five foot, one and at one hundred and fifteen pounds, is a bundle of delicious curves -- buxom with a trim waist and a shapely, tight butt. Short, sandy blonde hair frames her brilliant blue eyes, a pert nose and luscious, seemingly always moist lips. Mom packages her body in a dark blue company blazer, brilliantly white blouses and short skirts that end a couple of inches above the knees and show off her short, but very shapely legs.

Mom always makes sure that the blouses are unbuttoned more than enough to advertise her full 32DD breasts whenever she leans over a potential customer to make a point about the product. I've lost count of the number of leers I've seen from school superintendents and instructional coordinators and other academic types in the few months I'd worked for Mom, but at the end of the day, there have almost always been healthy orders for the company's product.

Mom offers up no regrets or apologies for her approach and to be truthful, her enthusiasm over the product sells our software as much as her sex appeal, but as Mom has told me more than once, "You use what you've got, John, to get the job done."

And I offer no apologies for admiring Mom's form. I've long known how sexy she was -- my high school friends voting her our community's number one MILF. I freely confess to using Mom as jerk-off fantasy material several times over the years when my interests weren't diverted by Angelina Jolie or Megan Fox or any of the multitude of girls in high school and college that caught my fancy. Mom probably helped fuel those occasional thoughts as after divorcing my father when I was twelve, she began having a very active sex life at the same time she began encountering success with the software company. Since I mostly lived with Dad during my teenage years, I didn't see all that much of her, but when I did stay with her, she made no secret about having lovers, and though I rarely saw them, many was the night I could hear them making Mom moan with pleasure.

Even with that kind of stimulation, my tendencies to think of Mom as a sex object decreased as I finally caught my height and began to fill out and the acne disappeared from the scene and I began to actually get lucky now and again and eventually began having long term relationships with women in high school and college. Even now, even though I admired Mom as a sexy woman, my own pursuits kept me from doing much fantasizing about her.

Life on the road followed a pretty standard routine. We would spend three-four days in a hotel -- each of us with a separate room or suites, doing our sales pitch during the day and usually eating breakfast and dinner together. During lunch, I was usually on my own while Mom schmoozed the potential buyers. At dinner, Mom and I would go over the day's work -- discussing any glitches or issues or other business and then we would say goodnight to each other and go our own way. Sometimes for us both that meant work on our various aspects of the job, but more often than not, it meant we both went cruising for sex.

I liked the clubs catering to the dance music of my age group and would cruise them looking for someone to hook up with for a night of hot, nasty sex. Where Mom went, I haven't a clue, but her success rate was better than mine judging from the number of times I would come back in from an early morning run to see a guy quietly leaving her room. As she had done since I was a teenager, Mom favored the younger, buff guys -- blonde and tall more often than not and usually several years younger than her forty-four years. I amused me and sometimes made me curious as to what the attraction was -- but I suspected that if Mom was the whirring dynamo in bed that she was during a sales presentation, she needed a young guy just to keep up with her.

Such was my life for several months after college and to tell the truth, I liked the work, I liked working with my smart, vivacious and sexy Mom and I liked the money and my share of the sales commissions. I was socking away a good bit of cash for a rainy day, enjoying my life and didn't plan on changing anything in the short term. Then came Nashville.

We were doing sales seminars in Nashville, Tennessee in a conference room at a grand old hotel downtown -- staying for ten days while making presentations to the city's large school system as well as surrounding county school systems. We checked in and were given our rooms -- separate as always, only to discover it was part of a converted suite with our rooms joined by a common door. The first couple of days this actually suited our needs pretty well as we geared up for a long run of presentations, allowing us to visit each other to clarify items and issues for our presentations.

The first three days went off without a hitch and Mom was very pleased by the orders already placed, telling me at dinner that if the entire trip kept being this profitable, certain bonus triggers

would kick in for us both. I kissed her goodnight and began to explore downtown Nashville while entertaining thoughts of maybe being able to afford one of those new/retro Camaros about to hit the market.

Hell, I was still in a pretty good mood when I returned to our hotel having struck out at several downtown bars and clubs. I was a bit horny and disappointed, but the thought of that possible bonus kept me smiling as I rode up the elevator and unlocked the door to my room. I was thinking about whether I wanted my new ride in black or cherry red as I reached for the light only to stop when I heard Mom say in a hoarse voice, "Come here -- Momma wants to suck that big cock!"

It was then that I realized that there was a shaft of light coming from where the connecting door was located. I pulled my hand away from the light switch and slowly and quietly crept into the room until I came to the door that connected my room to my mother's. It was ajar, maybe four or five inches. Cautiously, I peered into Mom's room and had to reach out and brace one hand against the wall to keep my balance.

I had a perfect view of Mom in profile, kneeling on her bed, wearing a black corset that lifted up but did not cover her breasts which were heaving with excitement, her nipples like thick, elongated nickels. Mom's eyes were shiny with lust and she licked her lips anxiously as a young and naked man climbed onto the bed. He was skinny with longish blonde-brown hair -- an erect cock emerging from a nest of sandy colored pubes.

Mom reached out and taking it in her hand, looked up at the man as she began to stroke it and purred, "Bet you can't wait for Momma's lips to be wrapped around that big thing!"

The guy who I suddenly felt nearly insane with jealousy over, gasped as he murmured, "Jesus, you're fucking hot!" as his fingers slipped into Mom's short, blonde hair and gently, but urgently guided her face towards his swollen penis.

I felt a sudden pressure in my own crotch and part of me was stunned to realize I had an almost instantaneous erection of massive proportions while the rest of me was stunned to hear Mom say, "I bet your Mom would suck this hard cock if you asked!" before sliding her lips over the throbbing head, her tongue emerging to swirl around the ridges of his helmet and then slipping more of him into her mouth, her eyes locked on his face to gauge his pleasure.

The guy groaned as Mom began to bob her head up and down on his cock. I don't even remember undoing the buttons on my jeans or pulling my cock out, but suddenly there I was, stroking my cock as I stared open mouth at my mother sucking the cock of a guy that was close to my age! As I stood there trembling, matching my strokes to Mom's movements, it seemed that in addition to being my age, this lucky fucker had even more in common with me. His long blonde tresses were just a little lighter than mine, but the length was identical. He was tall and skinny, wiry more than muscular and like Mom and me, he had blue eyes. I was gratified to see that my cock was bigger than his, both in length and girth -- even in my nerdish teenage years, I had been unashamed to walk through the gym locker room naked -- being teased about having a monster between my scrawny legs never bothered me!

Idle thoughts that Mom was fucking a surrogate of her son washed over me and I tried to dismiss it, but I kept hearing those words -- "Momma wants to suck that big cock!" and "Bet you can't wait for Momma's lips to be wrapped around that big thing!" Then as the logical and proper part of me tried to say it meant nothing, Mom let the guy slip from between her luscious lips and moaned, "Mommy needs a good fucking right now, son!"

No sooner did the words slip from between Mom's lips than she fell back onto her back, her short, curvy legs spreading wide and even at an angle, allowing me to see for a brief but heavenly moment, her bald and wetly pink pussy. I got a glimpse of thick, short lips and glistening flesh between them before her guy moved to block my view, Mom moaning over and over, "Momma needs her baby's cock!"

Sweat poured off my forehead and I flicked my free hand to keep it out of my eyes, even as I grew dizzy and slowly sank to my knees, trying not to make noise as my right hand continued to stroke my shaft. From my angle, I could see Mom's eyes grow wide as the guy settled atop her, his hips rising to let his cock angle down -- the head pressing between those thick lips and then thrust forward, Mom crying out with carnal pleasure as he buried his erection in her wet and steamy cunt!

Mom's legs came up and being unable to wrap around his back, she drove her heels into his hips, flinging herself up at him, taking him completely by her third or fourth upward thrust. Mom's fingernails clawed at his back as she moaned and sobbed as he fucked her.

Memories of many teenaged masturbation sessions while listening to Mom moan in her bedroom above me came flooding back and while back then I could never quite get a complete picture of Mom and one of her lovers fucking. Now I was seeing it all and I wanted to weep with joy.

As with everything else she did in life, Mom threw herself into this fuck completely, writhing like a woman possessed as he buried his cock in her again and again. Then they were rolling and Mom was on top, bringing her short legs up to squat on his long body, her hips jiggling slightly as she bounced on his cock, her meaty breasts bouncing wildly as she rode his cock. As tremors of pleasure swamped her, Mom let her head roll freely, occasionally giving me a glimpse of the expression of slack jawed pleasure graven on her face.

Between incoherent moans of ecstasy, Mom let slip cries of "Yes, Fuck Momma, fuck Momma real good with your cock." Mom's hands slipped up to cup her breasts, squeezing titflesh between her fingers and toying with -- pinching her nipples and then she moaned, "Oh yes, John -- fuck Mommy -- fuck me hard and deep, baby!"

A tremendous shiver tore through me and I could feel my orgasm racing up my cock as I heard the guy say in a gasping, lust ridden voice, "My name is Brian -- not John!"

Mom laughed, letting her tits fall and bounce as she leaned forward, raking her fingernails down his chest. "Just shut up and enjoy Momma's pussy. Tonight, right now, with that fine cock inside me, your name is John." Mom did something then, flexing her hips just slightly and making him almost howl with pleasure. In a lower voice that quickly increased in volume and in passion, Mom said, "Fuck your mother, John. Give Mommy that big, sweet dick. Fuck Momma and make her cum." Mom's voice tightened and in tone that was part desperation and part lust, she said, "Momma wants John's hot spunk filling up her nasty pussy!"

That was it for me and I began to cum, barely managing to cup my free hand over the head of my cock before I was shooting scalding jets of semen, cumming so hard it actually hurt. The pleasure was so intense, it had me nearly doubled over on my knees and I bit down on my lower lip, trying not to cry out with pleasure -- fearing that they would hear my fierce, ragged breathing.

Then as I knelt there, trembling with desire and confusion, semen oozing between my fingers, Mom and her lover rolled back over and he began slamming his cock into my mother's pussy with a vengeance. Mom's face twisted with pleasure as she mewled, "Yesssss! That's what Momma wants, sweet baby John! Fuck Momma hard with that big, bad cock!"

As the guy did so, I tried not to moan in jealousy and delight as I stroked the last few drops of sperm from my still nearly erect penis while witnessing my mother quickly build up and explode in orgasm. A shrill, wordless cry escaped her lips as she began to cum -- her short legs stiffening out into an erotic 'V' while her fellow hammered his cock into her again and again until with a groan of his own, he sank into her to the hilt and his balls jumped wildly as he pumped hot semen into my mother's cunt. Never in all my days have I felt such passionate hate and envy at the same time!

Moments passed as he settled atop my mother and then with her feeble urgings, rolled them over so that she was on top. Mom's legs were spread wide and I could see her hips quivering above her engorged cunt from the aftermath of a wonderful orgasm. More minutes passed, only the sound of gasping breaths being heard. Hidden in the dark shadows of my room, I knew I should move, but I was caught -- held fast in a web of perverted desire.

Finally I heard Brian say in a voice full of awe, "Motherfuck -- Celeste, you are one perverted lady."

Mom giggled and replied, "Well, technically, you were the motherfucker in this bed." Mom wriggled atop him, her plump labia seeming to squirm slightly on their own, making him moan as she added, "You mean to tell me you never fantasized about fucking your mother?"

There was a long pause before he said, "Well...not exactly, though I might have if she was as sexy as you." His hands came around to cup Mom's plump and firm asscheeks. "Do you really want to fuck your son?"

Mom sighed and replied, "Mmmmm. I like thinking about it. I've fantasized about it for years. He's grown up to be a real good looking man." Mom hesitated and then continued with, "But, that sort of thing just doesn't happen, now does it?"

Brian shrugged and kissed Mom's shoulder making her sigh and wriggle about some more. "I don't know -- he might go for it. My mom ain't near as hot as you, but if she came on to me, talking all nasty like you, I might do it!"

A shiver went through Mom's body as she moaned and said, "I wish it were that easy. I've dreamed about John's cock since he was a teenager. I caught him jerking off to some cheerleader computer porn and oh my god, what a big cock!"

"You should do it, Celeste!" her lover said, slowly flexing his pelvis to work his still buried cock inside Mom's pussy."

"I don't know," Mom moaned. "I know he thinks I'm good looking -- I'll catch him eyeballing me once in a while, but..." Mom paused and then let out a weary sigh. "He likes women his own age with their tight pussies!"

Her guy snorted and said, "Your pussy is tight and you got a rocking body, Celeste. I bet if you offered yourself up, your son's dick would be buried in you before you could blink." He gave a thrust up into Mom's pussy for emphasis, making her groan with pleasure.

Mom worked her hips up and down a couple of times before saying. "Well, baby, Momma wants some more of this hard dick, but first I gotta pee or I'm gonna explode!" Moaning, Mom lifted herself off his cock -- releasing a short flood of semen that splattered against his thigh. Mom smiled down at him as she walked on her knees to the edge of the bed, saying, "Now, don't clean that up -- Mommy will take of that as soon as she gets back!"

Mom climbed off the bed and I suddenly realized she would pass close to the ajar door on her way to the bathroom and I leaned back and began to scuttle backwards like a crab, using my legs and arms, smearing the handful of my own semen across the carpet.

I heard Mom peeing and then a flush and the tap at the sink running. A moment later, I heard Mom say, "Shit! Has that door been open this entire time?" I continued to scuttle back and past a faux mahogany workdesk. I ducked into the little recess that it offered, hugging my knees to my chest to take up a smaller space.

The light from the door grew brighter and I could see Mom's head in shadow on the opposite wall. She turned and looked both ways and let out a relieved sigh, I suppose was due to seeing my bed still made up and untouched. "Whew -- my son's still out chasing pussy!" The door closed, leaving me in complete darkness, the noise of Mom throwing her deadbolt into place sounding like a rifle shot.

I'm not sure how long I sat there beside the desk, my cock still throbbing as I kept replaying the last half hour or so in my head. My mother...my lovely, sexy mother fantasized about me. She fucked other guys pretending it was me! I tried to make sense of it, but all I could do was wish I had the courage to go pound on Mom's door, throw Brian out of her bed and make her fantasies come true.

Finally, I staggered to my feet. After turning on the lights, I retrieved a towel from my bathroom and tried to clean up the puddle of jism I'd smeared over the dark carpet. It left a darker stain and I wondered what the maid would make of it in the morning. I undressed and crawled into bed and again in darkness, tried to make sense of what happened. I couldn't do it. All I could do was wonder what my mother was doing in the next room, not fifteen feet away from me.

My eyes kept going to the now closed and locked door until I realized there was a pinprick of light. I puzzled over it for a moment until I realized that the door was an antique with an actual old-fashioned key hole just below the doorknob! I was like a man under a spell, as I slipped out of bed and padded naked across the room to kneel in front of the door, my cock hardening as I moved -- hoping and praying.

Kneeling, I leaned forward and put one eye to the door. After a moment to adjust my line of sight, my prayers were answered! My view was limited, but my God, what a view it was! Brian and Mom were fucking doggy style, but I was restricted to a vision of Mom's face and tits and once in a while, Brian's arm and hand as he caressed Mom.

My mother's face was again slack-jawed with ecstasy as her fellow fucked her from behind, Mom's tits, beautiful hanging udders swayed and bounced -- nipples swollen to the point of bursting from her arousal. My cock became angrily erect again and I began to stroke myself without even thinking about it -- imagining Mom's tight pussy wrapped around my erection...imagining the silky furnace that was her cunt, massaging my cock, loving it, trapping it inside her steamy, slick flesh forever!

I strained to hear their love-talk, but could only catch random words amidst groans, both of them losing themselves to the mother-son fantasy. "Fuck Momma, John. Fuck me, Give me my son's cock, please!" Mom's son-proxy seemed to fuck her forever, producing a million varieties of carnal expressions on her face -- fucking her until she was covered in fuck sweat, her short, blonde hair plastered against her forehead, all askew as he entangled his fingers there before caressing her cheek and let her suck on his fingers, cheeks hollowing out as she pretending it was his cock, or mine!

Only at the end could I hear my mother clearly as her body quaked and shook as he fucked her hard and deep, screaming as she orgasmed -- "Fuck me, John! Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, I love you, John!"

As Mom came, I joined her, again shooting a load of white hot semen into my cupped hand and moaning, "I love you, Mom!" over and over, wishing our mutual orgasm was the real thing as I slumped softly against the door, gasping for breath from another intense orgasm of my own. My cock throbbed as I gently stroked the last of my seed out, wishing with all my heart that it was my mother that was actually pleasuring me.

Mom disappeared from view and then the lights went out. With my mind all awlirl, I got to my feet, cleaned myself up and climbed back into bed. I was quickly asleep, but the night's revelations followed me into my dreams as I found myself running naked through what seemed to be endless halls and corridors of the hotel, sporting a truly colossal erection as I pursued my equally naked mother as she teasingly led me on a chase -- never allowing me to quite catch up with her.

I was in rough shape when I joined Mom for breakfast in the hotel dining room the next morning. Mom was waiting for me, looking her usual chipper and energetic self, dressed as usual in a company blazer, white blouse that was revealing what suddenly appeared to be a tremendous amount of cleavage and her usual short skirt that showed off her great legs, showcased in part by two inch high heels. If anything, last night's fucking seemed to have left her with an exceptional lovely glow.

I trembled as she gave me a hug and a kiss on the cheek as I leaned over to hug her. Suddenly, I seemed to have forgotten how to give my mother a chaste hug, my hands aching to caress her breasts and fluttering about her shoulder like a confused bird. Mom sensed that something was amiss and gave me a concerned, motherly appraisal as she said, "You okay, John? Have a rough night?"

I shrugged and said, "No, I'm good, Mom." I began to glumly look at the breakfast menu, not really hungry and ordering only coffee and toast when the waitress came up and asked me what I wanted, beating back the urge to scream, "I want my Mom's pussy, hot, wet and spread wide right here on the table in front of me."

Mom's mother's radar seemed to pick up that something was amiss. "Honey, are you sure you're okay? Some sweet young southern thang didn't wear you out, did she?"

I felt myself blush, more so because I thought I could detect a hint of jealousy in Mom's voice as she spoke. I shook my head and said, "No -- just had a drink or two last night. I...I didn't meet anyone."

Mom's expression still expressed doubt, but she nodded and as we ate, we began to discuss the day's presentation -- a complex series about our top line products that we hoped to score big with to several rural counties surrounding Nashville. I mostly nodded at Mom's directions and suggestions but most of my attention was on her.

Mom was dressed no differently than she usually was, but everything about her seemed magnified -- to me she was radiating a sexuality more intense than anything I had ever encountered. As we ate and then made our way to the conference room, her body seemed to be screaming out to me in some many ways. Her mildly exposed cleavage appeared to me to be literally overflowing her bra as I saw her heavy meaty breasts bouncing as she was being fucked from behind last night. The way Mom's skirt hugged her ass seemed to produce replay after replay of her naked, firm yet bouncy

ass cheeks, quivering as she orgasmed. Mom's legs seemed to cry out to be spread wide, allowing a man to sink his cock into the sweet, bald pussy between her creamy thighs. Mom's lips as she spoke or simply breathed seemed to be pulsing in need for a cock...MY COCK to be slowly slipped between them with her hungry, teasing tongue poised for action.

No matter how hard I tried, I could not shake images of Mom fucking Brian from my head. No matter how hard I tried, I could not shake images of Mom fucking me out of my head. I could not focus, I could not concentrate and it shouldn't surprise anyone that the day went to hell in a hurry.

Mom, as always, hit her marks and was her usual brilliant self, but I seemed to stumble into glitches and fuck-ups every few minutes, missing my cues or hitting the wrong buttons, causing Mom to wait for visuals and uploads -- all the while seeing her naked on her back in bed, legs spread wide and her slick, wet pussy open and inviting as she hissed, "Fuck me, son! Fuck Momma now!" or on her hands and knees, wiggling her cute rear end at me, urging me to take her from behind or kneeling in front of me, her cheeks bulging as she took my entire cock in her mouth, sucking me lovingly as her brilliant blue eyes communicated her love and lust for her son."

As the morning session ended and the audience prepared to go to lunch, Mom sidled up next to me and leaned in and hissed softly, "Are you okay?"

I nodded weakly and replied, "Yes."

"Then get your shit together! You're blowing this for us, dammit!"

"Sorry, Mom!" I whispered back even as I felt my cock begin to harden as I realized I could feel her breast pressing into my chest as we huddled together.

"Screw sorry. Get your head out of your ass and do your job, John!" Mom growled. "I'll see what I can do to salvage this and you get your shit together for the afternoon session!" Mom turned and walked off towards several potential buyers she was taking to lunch and even though I knew how badly I'd done, all I could do was admire Mom's butt as she walked away and savor the sensation of her meaty tit against my body.

The afternoon session did start better, but it quickly degenerated as I found myself helplessly being distracted by Mom as she moved about the room, fascinated by the curve of her legs when I should have been cuing up software. Imagining more of her breasts as she leaned over a table to make a point instead of activating a link to our website or instead of her perfectly coiffed hair and expertly applied makeup, seeing her hair plastered with fucksweat and her mouth gaping open in stupefied ecstasy. Daydreaming about how her mouth would feel on my cock and exiting the internet when I should have been streaming a demonstration video. It was a bad day.

As the day wound down and Mom discussed orders with various new clients, the furious looks she threw my way told me that sales were not going to match up to her expectations. I knew I was in trouble and after the last customer left, I trudged up to Mom to apologize.

"Mom," I began, but got no further.

"Not right now," Mom snapped, interrupting me. "Go up to your room. I'll be upstairs in a bit. I need a drink first or I might just slap the shit out of you." Mom spun on her heel and stormed off towards the hotel bar. I watched her leave, feeling as useless and as helpless as I ever have -- much like I might have felt at twelve years old and sent to my room for some stupid transgression.

I obeyed her and went upstairs, sitting on the edge of my bed and staring desolately at the floor, afraid that my days as Mom's work partner might be over. The loss of my job didn't bother me nearly as much as the thought of not being with Mom day in and day out. It seemed like I waited forever, but it was less than an hour before Mom stormed through our connecting door and as she slammed it behind her, angrily said, "Do you want to explain just what the hell was going on today?"

I couldn't look Mom in the eye, staring at the carpet instead. Mom stepped closer and said, "Answer me, John! Are you on something? Every time you were supposed to be on the ball, all I could see was you looking at me with a dazed expression."

"I'm...I'm sorry, Mom," I muttered, trying to look up at her face, but allowing my gaze to linger at her chest -- her exposed skin flushed red in her anger -- her exposed cleavage heaving as she breathed hard. I felt my cock throb as it had done most of the day, already swelling because of her closeness.

"Sorry isn't telling me anything, goddamnit!" Mom snarled. She stepped up to me, took my chin in her hand and lifted it so she could see into my eyes. "What the hell is wrong with you?"

Mom's lovely face was too much for me -- I couldn't withstand her blazing gaze and again I ducked my head, but Mom followed me down, leaning forward to keep looking at my face, but now offering me a wondrous view of her breasts as her blouse gaped open. Mom was wearing a white, lacy, half-bra -- her breasts practically falling out and more than a little of her aureoles exposed. I felt my hand come up involuntarily, only barely able to resist reaching out and cupping my mother's meaty breast.

Suddenly, Mom realized where I was staring and gasped, taking a step back from me. I craved her and wanted her and I instinctively came to my feet as she moved back. I finally looked up to see a mixture of expressions fighting for control of her face. Finally, anger seemed to win out.

"Is that what's got you screwed up?" Mom hissed. She reached up and cupped her breasts, lifting them upwards so they almost fell out of her blouse. "Suddenly you noticed I have tits? Dammit, John, I'm your mother!"

"Do you want to fuck me, Mom?" I said in a hoarse whisper that while barely audible, I know Mom heard as she took another step back.

"Oh my God!" Mom moaned, taking another step back. "You can't ask me that. I'm your...your mother!"

I took a step towards her and replied, "I want to fuck you, Mom. You're beautiful and I love you. You want to fuck me, don't you?"

The anger was now fading quickly from Mom's face only to be replaced by fear or something else...longing maybe? "John, what's come over you? You can't talk like that...we couldn't...a mother and son can't..."

Mom backed up again, bumping against the door connecting our two rooms. Her hand dropped to the door knob, fingers fumbling as she tried to open it and retreat, but I was there and my hand was on hers, stopping her and my other hand dropped on her shoulder. "I saw you last night...with him, with Brian," I said softly, leaning into Mom until her breasts flattened against my lower chest and our lips were scant inches apart. I could smell single malt scotch on her breath. I could feel her

heart beating wilding and the heat radiating off her body. "I saw everything...I heard everything. Do you really want to fuck me, Mom?"

Mom struggled weakly to slide around me, but I didn't let her move as she gasped, "It was just a fantasy...just a little game. I didn't mean anything." I felt a sudden thrill at the meekness in Mom's voice and perhaps for the first time in our life, felt like I was taking the upper hand in our relationship.

I pressed into her more firmly, letting her feel the huge erection in my pants. "You said you'd been dreaming about my cock for years, Mom. Well, I've been dreaming about you for years too! I've dreamed about your tits..." As I spoke, I reached out with both hands and with more ferociousness that I knew I possessed, I tore her blouse open, yanking down and catching her bra as well, freeing my mother's large and meaty breasts. Her soft flesh jiggled and bounced and I was gratified to see Mom's nipples as swollen as they'd been the previous night.

Mom's fists beat uselessly about my shoulders as she whimpered, "No! Stop it, John -- this isn't right."

"I've dreamed about sucking your breasts again, Mom...and oh God, so much more." I emphasized my words by leaning down and taking a throbbing nipple in my mouth and as I lightly nipped at it with my teeth, my hand slid further down and then under and up her skirt and I palmed my mother's panty covered mound and felt another thrill as I discovered the intense heat there -- heat and sodden arousal.

Mom moaned against my shoulder as my tongue rolled over her blood engorged nipple and my fingers rubbed against the soaking wet gusset of her panties.

Within just a few caresses, it seemed as if the skimpy material was being sucked inside her and slick, naked labia were mine to touch. "John, we can't do this. It's wrong."

I gave Mom's hard nipple one last lick and then raised my head to look Mom in the eyes. "It's right if we both want it. Tell me you don't want me, Mom. Tell me you don't want this." I reached out and took her hand and pressed it against the huge bulge in my pants. As I played with her wet pussy, I whispered to my mother, "Do you want to fuck me, Mom?"

For a long, long moment, all that could be heard was Mom's rapid breathing as I stroked her aroused cunt and she slowly explored the size of my erection with her palm and then Mom whimpered, "Yes," and we were kissing -- locking lips with our mouths open, our tongues greeting each other in mutual hunger. I felt a tremor ripple through Mom's body while our tongues twirled and joined and then Mom moaned loudly against my mouth and it was as if her whole body seemed to lunge against me.

We kissed and caressed each other like the long denied lovers we were about to become. Mom's hands stroked my cloth covered crotch and then struggled to undo my pants and thrust them down along with my boxer shorts. Then Mom's panties were gone and she was climbing me, her legs curled around my upper legs propelling her up so suddenly I could feel her wet and slick cunt lips kissing the shaft of my cock. Her hand clawed at my dress shirt, tearing it open and then running her hand across my lightly haired chest.

Mom broke the kiss and snarled, "Yes, I want to fuck you, you nasty motherfucker. I want you to bury that big dick in your momma's pussy." Any fear or submissiveness on my mother's part was now blown away in her now blatantly incestuous desires. With Mom clawing at my chest, her legs

clinging to my thighs while I cupped her full, firm ass in my hands, I carried us both over to my bed where I let us both fall in a churning, grasping heap as I again pressed my lips against her and kissed my mother as a lover.

For long minutes we rolled back and forth on the bed, tearing away clothes as we kissed and stroked and pinched each other's bodies -- not pausing until we were both naked, bodies sweaty slick with our desires. I kissed Mom's ample breasts making her keen with pleasure as I licked and bit her hard nipples. I slid fingers between her hairless labia, savoring the heat and wetness between my mother's legs, gasping with delight and surprise as I leaned between Mom's thighs and gave her pussy a long loving lick with my tongue only to be surprised when she squealed with pleasure and liberally sprayed my face with pussy juice.

"M-making me cum, John!" Mom sobbed as I laughed with delight and ran my lips around my mouth to lap up her sweet liquid honey. Her body shook from jolts of pleasure, her meaty breasts jiggling as mini-orgasms rippled through her body again and again. I dove between Mom's thighs and gave her one long, ice-cream lick after another -- each triggering a spray of her juices and ecstatic moans that were like heavenly music to my ears. As Mom writhed on my bed, she sobbed, "Sixty-Nine, John! Let me taste my son's cock!"

Somehow, my mother found the strength to jump me, pushing me over on my back and straddling my face with her sodden cunt, wiggling her slick flesh against my mouth and squelching my own groans as I felt her sweet, warm mouth cover my cock. My hands came up to cup and squeeze Mom's asscheeks as she gushed pussy cream into my hungry mouth with every lick of my tongue while she sucked and licked my aching cock!

Like a hard, hot shower, Mom's juices rained down on my face as I swirled my tongue up and down her bald slit, spreading her folds of wet flesh to tease her clitoris. Mom made hungry, gobbling noises as she bobbed her head up and down on my cock, her tongue dancing about the crown -- flicking her wet probe over my piss slit, then passionately sucking the head of my cock before slowly taking my length all the way into her throat until her lips were brushing my pubic hairs. Mom was a masterful cocksucker and I squirmed about, struggling not to lose control -- savoring Mom's heavenly blowjob.

Finally, I knew it was time. As much as I relished the thought of letting Mom taste my impending load, I wanted the first time to be deep in Mom's pussy, giving her a massive gift of my seed in the place of my birth. It just seemed...appropriate. With a little difficulty, I threw Mom off me, reaching out to turn her over onto her back and before she could move, climbing between her legs.

"Gonna fuck you now, Mom." I gasped -- her juices dripping off my chin to splatter on her breasts. "I love you, Mom and now I'm gonna fuck you!"

Mom growled with anticipation, her body squirming underneath me as I leaned forward, lowering my body atop her and kissed her again, sharing her sweet cunt cream with her. As our tongues shared her motherly juices, I reached down and cupping her ass cheeks again, tilted her pelvis just so and rammed my cock home.

Mom's fingers clawed my shoulders and she screamed shrilly into my mouth as with one swift, brutal motion, I buried my cock into her tight pussy. Like a oiled, velvet glove, my mother's cunt wrapped itself my erect penis, taking it all until my blondish pubes were scraping her shaved flesh.

My shoulders gripped Mom's shoulders pinning her down as she bucked and struggled beneath me, her brilliant blue eyes bulging madly as my cock gave her more pleasure than she ever

dreamed existed. Mom's writhing and squirming increased as I began to move inside her, shifting back and forth, fucking her slowly and making her quiver with insane pleasure from her son's long, thick dick.

Pulling her lips from mine, Mom sobbed and laughed, "Oh sweet fuck -- John -- son, your cock's gonna kill me...so big, so fucking good!"

With each thrust, I picked up the pace, quickly working myself into a rapid series of powerful thrusts, pummeling Mom's tight, slick cunt with my throbbing erection -- the blood engorged flesh of her sugar walls pulsing in time with my pounding heart. My mother and I kissed and sobbed sweet loving words to each other -- Mom sometimes pausing to rise up and lick a smear of her own juices off my chin or cheeks. She tried to lift her legs up and wrap them around my back, but the pleasure was too intense and finally, her laughter almost teaching hysteria, Mom cried out, "I give up, fuck me, son! Fuck Momma hard!"

I obliged my mother, slamming my cock into her furnace hot pussy again and again, quivering with heretofore unknown levels of pleasure as I felt Mom's steaming creams bath my cock again and again. Our bodies were slick with fuck sweat, Mom's heavy breasts rolling wetly along my skin.

Mom suddenly moved her hips just so and I seemed to slide a bit deeper into her pussy, triggering it to clamp tightly around my aching shaft to hold me in place even as her body began to go rigid and a soulful sob escaped her lips as she threw her head back, mouth open in utter and complete pleasure. Looking down at my mother, caught up in a massive orgasm, I knew I could search the world over and never see a more erotic sight.

Mom's ecstatic beauty pushed me over the edge and I ground my crotch against hers, seeking to get even deeper into her womb as my seed exploded into her pussy, flooding her with a massive load of searing hot semen. Mom went completely insane beneath me, clawing, kissing, and biting as I pumped son sperm into her mother cunt.

Finally, I collapsed atop my mother, my chest pressing down and spreading out her pillow like breasts, my cock buried deep in her pussy, her muscles gently, weakly caressing my still erect penis. We kissed and laughed and cried, Mom wiping tears and sweat from her eyes as she gasped in a voice somewhere between utter satisfaction and absolute hysteria, "I..we did it. I finally fucked my son!"

I kissed her gently and with tears in my own eyes replied, "Yes, and I fucked my mother for the first time." I kissed her again and with a gentle roll of my hips made her moan as I added, "But not for the last time."

Mom reached around and stroked my buttocks with trembling hands as she said, "Oh no, not for the last time." My mother's blue eyes shined with love and excitement as she whispered, "I've waited and dreamed for so long...not going to ever let you go!" Her pussy muscles flexed and tightened around my cock. "Never letting this big, nasty cock go!" Mom smiled as I began to gently rock into again and said softly, "I love you, John."

I kissed her and as her tongue departed my lips, I breathed, "I love you, Mom...forever."

We gazed lovingly into each other's eyes and then I saw the fire begin to burn in Mom's brilliant blue eyes -- a fire of lust and confidence beyond what I had seen last night and she said in a commanding voice, "Roll us over, son. Momma wants to fuck your brains out."

Carefully, I took us over, easing down onto my back, Mom's pussy clinging tightly to the head of my cock. "I love your big cock, John," Mom sighed as she squatted over me, slowly and teasingly lowering herself onto my erection until her sugar walls completely wrapped my throbbing penis in soft, slick flesh. "Ohhhh, GOD!" Mom wailed as she wiggled atop me, completely impaled on my long dick. Her leg muscles bulged with effort as she squatted and began to move up and down, flinging her head back, sneering happily up at the ceiling as she began to fuck me.

I learned a lot about my Mom over the next few hours. I learned that Mom's knowledge of fucking dwarfed my own and that of every woman I'd ever been with. Riding my cock like a woman possessed, Mom showed off a lifetime of good, raunchy sex, making me claw the blankets with just a slight shifting of her hips or knowledgeable massage of her cunt muscles around my hard dick.

I was happily lost, helpless and in awe as Mom threw her inhibitions to the wind, fucking me hard with her meaty breasts bouncing one moment and then fucking me agonizingly slow, sweat pouring off her body in a flood as she drew out the incestuous pleasure of the moment for both of us, slowing sliding up and down my shaft, squeezing and writhing atop me until orgasm took her and created a whirling dervish of perverse ecstasy, fucking me for a lifetime in a short period of time that seemed never to end until finally with my cock aching for release, her pussy flesh seemed to kiss my cock and literally force me to cum.

My hands were buried in Mom's tit flesh as she shook and screamed while I emptied another thick load of burning semen into her pulsating, demanding womb, triggering yet another orgasm that tore through her body in a firestorm of lust and love.

The world seemed to go gray and then amidst the still fiery remains of our orgasm, I found Mom collapsed atop me, her compact body feeling hot and soft against my flesh, her lips gently kissing my neck and shoulder as she trembled in the aftermath of our lovemaking. I was almost asleep when I slipped from Mom's pussy -- my cock at half-mast, tingling still with pleasure. My last moments before exhaustion took me were of Mom slithering down my body, moaning, "More, baby! Momma needs more!" before taking my cum coated cock in her mouth and cleaning me with her tongue, my body writhing in pleasure as my sensitive flesh responded to her attentions.

I immediately fell into intense dreams that echoed last night's visions of chasing Mom down endless corridors and never catching her except in tonight's dream, I trapped my mother in an elevator and after stopping it between floors, grabbed her roughly and spun her around, bending her over and thrusting my angry erection deep into her steaming hot pussy -- Mom sobbing with pleasure as she thrust back while gripping the safety rail of the elevator car.

My dream seemed so real -- Mom's pussy so amazingly hot that her cunt cream seemed to almost blister my cock as I rammed it into again and again, her screams so loud...and then I came to myself and woke from the dream to realize I was living the dream! Mom was kneeling on the bed, her hands gripping the headboard so tightly her knuckles were deathly white, while I brutally fucked her from behind. I ran my tongue up and down her neck, tasting her salty fuck sweat while my hands cupped and mauled her hanging tits.

Mom's cries were loud but muted as she pressed her face into the mattress and thrust her hips back at me, trying to accept me as deep into her cunt as I could possibly go. Her pussy was tight and slick and as hot as the sun, her wet juices splattering against my thighs and crotch every time I withdrew to the tip of my cock and then slammed deep into her womb again!

Mom orgasmed and then orgasmed again as I fucked her hard, feeling as if I could never have enough of her sweet, motherly cunt. I fucked my mother until she was begging for mercy and still I fucked her. I fucked my mother even after she collapsed on the bed, limbs and torso all akimbo while I held her hips up, gripping her tight as I relentlessly kept thrusting into her burning, cum slicked hole.

For a few brief, scary and wondrous moments I thought I might fuck my Mom forever -- the two of us locked in a carnal embrace for all time, before finally I felt my orgasm approach and even then I held it off as long as I could, savoring Mom's pleasure filled moans and whimpers and occasional screams. Finally, with an animalistic roar, I thrust deep and sprayed my seed in Mom one last time, hosing her womb down with thick semen until I collapsed atop her, more drained than I had ever felt in my life.

Finally, I slipped from Mom's pussy -- my cock aching pleurably and then I slipped off Mom's body, pulling her to me as I curled up onto my side, cuddling with her as we both caught our breath and slept happily and content.

Things only got better after that. Yes, it took me a couple more days to totally get my act back together. Could anyone blame me -- all I could think of was Mom's luscious body with that hot, nasty pussy between her legs. I snapped out of it though when Mom in her usual frank and straightforward approach put it to me simply as, "Son, I love you, but if you fuck up at work, you won't be fucking me at night."

In truth, being lovers made us better work partners. Our presentations quickly became almost an extension of our status as lovers as we seemed to better anticipate each other's moves, allowing all segues and transitions within our presentations to become virtually seamless. Mom's smoldering and lusty glances at me didn't distract me as much as inspire me, knowing the sweet reward that lay between her legs and that would be mine within a few hours.

Mom stopped introducing me as her son and I was now simply her hunky assistant. This allowed her to more openly flirt with me, standing behind me during film presentations, her breasts pressing against my back while she sneaked caresses of my chest through my shirt and whispered awful, wonderful naughty things about what her mouth and pussy would be doing to my cock as soon as our audience was gone.

Mom stayed in a constant state of heat -- her arousal evident in the strong aroma of pussy that intertwined with her perfume. No doubt this impacted our sales in a significant and positive fashion and kept me in a constant state of erection, a state Mom was happy to address once our hotel room door was closed. Oh yeah, we still booked two rooms, but stayed in only one.

What was once just a temporary gig till I found better employment is now permanent. Mom and I are partners in both work and love. We've years of unrequited desires to catch up on and once we do, we have a lifetime of lust and love to look forward to. I don't consider myself doing work. Everyday, every presentation is simply foreplay with my reward lying between Mom's spread legs and evident in her loving smile. I love my work. I love my Mom. I love working with Mom. I'm not sure life could get any better!

The End