

**Always a
Mommy's
Boy**

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Part 1

I can't begin to describe how much my life has changed these past couple of years. I wonder sometimes if I am going to be ruined for any other woman because of my relationship with my mother; yet I can't seem to think about anything else. My heart starts racing even as I write this, knowing Mom told me to tell our story, and she is waiting to read it.

It started when I was 18 and in my last year of high school. My mom was 39 and to everyone's surprise, including her own, she got pregnant. I honestly didn't even know my parents did anything that often, as they fought a lot and he was either working outside or spending time with his friends. I never understood it because my mom was like a throwback to the 1950's, only more fun. She did everything around the house and treated my dad like a king. Waited on him, did all the laundry and cooking and cleaning; in addition to her 9-5 job as a legal clerk. Only thing he did was "man" stuff like fix things and take care of the yard. He was not a bad guy he just did not spend time or appreciate her like he should have.

Anyway, I was busy a lot that last year of school, and I did not take the time to help out around the house until mom was in the last 3 months of her pregnancy. I played football and was involved with stuff at school, but I was not overly popular with girls or guys. Once football season was over, I started to hang around more at home.

I don't know what it was, but my mom looked absolutely stunning to me all of a sudden. I had never once paid attention to a pregnant woman, unless I saw one on a beach or something, but there was just something amazing about seeing mom with her belly getting so big. She was still very active; going to yoga classes after work, shopping, taking care of the house and generally not slowing down one iota. She dressed very sexy, or at least what I considered very sexy, for a woman that was six or seven months pregnant. Mom shunned those baggy clothes and seemed delighted with her new found shape. Snug, form-fitting, yet classy blouses, sweaters and skirts for work; tight leggings and jeans, with sexy tops for weekends. And those flannel or silk "jammies" as she called them were too much for me at times. Running around bare foot, bending over the oven or to pick something up; catching a glimpse of her bare belly and her swelling breasts.

I can not tell you how embarrassed I was on more than one occasion when she caught me ogling her while serving dinner or lounging on the couch. Mom would simply smile and go about her business, but inevitably she would make eye contact with me later and I would feel myself turning beet red. Was it my imagination when she started leaning over me more when serving dinner? Or when she started sitting next to me on the loveseat, tucking her feet under her, but in my direction; instead of sitting in her usual spot on the couch? And as the weeks went by, did she really need more help from me and not Dad around the house? Asking me to pull things down from the cabinets or carry the laundry downstairs to the basement. She would always give me a little brush on the arm or a kiss on the cheek, but never really look me in the eye or give me anything extra to go on. She was just being my sweet mom.

I wanted to be around her more than ever now. I had always been kind of shy, which is why I went out for sports, but even that never took the edge away. Being with mom was the only place I felt completely safe and able to be myself; whether that be serious or silly or angry or even sad. I took it upon myself to start waiting on her like she always did for me and Dad. I felt guilty that I had never done this before. The first time I did it, I just fixed her a drink while I was fixing mine. She looked at me for a second like I was from another planet, and then she just smiled.

After that I would always ask if I could do something for her or help out. I started all the daily chores, and actually became what she said was a mother hen. As her belly was now huge, I did not want her moving a muscle. I also realized something else at that time. It made me feel more like a man to take care of her. Dad thought I was plain stupid for doing so much especially when I had my own things to do. And he thought I was even crazier when I no longer complained when she asked for someone to go to the store with her. I offered to go for her instead now. She started making little comments to him about at least someone cares about helping her and stuff like that. Dad would get pissed on occasion, but normally it looked like he hadn't even heard her over the television.

I would watch Mom waddle around in front of me at the grocery store or the Costo's, picking out things for the family. On these outings she would always make sure she got each of us a favorite treat that Dad

would not know about. Some extra cookies or ice cream, or we would stop off and have a quick lunch someplace out.

She was beautiful already, but the pregnancy made her even more so. Dirty-blond, shoulder-length hair, small lips and a cute little nose, with the prettiest blue-green eyes I had ever seen. She wore just enough eye makeup to make her eyes "pop" which gave her a little bit of a naughty appearance as well.

Mom could tell I was enthralled by her, and she began to flaunt it as she entered her ninth month. Almost every night now, she would ask me to rub her feet or her shoulders. She was home all day now and not working, so would have a snack ready for me when I got home. I think she loved me telling her that she shouldn't be doing anything for me at all and then watching me as I made over her for the next twenty minutes by fluffing the couch pillows and fixing a drink or something for her too.

On numerous occasions she would get all excited and call me over to feel the baby kicking. She would hold my hand on her tummy and watch for my reaction. More often than not there would be nothing to feel except for her. She must have known that I was almost overcome by being able to touch her bare skin there; that it had nothing to do with the baby; even though that was kind of neat to be honest.

So, Mom ended up having my baby sister, Vicki, right around Christmas and for the next few weeks, I continued to hover. Even Dad helped out more than usual. Mom was not one to stay down though so she was up and trying to get back to her old routine in just a few days. She was surprised when I continued to chip in even after she told me she was fine now.

Four months later mom had her shape back pretty much. All except her breasts which still looked way too big for her little frame, and her tummy which had a slight, soft pooch to it around her mid section. I was mortified when one day she caught me staring at her running on the treadmill in the basement. I was fixated to her bouncing boobs and the large wet spots from her sweating made me so hard I couldn't get off the bench. She looked down at her chest and blushed when she saw where my eyes were focused. But instead of chastising me or covering herself up, she just kept running, wiping the sweat from her forehead and chest with a towel and smiling at me.

"I can't believe how much they've filled out, can you?" she said. I couldn't believe she had just said that so openly. She saw the look on my face as I turned my face away and attempted to keep lifting again. "Well I can't. I was happy with my 36-C's thank you very much."

I didn't say anything; I was much too ashamed that I had been caught looking.

"And they are just too heavy to do all this running." She slowed the treadmill down to a crawl to bring herself down. "They make my back hurt. In addition to all this mess,' she said in a disgusted voice.

I abruptly turned to see what she was referring to. She was looking down at her chest and instead of just the wet spot at her cleavage there were too very dark spots around the front of each breast as well. Stupid as I was, it actually took me a few seconds to realize what it was!

Mom stepped off of the treadmill and ran the towel underneath each breast, restrained in that too small, gray sports bra. She lifted each one right there in front of me, seemingly not paying attention to me at all; and swiped away the moisture underneath. I couldn't move. I was glued to the bench as I watched her (and tried not to watch her) all the while my cock growing to ever larger proportions.

At last she finished wiping herself as dry as she could and she bent down a couple of times to stretch out her legs. Her body was incredible. You couldn't tell she had even had a baby! Then she stood up she gave me another shock. She winked at me and said "Don't work yourself to hard, Baby." She emphasized the hard part.

I couldn't help but watch her ass sway as she walked across the room and went up the stairs. Had she seen how hard I was? Was that what she was referring to? No way, I told myself. I was upset beyond reason

that she had seen me hard, if she had. But there was no way I could believe she was ok with it; not knowing it was from watching her!

For the next few days I felt like every time I looked at her she was already looking back at me. I couldn't even get through an entire meal anymore because of her being so close to me and me trying to forget what I had seen that day. What was more, she had been very open from the time she brought the baby home; openly breastfeeding in front of me and Dad no matter where we were in the house or car. She would often switch Vicki to her other breast after a while and leave the first one completely exposed. Mom never made eye contact while doing this. She would always be talking or singing to the baby. These were the times that I allowed myself to look from the corner of my eye and take in the sight of Mom's beautiful breasts.

There was something about those blue veins and all the little bumps around the nipples, wet and swollen from my sister sucking so vigorously. I knew I shouldn't have been watching her, but I couldn't help myself. I let myself look longer and longer until even when she got up and left the room carrying Vicki, both breasts still wet and half exposed, my eyes would follow her every step of the way. By the time that day on the treadmill had come, Mom had caught me looking more than a few times and every time I shied away, she would tell me it was ok to look. No harm in looking. She knew I was curious, etc. I would feel guilty again, and then the burning in my body would take over and make me steal another glance. Mom would sit there in the rocker beside the couch, bare legs crossed; my baby sister hungrily sucking on one breast, while her tiny fingers reached for the other. Too many times I

thought to myself that I wished it was me reaching out like that. To just touch it for a fleeting second with one finger would be enough to last a life time.

It was during one of these daydreams, me sitting at the dining room table trying to keep my mind on studying, that my life would change.

Mom was talking to Vicki and rocking her to sleep. She had already switched from her left breast to her right. She was wearing shorts, and her legs looked so smooth. Her toes were painted a dark pink, and I was watching her moving her one foot to and fro to aid her in the rocking when I heard what she was saying.

"You are so hungry today aren't you Baby?" She was talking to my sister of course. "My little piggy, yes you are!" She glanced my way and smiled before turning her attention back to her. "Just like your big brother. Always hungry for Mommy."

I froze and looked at her face, but she was not looking at me, only at the baby.

"That's a good girl. Drink all Mommy's milk and go to sleep, Baby."

My head was literally pounding. I tried not to think about what she had said, but it was enough to fuel a million late night fantasies. I felt so

disgusting. Wanting my mother. But wanting to do what with my mother? I had not thought about sex, just simply being with her. Holding her. Kissing her. Sucking on her nip.... No! I had to stop myself.

"Darling, would you mind getting me a paper towel, please?"

I looked at her and saw her hand wiping at the thin drops of milk that were leaking from her exposed nipple. I stared a few moments too long and when I came to my senses found Mom staring right into me with a huge grin on her face. I blushed and immediately went into the kitchen. It took me a few seconds to get my bearing and remember why I had gotten up and then I found the paper towels, grabbing the whole roll and bringing it to her.

Mom laughed when she looked up to see me standing there handing her the whole roll. She looked at Vicki who looked almost drunk and nearly asleep and said, "Your big brother thinks Mommy made a big mess, doesn't he? Yes he does." She looked up at me and smiled. "I only need one, Sweetie."

Hands shaking I ripped the first towel to shreds and cursed under my breath for being stupid.

"It's OK, Baby. There are plenty more where that came from," Mom said.

That was when I felt it. Mom's foot was pressing against the inside of my leg, just below the knee as I was standing in front of her. I quickly tore off another paper towel and waited as she wiped her fingers and then her bare breast. Another drop formed as she roughly ran the paper towel up and across the nipple. For some reason, I couldn't bring myself to move from in front of her, and as her foot pressed against my leg harder, I wondered if I was misreading things; that she was just using my leg to keep balance and not wake my sister.

Mom saw the drop of milk, went back to wipe that one, and then another formed in its place. She sighed, almost sounding exasperated, but I could see she was in a good mood.

"Well, we'll be here forever at this rate."

She looked up at me and grinned, then handed me the damp paper towel all crumbled up.

"Thank you, Baby," she said with a wink. She slid her foot along my leg again and then away, signaling that she was letting me go now.

I walked away on wobbly knees. The smell of her right there, the sight of her rubbing her breast like that, and the feel of her foot was overwhelming my senses. I quietly returned to the table after putting

the roll away and the towel in the trash, but it was no use. I couldn't concentrate. I could see Mom rocking her leg again, pointing her foot and then relaxing it again and again. I started to gather my books to head back to my room, disgusted that I was looking at her like a woman and not my Mom.

"Baby? I need to put Vicki down. Can you help me?"

I stopped what I was doing and went over to my mom. It was very, very awkward reaching down to take my sister and seeing Mom's breasts, both of them, completely exposed. I couldn't help but touch the one with my arm as I took the baby. Her nipple traced along my wrist and I could feel it leave a slick trail.

I carried Vicki into her room, which was across from my parents'; Mom came around me and took her, not trusting me to put her in the crib without waking her I guess. The two of us stood there watching her sleep for a minute. I felt Mom run her fingers through my hair in the back as she looked at Vicki.

"Sure is hard to believe she'll be all grown up just like you some day. You're always going to me Baby Boy though, aren't you?" She poked me in the ribs when she saw me blush again. I looked over at her and my eyes gravitated toward the two wet spots on her shirt. She saw what I was looking at and smiled.

"Suppose I need to do something about this. Come and keep your Mommy company for a few minutes."

I nervously followed her into their room. She was going through her dresser looking for something. She ultimately pulled out a little t-shirt and held it up, judging its size or appearance or something. I sat on the bed and watched her from behind, waiting patiently for whatever she wanted to talk about. She started to ask me about school and as I talked about nothing in general, Mom proceeded to remove her wet shirt and tossed it in the hamper in the corner. I could see the sides of her large breasts hanging in front of her. I was mesmerized by her bare back, noticing the ridges along her spine and the dimple right above where her shorts started. She told me later that she watched me in the mirror as I took in every inch as fast as I could. Mom said it excited her more than just about anything she could have imagined.

By the time Mom came and sat down next to me on the bed, I was already getting hard. My body was reacting to just being in the same room with her, and I felt so ashamed. I tried not to look at her as she tied her hair back with a scrunchy and tucked her legs underneath of her; her knees pressing into my side and back.

I couldn't think of anything to say at that point. I just sat there with my hands on my knees waiting, for what I wasn't sure. I felt like I was struck by lightning when I felt her chin on my shoulder and her arm wrap around me from behind. Her breath was hot in my ear as she turned and lifted her face slightly.

"Tell me something, Sweetie," she said. "And be honest."

I said OK.

"You like watching me... don't you?" she whispered. When I didn't say anything she reached up and turned my face towards her and backed up to look in me in the eyes. "How many times do I have to tell you? It's alright to look. You're curious, I know that."

"It's... it's not like that, Mom." I responded in a weak voice. I turned my face away but she turned it back toward her again.

"Tell me then. Tell me what it's like. You want to be my Baby Boy again, don't you?" She saw the look on my face. I tried to keep from smiling, but the thought of being a baby and getting to be just like Vicki was too much.

Mom smiled and touched the tip of her nose to mine. "You will always be my Baby too. You know that. Don't you?" She arched her eyebrows and watched for my response. She looked so cute and so hot at that moment. This could not be my Mom I was looking at could it? I suddenly felt so confused.

"Plus," she started, "There is plenty of Mommy to go around."

With that, she leaned back and repositioned her head on the pillow, her legs stretched out behind me, and she slowly pushed her shirt above her breasts. She was smiling and breathing heavily, watching and waiting for my reaction. All it took was one touch of her fingers on my arm and I couldn't stand it. I slowly went to her.

I remember kneeling between her legs, sitting back and looking down at her breasts, both of which looked full even after the Vicki's feeding. But what did I know about if breasts were full or not? They were the most incredible thing I had ever seen though. Those bright blue veins were much more prominent close up, and I could make out every little detail on each of her swollen globes. I felt my mouth actually watering. Watering for a taste of my mother's breasts; for her milk maybe. I had the urge to just bury my face between them and never come up for air. This was all new to me too, as I had always been more attracted to legs than breasts. Why now, why this?

Mom saw me hesitating, as I was still not sure I should do this. So without saying a word she reached for both of my arms and pulled herself to a sitting position in front of me. Never breaking eye contact, she moved her face as close to mine without touching and then placed my hands on each of her breasts. I was shaking and as I ran my palms around, feeling their weight in my hands, Mom let out what could only be described as a contented sigh; as if she had been holding her breath for the last few seconds.

I was looking down at her beautiful swollen breasts heavy in my hands when I felt her fingers lifting my chin. She placed a hand on either side of my face and kissed me. It was gently for about three seconds and then I guess nature just took over.

One thing I knew from the girls I had made out with is that I was a good kisser. There were a couple that went to the movies with me more than a few times just because their friend told them I was good at that. With those two girls we didn't do anything else but kiss the whole time, as they both had boyfriends. It disappointed me because I had wanted a girlfriend to want me for more than just kissing and making out.

Mom made me forget all about anyone else though. I was so caught up in the moment that I couldn't stop from kissing her. Every time she would move her mouth away to catch a breath of air, I crushed my mouth against hers even harder. At some point she pulled me down on top of her as we kissed. Her shirt had come back down to cover her, but even then I could feel a slight warm, wetness on my chest.

I kissed Mom all over her face, her neck, her collarbone, returning to her tiny mouth every few seconds before she could catch her breath. Was I so excited because she was the most incredible kisser I had ever experienced, or was it because my mind kept coming back to the fact that this was my mother that was kissing me back like this?

By the time I started to move down to her chest, Mom was breathing heavily and writhing around on the bed beneath me. She sat up for the briefest of moments and yanked her shirt off. I did the same to mine, tossing it to the floor. The look on Mom's face when she took in my chest and abs was to die for! I felt so confident all of a sudden. I didn't give her a chance to touch me though, as I immediately attacked her breasts, settling down, halfway on her body and half between her legs, allowing me access to both of her mouth-watering "babies" as she called them.

She smelled better than anything I could have imagined and inhaled deeply on the inside and underneath each one before covering her left one with my mouth. Mom arched into me, and I could see her lifting her head and watching me as I started to suck, gently at first, but rapidly becoming overcome with my need for her. The milk was thin and a little bit salty. Oddly, it left a slightly dry aftertaste in my mouth that made me crave more and more to quench that thirst. I wondered if that was so the baby would want to nurse more? I knew one thing for sure; it made me want to suck on Mom's babies like I was starved!

The milk was flowing freely now; thin streams that when I pushed just right on her nipple with my tongue and sucked with just the right force, the milk would just shoot and spray all the way to the back of my mouth. I quickly found out though that she could give quite a mouthful and if I was not careful, I was forced to stop sucking in order to swallow. I changed my technique, maybe instinctively remembering how to nurse my Mommy. I started to suck and swallow, suck and

swallow, not allowing the warm, silky milk to collect in the back of my mouth any more.

Mom was going crazy. She had her hands alternating from the back of my head to the gripping the blanket, to holding on to the headboard behind her.

"Harder, Baby... My Baby! Suck on Mommy!" she said in this husky voice. "You can use your teeth too!" she gasped.

Not so sure of myself at first, I carefully scraped my teeth along her nipple. Mom responded by pulling my head into her and forcing even more of her bumpy areola into my mouth. A little harder this time, my teeth pressed down around the base of her nipple, capturing it and tugging ever so gently. I was rewarded with a gigantic squirt of thick milk as I squeezed and pumped her breast with my hand and sucked and chewed with my teeth.

Mom's head was thrashing from side to side, stopping every few turns to look down at me, her son, sucking on her flesh with a passion. I moved to her right breast now, the one that my baby sister had just finished with not 30 minutes ago. No hesitation this time, I clamped my mouth down and sucked hard with my teeth, tickling the tip of her nipple with my tongue.

"Aaaaahhhh Jeeeezzzzzz!!" she cried.

I watched the look on Mom's face as she lifted her chest upward and humped herself against my torso between her legs. Her milk pumped into my mouth repeatedly in thin rapid squirts. She continued her humping motions for the next couple of minutes, gripping my hair with her hands and looking down at me with a heavy-lidded expression. She finally calmed down and traced her fingers over my forehead and around my ears.

"I'm so sensitive, Baby. You are making Mommy feel so good!"

I couldn't help but smile. I felt the burning in my cheeks, but I was no longer embarrassed, simply excited that I could make my mom feel that good.

"You're Mommy's bad boy aren't you?" she said with a giggle.

I looked up at her confused. I am sure my face was asking the question going through my mind, why was I bad?

She laughed again and pulled my face up to kiss her. Her nails on the back of my cheeks, holding me in place as her lips approached mine was incredible.

"Mommy's Bad Boy! Cause you made me cum!"

I thought she had but I how could I have been certain? I had made girls come before, but never just from sucking on their nipples. My thoughts could not stay focused though as Mom had her tongue deep inside my mouth at the moment. We kissed like that for a minute before she lay back with a contented look on her face.

I watched, mesmerized, as her fingers slowly pushed her shorts and panties down. She lifted her legs and pulled them off, tossing them beside the bed. Mom was beautiful. I had always loved the sight of a woman down there, ever since the first time I had seen my first porn. It was so erotic to just look at a woman there.

Mom was not smiling anymore. She had this intense look on her face, head pushed back in the pillow, looking at me from half closed eyes. Her manicured nails were tracing slow circles around her big breasts, down her soft stomach, avoiding the well trimmed patch between her legs, but getting oh so close.

"There are other places that my Baby Boy can suck... if he wants," her voice trailed off. She bit her lower lip and breathed heavily as if she were actually afraid I would reject her offer!

"You are so beautiful, Mom," I whispered, letting my eyes roam all over her body.

She shook her head and started to blush. "No I'm not," she whispered back.

"My God! Yes you are!" I shook my head in wonder at the beautiful female form spread out in front of me. This was my mother, the one woman that I was taught I should never see like this under any circumstance. Yet here she was; in all her glory.

I could smell Mom even from my sitting position between her legs. Unlike most of the guys at school, I loved going down a girl. As long as they were clean it was the most incredible experience imaginable, seeing her come like that.

I got down between Mom's legs and inhaled her scent. I could see how wet she was already, maybe from her orgasm. I kissed the insides of her legs, from her calves to her thighs. They were so smooth. I wanted to make my mom feel good again. The thought of it then and even now as I write this made me so hard.

Mom's eyes were glued to my progress, anticipating the first touch of her only son's tongue against her sensitive flesh. And sensitive it was. She arched her back high and cried out as I started kissing and licking between her legs.

I lifted her legs up and placed my hands behind her knees, holding them spread and completely exposed for me. She tasted like heaven. I couldn't believe that I was actually eating my own mother's pussy in my parents' bed. I felt more ravenous with every moan that escaped from her lips. I feasted on Mom's pussy; licking and sucking and nibbling on her clit; thrusting my tongue inside her as deep as I could. This went on for minutes, I can not say how long. I was too involved in eating her to pay attention.

I watched her. Mom was holding both fists in the air, grasping onto nothing and shaking slightly; her eyes were clenched shut, her lips parted, her nostrils were flaring as she worked herself toward another climax. All the while I could not take my eyes away from her face. I wanted my Mom to come inside my mouth, to cause her juices to flow as freely as her milk had just minutes ago.

How can anyone fully understand the feeling of being tongue deep inside their beautiful mother's pussy, unless they too had experienced it? All I know is that seeing Mom like that satisfied me almost more than coming myself. There is nothing better than seeing your mother, tasting your mother, as she reaches that point of no return.

Mom was almost crying as she came this time. The other girls simply moaned and giggled, or pushed me away until they recovered, but not Mom. She had experienced a full body orgasm she told me later.

Her hands went to the back of my head and she literally fucked my face as she flooded my mouth with her juices. I was literally able to drink what she gave me. It was amazing, it was incredible; it was beyond my wildest dreams. But from that point on, it only got better.

I let Mom's legs relax back down onto the bed and just stroked her thighs as she came down from her climax. She started to get this huge smile on her face, eyes still closed, her chest still heaving. She looked so hot!

"Mmmmm," she sighed.

She reached down and traced my jaw-line with her nails and looked into my eyes. She suddenly got this intense look on her face and lifted up on one elbow, grabbing the top of my hair with her other hand and pulling me up and away from between her legs.

"And just where did you learn to do that?" For a second I thought she was truly upset and I could hardly reply. Not that I could have brought myself to tell her about those girls anyway!

"It ... must have been instinctive," I blurted out.

"Hmm. Like hell it was." Mom released my hair and sat up, framing my face in her hands again. "We'll talk about who you've been practicing

on LATER, young man. Right now, Mommy needs you to finish what you started."

She kissed me long and hard, taking MY breath away this time, before pushing me away from her. I watched as Mom got onto her hands and knees, facing the headboard, and tilted her ass in my direction.

"Show me how much you love your Momma ... SON."

I groaned audibly not only at her nasty words, but at the sight before me. I had never done a girl from behind, and was not even sure how to make it all work. I quickly got out of my jeans and shorts and nervously climbed back on the bed, right behind her. Mom spread her legs further to allow my own legs to get in between them, and she watched me over her shoulder.

My cock seemed huge, larger than even before. I was suddenly scared to death that my eight inches would not be enough to satisfy a woman like her. If Dad was much bigger, or she was expecting more than what I had, it would be a nightmare! I would never be able to face her again!

I moved closer and held my cock behind her, not knowing exactly where to find her pussy in this position. My heart was pounding in my ears, getting more nervous by the second, afraid that I would go soft even if I messed this up.

I inhaled sharply when I felt Mom's fingers reaching back between her legs and grabbing me. She pulled me that last fraction of inch until the tip of my cock was against her, and then just like that, she had my head inside.

"My God, Baby... I had no idea," she whispered.

Her head was facing forward and she started to rock backwards onto my cock. I watched with wide eyes as she took one inch, and then another, and then another until I was half way in. She stopped and pressed her face into the pillow.

After a few seconds of rocking against me slightly, Mom turned her face to the side, her eyes still closed.

"Been so long, Baby. You feel so good inside me. So big...." she whimpered.

She lifted back onto her elbows again and tilted her ass up, taking another inch. "Does it feel good, Sweetie? Does Mommy's pussy feel good to you too?"

"Jesus Christ, Mom," I gasped. I had my hands on her wide hips now, squeezing her ass and gripping her waist as I watched my own mother pushing back into me.

"You didn't answer, Baby. Do you like fucking your Momma's pussy?" She almost hissed her last words, pushing back into me even harder.

"Yes, Mom! It feels incredible!"

"What does, Baby? Tell me what feels good."

"You do, Mom... you do! All over!"

"You like Mommy's pussy? You like seeing your mother in front of you like this?"

"Oh my God yes!"

"Say it! Say it for me!" She was moving faster now, looking sideways. I turned and saw what she was looking at. It was us in the dresser along the mirror. She was watching her son fucking her from behind and loving it. So was I. Mom's heavy, milk-laden breasts were hanging down beneath her, swinging from her short thrusts backward along my cock. I saw how my fingers were digging into her side as I pulled her

onto me. I watched as she hooked her feet on top of my calves for leverage.

"Baby! Tell me!"

Looking into her eyes in the mirror I pulled my mother back and thrust forward. As she cried out I said, "I love your pussy, Mom! Love fucking my Mommy's pussy!"

She let out a long, deep groan and came right then, with the length of my cock hardly even all the way in for the first time. I was amazed and enthralled and so excited that I had made her come. I had satisfied a woman as incredible as my mother and we had just gotten started.

Mom was so tight the deeper I went inside. It amazed me that my little sister had ever been inside there, much less just a few months ago. Then of course the realization that I had once been there too hit me. I was once again stretching my mom's pussy, only this time it was pure pleasure she would remember instead.

I tried to take it slow, but Mom would have none of it. The harder she came the faster she pushed back into me, until I could feel my heavy sperm-laden balls actually slapping against her underneath. No more words were spoken, only the sounds of her perfect heart shaped ass slamming back against me; our moaning and gasping; and Mom's pussy making soft, wet, sloppy sounds.

I discovered something that day, while fucking Mom from behind. I take a long time to come in that position. Even as hot as she looked on all fours in front of me and seeing things that no son should ever see: my thick cock entering her over and over; her little wrinkled asshole tightening and relaxing; her glistening white cream coating my shaft; the feel of Mom's legs and feet pressing down hard on mine; and then the sight of us in the mirror. I was close to coming, but couldn't get that last bit unless I was prepared to fuck her hard and fast. And I was just not willing to do it. Besides the fact that I loved her coming over and over again and wanting it to last forever, I was afraid I would hurt her, as more than a few times she had cried out and pushed me away for a few seconds with her hand, before allowing me to continue.

I wanted to make love to her; show her that I was a better man than she could hope for. I wanted her to be proud of how she taught me to treat women, and have that experience for her self firsthand. She deserved better than any man could give her, even me.

Mom announced that she was cumming again and she grabbed the blanket once more with both fists and stuffed her face into Dad's pillow, muffling her loud cry. She came as much as before, and I could feel the wetness flowing out around my cock and against my thighs as I thrust consistently and deliberately into her.

"Oh, Baby.... Please.... Please come for Mommy! I can't take much more!"

I didn't want to come that way, so I pulled out, leaving Mom whimpering, and let her fall to her side. She looked up at me with an utterly confused expression, almost like she couldn't remember where she was. She saw me holding my cock as I rolled her onto her back and she wantonly spread her arms and legs, waiting for me once more.

I slid right in as I crushed the full length of my body down onto hers. Mom wrapped her legs and arms around me and started kissing me, her tongue matching my cock's thrusting inside her. I knew this was how I wanted it, how I always would want to finish it; my cock inside my mommy's pussy, feeling her coming all over me and kissing me and holding me safe in her arms.

Reaching back with both hands I felt the smoothness of her slender legs again, wrapped so tight around my waist. Mom's hands gripped my shoulders from around my back and her teeth sunk into my neck as she came again. She released me and I found her left breast inches from my mouth. I angled myself and started sucking and chewing again. Her sweet sweat just made the taste of her milk even more incredible.

I felt a flash of new sudden warmth and wetness, and she began thrashing beneath me. It made me come at last.

It was the longest most intense orgasm I had experienced in my young life. People always say they can feel a woman's pussy pump and grab

them as they come. I couldn't feel that. I was so hard for my Mom and she was so wet and hot that I honestly felt like I had a steel rod and was dipping it into hot silk. My load of hot cum just intensified the effect.

The two of us ground our hips together for minutes afterward, just kissing and holding each other. Both of us continued to shudder ever little while as we recovered from our passion.

We could both feel the sloppy mess that was between our legs and forming a large puddle on the comforter. Mom looked into my eyes and grinned again, sliding her hands all over my sweaty back and down to my butt.

"You were saving it up for Mommy, weren't you?"

I bashfully averted her eyes and grinned, not knowing what to say.

"I thought so, you naughty boy!" She kissed me again and ruffled my hair with her fingers. "Well, you know what ... No matter what you do to me ... you are always going to be my Baby Boy!"

Part 2

In the aftermath of being with Mom, she became very concerned that I was going to be alright with what had happened between us. It actually took quite a lot of convincing on my part before she finally accepted the fact that I truly did want to love her like that. Once she knew that she had not messed me up, she visibly relaxed and became another person. She was so excited and flirtatious, contemplating what we had just done, and what she wanted to do. Mom definitely liked being in control, and she was good at it; I suppose this was something that would be very difficult for any mother not to excel at.

Over the next few days I was not sure how I should look at her anymore. Of course I loved what we had done and hoped beyond hope that she would want me again, but I was confused. It is strange to see your mother walking around doing day to day things, acting completely normal, yet knowing what she is hiding under those tight sweatpants or business skirt, and especially that old robe she loved so much.

I wanted her again so much it was driving me crazy. Unfortunately the opportunity just did not present itself, and as the days dragged on to a second and then a third week I wondered if it would ever happen again. What was even worse, Mom had made me promise to save myself for her, knowing full well that teenage boys jack off daily if not more. Her subtle teasing was literally driving me to wits end. What started out as a constant high quickly turned into 24 hours a day of frustration, especially when I was around her.

I thought it was only affecting me, but when Mom started to get short with Dad and even sometimes me I knew something was going on with her too. Sometimes after her being in a generally foul mood I would cautiously look at her and when her eyes met mine, she would suddenly get flustered and turn away and then I would just know.

Unbeknownst to him, our problem was finally solved by dear Old Dad.

Dad was a huge outdoorsman, a "redneck from the get-go," Mom always said, and a real manly-man. I used to go with him fishing and camping when I was younger, but it just was not something I was into as much as him. I am sure this is what kept him distant from me, and despite my mother perhaps liking that sort of man when she was younger, it seemed she enjoyed my company more than his now; even before we had crossed that intimate line.

When Dad announced that he would be deep sea fishing with some friends all day Saturday and not be back until Sunday, both Mom and I could scarcely contain ourselves. Even Dad noticed how perked up she was, but did not attribute it to him being away. He just made comments about the post-partum depression finally being over and good to see Mom back to her old cheerful self again. She generally played along with him and I even caught them kissing in the kitchen a couple of nights before Saturday. They didn't see me, but I suddenly felt very jealous and even a little depressed after seeing that. I knew she

didn't belong to me, but I still wondered if I was even still important to her like that.

At dinner, Dad asked what my plans were over the weekend. I said I had a date on Friday night and may want to go out with friends on Saturday. Mom didn't look up when I said that, but she was quiet for the next few minutes until she announced that she needed to check on Vicki. Dad and I talked about sports or something while she was gone, I don't remember what exactly.

I was cleaning up the dishes about 30 minutes later when she came back into the kitchen and glared at me. Even from the corner of my eyes I could see that she had changed into her "shorty" pajamas; the thin ones that had short bottoms that showed off her legs and a top that now gapped open a little from the size of her swollen breasts. I tried to ignore her right up until she placed herself between me and the open dishwasher; one hand on the counter and the other on her hip.

"Since when do you have a date?!" she hissed, just loud enough for me to hear.

I could see she was seething. "I don't know. I just figured ..."

"Just stop it! Stop the charade! We both know very well you don't have a date!" Mom shook her head emphatically and stared at me for a few long seconds. I finally got up the courage to give her a look that

suggested she could believe whatever she wanted. She backed up, stunned.

"You don't do you? You can't! I've been waiting for a chance like this for weeks! Weeks!" She looked like she was about to cry. "How could you?" she whispered.

"How could you?" I snapped back; though I felt horrible immediately for doing it.

She looked as if I'd slapped her. "What? What did I do?"

I was quiet while I continued scrubbing the dishes. I felt her hand on my elbow and it gave me goose bumps all over.

"What happened? Was it something I did? Whatever it was, I didn't mean it, Baby ..."

"I saw you and Dad ... you know. Before dinner," I finally managed.

She was quiet for a second, realizing the impact of what something like that might do to me. I felt her move closer to me, pressing her full breast against my arm and grinding her pelvis into my hip. Her mouth moved so close to my ear that I could feel her breath.

"But Sweetie," she said. "Your father can't catch on that I have a new young lover in my life." Mom emphasized the words young lover and quickly nipped at my earlobe.

I squirmed away, feeling my cock harden painfully in my sweats. Mom moved her hand to the back of my neck and raked her nails up onto my scalp and then back again.

"Don't you want Mommy to be a good little wife for Daddy?" she said in this throaty voice. "We don't want Dad getting suspicious now do we?"

Just as I felt her hand close around my cock, we heard Dad sitting down in the living room to watch TV. Mom instantly pulled away and started to leave the kitchen.

"When you're finished with that, go upstairs and carry the laundry down to the basement for your Old Mother please," Mom instructed me.

"She means your Old and Sexy Mother!" Dad yelled from the recliner.

Mom laughed and I heard commotion in the living room. I finished the dishes in relative disgust and when I came out I saw Mom sitting on Dad's lap; his large, calloused hand grabbing her ass as he kissed and fondled her.

"Don't forget the laundry in the baby's room," Mom called after me, Dad's face buried in her neck. Her laughing practically haunted me up the stairs.

Should I have been mad or I just took everything she dished out? I was not used to disobeying my parents so I did as I was told. But I didn't like her flirting with me one second and then Dad the next. It just didn't seem right. Oddly, the fact that she was flirting with me at all did not enter my mind as being wrong for some reason.

I gathered the laundry and when I passed the living room, Mom was straddling his lap permitting him to have his way with her. I saw Dad quickly remove his hands from inside her top and move her to a more respectable position as I walked by. I ignored them. I heard them whispering and then Mom was laughing again as I made my way down to the basement. It made me angry that just seeing her long legs on him made me hard.

Damn it!

I set everything down and turned the lights on, getting things ready for Mom as I had for the last six months or so since she needed my help. It was a routine for us now. I would bring stuff down and sometimes do all the laundry, but since she had not asked for me to help do all that, I was not going to just volunteer now.

Right when I turned around to head back upstairs, Mom came into the laundry room and squeezed by me. Damn, I thought. She smells incredible.

Despite myself, I couldn't help but watch her. She looked so hot in those pajamas. I turned slightly and saw her using her fingers to push the hair behind one ear. She bent down to grab clothes out of the hamper and started to sort things into piles on the floor. Mom did this a half dozen times as I stood not six feet away from her enjoying the view with utmost satisfaction.

"So," she said.

"So, what?" I was admiring her toned legs and her cute butt which was aimed right at me at the moment. Was she even wearing panties under there??

"Do you really have a date, or were you just trying to make your mother jealous?"

"I might have a date, I might not."

She was quiet as she started the washer, and then turned to look at me, arms crossed again, one eyebrow raised.

"Then cancel it." She moved her head to the side and back as if ready for confrontation.

I laughed. "So now you want me to cancel my 'Friday night' date, even though YOU are doing all that with HIM?" I growled.

Mom got what only could be described as a shit-eat-grin on her face.

"That's right. Cancel it."

"Why should I cancel it?" I asked.

I shouldn't have, but I did. I stepped closer to her, placing my hands on either side of her body against the edge of the washer. My head was pounding as I looked at her pinned like that.

"Because, you always have a lot of homework to do over the weekend." She unfolded her arms and traced my waistband with her fingertips, looking down at them.

"So? What does that have to do with Friday?" I slid my hands inside her top, touching her stomach, her ribs and then just barely coming into contact with the bottoms of her breasts.

Mom moved both hands inside my sweats and deftly gripped my balls with one and my rock hard cock with the other. She was smiling up at me with beaming eyes, knowing full well what she was doing to me.

"Well... I don't think you are going to have much time for studying over the weekend." Mom moved her lips as close to mine without touching. "Do you?"

"Wh.. why is that?" I asked softly.

Staring into my eyes and grinning from ear to ear, she said I a cute voice, "Because Mommy has lots of things for Baby Boy to HELP with this weekend."

I couldn't stand it a moment longer. I crushed my mouth against hers. I could feel Mom still smiling as she kissed me back, squeezing my balls tighter and stroking me roughly. She opened wide and thrust her

tongue deep inside my mouth, sighing. I started squeezing her breasts, lightly running my thumbs over her nipples. Within seconds I felt her milk on my fingertips. I had to have her; I didn't care what happened.

Mom looked cautiously to the door as I lifted her onto the washer. She helped me unbutton her top, freeing her wonderful breasts for my warm mouth.

"Aaahhhh!" Mom whimpered when she felt my tongue against her nipple, sucking as hard as I could.

She looked like she was about to fall right off of the washer as she leaned back and braced herself, arching her back and shoving her breast into my mouth.

"I love it," she groaned, putting a hand on the back of my head and pulling my face into her.

I couldn't get enough of her; her taste, her scent. The washer was jostling her around and it was even having an almost painful effect on me with my body pressed up against the front like it was. Mom's smooth legs were wrapped around my waist, keeping me from pulling away; as if I would ever have wanted to. She started kissing my forehead as I feasted on her milky globes. I captured a nipple between my teeth and tugged gently, causing her to squeal with delight. I moved to the other one now, repeating the whole sequence: first kissing the

swollen flesh; then licking her bluish veins; next sucking and nibbling, chewing on that thick rubbery nipple as she squirmed in front of me, giving me her milk so willingly.

I needed more. I wanted to be inside her again; inside my mother's pussy. To feel her clamping down on me and coming all over me just like that afternoon that seemed a lifetime ago now. I stopped nursing and looked at her face. She was flushed and breathing heavily, staring right back at me. My hands went to her waistband and she opened her eyes wide.

"You're crazy!" she said, dropping her legs and trying to push me away. I started to pull her bottoms down and she got this ferocious look on her face. "I said NO! We can't!" She gritted her teeth and looked at me sternly. God she was so cute.

For a split second I actually thought about just backing off, but only for a second. If I wasn't going to get my cock inside her I could think of other ways to get what I needed. I pushed her back as she struggled to jump down and I lifted Mom's legs onto my shoulders. Not even taking her shorts off, I just buried my face between her legs.

Her pajamas and panties were so thin that I could smell her almost as well as if nothing had been between my nose and her wet pussy. I started to chew and suck through the crotch of her pajamas while holding her legs in the air.

Mom started whimpering again, almost begging, yet laughing softly. "Please Baby! What if he catches ... Oh shit!"

This was due to my quickly moving the crotch aside and my tongue coming in direct contact with her clit. Mom continued protesting as she alternately gripped and released my hair in her fist. When I buried my tongue inside her and sucked her juices right out, she at last relented and leaned back on her elbows to watch.

"This is what you want?" she gasped through clenched teeth. "You want your mother's pussy that bad?? You need to suck ... your own ... mother's pussy? You're so bad ... So bad!"

I redoubled my effort in response causing her to grip my hair harder. She tasted incredible, even better than that first day it seemed. I must have stayed down there for 10 minutes, becoming hypnotized by the loud vibrations from the washer and watching Mom's face contort with pleasure as she let me lick and kiss her between the legs all I wanted.

"You're going to make me come! Stop it!" she half-begged. Her eyes were shut, head tilted to the side and back, hair falling over her face.

I sucked on her clit in response.

"Ooohhhhhh Gaaaawwdd! Shhhittt!"

Mom came on my chin as I chewed on her sensitive clit. She bucked and squirmed all over the washer for a good minute, and finally came down from her climax ironically at the very same moment the washer had finished the spin cycle. She opened her eyes and looked down at me, her son, kissing the insides of her thighs and inhaling her strong womanly scent.

She placed her small foot on my shoulder and let me kiss her arch and suck on her toes for a few seconds before she used it to push me away forcefully, a devilish grin on her face. "You are a brat, you know that?"

Mom slid off the washer and I held her up as she regained her legs. She caught sight of my hard-on and slapped at it playfully.

"Serves you right, Brat! Making your mother come like that ... and against her wishes too!" she poked me in the chest with her slender finger. "Now get out of here before he comes looking."

I looked down at my cock which was tenting straight out and at her as she stood in front of me. Mom stepped over to me when I grabbed myself to relieve the pressure just a little.

"And you save THAT for me ... you hear?"

"But that isn't for two days!" I said in a voice just a little too high for my liking.

"Then YOU shouldn't have gotten yourself all worked up now, should you ... Young Man?" That shit-eat-grin was back as she moved my hands away from my crotch and then pushed me toward the door. "I mean it. You are not to mess around until you're with me. These..." and she grabbed my balls through my sweats, "belong to your Mother!"

I can honestly say I barely slept a wink that night. This was due in no small part to the raging hard-on I got every time I thought about Mom and what she had said. I had gone to bed without brushing my teeth or washing my face, as I wanted to keep the taste of her milk in my mouth and the scent of her pussy on my lips. I could literally smell her for half the night. I would catch myself stroking my cock and getting closer to taking care of myself, when that cute, sexy voice would tell me that I belonged to her.

Then, at about midnight, I heard the telltale sounds of my parents going at it. I sat up in bed to make sure and even cracked my door open to hear it better. I had not heard this sound very often over the past few years and not at all after Mom got pregnant. There was no mistaking now though. They, or at least Dad, were definitely having a good time.

It's funny. I was so jealous just a few hours ago, yet now as I listened to the mattress springs creaking rhythmically, I started to picture Mom. I couldn't help myself. I wanted to be in there instead of him, or if nothing else watching! Normally I could only hear the springs or the headboard bang against the wall now and then; but that night I could clearly hear Dad moaning and panting as well. I wondered if this was the first time they had had sex since the baby was born. That thought amazed me. There was no way I could have slept in the same bed with my Mom all those months and not been all over her, all the way through her pregnancy!

They didn't last long, maybe 20 minutes all in all. But I knew what that was like. I doubt many men could last longer than five minutes with my Mom. It culminated with the sounds of Dad grunting and groaning, much louder than I had ever heard in the past. It was quiet and then I thought I heard soft voices. A little while later Vicki started crying from her room across from theirs. This was not usual; as it seemed to me she was now sleeping through the night at least most of the time. I heard one of them come out, presumably Mom, and then all was silent in the house again.

I finally did fall asleep at around 4:00 and had to get up at 6:00 for school. I felt like shit but still couldn't wait to get up and see what Mom was wearing for work today. I headed down the hall to the shower, and passing Vicki's room I saw Mom sitting next to the crib in the rocker.

From my vantage point I she was sitting at an angle. Mom looked as tired as I felt; hair a mess, no makeup, eyes closed.

She was beautiful.

Mom was holding a bottle for my baby sister, as she was trying to get Vicki away from the breastfeeding already. I opened the door to get a better look, and Mom opened her eyes. She turned her face toward me and smiled slightly but she didn't say anything. Her eyes looked almost drugged. She gave me an incredibly sexy look as she leaned her head back against the rocker. With her free hand she slowly reached down and parted her robe. It opened all the way to her right thigh, revealing that her long smooth legs were crossed, right over left. The sight of those legs seemed to make my blood boil just to glance at them nowadays.

She turned her face back to my sister, talking softly; all the while pointing her toes and rocking softly. Mom shifted in the chair and brushed her robe open further. It was now open all the way to her waist. My view was slightly obstructed by the arm of the rocker, but I saw enough that the image would be forever ingrained upon my young mind.

I looked behind me to where I heard Dad in their shower, and I knew I didn't have time to do a damned thing. I cursed under my breath, took one last look and shook my head.

Never in my life had I had such a difficult time in the shower as that morning. I just wouldn't get soft, my cock seemingly daring me to stroke it to ecstasy. I washed as fast as I could (and I also discovered that despite popular opinion, turning the water to cold has absolutely no effect on a raging hard-on caused by wanting your own mother!).

Mom didn't come down for breakfast and Dad headed out after a quick "good morning," so I ate alone. The school day was going to be impossible, I knew it already, from how tired I was already and how much my balls were aching. Is this what Blue Balls is? I mean, can a guy even get Blue Balls from looking at his own mother? How weird is that?

I cleaned up and was just heading out the door when I saw Mom coming down the stairs. I stopped to watch those black, high heeled, pointy-toed sling-backs making their way down the padded stairs. No stockings, just her dainty bare feet inside. I knew the outfit as soon as I saw her pants; or so I thought. It was the one with the tight form-fitting gray slacks that hugged her ass so well that you could tell that she wore thongs underneath. And she always only wore thongs underneath for just that reason. The white cashmere turtleneck sweater was a new addition though. Normally Mom was too hot to wear something like that, but it was unusually cold and rainy that day for the month of May.

That sweater took my breath away. It molded to her large breasts in a way that was almost scandalous. You could even make out her nipples poking right through her bra! Mom's hair and makeup looked stunning

as well. You would have never believed that she was the same tired woman I had seen just a little while ago.

I have no idea how long I was standing there with my mouth open holding my bag for school. I do know that when I came to my senses she was smiling that grin again. She knew she was tormenting me just by being herself. God it made me want her so bad.

"You're going to be late for school, Baby," she said softly; hands still on the banister and looking at me. I was speechless.

Mom looked down and pulled at her sweater from beneath, causing it to tighten on her boobs even more. Without looking up she asked if she looked ok.

"You look awesome!" I blurted out.

Mom raised her eyes but barely lifted her head up. I could see that devilish smile again. "Then you keep thinking about what Mommy is wearing all day and see where that gets you."

She stepped down the last stair and crossed over to me, before leaning in to give me a kiss that made me weak in the knees. When she backed off she looked into my eyes and then glanced down at my lips. Laughing, Mom took her finger and thumb and wiped away the lipstick

from my lips and the corner of my mouth. My how that brought back memories of her wiping my face when I was a kid.

"Now off to school, Darling. Know that Mommy will be thinking about YOU today too."

I don't even remember driving to school, and I seemed in a fog all day. One of my friends told me later that this girl I had a crush on talked to me when I was by my locker and I didn't even remember it! That is how much I was becoming obsessed with Mom. Sometimes I wonder had this been a teacher or one of Mom's friends or an older neighbor, would I have been that wrapped up in it, being that they were all just sexy older women? Maybe initially, but after so long with Mom now, I know it was something about her. Something about the fact that my own mother wanted me as a man. What guy wouldn't become obsessed with that?

I knew that evening when I went down to Mom's SUV in the garage, to help her bring in Vicki and her stuff from work, that it was going to be another difficult night. Mom looked incredible even after all day. Her perfume just seemed to hang there when I opened the back seat. As I bent in to undo my sister's car seat, I felt Mom's hand sliding between my legs from behind. I stood there for a few seconds as she stepped up behind me and slid her other hand inside my shirt from the front and ran her palm across my abs.

I straightened up and started to pull Vicki out of the car, still enjoying Mom's hand groping at my balls. When I turned around she took my face in her hands and kissed me long and hard, sliding her tongue between my teeth and then sucking on my lower lip as she pulled away.

"Only a few more hours," she grinned. "Only one more night until I have my boy's cock inside me again!" She backed away enough for me to catch my reaction, and actually giggled when she saw me smile slyly back at her. "God I can't wait!"

I avoided going all the way upstairs where Mom was giving my sister her nightly breastfeeding, knowing full well that I would never be able to last another night seeing her again like that. I went back down to the basement and worked out for close to 45 minutes before I called it quits. Kind of difficult to do all that with the constant throbbing between your legs.

By the time I was back upstairs, Dad was home, lying on the couch playing with Vicki, and Mom was just about to set the table. She gave me this incredibly hot stare, smiling again when I entered the kitchen. When I took the silverware and plates from her hands and then turned around, she pinched my butt and made me jump. I felt myself turn red, and she seemed pleased at that, before going back to finishing dinner.

At dinner, Mom cradled Vicki while she ate her own dinner. About halfway through, Mom started to play footsies with me and, as I was in

shorts, she was able to get her foot all the way up to my thigh from where she sat across from Dad. My heart was pounding as I reached under that tablecloth and gently grabbed Mom's foot, placing it on my knee. If Dad only knew that I was rubbing Mom's foot on my lap just two feet away from him!

That was the first time I felt the rush of seeing her not just as my mother but also as another man's wife. It was beyond exciting to have a woman flirting with me so obviously yet discreetly right under her husband's nose. The fact that she was flirting with her own son made it mind boggling.

I loved the way Mom just kept talking to Dad the whole time, while my fingers gently massaged her arch and playfully pulled on each of her toes. For the most part we did not look at each other, except to pass the food or something, but when I did catch her glance it spoke of so many things to come.

I made myself scarce after dinner, playing with my sister for a few minutes and then handing her back to Mom for bedtime. She was snuggled into Dad on the couch when I came in; his hand on her bare tummy; a look of relative tolerance on her face. Mom for her part lowered her shirt to appear discreet in front of her grown son. Little did Dad know that I would be seeing a hell of a lot more than that as soon as he left tomorrow.

I stayed up studying rather late, since Mom had "encouraged" me to do so the night before. Dad had ragged on me about skipping my date to study. Told me better luck next week. I ignored him, knowing that I would be fucking the most gorgeous woman on the planet, which also happened to be his wife and my mother all weekend if I could manage it.

I was secretly pleased when I left the room and, as Dad was just trying to get back to making out with Mom, I heard her announce that she was tired and heading to bed.

I woke up to the smell of bacon and eggs, as well as coffee for Dad. He always took lots of it when he headed out on a camping trip. He said Mom's coffee could "hit a man where it mattered," whatever that meant.

After my shower I went downstairs and found Vicki in her little seat wide awake and drooling and kicking. I took care of that as Mom was busy with breakfast. She was singing to a silly commercial on TV and looking so cute and so sexy in her long pajamas this time; bare feet, painted toes. She winked at me when I caught her eye and I could only think about what I would be doing to that incredible body in not very long.

We were almost finished breakfast before I felt Mom's foot rubbing against mine under the table. She held her hot tea with both hands,

sipping gently, and stroking my foot with hers as she pretended to watch the news on the small TV in the kitchen.

The phone rang and naturally Mom got up to answer it. It sounded like one of Dad's friends from her usual sarcastic remarks, then a fake laugh. I was right. She handed the phone to Dad and sat back down; her foot instantly returning to mine.

Mom's toes were playfully circling my ankle and the back of my leg when we heard Dad say, "Well I guess that shoots our plans to Hell, doesn't it?"

She jerked her foot away from mine and watched his face. I picked at the last of my food, listening carefully.

It was as both of us expected but were no doubt hoping we were wrong about for the past couple of minutes. The trip was cancelled. Dad's idiot friend that planned the whole thing forgot to make the reservation for the boat! Everything was booked for the next month, especially with the weather getting better. I wanted to kill the bastard!

Mom didn't say anything. She immediately got up and went upstairs with my sister, asking me to clean up. I did so, in complete silence. Dad was pissed, and rightly so, but not nearly as pissed as Mom and I were. Only we had to contain ourselves in front of him while he was free to curse and rant about his friend as much as he wanted.

The morning was fucking miserable. Dad sat around in the recliner for most of it, meaning Mom and I could not even talk about what had happened really. The weather was nasty out so there was no going outside to hang out with friends either. I went to my room and played on the computer, trying to take my mind off of my Mom and how frustrated I was getting.

About noon I heard a knock on my door. It was Mom asking me if I wanted to go grab a bite to eat. Before I got my hopes up too much, she said that Dad was going to the hardware store and suggested we all get out of the house. I opened the door and looked at her. She was dressed in a pair of awesome jeans with black boots and a tight blouse with sleeves that came about $\frac{3}{4}$ lengths down. Big hoop earrings and dark eyelashes with the most delicious looking lipstick.

She was leaning against the door frame looking so hot I couldn't stand it.

"At least we get to be together," she whispered, tugging gently on my shirt. "Maybe even lose him for a few minutes. Never know."

I looked at my old jeans and crappy shirt and started to look for something else to wear.

"Don't change, Baby. You look so adorable in that." She was grinning from ear to ear staring at my ass when she said it. "Love you looking like my young son."

Mom winked and started back downstairs, with me following right behind. God I wanted to reach out and grab that ass; it was so close and so firm. I had to remember to stop looking when we got back downstairs to where Dad was waiting with the baby.

I would love to say that we were able to ditch Dad and then Mom and I parked someplace and fucked our brains out. It didn't happen. There were just too many people out on a Saturday for us to even flirt, except for a touch on the hand or each other's hips now and then. And it was too strange for us to stay in the car while Dad went shopping. Mom couldn't even flirt at lunch because she had to sit in the seat across from me and Dad so she could take care of Vicki.

She looked so incredible though. I couldn't even look at those hotties walking around in their tight hostess uniforms. I had eyes only for Mom. She caught me looking at her more than once and gave me a fierce yet playful look for me to stop, but I could tell she enjoyed the attention by the way she kept looking back with wide eyes and pushing her hair behind her ears. Mom was easily the hottest thing in the place.

On the way home, Mom rode in the back with Vicki instead of me. I heard her breastfeeding my sister and it took every ounce of control I

had to not turn around and stare. I could almost taste her warm breasts leaking that sweet milk onto my tongue; could practically smell her sweaty flesh in between those swollen orbs. God, I just wanted to bury face between those perfect legs of hers.

The rest of the afternoon was the same. The trip had been a wasted endeavor if you asked me and I was going bonkers. Mom and the baby went down for a nap and Dad watched TV and worked out in the garage over the next few hours. I just killed time by playing on the computer (which made me feel oddly immature all of a sudden) or looking at college catalogs again.

I eventually decided to work out in the basement to keep from getting too depressed. I had already been down there for an hour when Mom came down. She wore a pair of tight running shorts and a sports bra. She didn't say anything to me as she finished her stretches and then got on the treadmill for her daily walk. I tried to avoid looking at her, but I just couldn't. I mean, it wasn't her fault Dad had stayed home. And she looked so fucking hot!

I turned to watch my mother and found her already staring back at me. Her boobs were jiggling from her brisk walking, and I could already see beads of sweat forming on her forehead. She just watched me intently as I went over and picked up some weights and started lifting in front of her. I did one set, and then decided to tease her like she had been doing to me. I took off my shirt and continued with my lifting.

When I looked at Mom she was smiling and eyeing my chest up and down. She used the back of her hand to wipe her sweaty forehead and turned the treadmill up a notch. She was really getting a workout now, jogging and watching my arms and chest as I lifted. By this time I was about spent though, having already been down there for an hour. I couldn't keep up the teasing any longer, so I put the weights down and then sat on the bench directly in her line of sight.

As I watched Mom sweating more, hair matted to her face, I got increasingly excited. I just sat there, head pounding, and let myself get completely hard right in front of her. Mom smiled bigger now when she caught sight of me in that state. She cautiously turned to look in the direction of the stairs just in case.

I smiled at Mom and took a chance, pulling my cock out the top of my shorts. I just held my cock out in the open for her to see. This gave me the most incredible rush, exposing myself freely in front of my Mother while she just ate me up with her eyes.

"No fair," I heard her mumble. She stuck her lower lip out in a pretend pout.

I laughed. "Here I am. Come and get me," I responded.

"Swwweettie," she whined. "You know we can't!"

I raised my eyes and shrugged. "Your choice."

She changed her tactics and got that stern "Mother" look again. "Listen, Young Man.... You stop teasing me, and I mean it! Put that away!"

I started stroking myself, pulling my skin back and exposing my large head. Mom got this look like it was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. She sighed.

"Baby, stop...."

"You shouldn't have come down here until I was finished if you didn't want see me then." I closed my eyes and grinned, stroking myself faster.

"Don't you dare!" Mom said, slowing the treadmill and preparing to jump off.

"It's either this or I go call up my 'date' I skipped out on last night."

Mom was laughing now and trying to keep her voice down as she came over to me, glancing behind her one last time to make sure the coast was clear.

"You are so bad!" she said as she slapped my hands away and grabbed my cock.

I was thrilled that my gamble had worked and she was softly stroking me as she looked down into my eyes with that sly grin. You can not imagine my disappointment when she quickly stuffed me awkwardly back into my shorts and patted me one last time.

"We're saving him, remember?"

"Mom!" I groaned.

She just smiled, took my face in her hands and gave me one hellacious kiss that nearly knocked me off the bench. If Dad had come down right there he would have gotten quite a shock; seeing Mom bent over in those tight shorts, all sweaty, holding my face as she devoured my lips.

"I promise, Baby... Mommy will take such good care of you. Just be patient." She kissed me one last time and then started to leave.

"Easy for you to say," I said under my breath.

Mom stopped and turned around to consider me. I am sure I had one of the most dejected, pathetic looks imaginable. Something she was not used to seeing in me, especially since she had gotten pregnant and I had become "Mommy's little helper." I put my head in my hands and tried to cool down; my mind still reeling from that kiss.

I felt her standing next to me before I actually saw her. She knelt down in front of me and tried to look into my face. I jumped when she touched my arm, so turned on I was by her hand on me again.

"I shouldn't have teased you, Darling. Can you ever forgive your mean old mother?"

She knew that I would laugh. And I did.

"You're not old, Mom."

"Oh, but I am mean, huh?"

"That isn't what I meant," I protested. I looked into her eyes and saw her grinning again.

"Tell you what, Sweetheart," she stroked my forearm like it was my cock, not realizing how sensual that was to me. "I'll figure out something. Just promise me you'll wait. Do that for me, OK, Baby?"

Reluctantly I agreed. "OK. But please, Mom... no more teasing. You are so fucking hot!"

Mom's eyes widened at my cursing in front of her for the first time, and for a split second I thought she might get irritated. She stepped closer to me and put her palms on my bare chest.

"You're mother isn't the only one in this family that's 'so fucking hot'... Son." She stared into my eyes for a second before seeing where her hands were, and she slowly lifted them in the air as if she were giving up. "Oh, that's right ... you don't want Mommy teasing you anymore." She sighed loudly and rolled her eyes.

"I didn't mean it!"

She just pretended to ignore me, grinning, as she headed back upstairs.

That night as I lay in bed, I felt strange about what Mom had said. Looking back now, I know I was completely and totally infatuated with her. I couldn't stop smiling when I thought about her and I actually

wanted to "save" myself just like she had made me promise. I wanted to do anything my Mom asked if it mean it would make her happy.

I was tossing and turning, thoughts of Mom on that treadmill and her foot against mine under the table running through my mind, when I heard Vicki crying from down the hall. I was tempted to get up so Mom wouldn't have to, when I heard their door open.

Was Mom just changing a diaper, or was she feeding her? Was it with a bottle or natural? I made the mistake of picturing her in the rocker, breasts exposed, with my little sister sucking hungrily. I was instantly hard with pre-cum oozing out all over. I rolled over and tried to go sleep. That was no use. I could almost hear Mom singing softly to Vicki, rocking her back to sleep. I rolled back over onto my back and instinctively went back to my erection, stroking and squeezing myself as I thought about her. I was now to that point where teasing myself was becoming so incredible that I almost didn't want to come anymore.

My eyes were closed when I actually sensed, more than heard my door open. I got onto my elbows and looked at Mom standing inside my room, closing the door gently behind her. She was wearing that old comfy robe she loved so much. My heart started racing and I sat up as Mom untied the sash and let it fall to the floor. It was like something right out of a movie. She was completely naked underneath. In the dim light coming through my blinds from outside, I could make out the dark circles around the tips of each large breast, and that tiny patch of dark-blond fur between her legs.

Mom did not say a word as she took those few steps from the door to my bedside. When she got there she leaned down and kissed me hard, holding the back of my head with one hand and my chin with the other. I felt her push me back on the bed roughly and she threw the covers off of me, exposing my hard-on. Climbing onto the bed, she kneeled between my feet and bent her face forward, staring into my eyes. I expected her to take my cock into her mouth, so I was more than a little surprised when she touched my hard shaft only long enough to lift it away from balls. Her mouth was on my suddenly like a wet steel trap!

I could hardly watch as Mom sucked both balls into her mouth, swirling her tongue around each one; mashing one and then the other against the roof of her mouth or her teeth. Her hands snaked around the backs of my thighs and dug her nails in to my butt as she sucked harder than I thought possible. I touched the top of her head to get her to release me, give me a mere second of relief, but she just kept sucking and licking and kissing.

I nearly cried out when I felt my mother's tongue sliding first between my balls, and then lower, lower until she was licking at the super-sensitive flesh below. I was panting and squirming, attempting to somehow counteract the incredible sensations tingling all over my body. Without thinking I moved my hand to stroke my cock only to have Mom push me away. She pressed my cock flat up against my stomach and attacked my balls with even more intensity if that were even possible.

All the while, Mom had her ass sticking up in the air behind her, and I wished so much that my reach had been long enough to just grab and squeeze her all over. Her head was moving from side to side as she sucked and licked me all over, and her perfect butt was moving in slow humping motions as she arched her back time and again.

"I can't stand it Mom!" I groaned, struggling to keep my head up enough to watch what she was doing.

With that, Mom started lightly chewing, and I do mean chewing, with her teeth along the underside of my shaft. She followed the long thick tube that would have my cum shooting through it in just seconds. She let me put my hands on either side of her head, and I felt how hot her ears were, as well as the silkiness of her hair.

At last Mom's mouth reached the end of my cock. Without even using her hands, she managed to get me inside, immediately swirling her tongue all over the head. I could almost feel her work the tip of her tongue into that slit on top. It made me lift up and arch my back; spread my legs wider; anything to help me through that excruciating pleasure!

Her eyes were closed now as she sucked more and more of my hard cock into her mouth. I expected her to stop when she made it halfway, but to my shock (and delight) she started bobbing furiously, until her nose was pressing against me on each downward lunge. When I felt

Mom grab my balls with one hand and reach up to pinch my nipple with the other, I completely lost it. I didn't even have time to warn her.

Mom was obviously an expert at this because she somehow sensed my orgasm and backed off to just my head again. She sucked vigorously, her lips completing the perfect suction action just beneath my rapidly expanding head.

How I managed to keep my eyes open and watch as I came for that first time in my own mother's mouth is beyond me. I had been teased so much the past few days that I came in buckets it seemed. I actually remember my cock pumping at least half a dozen long, thick spurts into her mouth before it even started to relent.

Mom was making sloppy sounds as she sucked and swallowed my cum, her eyes still clenched shut, nose crinkled up, eyebrows furrowed. I had so much cum though, I don't think anyone could have kept up for long. While still amidst my incredible orgasm, I felt the sudden wet warmth running down my cock and between my legs to form a huge damp spot on the bed. Mom just kept sucking and licking, and finally as I stopped spurting she started kissing my cock all over. She got me clean with her lips and tongue, still massaging my balls, which were now tight and rolling in her sticky fingers.

At last she opened her eyes and looked up at me. I had never seen a look like that before. She was still stroking me, and honest to God I was

still as hard as when she had entered the room. I don't know if that was because I had literally just come and had not had enough time to go down, or if it was just me being so turned on by her!

Without speaking, Mom crawled up my body, her breasts hanging lewdly beneath her. She straddled my waist and, never breaking eye contact, she slid my cock inside her. My God, I thought. Just like that. It is finally happening again. Finally, after three of the worst or best weeks of my life, depending on how you looked at it, I had my cock inside my mother's hot, soaking wet pussy.

What was it that made my head pound so much? That kept me from closing my eyes the entire time? I had been with girls my age so I understood somewhat what passion and intimacy were all about. I had taken my time with the girls that wanted it, but never had watched them as much as I watched Mom.

She made me crazy; rocking back and forth on my body, staring into my eyes. Her strong thighs were framing my hips and torso as she lifted up and down on me repeatedly. Mom planted her hands on my waist and gripped me tight as she started grinding her hips to and fro. I loved her beautiful body on top me like that; taking what she needed from me. I hoped she would always want to love me just like this.

It still amazed me that she was so tight up inside. After being with Dad I would have thought she would be, I don't know, looser. She was hot

and comfortable most of the way, but I mean it, that spot where the end of my cock was bumping against every time she lowered herself all the way, was so tight it was almost painful. She winced and closed her eyes every time she pushed down that far.

It wasn't three minutes before I saw Mom's eyes rolling upwards as she threw her head back, digging her nails into my sides. Her pussy was working all over my cock; going in circles a few times then front and back then up and down. I love that look on her face when she is feeling that most intense pleasure imaginable. I still couldn't believe that I was able to do that for her simply by being me.

Mom opened her mouth wide as she came, struggling to not cry out. What is more, she came as much as I had. Her hot juices literally flooded all around me, down between my legs to join that ever growing spot on the sheets. Her body jerked four or five times as she ground her clit into my pelvis and gushed all over me. I just watched her with wide eyes. She was so beautiful coming for me like that.

Mom finally collapsed on top of me, her breasts flattening between our bodies. I expected her to be completely spent after all that, but her mouth instantly sought out mine and started kissing me again. I wasn't too sure about the taste of my own cum still lingering in her mouth, but she was so ravenous as she kissed me, thrusting her tongue in my mouth and biting my lips, that I couldn't back off. I kissed her back, wrapping my arms around her and holding her close. It was the first

time I had done in that position too, and it felt so strange, amazing but strange, to have the weight of a woman on top of me, totally in control.

My hands slid down to grab that perfect ass of hers, pulling her down onto my throbbing erection. I wanted to come again; wanted to come inside my mom. I wanted to see that look on her face when she felt her son's cum filling her pussy. Her breasts were leaking on my chest from pressing against me so hard. I wanted nothing more than to latch on and never let go.

Mom buried her face in my neck for a few seconds and we kissed each other there before she moved her lips to my ear.

"So good!" she gasped. "You make me feel so good!"

"You too, Mom!" It was simple, but the only thing I could think of.

She continued whispering in my ear as if she had not even heard me. "I love it... love my son fucking me! ... Love that ... you ... can make me cum ... My God ... I love you inside me!"

She sat up and looked at me with a weak smile, her boobs glistening from our sweat. She saw me watching them and reached up, gathering one in her hand as an offering. I lifted my head and she lowered her breast into my mouth. Mom gasped and tossed her head back when I

started sucking eagerly. I laid my head back, pulling her nipple down with me by my teeth. This made her inhale sharply and lower herself just enough for me to keep sucking.

Her hands were pressed on the mattress on either side of my head. Mom dangled her breasts over my face, wincing and groaning as I took one in each hand and proceeded to chew on one and then the other over and over again.

"Aaaah Jeezzzz! ... Suck me.... Suck me, Baby!"

I did just that, sucking and chewing; drinking Mom's milk. She leaned down, smashing her breast into my mouth and started kissing my forehead. I could taste her salty sweat racing down her breasts toward her nipples, which were already moist from my mouth and her milk.

"I'm gonna come again," Mom whispered in a throaty voice, almost daring me to do it. "You're gonna make Mommy come again! Is that what you want? You want ... your mother ... to come again??"

My response was to suck and chew with a renewed passion. She gasped almost too loud that time.

I wanted Mom to come again more than anything. But I wasn't ready though, and I wanted to come with her. I told her as much.

She instantly sat up, leaving my mouth wide open and terribly empty as she reached back and started massaging my balls. My God! Her nails were digging in, scraping my thighs as she pumped my balls and ground her hips harder into me.

"Come for me," she hissed. "Come for your mother!"

With every ounce of self control, I refrained from crying out that I was coming. I grabbed Mom by her slender waist and started to thrust my cock upwards over and over as hard as I could. When her eyes rolled upwards again, signaling her climax, I completely lost it for the second time.

For any of you that have not had an orgasm while trying to keep completely quiet, you have got to try it. It is without a doubt one of the most incredible sensations imaginable. Your blood pounds in your ears, your eyes close tight, your jaw clenches shut. You can't help it.

Both Mom and I had that incredible experience that night, as my father snored loudly in their room down the hall. Mom's juices and my cum intermingled deep inside her as she jerked her hips into mine again and again.

After what seemed like an eternity, she collapsed on me again, this time merely breathing heavily and kissing my neck and cheek. Mom was covered in sweat; that mixed with the remnants of her perfume was just intoxicating. I listened and felt the throbbing of both our hearts as we laid there for the next couple minutes, touching, and kissing and breathing.

She lifted up and with droopy eyes and that devilish smile she looked down at me.

"So, Brat ... was that worth the wait?"

Part 3

I awoke that next morning a Sunday, to the feel of Mom's hand lightly caressing my face. For a fleeting moment I thought that she had stayed the night in my room, but then I remembered all too well seeing her put her robe back on through my droopy eyes the night before. I recalled the feel of her lips kissing my cheek as she pulled the covers over me, practically tucking me in just like all those years ago. Why did I feel oddly embarrassed about that, yet not at all about what we had shared between us?

Mom was sitting on my bed, already dressed in cute lounge pants with the stripes on the side and a snug tee.

"I hate to wake you Baby," she said as she ran her fingers through my hair. "But Dad is already outside working in the yard, and he keeps asking where you are."

"Shit. Mad already? What time is it?"

"Past ten, Darling." Mom got up and opened my blinds, making my eyes adjust to the bright sunny day whether they wanted to or not. "I fixed you a bagel, but you better get out there before he gets any worse."

I watched Mom as she left the room. I loved that cute butt of hers. And she was even cuter with her hair in that ponytail and wearing old white sneakers. There was no way she could be mistaken for almost forty dressed like that! Despite last night's visit, I felt myself stirring to hardness for the next few minutes after Mom left. The sound of Dad using the weed-whacker brought me to my senses.

I took a two-minute shower and then scarfed down my bagel in the kitchen while Mom went about the house doing all the million and one things that Mom's do every waking moment. Dad was pissed that I hadn't been up at the crack of dawn with him, but not as bad as I'd seen him on other occasions.

I quickly got to work on the lawn and then Dad informed me of his elaborate plans of planting trees and redoing the landscaping behind the deck. He glared at me, daring me to say something, and then just grunted when I didn't protest. It wasn't like I had a choice, so why argue right?

We had been out there for about two hours when it just got too hot. We had gone from mild weather just a few weeks ago to a scorcher overnight it seemed. Both Dad and I took our shirts off and continued working on removing bushes and replacing them with the ones we had gone out and bought the day before.

I was in the midst of digging a large hole for one of the trees, when I heard Dad grumbling. He did that so often nowadays that I didn't pay him much mind until I heard the word "she" in his sentence.

"Huh?" I asked him.

Dad didn't turn around from what he was doing. He just motioned over his shoulder toward the back of the house.

"She doesn't think I can even plant a few god damned flowers!" he growled.

"What?" I looked back with a frown. I didn't see what he was talking about.

Dad looked at me like I was the enemy. "Your mother! She's been checking on us from that damned window every five seconds!"

He went back to what he was doing, while mumbling under his breath. I looked back at the house and there was Mom in the kitchen window this time. Our yard is big, so I had a hard time seeing her with the glare on the window. I smiled at her and risked a wave while Dad was not looking. Mom started motioning with her hands, and it took a couple of times to realize what she was saying. First it looked like she was saying she was hot. But then she kept pointing to me and pretending she was going to faint while she was grinning from ear to ear. She was saying I was hot. Talk about puffing me up!

Childish as it was, from then on I tried to make the muscles in my arms flex as much as possible. About half the time she was in the window, cleaning it with a rag so much I would have thought she'd have made a hole in it by then. Did she really think I was hot? I mean, she had told me as much, but a part of me wondered if she was just telling me that because I was her son. Don't all parents tell their kids they look good? Well, yea. Not all of them take it as far as my mother did, but still. I had lingering doubts that I was officially "Hot."

Mom called out that lunch was ready a short time later. Dad elected to eat outside on the deck in that stifling heat. Whether this was because he was being a manly-man as Mom called him, or he was just too pissed at her, I didn't know which. I wasn't crazy though. I stayed inside in the cool house with my hot mother instead!

No, there was no flirting really, except for her making over my bare chest and arms which were soiled and sweaty. She called me her Dirty Little Boy. Asked if I needed Mommy to scrub me clean. She did this funny sounding thing with her tongue as if she were licking real fast. I squirmed in my chair and grinned while she laughed and cleaned up the table before taking Dad another beer.

She refrained from watching us the rest of the afternoon, going down for a nap with my sister and then heading out to run some errands. I had to hold in how upset I was when I heard her leaving and going out by herself. It had become a habit for me for over a year now to never let her go anyplace by herself. Even at that young age I hated to see a woman out alone having to carry all the stuff and pack their cars themselves. Especially if they had a new baby like Mom did. I didn't want her to be one of those women. I wanted to be there to do all the heavy lifting and take care of her.

Dude, you are losing you mind. It is just a little shopping, I thought to myself.

My parents didn't talk much at dinner, and Mom behaved herself pretty much. Only for a few minutes did I get the pleasure of having her little sock covered foot resting on my tennis shoe under the table. I wondered if this was how it would be if I had a girlfriend living with me and my parents. I would never be able to let anyone see that we were flirting. It would be amazing to have her living right there so close, yet tormenting to not be able to do anything about it.

That is how it was for us. I knew she wanted me and I certainly wanted her, but it was near impossible to do anything about it. I read things where other guys are able to get their mothers any time they want, even with their dad in the house. I wish I could have figured out how to do that too, because my mom was so incredibly hot and it made me so frustrated to be around her and not be able to touch hardly at all!

The following Friday morning I walked into the kitchen and stopped dead in my tracks. Mom was downstairs early, and Dad had left for work minutes ago.

She was wearing a light colored business suit; the skirt stopped right at her knees. She didn't have her jacket on yet, just a sleeveless white silk blouse. It stretched on the sides from the size of her breasts, which seemed to be sticking up and out even more than usual that day. Mom capped it off with a pair of sexy slip on sandals, with about two-inch heels. Even that little bit made her toned calves pop out deliciously. Her toenails were a light summertime shade of pink, making her feet look

so sexy to me. And the fact that she wore a thin silver anklet was the icing on the cake!

The guys at her work would go crazy. I was going crazy!

Mom was holding Vicki and had her back to me, but turned when she heard me come into the room. Her hair was pulled back and up today. Was that called a French braid? Whatever it was, she was using a clip to hold it in place and it looked amazing.

She looked amazing.

On an impulse I begged Mom to stay right there and not move. I ran upstairs and got the digital camera, before racing back down to the kitchen. I had to take a picture of her looking like that.

"What on Earth are you doing?" Mom was yelling to me as I came back in. She gave me a puzzled look until she saw me put the camera to my eye.

She instantly started blushing and turned around.

"Baby, stop please! I don't have any makeup on or anything!"

"Mom ... you look so gorgeous though! You don't even need makeup!" I said, lowering the camera as I tried to convince her.

"You know that is not true, so please."

"It is true. God it is so true," I said softly.

Mom turned her head sideways to look at me as I took in the sight of her standing there holding my baby sister. She looked absolutely radiant with the sun shining through the kitchen window and reflecting off the highlights in her hair.

"Baby ..." she pleaded again. "I'm going to be late, and so are you."

I put the camera back to my eye and snapped a picture of her looking at me over her shoulder. I would find out later that her looking back at me like that was the most beautiful picture I had ever seen. I still have it to this day.

Mom's eyes went wide and she started laughing telling me to stop again. I snapped a picture of her legs as she stood there with her back to me. She looked down and saw what I was taking a picture of and immediately started walking around the kitchen laughing.

"You are so bad! You shouldn't be taking pictures of your mother like that, and you know it! What if someone sees them?" She was teasing me again. The way she cocked her head, even the way she continued shifting my sister in her arms, knowing I couldn't decide whether to look at her face, her breasts or those incredible legs.

"Fine!" She announced as I kept trying to snap another. "You can stay home and dawdle all you want, but I have places to be! And so does your sister." She said the last part in her cute baby voice as she looked down at Vicki.

I quickly snapped a picture of that as well.

"I can't help it Mom. You look so incredible. I can't keep you out of my mind! If I can't have you every day, at least I can have a couple of pictures to keep me happy." My voice trailed off and I lowered the camera.

Mom was quiet for a few seconds and then she turned her whole body toward me. With a soft voice she said, "You know ... those are the first pictures anyone has taken of me with Vicki since the first month I brought her home."

"I am sorry Mom." I felt so horrible all of a sudden.

She frowned and shook her head. "Sorry? You have no need to be sorry, Baby. It should have been your father taking those pictures. Telling me I am beautiful. Not my son."

I opened my mouth to speak again but she started before me.

"You know, I can't remember the last time he told me I was beautiful?"

"He called you sexy a few weeks ago."

"Sexy? Oh yea, that. He has plenty of names to describe my body when he wants me to take care of HIS needs. When you get to be my age you learn to play along just to keep the peace." Mom turned around and put Vicki's bottle down on the counter.

"But Mom ... you are sexy. And beautiful. I know I shouldn't say that, and I know you don't believe me, but you are."

"Sweetie ... you are just infatuated with me."

I stepped closer to her and put my arms around her waist and nuzzled my face into her neck from behind.

"Yes. I am infatuated with you. How could any guy not be? But it doesn't change the fact that you are beautiful and sexy."

Mom tilted her head to one side, permitting me to kiss her neck. I looked down and saw Vicki looking up at her completely quiet. She was holding on to Mom's finger and gumming on it.

"I am sorry, Mom. You can believe whatever you want. But know that you have me wrapped around your little finger just as much as that little cutie there."

Mom looked down and saw what I had seen.

"You always were Mommy's Little Boy," she said to me.

She turned her face and kissed me, and I tasted salt. It wasn't until we parted that I saw the tears.

I had one period at school that day and then I was supposed to head to my job at the small pharmacy I worked at part time. I felt horrible that my taking pictures had made Mom feel worse instead of better. I cursed myself all the way to school and then couldn't stop thinking about what I could have said to make things better. I was certain that what we had shared would be forever lost now.

I made my way to my car and as I turned the corner I saw Mom leaning on my driver's side door. Her arms were crossed and she was looking every bit as stunning as that morning ... before I had gone and fucked things up! Only difference in her attire were the dark sunglasses she was wearing.

When I got closer, I saw to my surprise, a huge smile on her face. She sent a flirty wave in my direction, simply by lifting one hand and moving her fingers.

"What are you doing here?" I asked, stepping up next to her.

She feigned hurt feelings, sticking her lower lip out. "That isn't a very nice way to greet your mother."

I smiled, but she saw the questioning look on my face.

"OK, OK. I thought about our little talk in the kitchen this morning." Mom uncrossed her arms and put a hand on each of my hips, hooking her thumbs in the belt loops of my jeans.

I was keenly aware of some of the other seniors walking to their cars or arriving for their classes, and made sure no one recognized us.

"And is this bad news or good?" I asked. There was a light breeze and her perfume started to make me light headed.

Mom slid her hands into my back pockets and pulled me closer. I could see even through her sunglasses that she was looking at my lips.

"God help me," she whispered, almost not loud enough for me to hear. She looked up into my eyes. "You told me this morning I was beautiful?"

"Things haven't changed since then, Mom." My heart was starting to race.

She took a deep breath and pulled my body against hers. "Then show me again."

Mom was speaking in such a soft voice and her breath smelled so sweet that it made me incredibly hard.

"Mom," I whispered.

"Yes Baby?"

"I think it's kind of obvious how beautiful you are to me already," I said with a grin.

Mom slid one hand around and felt the large bulge in the front of my jeans. Her face lit up and she smiled like the cat that caught the canary.

"Does Mommy do that to you, Baby?"

"Yes, Mom."

"You mean to tell me, that all of this," and she raked her finger nails back and forth across the bulge, "all of this is for your little ol' Mommy?"

I just smiled and moaned in response.

"Well, I certainly wouldn't want to waste that then would I, Baby Boy?"

She moved her lips as close to mine without touching and opened her mouth as if she were about to devour my lips and then she laughed and backed away. She started across the parking lot toward her SUV, and seeing that I was not following she called back to me.

"Come on, Darling ... we don't have all day!"

I heard a couple of guys being obnoxious over where she was heading; whistling and repeating her words like assholes. One of them grabbed his crotch when mom walked by and instead of getting pissed she just blew him a kiss. That really got them going!

I raced after Mom and jumped in the passenger side. "What about work?" I asked.

"Oh, I just had the one deposition this morning and my desk was clear. I told them my son was having an emergency and needed me to come and ... get him." Her smile looked almost wicked as she looked over at me and pulled out of the space.

"What about my job though?"

"All taken care of, Darling. Dr. Watkins thinks you have the flu and I need to take care of you." She leaned closer to me as we came to a stop. "Do you need your mother to take care of you ... Son?"

I couldn't help but squirm in my seat hearing her say that.

"You must be some actress. He never believes it when I call in sick."

Mom smiled again, working the pedals with that sexy foot of hers. "Yes, I do believe your mother has that talent. Otherwise, how could Daddy have stayed so convinced all these years?" She looked at me with a raised eyebrow.

It took me only a second to determine that she was referring to her in bed with him. Although I was sorry for her that she had been forced to pretend all those years, I was more than pleased that she seemed to have no problem with me. But then the thought occurred to me!

"But ... since you are such a great actress ... how do I know that ... when we ..."

Mom placed her hand on my left thigh and reached down between my legs.

"Don't you even worry about that, Darling. There is no faking what this big boy does to me." She gripped me hard and made me cry out. Then she just laughed and patted my bulge gently.

We rode in relative silence, Mom's hand on my hard cock, which was presently down to about mid-thigh, and my hand resting on hers. I loved the feeling of her delicate fingers beneath my hand. I lost all track

of time as I got caught up intertwining my fingers with hers and then out again.

We had apparently arrived at our destination when I realized Mom was parking.

"You wait here. I'm not ready just yet to have people putting two and two together," Mom said. She kissed me quickly and hopped out.

My heart was literally pounding. Instead of taking us home she had driven us to the Suites Hotel that I passed each day on the way home from school. Why was I so nervous? Or was it just excitement I felt? I seemed to have trouble breathing as I watched my mother walk swiftly across the Hotel parking lot and go inside. It was so quiet I could almost hear the blood rushing through my veins. Thinking back now, I realize I was nervous about not being everything Mom needed me to be. She was turning to me for the sexual satisfaction that she craved so dearly and was depending on me to follow through. I mean, that is actually quite a lot of pressure if you think about it.

I have to tell you though, sitting in that Tahoe waiting for Mom to come back out; knowing that she would have a key to a room; and thinking about what we would be doing while the rest of the world was at work and school ... it made my head spin.

Mom at last emerged from the lobby. She hurried across the parking lot, waving the key in the air. She was almost skipping.

God she was so cute.

She climbed in and I got a spectacular view of her legs as she situated herself in the seat. Mom didn't even notice how high her skirt was, she was so intent on driving us around to our room.

"I can't believe we're doing this again," she said. "It makes me feel so....." She shivered all over and started wiggling her butt in the seat.

I reached over and quickly squeezed her knee. I leaned more and slid my hand up and down her ultra smooth leg. Mom smiled even more.

I was so hard by this time that it was difficult to even get out! We went inside the building and I stepped up behind Mom as we got to our room and she paused to fit the keycard in the door. She pushed back into me for a few seconds when she felt my hard shaft rubbing against her ass through our clothes from behind.

We stepped inside and I immediately turned my mother around and started kissing her. She indulged me by kissing back for a few glorious seconds before she pulled away and put her finger to my lips.

"Patience, Baby, we have all afternoon."

I let out a breath that I did not realize I had been holding and watched as Mom slowly maneuvered around the room. She was showing off for me; teasing me. Bending slightly to examine this and reaching over to scrutinize that. Her legs were driving me crazy, as did the sight of her bare arms as she removed her jacket and carefully folded it over the chair in the corner

My balls were aching as Mom bent down to adjust the air conditioner. It was bordering on freezing in that room already. I could see the air blowing the loose strands of hair on the sides of her face. When she turned around, Mom's nipples were practically jutting through her silk blouse.

I made my way over to her and pinned her against the air conditioner so that she was almost sitting on the long unit. Again, when I kissed her she kissed me back hard, but only for a few seconds more this time.

She pushed me away with her hands and slithered away from me. I followed like a lost puppy dog as Mom made her way toward the bathroom. Just as I got ready to go in after her, she stepped back out, ice bucket in her hands.

"Do your mother a favor, Sweetie. Go get us some ice, please." She seemed absolutely delighted by my frustration.

"You are driving me crazy, Mom!" I groaned, taking the bucket from her hands.

"Just wait until you come back, Sweetheart."

The door closed gently in my face. I sighed and hurriedly went out to find the ice machine, leaving the door to the room unlocked.

I had to go down three separate corridors before I found that damned ice machine. As an afterthought, I turned back and bought her some Diet Cokes. Her favorite. I hurried back to the room, trailing ice as I went.

For a second I was horrified that I had forgotten the room number, but as I got closer to where I thought it was, I saw a pair of white lace panties hanging on the door knob. With shaking hands I carefully removed the panties and opened the door, half expecting to intrude on someone else!

I closed the door behind me and cautiously peered around the corner to the large king-sized bed. I found Mom sitting on the side of the bed, her gorgeous legs crossed, dangling her shoe as she watched me. That

anklet made her leg look so sexy. Mom's hair was down now, just touching her shoulders as it framed her adorable face. Her blouse was unbuttoned almost halfway, allowing me to see her white satin bra. It was one of the most breathtaking sights imaginable.

Mom crooked her finger and motioned for me to come over to the bed. I quickly placed the bucket and sodas on the dresser and went over to stand in front of her. I absentmindedly dropped her panties to the floor as well. I was so turned on by her and so ready for this that I leaned down and started to push her back. Mom placed her hands on my chest and firmly pushed me back into a standing position.

Without speaking, and still looking up into my eyes grinning, Mom started unfastening my belt and jeans and then unzipping me. Her smooth, toned legs were on either side of me; her skirt just barely hiding her bare pussy from my view.

I groaned a sigh of relief as my mother reached in and freed my hard rod from my jeans, playfully pushing my jeans down to my knees at the same time. She finally broke eye contact as she began stroking me gently with both hands.

"You're Mommy's little stud muffin, aren't you?" she said in that same baby voice she used on my sister.

I didn't know if she was talking to me or my cock!

"I love my baby's cock!" she whispered, looking up at me again. "Want to feel this coming all inside me!"

She smiled more when I inhaled sharply at hearing her words. I was nearly shaking and time seemed to stand still; no noise, no anything as I watched my mother's small lips making their way slowly toward the tip of my cock. She was still stroking me, twisting her hands around me, allowing my head to peek through my foreskin for a second before hiding from her once again.

I had to place my hands on her shoulders to keep from falling when at last I felt Mom's lips kissing the slightly exposed head. More now, she was taking more of me as I stood in front of her, gripping her shoulders hard. Her lips made it a good two inches down and I felt her teeth lightly pressing below the large mushroom shaped head. I suddenly felt Mom's tongue working on the flesh that was peeking out from my foreskin. I inhaled sharply again as she started working that loose skin down, down, down with her tongue and teeth until the head was fully exposed.

Then the sucking began.

Mom still had both of her small hands on my shaft as she sucked and licked all over the head. I loved it when I caught glimpses of her pink tongue emerging from her lips on the underside of my shaft. I felt my

cock jerk unexpectedly after she sucked especially hard. It had been nearly a week since I had come, and even I could feel the pre-cum just oozing out after that jerk. Mom licked all around my head repeatedly while humming, her eyes closed, as she continued stroking me with both hands.

She started taking more of me inside her mouth now; working her soft lips further and further until I was more than half way in. I could see much better this time than the night she had snuck into my room and done it in the dark. The sight was truly amazing. My own mother was trying to stuff my entire eight inches into her mouth. Her jaw was stretched wide so her teeth would not hurt me, and she now moved one hand down to me balls and massaged them as she continued bobbing her face forward and taking more of me inside her mouth.

Mom moved her other hand between her legs and started touching herself. I looked down and saw her fingers rubbing gently between her spread legs, her face contorted from both that and taking nearly my entire rod into her mouth by now.

With each forward motion of Mom's head, I could feel the top of her hot mouth rubbing along the front of my cock. When the sensation finally became soft again, I knew I was at the back of her throat.

That realization made my cock lurch again. More pre-cum oozed freely onto the back of her tongue. She just kept bobbing and sucking, licking

and lightly chewing. I couldn't help from crying out and putting my hand on top of her head when I felt her lower teeth digging gently into the underside of my swollen shaft.

Mom backed off and sucked my head for a few more seconds and then released me from her mouth. She looked up at me, mouth glistening, lipstick completely gone now; her face flush and breathing heavy.

"God, I love my son in my mouth."

She let go of me and backed up onto the bed, but before she could do anything, my need to taste her overwhelmed me. I pulled her ass to the edge of the bed and then kneeled on the floor in front of her. I looked up and saw my mother looking down at me with surprise and lust filled eyes as I gently pushed her back and lifted her legs into the air.

I can not even begin to describe the intoxicating aroma of Mom's sex as I knelt there in front of her. It is a smell that to this day I can not get enough of.

My eyes glued to the wet folds between her legs, I reached back and removed Mom's shoes one by one. I bent her legs upward by gripping her ankles, allowing me to see even more of that beautiful spot between her legs. There was something that just made my cock lurch three or four times in rapid succession, as I remembered that this was the same

pussy that I had emerged from so many years ago. To see it and smell it and taste it was beyond anything I could have imagined on my own.

I forced myself to turn my attention elsewhere for the moment, and started enjoying the feel of Mom's incredible legs bent in the air in front of me. She placed her small feet on my shoulders creating a V with her thighs. I started kissing her feet, one and then the other, making my way slowly up each of her legs. The feel of that sliver anklet and seeing it when I turned my face made my blood boil!

Mom lifted up onto her elbows and watched me intently; her son trailing kisses on the insides of her legs. While I was kissing one, she lifted the other foot and playfully pushed it through the hair on top of my head. I smiled and lifted the one leg higher, using my tongue to probe behind her knee. Mom squirmed and tried to put her leg down, laughing softly. I would have to remember that sensitive spot in the future.

As Mom saw my face inching closer and closer to the warm wetness between her legs, she allowed herself to rest back on the bed and just wait. I could see her gripping the blanket, her knuckles turning white. Her back was slightly arched and her eyes were closed.

I was well past kissing the insides of each thigh by that time, and was now nibbling gently with my teeth and using my tongue on that sensitive spot right where the top of her thigh ended. She could no

doubt feel my breath on her pussy, but I was not quite there yet. She squirmed again and lifted her crotch toward my face, but I held her in place firmly as I sucked and chewed, oh so close.

"Am I OK? Are you sure I am OK down there?" she asked, almost whimpering.

I moved my face directly between her legs and inhaled her sweet, tangy scent so deep I had to close my eyes. I gave her one swipe of my tongue and she cried out.

"You smell incredible."

"Are you sure?" she gasped. "You don't have to do that if I am not"

I licked her again and buried my nose in her mound taking the deepest breath I could and inhaled her scent once more.

"Oh God!" she moaned. "Yes!"

I moved to the spot between her pussy and her other thigh instead. She let me nibble and lick there for only a few seconds.

"Oh Jeezzee, Baby! Please!" she groaned again.

With one motion, I ended my mother's pleading along with my need to take care of her completely.

I buried my tongue between the already wet lips of her pussy, immediately licking in broad strokes one second and then dipping my tongue inside her the next. Mom arched her back and pushed her head hard into the mattress. She inhaled so sharply it was almost like I had burned her with my tongue!

I was holding her legs behind the knees, keeping them spread wide as I devoured my mother. She tasted so incredible. If I think hard enough about it now, my taste buds can instantly recall her sweet tangy wetness.

I pressed against her clit with my nose, for only a second mind you, and Mom tried to hump her face into me rather unsuccessfully. She couldn't do much except for wiggle her butt and the top of her body around as I held her legs firmly in my grasp. Her legs were very strong though, and I had quite a difficult time keeping them in that bent, upward position when she pushed into me very hard.

I continued teasing her, enjoying the sounds of her moaning and breathing too much to let her come yet. But when she started

whimpering and moving her head from side to side I couldn't let her suffer any longer.

I let go of one leg, keeping it up with my arm and carefully used my fingers to expose more of her clit. Mom cried out and tried to squirm away from me when she felt the tip of my tongue make contact.

I swirled my tongue all around her clit in wide circles, only making contact every so often. She was going crazy. I watched her face for that telltale sign of frustration and the moment I saw it, I attacked her clit with my tongue; licking up and down. I used the tip to flick it back and forth for long seconds until my tongue tired and then I would go down to gently lick her open pussy some more.

"So good! So good!" Mom was crying.

She was rocking her hips up and down into my face as I licked her all over. She looked down at me and I saw her cheeks had turned red, as had her neck. Mom just shook her head, almost in disbelief as I looked into her eyes and continued devouring her sex.

"I can't believe this! My God ... I can't believe ... how good ... this is!" Her eyes were wide as she gripped the covers harder and humped me some more. "My son! My own son! I love it ... I love seeing you down there!"

Her words just stirred me on more. I started sucking on her clit hard, causing Mom to throw herself back and grab the top of my head with both hands.

"Annnngggooooodddddd!" she cried.

The sudden warmth and wetness running down my chin confirmed to me that she was definitely coming; no need for her to pretend here. I quickly moved down and buried my mouth between her wet lips, licking and sucking, slurping and making a hell of a mess as I attempted to lick her clean. For some reason I had the urge to just eat her out all over, everywhere. I went back to her thighs and then to her swollen lips, back up to her clit and then down again. Only she tasted so incredible as I licked lower that I kept on going. I found myself licking the sensitive flesh just below her pussy.

Mom stopped breathing and her body suddenly tensed as my tongue and lips continued their journey southward. I don't know why I did it, except for being so caught up in the moment. I had never thought of doing something like that before. It just happened.

I let my tongue probe against her sweaty little hole back there.

"Aaahhh, fuck yes!!" she groaned.

Her words nearly startled me enough to stop. I watched her with wide eyes as she grabbed her legs behind the knees like I had and held herself spread wide for me. Not only that, but she started lifting her ass off the mattress, allowing my tongue easier access to that most forbidden spot.

I didn't disappoint. I found the taste just as amazing as the rest of her, although at times, it really seemed there was no taste at all. It obviously felt incredible to her as Mom had her mouth wide open and was staring at me with wide eyes.

"Eat me!" she gasped. "Eat Mommy and make me cum again! Aah Jesus!"

I worked my tongue in as deep as I could, which actually was not that far to be honest, and then went back to eating her pussy some more. For the next few minutes that is how it was. I went back and forth between my mother's ass and pussy, licking and sucking and chewing until I at last felt her drop her legs hard onto my shoulders as she grabbed the back of my head and pulled me into her with both hands.

"Ooh, ooh, ooh!" she kept saying over and over, humping into me and using my mouth, my chin and my nose to take her pleasure.

I loved it. I loved my Mom literally taking what she needed from me like that. To this day, I wouldn't have it any other way. God, my face was actually buried between my mother's legs, pinned between those strong smooth thighs; her hands gripped the back of my head. I focused on the amazing expressions on her face as she cried out and moaned on the bed in front of me.

She rode me like that for about a minute before finally going completely limp in front of me. Her legs dropped off my shoulders to hang off the side of the bed. I could see Mom catching her breath, covering her face with both arms as her body continued to heave and jerk for another minute or so.

It was the most stunning sight I had seen thus far.

By this time I was not nearly as hard as when I had started. I had been focusing on pleasing Mom so much that I was totally not thinking about myself. It didn't matter. To be like that and satisfy my mother in a way she truly needed was all I would have ever needed.

I climbed onto the bed beside Mom and held her close. She wrapped an arm and a leg around me and continued her heavy breathing for the next few minutes, grinding her mound into me softly. I kissed the top of her head, smelling the sweet scent of shampoo and gel or whatever she used in there.

After a few minutes Mom pulled away and looked at me. Her eyes were bleary and she took a hand to wipe them. I looked back at her in fear that I had done something wrong.

"You take care of me better than any man I have ever had. Any man," she said flatly. She shook her head in disbelief. "I can not believe that you, young man, are able to do whatever it is you do."

I didn't quite know how to respond to that, and thankfully before I said something childish or stupid I felt Mom's lips covering mine in a deep sensual kiss. She pulled back and looked at my lips.

"I don't taste bad at all do I?"

I looked at her like she was crazy. "Are you kidding, Mom? You know I certainly wasn't acting!"

She smiled and kissed me again. I felt her small hand stroking me back to life as she continued kissing me, maneuvering us so that I was on my back and she was lifted up on one elbow beside me, her face above mine.

I was almost instantly hard from the way she gripped and tugged my rod and then reached further to fondle my tight sack.

Once I got to where she was pleased with how firm I was, she broke our kiss, rolled over and got on all fours beside me. She looked down at me laying there and with that devilish grin I was becoming so accustomed to she reached back and gathered her skirt around her waist again.

"Would you do me like this, Baby? Like that first time?"

Who was I to reject an offer like that!

With my jeans around my knees and my shirt still on I got in behind Mom. She spread her knees wider to allow me more room. God the sight of her cute little ass upturned like that waiting for me was almost too much.

Mom didn't help me this time; she let me find my way between those wet swollen lips all by myself. When after just one prod I hit home and slid half my length into her, Mom lifted her head and looked back at me.

"My Baby Boy sure has grown up fast," she purred.

I smiled and pulled out to rearrange myself a bit better and then thrust back in further this time. Mom gasped and faced forward again, lifting her ass and pushing back into me.

"I love it ... I love you inside me ... Love my son inside me!"

"Me too ... I love your pussy so much, Mom." It felt so weird to say something about Mom's pussy to her out loud. She seemed to like it though as she pushed back even harder and continued telling me how much she loved her son doing her.

"I love being like this for you, Baby. Love my son ... taking me ... like this."

"You look so incredible," I whispered. "So beautiful in front of me, Mom."

"Do me, Baby. Do me and make Mommy come for you!"

I groaned and started thrusting a little harder now, my entire shaft delving deep inside her with each forward motion. I made sure I used the entire length of my cock, almost pulling all the way out before dipping deep inside her again.

My mother was so wet and so hot and so tight deep down inside. I was mesmerized by the sight of her perfect ass pressed up against me each time she lunged backwards.

I reached down and ran my hands along her silky smooth legs, all the way back to her ankles and felt the crinkly skin on the soles of her feet. It made me so excited to see those small feet pressed up against my denim clad jeans. I wrapped my hands around her ankles for a few seconds and just stood still, letting Mom control the pace by pushing back and forth along my cock. My fingers reached easily around each of her small legs at the ankle and it made me feel like I was riding some amazing sex machine.

I reached up and pulled my shirt over my head and tossed it to the floor. I then pushed Mom's blouse up as far as I could, revealing her bare back and white bra straps. While Mom continued humping back into me, I fumbled with and managed to unhook her bra. With both hands I reached underneath of her and slid the bra up and over her breasts.

I lightly caressed them, using my fingertips to trace lines on the sweaty flesh beneath them and then moved further to capture her nipples between my thumbs and fingers.

Mom kept her ass firm against my body and started grinding up and down, moaning as I rolled her nipples in my fingers. I felt a sudden

slickness and knew it was her milk. I had nearly forgotten they were still full.

I slipped one hand between her legs and started to rub her clit with two fingers but Mom reached down and moved my hand away forcefully.

"No," she gasped. "It takes away from you ... inside me. I want ... to just enjoy ... my son inside me."

I understood completely and went back to running my hands all over Mom's body: her sides, her breasts, her butt, and her legs. I leaned forward pressing my abs against her and kissed her shoulders through her blouse. She smelled incredible, and she was sweating now, adding her womanly scent to her perfume.

My need to come was quickly overpowering my ability to continue. I straightened up and grabbed Mom around her slender waist and started pulling her into me as I thrust as deep as I could. She reached back with her small fingers and tried to hold me from going too deep a few times. I loved the sight of those well manicured fingers holding me in place while she adjusted to my size deep inside.

The moment Mom moved her hand I would start thrusting again, deeper this time than before. We repeated this scenario for the next couple of minutes, her hand keeping me still and then relenting to allow

me even deeper. Finally she started fucking back into me as hard as she could.

"Oh my Baby ... I love your big cock! I love it! Fuck Mommy! Fuck me!" she cried.

I did just that. I could feel the spot at the base of my cock starting to tingle with my impending orgasm, not able to take my eyes away from my Mom's incredible body on all fours in front of me. I wanted it to last forever, despite her instructions to do her more, but wanted her to come at the same time.

I slowed down and reached forward along Mom's back, massaging and feeling her body in front of me. I made way to her shoulders and neck, rubbing firmly as we continued to grind back and forth.

I could actually smell Mom's musky scent when I looked down between us and caught sight of her upturned ass grinding into my groin. I was going to come, just as soon as I started thrusting fast, I was going to come; I just knew it.

I backed up and ran my hands down Mom's thighs one last time before grabbing her waist in both hands and hammering into her.

"Ahh-ahh-ahh-ahh-ahh," was the only sound Mom could make as she felt me plunge into her pussy over and over again.

And then there it was. It hit me almost by surprise. It always does in that position.

"Ooohhh, Mmmooooommm!" I cried out. I couldn't breath, couldn't do anything except keep pounding into my mother's sopping wet pussy from behind.

"Ooh yes!" she cried along with me. "Aah God! Come inside me, Baby! Aaahhh!!!"

I couldn't tell if Mom was coming or just telling me to. My orgasm was so intense I nearly couldn't keep balance on my knees behind her! I was vaguely aware that I might be gripping her waist to hard, but for the life of me I couldn't loosen my grasp at all.

My cock just kept shooting, and shooting, and shooting my hot cum deep inside my mother. I loved taking her from behind like that! It was just so hot seeing her on hands and knees in front of me!

Mom collapsed forward onto the bed, her butt raised in the air just slightly, my hard, throbbing cock still pumping cum inside her. I buried

my face in her hair and continued to experience after shocks from my incredible orgasm.

After a minute or so, we extricated ourselves from each other, me laying on my side and Mom still on her stomach, but facing me. Her eyes were closed and she had the most delighted look on her face. The kind you get after playing the hardest football game in your life and then getting to soak in the jetted tub afterwards.

"Wow," she whispered under her breath.

She opened her eyes and reached over to put her hand on my cheek. Mom smiled as she caressed me and I took her hand and kissed her fingers. I kissed her palm and her wrist and then leaned over to kiss her. It was just a little kiss, just our lips touching as we smiled and looked into each other's eyes.

"Mom ... that was so amazing ... and you are so beautiful ... you're so incredible!"

She shook her head and smiled with tight lips. "No I'm not, Baby. That was all you."

I disagreed emphatically, frowning and shaking my head. "Jeeze Mom! You are so hot! That was most definitely you, not me!"

Mom kissed me again and was quiet for a few seconds before saying, "I love you saying things like that to me."

We laid there smiling and acting goofy for the next minute or so, but the air seemed extremely cold to us both all of a sudden. We got up and Mom gave me a hug when she took notice of her Diet Coke.

"Always taking care of your Mommy, aren't you?"

I just smiled, feeling rather proud of myself. I pulled my jeans up and poured the drinks, while watching Mom remove the rest of her clothes. She pulled the covers down and got in as I brought her the soda.

She ran her fingertips along my chest and stomach as I removed my shoes and socks then dropped my pants. I hurried over to the other side and crawled into the bed beside her, pulling the covers up as Mom placed her drink on the nightstand.

I realized that this was the first time we had actually had where we could take time to just be together and not worry about getting caught. I can't tell you what an incredible relief that was. No racing around afterwards, no hiding. Just me and Mom snuggling under the covers in that hotel room on a Friday mid-morning.

Mom eventually moved onto her back and gathered me into her arms. I started to just lie beside her and watch, but she got me to put my head on her chest and drape one of my legs over her body. It seemed strange like that. I had only seen women lie on their men like this in the aftermath of making love whenever I watched TV late at night. Yet, I didn't feel like a sissy. It made me feel completely at peace with the world; safe and warm in my mother's arms, her hands running through my hair, her lips pressed against the top of my head.

"I can't believe how exquisite this all is," Mom broke the silence at last.

"I know," was all I could manage to say. I was palming her nipple with my hand and watching the goose-bumps form around it.

"I never imagined I would find something like this. And certainly not with you. You don't hate me do you?"

"Why would I hate you?" I lifted onto one elbow and looked down at her.

"I don't know."

We were quiet for a couple of minutes while we touched each other's chests and arms. Mom closed her eyes and sighed when I leaned down and gently licked her nipple which had a drop of milk forming. She put

my hand between her legs and let me feel how wet she was and pushed my fingers inside her. I stopped licking and looked at her.

"You see what you've done, Baby? You've made me yours." I looked down between her legs and saw how wet her blond hairs were down there. "Can you handle that? Can you really handle that your mother needs you like this always?"

I responded by kissing her long and hard for the next few minutes; chewing on her lips and tasting her tongue as she dipped it into my mouth over and over again.

We pulled away and Mom looked at me with sad eyes. "He never kisses me anymore."

"I'll kiss you from now on, Mom."

"He doesn't tell me I'm beautiful either."

I smiled, liking where this was going. "You know you'll always hear those words from me, Mom."

She reached down and ran her fingers over my butt and then she remained quiet as she ran her fingers over my shoulders and back

"Sweetheart?" she said.

"Hmmm?" I was nuzzling into her neck and enjoying her sweet scent.

"You understand why I slept with him the other night, right?"

I didn't like be reminded really, but I said I understood.

"It's just something a woman does to keep the peace, you know?"

"You shouldn't have to do that. You do know that, right?"

Mom nodded weakly. I didn't know if she really felt that way or not.

"He doesn't take care of me like he should."

I wiggled my fingers around inside her a few times. "I will always take care of you, Mom."

She bit her lip and closed her eyes. "He has never taken care of me like he should."

I thought about that for a moment. "Mom, it's OK ... you have me now."

She smiled devilishly. "I know, my Darling." Mom pulled my face down and kissed me roughly, pulling on my lower lip with her teeth as she pulled away.

"You know ... he won't go down on me. Never has."

That amazed me. "That is crazy, Mom! He must be stupider than I thought!"

She smiled but nodded in agreement. "He says that women smell like fish and he wouldn't be caught dead down there."

I started laughing. "I am sorry, but that is just fucking ridiculous. You taste so good I wish I could bottle it. Could make a pretty penny on the street I bet!"

Mom crinkled her nose in disgust and burst out laughing. "You are perverted!"

"I get it honestly!"

"Watch it, Young Man! I am still your mother!"

I took my time looking her body up and down and then stared right in her eyes. "I don't think I'll ever forget that, Mom."

She laughed again and started hugging me. "You don't know how much I've needed this ... how long I've needed this. I am absolutely loving it!"

"I hope it never ends, Mom."

"Think my Baby Boy can take care of me the way I need then? Always?"

I was getting hard again just from being beside her and hearing her talk like that. I ground myself into her hip and smiled. "Always."

She rolled over and faced me, propping herself on one elbow like me. "Can I make a confession?"

"Only if it's raunchy."

She reached down and squeezed me hard between the legs.

She was quiet as if considering if she should continue. "I love it that you are my son. I mean I really love it knowing that my son, my own honest to God son can make me feel like this."

"I could kind of tell, Mom." I laughed and she tugged on me harder, cutting me short.

"You are being bad, now stop that! Here I am pouring my heart out and you're making light of it."

"OK, I'm sorry." I pulled her toward me and kissed her again. "Believe me, I know exactly what you mean ... Mommy."

She giggled and put her hand on my chest and pushed me back.

"I mean it. Just the thought of having you," as she dug her finger into my chest, "My own son inside me makes me so wet!"

I reached down and tried to see for myself but she slapped me away with a fierce grin.

"You know what I love most?" she asked. "Sitting at work and watching all those catty women and stuffed shirts walking around. And they haven't a clue that I go home and let my own son service me!"

"So I'm just servicing you now am I?" I grabbed her and held her flat on her back.

"That's right ... Mommy's little stud service!"

I couldn't help but groan aloud when she said that. She laughed and pulled me down on top of her.

"You wanna be Mommy's stud from now on? Fuck your Mommy and make her come all over your big cock whenever she needs it?"

I reached between our legs and lifted up on one elbow. Mom helped by reaching down and spreading her lips wide with both hands.

"Come to Mommy, Baby," she cooed in that cute baby voice again.

I slid home with one thrust. Mom had this delighted look on her face, eyes closed, huge grin. I held myself above her on outstretched arms and just watched her beneath me. If only I could have taken a picture of that sight; my mother underneath me, lifting her hips to meet mine

so sensually; her breasts rolling slightly on top of her chest; that intense look on her face as she concentrated on deriving as much pleasure as she could from my cock.

I noticed for the first time the freckles that dotted her chest and shoulders. And the soft blond hairs that were on her arms. I saw the tiniest little freckle at the corner of her mouth. And the way the irises inside her stunning blue-green eyes seemed to get larger the more I stared into them.

Mom had her hands holding onto the back of my neck and was likewise enjoying the view from her vantage point. I saw her eyes taking in my broad shoulders and the muscles in my chest. She watched my abs contracting with each up and down motion of my body. She fixated on my thick rod dipping all the way inside her pussy in slow deliberate motions.

Mom look embarrassed when she saw that I had been watching her.

"I just can't believe it," she said softly, sliding her pussy up and down to match my thrusts again. "The way ... my body responds to you ..."

"That's because you love ... your son inside you ... Don't you?"

Mom's eyes got wide and she bit down on her lower lip.

"Don't you, Mom? This ... is what you need ... to satisfy you ... Isn't it?"

"Yes ..."

I leaned down and kissed her gently, letting her suck on my tongue for a few seconds before pulling up again.

"You need ... your own son ... to make you come?" I asked again.

"Yes!" she said louder this time.

"You know what, Mom?"

She looked up at me expectantly.

"I need my Mommy's pussy ... to make me come too!"

"Oh God," she moaned.

"I need to feel ... my mother ... coming all over me!"

"Oh jeez!"

"I love ... making love to you Mom! I'm ... addicted to you!"

"Ahhnnn!!!"

In unison we started to fuck each other more intensely. Mom hooked her legs around my thighs and grabbed onto my butt, pulling me into her harder.

"I need you Mom! I need ... to feel you come! I need that!" I panted from above her.

"Oh my Baby! I need that too! I need my son ... to make me come always!! Always!"

"I will, Mom! I will! I love you so much! So much!"

Mom started squirming beneath me and crying out. She was coming all over my hard cock just like I needed.

"I love you! I love you! My beautiful ... Baby Boy!" she cried out between gasps. "Oh God! You're making ... Mommy come just for you!"

"Yes Mom ... just for me! Come for me! Come ... all over your son's hard cock!"

I thrust into her harder, causing loud sloppy sounds to emit from between her legs. She reached back and held onto the head board, grinding her hips against mine continuing to come all over me.

I lifted her legs onto my shoulders and ground myself into her, feeling her firm butt pressing against my thighs. She gripped my arms and felt the muscles there as she moaned and sighed.

"I love ... my Mommy's pussy!"

Mom just whimpered and groaned, pressing the sides of her feet against my face. She moved her legs and butt so furiously she nearly dislodged my cock more than once. I felt my need nearly overcoming me, and my arms were struggling to keep me hovering above her.

I let her legs slide back down as I put my full weight on my mother's writhing and panting body. I could feel her full breasts mashed between us; her nipples were rock hard from the chill air and jutted into my chest.

We started kissing like we were starved. Maybe we were. We were starved for each other and the intense love that only a mother and son can possibly provide for each other. I did love Mom, more than ever at the moment. In what other relationship can a woman and a man be more completely trusting of each other; so much that they can let go their inhibitions entirely? Neither of us had to worry about being hurt or made to feel ashamed of our desires and intense need for one another.

I slid my arms around Mom's body, beneath her shoulders, gripping them and pulling her body onto my hard cock as I drove into her with long deep thrusts. I felt Mom's feet on the back of my legs and her nails digging into my shoulders and back.

What we did was slow and so intense; taking our time and showing our love for each other both emotionally and physically. I reached down with both hands and squeezed her firm ass. Mom lifted her legs and bent them at the knees in mid air, crying out against my ear.

We came like that together; both of us groaning out as I unloaded inside her and she coated me completely.

We were both utterly exhausted, yet our hips continued their rocking and grinding motion for the next few minutes. Mom's pussy milked me and I flexed my spent cock inside her. After doing this a few times, we

both started laughing. It just seemed so funny for us to be "playing" like that with each other's bodies while still together.

Mom took note of the time and said we had enough to take a quick nap, which we both needed immensely. As we drifted off to sleep, holding each other tight, I knew that Mom and I had found what most people search for in a lifetime. I didn't know how we would manage in the months to come, but I knew I never wanted this to end. And as she kissed my forehead and sighed contentedly, I knew she felt the same.

Part 4

We took a lot of chances over the rest of that summer; the last before I went away to school. Even that in itself caused us both a lot of grief. I tried to talk her into letting me go to the local community college for the next few semesters at least, but she adamantly refused. I know now that I was head over heels for her, and it makes me wonder whether I would have had more normal relationships in college had those things never happened between us. As it was though, I felt so guilty about looking at other girls, that I only went out a few times with anyone else and never did much more than make out.

We talked on the phone weekly; sometimes more. The sound of her voice would make my heart start beating faster and give me those familiar stirrings down there all over again. If she could manage it, she'd make me come while talking to her on the phone at night.

I think it was also because she was an older, sexy woman too. I tended to compare her to the few nicer looking professors I had, and there were a couple that gave Mom a run for her money. But then I would come back to the fact that it was actually "Mom" and my mind would go numb. I think that is the real reason we all view it as wrong. If everyone had a relationship that made them that crazy, I don't think anything would ever get done in this world!

Don't know where to continue really, so I guess anywhere will do. The first Thanksgiving I came back home, I remember I still had that piece of shit Honda that I'd worked so hard for. It was cold, and the heater barely worked, so I kept myself warm thinking about reconnecting with my Mom, so to speak. I don't even remember the drive home. I just remember how anxious I became the closer I got to the house.

Mom had told me that Dad would be hunting like he and his buddies always did right before the holiday, and he'd be coming home the next day. I made a point to pack my car the night before Thanksgiving break and head out on the six hour drive before dawn. I was stiff and bleary eyed when I pulled into the driveway, but the feeling of being home after three months was enough to wake me up.

When I saw her, I could suddenly feel the blood pounding in my head.

Mom was standing at the front door looking every bit as stunning as I'd remembered her. She had on this baggy sweater with a god-awful

orange turkey knitted on the front. It was cute in a corny way, because she always wore tacky stuff like that around the holidays. She was smiling from ear to ear, her hair pulled back, little silver hoop earrings like she loved. She just watched me and laughed at all the fumbling I was doing grabbing a few things from the car.

I was actually nervous again around her. She knew it, and she seemed to love it. I made my way up the stairs and Mom opened the storm door for me. She just kept smiling and looked me straight in the eyes as I stepped inside. I could see now that she had tight gray leggings and thick wooly socks to complete her ensemble. It wasn't an outfit that was meant to be sexy, yet she looked like she'd stepped right out of a magazine to me. I got so hard I could barely walk into the living room to put my stuff down. I took my coat and gloves off and then turned to look at her, heart racing.

I saw Mom was leaning against the inside door, which she had closed behind me. She pushed a strand of her hair behind her ear and took a deep breath, but didn't come over to me. Her hands were flat against the wooden door, leg bent with one foot pressed against the bottom. The pose made her boobs press out against the baggy sweater which lifted just enough for me to see the waistband on her leggings, with her soft welcoming midriff. I thought I could see her nipples popping through, but that had to be my imagination considering how big that sweater was.

I smiled at her, not knowing what to say. "So..."

"Yea.... So...." She responded, tilting her head back so that it pressed against the door.

I glanced around the room, looking for any sign that Dad was still there, even though his truck was not in the driveway.

"He's gone until tomorrow, Sweetie."

She always knew exactly what I was thinking. The only woman I have been with who could do that. I felt my mouth going dry, and quickly licked my lip and swallowed. "Yea, I thought you mentioned that...."

Her smile was now not as prominent as she started to chew on her bottom lip and watched me approach her, very slowly. I didn't make eye contact with her. I don't know why. I just felt embarrassed or nervous or something all of a sudden. I placed my hands on her hips and saw that my fingers were shaking slightly. When she slid her arms around me and placed them softly on my rear, I caught a whiff of her perfume and it nearly knocked me out. I hadn't smelled anyone at school that wore anything remotely similar – something that I was actually glad of to be honest.

I felt her forehead press against mine and the tips of our noses touched. She closed her eyes and took another deep breath.

"It's so good to have my baby home."

I groaned, not realizing how I'd been waiting for her to say something like that. She took the cue and dug her fingernails into my ass through my jeans.

"This is right where you belong; you know that, don't you? In my arms?" She hooked one leg behind mine and pressed herself hard against me. "Between my legs...."

"Yes," I whispered.

She backed her face away and arched her eyebrows, as if waiting for something. I grinned and felt myself getting warm in the face.

"Yes.... I need my Mother, just... like ... this." I had grabbed her ass with both hands and ground my hips against hers as hard as I could when I said it.

Now it was her turn to groan. Next thing I know, her mouth was covering mine, her tongue pushing its way firmly between my lips. I could think of nothing else at the moment except to kiss her back; this

woman who had taken care of and nurtured me all my life; and then of course, brought me to age sexually.

Mom brought her hands up to the back of my head and devoured my lips. I couldn't stand it any longer. I had made a point of not jacking off for over a week. I had wanted to go a whole month, but the more I thought of her, the more frustrated I got, and I just couldn't help myself.

I gripped the backs of her thighs and pulled both her legs up around my waist, where she wrapped them snug around me. After a minute it became difficult standing where we were, so I stumbled toward the couch in the living room; my mother chewing and sucking on my lips and tongue the entire way. She was whimpering as I sat her down on the couch, grinding into me as best she could.

I kneeled on the floor in front of the couch, Mom's legs now hooked loosely around my thighs. I felt her feet pressing into the backs of my shoes as I broke our kiss and straightened up to look down at her. She looked wanton. There was no other word for it.

The area all around her lips was wet and pink from our kissing; her lips were actually puffier than normal. As I slid my hands up inside her sweater, Mom lifted her arms and draped them above her onto the back of the couch. She was watching me intently, and I quickly discovered why when my palms were met with bare flesh all the way to her neck.

"Geez, Mom! You're not wearing anything," I groaned.

She just smiled and arched her back, causing her boobs to push harder into my hands. "Didn't want anything coming between me and my Baby Boy," she cooed.

I leaned down and kissed her roughly before pushing that baggy sweater up over those two perfect globes. I didn't even look at her; I just started to suck on them; first one and then the other. Her nipples became engorged as I pushed my tongue across them one at a time, and then finally settled down to chew and suck on just one – the way she had taught me so well.

She smelled incredible. I found her perfume stronger now that I had my face buried in her chest, but there was more too. It was her scent. The "motherly" scent I remembered growing up whenever she gave me a hug, or when she had been working out in the garden perspiring just a little. I have never smelled another woman like that.

Mom had her legs up now, a little sock-encased foot framing each of my hips. This basically spread her wide open down there, and not surprisingly, whenever I lifted my face for a moment I could smell her sweet scent wafting up from there as well. It made me want to attack her breasts with a renewed vigor, even as I put my own throbbing cock out of my mind.

I bit down around her nipple especially hard, even for me; and Mom cried out and grabbed the back of my hair with her hand. I was about to pull off and apologize for getting carried away, but she shoved her breast against my mouth while pulling my head down. Encouraged now, knowing that I still had what it took to make Mom crazy, I started chewing hard again; capturing her nipple between my teeth gently and then pressing the swollen bud hard against the inside of my teeth – back and forth, up and down, until Mom was almost crying.

"Ah, God!" she gasped after only a few seconds of this, arching into me, and sinking further down into the couch.

I quickly slid my hand between her legs and rubbed her furiously. I think it caught her by complete surprise, because she nearly came up off of the couch for a moment and grabbed at the cushions beside us.

I just watched her face contorting in pleasure, amazed and in awe that I could still do this for her. My own mother. God it made me insane!

When she finally resorted to just humping my hand slowly and gyrating her hips, I moved to her other breast and gently sucked and nibbled there. Mom pushed her hands through my hair and started kissing the top of my head. She just laid there patiently as I kissed and licked her rosy bud, attempting to capture as much into my mouth as possible.

"Mommy doesn't have any more milk in there, Baby," she said, laughing softly.

I grinned, not realizing until then that three months ago - the last time we had done this - she still had the last of her breast-milk there. Then I suddenly realized that my little sister was around someplace. I jerked up and stared into her eyes before looking around.

"Sshhh," she said. "She's asleep upstairs." Mom held my face in her hands and lifted up enough to kiss me. "Now hurry up and show Mommy how glad you are to be home!"

She giggled as I stood up and sent her arms and legs flopping down onto the couch and floor. Mom just stared into my eyes resisting the urge to look at my body as I undid my jeans and pushed them, as well as my shorts down with one swift motion.

"There's my boy!" she said, finally allowing herself to take in the sight of my cock; so thick and hard just for her.

Before I could react, Mom was sitting up and gripping my cock with one hand and my balls with the other. I watched with open mouth and wide eyes as the tip of her little pink tongue snaked out and swabbed all around the tip. And then, just like that, I was inside the most perfect mouth in all creation.

I was so full from not coming in a week that my cock lurched hard and I thought I had lost it. And perhaps I did, just a little, because I felt a gush of pre-cum almost squirt right out onto Mom's tongue. I saw her nostrils flare and her sucking increase as she coaxed my juice out; while at the very same moment, her nails dug into the flesh surrounding my balls.

After a minute, Mom backed off and pressed my cock against my stomach, and then swiftly engulfed my left ball – the supersensitive one - right into her warm mouth. She knew what that did to me! I nearly lost my balance and gently held on to the top of her head to steady myself; my own head tossed back with eyes closed.

When I opened my eyes and started to lower my face, I got the scare of my life! I tried to kneel down, but Mom misunderstood. She pulled me forward so that her back was bent awkwardly on the seat and back of the couch, and so I was sort of kneeling in front of her face. I leaned on the back of the couch and tried to hide my face from the very open window in the living room. Thank God we were much higher than the sidewalk or she could have seen everything!

"Mom!" I hissed. She finally let my balls pop out of her mouth, but kept on stroking me.

"What is it?" she said, frowning severely now.

"What's her name is out there! Walking her dog in front of our house!" I said through clenched teeth. She had seen me and was waving in my direction with a friendly smile. I strained not to look too distracted, occupied, rude!

Mom didn't bat an eye, but she did stare right into mine as I looked down at her while trying to pull away. She refused to let go and I found my cock, which was still surprisingly hard, back inside her mouth. My shaft jerked again as Mom's fist twisted around it and pumped me back and forth while she sucked me.

I allowed myself to get lost in the sensation of Mom pumping me and swirling her tongue all over me for a couple of minutes, while I pretended the grimace on my face was due to looking for something behind the couch. Cautiously, I lifted my head to peer out the window, hoping that the neighbor was gone - but alas, she was now having an entire fucking conversation with someone else from down the street. And still in front of our house for Christ's sake!

I felt Mom chuckle as I flattened my forehead to the back of the couch again and looked at her: mouth full of my cock, even though it was only half way in. I pulled away with all my strength and left Mom laying there all sunk in on the couch. Making sure I kept my head down, I bent as best I could and grabbed her waistband with both hands, and yanked her leggings down. Which was precisely when I discovered that she had indeed left nothing between her and her "Baby Boy."

Seeing her with no panties on – her musky scent filling my nose and clouding my senses, I couldn't help but bury my face between her legs. It was like heaven. As my tongue sank deep inside her, I knew this is what it meant to come home. Her taste and smell was better than I had remembered. So wet from coming already, it made her taste that much sweeter, that much stronger. I couldn't get enough.

I was literally going mad with lust for her. I felt lightheaded from the long drive and the lack of sleep, but mostly, because I was buried nose deep between my mother's warm inviting legs.

Mom was unable to lift her legs up like she wanted because her leggings were still bunched around her ankles, stuck on her socks. She groaned and cursed, trying to kick the silly things off, to no avail. I was too ravenous to stop though. Capturing her clit between my lips and flicking roughly with my tongue, Mom thrashed around and managed to get her knees locked against my shoulders. It was enough to push me away forcefully. She immediately sat up and stripped my shirt off, baring my chest, while I worked her leggings and socks off the rest of the way. She kissed me hard and then pulled away, laughing just as fast.

Now that she was freed from everything from the waist down, Mom spread her legs and held onto them behind the knees. I didn't need any more of an invitation than that. Mom's ass was almost to the edge of the

couch, her head and neck bent almost painfully it looked like, against the lower back of the couch as she held herself open for me.

"Ah!" she cried, as I slid my cock inside her for the first time in months. Her legs caught on my arms when she let go of them, and she reached around to grab my ass with both hands.

"My God, Mom! You're so... tight..." I gasped. I was only halfway in and already having trouble.

"Always ... for my son!"

I pulled back, but not very far because Mom would not let up on her grip very much before pulling me back in.

"I saved myself... for you," she moaned. "For my baby..."

I looked at her not believing what I'd heard, all the while straining to get the last few inches inside her.

She looked unbelievable scrunched up like that beneath me. Her legs were spread wide, her sweater bunched up above her breasts, her skin glistening and turning a bright pink on her face and neck and chest. I didn't know how to respond and she saw it.

So she slid her hands around, moving them all around my chest and stomach. "Just do me, Baby ... Show Mommy... Show me...."

God forgive me, but I did. I lost all sense of decency and self-control and just let her have it. It was months of wanting her and not being able to even see her, weeks of teasing myself and thinking about her, only to be left unsatisfied and ashamed. All those damned phone calls hearing her sexy voice, every one of her words innocent yet dripping with sexual innuendo.

Mom's eyes were clenched tight the entire time as I pounded into her. I ended up pulling her down further so her butt was off the edge of the couch completely, and bent her body back so that I could kiss her again. It turned me on to picture her legs and feet straight up in the air on our living room couch, spread open for me like she was now. And thinking of what those nosy neighbors might be able to see just egged me on even harder. Her head was flat on the seat of the couch now, a much more comfortable position I was sure.

She broke off our kiss after a few minutes and turned her head to the side, moaning and working her hips as best she could. I had complete control though, meaning that she could not move very much unless I allowed her to, and I alternated from thrusting hard and fast, to deep and slow every few strokes. She would whimper and beg me not to stop whenever I slowed down. A part of me liked that. I liked my Mom begging me for it.

Over the next few mind-numbing minutes, my cock continued to reacquaint itself with the very womb that had made it so complete just 19 years earlier. And now, it sensed it was home: deep inside the all too welcoming warmth of my Mother's pussy; clenching around me, noisily accepting her son completely.

My whole groin felt like it was on fire, and I could sense my climax even before it was ready to burst forth. I redoubled my thrusting and grabbed both of Mom's breasts with my hands, squeezing and pinching the nipples as I fucked her hard. I drove her down into the seat of the couch with each thrust.

Her sudden slickness surprised me, as she barely made a sound other than the heavy, frantic breathing. But she was coming all over the place. I could feel it on the front of my legs, drenching my balls - its slick warmth all around my hard shaft.

Just a couple more long deep strokes and that was all it took. I exploded inside her. I felt "backed up" as my cock spasmed at the root and lurched deep inside my mother. The spurts were long and copious; so much that I knew it was going to make an awful mess right there on Mom's two year old Berber carpet.

For the next minute I just stayed there, kneeling between Mom's spread thighs; my cock draining the last of its love into her pussy. Mom started laughing and gave me a little slap on my ass.

"Someone sure did miss his mommy, huh?"

I just smiled and moved my face to kiss her. And then right on cue, just as Mom and I started to kiss and share that embrace that always comes after lovers reunite, my sister started crying from upstairs.

Mom took a few deep breaths to calm herself. "My other child calls," she said, unwinding herself from me easily and giving me one last kiss on the lips. She turned around to make sure no one was still outside, and then very unabashedly stood up in front of the open window. She grabbed her leggings and wiped between her legs, blushing when she saw me watching her.

"I'll be right back. Now put your clothes back on, Dear." She winked and then hurried upstairs, wearing nothing but that big baggy sweater.

"You can stay like that if you want, Mom!" I called after her, and she responded with a laugh.

Mom was in the dining room feeding my sister in her highchair by the time I finished unpacking my things in my room. It felt strange even being there again. But good too. Good to remember all the times she and I had spent in my bed, stealing a few frantic but passionate moments together whenever we could last summer.

Despite my desire to do nothing more than sit and talk with her, I was exhausted. And hungry. Too tired to eat though, I just slumped down in the chair next to Mom where she was feeding my sis. She saw me sit behind Mom, and got excited to see me - cooing and slobbering her last mouthful of veggies as she reached out for me with pudgy little fingers. I forced myself to play peek-a-boo, a couple of times, hiding behind Mom, but I was just too tired.

Looking down, I saw that my mother was bare-legged, but had elected to put her thick socks back on. I lifted the side of her sweater enough to find high-cut cotton panties now as well. There was something very hot about that. Her sitting there with nothing on but a sweater, socks and panties, feeding my sister while I rested my chin on her shoulder behind her.

I nuzzled my face into the side of her neck and started to chew on the soft flesh there. Mom tilted her head to the side and back, pausing from

what she was doing and reached back to run her fingers through my hair.

"Your big brother is being very bad!~" she said in baby talk.

I pulled away gently and Mom turned her face to kiss me full on the mouth. It must have lasted thirty seconds.

When she was through I felt awkward that Vicki had been watching, even though all she was doing was still trying to get out of her highchair it seemed. Mom saw me looking at my sister.

"She's how it all started, remember?" she said.

"Hmm?" So tired, that was all I could manage.

"I do. You loved seeing me pregnant." Mom turned toward me just a little and continued. "I used to love you making over me like a mother hen. Wouldn't let me lift a finger. And goodness, gracious... the way you used to stare at me! I would get wet every time I saw you looking at my legs or stomach the way you did."

"You saw all that?"

Mom just smiled. "I saw everything you did, Sweetheart."

I laughed softly; embarrassed a little, but comfortable knowing it was something that Mom thoroughly enjoyed remembering.

"I'm hungry," I said, resting my head against her shoulder.

"So am I. Starved actually. But we can't now, Baby. Have to wait until she's down for the count again."

I smiled and lifted my face to look at Mom. "No, I mean actually hungry."

"Oh. I mean ... Oh!" Now it was her turn to be embarrassed. She quickly turned away, cheeks flushing and stood up to take Vicki out. "Well, we've got stuff in the fridge, or snacks in the cabinet. You want me to fix you something, Sweetie?"

She was standing above me and Vicki was reaching out for me. Despite my tiredness, I reached for her and took her out of Mom's arms.

"Just a granola or something, please. Then, do you mind if I lay down for a while?"

"Of course not, Sweetie."

She got me the granola, which of course Vicki was much more interested in than her strained peas. Mom just stood there leaning against the counter in the kitchen watching us.

"You're spoiling her," she said with a huge grin. "Been home an hour and already she's got you wrapped around her little finger!"

"Just like her Mother, eh?"

Mom got wide-eyed and stuck her tongue out at me. "You better believe it!"

I sat there sipping a coke and eating my granola, battling with my little sister who tried to snatch it away every chance she got. Mom started working in the kitchen, fixing more food for the dinner tomorrow. She was so sexy walking around in that sweater and big wooly socks. Her legs are without a doubt, perfect. Of course other women have legs as nice as her, or younger women might be shaped a little different, but at forty, Mom was just as stunning as anyone else I had taken more than a second or third look at.

I suddenly realized that I had a raging hard on again, and with my sister still in my lap. I admit, it freaked me out and shamed me beyond reason.

"Mom ... you gotta take her!" I stood up, with my mouth still full and walked over to where Mom was getting stuff out of the cabinet.

She frowned at me, not understanding until I gave her serious expression and said, "I've got a bit of a problem!"

Mom glanced down and started laughing, but instead of taking Vicki, she just slid her hand between my legs and grabbed me there.

"Mom!"

"OK, OK," she said. "Couldn't help myself."

I gave her a quick kiss on the cheek and hurried out of there as fast as my condition allowed me.

I thought having a hard-on was going to make it hard to fall asleep, but by the time I was upstairs, it had already retreated. I just fell on top of my bed, not even taking my jeans and shirt off, and started to doze off.

Not thirty minutes later, I felt a hand caressing the side of my face, and I slowly opened my eyes.

"Baby ... I don't want you sleeping in here. Come into my room. Until tomorrow."

I groaned how tired I was, but easily allowed Mom to help me off my bed and down the hall into my parents' room. She had pulled the covers back and as I started to get in, she stopped me and unfastened my jeans. Even though I would not have minded one bit, Mom avoided doing anything sexual to me other than that. She let me climb into bed then, and then pulled the covers over me, tucking me in.

"This all feels so weird," I said through half open eyes. "You tucking me in, and being in here..."

She just smiled and leaned down to kiss me full on the mouth, dipping her tongue inside briefly. And then she was gone.

I woke at about three or four that afternoon. It was a dreary day outside, and the trees in the back made it hard for the remaining light to enter

the room. I felt Mom lying up against me under the covers, her back to me, so I rolled over and spooned her from behind.

I groaned as she pushed her ass back into me and entwined her smooth, bare legs with mine. She had taken her socks off, and it made me shiver feeling her bare feet rubbing against me.

"Sssh," she whispered. Looking back at me she smiled and then rested her head on the pillow again.

I lifted onto one arm and saw Vicki sleeping like the dead beside her; the long baby guard against the bed so she couldn't roll off. Mom said nothing when she felt my hand slide up inside the t-shirt she had put on instead of that heavy sweater. I found her breast right there, so soft and warm. A nipple scraped against my palm as I reoriented myself in the dim light of the room.

Again, she stayed perfectly quiet when I started kissing her neck, and ended in nibbling on her ear. She turned her head and started kissing me. I slid my hand down inside the front of her panties and she didn't resist. In fact, she pressed her hand over mine as I slipped my fingers inside her and we both proceeded to rub her there as she held one leg up just enough to let me in.

When I started rubbing on her clit, Mom moaned and pulled my hand away. She looked me in the eyes and then glanced over at my sister.

Seeing that she was still fast asleep, her little mouth working back and forth in a baby dream, Mom slowly rolled toward me onto her back.

Neither of us said a word as she lifted her hips and rolled her panties down, lifting her legs and kicking the garment to the bottom of the bed. I took the cue and quickly but gently took my jeans and shorts off the rest of the way. We both sat up and removed our shirts, tossing them to my side of the bed on the floor.

Mom looked at Vicki again as she lay back down and I waited for her to motion me toward her. She looked at me and grinned, and then lifted an arm while spreading her legs and gathered my body onto her.

I felt dizzy again. My eyes closed as I felt my bare skin against hers from head to toe, inhaling the scent of her perfume and her hair. She started kissing my face all over: my cheeks, my eyes, my chin; breathing her sweet breath across my face. I couldn't help but crush my lips against hers.

Mom groaned and started reaching between our bodies toward my crotch, so I lifted up, not breaking that incredible kiss for even a moment. She slipped me inside her and I gasped from the sudden warmth. She was so hot inside, so soft.

We still hadn't said a word to each other. Nothing needed to be said really. This was just the two of us bonding and making love. There are

times that when I am with her I feel like crying because she makes me feel so good. Not physically, while she does do that of course. I mean emotionally and mentally. That was one of those times.

Mom broke our kiss to look over at the baby and then slowly hooked her legs behind mine, pressing her feet against my calves and grinding into me. I slid in deeper when she gripped my ass with both hands and she opened her mouth almost in surprise. Both of us smiled immediately after and then got into a nice steady groove.

We would look over at my sister from time to time to make sure she was still asleep. It was weird, trying to not move that bed at all, when all we both wanted to do was lose ourselves in the moment. But having to force ourselves to hold back like that was actually very hot though.

I was so hard inside her, and she was so wet. I loved her hands all over me; sliding up my back to my shoulders or holding my face as she kissed me hard. And I mean it, there is nothing like having your mother French kissing you while she's taking you deep inside her. It is love on a level that can't be compared with anything else.

We spent the next few minutes grinding together and trying to take the other's breath away as we kissed. It was like we were competing to see who was the better kisser – mother or son? Even the thought of being that way with her makes me crazy to think of it now.

The only sounds we made were the heavy panting. A number of times I would lunge into her hard and make her gasp and dig her nails into me. Mom would open her eyes and grit her teeth with a smile. Once she even whispered that I was so bad.

I don't know why, but I loved my mom calling me bad like that. I still do.

We must have made love for over half an hour, because it was close to five when we finished. Both of us were very conscious of Vicki sleeping beside us, so we just stared into each other's eyes with parted lips as we held our breath and tensed while climaxing together. We ground our hips together, slick now from being under the warm bedspread so long and we literally shook from the pleasure we were feeling all over.

You know, I can never truly describe the feeling of coming. Who can? But doing it inside my own mother and feeling her heart pounding against mine as she opens herself up to me and grips me so tight? Knowing that I can make her feel as good as she makes me?

Well ... it is something else; that's all I can say.

Even though I wanted to bring it up, it was my first evening with her in so long. I didn't want to ruin the mood. Mom was so happy with me there, taking care of Vicki and following her around talking about my life just like old times.

I listened to her too, but she was oddly quiet about what it was like around the house with me gone. I knew that her relationship with my father was getting worse. It had been like that even before Vicki was born and I knew that when they were together intimately that it was because she felt it was her duty, not because she wanted him anymore.

That was sad. It would have been sad for both of them, had he only taken notice as much as she did.

I knew though, that I was not going to be able to cope without her in my life forever now. Maybe that sounds strange coming from someone under the age of twenty at the time. But I knew I wanted her for more than just Mom. And more than just "fun." This was not fun anymore. It had moved way beyond that.

And until she was willing to talk about it, I could do nothing but live day by day.

Part 5

"Make me sore, Baby. Make it so I feel you every time I move around tomorrow!"

It was around midnight the night before Thanksgiving, and Mom was on all fours in front of me. She was looking at me in the full length mirror she'd had me move to the side of the bed. Her perfect butt was tilted up so invitingly and I had just slid in about halfway and started to pull back when she said it.

"Geez, Mom!" I groaned.

She smiled weakly. "I love you inside me ... love my Baby Boy inside me. Is that bad of me, Sweetie?"

I smiled back at her as she bit down on her lower lip with a devilish grin.

"That might be pretty bad," I responded.

Mom pushed herself backwards, taking more than half of me this time. "I like that I can be bad with you, Baby," she said. "Only you."

"God damn, Mom!" I said, feeling her do something deep inside her pussy that made me close my eyes and gasp.

"You're such a Mommy's Boy, aren't you?" she purred. "You really are you know: Mommy's sexy boy. You sure do love being inside me, don't you?"

"You're going to make me come already," I replied, not able to hide the smile even in my words.

Mom furrowed her brows but smiled again as she shook her head. "That is so bad, Baby."

"What did I do?"

"What do you think? You're all ready to come inside your mommy!"

I smiled and looked down at her perfect butt filling both hands as I slid back and forth inside her gently. When I looked into the mirror I saw her watching me with a huge grin. She started moving her body harder into me and I felt her ass pressing against me with every motion. I was so deep it was unbelievable.

"Now, are you going to be bad and come inside your mommy?" she asked. "Or are you going to be my good little boy and make me sore like I asked?"

I gripped her hips and thrust into her especially hard causing her to open her mouth and eyes wide as she gasped. She started to smile and so I did it again. That stopped her in her tracks.

"Can't I do both?" I asked.

Mom's eyes rolled up into her head as I started doing her as hard as I could. She knew that it was almost impossible for me to come in that position; it always was. So by her getting on her hands and knees and offering herself to me like that, she was basically telling me she wanted a long drawn out session.

I think that's funny, because while I find it hard to come like that, she has no trouble at all. It couldn't have been more than five minutes of me sliding my entire length inside her, that she pressed her face into the mattress and started to come all over me.

"Oh, shit!" she gasped, lifting her head up and looking at me again with droopy eyes. She pushed the hair away from her face and smiled. "I always act... like such a little slut with you... Don't I?"

"Mom!" I said, rather shocked at her calling herself that. I frowned, not liking it really. "You aren't that ... you know that."

"I am you know. You are the only one that makes me come like that," she said with such a look of amazement in her eyes. "That fast... that good."

I felt my cheeks turning red. I liked her flattering me, even if I found it hard to believe. I just stared at the muscles moving along her back as I slowed my pace to enjoy her in front of me like that.

"You're blushing!"

"I know," I responded softly.

"Why are you blushing, Sweetie?" Mom lifted higher so she could see my face better in the mirror. She was smiling like she had discovered a secret, and her hair was all a mess; she looked so beautiful.

"I don't know."

"Yes you do. You like being able to take care of me like this, don't you?"

"Took you this long to figure that out?"

Mom bit her lower lip and reached between her legs to tickle my balls when they came close. I laughed from the sensation. She just kept staring at me smiling and it made me feel strange. I laughed nervously, pushing myself into her hard just to refocus my energy elsewhere.

"What?" I finally asked.

Mom shook her head. "I just love you."

I felt my heart skip a beat. "I love you too."

She smiled really big and rocked back into me very hard, causing me to gasp in surprise. "Yeah... I can tell!" she said.

So with that, I moved my hands up to her shoulders and made love to her. I watched her eyes in the mirror as her smile started to fade into just parted lips. I did my best over the next twenty or thirty minutes. I started doing her harder – as hard as I could at times.

And I made her sore just like she'd asked.

I pulled out right before I was on the edge of coming and I put my mouth on her pussy from behind. She had already come twice more but I guess the sudden different sensation of a warm tongue moving all around back there and licking her clean made it happen for her all over again.

I made sure I licked her little puckered spot back there for a few moments, inhaling her womanly scent. I even was a little adventurous and worked the tip of my finger inside her butt and listened to her moan as she squeezed it inside her. And then I got back behind her and plunged myself back inside to finish us both off. Pulling out made me last longer than I expected. Another awesome ten minutes of feeling my mother squeezing me and coating me inside her as I pounded away.

I know I shouldn't have liked it so much, but hearing her crying out with eyes clenched tight as I thrust into her excited me to no end. So much so, that I finally came in that position. I held her hips tight and just spilled myself inside her as I listened to her whisper to me about love and mommy and baby boy; her forehead pressed into the bed again.

I woke at about three in the morning with a raging hard on. Mom was snuggled into me with her arm across my chest. Her boobs were

pressed against me; so warm and soft. I just lay there, smelling her so close to me; her hair and her face. I tried to go back to sleep, but I just couldn't.

I decided to be bold and take the initiative. I didn't know how she would react to finding me on top of her when she woke up, so I toned it down a bit. I moved down under the covers and went down on her instead.

At first, as she fought to stay asleep, it was hard to get her to stay still. She whimpered and tried to close her legs, tried to roll over, but I kept her still and spread her wide. When she realized what was going on, when she felt my lips kissing her and tasting her there, Mom moaned and threw the covers off of us.

"Jesus!" she sighed, looking down at me with droopy eyes. She ran her fingers through my hair and watched me. "Am I ok: down there? I haven't showered yet..."

I took a deep breath, inhaling her very strong scent; from us having made love three times since I had been home already. I lifted my face for only a moment and smiled.

"My mommy tastes so good!"

Mom's eyes closed and she parted her lips as she tossed her head back and groaned. "I swear... I love you calling me 'Mommy' so much, I can't stand it!"

She reached back and held onto the headboard as she spread her legs a little more and then lifted them onto my shoulders. So, I took that as her little way of telling me to have my fun.

And then I did.

I took my time kissing her all over between her thighs and on her lips, tasting her. I knew she liked me teasing her clit with my tongue, moving it back and forth, so I slowly worked my way around it until she couldn't stand it anymore and then I did just that.

No fingers needed. Just my tongue and sucking on her clit was all it took to get her to completely lose it inside my mouth. I stopped for only long enough to tell her to come for her son, and then I went back to licking her some more. She cried out almost silently and squeezed my head between her thighs as she came. And I willingly accepted everything she gave me.

Her chest was still rising and falling with her frantic breathing as I moved up between her legs and slid myself inside her. Mom immediately wrapped her arms and legs around me and started kissing me, pulling me deeper inside her.

"I know what my mommy needs, don't I?"

Mom started kissing my ear. "God, yes!"

"You need your son's cock inside you, don't you?"

"Ah, shit! Baby..."

"That's right... Mommy's Baby Boy," I groaned, sliding back in and forth inside her. "Always ... going to love my mommy ... just like this!"

I started doing her harder, loving the feel of her legs and arms holding me tight as she bucked up off the bed into me.

"Love me! Love me, Baby!" she moaned.

"Oh God, Mom! Always loving you!"

"I love it!" she gasped, looking into my eyes fiercely. "God help me... but I love my son ... fucking me!"

"Not as much... as your son loves fucking you!"

"Ah shit!" she cried again. "Please, Baby! Come for me ... for Mommy!"

Mom grabbed my ass with both hands and started moving her hips in short frantic motions, squeezing the end of my cock like a vice. She was forcing me to come inside her even though I wanted to make it last so much longer.

We both started kissing as we tensed together and exploded. I felt my cock jerking inside her, not shooting an awful lot really, but it felt so good it made me shudder all over. Mom was kissing me all over my face and first she was laughing and then she was sighing. And then after all that, she started to cry. Just a few dry sobs as I held her tight, still deep inside her.

We slept in each other's arms the rest of that night. The first time ever actually. It was so much better than the times in the hotel or the hour we sometimes had before my father got home during that previous summer. I felt like this was how life was supposed to be.

And I knew now, that somehow I would have to find a way.

My dad was always kind of weird around me when I got older anyway. I think this was only aggravated by his rocky relationship with Mom and the fact that he thought school was worthless; that you only needed to work hard to get ahead in life. So when I saw him that day, just the little bit of talking about football and the traffic coming home, shit like that was enough for him. And me. Mom was much better at hiding her feelings than I was that day, since I couldn't take my eyes off her half the time.

We ate at my dad's brother's house that year. They lived forty minutes away. There were about fifteen people there I guess. There were times that I would remember to look for Mom and I would see her looking at me with a secretive smile. Each time, she would get up and pretend to take a very ginger first couple of steps as she watched me. She was telling me she could still feel last night.

It sucked really. Everyone thinks that getting to do your mom would be so awesome. It was of course, but it wasn't like all we did was fuck all the time, you know? I was home for three more days before I went back to school, and we had only fifteen minutes here or there to kiss and hold onto each other before she needed to get back to Dad or Vicki.

She called me the night I got back up to school, and even though I knew she was being strong, I could also tell she was ready to cry or had

already been crying. I begged her not to, even though I felt the same way.

Christmas that year didn't come fast enough. It was a miserable month. There really isn't much to say about that either. Dad took his vacation time that he was going to lose and so we had absolutely no time alone at all. Mom was very irritable with him and they got into a couple of huge arguments while I was there.

Big arguments for them were him ignoring her and drinking in the garage, and her clamming up and not talking to anyone. But she still talked to me. And that made me happy, even though I could see she was miserable.

I would help her with the laundry like old times, and that is when we got a few minutes to ourselves. We made out like teenagers every time we were down there; me pressing her against the washer and her holding my face as we kissed. We were snapped out of it by him calling for her to "come and get her brat," those couple of times. It wasn't an endearing term he used for our Vicki, and it made me want to punch him. It was worse when Mom told me he was always like that.

The other days I was home that Holiday, we simply held hands very cautiously while watching TV on the couch. Or even touched each other momentarily when we all went shopping after Christmas. Just being next to her was always enough for me back then.

We went out once to the grocery store towards the end of the week. We had to bring Vicki with us because Dad never wanted to watch her alone. And so, we drove around long enough for her to go to sleep and then we just parked someplace out of the way.

We only kissed for a few minutes. Most of it was us just sitting close and holding each other. Mom cried and I felt helpless to do anything about it.

People don't like to hear that my relationship with Mom involved more than just sex. That it wasn't just sneaking out and screwing each other. After almost a year of being intimate with each other, we had moved on to something much more important, much more dangerous.

When I got back to school I wanted her more than ever. I wanted to be there with her. With Vicki. Wanted to be her man like I'd promised her all those times while making love. I was going crazy. And I felt guilty for focusing hard on school to forget about her.

She called me up crying around midnight on Valentine's Day. It wasn't the reaction I had hoped for.

"They're beautiful, Baby," she said. Her voice was low and raspy and I knew she had been crying.

"Mom, they aren't supposed to make you cry though," I laughed anxiously.

"I love them! And I love the little bear. Did you know it says 'Baby Boy' on it?"

"Yeah, Mom," I said with a smile. "I picked it out remember?"

"I love you so much. So much. I want to see you and hold you right now. Not do anything; just hold you."

"I know, Mom. I want that too. I wish I could come home tonight. Be with you. Be with you always. I love you more than anything."

I felt my throat catch when I said it. I had never voiced it with such emotion before. I know that part of it was because she was upset and I was trying to make her feel better, but the rest of it was me admitting the truth. I was so totally fucked up by then; there was no turning back.

"What are we going to do about all this?" she asked suddenly.

"Run away. Hide from everyone and be together forever?"

She let out a deep sigh. "God, I wish it were that easy."

"It could be."

I could almost hear her shaking her head. "No. There's so much involved. And I can't let you do that. I've already done enough to ruin your life." She started to cry again and I tried to calm her down, afraid she would wake up my dad or something.

"Mom, I wanted this as much as you. I didn't know it would end up this way in the beginning. But I'm glad it did."

"You can't mean that. You're so young. You haven't lived at all. Haven't made the choice to be with any other women like you've been with me."

"Mom," I said. Then I said it again as she just kept on mumbling.
"Mom... Am I still your Baby Boy?"

She got quiet. Sniffles in the background. "Yes."

"Always?"

"Yes."

"Then will you let me be your Man now too?"

"Baby stop... I can't do this. I can't live with myself if I do this to you any longer."

I remember so clearly when I heard her say that. I literally felt the hair on my neck stand up in warning.

"Mom..."

"Sssh. Sweetie ... I need to know that you are living your life for you. You can't be worrying about me anymore."

She was almost choking as she said this, and even though I kept saying 'Mom' to get her to stop, she just kept on going. I kept shaking my head and saying to myself, don't say it, please don't say it.

"I need you to be like every other boy your age. Being happy and having fun. Not worried about your mother and unable to date and be with girls your own age. Promise me you'll start acting like a kid again. Please! Find someone and get married and ... and..."

She started to lose it again. And I just had to listen to her crying.

"I'm sorry," she finally said. "This isn't fair to cry with you and tell you to move on. I'm such a woman, aren't I?"

"I love it, Mom. Everything about you. Please don't push me away like this."

"Oh, Baby," she whispered. "That isn't what I'm trying to do. I just... I don't know. I'm just afraid."

"Of what, Mom? I love you so much."

"I know. I love you too. But I'm afraid that five years from now or ten years from now you won't feel that way about me. You haven't lived. You haven't loved yet."

"I have loved. And you know it too, Mom."

She was quiet. All I could hear was heavy breathing as she calmed down. Neither of said anything for about a minute and then she said she needed to go.

"I love you, Baby."

"I love you too, Mom."

And then she was gone.

That conversation was on a Monday night. I laid in bed for the next two hours trying to figure out how to make things better. But I knew I couldn't. Not from where I was.

I had only slept for about an hour before Mom had called, but I wasn't getting any more sleep that night for sure. And I was actually so wide awake I could have run a marathon. It would be the first time in my life that I did something completely on impulse; something that I decided quickly and resolutely on my own. I mean, even my relationship with my mother had been her taking the first step and being in control the whole time.

I packed an overnight bag with one change of clean clothes and headed back to see her. I never missed class, so I'd catch up. But even if I didn't, I really didn't give a shit. It was probably very childish of me to have

just driven all the way back like that. I used the rest of my grocery money on gas for crying out loud. But it was Mom. And she was upset. I couldn't stand myself knowing that.

I stopped at a truck stop after about three hours. It was still dark even though it was a little after six in the morning. And I slept there for about forty-five minutes. But I was restless and anxious and I couldn't stop thinking about her.

The roads were kind of bad, so it took me another four or five hours to get home. I thought about that on the way; that if something had happened to me, she would never have known to have them look for me somewhere in between there and school. That thought only made me want to get there sooner.

I avoided the house since I knew she would be at work. And so, at around eleven that morning I walked into her law firm and asked the receptionist to get my Mom for me. I must have looked a lot worse than I felt, because the woman immediately got up and went off to find my mother.

I actually heard my mother's frantic voice from down the hall. When she saw me, her face was pale.

"What happened? Are you ok? What are you doing here?" The questions came out in a barrage as she gave me a tight hug that was so

much like a "Mom." I had to remember not to squeeze her butt when I hugged her back in front of the receptionist.

"Can we talk someplace?" I whispered.

"Of course."

She led us down the hall to a small room and closed the door. There was a table and about six chairs there. The blinds to the window were open just enough to see the dreary, gray sky outside. And there was a phone that had five or six flashing green and red lights on it.

"What happened?" she asked. "What are you doing here?"

Mom had put her hands on my face, just like all those times when we made love, and for a moment, I almost forget that anything was bad at all in our lives.

"You happened. I was worried about you. I needed to see you." Mom blinked in surprise when I said that, as if she had not even considered her being the reason for my middle-of-the-night trip.

"Me? Because I cried?"

"Yes, Mom. I couldn't stand the thought of you being like that and not being able to hold you. It was making me sick."

Mom started to smile and shake her head. "You are such my baby, aren't you?"

And then she kissed me. It was motherly at first, just on my cheek. But then she held me in her arms and I felt her lips gravitate around to the front of my face. She kissed my lips and I felt how warm her nose was compared to mine. She tasted wonderful. She smelled even better.

"I love you," I said, breaking our kiss and staring into her eyes.

"I know, Baby. God, how I know!"

She kissed me again and I let her move her lips over my mouth however she liked, oblivious to the fact that we could be caught at any moment. She finally pulled away and let out a deep sigh.

"I can't believe this," she said. "Here you come all the way back here just because I cried, and your father didn't even show up at the hospital when I had that emergency surgery for my appendix. You remember that?"

"Mom, I was only like five, so no." I smiled and held her in my arms.
"But that doesn't surprise me really."

Mom just shook her head and stroked my face with her hand.

"Are you sure about this? Are you sure you want me ... You know, always?" she asked.

I smiled bashfully and then held her tight.

"Always, Mom. I will always want you."

I could almost feel the weight being lifted off of her as I held her in my arms. She started to cry and then she stopped herself, standing straight and backing away to rub her eyes and shake it off. She was smiling now.

Thank, God.

"You can't go back to school now. Not after that drive," she said. "And I don't think you should go to the house. Unless you have a really good excuse for being back?" She looked at me to see if I had thought this through at all.

"Not really."

"Go wait in the car then. I'm getting you a room for the night."

Mom didn't wait for me to respond. She left the room and made sure that I was heading back to the front of the building before she went and got her coat and purse, taking her lunch a little early that day.

She had me follow her to the hotel we had stayed at the previous summer. That day when she had picked me up from school and then made love to me all afternoon. Mom was honest with the hotel clerk about getting the room for her son; and so that told me that she would not be staying with me, not that afternoon, or that night.

I hadn't come all the way back for that, but it still would have been nice, even as exhausted as I was. Mom handed me the keys right in front of the clerk and then gave me a very motherly hug and a kiss on the cheek. She told me she would call that night, after writing the room number down on one of the little hotel brochures.

And then she was gone.

We met for breakfast the next morning after she had dropped Vicki at the sitter. She called in to work and said she needed a few hours off. I felt bad because she was one of those women that never missed for

anything and it seemed that between me and Vicki, she was always taking off now. She didn't say anything, but I know she worried about that too.

"I've thought about it a lot and I can only come up with a few ways to do this," she said. She was stirring her tea and adding a little bit of cream to it as she talked. She was clearly anxious, but she looked so beautiful sitting there in that booth with the sun reflecting off her light hair.

"Then that is more than I can come up with. I can't figure out anything more than me coming home and getting a job, just being-"

"You are not giving up school. I can tell you that much right now," she said in that motherly tone that meant I was not to argue. "Vicki and I will need you more than ever if we do this."

"OK," I said. I smiled a little, liking the sound of Mom and the baby needing me. Mom saw that and smiled too.

"We might have a problem down the road; with your sister. And that is causing me a lot of grief."

I frowned, trying to think of what she was talking about. And Mom did not help me figure it out. He obviously wanted me to have thought about all this as much as she had. It dawned on me.

"You think he might tell her who I am or something, if we try and raise her?"

"Yes. And I don't think it is fair to her to grow up thinking a lie. Do you?"

"He isn't a good father though. Not to her. And I don't know much about it, but he doesn't seem to be a very good husband either."

Mom closed her eyes as if she were thinking the same thought.

"It will mess her up forever if she ever found out. I couldn't do that to her."

"So then, there really is no way we can do this, is there?"

She took a deep breath. "I thought of something. But it will depend on him thinking that Vicki is not his. I won't say it to him outright, but I can make him believe it. I am sure of that. He's wanted to believe it from the beginning; he says it all the time." She leaned closer so that no one

could hear. "And the leaving won't be a problem, I don't think. I haven't slept with him since this past summer. He doesn't approach me for it anymore either. If I keep that up a few more months, I am sure we can split and just take things one step at a time from there."

"Can you manage that? I mean ... I want you happy at home."

"I won't be happy at home again until you are back safe and sound, Baby."

Mom smiled bashfully and her cheeks started flush. I suddenly felt my ears burning. We just stared at each other like two goofy kids on a first date.

"So ... I just go back to school and wait it out then?"

"I can't think of another way. The last thing I want is for him to try and fight for custody of Vicki. He doesn't want her anyway." Mom got quiet and chewed her lip for a moment in thought. "I never told you this; when we started this last year."

"What?"

"He had one foot out the door when I got pregnant. It was a complete shock to me as well. I had cried one night about how the marriage was practically over, and for once he didn't get angry. We did something. It had been so long since he had even held me at all and then that. And then I found out a few weeks later I was pregnant. I cried even more after that. And I felt horrible about reacting that way. I was so happy when I got pregnant with you, but so upset with her. And that just breaks my heart, because she is such a little love. I never want her to know that. But sometimes... Sometimes I am afraid she was aware of all that inside me, you know?"

"Well, she sure seems like a happy and contented baby to me."

"I know. But I still worry. I want her life to be special."

"Then you and I will just have to do that for her then, won't we?"

Mom smiled and reached for both my hands across the table, nearly knocking over her tea and my orange juice.

"We'll need to move away. We can't stay here, I don't think."

"You have a good job though. And that takes time. Even I'm old enough to know that."

Mom was starting to get worried again. The look on her face was just like when something went wrong with the car and she thought we were going to have to call for help on the way home.

"Mom: it will work. We take things one step at a time, that's all. But I want to transfer back here to school. I can go to State. It's less than an hour drive. Just fit as many classes into one day as possible or something. Do online stuff, I don't care."

"You would do that? That would be so hard with all that driving. And the program isn't as good as we wanted for you..."

"You know none of that matters now. I'd do anything to make this work."

Mom just shook her head.

"I wish that you had been younger. That I had met you instead. That we could have had all those years together."

"No you don't," I said.

Mom frowned. "I do so!"

"No... because then I wouldn't be your Baby Boy then, would I?"

Her eyes got very wide as she smiled big. "Yes, Dear!"

"And you need your Baby Boy, don't-cha?" I grinned and winked.

"Stop that!" She said this, but she was also loving it. "You are being so bad!"

"Just the way my Mommy likes me!"

"OK. I'm going to work now," she laughed, scooting toward the end of the bench.

"Don't go!" I felt embarrassed that I had said it so loud. But nobody except for her had heard.

Mom smiled and held my hand again.

"I have to, Baby. Are you sure you are going to be OK with this? Because this is married life, you know? Not all fun and games. No time for ourselves... all going to work and no time for play..."

"Except sometimes at night. In bed, right?"

Mom bit down on her lower lip. She was about to kiss me, but the waitress walked by right then, damn her, and so Mom backed away and just grinned instead.

"Every night, if you can handle it, Brat." She winked and grabbed her purse and the check, then looked over her shoulder to see me watching her perfect ass.

We had shared a long, deep kiss outside the restaurant when there were not a lot of people around. And we both waited to make sure the other's car started before we headed off: Mom to work and me the six hour drive back to school.

I had a lot of time to think about things and that was good. It made it so that I could map out the rest of our lives. Well, at least for the next few years anyway.

It happened faster than I expected. Mom got impatient and even though she doesn't admit it except sarcastically, I think she picked fights with him. No sex and nagging would make anyone leave. By Memorial Day they had split.

Dad didn't call me to say anything. Mom did, of course.

"It's done. He's gone."

I remember my heart skipping a beat when she said that. I was excited to think that life would be going forward finally, but what about him? And could I really do this? I suddenly felt panicked that the fantasy become a reality would be too much for me. But hearing Mom's voice telling me she needed me seemed to calm all those fears.

"I want you home as soon as classes are out for good, Baby. We need you here. With us. I need my man home with me for good."

And so after that, Mom and I talked every night. I can honestly say that the heat of it all, the taboo component had died down a little by that time. Or at least that was how it felt over the phone. I still called her Mom. Saying her name made me feel too weird. Although I knew that would need to change as Vicki got older.

But then when I saw her holding Vicki, standing at the side door as I pulled into the driveway, I felt all those same feelings coursing through my veins.

This was Mom. I might be there to take over for my father now, but it would never change the fact of who she was.

From the first touch of her fingers on my face when she welcomed me home, to the way she felt when I slid inside her that night for the first time of many, I was always acutely aware that this was my mother.

She was too familiar, too loving, too beautiful. All the things that only a mother can be to a son. Or at least that is how I felt about it. What I still feel about it.

It has been over six months now, as we just celebrated our first Christmas together as our new family. My father never did bother to tell me that they split, and he hasn't made any effort to visit Vicki either. Even his side of the family has expressed their wonder that Mom hadn't made him leave sooner than she did.

And Vicki? She calls me "Da-Da."

I feel so strange about that. Good, but strange. Mom cried when she heard her call me that for the first time; stupid me, I thought she was

upset, not happy like she actually was. But then Mom does get upset at times. She tells me she wanted me to have children too. That it isn't fair to me.

And all I can say is, "I have my babies already, Mom. You ... and Vicki."

She'll smile when I say that, but then she hints that she might still have time. "For what?" I ask, playing along. And then she gives me a look and rubs her tummy.

We always make love so intensely after that, as she whispers things in my ear like, "You love your Mommy pregnant... I know you do. Do it baby! Show me how much you want a baby in Mommy's tummy again!"

The very thought of our love manifesting itself inside her drives both of us insane - at least in the heat of all that passion. But we also know that having a baby isn't necessary, or even all that practical. We love each other so much and that is what is most important.

There isn't much else to tell right now. Mom is glad that all you people out there have accepted our experience for what it is. Love and not just sex. She thinks I should keep everyone posted about what is happening in our lives as time goes by. I don't know; maybe after school is out. Or if something weird happens, like Mom actually getting pregnant again

or something. But she is getting older and I don't see that happening really because we are very conscious not to try.

And two babies? No thanks! This one has me running ragged! For now, I am content just being with Mom – and taking care of my little Vicki.

As I think about our relationship now, I often wonder if mothers somehow try to mould their sons into the men that they wished they had married. Oh, I know that most guys do just the opposite and act the way they want to anyway. But for those of us "Mommy's Boys" that actually do listen to Mom and then become the man that she truly needs and desires us to be? Well, I for one can certainly vouch for it.

It most definitely is the experience of a lifetime. The way life was intended to be.

THE END