

Moms and Sons

Volume Five

Baron LeSade

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Rich finished up his successful sales trip a day early. Returning home, he knew his father was still out of town, so he thought that he would drop by and see if his mother, Clarice would like to join him for a late dinner.

Turning down the street his parents lived on, he was surprised to see Henry Tyler's car parked out in driveway in front of his parent's house. Henry was Seth's boss, and it wasn't too uncommon for him to visit. But with his father Seth out of town, it did seem a bit odd, Rich thought.

Knowing his mother was a bit of a flirt, he wondered if anything untoward was going on between her and Henry. Deciding not to stop in front of the house, he drove down to a side street and pulled his car up to the curb...

Getting out, he surreptitiously crept back down the sidewalk to the house. Stepping up to the gate leading into the backyard, he unlocked it and slipped inside. Seeing the light from the recreation room shining out onto the patio, he quietly closed the gate behind him. The patio cover hid the windows from the prying eyes of the neighbors, and his parents rarely, if ever closed the curtains because of that fact.

Careful not to make any noise, he slowly crept up to the window and peered inside.

What he saw stunned him...

Henry was sitting on the couch looking up at Clarice who stood in front of him with a drink in her hand. There was nothing wrong with that, but when he saw the way she was dressed, he was astonished. Staring at his mother, he felt shock waves go racing down his spine to his cock...

She had on a pair of bright, red stiletto heeled pumps that had to be at least four inches tall. Her shapely legs, arched beautifully by the heels, were encased in a pair of sheer, red, lace-top thigh high nylons that ended just above mid-thigh. The red, French-cut, panties she wore didn't even cover her hairy pussy, and left her gorgeous, bowling ball butt completely bare. As he swept his eyes higher up her full figure, he saw a racy, red garter belt with its long, red thongs reaching down to the top of her hose. And she had put it on, under her panties, so that she wouldn't have to take it off when she took her panties off. Above that he saw her big, saggy breasts were almost totally exposed, resting in a lacy, red push-up bra

that provided support to her big tits, but little else. He could easily see the evidence of her excitement as her big, puffy nipples proudly jutted out at Henry. Then she said something to Henry and laughed as she pointed down at Henry's lap.

Running his eyes over to Henry, Rich saw that he had his shirt unbuttoned as he sat sipping on his drink. And he obviously had his pants unbuttoned too, as sticking up out of his shorts was his big, hard cock. It was apparently the topic of their conversation as both of them were looking down at it and laughing.

Watching on in stunned silence, he saw his mother lift her drink to her mouth and take a long pull on it. Then she leaned down and set it on the coffee table. As she did, her big tits dangled down below her, jiggling softly when she turned and gracefully sat down beside Henry. She said something else to Henry that Rich couldn't hear because of the closed window, then reached out and took hold of Henry's jutting cock. Laughing, she twisted her hand up and down the towering cock as they talked. Then she leaned down over his cock and gave it a big, wet kiss right on its big, purple head. Still working her hand up and down the shaft of the giant, she slowly opened her mouth and sucked the big, bloated head into her mouth. Watching his mother suck on Henry's cock, Rich felt a jolt of excitement tear through his own rock-hard cock as it throbbed excitedly.

Then, Rich saw Henry reach out and rest his hand, palm down on the back of her head. Rich watched on in a daze as Henry dug his fingers down into her long, brown hair and began to push and pull her head up and down. Sparkles of light danced off her long, dangling earrings as her head bobbed up and down. Rich watched on jealously as her ruby red lips worked up and down on the thick, swollen shaft of Henry's big cock.

Keeping his eyes locked on them, Rich reached down and quickly unzipped his pants. Digging down inside his shorts, he dragged his own cock out into the open. Watching his mother hungrily sucking and fisting Henry's big cock, Rich began to work his hand up and down his own cock.

Sickly wondering what it would feel like to have her sucking on his dick, he saw her cheeks hollow as she roughly sucked on Henry's cock. As she sucked, she cupped Henry's big balls in her hand and was plucking and pulling at them with her long fingers.

He couldn't believe it. How could she do that to him? Was it of her own free will? Or was she being coerced to do it? Did Henry threaten to fire Sam if she didn't cooperate? Or was there money involved? Or was she just doing it because she wanted to do it? His Dad was gone an awful lot... Maybe his mother was just horny and Henry was taking care of that for her...

The way she was dressed and acting, it certainly didn't appear to be any duress involved. And the way she was gobbling Henry's big cock, it looked like she was enjoying it. Really enjoying it, as she roughly twisted her hand round his cock at the same time she stroked it. Finally, he saw Henry say something and his mother lifted her mouth up off his cock. Rich disgustedly saw that the monster was glistening wetly with her spit.

Then, with a calculated look of anticipation, Henry pushed himself up to his feet and stepped out of his pants. Reaching down to her, he took Clarice's hands and gently pulled her up to her feet. Wrapping his arms around her, he pulled her to him, hugging her tightly as their lips met. Mouths open, they hungrily kissed for the longest time. While they did, he could see his mother thrusting herself against Henry's cock as they grappled and wrestled with each other. If there was coercion, he sickly thought, his mother hid it well as he continued to slowly stroke his cock. Finally, they broke, breathing heavily as they lustily stared into each other's eyes.

Then, without another word, they turned and walked, hand in hand, down the hall. Rich watched Henry's big cock slashing the air in front of him as his mother's bowling ball butt jiggled delightfully with each step she took. He could imagine the sound of her high heels on the hardwood floor as she strutted down the hallway and turned into the guestroom with Henry right by her side.

He couldn't believe his luck. Back ages ago, when he was a horny teenager, he had taken it on himself to make a peek hole looking into the guestroom. With it, he could watch as guests undressed, not knowing that they had an uninvited visitor. And one night, he had even caught his Aunt and Uncle fucking. Hoping that his secret hadn't been discovered, he sneaked around to the hidden peek hole. Quietly pulling out the board that hid the hole, he leaned down and looked inside the room.

There they were. His mother lying on her back, as Henry had his fingers dug down under her panties pulling them down her long legs. As he did, Rich saw a

sparkle of light flash from his mother's wedding ring. A sick reminder of the desecration taking place in the room, he thought to himself as he watched Henry slip her panties off over her stiletto heels. But Rich didn't know why he found it so offensive that Henry was doing it because he would trade place with Henry in a heartbeat, then he watched Henry lift the wisp of red cloth up to his nose and take a whiff of it.

Rich heard the murmur of Henry's voice, but couldn't make out what he said to Clarice who laughed back up at him. Then still holding the panties in his hand, Henry quickly shucked his shorts down his sinewy legs as his cock jumped and bobbed in front of him. Staring at the man's big cock, he saw him bend down and quickly strip off his shorts, shoes and socks as Clarice lay watching him.

She said something to him as he stood back up and they both laughed. Then he draped her panties over his cock. Rich watched the flimsy, red fluff dance and jiggle as Henry clenched the muscles around the base of his cock, making it twitch and jump.

Watching them talk, he was still unable to hear what they said. But he could only imagine the topic was probably once again, the monstrosity jutting out of Henry's groin as it jumped and jerked when he pulled his shirt back over his shoulders.

Finally, Henry stood naked at the foot of the bed, lustily staring down at Clarice as she slowly parted her legs. Grinning up at him, she dug her stiletto heels down into the bed and pushed her knees up into the air, widening the gap between her lovely legs. Henry, in the meantime, tossed her panties aside, crawled up onto the bed and up between her nylon-encased thighs. Reaching down between the Y of her legs with both hands, she gently grasped the bobbing giant and guided it down to the oozing, wet gash of wet pink flesh there.

The emotions swirling through Rich's head were making him dizzy. He was feeling them all.

Anger...jealousy...envy...lust...disgust...loathing...

As Rich gawked on, he was seeing his mother's meaty pussy for the very first time, other than the very first time he had been expelled from it. But, he had no recollection of that...

The thick, fleshy lips encircling the oozing wound were wetly coated with her glistening juices as the head of Henry's cock slowly approached it. Holding his cock with the tips of her fingers, she led it down to its baptism inside the wetness of her cunt. Luckily, or unluckily, Rich thought, his vantage point gave him a perfect view of Henry's cock as it gradually disappeared between her bulky, pink lips. Rich could even see the big, blue veins jutting out of the pink barrel of Henry's thick, round cock. Then his mother's lips moved as she spoke and Henry thrust forward, driving his entire cock down into the gluttonous slit.

God, if that were only my cock, Rich dizzily thought, watching their groins grind together as his mother pulled Henry's mouth down to hers. They kissed open-mouthed for several long moments, then Henry's ass began to methodically rock back and forth at the same time his big cock sloshed in and out of her pussy.

But wait, Rich giddily thought...maybe...maybe... it could be me...me on top of her pounding my cock into her pussy instead of Henry...

He had caught her in the act...caught them in the act...he had them...had them right where he wanted them, he perversely thought...

Not only could he blackmail his mother, he laughed to himself...he might even be able to supplement his income with a few donations from Henry...wouldn't that be a hoot? Get to fulfil a lifetime fantasy...and fucking get paid for it? Un-fucking-believable—

You're one more sick puppy, Rich told himself, watching Henry hammer his big, juice-drenched cock into his mother's pussy...

And there, right in front of him was all the evidence he needed, he laughed to himself. Right there on Henry's bouncing butt. A big, hairy mole was perched right in the middle of one quivering ass-cheek. That along with the knowledge of his mother's outfit would be more than enough proof to convince them that he had actually witnessed their illicit indiscretion...

He didn't know how long they fucked, but his mother had three or four orgasms before Henry finally shot his load...

As soon as he saw Henry finish, he quickly stroked his own cock up to ejaculation and shot his seed-filled load out onto the side of the house under the window. Then, stuffing his cock back into his pants, replacing the board, he

quickly fled the scene and headed back to his apartment to plan out his twisted revenge on his mother and Henry...

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Stepping up to the door, Rich rang the doorbell and impatiently waited for his mother to answer it.

Suddenly, the door opened.

"Well, hello, Richard," his mother said in a low, sultry voice. "Right on time, as usual. Come on in, and I'll get my things..."

"You look especially nice, tonight, Mom," he grinned, stepping inside and sweeping his eyes over her mountainous breasts that were bulging up from the top of her black, low-cut dress.

"Why, thank you, Dear," she purred, smiling at him then walking over to retrieve her shawl and purse.

Rich watched her ass roll like a pair of bowling balls under the tight dress as she clopped across the room in her high heels.

Maybe he'd even have a little of that, too, he sickly thought.

Draping her shawl over her shoulders, she picked up her purse and stepped back over to where he stood watching her.

"Ready?" she smiled, taking his hand in hers.

"Sure am," he grinned back at her, pushing the door open and letting her pull him through it.

Twisting the lock shut and closing the door behind them, he walked down the sidewalk hand in hand with his mother. Opening the car door, he watched her slide onto the seat. As she did, her dress rode up her creamy thigh giving Rich a nice view of an expanse of creamy-white thigh.

"Oops," she giggled, pushing her dress back down her leg.

"Nice," Rich said, closing the door.

They idly chatted as they ate their meal, but Rich didn't bring up the subject of their rendezvous until they were finished and the waiter stepped up with the bill.

Putting his credit card down on the little tray, he turned to his mother and smiled at her again.

"I know," he said, reaching over and taking her hand in his.

"You know what?" she softly laughed, staring back into his eyes with an amused grin on her pretty lips.

"I know about you...you and Henry," he bluntly said.

He watched the color drain from her face as her mouth dropped open. She didn't say a word for the longest time as she stared back at him with a stunned look on her face.

"You know what about Henry and me?" she giggled, trying to make light of it.

"I saw the two of you...uh, let's see, how should I put it...uh, fucking—"

"How? When?" she choked out, her face turning the color of cooked beets as the waiter stepped back up to the table and handed Rich his receipt to sign.

"Yesterday evening," Rich said, scribbling his signature on the receipt and handing it back to the waiter.

Pausing until the waiter had gone, he reached back over and took hold of her clammy hand again.

"I saw you...you and Henry through the window," he told her. "I didn't know that I had such a good looking Mom. And, oh, by the way, you look really nice in red."

"Why? Why did you...you do that?" she asked, watching him push his chair back and stand up.

"Why? I was about to ask you the same thing," he laughed, stepping around

behind her and pulling her chair back for her.

Standing up in shocked silence, she huffily threw her shawl around her shoulders as Rich took her hand and led her across the room to the exit.

"How could you?" she asked him as he started the car. "How could you do that to me?"

"A little righteous indignation is a good thing," he said, steering the car out onto the street, "but how could you do that to Dad?"

"I don't know...I don't know...it just sort of...happened," she mumbled, looking straight down the road.

"So...how long have you...you been, uh, been servicing old Henry?" he casually asked.

"Rich...don't be vulgar," she whined.

"Vulgar?" Rich laughed. "And what do you call what you and Henry did?"

Neither of them spoke for several moments as they drove along in silence.

"So...now what?" she finally asked.

"I guess that would be up to you," he smirked, glancing suggestively down at her jiggling tits.

"What?" she gasped, staring at him in disbelief. "You don't...you don't think... NO! Not that!"

"It would be a shame if somehow Dad found out..." he icily smiled. "It could be really be a shame if he knew his beautiful wife was fucking his boss. He might do something really nasty."

"I can't believe that...that you're really suggesting," she fumed, "suggesting that I, I let you, you and I, no, no, I couldn't, it's out of the question. Why, that...that would be...be incest for God's sake!"

"Oh, give all this moral indignation a rest," Rich muttered. "It's not a very long

step from adultery to incest, you know."

"How can you think...I'm your Mother, for heaven's sake," she fussed. "How could you do...do something like that to me? That's disgusting!"

Turning the wheel, Rich guided the car over to the curb in front of her house. Reaching down, he shut the car off and turned toward her.

"I never knew that you were such a sexy woman," he said, glancing down at her heaving breasts, "but the show, you and Henry put on the other night, convinced me different."

"But that...that was between Henry and me," she whimpered. "How, how could you expect for it to be like that...for...with you? I'm your Mother, damn it!"

"That's what makes it so damned exciting...Mother," he told her with a smirk. "It's something I've wanted forever. I just never thought I'd get a chance...a chance to...well you know."

"Oh...God...Rich. Think. Think about what you're asking me to do!" she sobbed, tears streaking down through the makeup on her face. "You're asking me to...to let my own son fuck...fuck me?"

"Well, it's obvious that you enjoy fucking," he smirked. "I counted four or five testaments to that fact the other night. So what difference does it make who's providing the meat? Hell's bells...cock is cock, isn't it. It doesn't seem to bother you where it's coming from...Dad's cock or Henry's cock. It doesn't matter to you. So why not mine?"

"I can't believe we're having this conversation," she moaned, holding her head in her hands. "I...I just can't...can't do it."

"When is Dad getting back?" Rich casually asked.

"Saturday! Why?" she wept.

"Oh, I was just wondering," he taunted.

"Good night," she shot back, throwing the door open and thrusting herself out of the car.



Rich grinned, watching her stomp up the sidewalk to the door. She was so mad, it took her several attempts for her to unlock the door. Then turning, she raked an angry glare across his face and disappeared inside.

Well, the cat is out of the bag, Rich told himself as he started the car. Wondering what his mother would do, he drove back to his apartment.

Thursday evening, Rich sat watching the news and sipping on a glass of wine when the phone rang. Letting the answering machine kick on, he listened to his message as he waited.

"Rich...Rich, this is your mother...are you there?"

Picking up the phone, he jabbed the talk button.

"Hi, Mom," he said into the receiver.

"Rich, I think we need to talk," she said. "Do you think you could come over tonight?"

"Sure, Mom," he said, grinning into the receiver. "When?"

"Uh...now...could you come over now?"

"Sure. I'll leave right now," he told her.

"Thank you," she said.

Then Rich heard the dial tone as his mother hung her phone up.

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Parking his car in the driveway alongside his mother's car, Rich crawled out. Running his hands down over his pants, he straightened out the wrinkles and walked up to the door. Ringing the doorbell, he waited, wondering what his mother would have to say. Hoping that maybe she might have changed her mind, but doubting it.

Then, the door opened and Rich felt a shiver of excitement tickle through his cock.

"Come in," his mother said, stepping aside so he could go inside.

Dizzily, Rich saw that she was wearing a long, black robe that flowed down her body, highlighting every nook and cranny, suggestively insinuating what lay hidden beneath it but not showing it. Then, he saw she was wearing a pair of stiletto heels exactly like the ones she had been wearing the night she had been with Henry, except they were black like her gown. Was she wearing matching lingerie, too, he giddily wondered?

Quickly stepping inside, he saw that his mother had a drink in her hand as she pushed the door closed.

"There's a drink for you on the bar," she told him, striding toward the couch with the wispy robe billowing out behind her.

"Uh...thanks," he said, walking over and picking up his drink.

His mother stood by the couch, watching him with a strained look on her face.

"So," he said, pausing to take a sip of his drink before continuing, "what did you want to talk about?"

Then, she took a sip of her drink and slowly bent down over the coffee table. Setting the glass on the table, she stood back up and turned to face him.

Reaching down to the knot in the sash wrapped around her waist, she slowly, almost teasingly, plucked it open.

Rich waited breathlessly as she stared into his eyes, still holding her gown clasped shut.

"I guess I have no other choice," she told him, "I have too much to lose..."

Rich watched as she slowly spread the gown open and pushed it back over her shoulders, letting it slither down to the floor. Rich's eyes raced over her body, reveling in the view as she defiantly stared back at him.

"So...so this is what...what you want," she said, holding her arms out as she posed for him.

"God...yes...yes," Rich hissed.

As he stared at her, he saw that she was dressed just as she had been the other night, except this time everything was black. Black pushup bra, black garter belt, black panties, black hose, and black stiletto high heels. Was this her way of telling him that even though she was doing it, she was in mourning for the death of their innocence?

"You know this is so wrong," she mumbled, easing down onto the couch, "but if it will insure your silence...so be it."

"But, Mom..." Rich started, but she raised a finger to her lips to shush him.

"Come over here," she told him as she sat perched on the edge of the couch cushion with her long legs spread apart.

Numbly, he stumbled over to her and stepped in front of her.

"You promise to never tell anyone about any of this?" she asked him, looking up at him as her fingers quickly plucked his belt apart. "Even Henry?"

"I promise..." he lied, staring down into her sad brown eyes.

"No one must ever know," she muttered, unbuttoning his pants.

"They won't," he groaned. "I promise no one will ever know."

"I still can't believe I'm letting this happen," she whined, slowly unzipping his pants.

Spreading his pants open, she let them go slithering down to the floor as her eyes

flared when she saw the size of his penis.

Clawing her fingers under the waistband of his shorts, she slowly eased them down off his big cock.

"You...you're...you're as big as Henry," she whispered, timidly running her fingertips over his twitching giant.

"I know," he told her.

Looking up from his jutting cock, she icily stared into his eyes for a few moments before she dropped her gaze back down to his cock. Then she slowly leaned forward.

Oh, God, Rich groaned to himself. She's going to suck my cock, he frantically thought, watching her slowly open her mouth and suck the swollen head of his penis into her mouth.

Staring down at the unbelievable sight, he saw her reach out and grasp his hips in her hands. Feeling her hot tongue on the sensitive, tautly stretched skin of his cock-head, he felt her gently pull him toward her. Gawking down, he watched her lips move along the thick shaft of his throbbing cock as she sucked more and more of it inside her mouth.

How could this be happening? His mother? And it had all been so easy. He had expected much more resistance on her part. Unless...

Finally, the head of his cock nudged up against the back of her mouth, and Rich felt her push back at him as his spit-coated cock slowly slithered out from between her red lips. Rich had never seen anything as perversely sensual in his whole life as she continued to disgorge his cock until only its giant, swollen head remained inside her mouth. Running her tongue along the bottom of his cock, she slowly pulled it back inside her mouth, tickling and teasing it as she did. Then, she began to push on his hips a little quicker and he joined in, gently rocking his hips back and forth with the same rhythm.

Running his hands down to her head, he lovingly caressed her long, brown hair as he rhythmically fucked her hot mouth. As he did, he watched the long, dangling earrings hanging down from her ears, swinging back and forth while the stones in it sparkled and twinkled in the light. They were the same earrings

she had worn the night with Henry.

He saw her cheeks hollow and felt the suction increase as she sucked harder and harder on his slowly pistoning peter.

Did she want him to come in her mouth, he dizzily wondered? That would be awesome, but he wanted her pussy tonight. He wanted to come in her pussy first and fill it with his hot syrup. Fill her birth-chamber with his hot, sperm-filled sap. He wanted to desecrate it and punish her for defiling his birthplace. What right did she have to give it away to Henry? It was his...he sickly thought. And tonight, he would reclaim it and make it his once again...

The bubbling reservoir of cum in his swinging balls was about to reach the flash point and he knew that if he intended to deposit it inside her pussy, he had to stop...now.

Clutching her hair in his fist, he gently pulled her head back at the same time he jerked his hips back, pulling his steel-hard cock out of her sucking mouth.

"What? What?" she stammered, looking up at him with a perplexed look on her face. "I thought...thought...don't you want to come, come in my mouth?"

"Yes...yes," he panted, stepping back out from between her legs, "but first I'm going to come in you like Henry did. In your hot pussy, just like he did!"

"Oh..." she said, staring down at his big, stiff cock that was still pointing straight at her face.

A rosy blush spread out over her cheeks as she slowly closed her legs.

Backing away, Rich quickly took off the rest of his clothes as she reached down and timidly pushed her lacy, black panties down her legs. Just as the other night, he dizzily thought. She had put her panties on over the straps of her garter belt, so that when she took them off, she wouldn't have to take the garter belt off.

Standing before his mother as naked as the day she had borne him, he dropped down onto his knees. Reaching out, he eased his hands between her knees and gently began to spread them farther apart.

"This...this is so embarrassing," she whined, running her hand down over her

rounded belly to cover the big, fleshy wound staring back up at Rich. "I'm so ashamed..."

"I want to see," he said, reaching up and gently pushing her hand away from the fleshy rift between her legs. "I want to see where I came from."

"It...it's not pretty," she complained, as he stared down at it with reverence and awe.

"No, it's not...it's beautiful," he groaned, slowly running his fingers over the soft, forgiving folds of flesh.

"Oh God!" she gasped, throwing her head back against the couch and closing her eyes as he delicately explored the mystery of her pussy with the tips of his fingers.

Then he leaned in closer. Gently, he delicately took the meaty lips of her pussy between his fingers and thumbs and slowly spread them apart. As he did, the oozing opening of her vagina revealed itself.

Leaning down, Rich stuck out his tongue. Then, starting out down at the bottom of the cleft, where her vagina gaped open, he licked his tongue up it all the way to the top, where her big, bulging clit stuck up out of its fleshy hood.

"God," she gasped again, as Rich lapped his tongue up and down the juice filled breach. "This is so wrong..."

Then he stopped. Stiffening his tongue, he eased it down into the warm, juice-filled opening from which he had been expelled so long ago.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh," his mother murmured as he gently tongue-fucked the hot, little hole. "Soooo wrong..."

Finally, he eased his tongue back out of the opening and slowly licked his way up to the nub of her clit.

Slowly, lovingly, he tickled and teased the nub of her clit with the tip of his probing tongue.

"Oh-no-no-not...not that," she moaned. "You'll make me come—"



But even as she protested, Rich thought he felt an almost imperceptible thrust of her hips, gently pushing her pussy up against him.

"No-no-can't-can't let...can't let...can't-can't come—" she whimpered.

Rich didn't understand why she didn't want to come. Unless it made it somehow less wrong on her part. Maybe if she didn't come, she could convince herself that she hadn't enjoyed it. That it had all been his fault and she had just gone along to appease him. But if she came...then that would make her a co-conspirator. A willing participant in his evil, little game.

Rich didn't let up. He kept the tip of his tongue busily working on her clit as she fussed. Then, almost if as by magic, he felt her hands gently curl around the back of his head. Suddenly, he felt his lips being pressed down against her pussy and clit as he felt her hips begin patter up and down on the couch, thrusting her pussy up against his mouth.

"Oh-God-God-no-no-can't...can't come," she whimpered.

But despite her vocal protests, her body movements became more and more insistent. More compliant. Sensing her capitulation, Rich renewed his attack on her clit with increased determination. Then, he suddenly shoved two fingers down into her tight pussy.

"OhGod-ohGod-ohGod," she gushed out as she roughly shoved him down onto her puss. "Noooooooooooooooooooo—"

As she groveled under him, he felt the muscles in her legs tightening as her pussy squeezed tighter and tighter around his pistoning fingers. Then suddenly, without any further warning, his hand was covered with her hot, wet juices as her pussy begin to spurt out thick, hot gushes of juice onto his hand and chin. Gush after gush, so much of it that the hot juice ran down his chin and onto his throat while she held him shoved down against her orgasming cunt.

He'd made his mother come, Rich feverishly thought. Made her come, even against her will. He'd made her admit her complicity in their illicit union. She had fought to keep from coming, but he had made her do it. He made her come with his tongue and now...now he was going to make her come with his cock... his big, hard cock!

Even as Rich gloated in his mother's subjugation, she came and came while he continued to torment and tease her clit. Continuing to gently finger-fuck her, easing his fingers in and out of the contracting slit, he felt her finally drop her arms down on the couch beside her hips as he lay gasping for air.

"Oh, God—I'm so...so ashamed," she softly groaned as Rich lifted his juice-splattered face up out of her crotch and pulled his dripping fingers out of her oozing pussy. "I'm so bad. I let you...I let you make me come."

"Come on, Mom," Rich quietly said, flicking out his tongue and licking his lips as he ran the back of his hand across his dripping chin. "This is going to happen. So, why don't you give in...give in and enjoy it."

"Enjoy it? Enjoy it?" she whined. "How can I enjoy getting...getting fucked by my own son? This is so wrong!"

"You enjoyed it the other night...with Henry. I saw you," he coldly said, raising up, slowly shuffling up on his knees between her legs and reaching out with his hands to one of her grape fruit-sized tits.

As he did, his big, jutting cock slid up onto her belly and his dangling balls nudged up against her drooling cunt.

Leaning down over her, he lifted her tit and pulled the big, bulging nipple in between his lips. Just as before, her head slouched back against the couch and her eyes fluttered shut. It was almost as if she couldn't face the reality of what was happening.

Squeezing and fondling her big tits, Rich kept at it until both nipples were sticking out stiff and hard once again.

But he didn't stop. Then, as he roughly sucked on one of the swollen paps, he felt the tips of her fingers pressing against his belly, forcing him back away from her.

Was she going to make him stop now, he frantically thought? What was she doing? She couldn't stop him. He was in control. And he wasn't going to stop until he got to come inside her pussy. Letting the big, puffy nipple slip out of his mouth, he looked down as she continued to push him back away from her. Looking back up into her eyes, he saw a look he had never seen before. She was looking back at him, but her eyes looked out of focus, glazed over with widely

dilated pupils as she stared back at him. Then he felt her fingers on his cock. They were pushing down on it, insistently forcing it back and down between her legs. Then, as she pushed it down, he felt the tip of his cockhead nestle down between the thick, meaty lips of her pussy and slowly sink down into the hot, clutching opening between them.

Dizzily, feeling faint from all the emotions pouring into his overstressed brain, he stared down between his mother's parted legs and watched his cock slowly disappear down into the moist, clutching warmth of his mother's vagina. He had never felt anything like it, he drunkenly thought, as the tight sheath of his mother's cunt wrapped itself around his probing prick. Fighting to hold back the up surging urge to shoot his load of cum into her, he continued to let himself be sucked down into fiery pit of his creation. It was a feeling he'd never experienced before. It was almost like being absorbed back inside his mother's womb. There was an almost a religious feel to it as his cock journeyed deeper and deeper into the cloying heat of her womanhood.

At last, their bellies met. Now they were one again, Rich crazily thought. One again, joined together in the most despicable of ways.

There was no more holding back now. Now was the time...the time he had waited for all of his life and not even known it up to this moment. He must do it.

Suddenly, he began to frantically fuck her. Pounding his cock in and out of her savagely as he childishly whimpered and cried out his emotions, unable to keep them in check.

"Oh, yes," she hissed, rolling her hips, heaving herself back onto his vicious onslaught.

The words were music to his ears as he mindlessly fucked her. He had conquered her again. Maybe this time, it was the war he had won, not just the battle, he told himself.

But this one was for him...she had already had her salvation...now was his time.

He could feel the fireball down inside his slashing balls growing hotter with every penetration. Her hot, clutching pussy was sucking him closer and closer to imminent eruption. Bracing himself for the fiery eruption, he suddenly felt another tremor shudder through his mother's body as she dug her fingernails

down into his hips, pulling his cock into her as deep as it would go.

"Oh—God—oh—Goddddd—" she gasped out followed by a string of soft, breathy "ohs," bubbling out from between her pursed lips as she thrust herself back at him, grinding her hot pussy down around his buried cock. Her face grimaced in orgasmic jubilation while she strained to elicit every last pleasurable spasm from her orgasm. As her claspng pussy frantically pulled and sucked on his cock, he tried to wait.

Rich could feel her hot juices pouring out of her cunt, gushing out around the shaft of his cock, flooding down onto his balls and running down the front of his hairy thighs.

The spasms working their way through her pussy grew weaker and weaker until at last they stopped altogether. Her big tits heaved up and down as she breathed heavily and slumped back against the couch.

Ignoring his mother's near catatonic state, Rich began to nail her pussy that was now loosely wrapped around his pistoning prick. Reaching around behind her butt, he dug his fingers down into the soft, pliant flesh and jerked her back and forth while pounding his cock down into her, re-stoking the fireball down inside his flopping balls.

After a few strokes, his mother's eyes fluttered open and she lifted her hands back up to his thrusting hips. Digging her claws down into his skin, she quickly joined in the back and forth, push-pull rhythm of Rich's attack on her pussy.

They must look like some kind of disgusting fucking machine Rich thought as their bodies worked back and forth, groins crashing together, arms flailing in tandem, pushing and pulling on each other while they fucked like crazed animals. Listening to the sick, wet slap of their bodies smacking together, Rich felt his balls scrunching up around the base of his cock as the hot, bubbling cum inside them rose to the surface, readying itself for ejection. Almost there, he frantically thought as he watched his mother's giant tits wildly lurching up and down on her chest.

Hammering his cock into her harder and harder, he looked up and saw that she was looking back at him with the same wild, out-of-focus, crazed look as before.

As his hips slashed back and forth, he saw her spread her legs apart farther and

kick her feet up into the air. Then she hooked the backs of her ankles around behind his lurching ass and kicked the sharp, pointed tips of her stiletto heels into his bounding ass. Like a jockey, she spurred him on, urging him to fuck her harder and harder until there were no more gears left...he was fucking her as hard and fast as he could.

Suddenly, a jolt of electricity crackled through his cock, immediately followed by a spasm of pleasure so powerfully intense, it brought tears to his eyes. This was followed by a gush of searing fiery cum rushing up through his cock and spurting out into the hot, sucking hole between his mother's legs.

THIS WAS IT! HE WAS COMING IN HIS MOTHER'S VAGINA! COMING IN HER HOT, SUCKING CUNT! He was delirious as she dug the sharp heels into his ass, forcing him deeper into her pussy as she began to shiver and shake. His cock continued to spew out great, fiery gobs of hot, clinging cum into her cunt as it spasmed around his cock, sucking out his creamy load. Over and over again, his prick jerked, each time spurting out another gusher of cum into her overflowing pussy. Rich could feel the hot goo leaking out around his cock, dripping down onto his balls and legs where it mixed with the slippery coating of his mother's juice.

The scent of their essences filled the air with its vulgar fragrance as they passionately ground their bodies together, trying to extract every last iota of pleasure from their incestuous coupling. Rich was in an ecstatic daze as he thrust himself deep into the clinging channel of his mother's cum-drenched cunt.

Finally it ended...

Still connected to his mother in the most obscene of ways, Rich tiredly leaned forward and gently rested his head on one of his mother's big, pillowy breasts. The heaving of her chest made the giant mound of soft, pliant flesh roll and undulate, but the motion slowly diminished as she finally caught her breath. As she did, Rich lovingly kissed his way down to its big, puffy nipple, jutting out of the circle of dark, pebbled flesh tipping her breast.

"Ummmmmmmmmm," he heard her softly moan as he gently sucked it between his lips.

As he tenderly sucked on the swollen pap, he felt his mother's fingers lightly touch his head. Then she began to delicately run her long fingers through his hair

as he lovingly nursed on her barren breast. It was then, in that moment that Rich knew that he had won her over to his side. Not only had she seen the light, she seemed have totally succumbed to their new closeness...

But even that couldn't stop the relentless march of Mother Nature and Rich could feel his cock slowly retreating back down the slippery, overflowing sheath of her cunt. Then, finally, with a sick, wet slurp, it flopped out of her cunt and flopped onto the couch only to be followed by a gush of thick, syrupy afterbirth. It was almost like being born again, he giddily thought. I guess that makes me a born-again mother-fucker...

Slowly, Rich lifted his mouth away from his mother's swollen nipple. Pushing back up, out from between her plump legs, he stepped around her and lowered himself down onto the couch beside her. Reaching over, he pulled her to him and gently hugged her.

"Was it good for you?" she whispered, running her hand down to his limp dick nestled between his legs.

"There are no words to describe it," said back to her, running a finger under her chin and tilting her mouth up as he lowered his lips down onto hers.

Kissing, with parted mouths, their probing tongues touched and explored each other. As they did, Rich felt a tickle of excitement spark through his cock while she toyed with the sleeping giant. Wrapping his arm around her, he reached down over her shoulder and gently kneaded one soft, pliant tit while he cupped the other mountain in the palm of his hand. Marveling at the weight of her heavy tit, he tweaked the jutting nipple and felt it slowly hardening under his touch.

Finally, breathing heavily, she broke their kiss and leaned back away from him, disentangling his arms and hands from hers.

Pushing herself up onto her tall, stiletto heels, she reached down and let him pull himself up beside her.

"Come," she softly said, holding onto his hand as they walked down the hallway toward the guestroom.

Stepping into the room behind her, Rich watched her big, beautiful ass swish enticingly as she stepped over to the bed. As she leaned down and swept the



bedspread down the bed, he stepped up behind her and wrapped his arms around her.

"Mmmmmmmmm," she murmured as he cupped her big tits in his hands and gently leaned her down over the bed.

Leaning over her, he eased his hands out from her and stood back up. Now she lay on the bed, her tits and belly resting on the bed while her long, extended legs thrust her pretty ass up into air. Slowly dropping down to his knees, Rich gently pushed her legs apart until her lovely rear end was right in front of his face. Running his eyes over the perfect, round globes of smooth, flawless skin, he lovingly caressed them with his fingers.

Reveling in the breathtaking view, he reached out and gently grasped the soft, pliant cheeks in his hands. Digging his thumbs down into the giving flesh, he slowly spread them apart to bare the delicate, pink rosebud between them. Running out his tongue, he leaned toward her and lazily licked up the silky-smooth skin all the way from her oozing pussy to the cleft where the crack melted into her lower back. As he did, he heard a little moan escape her lips when the tip of his tongue brushed over the pout of her exposed asshole. Sensing her submission, Rich slowly retraced his way back down to the tight, little pucker and ran the tip of his tongue around the wrinkled, little prune. Listening to her mews and purrs, he delicately tickled and teased the fragile little notch while down below his waist his cock was slowly lifting its big, purple head up out from between his legs until at last it was once again proudly standing, hard and erect, ready to do his bidding...

Then he saw his mother's arm extend out away from her body as she reached over to the nightstand drawer. Still lying face down on the bed, she blindly opened the drawer and groped around inside. Then she pulled out a little, white vibrator and tossed it down on the bed beside her hip. Shoving her hand back into the drawer, this time she came out with a tube of ointment. Thrusting her hand back, holding her palm up with the tube resting in it, she offered it to him. Looking over at her upturned hand, he picked up the tube and watched her groping for the vibrator.

As Rich studied the tube, she secured the vibrator, flicked it on and shoved it down under her to her pussy. The half-empty tube she had handed him had a little plastic applicator screwed onto it as he stared down at it.

ANALEASE...ANAL...AS IN ASSHOLE! She's...she's gonna let me...let me do it to her...in...in the ass, he incredulously thought? Why? He'd only been teasing her asshole to give his cock time to get hard so he could fuck her pussy again. But now...now she was offering him the crown jewel of her collection... her beautiful, pouting asshole...

Slowly getting to his feet, he looked down on the glorious sight. As he gawked down, he could see two small, red marks, one on each cheek, where his thumbs had dug in to spread them apart. They were the only thing marring the flawless beauty of her big, round butt as he shifted the tube from his left hand to his right hand. Giving the tube a little squeeze, he watched the glistening goo slowly ooze out the line of little holes on each side of the applicator. Then with an expectant grin on his lips, he leaned down with one hand and gently spread the cheeks of her ass apart with his thumb and fingers. Seeing her asshole wink back into view, he slowly lowered the plastic tip down to the pink starred center of it. Placing the tip down in the darkened indentation of the wrinkled, pink prune, he gently pushed the plastic nub down into it.

"Ohhhhhhhhhh..." she murmured out as Rich squeezed the tube forcing out the ointment into her ass.

Keeping up the pressure on the tube, he slowly extracted it, leaving behind a trail of the slippery goo. Continuing to mash, he slowly brought it out through her asshole where it left a glistening film of the stuff on her clenched asshole. Switching the tube back to his left hand, he extended the middle finger of his right hand and slowly spread the gob of lubricant all around his mother's cringing asshole.

Listening to the merry hum of the little vibrator, he quickly squeezed out a big gush of the slippery juice onto his cock. Wrapping his hand around his cock, he hurriedly spread the goop all over its head and shaft.

Wonder if Henry has ever had her ass, he jealously wondered as he leaned down and wiped his hands on the sheet? Of course, he has you dimwit, why else would the lube be in the drawer. Well, it could be for his father, he argued with himself. In the guestroom, he jealously questioned? She certainly didn't need it for her pussy as wet as she got. Putting lube in her pussy would be like pouring a glass of water into a lake. Wouldn't serve any purpose. And it certainly wasn't to use with Seth, or it would be up in their bedroom.

"Okay?" he asked, wrapping his hands around her hips and maneuvering the tapered, goo-slathered head of his cock down onto her glistening asshole.

"Unh-huhhhhhh," she murmured as he carefully positioned the pointy tip of his cock down into the slippery indentation.

Leaning forward, he watched her dig the sharp tips of her stiletto heels into the carpet and thrust back at him as he leaned into her.

Expecting more resistance, he was surprised when the head of his cock quickly slipped down into the mushy heat of her rectum.

"It's already in," he grunted out, continuing to push his cock down into the clenching tightness of her anus.

"Uh-huh," she muttered as his belly smacked up against the soft cheeks of her ass.

"God—" he groaned, jerking his hips back and then hammering his cock back down into her hot, clutching ass. "I'm fucking you in the ass...fucking your hot ass...can't believe it."

"Yessssssssssssss," she hissed back at him.

Mouth...pussy...and now ass...all in one night and from the woman he had fantasized about for so long! What else could he ask for? What else did she have to give?

With her thrusting herself back at him and him jerking and pulling on her hips, he was driving his cock down into the fluted ring of flesh all the way up to its hairy hilt on every pounding thrust. The wrinkled rim of her anus had completely disappeared, pulled down into her ass by the thick shaft of his cock as he fucked her ass with a vengeance. Staring down at the rounded cheeks of her ass, he watched them ripple and jiggle from the force of his blows as his belly slapped up against them. Jerking her back at the same time he hammered his cock into her increased the violence of the blows. But she didn't relent as she kept humping her asshole back onto his jackhammer blows.

The bed creaked and groaned as his legs slammed up against it, rocking it and making it lurch back and forth. Watching her sweet ass cheeks sloshing and

rippling, he dug his fingers down into them and roughly kneaded them as his big cock slid in and out between them.

"Oh-oh-oh-oh," he heard his mother plaintively mew as he watched the muscles of her back tighten. "Oh...oh...gonna-gonna..."

Damn, he incredulously thought. She's going to have a frigging orgasm while I'm fucking her in the ass. How fucking crazy is that? An orgasm while she's getting it in the ass...wonder if Old Henry ever made her do that?

Then all of a sudden, a trembling shudder made her muscles quiver and shake as Rich felt her already tightly-clenched asshole squeeze down around his cock with even more intensity. Reveling of the tight clutching of the ring of muscles encircling his pistoning cock, he could feel every spasm of pleasure that worked through her ass. Every time one did, her asshole clenched down tighter around his embedded cock.

Then he felt her hot asshole relent, releasing its strangling hold on his cock as the buzzing of the vibrator stopped and his mother threw her hands up over her head. She looked like she was under arrest, lying on her belly, her arms thrust up over her head.

Maybe it was symbolism of her surrender to him, he giddily thought.

But soon, all thoughts other than those focused on his slashing cock were driven from his head by the atomic explosion that went off down inside his cock. The blast was such that he felt like the head of his cock had been blown off and now his cum was pouring out of the hole where it had once been. Flowing out of the hole, it poured out into his mother's hot, sucking asshole like a river of molten lava.

"Hot...so hot," she groaned, thrusting her ass back up at him as his cock continued to lurch and spew out its creamy load into her rectum.

Grinding his belly down against her up thrust ass, he held his peter down inside the hot clutch of her ass until it finally stopped shooting off.

"Oh...God," he groaned out, gently pushing her away and slowly dragging his funky prick back out of the cum-filled channel of her rectum.

As his cock finally popped out, he stared down at her asshole that had to be spread open at least an inch wide. He watched it as it spasmodically clutched at itself while the opening slowly closed.

"Fucking awesome," he grunted, sticking his finger down into the dilated opening and letting it shrink down around it.

Finally, pulling his finger out of her asshole, he watched the puckered opening shrink back to normal with the only evidence of its rape being the reddish circle around it as a trickle of cum oozed out of it.

"I can't believe you...you let me do that to you," he told her, backing away from her.

"I like it sometimes," she murmured, rolling over onto her back and watching him as he stepped over to the bathroom.

Quickly washing his cock, he rinsed it and stepped back out into the bedroom.

He saw that his mother was sitting on the edge of the bed. She had already taken her little, push-up brassiere off and was slowly unfastening the strops of her garter from her sheer, black hose. Then bending down, she rolled her hose down her long legs one at a time. Finished, she slipped her heels back on. Raising back up, she reached around behind her back and unsnapped her garter belt. Looking over at him, she smiled and removed her long, dangling earrings. Putting them on the nightstand, she looked over at him and gave him a melancholy little smile.

"Do you want to stay here tonight?" she asked him, gathering up her lingerie.

"Sure," he grinned, watching her sulk across the room in her stiletto heels, ass quivering and jiggling delightfully.

"Okay," she smiled, "but I'm going to bed...to sleep. You kind of wore me out tonight."

"I know what you mean," he said, stepping over to her bed as she leaned down and stuffed her undies into the clothes hamper.

"Remind me to wash those tomorrow," she told him, walking into the bathroom. "We wouldn't want your father to find them. He might think something was

afoot."

"Okay," he said, crawling onto the bed and slipping under the covers.

A few minutes later, she came padding out of the bathroom in her bare feet. Rich watched her big tits wobble and flop as she smiled when she saw he was watching her tits.

"Do you like them?" she asked him, stopping by the side of the bed, cupping them in the palms of her hands and lifting them up off her chest.

"I love them," Rich said, watching her gently massaging the drooping mountains of flesh.

"Not too saggy?" she asked.

"Not too saggy," he grinned. "Just right. Besides I like saggy tits."

"You do, do you," she laughed, letting them drop back onto her chest as she leaned down and crawled onto the bed.

Slipping under the covers beside him, she reached over and flicked the lamp off then snuggled up against him.

"Night-night," she murmured, giving him a soft kiss on the cheek.

"Night-night," he whispered, laying his hand on one of her big, soft breasts...

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Rich didn't know what time it was when he awoke. The room was dark and his mother's warm body was still snuggled up against him. Looking down at his glowing watch, he saw that it was five o'clock. They had gone to bed around ten, he recalled, so they had slept for seven hours. Plenty of time for his mother to have recovered, he told himself as he ran his hand down to his cock.

Thinking of his mother lying naked beside him gave his cock all the impetuous it needed, and within moments, it was jutting up out of his crotch, ripe and ready.

Slowly, trying not to shake the bed too much, he rolled over onto his side facing his mother. Then, he ran his hand down over her belly to its fur-covered tip. Easing his hands between her legs, he gently pushed them apart. Groping her in the dark, he sought out her pussy and eased a finger down into the hot, wet socket.

"Unhhhhhhhhhh," he heard her murmur out of the dark as her legs slowly drifted father apart.

Sensing her consent, he struggled up to his hands and knees beside her. Climbing over her leg, he felt his knees brush against hers as he leaned over her. In the darkness, he lowered his hips, searching for the opening of her pussy with the head of his cock. Then he felt her hot fingers on his cock, pulling and guiding him down to the waiting hole.

As he felt the head of his cock touch down between the fleshy lips of her cunt, he leaned into her, easing his cock into the clutching heat.

"Unhhhhhh," she murmured again, reaching down and digging her long fingernails into his ass, pulling him down into her.

Pushing his cock down into the hot mush of her pussy, he continued until it was buried up to the hilt inside her.

Groveling in the wickedness of the moment, he didn't move as he basked in the feel of her hot, rich juices marinating his cock.

"I love you," he whispered into her ear.

"I love you, too," he heard her whisper back.

Basting his peter in her warm broth, he waited for the longest time before he slowly began to work his cock in and out of the clutching hole between her legs.

In and out, in and out went his cock as he leisurely fucked her. He wanted it to last and last, so he kept the pace slow and unhurried. Then he felt his mother's fingers on his cock as she explored the union where they become one. As she did, he leaned down onto his elbows and clutched her slowly undulating breasts. Squeezing and kneading them, he lovingly fucked her on and on into the growing light of the morning.

He felt his mother's hands move from his cock to the back of his head. Gently, she forced his head down and their open mouths wetly met. Their lips crushed together and their tongues slithered into the other's mouth, tasting, touching, intertwining and sensually probing.

His senses were on fever edge, feeling every sensual touch of their bodies as they meshed together in incestuous harmony.

He could feel the fleeting touch of her silky-smooth thighs brush against his hips as he drove his cock down into the heated tightness of her pussy; he could feel the soft pliancy of her breasts against his palms as he lovingly fondled them; feel the soft pressure of her hands as they pressed down forcing their lips together; feel the hot draft of her breath on his face as they kissed; feel the soft fullness of her lips against his as they kissed; feel the soft touch of her belly rubbing against his as he slowly worked his cock in and out of her hot pussy; feel the cool caress of the sheet on his back and buttock as they rubbed against him; and most fascinating of all, feel the clutching tightness of her pussy on his cock as he methodically slid it in and out of her.

He could hear her soft grunts as they fucked; hear the soft, wet sounds their mouths made as they kissed; hear his own soft pants as he lovingly fucked his mother; hear the soft pat of their juice-covered groins striking together; hear the soft slurp of her pussy as it hungrily sucked on his cock.

He could smell the delicate fragrance of her perfume; smell the acrid tartness of her spit; smell the aroma of their essences as it welled up from their incestuous union.

He could taste the unfamiliar flavor of her spit on his tongue as their tongues sparred and rubbed together.

And now, at last, he could see the faint outline of his mother's beautiful face as the sun began to rise...

Continuing to slowly fuck her, he felt the passion between them growing. Ever so slowly, he eased the pace up little by little until he was hammering his cock into her at a frantic clip.

"Yes...yessss...yeeess" she hissed out into his mouth and he felt her straining up against him as her pussy imploded down around his pistoning peter.

Grunting and gasping as he fucked her, he could feel the strength of her orgasm as it washed over her. Her nails dug into his ass, breaking the skin as she pulled him down into her.

Their mouths finally jerked apart as she gasped for breath and strained up against him. He could feel her hot pussy frantically clutching and grasping at his cock as he savagely pounded it into her.

"Come...come...come in me," he heard his mother pant. "Now...please...please..."

His mother wanted him to come in her pussy again. The thought of her wanting him to shoot his hot, seed-filled cum into her pussy pushed him over the edge. Driving his throbbing giant down into her as deep as he could, he let go and felt it twitch. As it did, he felt the hot mush of her pussy collapse down around it as a gigantic gush of creamy sap spewed out into the depths of her pussy.

"Yes...yessss...yes," she hissed again, kicking her feet up into the air and driving her heels into his clenched ass, forcing him even deeper into herself. "Come...come...come in me."

Hearing her coarse curses, Rich roughly clawed at her breasts and held himself thrust down in her as his cock emptied its loathsome load into her pussy one fiery gush after another. There was so much cum, he could feel it leaking out and running down onto his balls, as he leaned down and crushed his lips against hers. Driving his tongue down into her mouth, he felt her teeth lightly nip at it as she sucked on him with her mouth and pussy. Rich was in an ecstatic fog, but at last he had no more to give her...he had given her his all...and she had hungrily consumed it.

"God!" he gasped, as their lips broke apart. "Never...never...that good."

"Yes...yes...wonderful," she gurgled, clutching her pussy at his retreating giant. "Wonderful..."

Looking down at his watch, he saw that it was six-thirty. No wonder he was exhausted, he tiredly thought. An hour and a half...they had fucked for ninety minutes...

Slowly dragging his cum-covered prick back down the silky channel of her cunt,

he flopped down beside her and pulled her to him.

"Want to sleep in?" he asked her.

"I think so," she laughed, then yawned as she snuggled up against him. "I think so..."

The End

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Down on the Farm

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So damned tired, Edith told herself as she trudged up to the house from the barn. Life had been miserable since Lawrence's accident. If only the tractor hadn't rolled over and caught him underneath it. He didn't stand a chance, crushed his chest and that was the end of old Lawrence. Seemed like now all she did was work. And poor Eddie, he didn't deserve what life had dealt him either. She had, had to take him out of school in his senior year to help out on the farm. They had to work from dawn to dusk every day just to make ends meet and still they were just scraping by. Neither of them had any social life. But harvest was just around the corner and they might finally be able to take a break. It would be nice to go into town and take in a movie or something.

Maybe she might stop in at Hank's Bar and Grill where she and Lawrence used to go to have a couple of drinks and dance a little on Saturday nights. Have something besides her own cooking for a change and who knows, maybe strike up a conversation with some of the locals they used to chat with. Especially the guys. It had been nine months since Lawrence had passed on and she'd done enough mourning. It was time to move on with her life. And besides feeling a little lonely, she was more than a little horny. Maybe she might even let one of the guys take her home. Maybe old Cecil. He'd always shown an interest in her, even up to the point that Lawrence had told him to keep his hands where they belonged when she danced with him one night.

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Saturday dawned cold and wet. Luckily they'd gotten the crops in before the rains came.

"Looks like it's going to be a nasty one," Eddie said, sitting at the table eating his breakfast as the rain beat against the window pane.

"Yeah, I had thought maybe we could go into town and get a bite to eat tonight, but going out in this rain doesn't sound like such a great idea," Edith said as she stood leaning back against the countertop watching him eat.

He had turned into such a good looking boy, she told herself. It was such a shame that he was stuck out on the farm with her. He could have his pick of any girl he wanted, but now he didn't have any. They worked so hard that by the time

they got back to the house at night, about all they could do was eat supper and hit the sack. And she knew how frustrating it must be at his age with no outlet for his manly needs. She had heard the gentle rapping of his headboard tapping against the wall on many a night. Strangely the thought of him lying in his bed masturbating wasn't disturbing any more. After Lawrence had gone, the first time she had heard it, she had thought it was nasty and disgusting. How could he do anything like that? But as time had passed and the more she thought about it, the less it bothered her.

Then one night, about six months after Lawrence was gone, she had been lying in bed listening to the gentle tapping and she had touched herself...down there. At first it had shocked her that she was actually touching herself while Eddie was doing the same thing in his room. But that night, she had gotten her vibrator out and brought herself release. From that night on, every time she heard Eddie doing it, which seemed to be almost every night, she did herself with the vibrator. It gave her a perplexing sense of closeness with Eddie that hadn't been there before. It was almost like he and she were two against the world, and while it was her secret, sharing those moments with him gave her a strange sense of belonging.

Smiling up at his mother, Eddie wondered what was on her mind. She had the strangest smile on her lips and a distant, unfocused look in her eyes. He had always thought of his mother as being asexual before his father had died, but now he found that changing. He found himself seeing the sensual side of her. His father's death had thrust Eddie into the role of the man of the house, having to step into his father's shoes and do all the things once done by his father. This new-found role was causing him some thorny issues.

First and foremost, he found himself looking on his mother as a woman now. Now it was just the two of them alone in the house and her role as mother seemed to blur at times as they worked alongside each other. Of course, she was his mother. Before he had seen her as his mother and his dad's wife. But now he was seeing her as a woman, too. Sometimes he couldn't separate the two, but other times, like the nights he could hear her vibrator buzzing through the thin wall between their rooms, it was difficult to think of her as his mother. On those nights, she was woman and he could almost picture her lying in her bed with her long gown hiked up around her belly and using the vibrator on herself. Another unexplained oddity was the fact that he only heard the vibrator when he was beating his meat. It was almost like she was doing it because he was doing it,



too. It made him feel all funny and mixed up inside.

"Good breakfast, Mom," Eddie grinned, wiping his lips with his napkin and pushing his plate away.

"I'm glad you liked it," Edith said, returning his smile and pushing off the counter to retrieve his plate. Slipping his plate down into the soapy water, she slowly began to swirl the dish cloth around it.

"So what are your plans for today?" she asked him as she stood with her back to him.

"Well, gonna do my chores, and then, I don't know..." he said, standing up. "Not much to do the way it's raining."

"You're right there..." Edith said, looking out the rain-splattered window at the puddling water. "Looks like it's going to be a real soaker. I'll make a hot toddy for when you get back."

"Thanks, I'll probably need it," he grinned, pulling his rain slicker down off the peg on the back of the door.

He was such a good boy, Edith told herself as she watched him trudging through the rain toward the barn. She and Lawrence had done a good job of raising him. Lawrence. Damn, she missed him. She remembered rainy days like this when they found themselves alone. The day would usually start out with a little flirting and fooling around and then, after chores, they would spend most of the day in bed enjoying each other's company. Oh, how she missed those days.

Pulling down the almost-full bottle of brandy they kept stored in the pantry, she grabbed a package of cocoa and started to step out of the closet. Then changing her mind, she stepped back inside and got another package of cocoa. Why not, she told herself. She had earned a drink.

Stepping up to the cabinet, she pulled down two heavy mugs. Then looking out the window, she saw Eddie was coming back to the house. Smiling to herself, she tore open the packages, dumped them into the cups. Then she twisted the cap off the bottle of brandy and filled the cups half full before setting the bottle back down. Then she picked up the tea kettle on the stove and finished filling the cups with hot water.

She had just finished when she heard the door of the mud room close. Smiling happily, she saw a tendril of steam rise from his mug as she set it on the table. Just then Eddie came walking into the kitchen in his wet socks.

"It's nasty out there," he complained, stepping over to the table and sitting down in his chair. "Thanks for the toddy."

"You're welcome," Edith grinned, sitting down across the table from him.

"Wow, Mom, that's strong," Eddie coughed after he had taken a sip of his toddy.

"That's the way I like it," she laughed, taking a sip off hers. "How was Cora?"

"She was fine...and little Elsie was having beakfast," Eddie told her.

That was odd, she thought to herself as the warm glow of the alcohol spread out from her belly. Beakfast was the term that Eddie had used when he wanted to nurse as a toddler. Then, as she thought back to that time, she recalled how she had enjoyed the feel of his little lips pulling on her nipple, coaxing out her milk. And then Lawrence came wafting back into her mind as he would always want to share "beakfast" after Eddie was finished. Thinking back on that time, she suddenly found her nipples tingling in response to the warm feelings.

The stove had the house warm and comfy as they sat chatting and sipping on their toddies. The drum of the rain beating down on the tin roof had an odd comforting effect on them. And Edith was enjoying the strange, new intimacy she and Eddie were sharing. They had always been close, but today something was different. She couldn't put her finger on it or explain it, but today there seemed to be an undercurrent of tension in the air. It was that feeling you get when you didn't know what, but you knew something was fixing to happen. Something good...Maybe it was the fact they had the crops in and there was a lot less to worry about...

Eddie got to his feet and stepped over to where the brandy bottle sat on the countertop. Picking it up, he splashed another three fingers of the potent brew into his coffee cup. Swishing it around to mix it with the dregs of cocoa left from the toddy, he lifted it to his lips. But as he did, he looked out the window and saw several of their big, white Leghorns wandering loose by the barn.

"Chickens are out," he exclaimed, slamming his coffee mug down and heading

for the door.

"Oh, damn," Edith cursed shoving herself up to her feet to follow him.

Grabbing his slicker, Eddie threw it over his shoulders and headed out into the yard. Picking up her bonnet, Edith pulled it on and followed him out into the pouring rain. It took them a good five minutes to get the hens gathered up and back safe inside their coop. By that time, both of them were drenched to the bone as they trudged up through the mud toward the house.

Holding the door open for his mother, Eddie watched as she stepped through the door way. Her sopping dress clung to her like a second skin and Eddie couldn't stop himself from dropping his eyes down to the big, round cheeks of her ass. Admiring their rounded curves, he stepped in behind her and swept off his poncho.

Standing by the door, his mother turned toward him and ran her eyes down his drenched body. As she did, the happy smile on her face changed to a little frown. Wondering what was wrong, Eddie looked down at himself. As he did, he saw that his pants were soaked and his big penis was starkly outlined as it jutted out against the clinging cloth. Blushing, Eddie dropped his hand down to cover himself. But as he did, his eyes brushed over the swell of his mother's breasts which were also outlined as the wet cloth of her dress clung to them. The round shapes of her big breasts were highlighted by the two big, jutting peaks sticking out of their rounded centers. Her nipples, Eddie sickly thought. Her nipples were hard. As he gawked at them, he felt a tickle of excitement spark though his cock as it began to swell and harden behind his hand.

"Uh, I guess I'd better get out of these wet clothes before I catch my death of a cold," Edith muttered, a blush coloring her cheeks as she turned away and pushed the kitchen door open.

"Uh, yeah, uh, me, too," Eddie grunted, his eyes dropping back down to the outline of her ass as the dress wetly clung to it.

Puzzled by the new feelings he had toward his mom, Eddie stood watching her as she quickly sloshed across the kitchen to the bathroom. When she disappeared inside and closed the door behind her, Eddie was finally able to move. Stepping into the kitchen, he made his way across it to his room leaving a trail of wet footprints behind him.

What had she thought when she saw his cock, he wondered? Wishing that her nipples had been swollen from arousal, he knew that they were probably just responding to the cold rain. But what if, he sickly wondered as he striped his wet pants off and his big, hardening cock flopped out into the open. It was already half hard, he proudly thought reaching down and wrapping his hand around its thick shaft. Eight inches when fully primed, he knew that it was definitely larger than most cocks. Grinning, he quickly stripped his drenched shirt off and tossed it on top of his pants. Then, seeing his pajamas were lying on the bed, he grabbed them up and pulled them on. He'd change into his clothes later after he dried them off, he told himself, picking them up off the floor. Leaving another trail of water behind him, he hurried out to the dryer and threw them inside.

Then grabbing up the mop, he swished it back and forth across the kitchen floor mopping away the two trails of water. Stopping at the bathroom door, he knew that his mother had, had plenty of time to dry off so he assumed that she was in her room. Wanting to mop the bathroom floor, too, he reached down, twisted the doorknob and pushed the door open in one swift movement.

As he did, he was stunned to find his mother standing by the bathtub—naked. Both of them stood motionless, two statues frozen in time and space as they stared at each other. Eddie couldn't describe the look on his mother's face. It wasn't a look of shock, or shame. It was more a look of proud defiance as she stood with her hands on her hips looking at him.

Eddie couldn't stop gawking as his mother slowly turned to face away from him.

"Please..." she murmured, as Eddie stood gawking at her perfect, round ass.

"Uh, uh, sorry, uh, Mom..." Eddie mumbled, reaching for the doorknob and pulling the door closed.

Stunned by what he had just witnessed, Eddie stood staring at the bathroom door for several long moments before he could move. Then as he started to mop his way over to his door, he realized that he had a raging hard on. But who could blame him, he sickly thought? The picture of his naked mother was indelibly seared into his reeling brain. He still couldn't get over the fact she hadn't tried to cover herself. And she hadn't seemed all that surprised either. The look on her pretty face confused him. It had almost seemed like she was saying, "Well here it is—what do you think of it?"

It was puzzling to say the least, he thought to himself as he explored the picture of his naked mother with his mind's eye. The look of defiance on her pretty face; her damp hair brushing down just over her shoulders; her big, round breasts hanging down, flatly sagging against her chest; the jut of her big, knobby nipples which had still been hard and swollen; her hands curled around her slightly-thickened waist; the rounded paunch of her belly; the little nest of dark curls covering the point of her belly; her long legs, curving down to her dainty, pink feet. While she was no beauty queen, she was very pretty, he told himself.

Why had he opened the door, Edith asked herself as she stood looking at herself in the medicine cabinet mirror? Had it been an accident? Intentionally on purpose? And what had he thought? Letting her eyes wander over the reflection of her face and breasts, she wondered. Had he found her attractive? While her breasts were saggy now, they were still big, and full as they drooped down from her chest. Once they had been proud and pert, but their sag was in part his fault, too. She had nursed him and after he had been weaned, her breasts began to sag.

Reaching up, she cupped one of her breasts and lifted it up off her chest. As she did, she gently plucked and picked at its big, swollen nipple with the fingers of her other hand. A sparkle of tingling excitement tickled its way down to her clit as it too began to harden and stick its little, rounded head out of its fleshy sheath.

What was she doing, she asked herself, staring back at her reflection? What was going on? How could she do this to herself? Especially after what had just happened between her and her son? Then she suddenly realized that it had excited her. She hadn't had that feeling in months. Not since Lawrence had passed on. But Eddie? How could that be? He was her son! How could the fact that her son had just seen her naked make her excited? She should be mortified, ashamed, embarrassed, guilty, or something, but excited? No—never!

But even as she denied it, the look of her startled son's face popped into her brain. It was such a handsome face, she told herself as she slowly eased her breast back down onto her chest. But as she did, her hand continued on down, over her belly, through the swirl of curls above her pussy to the swollen nub of throbbing nerves that was now jutting out of its hiding place.

As she gently rubbed the tip of her finger across the little kernel, she jumped. She couldn't believe how tender and sensitive it was. It had never been this sensitive before. Rubbing her finger back across it, she flinched again. What was

happening to her, she sickly wondered?

Jerking her hand away from her throbbing clit, she angrily grabbed her bath robe off the back of the door and threw it over her shoulders. Jerking it closed, she roughly pulled the ends of the belt together and tied them into a knot. What was she going to do, she irritably asked herself? She couldn't use her vibrator because Eddie might hear it. But she was aching for relief from the nagging itch down between her legs. Damn it, Lawrence, she cursed, reaching down and grabbing her wet dress off the floor.

Then with a defiant look on her face, she jerked the door open and stepped out into the kitchen. Looking around, she saw that Eddie was nowhere to be seen as her eyes followed the mop tracks over to the door of his room. Stomping across the room, she threw her dress into the dryer along with Eddie's pants and shirt. Closing the door, she turned the knob and stabbed the on button. The dryer began to whir as she turned and leaned back against it.

What should she do, she tiredly wondered? Go to him and demand an explanation why he had barged in on her like that? Forget about it and go about her business as if nothing had happened? Demand an apology from him? She didn't know what to do she told herself, stumbling across the room to where the bottle of brandy sat. Looking down, she saw Eddie's cup that was still half full of brandy. Picking it up, she tipped her head and gulped down the brandy in one quick swallow. That helped, she told herself as the calming effect of the alcohol spread out from her belly and quieted some of the screaming urgency down between her legs. A second drink took more of the edge off and made the itch bearable as she wondered what to do.

Why was Eddie hiding in his room, she tipsily wondered? Was he too embarrassed to confront her? Was he ashamed of what he had done?

Lying in his bed, Eddie was slowly working his fisted hand up and down the stiff, swollen shaft of his peter as he played the picture of his naked mother over and over again in his mind. What was she doing now, he wondered? Was she hiding in her room, afraid to come out? Maybe if he just went ahead and shot his wad, he could forget about the picture and go about his business. Just then, a picture of his mother lying on her bed, her legs spread apart with her arms outstretched up at him inviting him to come to her. He could feel the burn begin as his hand pumped up and down faster. Any minute now, he told himself as he

stared down at his beckoning mother.

Suddenly his door came swinging open and he found himself staring up at his gawking mother. His hand stopped in mid-stroke as he saw his mother staring down at his jutting cock and his hand. Her eyes were the size of saucers as her mouth gaped open.

"Oh—My—God—" she finally gasped, staggering backwards and slamming the door behind her.

Eddie didn't know what to do as he lay staring at the closed door. His mother knew now. Knew how he felt about her. Why else would he be whacking off after he had just seen her naked?

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He was masturbating, Edith frantically thought as she stumbled back across the kitchen to the brandy bottle. He had seen her naked and now he was in his room beating off. Why? She asked herself as she sloshed more brandy in the mug? Rather obvious, isn't it, her numb brain answered back.

No—No—it couldn't be, she fought back. Not her Eddie. But what about the thoughts you were having in the bathroom? Weren't they about the same thing? She couldn't put all the blame on him when she had been thinking of him while she played with herself. Was it the same? But she had stopped, hadn't she? Eddie looked like he was prepared to take it to the bitter end the way his hand had been moving up and down.

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He had to apologize to her, he told himself. Apologize to her for what he had been doing. Apologize to her for the way he thought about her. Apologize to her and try to make things the way they were before they had gone spiraling out of control.

Stuffing his stiff peter back inside his pajamas, Eddie pushed up off the bed and

stumbled over to the door. Pulling the door open, Eddie stepped out into the kitchen. As he did, he saw his mother standing at the counter with his coffee mug in her hand. As she heard him step out, she looked over at him. Once again, Eddie couldn't explain the look on her frowning face. It looked like a cross between anger and fear as she glared at him.

"I'm sorry—I'm sorry, Mother..." Eddie muttered, lurching toward her. As he did, he saw her panicky eyes dart down to the bulge of his still erect penis as the thrust itself out against his pajamas.

"Oh, Eddie, how could you?" she gasped watching him as he came toward her.

"I can't help it, Mother. It's just the way it is. I can't change it..." Eddie whined, stepping up beside her. "I love you—I love you so much."

Reaching out, Eddie tried to pull her to him, but she resisted, leaning away. Pulling harder, he felt the resistance slowly melting away as she finally leaned against him.

"Eddie, this is all so confusing," she wept.

"I know, Mother, but that's the way it is," he sobbed back, tears running down his cheeks, too.

"But I'm your mother, Eddie—Your mother! How can you think like that...about me?"

"But you're a woman, too, Mother—a beautiful woman," Eddie groaned, gently pushing his throbbing cock against her hip.

"But, I'm still your mother," she whimpered. But even as she protested the wrong of it, Eddie thought he felt her rub her hip against him. Or had it been a figment of his fevered brain, he asked himself?

Taking his mother by the shoulders, he turned her to face him. Leaning toward her, he gently brushed his lips across hers and then began to softly kiss her. At first, her lips parted ever so slightly as she melted against him, but after a few seconds, drew back away from him. He could see the confusion, the hesitancy in her big, brown eyes as she blinked them to try and clear away the uncertainty in her mind.



"Eddie, we can't! We can't go there! It would be so wrong..." she moaned, reaching out and pushing him back away from her.

"No one will know, Mother...it would be our secret," Eddie whined, trying to pull her back into his arms.

"We would know—we would know—" she wept.

"But it's just two people making love, Mother. Two people who love each other and don't have anyone else to share that love with...don't you see?" he argued.

"I see...I see two people who may love each other...but they aren't allowed to show that love that way," she told him.

"But no one will know, Mother. I want to make love to you so much. Make love to you and show you just how much I love you!"

"Oh, I wish..." she sobbed, her voice dropping to a quavering whisper.

"Please, Mother, we can..." he pleaded, pulling her against him again. The only sound was that of the rain beating down on the roof as they stood with Eddie holding onto her as if his life depended on it. She had her head lowered looking down, afraid to look into his eyes.

How could he even ask, she numbly asked herself? It was wrong! So wrong! They would both roast in hell for even contemplating such a horrendous thing. But even as she fought, she felt her will slipping away. Maybe he was right! No one else would ever find out. And it was just between the two of them, wasn't it? No one else would be hurt! And she was so lonely. It felt good to be held by a man—even if that man were her son. Yes, he was a man and she could feel the evidence of that digging into her belly as he pressed himself against her. But where would it all lead? Could they live a secret double life? Could they keep their dark secret from everyone else? That part wouldn't be such a challenge, she told herself. Living out on the farm all by themselves, they had minimal social contact anyway. In a way, that is what had gotten them into this mess anyway. That and Lawrence's untimely demise.

Slowly, hesitantly, Edith lifted her head up and looked into his deep, yearning eyes. She could see the love there, but she could also see the lust. The raw, ragged hunger of a man for a woman. Not the sweet, gentle caring of a boy for

his mother. This was more—much, much more!

"I love you..." she whispered, leaning toward him and finding his lips with hers.

A spasm of electricity fired off in Eddie's reeling brain as he felt her soft, full lips on his. She was giving in! It was going to happen! He couldn't believe it. His mother! He was going to make love to his mother!

He had to see her again. See her naked! See her the way she had been before.

Leaning back, he gently broke the kiss as his hands dropped down to the knot in her robe. With fingers tingling from the adrenaline coursing through his bloodstream, he frantically fumbled with the knot, but he couldn't seem to get it open. After a few blundering seconds, she gently brushed his fingers aside and undid the knot herself.

With the belt untied, the robe loosely hung from her shoulders still obscuring the beauty underneath. Lifting his hands, Eddie slowly pushed the robe back over her sloping shoulders and let it go whispering down her back to the floor.

With a soft groan, Eddie dropped to his knees in front of her. Wrapping his arms around her waist, he pulled her to him and found one of the big, swollen nipples sticking out of the darkened tip of one of her breasts. He couldn't stop himself had he wanted to as he licked, lapped, and sucked on the big, rubbery nub. As he did, he could feel the furry next of soft curls covering her pubis grinding against his chest as his mother's fingers curled around the back of his head.

Slurping and sucking on the rubbery nipple, Eddie flicked his tongue back and forth across it. As he did, his mother had her neck arched, head thrown back, her back was bowed while she ground herself against his chest.

Finally, leaving the swollen nipple hard and wet with spit, he slowly kissed down under the rounded underside of her breast onto the rounded plane of her abdomen. Moving lower and lower, he could feel his mother's legs trembling as they slowly parted for him. The ripe smell of her anticipation hung in the damp air announcing her consent as his lips kissed their way down the rounded smoothness of her belly. Then he felt the tickle of the soft curls covering her mons on his chin as he moved ever lower and closer to the forbidden treasure he sought.

Kissing down through the dark curls, he could still smell the lingering fragrance of soap as drunk in the scents of her secrecy. Gently probing with his tongue, he felt it brush across the velvet softness of skin and then the hard nub of her clitoris. A soft groan floated down to him as his mother flinched back for a second. Then her fingernails dug into the back of his head as she thrust herself against him, rubbing her clit against his lips.

"Yes—oh, God, yessssss..." she hissed out, her back arching as she ground her clit against his eager lips and tongue.

Eddie couldn't hear the sound of the rain beating down on the roof over the roaring freight train that was thundering through his brain. His heart was pounding so hard he thought it was going explode out of his chest and his rock-hard cock was throbbing with the excitement that was sparking through his fevered brain. His mother! He was eating his mother! It was incredulous! When he had woken this morning, this was his wildest, most unimaginable fantasy...and now it was happening. And it was only the beginning. He would show her. Show her how much he loved her. And show her again...and again...and again!

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Edith felt it begin as a throbbing pulse of pleasure down inside her empty womb. But the pressure grew and grew with each passing second until the tension was too much to bear and the bubble suddenly burst sending pulsing, throbbing red waves of pleasure and joy washing over her, drowning her in its sweet release.

Eddie felt his mother's legs begin to tremble as her nails dug deeper into his scalp. The trembling grew into shaking as her ass began to jiggle and jerk. Eddie could hear her groaning while she began to hump against his lips. Grinding herself against him, she humped his face painting it with the sticky juices flowing out of her pussy. Unwrapping his arms from around her, Eddie dropped his hands down to the soft, pliant globes of quivering ass-flesh and clutched them, pulling his mother against his mouth and tongue.

Edith had never felt such a rush of pleasure as it poured over her like water in a waterfall. Crashing down on her, filling every fiber of her being with its sweet joy, it was almost too much to endure. It had never been like this with Lawrence.

At last, the waves of pleasure began to weaken and fade, replaced by a warm, happy afterglow of contentment and fulfillment. Easing back down off her toes, she grabbed hold of Eddie's shoulders to keep from falling as all the strength went rushing from her legs.

"Eddie..." she whispered, looking down at him. His face was glistening wetly with her juices as he pulled her to him, turning his head to the side and pressing his stubbled cheek against the rounded softness of her belly.

"I love you, Mother..." Eddie whispered.

The only sound in the room was the din of rain striking the roof as they basked in the quiet intimacy of the moment. Finally, Edith took a step back and reached down for his hands. Clutching them in hers, she gently pulled him up to his feet.

Standing, Eddie wrapped his arms around her and pulled her to him. Their lips touched, softly at first but the touch quickly grew into a crushing mesh of lips and tongues as they frantically kissed and ground themselves against one another.

Gasping for air, they finally broke the kiss. Stepping back, Edith broke out of Eddie's hug and stumbled toward her bedroom pulling him along with her. It was all a dream, Eddie deliriously thought as he shuffled along behind her letting himself be pulled along. Feasting his hungry eyes on his mother's quivering buttocks, he couldn't believe that it was really happening. He would wake any second now and find himself alone in his bed, his hand wrapped around his incorrigible cock and his mother would be gone.

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But that didn't happen and moments later they were standing beside her bed. Grasping his shoulders, she turned him to face her, pushed the top of his pajamas back over his shoulders and let them drop to the floor where they landed in a puddle behind his heels. Then, with an expectant, questioning look on her face, she looked down at the bulge sticking out against his pajama bottoms. As Eddie watched on with feverish excitement, she timidly reached out and fumbled with the little snap in the front of his pajamas. As it finally flicked open, she pinched the edges and slowly spread the opening apart.

Eddie couldn't ever remember being as hard as he was at that moment. As his big penis came into view, it was sticking up into the air with its shaft stiffly arched and its big, purple head brushing against his tensed belly. A momentary look of surprise flashed across his mother's face as her eyes flared wider and she let go of his pajamas. As Eddie's pajamas went rustling down his legs to puddle around his ankles, Edith stared down at the evil, one-eyed serpent thrusting up out of his hairy groin.

It was so big, Edith anxiously thought. It was even bigger than Lawrence's had been. And there had been times when she felt that Lawrence was too big. It looked so, so evil and foreboding, yet beautiful all at the same time as it proudly held its mushroom-capped head up into the air.

His mother seemed fixated on his penis, Eddie boastfully thought. As she stared down at it, she hesitantly reached out to it and slowly ran her trembling fingers up its thick, fleshy shaft.

Touching him, Edith felt his cock twitch under her fingers as she gently, lovingly fondled it. Then to Eddie's amazement, she slowly melted down onto her knees in front of him. As he watched on in stunned expectation, she curled her fingers around the shaft of his penis and slowly bent the great, swollen head down toward her parted lips. Astonished, Eddie saw her lips brush against it, then open wider as they pursed around the swollen, purple head of his penis. Eddie fought to hold back the geyser of boiling, roiling semen that was gathering to erupt up from his aching balls as he watched his mother's full, red lips slowly sink down around the head of his primed cock. It was the most exciting thing he'd ever experienced in his whole life he deliriously thought as her lips sank lower and closed down around the twitching shaft of his penis just below the head. Then he saw her cheeks hollow as he felt her gently suck.

Eddie knew that he was going to lose it at any moment as the burn down inside his balls grew hotter and hotter. His big balls were already scrunched up against the thick base of his peter as they prepared to eject their creamy load out into his mother's mouth. Then Eddie felt his mother's hot hands clutch the cheeks of his ass as her sharp nails dug down into his skin. Pulling him toward her, she kept going until he felt the round head of his dick nudge up against the back of her mouth.

"Mother—Mother—gonna—gonna—I'm going to come—" he choked out,

fighting to hold it back. Expecting her to back her lips back off his primed penis, Eddie got a surprise when she clamped her lips down tighter and began to suck even harder.

That did it for Eddie as a spasm of pleasure ripped through his cock causing it to lurch and spurt out a huge, gooey gob of creamy cum out onto her tonsils.

Tasting his salty sweetness on her tongue, she quickly swallowed the clinging goo just as she felt his peter pulsate a second time and another gush of creamy, hot jism squirted out into her mouth.

Just then, Edith felt her son's hands clamp down on the side of her head as held onto her. Holding her head imprisoned between his hands, he began to jerk his hips back and forth as he humped into her hungry, sucking mouth. Edith lost track of the number of times she felt his big cock twitch and spurt out more and more of his thick, molten semen into her mouth. It felt like he had pumped at least a quart of the thick, seed-laden cream into her mouth as he came and came and came.

Finally he was done. But even then, as she felt the steel-like rigidity began to soften, she continued to suck on him, pulling out every last sperm. At last, as she sucked on him and milked him, she felt the rubbery head of his cock slither out from between her cream-covered lips. As his big, flaccid penis flopped back down between his thighs, a lone trickle of his pearly-white jism slowly ran down to form a big, gooey drop dangling off her chin.

Lifting her hand up, she trapped the drop with her finger and lifted it up to her lips. Then as the drop hung from her finger, she eased out her little pink tongue and licked the drop off before slowly circling her tongue around her lips to lick away the rest of his creamy residue. The pleasure and passion he had experienced had been so intense it left him light-headed. Thinking that if he didn't sit down he might pass out Eddie stumbled backwards and dropped down on the edge of the bed.

"That—that was fan—fantastic—" he groaned, sitting on the edge of the bed looking down at her. "It was so good, I thought I was going to pass out..."

Without saying a word, she reached over and one at a time, lifted his feet and pulled his pajamas off over them. Then supporting herself on his knees, she pushed up to her feet. Leaning over him, she gently pushed his down onto his

back.

"Scoot back on the bed," she whispered, her voice so low and husky, it was barely audible over the roar of the rain beating down on the roof.

Eddie scooted back on the bed until the back his ankles were hooked on the edge of the bed. As he did, he watched his mother bend down and crawl up on the bed beside him. Eddie watched her big tits dangle down under her, bobbling and jiggling as she slowly turned around until her head was facing his feet and her face was directly above his lolling cock. Then lifting her leg up in the air, she straddled him.

Looking up at the big, thick-lipped gash above his face, he saw a drip of clear nectar ooze out of it and slowly drip down toward his lips. As it did, it left a long, stringy strand of itself behind it. Opening his mouth, he let the drop land on his tongue and saw that he and his mother were obscenely linked by the shimmering string of juice.

Then, as he felt his mother lift his penis and wrap her hot lips around it once again. As she did, her hips began to drop and her goo-smeared pussy settled down on his lips. The ripe musk of her pussy had a lingering, pungent taste as he licked his tongue along the furrow between her gorged pussy lips. The scent filling his nostrils was the pure, sweet scent of woman and Eddie was reveling in it. As he licked at her pussy, his mother tilted her hips up in the air and brought her clit in contact with his busy tongue. Teasing and tickling her clit with his tongue, Eddie could hear soft, little murmurs escaping out around the shaft of his cock as it began to respond to her plucking lips and sucking mouth.

Working her hips up and down, she rubbed herself against his demanding tongue as the moans grew louder and louder. Then Eddie felt her hand curl around his cock as she clutched it and worked her fist up and down below her hot, sucking lips.

It didn't seem like hardly any time at all had passed before his cock was once again hard and ready as it proudly jutted up out of his groin.

Letting his recharged penis slurp out of her mouth, she watched as the big, spit-covered giant loudly slapped down of Eddie's belly. Pushing up, she locked her elbows and looked back down to watch her son eagerly attacking her swollen, throbbing clit. She could feel herself rising to the peak as she worked her hips up

and down faster. Panting, she strained for the finish as Eddie's lapping tongue ravaged her hypersensitive clit.

It seemed like they had been lovers forever and he knew just how and where to touch her to bring her along toward another mind-blowing explosion of pleasure. Closer and closer she crept as he lapped at her faster and faster.

Suddenly, the room began to alternate into flashes of light and darkness as her sight faded in and out. Spasms of pure, sweet pleasure sparked through her fevered brain as her ass began to jerk up and down and twitch. Grinding herself down against him, she let the waves wash over her and fill her with pleasure so profound, it was almost painful as the muscles in her arms and legs strained so hard they began to cramp.

Whimpering, Edith rolled off Eddie and dropped onto her back beside him. Flexing her arms and legs, she quickly worked away the cramps as Eddie watched on with a concerned look on his face.

"Are you okay?" he asked her scooting up next to her when she finally straightened out her arms and legs.

"Cramps," she mumbled as Eddie reached over and cupped one of her flattened breasts in the palm of his hand.

"Are they better?" he asked, pinching the rubbery nipple between his finger and thumb and gently twisting it.

"They're gone..." she whispered as a big tear oozed out of the corner of her eye.

"What's wrong?" he wanted to know, pressing his big, hard penis against her hip.

"I'm afraid," she sniffed, her lower lip quivering as she looked into his eyes.

"Afraid of what?" Eddie asked her, leaning over and kissing away the big tear.

"Everything?" she whispered, her voice quavering. "Afraid of what is going to happen to us. Afraid someone might find out about us."

"Nothing is going to happen to us, Mother. I won't let it. And no one will ever find out. It's just the two of us, no one will ever know," he told her giving her

another soft kiss on her cheek as he pushed against her harder.

"What...what if I get pregnant," she wept, more tears flowing down her tear-stained cheeks.

Eddie could feel her indecision as he lovingly fondled her big, soft breast. What could he do to convince that what they were doing was the right thing? Nothing! Because it wasn't the right thing to do...

"Do you want me to wear a, a, a rubber?" he asked, his disappointment plainly evident in his voice.

"Would, would you do that?" she sniffed, trying to hold back the tears.

"Yes—yes, I'd do anything to make you feel safe, Mother," Eddie told her, easing up on the pressure against her hip.

"It would make me feel safer," she mumbled, her voice barely audible over the din of the rain. "Do you have one?"

"Uh, yeah, uh, down, down in my billfold," he said, rolling over and sitting up beside her.

"You, you're sure you, you don't mind," she stammered, watching him push over to the edge of the bed.

"No, I don't mind," Eddie lied, standing up.

She couldn't blame him, she told herself. No man liked using a rubber. And besides that, it seemed to cheapen what was going to happen between them. Make it seem like they were two fumbling teenagers in the backseat of a car, hiding what they were doing, afraid someone might find out about the despicable act they were about to perform.

Hurrying down to his room, Eddie stepped over to his chest of drawers and picked his billfold off it. Unfolding it, he pulled out the trusty old Trojan he always kept there in case of an emergency. Well, this is an emergency, isn't it, he asked himself? An emergency of the highest sort, he sadly thought as he tore the packet open.

Pulling the rubber out, he reached down and slowly peeled it down over his jutting cock. This certainly wasn't the way he had pictured it happening. Not with a rubber! It made it all seem so nasty and shameful. It was like she didn't want to feel him inside her. She could drink his cum, but she didn't want to feel it inside her. He was hurt, but he couldn't let it show. He couldn't let this opportunity slip away. He didn't know, if this chance slipped away, that there would ever be another. Sure, they'd taken the first step, but if she was too afraid to go on, she might change her mind and bring the whole sordid thing to a stop.

He couldn't let that happen...even if he had to wear a rubber!

Trudging back down to his mother's room, Eddie shamefully watched his big, rubber-covered dick slash back and forth in front of him.

Stepping back into his mother's room, he saw that she was sitting up waiting for him.

Edith's eyes immediately shot down to his cock and saw that it was concealed down inside a rubber. It looked gross, its virile potency now hidden underneath the thin film of latex. She also saw that it had lost some of its stiffness and its shaft had a slight droop to it.

"Take it off—take that thing off—" she ordered him.

"But—but you said—" he said with a confused look on his face. "I, I put it on for, for you..."

"I know, but I want to feel you inside me. Not that, that rubber thing," she cried. "You..."

"You're sure? What if you get pregnant?" Eddie mumbled, still confused by his mother's sudden change of heart.

"That's my worry, now take that damned thing off," she demanded, reaching for it to do it herself if he wouldn't.

Reaching down, Eddie slowly rolled the rubber back up the shaft of his penis and up over its big purple head.

"Throw it in the trash—I never want to see one of those things again," she told

him as she eased down onto her back.

Gladly complying with her demand, Eddie stepped over to the little trash can that sat by her chest of drawers. Smiling happily, he held the unused rubber out and dropped it into the trashcan.

"Thank you," she smiled, spreading her legs out to bare the oozing, seeping gash between them.

Thank goodness, Eddie gleefully thought as he eagerly stared down at the fleshy rift while he slowly crawled up on the bed.

"You're so big," she murmured, reaching for the evil giant as it stiffly bobbed up and down under his belly. "So big...the biggest one...please be gentle..."

A proud smile brushed across Eddie's lips as he stared down at his mother's hand and watched her bend his stiff cock down toward her pussy. Holding it with her fingertips, she gently rubbed it up and down the juicy slit between her fat, gorged pussy lips until its head was glistening wetly with her abundant juices.

Reveling in the slippery smoothness caressing the head of his penis, he finally felt her push it down juice-slickened opening at the bottom of the slit. Fitting the rounded tip of his penis into the opening, she looked up into his eyes.

"Put it in—put it in me—" she whispered, her lower lip trembling from the emotions swirling around inside her frantic brain.

As energized and primed as he was, Eddie knew that he had to hold back this time. He couldn't let his emotions get the upper hand like they had before. He had to show his mother that he was a man...her man now!

Trying to be as gentle as he knew how, Eddie slowly curled his hips and pushed while he began to ease the evil, barbed head of his penis into the tight clutch of his mother's vagina.

Edith could feel the large, tapered head of her son's penis spreading her open, stretching the tight opening as it forced its way inside her. She hoped it wouldn't hurt. Lawrence's penis had been smaller, but even it sometimes felt like it was too big for her. But the swirling excitement she was feeling had primed her for this moment as her slippery juices continued flowing out into the already-

flooded channel of her vagina.

Eddie could feel the soft caress of velvet-smooth flesh on the head of his cock as it slid in deeper and deeper into the core of his mother's womanhood. And as it did, he could feel the channel collapse down around the shaft of his cock while the head stretched her open, boring deeper and deeper into the hot, clutching mush. He remembered his first time with a girl and the fiery feeling of conquest and the triumph of the moment, but this was even more. It was all that he had felt that time, but so much more. This was his mother! And for her to give herself up to him in this way made this moment so much more profound, so overwhelmingly momentous!

Continuing to force himself deeper into her, he looked down and saw the look of love in her hot, brown eyes. But he could also see the look of anxious indecision in them, too. He could see that she wanted him, but there was that questioning look of doubt.

Pushing in deeper and deeper, he felt the head of his penis nudge up against something hard and rubbery as a soft murmur slipped out from between his mother's lips. The look of doubt intensified as a frown etched her furrowed forehead. But then, whatever had been blocking his way shrank back away from his cock and the frown disappeared from his mother's forehead.

Just then, his hairy groin brushed against hers as his giant cock reached the end of its journey into the fiery depths of her tight, clutching vagina. As it did, Eddie felt her tighten down around his fully immersed cock and clutch at it.

"Ummmmmmmmmmmm..." she softly murmured, pressing herself back against him.

Leaning down, he gently, lovingly kissed his mother's soft, full lips. As he did, her lips parted ever so slightly and the tip of her tongue brushed across his lips. The fiery eroticism of the gesture sent a jolt of electricity through his cock making it twitch down inside the clutching core of her pussy.

The passion welling up inside her fevered brain was almost too great to control and even as he held himself thrust down inside her, she began to shake and shiver her way through an orgasm. Oh, God, she frantically thought, I'm having an orgasm and he's barely inside me.

As she was possessed by the gut-wrenching orgasm, the roar of the rain beating down on the roof grew louder. Oh, fuck, the gods aren't pleased, she sickly thought as the waves of pleasure and delight washed over her for a third time in the short day. As her body convulsed with excitement, her pussy clenched down around her son's cock, milking and squeezing it tightly, pulling it even deeper into the inferno that was burning out of control down inside her spasming cunt.

As her climax built to crescendo, she felt her Eddie's belly grinding down against her as he thrust up into her deeper and deeper. It was like she remembered it being with Lawrence, only somehow better. More intense. Maybe not better, but different. This was her son! Eddie! The child she had brought into the world and now he was fulfilling his destiny—their destiny. She was a ruined woman. She would never be able to love another man now. He was hers and she could never give him up...not to another woman. Never, she insanely thought as Eddie continued to grind his pelvis into her, burying his cock into her as deeply as he could.

The roaring inside her head was deafening, driving aside everything else but the spasms of pleasure undulating through her pussy.

"Yes, Baby, yes, fuck me, please, fuck me and make me come again..." she grimaced, digging her long, sharp fingernails into her son's back.

Jerking his hips back, Eddie immediately began to pump his big prick in and out of his mother's hot, salivating cunt.

"Yes, Baby, yes, like that," she groaned, raising her legs up off the bed and draping them over his calves.

Outside the storm continued, sending torrents of rain crashing down on the house and filling the air with its fury. Still as furious as the storm outside was, it couldn't match the one that raged on inside the room where Eddie and Edith lay entangled in an incestuous tangle of body and mind.

Grunting and groaning like two wild animals, they fucked with wild abandon. Neither of them could get enough of the other as they grappled and fought to bring pleasure to the other.

As wrong as it was, Edith couldn't believe how much she had missed this wondrous thing. This thing she now so passionately shared with her son. This

thing that she and Lawrence had once shared, she was now sharing with Eddie! Clawing and scratching at him, she urged him on and he responded by pounding his cock into her harder and harder. The ferocity of their incestuous coupling was threatening to suck the sanity from their feverish brains. Neither of them had ever experienced such passion. Over the din of the rain, obscene sounds that should never have been made by a mother and son filled the air as their bodies crashed together over and over and over and over again. Vulgar, crude expletives neither of them would have thought of saying in the other's presence earlier now came freely spewing out of their mouths.

Suddenly, without warning, Edith felt another orgasm wash over her body and she became as stiff as a board. With every muscle in her body locked down, she was transported to the highest plane of pleasure she had ever felt. But even as she was transported to this new high, her son didn't miss a beat as he continued furiously fuck her.

After several moments, as she floated down from the heights of pleasure and rejoined her body which was still being savagely ravaged by her son. The first time hadn't been a true example of his virility and endurance, she happily thought, looking over at the little, wind-up clock on the nightstand. Eddie had been going for at least thirty minutes and was still going strong, showing no evidence of giving up. There weren't many men who could do that, she proudly thought as she wrapped her arms and legs around him once again.

The storm outside raged on as she felt her son back down a gear. Like a trucker down shifting down on a long, dangerous mountain road, he was saving his strength for the finish. But he still didn't miss a beat as he kept on fucking her. His hips, acting like giant untiring pistons, rocked back and forth ceaselessly pounding his granite penis in and out of her battered cunt.

Moving with the constant motion of his body, she lovingly caressed him with her hands, legs and even her tight, clutching pussy as she goaded him on. Sweat was pouring off them, coating their bodies with a slippery sheen as they fucked.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, his hips began to fly back and forth faster and faster as he wildly fucked her. The bed underneath them was creaking and groaning, wildly lurching back and forth as its headboard loudly banged against the wall and its springs sang out their protest. The blows on her pussy were coming so fast and furious, it nearly knocked the air out of her lungs on every hammering

stroke.

All at once, Eddie's back arched as his hips slashed forward burying his cock into her as deeply as humanly possible.

"Fuuuuuccckkkk..." Eddie bellowed out as his cock exploded down in the tight, constricting confines of her pussy.

The force of the great spume of semen that erupted from his cock felt like a kick in Edith's stomach as she felt herself catapulted off into another mind-warping orgasm.

It was unbelievable. Never had she been lifted to such supreme heights. If heaven was like this, she knew why everyone wanted to go there. Higher and higher she flew as her son's gigantic cock spewed out more and more of its rich, thick boy-cum into her. Soon, her pussy was filled to overflowing and his cum began to leak out around the pumping barrel of his cock. Still his monstrous cock spewed out its noxious load into her until after what seemed like hours, the contractions of his penis diminished and finally stopped.

"Oh, my lovely, Baby," she crooned, covering his face with tiny butterfly kisses, "it was wonderful."

"Still can't believe it finally happened," he tiredly groaned.

Neither of them moved as they lay listening to the roar of the storm outside and the din of the rain beating down on the roof. At last, after several minutes, Eddie's shrunken prick slowly slithered out of his mother's battered pussy.

"Mother, I love you so, so much I never want to leave you..." Eddie groveled, rolling off her and snuggling up against her.

"I don't want you to ever leave me, Baby. Stay with me forever, please..." she whispered, leaning over and softly kissing him on the lips...

The End

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I must be gay, Bobby thought to himself as he lay in his bed leafing through the weight-lifter magazine he had bought down at the drug store. And in his other hand, he had his fat, erect, seven-inch penis. Slowly working his hand up and down his cock, Bobby studied the well-muscled men and boys in the magazine and every time he found his eyes drawn down to the bulges jutting out against the front of their skimpy little trunks. Then he found one particularly-handsome guy and he could almost make out the details of the man's oversized penis through the thin material of his trunks.

I wonder what his cock really looks like, he wondered, studying the man's handsome face, Bobby wished the man was here in his room with him. What would it feel like to actually kiss those soft, sensuous lips? What would it be like to take the man's penis in his mouth? If the man was really with him, he would kiss him all over and take his cock in his mouth and suck on it until he sucked out the man's hot, creamy essence. As he played the fantasy out in his head, Bobby couldn't hold it back any more as his cock suddenly erupted and started spurting out his own essence out into the air. Thick, ropy strands of the gooey, white cum spurting out of the head of his cock and arched up in the air only to splat down on his belly in thick, creamy gobs.

Wiping off the cum with the towel he had set out earlier, Bobby heard his cell phone ring. Who the fuck could that be, he asked himself? Pushing up off his bed, he shuffled over to where his phone lay and picked it up.

Stabbing the on button, he lifted the phone up to his ear. "Hello—" Bobby spoke into the phone.

"Uh, Tom? Uh, yeah, what's going on?"...

"You need some help with your math?"

"Uh, yeah, sure, Tom, uh, I guess...I'm not really doing much of anything. . ."

"About twenty minutes? Sure, uh, come on over..."

"Okay...I'll see you then..."

Tom Cochran, Bobby thought to himself as he pulled his jeans on. Captain of the football, basketball and baseball team. If anyone was, Tom was the BMOC, that

was for sure. And he was coming over to his house?

What if, Bobby giddily thought? What if he was gay, too? Yeah, right. The way the girls swarmed around him like bees around honey? And Tom could have his pick of any of them. There was no way he was gay!

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Tom was sitting at the kitchen table and Bobby was standing beside him, leaning down and helping Tom work his way through a problem. It was all so surreal. Just being this close to a real, live hunk of a guy had him so hard, he was afraid his cock was going to come ripping out through his jeans. Bobby could see a tiny drop of sweat in the cleft just above Tom's full, sensuous lips as he struggled through the problem.

"Have you got it?" Bobby asked, leaning back up.

"I think so," Tom grinned turning to look up at Bobby. But as he did, Bobby saw Tom's eyes brush across the obvious, telltale bulge of his cock as it thrust itself out against Bobby's jeans.

"Uh, can I, uh, get you something, uh, something to drink?" Bobby stammered, stepping back away from the table.

"Uh, yeah, sure," Tom grinned again, his eyes dropping back down to the front of Bobby's jeans. "What you got?"

"Cola, uh, milk, beer?" Bobby mumbled as his face lit up like a set of red Christmas tree lights.

"A beer will do fine," Tom told him leaning back in the chair and crossing his arms behind his head.

Clumping over to the refrigerator, Bobby nervously pulled it open and pulled out a beer. Twisting off the top, Bobby closed the door and stepped back over to the table where Tom sat watching him with an amused smile on his full, sensuous lips.

"Here you go—" Bobby said as he held out the beer.

"Thanks," Tom grinned, taking the beer and lifting it up to his lips. "Aren't you going to have one?"

"Oh, yeah, sure...Silly me," Bobby nervously laughed, knowing his mother would read him the riot act if she smelled beer on his breath as he reached back and pulled out another beer.

Tipping his head back, Tom took a long swallow on the beer and then set the bottle down on the table in front of him.

"So, Bobby..." Tom smiled, slowly dropping his eyes back down to Bobby's crotch as he spoke, "are you gay?"

"Huh, what, uh, what do you mean?" Bobby sputtered, staring down at Tom in stunned mortification as his face blossomed into a beet red.

"It's kind of obvious," Tom grinned as he continued to stare at Bobby's crotch. "Something's got you all hot and bothered and since I'm the only one around, I assumed that it was me..."

"Uh, I, uh—" Bobby bumbled dropping his hand down in front of him to hide his obvious condition.

"Hey, man, that's okay, I understand—" Tom said, reaching for his beer and taking another long swig on it.

Bobby's brain was reeling. What did Tom mean? It was okay? He understood? Could he? Could he be gay, too? This was crazy!

Bobby could see the sunlight glistening off Tom's lips as Tom set the beer back down on the table and smiled at him.

"Are, uh, are you?" Bobby asked, but was unable to get the word out of his mouth.

"Am I gay?" Tom asked.

"Uh, uh, yeah, uh, are, are you gay, uh, too?" Bobby choked out not believing

that the conversation they were having was really happening.

"Sort of," Tom grinned.

"Sort of? I don't understand. Uh, how, how can you be sort of gay?"

"I'm a switch hitter," Tom laughed.

"Switch hitter? I don't get it—"

"I'm bi," Tom told him.

"Bi?" Bobby muttered, unable to get his head around the fact that Tom was bi. That meant that Tom had done it with another guy. This realization stunned Bobby.

"Yeah, I can go either way. Guys or dolls—" Tom laughed again.

"Oh—" Bobby mumbled as he saw Tom's eyes drop back down to his crotch.

"Yeah—Guys—" Tom suggestively hinted as he paused before completing his sentence, "or dolls—"

Was he, Bobby's frantic brain wondered? Was he suggesting that he wanted to do it? With me? Do it! Find out, he told himself.

Bobby's heart was pounding, threatening to burst out of his chest as he took a step toward where Tom sat looking at him with a self-assured smile on his lips.

Kneeling slowly, Bobby lowered himself down onto his knees between Tom's outstretched legs. His heart was pounding like a runaway locomotive, his palms were covered in sweat and his belly was doing flip-flops as he timidly lifted his hands and slowly reached for the copper button that held Tom's jeans buttoned shut. His hands were visibly shaking and his fingers felt the size of tree stumps as he fumbled with the button trying to push it through its buttonhole. Looking up, he saw that Tom was watching him with an undecipherable look on his handsome face.

Looking back down, Bobby was finally somehow able to get copper button pushed through the buttonhole. Slowly peeling back the flap of blue denim

covering the zipper that ran down the front of Tom's jeans, he pinched the little, brass zipper tab at the top of Tom's fly between his finger and thumb and began to slowly, hesitantly pull it down its toothed track as Tom watched him. As the zipper whispered down its track, the jeans parted and Bobby could see the outline of Tom's oversized penis bulging up against the white cotton jockey shorts Tom wore under his jeans. It was easy to see that Tom had a hard on, too and to Bobby's novice eyes, it looked huge.

Finally the zipper tab was at the bottom of the brass track and would go no further. Then with a choking breath, Bobby reached back up to the waistband of Tom's jeans. Slipping his numb fingers under the slack waistband, Bobby eased them down under the stretchy, elastic waistband of Tom's shorts.

Looking back up at Tom's face, Bobby needed permission to continue on as Tom smiled and slowly nodded his head up and down.

Taking a deep, shuddering breath, Bobby began to slowly pull down on Tom's pants and shorts as he heard Tom softly grunt when he pushed up and lifted his ass up off the chair to let his pants slide out from under him. The stretchy elastic band slowly crawled down Tom's hairy belly until it momentarily snagged on the head of Tom's giant penis before slipping off the huge, purple knob and continued on down the shaft. Bobby had never seen such an evil, threatening-looking thing in his whole life.

Stopping with the waistband half way down the monstrous organ, Bobby stared down at it with awe and wonder as it softly twitched in cadence with the slow, steady beat of Tom's heart. Realizing that Tom was straining to keep his ass up in the air, Bobby quickly tugged his shorts down below the huge, hairy balls hanging down between Tom's muscular legs.

Then as Bobby stood on his knees in a stunned daze, Tom eased his ass back down on the chair, reached out, gently pushed Bobby back and hooked his thumbs under the waistband of his Jeans. With another soft grunt, Tom leaned down and shoved his pants and shorts down around his ankles. Then with a narcissistic smile on his full lips, he leaned back against the chair and spread his hairy legs apart again to invite Bobby back between them.

Bobby stood on his knees staring down at the evil ogre jutting up out of Tom's curl-covered crotch for several long moments before finally inching toward it.

As he did, he saw that the huge, purple head of the giant was covered with a glistening sheen of the goo that was slowly seeping out of the slit in the thing's tapered tip. Running his eyes down the thick, fleshy tube bulging out of the underside of the monster, Bobby saw that the shaft of the thing was crisscrossed with several thick, ropy blue blood vessels that snaked around the slowly-twitching column of rock-hard meat.

"Suck it..." Bobby heard Tom whisper as the muscles around the base of the giant tightened, making it jerk and jump in front of Bobby's face. In a fog, Bobby lifted his hand up and curled it around the monstrosity. It was so warm...and hard. Bobby couldn't catch his breath as he breathlessly leaned down and bent the cock toward him. A rush of panic washed over him as he hesitantly opened his mouth and eased his tongue out between his trembling lips.

What was he doing, he fearfully wondered? This was Tom Cochran. This was Tom Cochran's cock he had in his hand. If anyone ever found out about this, he would be laughed out of school. What he was doing was the most dangerous, stupid, exciting thing he'd ever done. In all of his eighteen years. But he couldn't stop himself.

Bobby's fevered brain was reeling as the tip of his tongue brushed across the slippery, goo-covered head of the jutting giant. Slowly twirling his tongue around the tapered barb of rubbery flesh, Bobby could taste the saltiness of the slippery film of lubricant oozing out of Tom's oversized cock. Then he gently pursed his lips around the hole and sucked to bring out more of the salty liquor.

"Suck it—" Tom whispered again, this time with a little more authority in his voice.

Unpursing his lips, Bobby tentatively circled them around the rounded tip of the firm meat and began to slowly, hesitantly suck it into his mouth. Moments later, he had all of the big, swollen knob of rubbery meat inside his mouth.

"Yes—suck it—" Tom urgently demanded as Bobby felt Tom's hand curl around the back of his head.

Giving a soft, tentative suck, Bobby felt Tom's hand begin to firmly push against the back of his head. Sucking harder, Bobby felt Tom forcing more and more of his giant cock into his mouth.

At the big, rubbery head of Tom's cock nudged up against the opening of Bobby's throat, he reached up and cupped Tom's big, dangling balls and gave them a rough squeeze in self-defense.

"Unnnnnn—" Tom grunted and Bobby felt the pressure against the back of his head ease up.

He was doing it! He was sucking on a cock! This proved it, didn't it, Bobby woozily thought? He was gay! He was sucking on a cock...and he liked it. In fact, he loved the feel of the big, rubbery knob inside his mouth. He loved the feeling of power. The warm feeling of trust that Tom was allowing him to possess his most prized possession. Trusting him not to do anything to harm that precious treasure.

Bobby held Tom's beautiful cock deep inside the warmth of his mouth. The feeling was so different than he had imagined it would be. Something he had been afraid of. He didn't know what he had expected, but now he knew that it was a good thing. Not something to feel guilty and dirty about. It seemed a completely normal and natural thing to do.

As Bobby sucked harder and slowly worked his mouth up and down the towering cylinder of cock-meat, Tom let out a garbled groan and his head fell back against the chair. It was then that Bobby came to the realization that he was harder than he'd ever been in his whole life. He was achingly hard and so incredibly aroused by what was happening between the two of them.

It was a strange feeling to know that he could evoke such emotion and passion in another boy. He loved that he could get Tom so excited, but he wished he knew more. Tom had said that he was bi and so that meant he'd done it with guys before so Bobby didn't want Tom to know that he was a virgin, but Bobby only knew what he would like done to him and did that. Then a crazy thought flashed through Bobby's head. Would Tom suck on him too? Still twirling his tongue round and round the steely shaft and then the head of Tom's jutting cock, Bobby reached down and unzipped his own pants and pulled his seven-incher out into the open.

Reveling in the slippery, smooth texture of Tom's big cockhead on his tongue, Bobby wrapped his hand around his own cock and began to slowly stroke it. Sucking harder, Bobby worked his lips up and down the long, round shaft of



Tom's cock. Bobby could sense that Tom was drawing close to the point of no return. Tom's face had a grimace on it as his eyes were closed and his head was pressing against the back of the chair.

Sensing victory, Bobby sucked harder as he frantically worked his lips up and down Tom's cock. Then Tom's hairy ass began to buck up and down as he humped his cock into Bobby's ravenous mouth. Tom's breath was coming in ragged gasps and his big hairy balls were slowly scrunching up tighter and tighter around the base of his steel-hard cock.

Bobby let out a choking groan and increased the suction of his sucking and the speed of his slurping lips. He wanted to give Tom every possible pleasure and show Tom how he felt about him. Wanting to please Tom in the worst way possible, Bobby let go of his own cock and slipped his hands down under Tom's ass as it pattered up and down on the chair. Cupping Tom's clenched ass cheeks in his hands, Bobby pulled him as deep as he could go, not stopping at the opening of his throat this time but letting it slip inside with a soft, gurgling gag.

There was no warning before Bobby felt Tom's cock jerk as a giant gusher of molten-hot cum spewed out of the head of Tom's cock and coated Bobby's throat with its sticky heat.

Jerking his head back, Bobby pulled Tom's spurting, spewing cockhead back inside his mouth. Bobby wanted to taste him. Taste what man tasted like as a clinging gush of thick, creamy cum spurted out onto his tongue. The milky goo had a salty, almost sweet taste to it as more and more creamy cum poured out into Bobby's mouth where he quickly swallowed it down.

"Fuck—oh, Fuck—Commmminnnngggg—" Tom choked out, his clawed fingers clutching at the arms of the chair as he came and came in Bobby's sucking mouth.

Bobby needed no confirmation of that fact as he continued to hungrily suck and pull on Tom's cock until he finally felt it begin to shrink and wilt inside his mouth. Leaning back, Bobby let Tom's wilting penis slither out from between his lips and drop down between Tom's sweaty thighs.

"Was it good for you?" Bobby asked, slowly running his tongue around his lips to wipe away any cum that might have escaped.

"Fucking A—some of the best head I've ever had—" Tom groaned as his breath was slowly becoming regular again.

Supporting himself with his hands on Tom's thighs, Bobby slowly pushed up to his feet in front of Tom. As he did, Bobby saw a tiny drivel of spit had leaked out of the corner of Tom's mouth during his orgasm. He must have liked it, Bobby told himself as he saw Tom's eyes dart down to his own hard, jutting cock. Bobby saw Tom's eyes slowly work their way up and down the rock-hard penis several times before Tom's steel-blue eyes moved back up to his face. Then, with a questioning look in his eyes, Tom peered deep into Bobby's warm, brown eyes as if he were trying to make up his mind.

Then Bobby reached down and wrapped his hand around his hard, jutting cock and slowly bent it down toward Tom's lips.

"Suck it..." Bobby softly whispered stepping up between Tom's outstretched legs and moving his cock closer to Tom's lips.

Anxiously waiting to see what Tom would do, Bobby saw Tom's lips part ever so slightly as his tongue eased out and suggestively circled around his lips leaving a shimmering coating of spit behind as he looked back down at Bobby's jutting prick.

Just as before, Bobby could feel his heart thundering in his chest and he was having difficulty breathing as he stared down at Tom's lips slowly moving toward his cock.

Then Bobby felt his heart lurch as Tom paused. Watching on with frantic anticipation, Bobby saw Tom reach up and then shove his pants down around his knees. Then Bobby felt Tom's warm fingers clutch themselves around his balls and gently lift them.

Bobby felt his heart begin to hammer again as Tom cupped his balls in his hand and gently fondled them. Then Tom's long, pink tongue came slithering out from between his lips as he slowly licked it up over the cupped balls. It was the most sensual thing he had ever seen as he watched Tom's long, pink tongue slowly twirling round and round his balls and leaving them coated in spit. Then, slowly, gently, Tom sucked one testicle into his mouth and then the other one. Now Tom had both balls in his mouth and his lips were closed down around the top of the fleshy sac that hung down below Bobby's twitching cock as Tom's nose brushed

against the rounded underside of Bobby's cock.

Fighting the urge to let go and fire off his charge, Bobby struggled to keep what little composure he still had as Tom slowly swirled his balls around inside his wet, warm mouth.

Finally, Tom leaned back and let Bobby's spit-drenched ball sac slowly slither out of his mouth. As he did, Bobby could feel a cool breeze brush across his balls when Tom gently blew on them.

Then Tom's arms reached out and his hands curled around Bobby's butt. Gently, but forcefully Tom pulled Bobby's cock toward him as his mouth opened and his tongue came out again. Watching on in a frantic daze, Bobby watched Tom slowly lick his tongue up the bulging tube running along the underside of his cock as he slowly licked his way to the big, purple knob sitting atop Bobby's cock.

He was going to do it, Bobby deliriously thought. Tom was actually going to suck on his cock. Just the thought of such a thing almost made Bobby cream as he anxiously looked on. Unable to breathe, Bobby stared down in stunned amazement as Tom gently bent the steel-hard penis down toward his waiting lips.

A spasm of electric excitement tore up Bobby's spine and exploded inside his whirling brain as Tom's lips slowly closed down around the big, mauve head of Bobby's cock. Wrestling for control of the compulsion to let go and fill Tom's mouth with his creamy treasure, Bobby clenched his eyes shut and strained to hold back the bubbling, boiling load of semen inside his balls.

"Tom—gonna—gonna—comeeeee—" Bobby groaned out as Tom's lips sank further down the shaft of his cock and Tom began to roughly suck on his cock.

"Unhhhh-huuuuhhhh—" Tom murmured out around Bobby's cock, but didn't pull off and instead only sucked harder.

Oh, shit, Tom was going to let him come in his mouth. That was too much! Letting go, Bobby felt a jolt of pleasure rip through his cock as it jerked and a huge gush of boiling cum shot up from his balls, up the shaft of his cock and out through its head into Tom's sucking mouth.

"Fuckkkkkkkkkkk—" Bobby groaned as his hips lurched forward and drove even more of his jerking, spurting cock deeper into Tom's mouth.

"Mpffffff—" Tom grunted out around Bobby's cock as it continued to buck and squirt more and more creamy, hot cum into his mouth. Swallowing as quickly as he could, Tom dug his fingers into Bobby's ass and held onto him as he struggled to keep up with the flow of cum pouring out of Bobby's cock while more and more poured out of it.

With his hands fisted into knots, his head bowed in surrender Bobby felt his knees start to give way as all the strength flowed out of them and into his cock. As he started to collapse, he leaned down and grabbed hold of the arms of the chair to support himself and keep from falling.

At last the spasms weakened and Bobby was finally able to breathe. Some of the feeling had returned to his legs and he pushed back up and slowly stepped back pulling his softening cock out from between Tom's cum-covered lips.

"Wow—that was awesome..." Bobby mumbled as he stood watching Tom slowly run his tongue around his lips to lick away the last of Bobby's massive load of creamy, white semen.

"You're first time, wasn't it?" Tom grinned.

"Uh, yeah, uh, yours, too?" Bobby hopefully asked, knowing that he wouldn't hear the answer he wanted to hear.

"Afraid not," Tom softly laughed, "but that was the biggest load I've ever seen..."

It was then that Bobby realized that Tom's big cock had already risen to the occasion once again. He must have enjoyed it, Bobby giddily thought.

"I'm glad it was good for you..." Tom told him as he gently rubbed the backs of his first two fingers along Bobby's cheek.

Bobby's brain was whirling completely out of control. What was happening? He hadn't expected this. He had thought that when they were done, they would go their separate ways and it would be over, but this? Was this what love felt like? If it wasn't love, it was damned close, he told himself.

"Do you want to go all the way?" Tom asked as he slowly lifted his hand up to Bobby's dangling, limp penis.

"What, uh, what do you mean?" Bobby dumbly asked.

"You know," Tom smiled, giving Bobby's cock a gentle squeeze before letting it go and easing his hand up between Bobby's legs. "The other way—" Tom whispered as he tickled the tip of his finger across the pucker of Bobby's asshole.

"You mean—" Bobby mumbled as he felt Tom's finger gently probing and poking at his cringing asshole.

"Yes, I mean this..." Tom said as he pushed his finger up into the tight clutch of Bobby's asshole. "I want some of this. But I don't want to do it if you don't want to."

This was something that Bobby had never considered. Oh, he'd used a vibrator on himself before, but a cock? And one as big as Tom's? Could he take it? He wanted to please Tom and give him anything he wanted, but he was afraid.

"Do you want to do it?" Tom whispered, slowly sliding his finger in and out of Bobby's tightly-clenched asshole.

"Yes—Yes, I want to do it—" Bobby hissed, stepping out of his jeans and shorts and grabbing hold of Tom's hand to tug him up to his feet. "Let's go up to my bedroom. It'll be more comfortable there..."

Toeing off his pants and shorts, Tom gave Bobby's hand a rough squeeze. Then the two boys started for the stairway. As they walked along, Tom's big cock was

sticking out in front of him, impatiently slashing the air while Bobby's smaller cock was struggling to raise its head up out from between his legs.

"I can't believe this is really happening," Bobby mumbled as they trudged up the stairs. "I never dreamed that you were, uh, gay, uh, bi..."

"It's not something I want everyone to know," Tom told him. "Especially the girls. Some of them get kinda of squeamish about two guys going at each other."

Stopping beside Bobby's unmade bed, both boys jerked their tees up over their heads and tossed them down on the bed.

Suddenly, Tom wrapped his arms around Bobby and crushed his muscular chest against Bobby's as their lips met in a fiery, open-mouthed kiss. Hugging and holding onto each other, they fell into the bed as they passionately kissed.

Rolling over, Bobby pulled Tom on top of him and wrapped his strong legs around Tom's waist.

Tom leaned down to kiss Bobby and their lips touched again. Their tongues were twisting, probing, teeth touching as their breath came in short gasps. As they frantically kissed, Tom ground his rock-hard cock against Bobby's rapidly growing erection. The kiss grew even more insistent as Bobby reached around his legs and dug his fingers down into Tom's round, well-muscled ass and pulled him against his cock.

Finally, the kiss broke and Bobby felt Tom's lips travel down his neck and give it a gentle suck.

Then Bobby felt Tom's lip start down, over his collarbone and onto his chest to one of Bobby's tiny, tingling nipples.

After a few seconds of kissing, licking and nipping the nipple, Tom's lips resumed their journey down over Bobby's heaving belly as they moved down toward Bobby's now, fully-ripened penis.

What was he doing, Bobby frantically asked himself? He thought Tom had wanted to fuck him, but now he seemed intent on sucking on him again. Bobby felt his whole body tense in expectation of the touch of Tom's lips on his throbbing, twitching cock.

Bobby's reeling brain was on fire. All of a sudden, he felt a spasm of electric excitement shoot up his cock as Tom's hot, soft lips closed down around the head of his cock. Bobby felt his ass involuntarily lift off the bed as he thrust upward and tried to get his cock deeper inside Tom's hot, sucking mouth.

Tom's hands were everywhere, cupping the cheeks of his ass, probing the sensitive skin near the clenched opening between them. This was all so new and exciting to Bobby, he was having a difficult time holding back the boiling, bubbling cum down inside his balls. But somehow, he had to. He didn't want to come until Tom was inside of him.

Tom seemed to sense his dilemma and gently released his hold on Bobby's cock and let it slip out from between his lips. Bobby could see the sunlight reflecting off the spittle that covered Tom's lips as Tom licked his way even lower. Bobby could feel Tom's hot lips slowly kissing their way down over his dangling balls as Tom's hands slipped under the backs of his knees. Then Tom pushed up, bending Bobby's legs back over Bobby's belly and chest. As he did, Bobby's hips swiveled up to expose the cringing softness between the cheeks of Bobby's round ass.

Then Bobby nearly lost it again as he felt the wet, probing touch of Tom's tongue while it slowly circled the sensitive, vulnerable skin around his asshole. Bobby's fevered brain was afire with excitement as Tom's tongue moved closer and closer to his cringing hole.

"Do you like that, Bobby? Tom softly asked as he looked up over Bobby's balls and twitching cock to his face.

"God—Yes!" Bobby gasped straining as hard as he could to keep from creaming.

"Good..." Tom mumbled, dropping his mouth back down between the quivering cheeks of Bobby's ass as his tongue flicked back out and raked across the rubbery pucker of Bobby's shy anus.

As Bobby lay gasping for breath, fighting for control, Tom slowly kissed and licked over and around Bobby's exposed, defenseless hole.

"Hold your legs up," Tom whispered as Bobby felt Tom's hot breath brush across his asshole.

Slipping his arms around behind his knees, Bobby held his legs up, freeing Tom's hands and fingers for other, more wanton things. Then Bobby felt Tom's fingers gently probing the muscles and sensitive skin surrounding his helpless asshole.

Bobby wanted to scream as he heard Tom's loud slurp when he stuck his index finger in his mouth to wet it. Then Bobby felt the tip of Tom's long finger gently probing the puckered ring of his asshole until it pushed inside and began stretch the opening.

"Oh, God," Bobby cried out as Tom's finger slowly dug deeper and deeper into the cringing depths of his ass. There had been an initial pinch of pain, but that was over before he knew it. This was so different from the other. This was total surrender. Even though it was only a finger, a part of Tom was inside him. He couldn't even explain the feeling of being possessed by another boy, another man. And now he wanted more.

"Fuck me—" Bobby groaned, thrusting back at Tom's probing finger, trying to get it deeper inside him.

"Patience..." Tom whispered as he slowly twisted his finger around inside the hot clutch of Bobby's ass.

Then Bobby felt Tom's other hand wrap around his rock-hard cock and pull it down between his legs. Suddenly, he felt Tom's hot, sucking lips close down around the head of his cock as Tom roughly sucked and pulled on it with his pursed lips. At the same time, Bobby felt Tom add a second finger, stretching Bobby's hole open wider. Straining back against the probing fingers, Bobby fought to hold back the imminent explosion gathering down inside his aching balls. Clenching every muscle in his body, Bobby tried to hold it back, but knew that it was a futile fight.

Suddenly, Bobby felt Tom's fingers brush across his prostate. As they did, a jagged jolt of pleasure tore through his brain and Bobby lost it. He had never felt anything like it as his cock lurched and sent out a huge, gushing load of cum into Tom's sucking mouth.

"God—God—God—" Bobby gasped out as his hips jerked and bounded while his ass pattered and down on the bed and his cock continued to pump out thick, hot spurts of cum into Tom's hungry mouth.



Bobby lay gasping for breath as sweat rolled off his sweaty forehead. Then he felt Tom's finger leave his asshole and his other hand release its hold on his penis as Tom eased his lips off Bobby's softening penis.

"Was it good?" Bobby heard Tom ask as Tom rolled out from between his legs and scooted up the bed beside.

"Fucking awesome," Bobby groaned as he let his legs drop to the bed while Tom leaned over and gave him a gentle kiss on the lips.

Then Bobby felt Tom's hand on his hip as Tom pushed and gently rolled Bobby over onto his side. As he did, Bobby felt Tom's lips on his shoulder and neck as Tom gently nibbled and sucked his way up to Bobby's ear.

As he did, Bobby could feel the hard roundness of Tom's manhood poking, probing the same place his tongue and fingers had been only moments before.

"Do you still want to do this?" Tom whispered into his ear as the probing down below became more insistent.

"Yes—but just a second," Bobby mumbled, rolling away from Tom and reaching for his nightstand.

Then he pulled the drawer open, reached inside and pulled out a tube of lubricant he used on his vibrator.

"Oh, yeah—" Tom huskily mumbled taking the tube from Bobby as he handed it to him.

Then Bobby rolled over onto his belly and quickly pushed up onto his knees with his ass defenselessly thrust up into the air. As he did, his limp, drained cock dangled down below him wiggling and jiggling lifelessly as Tom rolled up onto his knees behind Bobby's up-thrust ass.

Bobby didn't know what to expect as he anxiously waited while Tom quickly smeared a generous slathering of the lubricant all over his jutting cock. Then Bobby felt Tom's slippery fingers touch his ass. He felt Tom gently spreading the cheeks of his ass apart and then felt the probe of Tom's lubed fingers on his puckered asshole.

Tom gently probed the rubbery opening and pushed inside it with two slick fingers. As he did, he heard Bobby give out a soft moan.

"Put it in me, Tom," Bobby urged him.

Twisting the cap back on the lubricant, Tom pitched it down on the bed and moved in closer.

Centering the big, rounded tip of his cockhead on the darkened circle of fluted flesh, Tom slowly pushed. The tapered head of his cock began to slowly stretch the opening wider and wider until all at once, the head slithered inside the tight hole.

"Unnnnnn—" Bobby groaned and then took in a deep, cleansing breath.

"Are you okay?" Tom asked pausing and holding his cock still just inside the widely-stretched ring of muscles encircling Bobby's clenched asshole.

"Just give me a second," Bobby whimpered.

"You want me to take it out?"

"No—no—just give me a second—"

Tom waited, patiently biding his time as Bobby's asshole grew used to being so widely stretched.

"Okay—" Bobby finally murmured.

With his hands curled around Bobby's hips, Tom began to pull him back as he pushed forward and impaled Bobby's tight, clinging asshole on his over-sized penis.

Slowly, inch by inch, the thick, pink shaft of Tom's cock disappeared down inside Bobby ass as Bobby gently thrust himself back to take him. Just then, the underside of Tom's cock rubbed across the firm nodule of nerve endings just inside the opening of Bobby's anus. A wash of pleasure welled up from the spot as Tom's cock scraped along it and drove deeper. Finally, Tom's hairy belly nudged up against the cheeks of Bobby's upturned ass. As it did, Bobby took in another deep, shuddering breath.

"Are you all right?" Tom asked as he ground himself against Bobby's ass and forced his cock even deeper inside the tight, clinging channel.

"It hurt at first but the pain is going away. Just wait for a second, I'll get used to it," Bobby murmured, straining back against Tom.

Tom waited, but Bobby could sense how hard it was for Tom to be still. The pain did slowly fade leaving Bobby with a gratifying sense of fullness and completion. He couldn't explain the feeling, but it was like he was now whole. Tom had given him substance. Given him a meaning, a place in the world. He was no longer a lost soul wandering aimlessly in the desert. He had purpose! It was a strangely beautiful feeling.

"Now..." Bobby whispered, leaning forward slightly and dragging Tom's big cock back down the channel of his widely-stretched rectum and across his sensitive prostate.

Bobby rolled his hips, searching for a way to elicit more pleasure from the spot and wanting to commit to memory the feeling of his first penis. Pressing his head and shoulders against the bed, Bobby thrust back against Tom as Tom pushed back inside. More sparks of pleasure shot from the spot when the thick shaft of Tom's big cock rubbed along it.

With each deep, driving thrust, Tom's cock brushed along the sensitive spot, making Bobby whimper with pleasure. Then as Tom continued to pump into his ass, Bobby amazingly felt his own cock begin to harden and swell as it hung down below him.

Bobby continued to lunge back at Tom's savage attack on his ass as Tom's breath was now coming in panting gasps. What would it feel like, Bobby giddily wondered? What would it feel like when Tom came in his ass? Just thinking about it sent a shiver of delicious excitement tickling up his spine and added to the swirling perversity that was whirling around inside his head.

Now used to the feel of the over-sized penis sliding in and out of his asshole, Bobby savored the slick feel of flesh rubbing against flesh as Tom's cock thrust in and out of his body. Bobby could feel Tom's fingers digging deeper into the skin of his waist alerting him to Tom's growing excitement. The blows raining down on his ass were coming fast and hard as Tom's movement grew erratic and frantic.

"Gonna come—I'm gonna come—" Tom gasped out as all of a sudden he jerked Bobby back against him and drove his cock up Bobby's ass as deep as it would go.

Then he felt Tom's giant cock shudder and a gush of warmth filled his bowels. The sensation was so overwhelming, Bobby had to fight to keep from coming himself as his rock-hard cock twitched dangerously close to an eruption.

"Fuck—Fuck—Oh, God—I'm cominggggg—" Tom cursed as his cock continued to lurch and spurt out more and more of his hot seed into Bobby's gluttonous ass.

Bobby took all of Tom's gift, absorbing the liquid treasure into his bowels as he thrust back against Tom's heaving, straining wash-boarded abs. Finally it was over as Tom collapsed down over Bobby's sweat-drenched back gasping to catch his breath.

"That was fucking awesome..." Tom finally groaned as he pushed back up onto his knees and began to slowly pull out of Bobby's cum-filled rectum.

"Yeah, it was..." Bobby told him as he felt Tom's wilting penis slip back out of his widely-stretched asshole.

Rolling over onto his side, Bobby made room for Tom who immediately dropped onto his belly beside him.

They lay quietly like that for a few minutes, catching their breath. Then Bobby gently reached up and slowly trailed his fingers down Tom's sweaty back tracing a trail down to Tom's round, muscled ass. This was a strange new feeling for Bobby. He'd never actually had feelings for another boy, but now this was having a profound effect on him.

What did he feel for Tom, Bobby deliriously asked himself? Was this love? It felt so strange and exciting, he thought to himself as he slowly tickled his fingers down the crack of Tom's chiseled ass. As he did, Tom slowly spread his legs apart to open himself to Bobby's exploring fingers. Then, just as Bobby felt his fingers graze across the rubbery pucker of Tom's asshole he leaned down and gently brushed his lips along the muscled slope of Tom's shoulders.

Then as he lifted his lips up off Tom's sweaty skin, he saw Tom reach for the

little tube of lubricant. Bobby's eyes excitedly followed Tom's hand as it lifted up and presented the tube to him.

An electric spasm of excitement tore through Bobby's cock making it twitch with fevered anticipation as he took the tube in his trembling fingers. Tom wanted him to fuck his ass, too. This was almost too much to fathom, Bobby dizzily thought. Bobby had never had his cock inside anything before. Not a pussy and certainly not the ass of THE BMOC! It was an exhilarating feeling.

"Take me—" Tom whispered.

All the blood had flowed out of Bobby's fingers and down to his aching-hard penis leaving his fingers numb nubs as he fumbled with the cap of the tube of lubricant.

Squeezing out a big gob of lube on his trembling fingers, Bobby quickly spread it over the head and shaft of his jutting cock before he tentatively dropped his hand down and eased his goo-covered fingers down between the firm cheeks of Tom's ass. Being as gentle as he possibly could be, Bobby slowly, softly spread the slippery lube all around and over the pucker of Tom's anus.

"Inside, too—" Tom instructed, spreading his legs farther apart and thrusting his ass a little way up into the air. Squeezing out more of the lubricant onto his fingers, Bobby centered his index finger on circle of wrinkles and began to gently push.

"Push harder—you won't break it—" Tom mumbled over his shoulder.

"I don't want to hurt you," Bobby whispered.

"Don't worry about it—" Tom told him, thrusting his ass higher into the air.

Pushing harder, Bobby forced his finger down into the hot clutch of Tom's willing ass.

"Two—two fingers," Tom instructed him.

Adding a second lubed finger beside the first, Bobby slowly twisted the fingers as spread the slippery lube around inside Tom's ass.

"Enough..." Tom told Bobby as he slowly pushed up onto his hands and knees in front of him. "Fuck me..."

Bobby felt his heart lurch as he twisted the cap back on the tube and tossed it on the bed. This was it, he giddily told himself. This was the moment he had waited for eighteen years to happen. His first! His first piece of ass. And what a gorgeous ass it was. Round, firm, well-muscled, it was as perfect an ass as he could have wished for as he stared down at in a euphoric daze.

As he did, he could see Tom's balls and his big, limp dick hanging down between Tom's muscular legs. Reaching down, Bobby gave Tom's cock a gentle squeeze and then lifted his own hard, stiff peter up to the crack bisecting the cheeks of Tom's ass.

Staring down at his cock, he gently centered its tapered tip directly on the tiny star of Tom's anus. Pushing, he felt the tight sphincter resist as he pushed harder. Then he felt the ring of muscles relax and the barbed head of his cock popped inside the tight clutch of Tom's ass.

Gawking down at Tom's ass in a euphoric fog, Bobby saw that he was inside it. He was fucking Tom's ass! Then he saw the muscles in Tom's ass clench as Tom pushed back against him and slowly took his cock into his ass. Inch by inch, his cock slowly disappeared down into Tom's ass until there was none of it left outside. He was completely and totally buried down inside the tight, constricting confines of Tom's anal canal. Bobby's senses were so keyed, he could even feel the thump of Tom's heartbeat through the thin walls of Tom's rectum.

"Fuck me—" he heard Tom mutter as he clutched his asshole down around Bobby's embedded cock.

Then, Bobby started to move. Slowly at first, he pumped into Tom's hot, tight hole. Clutching his hands around Tom's hips, Bobby jerked them back every time he lunged forward and sent his cock ripping back into Tom's willing ass.

"Yeah, like that," Tom grunted, hunching himself back against Bobby's frantic attack.

Wallowing in the perverse delight of taking his first piece of ass, Bobby began to pound in and out of Tom's ass with wild abandon. Driving in all the way up to the hilt on every hammering blow, he felt every inch of his penis being squeezed

by Tom's clinching hole. It felt like his cock was in a tight vise.

"Yeah, Bobby, yeah, fuck my ass—" Tom grunted out, his breath coming in gasping pants as their bodies crashed together over and over again.

Bobby's balls were flopping back and forth, smacking up against Tom's big, hairy balls every time Bobby sent his cock plowing back into Tom's ass. Then he felt his balls begin to tighten and scrunch up around the base of his cock.

The perversity of it all was finally too much for Bobby and he lost it...again.

"Fuccckkkkk—" Bobby bellowed pushing into Tom and driving his cock in as deep as he possibly could. Then his buried cock began to jerk and twitch as it spurted out his load of hot, creamy jism deep into Tom's ass.

"Unnnnn—" Tom snorted as he felt Bobby's hot juice splatter against the walls of his rectum.

This was even better than coming in Tom's mouth, Bobby deliriously thought. This was the best moment of his life. Digging his fingers into Tom's hips, he pulled him back against him as he thrust deeper into Tom's ass every time his cock jerked and sent out another gush of cum.

Bobby's brain was whirling, awash with bizarre, strange new feelings and emotions as he emptied himself into Tom's willing ass. It was as if he was awakening from some kind of drugged stupor. Now he had to try it all. If sex was this good with another boy, what would it be like with a girl, with a woman? Could it be this good? The emotions swirling around inside his head were making him dizzy as the thoughts and possibilities crashed into one another and mutated into even more wild and crazy thoughts.

What was happening to him? Had Tom infected him with some kind of crazy new bug? Was he bi, too? He had to know. Somehow he had to find out, but how?

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Bobby couldn't find the courage to ask a girl out. And even if he could have,

where would that have gotten him. Now, although he found himself strangely attracted to the opposite sex, he also found that he became a bumbling fool in their presence.

Maybe he was doomed to a life of gaydom after all. But at least he had Tom, he told himself.

It was a Saturday morning and he and Tom were in Tom's room playing one of Tom's games.

"Beat you that time," Tom grinned, setting down his controller.

"Just lucky," Bobby grinned back.

"Yeah, lucky to find you," Tom said, reaching down and rubbing Bobby's cock through his pants.

"I'm the lucky one," Bobby whispered, leaning down and giving Tom a soft, lingering kiss on the lips.

As he did, he felt Tom's fingers unzipping his pants. Leaning back up, he looked down and watched. As he did, Tom dug his hand down into the open fly and pulled Bobby's cock out through the opening while it slowly hardened and filled with blood.

Stepping closer to Tom, Bobby watched as Tom lifted his cock and leaned down over it. Then he felt a rush of excitement and warmth as Tom's soft, full lips closed down around the head of his cock.

"Mmmmmmmmm..." Bobby murmured as Tom began to gently suck on his cock. Within moments, Bobby's cock was hard and erect as it jutted up out through his fly while Tom hungrily devoured it.

Working his hips back and forth, Bobby fucked Tom's mouth as he pumped closer and closer to an eruption.

"Tap—Tap—Tap—" came a soft tapping sound from Tom's door making Bobby jerk back from Tom like he'd been electrocuted.

"Tom, can I come in?" they heard Tommy's mother ask from behind the closed

door.

"Zip up—hurry—hurry—" Tom urgently whispered as Bobby struggled to get his rock-hard cock back inside his jeans.

It seemed to take forever but Bobby was finally able to stuff his cock back into his pants and grab a book to hold in front of it and hide it from Tom's mom.

"Uh, yeah, uh, Mom, you can come in," Tom hollered back, putting on his innocent face.

The door slowly swung open and Tom's mom, Glenda stuck her head inside the room.

"What are you two up to?" she grinned, her eyes dropping down to the book Bobby held in front of him.

"Uh, Bobby, Bobby was just helping me with my math," Tom lied, nervously looking over at Bobby.

"Yeah, just helping him with his math," Bobby joined in on the conspiracy.

"Well, I'm sorry to break up your study hour. Lord knows you can use all the help you can get, but you did promise to help me out at the bake sale today. Remember?" Glenda smiled.

"Oh, yeah—I forgot," Tom muttered. "I guess we'll have to work on it later. Uh, maybe later this afternoon, if that's okay with you?" he asked, looking over at Bobby.

"Maybe—" Bobby mumbled, trying to keep the disappointment out of his voice.

"Well, we're leaving in five minutes—" Glenda declared as she stepped back through the doorway leaving the door open as she departed.

"Okay," Tom said.

They could hear her footsteps receding down the hallway as they silently looked at each other.

"Sorry," Tom muttered as soon as his mom was out of hearing range.

"That's okay—" Bobby told him, closing the book he had grabbed up to hide himself and setting it back down on the table...

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"Damn it," Lorna muttered out loud. "Why did the air conditioner have to go on the fritz this week end? The hottest day of the year so far. And the fucking repairman can't make it here until Monday. Just fucking great!"

Well at least Bobby isn't around so I don't have to wear a shirt, she told herself as she stripped her tee up over her head and tossed it into the washer along with the other clothes she was preparing to wash. Looking down at the big mountains of quivering flesh, she saw that they were glistening wetly in the bright, morning sunlight. Smiling to herself, she proudly watched them jiggle and ripple as she spun the knob on the washer to turn it on. Closing the lid, she heard the machine chug to life as she stepped back across the laundry room.

Speaking of Bobby, what was up with him and his new friend, Tom, Lorna asked herself? It seemed like Bobby was always either over at Tom's or Tom was over here? Yeah, what was up with them? It was like they were joined at the hip or something. And why wasn't Bobby dating? Strange, she told herself as she padded over to the bar.

A nice, cold drink would certainly taste good. But it's not even noon yet, the other side of her brain argued. So? What's the magical thing about noon? You know what you promised yourself, don't you? No booze before noon! Well, there are exceptions to all rules, aren't there? And today was one of those exceptions. It was so fucking hot—

Clinking some ice cubes in a glass, she quickly poured about four fingers of Canadian Club in the glass and then topped it off with Coke. Downing the cool drink in about two swallows, she quickly made herself another one. Stepping across the room to the coffee table where she had placed the little fan she had retrieved out of the garage, Lorna flicked it on and plopped down on the couch in front of it. Maybe she should have had some breakfast she told herself as the first drink hit bottom and spread out from her stomach leaving a warm fuzzy

feeling in its wake.

The cool breeze generated by the little fan felt good on her sweaty skin as she watched the fan slowly swish back and forth. What about Bobby? She asked herself, tipsily returning to the subject of Bobby...and Tommy? Why were they hanging out together all the time? Suddenly a question slowly swirled to the surface of her mind. Was Bobby gay? Both of the boys were good looking and shouldn't have a problem finding a date, but they never did seem to have one. Well, at least Bobby didn't. She didn't know about Tom.

How could Bobby be gay? Had she given him a defective gene or something? Or had it been the way she raised him? After all hadn't she sent his father packing and deprived him of his father figure back in his informative years? Was she the blame, she wondered as her little buzz spread out over her body?

Rubbing the cool, sweaty glass across her forehead, she slowly lowered the glass down to one of her big, rubbery nipples and rubbed it across it too. The knobby, purple nipple immediately sprang to attention, jutting out like a big, swollen, purple grape as Lorna felt a prickle of excitement shoot down to her clit. How long had it been, she tipsily asked herself? Six months? No, longer than that, she sadly thought. More like eight months. Suddenly she found her thoughts wandering back to Tom...and Bobby.

Were they gay? It just couldn't be true, she told herself. Not two handsome, young men like them. Why that would be almost a sacrilegious waste of manhood. It was almost like an affront to her own femininity. How could she have raised a homosexual? Was Tom gay, too? That would be a shame. Maybe she should find out. Maybe she could invite him over and convince him of the error of his ways and offer him a little to convince him that the grass was greener on the other side of the fence, she tipsily thought as she sipped on her drink. He was a good-looking enough guy and if he wasn't gay, well that could be the answer to her problem, too.

But back to Bobby. What was she going to about him? She almost felt like his sexuality was her fault

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As Bobby drove along, he was still having difficulty dealing with his new feelings. He was becoming more and more confused and frustrated. Now that he found himself newly attracted to girls, he found himself wondering about them all the time. Oddly, he spent as much time wondering what it would be like to have sex with a girl as he did thinking about men...about Tom.

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Setting her drink down, Lorna felt herself drifting off...

Suddenly she found herself naked and floating down a long hallway on a cloud of mist. And she was floating toward a door, that somehow she sensed that Bobby was behind. Moving in slow motion, she made her way down through the swirling mist toward the door. What evil awaited her behind that door?

Finally, she reached the door. With her heart pounding wildly, she reached out with trembling fingers and pushed the door open.

Bobby! Her mind screamed as she saw Bobby on his bed, standing on his knees behind Tom. Both of the boys were naked and Bobby had his cock shoved up Tom's ass while he had one hand down under Tom and was slowly stroking it up and down's Tom's oversized penis as he pumped in and out of Tom's ass.

Lorna felt a spasm of fiery jealousy twist through her brain as she watched her son defiling the other boy. She couldn't let Tom have her baby. She had to take him back.

Trying to move, she felt like her feet were buried in cement as she tried to step toward them.

"Stop! Stop!" she screamed out. "Bobby, don't do that—"

As she spoke, she saw Bobby lethargically turn his head and look toward her with a cool, indifferent look on his handsome face.

"No—Mother, I can't stop," Bobby told her, his voice seeming to come from miles and miles away. "We love each other—"

Lorna felt like she was walking in mud up to her knees as she ever-so-slowly slogged her way across the room while Bobby's butt continued to work back and forth as it drove his cock in and out of Tom's willing ass.

She had to prove to Bobby what real love was. Prove to him that this couldn't be love! True love was could only be real love when it was between a man and woman. Not two men!

"Yeah, Mrs. Harper—we love each other—" Tom added in a low, husky voice as he looked over at her and continued to thrust his ass back at Bobby's sick, depraved attack on it.

"Stop it, Bobby—Please—I'll do anything you want—if you'll stop—" Lorna pleaded as she labored across the room toward the bed. It would take her a year to reach the bed if she continued along at the same snail's pace she was moving, she crazily thought.

"Anything?" she heard Bobby ask from the swirling fog that surrounded him. Then she saw his hand move away from Tom's cock and his hips grind to a stop.

"Anything—Anything—just stop!" Lorna shrieked, her clawed hands reaching for him.

"Let me fuck you?" Bobby coolly asked as he stared into her dark, brown eyes.

Lorna was staggered. She hadn't been expecting that! Her son! Her own son wanted to fuck her! The shocking reality of what he had said to her came crashing into her frantic brain like a meteor crashing to the earth. He wanted to fuck her! How could he even think such a horrible thing?

Her brain was reeling by the enormity of his sick, twisted question. The thought of allowing her own son to...to fuck her! It was unreal! Insane! Unfathomable—

"How could you?" Lorna gasped. "I'm your mother!"

"But you said anything, Mother—" Bobby calmly explained with an evil, malicious smile on his upturned lips.

"Bobby, for God's sake, please stop this madness—" Lorna shrieked...

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Bobby pulled his car in beside his mother's car and sat thinking about his predicament for several long seconds. Finally, he pushed the door open and stepped out into the hot, morning sunlight. Why wasn't the air conditioner running? As hot as it was, surely his mother would have turned it on. The heat was oppressive.

Stepping across the garage, he opened the kitchen door and stepped inside. The heat inside the house was stifling. Definitely needed the air conditioner on, he told himself. Why hadn't his mother turned it on? Was there something wrong with her? Had she fallen? Maybe passed out in the heat. Hurrying across the kitchen he stepped out into the living room and nearly had a heart attack!

There sat his mother on the couch! And she didn't have anything on but a pair of black, bikini panties. No bra! No shirt! Just the tiny panties! Had she had a heart attack or something, he fearfully wondered, stepping toward her? Then he saw her, big, sweat-coated breasts slowly rising and falling in rhythm with her slow, steady breathing. She had apparently nodded off to sleep as her head was tilted to the side resting on her shoulder, her arms lifelessly hanging down at her sides and her hands resting on the couch. Bobby couldn't believe the intensity of the jolt of electric excitement that fired off down inside his still-primed cock. How could he have not seen this in his mother before? She was beautiful! Gorgeous! Stunning! A fucking goddess—

Bobby's cock felt like it was going to rip out through his jeans as he stood staring at his mother in a testosterone-induced stupor. The way he felt at this very moment left no doubt in his reeling brain. He was not totally gay!

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Lorna finally made it to Bobby's bed and began to claw at him trying to get him to back out of Tom.

"Well, Mother?" Bobby asked, fending her off with an arm as he began to slowly pump into Tom's up-thrust ass again.

"Yes—Yes—Anything—" Lorna whimpered. "I'll do Anything...even that—"

"Sorry, Tom, but Mom has spoken—" Bobby smirked as he slowly backed his cock out of Tom's ass.

"I understand— after all, she is your mom—" Tom agreed, leaning forward and letting Bobby's cock slip out of his ass.

"Yes..." Bobby leered, stepping down off the bed and standing up beside his mother. "She is my mother—" Bobby said, reaching down and cupping his hand around one of his mother's perfect, round ass cheeks.

Then Bobby pulled her into his arms and gave her a passionate, probing kiss...

As he did, Lorna saw a blinding light envelop her as her eyes came fluttering open. When they did, she found herself staring up at Bobby who was gawking down at her in open-mouthed shock.

What was going on, Lorna frantically asked herself? Bobby had clothes on! But he had just been naked seconds before—

Then it came to her. It had been a dream...

"Bobby!" Lorna gasped as her arm instinctively flew up to hide her big, bare breasts from her son's probing stare.

"Mom!" Bobby muttered, unable to take his eyes off the quivering mountains of pink tit-flesh.

The way he was staring down at her breasts and the bulge jutting out against the crotch of his jeans, there could be little doubt that he certainly wasn't a true, hard-on, one-hundred percent gay, Lorna told herself as the after effects of the dream continued to swirl and bang around inside her reeling brain. He had wanted to fuck her in her dream. Did he now—for real?

"What, what are you doing home?" she asked him, holding her arm in front of her jiggling tits as she struggled to clear her head. Feigning lack of concern, she reached down and picked up her drink. "I thought you were over at your friend's," Lorna sarcastically muttered as she took a long pull on her drink before setting it back down and crossing both of her arms in front of her jiggling

breasts.

"He, uh, he had to go help his mother at a bake sale," Bobby told her, letting his eyes drop down to the triangle of black covering her nether regions.

"You certainly spend a lot of time with him," Lorna insinuated, noticing that he was staring at her panties.

What was wrong with her, Lorna asked herself? Shouldn't she be feeling shame or guilt or embarrassment? But no, she felt a strange sense of empowerment, almost anger as she boldly stared back at her son.

"Uh, yeah, I guess," Bobby uncomfortably admitted.

"Is there anything you want to tell me about the two of you?" Lorna asked reaching down and picking up her drink again as the picture of Bobby going at Tom in her dream flashed through her brain.

"Uh, like what?" Bobby asked, his glowing cheeks giving him away as they blushed into a bright red while he avoided her stare and glanced down at her quivering breasts.

"Well, for a starter—are you gay?" Lorna brazenly asked, slowly moving her other arm down off her breasts to expose them to his gawking stare.

Bobby's eyes bugged out a good foot as he gaped at the dangling treasures in open and obvious admiration. Bobby was flabbergasted. He couldn't speak. His heart was beating so hard and fast, he knew that it would burst out of his chest any second. But it would be a race to see which burst forth first. His rock-hard cock or his pounding heart?

"Are you?" Lorna asked him, slowly pushing up to her feet but still making no effort to hide her beautiful, bobbling breasts from his ogling eyes.

"I—I—I don't know—" Bobby choked out as his mother slowly padded over to the bar while he watched the bare cheeks of her tight, little ass quiver and ripple with each mincing step she took. "I don't know what to think anymore—"

"Have you and Tom done anything?" Lorna asked as she tipped up the bottle of Canadian Club and refilled her glass.



"Uh, uh, yes, uh, we have, uh, you, uh, you know—" Bobby muttered as he stared down at his mother's perfect, round ass.

As Lorna turned, she saw that Bobby had been staring at her ass. Well, there was some hope, she tipsily thought as she stepped over to the fireplace. Setting her drink on the mantle, she turned to look over at Bobby, leaned back against the mantle and rested her arms on it.

"No, I don't know, Bobby—what did you do?" Lorna asked, proudly thrusting her big tits out.

"Mother, what are you doing?" Bobby groaned, unable to take his eyes off her quivering breasts.

"What? Do these turn you on? I thought you were gay—" Lorna softly said, pushing off the mantle, picking up her drink and seductively rolling her hips as she slowly stepped toward him. "Do I turn you on, Bobby?"

"God, Yes, Mother—" Bobby gasped.

"Does Tom turn you on, too?" Lorna murmured, stepping up in front of him.

"Yes, yes, he does—" Bobby groaned, his mind filled with swirling, chaotic thoughts and emotions.

Gay? Bi? Straight? Tom? Mother? Incest? Guilt? Shame? Lust? It was all so confusing—

"Who turns you on the most?" Lorna asked, slowly running the tip of her little tongue around her full, pink lips.

"You! You do!" Bobby gasped, hoping his trembling legs wouldn't collapse.

Taking a long pull on her drink, Lorna leaned down and set the glass on the coffee table as Bobby watched on in a stupor.

Leaning back up, Lorna slowly kneeled down in front of him, reached out and slowly ran her fingertips across the obvious bulge in the front of her son's pants.

"Have you ever been with a...with a woman, Bobby?" she whispered.

"No—no, Mother—" Bobby choked out, his face an apoplectic purple.

"Then how can you know that you're gay when you haven't given the other side a chance?" she teasingly asked, her fingers toying with the tab of his zipper.

"I—I don't know—" Bobby muttered, staring down at his mother's fingers and watching them slowly start to pull his zipper down.

"Would you like to know how it feels to be with a woman?" Lorna softly murmured as her fingers slowly crawled down the front of his jeans.

"Mother—" Bobby groaned, afraid the blood pounding through his reeling brain was going to make it explode any second. "What are you doing?"

"I must have made a mistake somewhere..." Lorna softly whispered, her fingers pushing the copper tab on his jeans back through its buttonhole. "And I have to make it right with you—"

"What? What do you mean, Mother?" Bobby gasped as he watched his mother slowly spread his jeans open to reveal his shorts and the lump of meat thrusting itself out against them.

"I can't let you be gay, Bobby—" Lorna softly mumbled. "I just can't. I'll do anything to make up for what I did wrong..."

Bobby was close to passing out from the electric excitement swirling around inside his head as he watched his mother ease her fingers down under the elastic waistband of his shorts.

"Anything, Bobby—" she whispered as she began to slowly inch his shorts down over his hips. Suddenly Bobby felt his jeans go sliding down his quaking legs at the same moment the waistband of his shorts slipped down off the achingly-sensitive head of his steel-hard cock.

"Mother—" Bobby gasped as the waistband slipped down and his cock sprang out pointing directly at his mother's face.

"This," Lorna purred as she curled her hand around Bobby's cock, "is too beautiful to be shared with a man. It was meant for a woman..."

"Mother..." Bobby moaned, gasping for air as he watched his mother slowly leaning toward his aching-hard cock.

Bobby's fisted hands were hanging down at his side, clenching tighter and tighter, his fingernails digging into his palms as he watched the tip of his mother's little, pink tongue ease out from between her lips.

"Gaaawwwddddd—" Bobby gasped as the tip of his mother's tongue brushed across the tautly-stretched skin of his cockhead.

Looking up at her son's grimaced face, Lorna slowly, teasingly twirled her hot, little tongue around the barbed tip of his cock.

"See, Bobby—a woman can give you same pleasure as a man...and more...so much more..." Lorna murmured as her lips slipped around the tapered head of his cock and locked down around the shaft just below its flared rim.

Bobby knew that he was going to faint any second as he felt the suction of her mouth begin to slowly suck its way down the shaft of his cock. Straining to hold back the charge of cum that was boiling and bubbling away down inside his aching balls, Bobby watched his mother's lips inch back up his cock until his big, spit-covered cockhead slipped out from between her lips.

As she let Bobby's cock slip out of her mouth, Lorna pushed back up onto her feet in front of him.

"Do you still think you're gay?" she whispered, leaning into him, trapping his twitching cock between their bellies as her soft, full lips found his lips.

"Mawwwwwwerrrr—" Bobby groaned out into her open mouth as her tongue found his and twisted around it.

As her arms snaked around him and pulled him against her, Bobby could feel his mother's big, hot nipples digging into his chest. Tom was the last thing on his mind now as he wrapped his arms around his mother and pulled her to him while they kissed with open-mouthed passion. Grinding his cock against her belly, Bobby held on for dear life, afraid that something would happen to ruin this glorious moment.

Finally, gasping for air, they broke the kiss.

"Take me to your bed, Tommy...and let me make you a real man—" Lorna whispered, staring deep into his teary eyes.

"Yesssss—" Bobby hissed, stepping back out of his pants and shorts, leaning down and sweeping his mother up in his arms.

Wrapping her arms around his neck, Lorna held on and planted another deep, wet kiss on his lips as he struggled along carrying her to his room.

How could this be happening, Bobby deliriously wondered? It had all happened so fast it made his head spin he told himself as he lumbered along with his mother in his arms. HIS MOTHER! He was taking his mother to his bedroom. And he was going to FUCK HER!

Pushing the door open with his toe, Bobby lurched across the room to his unmade bed. Leaning down, Bobby gently laid her down, reached down, stripped his tee shirt up over his head and tossed it on the floor. Standing beside the bed with his cock twitching and bobbing, Bobby stared down at the little, black triangle that hid his mother's sex from leering eyes.

"Take them...take them off," Lorna murmured, running her fingertips over the silky, black material.

Even though the cloth was too thick to see through, Bobby could make out the indentation of her pussy running down between the two softly-rounded mounds on each side of it.

With his heart in his throat, Bobby leaned down and slowly eased his trembling fingers down under the stretchy bands of black elastic stretching around his mother's tiny waist. With a soft, choking sob, Bobby started pulling as his mother dug her heels down in the mattress and lifted her perfect, little ass off the bed to help him.

He could feel the elastic stretching in his fingers as he spread the waistband and eased it down over the curving swell of her hips. As he continued to pull down, he could see that the little black triangle of cloth was wetly clinging to his mother's pussy. Peeling her panties down off her pussy, Bobby finally saw the soft folds of glistening pink come into view.

Bobby couldn't ever remember seeing anything as pretty as the wondrous sight

that now greeted his gawking eyes. The trembling of his hands had now grown into shaking as he pulled the juice-drenched panties down between her long legs, over her knees and calves to finally pull them off over his mother's arched feet.

Dropping the tiny, black panties on the floor beside the bed where they landed with a soft, wet splat, Bobby watched his mother's long, shapely legs slowly drift apart. As they did, Bobby could see that the fleshy folds of pink were wetly clinging together to hide his mother's sex from his leering eyes.

"Touch me, Bobby—touch your mother, Bobby—touch her and see what it feels like to touch a woman—" Lorna murmured, slowly running her fingertips over the glistening wetness of her sex.

The shaking of his fingers grew even worse as he tentatively reached out and ran them over the soft smoothness between his mother's outstretched legs.

"It's so soft—" Bobby mumbled.

"Kiss me, Bobby..." Lorna whispered, watching Bobby's trembling fingers softly fondle her.

Lifting his knee up on the bed, Bobby started to crawl up on the bed but his mother stopped him.

"No, Bobby—kiss me there—down there..." Lorna softly told him as she fingered the lips of her pussy apart to expose the weeping wound between them.

The rich, ripe pungency welling up from the beautiful, pink-petaled flower was so strong and overpowering, Bobby could barely breathe as he slowly leaned down over his mother. The pink ruffles of flesh running down alongside the weeping slit were softly shimmering, reflecting the sunlight as Bobby moved closer and closer. Pursing his lips into a kiss, Bobby gently pressed them down on the soft, slippery folds of flesh.

"Here...kiss me here..." Lorna murmured as she fingered her clit and gently peeled back the fleshy hood that surrounded the little, pink pearl. Moving up off the gorged, fleshy lips below her clit, Bobby pursed his lips around the slippery, little nub and gently sucked.

"Mmmmmmmmm...lick it..." he heard his mother whisper as she lifted her butt up

off the bed and gently ground herself against his lips.

Opening his mouth, Bobby eased his tongue out and slowly licked it across the hard, swollen nub.

"Yesssss—" he heard his mother hiss as the sweet taste of her syrupy essence filled his mouth while he slowly licked his tongue back and forth across her clit.

There was something provoking about the sweet taste of her sex. That coupled with the ripeness welling up from the free-flowing juices seeping out of the wet wound pressed against his chin was lifting Bobby to a level of excitement he had never experienced before in his short life. His cock was so hard and swollen it was aching with impatience.

"Yes—Yes—Baby—lick Mommy—lick Mommy's clit—" Lorna groaned out as the excitement swirling through her brain was already lifting her toward a joyous rush of release.

Sensing his mother's frantic anticipation, Bobby lashed his rough tongue back and forth across the sensitive, little nub as fast as he could.

Groveling under her son's slashing attack, Lorna was twisting and writhing, her hands clutching at the wrinkled bed sheets while her heels dug down into the mattress. Her back was bowed, her clenched ass lifted off the bed as she thrust herself against Bobby's determined assault on her throbbing clit.

In all of her thirty-odd years, Lorna had never felt such exhilaration. This was her Bobby that was bringing her such joy and pleasure. Her son! She knew she should feel guilt, shame, regret or something dreadful, but all she was feeling was love and affection for the boy down between her legs who was bringing her such pleasure.

Suddenly, she felt a shockwave of fiery pleasure jolt through her clit as a wave of release came rushing up from her womb.

"Aiyeeeee—" Lorna screamed out as her whole body blossomed into an orgasmic eruption that filled her with joy and delight. Her arms were flailing, beating her fisted hands on the bed as her heels bounced and sprang up and down on the mattress while her head twisted from side to side. As her head twisted from side to side, her sweaty, blond hair was lashing the bed and flinging

sweat all over.

Bobby kept his tongue lashing back and forth across his mother's clit as he looked up over her tensed belly to watch her flattened breasts heaving from side to side. Both of the big globes of pink flesh were glistening wetly, covered with sweat as they jiggled and quivered with every movement of his mother's body.

Finally, with one last gasping sigh, Lorna melted back down onto the bed.

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"Thank you, Bobby—I needed that so bad—" Lorna murmured as she reached down and ran her fingers through Bobby's sweaty hair.

"I've never done that before. Did I do it right?" Bobby asked, wiping his hand across his chin to wipe away the sticky film of goo covering it.

"Perfect..." Lorna smiled up at him as he put his knee up on the bed and crawled up between her legs. Then her eyes dropped down to the hard, seven-inch dagger of flesh curving up out of his groin. Its stiff rigidity openly proclaimed Bobby's obvious arousal as it pulsed with eager anticipation.

He wasn't gay, she happily thought as she lifted her arms to welcome him down between them. She had brought him back from the dark side. Now all that remained was the final closure...the final ritual that would make him a real man!

"Come," she whispered. "Let Mother make you a man..."

Bobby's head was spinning, his heart was hammering, his cock was throbbing as he slowly dropped down onto his hands and knees above her. It was really going to happen, he feverishly thought as he stared down at his beautiful mother. Then he saw her reach for his penis. As her soft, warm fingers closed down around his aching-hard cock, Bobby inched his knees back and lowered his hips.

It was easy to see that the fleshy lips surrounding the very core of her womanhood were gorged with blood, swollen and puffy as she gently bent his cock down and aimed its rounded tip at the oozing slit between them. A shiver of excitement spazzed up Bobby's spine as he felt the moist warmth of her pussy

close down around the tip of his cockhead.

It was really happening, he deliriously thought as he dipped his hips and eased more of his cock down into the tight clutch of her pussy. He was fucking his Mother! This was so much more exciting and poignant than fucking Tom, Bobby told himself as he pushed deeper and deeper into the depths of her pussy. He wasn't a virgin anymore. His first true fuck! But what made it all that much more special as that his first true fuck was with his mother.

Her soft, hot flesh closed down around his cock engulfing it in her moist heat as he slipped in deeper and deeper. Then her hands curled around the back of his head and pulled him down to her. Their lips met and crushed together in a fiery, passionate kiss. Then their groins touched as Bobby had buried himself down inside the fluid warmth of his mother's soft, clinging cunt. The tight sheath of flesh gently caressed the entire length of his manhood as he gently thrust into her trying to get it even deeper inside her clutching femininity. Then he felt the tip of his cock brush up against something deep inside her. But the instant it did, he felt her pussy shrink back as it fully accepted him and molded itself around his thrusting manhood.

At last the fiery kiss ended as Lorna's hands dropped away from his head and crawled down his back to his clenched ass. Her long fingernails became claws as she dug them down into the hard, muscled flesh of his ass and pulled him against her.

"Take me—take me and make yourself a man—" Lorna growled out as her butt lifted off the bed and she thrust herself back at him. "Fuck me—"

Slowly easing his hips back, Bobby pulled partway back and then thrust into her sending his cock plunging back down into the clinging depths of her pussy.

"Yes—like that—" Lorna hissed as Bobby's hips began to jerk back and forth while he mercilessly began his attack on her helpless vulnerability.

Bobby was euphoric, driven on by his mother's actions and words, he fucked her with wild abandon as she thrust herself back at him to take him up to the hilt on every bed-jarring blow.

She could feel the slippery, juice-slickened insides of her thighs rubbing against her son's hips as he drove into her with bestial savagery.



The air around them was filled with the vulgar sounds of their fucking. The loud screech of the bedsprings as they sprang up and down was joined by the thump of the headboard bumping against the wall to proclaim the ferocity of their incestuous coupling. Bobby was snorting out low, panting grunts as he humped into his mother while she softly moaned out her pleasure. But these sounds were almost drowned out by the loud, obscene slap of flesh striking flesh as their bodies crashed together over and over again.

The smell of sweat and sex swirled in the air around them as they fucked on in the mindless pursuit of self-gratification and fulfillment. Lorna's hands were all over her son, coaxing him, urging him on, pleading with him to fuck her harder and faster as her legs slapped up against his rocking hips.

Bobby never wanted it to end, but the passion and violence of the defilement was so intense, it could not be sustained for long.

"Gonna come—Mother—gonna—" Bobby grunted, his breath now coming in gasps.

"Yes—yes—come—come inside me—give me your seed—" Lorna cried out, clutching herself down around her son's pistoning cock as it drove in and out of her at an unsustainable pace.

Suddenly Bobby gave out a long, choking gasp as he rammed up inside her as deep as he possibly could.

"Fuccckkkkkkk—" he snarled, his clenched ass holding his cock buried in her clutching warmth as it bucked and a giant spurt of thick, hot cum gushed out into his mother's gluttonous cunt.

"Yesssssss—" Lorna hissed, thrusting herself against him as her body began to strain and tremble. "Commmminngggg..."

They came, their bodies locked together in incestuous harmony as more and more of Bobby's rich, potent, sperm-filled syrup poured out into his mother's fertile, accommodating womb.

"Bobby—oh, Bobby, what have we done?" Lorna wept as she pulled him against her sweat-streaked body and her cunt continued to pull and suck on his jerking, spurting cock.

"It's wonderful, Mother..." Bobby whispered into her ear as he held himself deep inside her clutching warmth. "Wonderful..."

It went on and on, but at last Bobby felt his cock give one last feeble twitch as the last little surge of cum trickled out and his cock began to soften and shrink down inside the cum-filled channel of his mother's pussy.

"Oh, Bobby..." Lorna murmured as sobs wracked her body making her big, sweat- stained tits heave up and down.

"I'm sorry, Mother," Bobby mumbled out, wondering what he could do to get her to stop crying as he slowly backed his cock out of her.

"No—No—I'm the one who should be sorry. I'm your mother. I should never have let this happen. It's all my fault—" she blubbered out as Bobby crawled up the bed and laid down beside her.

"No one will ever know, Mother...but us," Bobby whimpered.

"That still doesn't make it right," she sniffed, the sobs finally beginning to soften and wane.

"At least now we know," Bobby told her, reaching over and gently fingering one of her big, sweaty nipples.

"Know what?" she asked, sniffing back the last of her sobs.

"Know that I'm not gay," Bobby smiled, gently pinching the nipple and pulling it out from her breast.

"Yes, I suppose. But you have to promise me something," she told him, rubbing her eyes with her fisted hands.

"What, Mother?" Bobby asked, gently twisting her nipple between his finger and thumb as she took her hands away from her eyes and looked over at him.

"Promise me that you and Tom won't—won't do anything anymore—" she declared. "Promise me that—"

"Uh, I promise," Bobby muttered wondering over the technicality of it not being

a lie if he didn't say what it was that he was promising to?

"If you don't, I'll make it up to you," she whispered, leaning toward him, their lips touching in a soft, lingering kiss as Bobby felt his mother's fingers find his limp cock.

Bobby's own fingers became more insistent as he plucked and tweaked his mother's big, rubbery nipple while her fingers pulled and picked at the lifeless lump of meat between his legs.

Then Bobby felt his mother's lips leave his and nibble their way down his chin leaving a trail of saliva behind them. Slowly, she kissed down onto his neck as her fingers became more animated. Scooting down the bed as she kissed, she moved lower until her lips found one of his little, hard nipples. Slowly, sensuously, his mother's tongue circled round and round the tiny, pea-sized nub as it grew harder and harder while her fingers became more determined and demanding.

Finally her lips moved down off his nipple and onto his belly. Slowly kissing down it, she found the indentation of his navel. There was something about her touching him there in this way. There was something depraved and perverse about touching, probing him on the very place where they had once been joined together. And yet at the same time there was something loving and warm about the gesture. It made Bobby feel all melty and soft inside but it had the opposite effect on his cock as it began to harden and swell under her insistent fingers.

"Mmmmmmmmm..." she murmured as her fingers worked harder and her lips drifted lower. Kissing down the vulnerable underside of his belly, her lips moved through the tangle of curly hair that encircled the base of his slowly hardening manhood. Then they slowly kissed their way up the shaft of his half-hard cock and onto its head.

Bobby felt her warmth envelop the head of his cock as his mother's lips slowly descended down over it and onto its hardening shaft. As she gently sucked and pulled on his cock with her lips, her fingers moved down off it and onto his balls. Slipping her fingers under the fleshy sac, she lifted it out from between his legs and lovingly fondled his balls while her lips continued to coax his manhood to life.

Then with a rough, little shove, she rolled Bobby over onto his back while she

pushed up onto her hands and knees. As Bobby watched on with expectant anticipation, she quickly spun around, kicked a long, shapely leg across to straddle him. Bobby suddenly found himself staring up at the oozing, goo-smearred gash of pink between his mother's wide-spread legs. Then as her pussy slowly descended down toward his lips, he felt her lips find his cock again.

Reaching up, Bobby curled his fingers around the soft, firm cheeks of her ass and gently pulled her pussy down onto his lips. He could hear his mother's lips softly slurping on his cock as he twirled his tongue over and around the fleshy lips of her pussy. He could taste himself on her as his cum continued to ooze out of the tiny opening of her pussy while his cock continued to grow and harden.

Suddenly, his mother's lips left his fully-hardened cock and let it wetly slap down on his belly. As it did, he watched her pussy lift up off his lips.

Crawling on her hands and knees, Lorna moved down his body until her pussy was just above his big cock. Pushing up onto her knees, she reached down between her legs and grabbed hold of his spit-covered cock. Lifting it up, she held it upright as she slowly dropped her pussy down toward it.

As Bobby watched on in fascination, she slowly sank down on his cock and let it slide up inside her. Once his cock was buried up inside her pussy, Lorna dropped back down onto her hands and knees and began to slowly work her hips up and down. Bent over, holding onto Bobby's legs just above his knees, her shins resting on the bed, her calves brushing against his sides, Lorna pumped up and down on Bobby's cock taking him up to the hilt on every bouncing lunge.

Watching his mother's sweaty ass bouncing up and down as his cock drove in and out of her hot, tight hole, Bobby reached out and grasped hold of her ass with both hands. Trickle of sweat were running down her back, converging and streaming down into the crack of her delectable ass as she tirelessly pushed up and down on his juice-slathered cock. As he clutched the slippery, firm cheeks of her ass, Bobby's thumbs dug down into sweat-slickened crack between them. Then Bobby felt one of his thumbs find the rubbery pucker of her starred asshole. Listening to his mother softly grunting as she pumped up and down on his cock, Bobby gently probed her tight, little anus with the tip of his thumb and felt it give ever so slightly.

Pushing harder, he saw his mother's hips slowly come to a stop. The little ring of

muscles encircling her asshole slowly gave way and Bobby felt his thumb slipping down inside the tight, clutching opening. Pushing deeper, he felt the knuckle of his thumb squeeze through the little sphincter as the muscles pinched down around the base of his embedded thumb.

Then his mother's hips began to slowly piston up and down again as he wiggled his thumb around inside of her ass.

Still clutching onto her bouncing ass with both hands, Bobby moved his other thumb up alongside the base of the one he had shoved up inside her ass. Gently probing at the stretched band of muscles, he pushed and felt the ring of muscles begin to stretch and dilate to accept his other thumb.

"Unhhhhhhh..." he heard his mother softly whimper as the rubbery, little ring stretched and his thumb eased down inside her ass. He'd done it. Now he had both of his thumbs inside her ass as it began to push up and down again.

With his thumbs side by side, Bobby spread his hand apart slightly and stretched the opening even wider as he stared down into the dark hole between his thumbs.

"That hurts—" Lorna complained, trying to dislodge Bobby's thumbs from her widely-stretched asshole.

"Sorry—" Bobby apologized as he slowly eased his thumbs back out of her ass.

As Lorna leaned down over Bobby's legs, her big, sweaty breasts were flopping up and down, flipping the sweat that was coursing down over them off the pointy nipples tipping them. She could feel her muscles beginning to tire as she pushed up and down on his cock while he continued to grope and claw at her bounding ass.

"Tired..." she murmured out, slowly pulling up off his cock and letting it slap down on his sweat-covered belly. Crawling down Bobby's legs, she dropped her head and shoulders onto the bed but kept her sweaty ass thrust up into the air as she felt the bed shudder when Bobby pushed up onto his knees behind her up-thrust ass.

Wrapping one hand around his mother's waist, Bobby lifted the head of his cock up to the big, fleshy wound that was peeking out at him from below the crack in his mother's ass. Fitting the barbed tip of his cock into the wet, oozing hole,

Bobby lunged upward and drove all seven inches back into the hot clutch of her pussy.

"Ummmmmmmmmm..." Lorna murmured out as she pushed back against him and ground her ass against his belly to get him inside her as deep as she could.

Bobby immediately began to pound into her sending his cock all the way up to the hilt on every loud, butt-smacking stroke.

Lorna could feel Bobby's fingers digging into the skin of her waist as he held onto her and pumped into her at a furious pace. Reaching down between her legs, she found her clit and shoved it down against Bobby's pistoning cock. She could feel herself lifting toward Nirvana as her son's big cock rubbed back and forth across her jutting, sensitive clit. The cracking sound of Bobby's belly wetly slapping up against her upturned ass filled the room and drowned out all the other sick, vulgar sounds they were making as they fucked like dogs in the street.

Both of them were oblivious to everything but the growing need that filled their loins. Lorna was teetering on the edge of the precipice, poised and just about to make the plunge when all of a sudden Bobby gave out a loud, choking grunt and thrust up into her as hard as he could to bury himself in her clutching heat.

"Fuuuccccccckkkkkk!" he groaned out and Lorna felt his cock buck as warmth began to flow out of him to fill her loins with his sweet essence. When it did, it pushed Lorna over the edge and sent her spiraling down into the all-consuming pleasure of her own orgasm...

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Brzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzt-Brzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzt—" went the doorbell.

Who could that be, Bobby wondered as he tossed the magazine he had been leafing through down on the couch.

Glad Mom got the AC fixed, he thought to himself as he went plodding over to the front door.

Looking out through the peep hole, he was surprised to see Tom standing on the

landing in front of the door. He hadn't seen Tom since his mother had made him promise not to see him anymore.

"Uh, Tom," Bobby muttered as he pulled the door open.

"Hey, my man, where you been keeping yourself? Haven't seen you around for a while," Tom asked as he stood beaming at Bobby.

"Uh, I've been, I've been busy," Bobby lied.

"Well, you gonna invite me in or make me stand out here in the hot sun all day long?"

"Uh, oh, sure, uh, come on in," Bobby stammered, stepping back so Tom could step inside.

Closing the door behind Tom, Bobby turned to find Bobby standing in front of him only a step away.

"So, Bobby, how's it hanging?" Tom grinned, reaching down and groping Bobby's limp cock through his trunks.

"Uh, okay, I guess—" Bobby mumbled, a shy grin forming on his lips.

"I've missed having you around. And I've missed this too," Tom went on, squeezing harder.

"I, uh, I met a woman," Bobby lied again as Tom stepped closer and shoved his hand down inside Bobby's trunks.

"Hey, that's cool," Tom snickered, roughly squeezing and pulling on Bobby's rapidly-hardening cock. "Anyone I know?"

"Uh, no, I don't think so..." Bobby grinned back, letting his hand brush across the obvious bulge jutting out against the front of Tom's tight jeans.

"I guess that makes you bi too, then—" Tom said, giving Bobby's cock another squeeze and then pulling his hand back out of his trunks. "That's not gonna stop us, is it?" Tom asked as he shoved his fingers under the waistband of Bobby's trunks and jerked them down around his knees.

"Uh, no, I, uh, I guess not," Bobby smirked, looking down at his half-hard cock as it struggled to lift its big, purple head.

"Good," Tom smiled wrapping his hand around Bobby's cock and slowly stroke it.

"Uh, why don't we go to my room—" Bobby said, leaning down, pushing Tom's hand away and shoving his trunks the rest of the way off.

"Sounds like an idea," Tom grinned as the two of them started for Bobby's room...

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Boy will Bobby be surprised, Lorna giddily thought as she pulled away from the "Purple Passion. Glancing over at the fancy, purple sack that contained the finery she had just bought, she was amazed at the transformation in herself. In a matter of days she had transformed from loving mother into a whoring slut. The innocence she and Bobby had once shared as mother and son had been ripped asunder and tossed aside so she could now flaunt her incestuous love for him. There was nothing she wouldn't do for him, she told herself as she turned up the street running in front of their house.

But then a spasm of anger sizzled through her brain when she saw Tom's car parked in the driveway beside Bobby's. What was he doing at their house? Bobby had promised! Turning into the driveway, she parked her car beside Tom's and shoved her door open. Grabbing up her purse and the sack, she angrily clacked up the walk toward the front door on her spike high heels.

Unlocking the door, she set her purse and the sack on the little table that sat by the front door then quietly slipped out of her high heels and pushed them under the table. Padding out of the foyer onto the carpeted living room floor in her stocking feet, she tiptoed over to the kitchen and peeked in. No boys, she irately thought as she stepped across the living room toward the stairs.

Most of her anger stemmed from the fact that Bobby had promised not to see Tom again and now he had apparently broken that promise. But adding to the anger there was an underlying current of jealousy and resentment. How could

Bobby go back to his old ways after she had made the ultimate sacrifice for him? Didn't their new love mean anything to him? They were lovers now. At least she had thought they were...

Tiptoeing along the hallway that led down to Bobby's bedroom, she stopped just outside his door. Taking a breath to steel herself for what she might see, she reached out and quickly twisted the doorknob.

Shoving the door open, she peered into the room and felt another spasm of anger intertwine with the jealous fire that raged inside her reeling brain. Bobby was sitting on the edge of his bed, naked from the waist down with his legs spread out and Tom was kneeling between them. Bobby had his head thrown back and his eyes closed, but Tom's back was to her so she couldn't actually see what he was doing. But by the way Tom's head was bobbing up and down, it wasn't hard to guess what was going on.

"What in the hell do you two think you're doing?" Lorna exploded in a fit of rage.

"Wha—" Bobby gasped, his head flying up and his eyes flaring wide open as he stared at her with panic written all over his flushed face. "Mother!"

At the same time, Tom jumped up and stumbled back out from between Bobby's legs and Bobby's big, spit-covered cock came into view as Tom turned to face her. Both boys' faces were as red as hot cinnamon candy as they stood staring at her with shame and guilt written all over them.

Lorna wanted to hurt Bobby. She had just been cuckolded and she wanted Bobby to feel the pain she felt. But how? Then it came to her.

"What about the promise you made to me?" she asked, lifting her hands up to the front of her blouse.

"I'm sorry—I didn't mean to—it, it just kind of happened—" Bobby whimpered, holding his hand in front of his cock trying to hide it from his mother's angry glare.

"Just sort of happened..." Lorna icily echoed as her fingers slowly crawled down the front of her blouse unbuttoning buttons as they went.

"Mother—What—What are you doing?" Bobby gasped as both boys watched on in stunned shock as she unbuttoned her blouse.

"You seem to love Tom so much...I thought I might try him out for myself and see what's he's got that's got you so fascinated," Lorna coldly mumbled as she peeled her blouse back over her shoulders and tossed it on the chair sitting in front of his computer table. "That is if it's okay with you, Tom?"

Both boys turned and looked at each other for several long moments and then slowly turned back to face her.

"Why, sure, uh, Mrs. Harper," Tom grinned as he reached down and jerked his tee shirt up over his head to bare his chiseled pecs.

"Tom—don't—" Bobby fussed as Tom flung his shirt on the bed, reached down to his jeans and quickly unbuttoned them. As he did Lorna's hands snaked around behind her back to the clasp that held her brassiere together.

"Hey, Man, if your mom wants it, who am I to deny her," Tom grinned, his eyes locked on Lorna.

"Mother—No—Don't do this—" Bobby whined as a spasm of jealousy washed through his brain. "I won't do it again—"

"Really? You won't do it again? Where have I heard that before?" Lorna coldly laughed as her brassiere sprang forward and her big, beautiful breasts heaved into view. "If Tom's good enough for you, surely he's good enough for me. Don't you think, Tom?"

"Oh, yeah—Wow, Mrs. Harper, those are some mighty fine boobs," Tom proclaimed, his eyebrows arching up as he gawked down at Lorna's quivering, bobbling breasts.

"I'm glad that you think so. And you can call me, Lorna," she told him, pitching her brassiere down on top of her blouse and making her big, droopy tits wobble and bump against one another even more.

"Okay, uh, Lorna," Tom smiled as he spread his pants open and hooked his thumbs under the waistband of his shorts.

Lorna paused, staring down at Tom's crotch as she waited to see what was hidden down inside his shorts.

With a conceited smile, Tom slowly pushed his shorts down off his big, hard, eight-inch cock.

"Oh, my. Now I understand what Bobby sees in you," Lorna murmured as she stood watching the malevolent ogre twitch and lurch while Tom stepped out of his pants and shorts.

"Mother—don't. For God's sake, please stop. Don't take this any further," Bobby whimpered. "I promise and I mean it this time."

"I'm afraid that we've gone too far for that," Lorna told him, unbuttoning her skirt and running the little zipper down over the curve of her hip. "What's good for the gander...is good for the goose—I say."

"But I don't want you to. Not with him. Please—" Bobby begged as a wildfire of anger and jealousy raged through his brain.

"I didn't want you with him, either, but that didn't seem to bother you," Lorna angrily snorted as her skirt went whispering down her long legs to puddle around her ankles.

"I won't do it anymore, Mother. I promise—" Bobby uselessly blubbered as Lorna hooked her thumbs under the waistband of her panties and began to slowly push them down over the swell of her hips.

Pausing, Lorna angrily glared at Bobby.

"Promise? You—promise? That's a laugh—" Lorna snarled, leaning down and shoving her panties down her legs.

As she stood back up, she saw that Tom and Bobby were both staring down at her newly-shaved pussy. There wasn't a single hair around it. Bald and smooth as a baby's butt.

When had she done that, Bobby angrily wondered? Somehow, seeing that his mother had shaved her pussy just made this all seem that much more depraved and wrong.

Seeing that both boys were staring down at her bald pussy, Lorna slowly ran her fingers over the smooth, hairless mons above it.

"Do you like it? I did it just for you...I did it just for you. But that was before," she icily smiled, looking over at Tom. "What do you think, Tom? Do you like it?" Lorna asked, stepping out of her panties and skirt.

"Yes, Ma'am, I think it's absolutely divine—" Tom grinned, watching her as she leaned down and swept her skirt and panties off the floor.

"Good, at least someone appreciates it," Lorna murmured, icicles hanging off each word as she directed the barb toward Bobby.

"Mother—don't—please—" Bobby whined.

Pitching her skirt and panties on top of her discarded blouse and bra, Lorna slowly stepped over to where Tom stood leering at her with an expectant, hungry look on his smiling face.

Reaching down, she grabbed hold of his hand and began tugging him toward the door.

"Come on, Honey—let's go down to my bedroom and get to know each other a little better," Lorna purred as she pulled him along.

"Yes, Ma'am," Tom grinned, reaching down and cupping his hand around one of the cheeks of her ass.

"Mother—Don't—Please, don't—" Bobby helplessly begged, watching them as they stepped out of his room.

"I bet all they girls just go gaga over this thing, don't they...and apparently the guys, too," Bobby heard his mother laugh as her voice trailed off down the hallway.

"Yes, Ma'am—" Bobby heard Tom chortle back.

Bobby felt like pond scum. He'd never felt lower in his whole life. Why was she doing this to him? Why was she humiliating and belittling him in front of Tom, like this? As if the answer wasn't obvious, you dolt, he railed at himself. You

broke your promise to her. And after all she'd done for you.

The fires of jealousy, rage and frustration raged on inside his head as he sat wondering what to do. Were they doing it yet, he angrily wondered? Is Tom fucking her? Is Tom fucking MY mother? Or maybe she's just teasing me to get back at me for breaking my promise. Maybe it was all just a sick joke to get back at me, and she and Tom are sitting down in her bedroom laughing their heads off just waiting for me to bite and come see. Yeah, I'll bet that's it, Bobby reasoned as he pushed up off the bed and started for the door. As he did, he saw that his cock that had been stiff and erect before had wilted and was now hanging its head down between his legs in shame and disgrace.

Stopping outside his mother's bedroom, Bobby saw that the door was closed. Taking a deep breath, Bobby reached down, twisted the door knob and shoved the door open.

It was no joke, he raged when he saw that his mother and Tom were in the middle of her bed. Tom was lying on his back, his arms crossed under his head as he lay looking up at Lorna who was straddling him with his over-sized cock shoved up inside her cunt. Staring down at where their bodies became one, Bobby watched on with sick perversion as his mother slowly worked her hot, wet pussy up and down on the glistening, juice-coated monster sticking up out of Tom's hairy crotch.

Lorna didn't even pause as she continued to pump up and down on Tom's cock while she looked over at Bobby and smiled.

As Bobby stood watching Tom's ass working up and down off the bed, jealousy and bitterness exploded inside his wobbling brain again as the big peter sloshed in and out of the gooey slit between his mother's legs.

Yes, Tom was fucking her! Fucking HIS mother, Bobby raged. NO! No, he wasn't. His mother was fucking Tom. Someone had to pay for this, Bobby railed. Bobby wanted to hurt them both for humiliating him like this. But he wanted to hurt his mother the most. Strike out and make her feel the pain and shame he felt.

Then Tom's arms uncrossed and pulled out from under his head. As they did, Bobby watched him grab hold of his Lorna's dangling, flouncing tits as they flopped up and down in front of her in cadence with their obscene fucking.

Just then a sick, depraved idea took root inside Bobby's fevered brain and a jolt of electricity fired off inside his cock as it rapidly began to harden again. Staggering over to the bed, he quickly crawled up on it and moved around behind his mother's bounding ass as it jerked back and forth.

Reaching down, Bobby gently ran his fingers over the smooth cheeks of her ass as they rippled and quivered every time her crotch smacked down against Tom's crotch.

"Bobby?" he heard his mother question from somewhere outside the swirling fog of anger and rage that enveloped him. Then he stuck out his middle finger and centered it on the little pink pucker between the cheeks of his mother's perfect, round ass.

"Bobby—No—" Lorna muttered as she felt the tip of his finger dig down into her asshole.

Lorna's ass stopped working back and forth as Bobby twisted his finger around inside her ass while Tom continued to hump up into her pussy.

"Bobby—please—Don't—" Lorna fussed as Bobby added a second finger and slowly worked them in and out of her tight, little asshole.

"What's wrong, Mother? Doesn't that feel good?" Bobby grunted working his fingers in and out of her ass faster.

"Bobby—please don't—Stop it—" Lorna ordered. But her begging only seemed to incense Bobby. She now realized that she had pushed him too far and was going to probably regret in the end, literally, as she felt him jerk his fingers back out of her asshole.

Just then, she felt a cool breeze brush across her exposed, vulnerable asshole as Bobby smeared a big gob of spit all over it.

"Bobby—don't—" she cried. But she knew that nothing could stop him now. And there wasn't a single thing she could do about it.

Then she felt the bed shudder as one of Bobby's feet brushed against her knee. Then his other foot rubbed against her other knee and his hands curled down around her waist.

Straddling his mother's ass, Bobby stood with his knees bent as he leaned over her. Supporting his weight on the hand wrapped around her waist, he reached back down between his legs and grabbed hold of his cock with the other hand. Looking down over her sweaty back, he centered the tip of his cockhead on the little, pink pucker of her asshole and slowly leaned into her, pushing as he did.

Lorna felt the tapered head of Bobby's cock spreading her anus, stretching it open to accept him as he slowly slid down inside her ass.

"Ouch—" she yelped as she felt a pinch of pain when the head of his cock finally slipped inside her and the stretched sphincter collapsed down around the shaft of his cock. "Bobby—"

Letting go of his cock, Bobby wrapped both hands around his mother's waist and pulled her back onto his cock as he forced it deeper inside the tightly-clenched sphincter. Bobby kept pushing until he felt his belly bump up against the soft, giving cheeks of his mother's ass and his balls nudged up against Tom's big, hairy gonads.

"How does that feel, Mommy? Does it feel good to have two cocks at the same time?" Bobby facetiously smirked.

"Yes—oh—yes—it feels good—I love your big dick, Tommy, dear—" she groaned out in retaliation as Bobby continued to grind himself against her. "Fuck me, Tom—Fuck me hard, Baby and make me come—"

Hearing his mother imploring Tom to fuck her, Bobby turned into a raging madman. Jerking his cock back down the clinging channel of her rectum, he dug his toes into the mattress and lunged forward sending his cock ripping back into her ass with every ounce of strength he could muster.

"Unhhhhh—" Lorna grunted, the air knocked from her lungs as Bobby's cock ripped back down into her ass all the way up to the hilt in one savage lunge.

"Did you like that, Mother? Is that the way you want me to fuck your ass?" Bobby snarled, jerking back again and driving back into her ass with another tooth-rattling, bed-lurching blow.

"Yessssss—Fuck my ass—Hard—Deep—" she growled, thrusting herself back at both cocks at the same time.

Bobby's ass became a pink blur as he pounded into his mother's ass. He could feel Tom's big cock bumping and thudding against his own cock through the thin membranes separating her ass and pussy as Tom fucked her from below.

Lorna's mind shut down. It could no longer process the chaos of thoughts and emotions swirling around inside it. Her instincts took over and let her body respond to her hindbrain's commands. She became a grunting, humping whore thrusting herself back at the two hot, throbbing columns of cock-meat that were pounding into her. She had never been so full of hard, stiff cock in all of her life. It felt like every fiber of her being was stuffed to the bursting limit with thrusting, pistoning cock as they ripped in out of her.

The pain was gone and now the only thing that mattered to her was the gluttonous gratification of her depraved needs. Even though she was filled to the limit by the slashing, pounding cocks, she wanted more.

More! More! More, her hindbrain screamed out her.

"Yesss—Oh, God—Fuck me—Fuck me—Harder—Harder—Harder—" she blathered out as her ass wildly jerked back and forth taking the two cocks into her ass and cunt as deep as was humanly possible on every slamming stroke.

Bobby was driving into his mother's ass with every ounce of strength he possessed. Sweat was flying everywhere as their bodies slammed together with the force of two hurtling locomotives slamming together at full speed. Tom's clenched ass was lurching up off the bed a good six inches every time he rammed his cock back into the hot, sucking hole between Lorna's legs. Grunting and groaning, gasping for air, they fucked...and they fucked...

The air around them reeked of Lorna's overheated sex as her juices were being splashed everywhere by Tom's pistoning cock. Thick, hot gobs of the sticky goo coated his heaving belly and ran down Lorna's juice-slathered inner thighs. Bobby's big dangling balls were flailing back and forth under his slashing cock smacking against Tom's peter as it ripped in and out of Lorna's pussy.

Grunting and groaning, Lorna rocked back and forth impaling herself on the two slabs of rock-hard meat and stoking the unholy fires raging down inside her womb. The flames were growing higher and higher and threatening to consume her as she slipped closer and closer to the gathering upheaval swelling inside her.

Then all at once, Bobby drove into her ass so hard and deep knocked her breathless as he gave out a choking gasp and she felt his cock explode deep inside her ass. It felt like a stick of dynamite had gone off inside her ass as his cock began to spew out thick, hot, gelatinous gushes of cum into her ass.

"Fuck—oh, fuck—fuck—fuck—" Bobby blathered out as his fingers roughly dug into her waist and pulled her back on his jerking, spurting monster.

"Oh Gawwwwwddddd..." Lorna gasped as an atomic bomb detonated down inside her womb sending out shockwaves of fiery pleasure ripping through every fiber of her being. She had never felt anything like it. It felt like every nerve in her body was on fire. The spasms of pleasure undulating through her cunt and ass were so intense they bordered on pain as her cunt locked down around Tom's pistoning cock and her asshole contracted and dilated around Bobby's jerking, spurting peter.

As her cunt clamped down around Tom's thrusting cock, she felt it lurch and begin to pump out its hot, creamy treasure into the sucking, milking hole between her legs. She thought she was going to drown in all of the gooey cream spurting out into her ass and cunt as more and more poured out into her holes.

Waves of remorse and guilt rushed in to fill the void left by the anger and jealousy that had filled his head earlier as his cock finally stopped spurting and began to soften inside his mother's cum-filled ass. Now he wished he could take it back. Take everything back and make it like it was before Tom came to visit. He had, had the perfect life and now he had ruined it. She would never forgive him for what he had done to her...

Leaning down over his mother's sweaty back, he gave her a gentle kiss on the nape of her neck. Running the tip of his tongue over his lips, he could taste his mother's salty sweat as he kissed the way up her neck to her ear.

"I'm sorry..." Bobby mumbled.

Lorna's brain was starting to recover again as guilt and shame washed over her. Why had she done it? It was so, so wrong! Now, not only was their sick, little secret out in the open, she had shamed herself in front of another boy. In front of her son's lover! God, what a whore, she railed at herself.

Leaning back, being as gentle as he could, Bobby eased his cock back down the

channel of his mother's cum-filled rectum. Looking down, he watched the gooselathered barrel of his cock slowly reappearing out of the widely stretched band of darkened flesh. Then he felt the flared edge of the head of his prick nudge up against the sphincter. His mother's hot, little asshole seemed to not want to let go of his cock as it tightly clung to the thick, pink shaft.

Pushing down on her back, Bobby pulled back and all of a sudden the tapered head of his cock squished out of her gaping asshole. Leaning back onto his heels, Bobby watched as the gaping hole began to constrict and slowly squeeze down on itself. As it did, a drivel of cum seeped out of it and trickled down onto Tom's cock and balls which were still thrust up inside his mother's cunt. He felt a strange sense of queasiness as he saw more cum, But this cum had belonged to Tom as it slowly 's this time, oozing out around the thick shaft of Tom's buried cock. Tom had come inside her pussy! It almost made Bobby sick to the stomach to know that his friend had just fucked his mother and filled her with cum.

"Take it out—" Lorna whimpered, pulling up and trying to dislodge Tom's big cock, but Tom held onto her and kept his cock thrust up inside her warm tight cunt.

"You heard her—take it out—" Bobby scowled, reaching out and peeling Tom's fingers from around Lorna's waist.

Once freed, Lorna jerked her ass up and let his softening cock come slithering out of her cunt followed by a gush of thick, white goo.

Kicking her leg up, she rolled off Tom and jumped down on the floor. Sobbing softly, Lorna stumbled across the room and disappeared into the bathroom, slamming the door behind her.

Why had she done that, she angrily asked herself? She would never be able to look the two boys in the eye again. Leaning on the counter on stiffened arms, she stared into the mirror above the sink. A puffy, tear-stained face stared back out at her as she did. What man, or boy for that matter would want to look at the ugly, old crone that was staring back at her, she asked herself? Stepping over to the shower, she turned it on and stood softly sobbing as she waited the water to warm while she morosely thought back on what she had just done.

She had never let Bobby fuck her in the ass before. She was saving it for a special day, but now that was ruined, too. Everything had gone wrong and

spiraled out of control so quickly. It had all happened so fast, she could only fit bits and pieces of their frantic fuck back together as they swirled around, bumping and banging together inside her fevered brain. She could remember Tom's oversized cock sliding up into her cunt, then Bobby at the door. Next thing, he was up behind her pushing his cock into her asshole. There was a pinch of pain as he slid inside her and then he began to pound her ass with his cock. She could remember fucking back at the two hammering cocks and thinking that she wanted even more cock inside her. Then it had ended with a cataclysmic orgasm the likes of which she had never, ever experienced before.

But it had all ended with a sickening wave of guilt and shame so overpowering, it had made her sick to the stomach. But why so much guilt? She had gotten over any guilt she had felt about fucking her son, but fucking his friend right in front of him. That was beyond the pale. That was so vile and loathsome. He would never forgive her for it. She just knew that he wouldn't.

Softly sobbing, she stepped into the shower and let the warm, soothing water cascade down over her body. Spreading her legs, she ran a washcloth down between them to wipe away the gooey, white mess that covered her pussy, ass and inner thighs. She had never seen so much cum before. They must have been saving it up. Saving it up for her, she sickly thought. But no, she told herself. They had been saving it up for themselves, and she had stolen it. Sick, twisted slut that she was. She had stolen their cum.

But now, as guilt-ridden and mortified by what she had done, she couldn't stop the tickle of excitement down between her legs as the washcloth brushed across her swollen clit. Something had gone horribly wrong inside her brain, she told herself. Something was broken and she didn't know if there was a way to fix it. Or even if she wanted to fix it? Tossing the cloth onto the shower floor where it landed with a loud clonk, she turned the water off and stepped out of the shower. Grabbing a towel off the towel rack, she quickly dried off and stepped over to the vanity.

Picking up another washcloth, she soaked it in warm water and squeezed out the excess water. Draping the towel over her shoulder, she looked into the mirror. Fluffing her hair, she stepped back over to the door, took a deep breath and pushed it open. As she did, she saw Bobby lying on the bed looking at her. Looking around the room, she searched for Tom but couldn't find him.

"Where's Tom?" she asked, slowly padding over to the bed.

"I told him to leave," Bobby told her.

"Oh," Lorna mumbled, leaning down and gently running the washcloth over Bobby's shrunken manhood.

"I'm so sorry for what I did, Mother," Bobby whispered as Lorna gently fondled and cleaned his cock with the washcloth.

"So am I, Bobby. I wish I could take it back and make things between us like they were...can you forgive me?" she murmured, looking deep into his teary eyes trying to hold back the flood of tears that was threatening to gush forth from her own eyes any second.

"Oh, Mother—Mother, I love you so much," Bobby sobbed, reaching out and clutching hold of her shoulders. Pulling her to him, he wrapped his arms around her as she let herself be pulled up onto the bed beside him.

"Oh, Bobby, let's never, ever let anything like this come between us again. Ever!" Lorna wept, thrusting herself against him and pulling him to her.

"Never!" Bobby declared as their lips met and they kissed long and hard.

Finally, their lips parted and the kiss ended as they lay looking deep into each other's eyes.

"Mother, I love you so much," Bobby whispered, tenderly rubbing the tips of his fingers across her soft, full lips.

"I could never love another man the way I love you, my Son..." Lorna softly murmured as she kissed his fingertips.

As they lay looking into each other's eyes, Bobby slowly let his fingertips trace a trail down her chin and onto her long, graceful neck.

"Mother, you are the most beautiful woman in the whole world," Bobby softly cooed as his fingers slowly crept down over the slope of one of the breasts.

"Oh, Bobby..." Lorna murmured, thrusting her breast out and guiding his fingers

to the swollen, tingling nipple protruding out of the tip of her breast.

As Bobby's fingers gently plucked and tweaked the big, rubbery nub, Lorna's hand slowly stole down to Bobby's limp, lifeless cock as it lay resting between his legs.

"I have a surprise for you," Lorna whispered, gently pulling on his cock.

"What?" Bobby asked, his fingers pausing as he expectantly looked into her eyes.

"It's in the bag downstairs on the table by the door," she murmured.

"Can I go get it?" Bobby asked her with a big grin on his face.

"Yes...but don't look. Just bring it back up to me. Okay?" she grinned back at him.

"Huh, uh, I don't get it," Bobby mumbled.

"Just do it," she softly laughed.

"Okay—if you say so," Bobby laughed, letting go of her breast and rolling off the bed.

Smiling, Lorna watched Bobby hurry over to the door and disappear out it as she lay waiting for him to return.

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"Here—" Bobby breathlessly told her shoving the purple bag out at her. "Now can I see my surprise?"

"No. First I want you to go take a shower and then wait in your room and I'll bring your surprise to you. Okay?" Lorna told him.

"Uh, okay—" Bobby told her curiously looking over at the box with a confused look on his face. "What's all the mystery about?"

"You'll see, soon enough," Lorna softly laughed giving him a gently shove.  
"Now go—"

Puzzled, Bobby slowly trudged out of the room and down the hall to the bathroom.

The moment he was gone, Lorna swung her legs off the bed and stood up. Leaning down, she quickly reached down inside the purple sack, peeled back the purple wrapping tissue to reveal the finery inside. Smiling to herself, she reached in and picked up the pair of black fishnet nylons that lay on top of the other lingerie. Turning, she sat down on the edge of the bed. Tossing one of the nylons down on the bed beside her, she lifted a leg, pointed her toes and eased her foot down into the reinforced top of the hose. Letting the nylon slowly unravel, she pulled it up over the curves of her leg. The stretchy material clung to every swoop and curve of her long leg, emphasizing and highlighting its symmetric perfection.

With the darkened band of black stretched around the thickness of her thigh, she gave the stocking a few tugs and plucks before quickly pulling on the other nylon.

Leaning over, she reached down into the bag and pulled out a little, ruffled garter belt. The belt was made of sheer, black lace with four little, black garters hanging down from it. The little metal clips on the ends of the garters were hidden by tiny, red satin bows.

Wrapping the frilly, little garter belt around her narrow waist, she fastened it and stood up. Slowly, one by one, she pulled down each dangling garter to attach it to the top of the fishnet hose. The stark contrast between the black garters and her creamy white skin made her skin seem even paler. Stepping over to her full-length mirror, she checked herself out and gave the frilly garter belt a couple of tugs to straighten it before heading back over to the bed.

Leaning down, she pulled a tiny shelf bra out of the sack. The brassiere matched the frilly garter belt and was about the same size. Lifting the bra up to her chest, she fastened it and tugged it up under her big, droopy breasts until the ruffled top edge of the bra curved around the rounded bottom of her breasts leaving her nipples bare and exposed.

Lastly, she lifted a shoe box out of the bag and set it down on the bed. Opening

it, she peeled back the wrapping tissue and pulled out both of the five-inch, black, patent-leather stiletto high-heeled pumps. Leaning down, she set the high heels on the floor and eased her feet inside them.

Stepping back over to the mirror, she turned this way and that way to check herself out. Finally satisfied, she hurried back over to the bed and pulled out a long, flowing black chiffon robe out of the box. Smiling to herself as she pulled the robe on, she saw that the sheer, black material offered little in the way of concealment as every detail of her body was easily visible through the thin cloth.

Taking the two short cords hanging down from the collar of the gown, she carefully tied them into a bow knot, gave her hair a couple more fluffs, then one final check in the mirror and she headed for the door.

Wondering what his surprise was, Bobby lay in his bed, his arms curled behind his head, staring up at the ceiling as he expectantly awaited his mother's arrival. Whatever it was, she was certainly taking her sweet time, he told himself. He had, had time to shower, make his bed, pick up his clothes and straighten his room. But just then he heard the clomp of high heels coming down the hallway toward his room.

Finally, he grinned, reaching down and giving his already-primed cock a few strokes for good measure. Then suddenly, a beautiful goddess appeared in his doorway and came floating toward his bed where he lay waiting for his mother.

Stopping, Lorna watched his gawking eyes slowly travel up and down her body in obvious appreciation.

"Mother—you're so beautiful—" Bobby was finally able to choke out as he took in every delightful detail of her scantily-clad body.

Lorna slowly lifted her hands up and pinched the dangling ends of the bow knot between her fingers and thumbs. Teasingly, she pulled on them and the knot slowly unraveled. With the knot untied, Lorna shrugged and the sheer, black robe went slithering down over her shoulders and whispered down her body to land in a muddled heap at her feet.

"This is your surprise. Do you like it?" she softly asked, slowly turning around in a tiny circle so he could check out everything.

"Uh-huh—" Bobby mumbled, his fevered brain unable to form intelligible words.

"Good..." Lorna smiled, seductively rolling her hips as she slowly walked toward the bed where Bobby lay watching her.

"I'm sorry for what I did to you, Mother," Bobby said as he lay looking up at his mother while she stood by the bed looking down at him.

"It's okay, Honey. I deserved it for what I did to you," she smiled at him, leaning down and running her fingertips along the underside of his stiff, erect cock. "Besides, I was going to let you do that anyway...some day."

"It was so hot and tight," Bobby murmured, slowly running a fingertip down the fleshy ridge that bisected her bald mons. Then his fingertip tickled over the little, pink pearl sticking out of the fleshy hood at the end of the ridge.

Rubbing his finger back and forth across the little, pink nub, Bobby saw his mother spread her legs further apart to bare her drooling pussy to his probing finger. Reaching down, she took hold of his hand, pushed it down and guided his finger up to the seeping slit between her plump, gorged cunt lips. Easing his finger up inside the gooey hole, Bobby began to slowly work his finger in and out of it.

After a few seconds, Bobby added a second finger and then a third as his mother's long, fish-netted legs crept further and further apart while she held onto his shoulders to balance herself. Finally, he added the fourth finger as he slowly pumped all four fingers in and out of her. Pushing in all the way up to his knuckles on every thrust, he could feel his mother's hot juices pouring out of the stretched opening of her pussy and coating his palm with its sticky heat.

With her head thrown back, eyes closed, Lorna began to rock up and down on the thrusting fingers, taking them as deep inside her as she could every time she dropped down onto them. Then Bobby's thumb found her aching clit and began to roughly rub it. Her hips came to a grinding stop as she pushed down and rubbed her clit against Bobby's insistent thumb.

Bobby's fingers felt fine, but she wanted more. She wanted hard, throbbing cock-meat filling her hungry emptiness, not fingers. Pushing up off his juice-smeared hand, Lorna leaned down and gave Bobby a soft kiss on his lips. Then lifting her



knee up onto the edge of the bed, she crawled over Bobby and rolled onto her back beside him.

Looking over at his mother, Bobby saw that she had a wild, crazed look in her eyes as she stared back at him.

"Fuck me, Bobby—Mommy needs to come, Bobby—Mommy needs to come real bad, Honey—Fuck Mommy and make her come, Baby—" Lorna babbled as her legs parted and she ran her hand down to her drooling cunt. "Put your cock right in here, here in Mommy's little cunt and make her come—Please—"

Hearing his mother talking dirty to him sent a jolt of perverse excitement sparking through his brain making his cock twitch and jerk as he rolled over onto his belly and pushed up onto his hands and knees.

"Mommy wants her little boy to fuck her? Fuck her and make her come?" Bobby smirked down at her as he crawled over between her outstretched legs.

"Yesssss, Bobby, yesssss—" Lorna hissed, grabbing at his cock, bending it down and aiming its barbed tip down at the oozing slit between her legs. "Fuck your Mommy, Bobby—fuck your Mommy's tight, little cunt with your big, hard cock—"

Feeling the moist warmth close down around the head of his cock as he eased forward, Bobby lunged and sent all seven inches ripping down into the clinging tightness of her pussy.

"Like that, Mommy?" Bobby grunted, jerking back and lunging forward again to sink his cock down inside her gluttonous cunt a second time. "Like that?"

"Oh, yes, Baby, yes, fuck Mommy like that—fuck Mommy hard and deep and make her come and come and come..." Lorna moaned, kicking up her legs and driving the backs of the round heels of her stilettos into Bobby's clenched ass.

Staring down into her crazed eyes, Bobby began to fuck her with slow, deep thrusts, driving down into her balls deep on every stroke. Resting his weight on his knees and elbows, Bobby grasped hold of her big tits as they slowly undulated up and down in rhythm with their fucking. Clutching and squeezing the soft melons, he roughly twisted and tweaked the big, rubbery nipples sticking out over the top edge of her tiny brassiere.

"Suck on them—suck on them like you did when you were a baby," Lorna groaned out, thrusting her big tits against her son's clutching hands.

Dropping his mouth down onto one of her breasts, Bobby nipped at the big, rubbery nipple and then pursed his lips around it. Gently at first he began to suck. Then opening his mouth wider, he roughly sucked more of her breast into his mouth until he had almost half of the big, ripe melon in his mouth. Flicking his tongue back and forth across the stiff nub, he nipped and teased it while his hips continued to rise and fall.

"Oh, my, Baby, my Baby..." Lorna gurgled out, her hand shoving down against the back of his head and pressing his sucking mouth down against her breast.

Lorna's emotions were running rampant. Bobby was filling all her needs and yearnings. Her baby, nursing at her breasts fulfilled her maternal instincts, while at the same time he was bringing her pleasure with his body, too. What more could a mother ask for? A son she could love and who would unselfishly return that love to her in any way she wished. It was the perfect world, she giddily thought as she felt herself rising toward that special moment of pure, sweet gratification.

Bobby's mouth lifted off his mother's spit-smeared breast as concentrated his attention on fucking her. He could sense that she was close to an orgasm as his hips began to pump harder, driving his big cock in and out of her at a faster pace.

"Yes—Yes—almost—almost—" Lorna huffed, her hands clutching at him, pushing, pulling on him to make him move even faster.

Pushing up on his hands, Bobby locked his elbows and his ass became a pendulum, swinging back and forth and sending his thrusting cock in and out of her hungry cunt at a frightening pace. As he did, she dropped her long legs over his, trapping his legs under hers and using them for leverage as she hunched back against his feverish attack with her on savagery.

With her head thrown back, eyes clenched shut, she fought, clawing and straining toward her finish. Her big, spit-covered tits were slashing up and down wildly as they tried to keep pace with their frenzied fucking.

Suddenly a loud, piercing scream escaped from Lorna's lips as she felt herself being consumed by yet another mind-blowing organism.

"Bobbyyyyyyyyyyyyy—" she cried out, her stiffened legs trembling, the tips of her stiletto heels digging down into the mattress as she strained up against him.

Feeling the tight sheath of his mother's cunt clutching, squeezing down around his pistoning cock was too much for Bobby. Ramming his cock down into her warm, clutching moistness, he let go and felt it twitch and spurt out a fiery gush of cum deep inside his mother's gluttonous pussy.

"Yessssss—" Lorna gasped as she felt her son's warmth gushing out into her in thick gushes while he strained down against her trying to force himself even deeper into her...

## **The End**

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## **About the Author**

The Baron, as he likes to be called, lives on a ranch in rural Nevada, just a little north of Reno. He lives there with his wife, her six horses, his four dogs, not to mention a couple of goats and a cat. The Baron started writing erotica back in 2003 for a site called Mr. Double. After that, in 2006, he moved on to another free site called Literotica. After writing for Literotica for seven years where he rose to number two on their most favorite author list with a following of over 3000, he decided to try his hand in the "for profit" field. Although most of the Baron's stories are in the incest genre, he does occasionally venture out into other genres.

If you enjoyed the Baron's newest offering, Moms and Sons, Volume Five, please feel free to drop him a line at [baron.d.esade@hotmail.com](mailto:baron.d.esade@hotmail.com). Thank you for taking the time to read his book. Feel free to write a review, or perhaps you might be interested in some of his other books as listed below. Once again, thanks again for reading the Baron's work and we hope you enjoy his future stories...

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