

Moms and Sons – Volume Eight

Published by Baron LeSade at Smashwords

Copyright 2013 Baron LeSade

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, internet, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the owner.

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re—sold or given to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each reader. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your personal use only, then please return and purchase your own copy as you are breaking the law. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Liability

All characters appearing in this work are fictitious and those involved in sexual situations are over the age of eighteen. Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead is purely coincidental. No responsibility or liability is assumed or accepted by the author for any claimed financial losses and/or damages sustained to persons from the use of the information used in this publication, personal or otherwise, either directly or indirectly. While every effort has been made to ensure reliability and accuracy of the information within, all liability, negligence or otherwise, from any misuse or abuse of the operation of any methods, strategies, instructions or ideas contained in the material herein, is the sole responsibility of the reader. By reading past this point you are accepting these terms and conditions and acknowledging that you are eighteen.

All the fictitious characters in this story who are involved in sexual situations are over the age of eighteen.

Table of Contents

The Perfect Mom
Nothing Could Be More Wrong
Just The Way We Used To...
Getting Even with Hubby...
The Tree of Good and Evil
Mother's Little Secret
The Peeping Tom
Happy Birthday
End

The Perfect Mom

Jim Elders had been away at college for almost two years. The last time he had been home, he had buried his father, Jeff. That had been a year ago. He and his mother, Monica had talked on the phone since then, almost every week, but this was his first visit back since his father's death.

He had felt a little guilty about leaving his mother alone. His father's insurance had left his mother independently well-off. And if she managed it right, she wouldn't have to ever work again. But even though she was financially taken care of, Jim was a little worried about her mental state. She and Jeff had been very close before he died. He had tried to convince her to sell her house and move into a place near the college so he could take care of her. But she wouldn't have any of that. She had told him that she could take care of herself and for him to go back to college. She wanted it that way...

They talked on the phone two or three times a week and at first she had sounded fine, but recently, the tone of despondency in her voice had grown more and more obvious. Hoping that he could do something to cheer her up and bring her out of her depression he had decided to visit her for Thanksgiving.

Jim had arrived early on a Friday night. His mother had greeted him at the door with a drink in her hand. It was obvious that she had been drinking, but was only slightly tipsy. His mother had always dressed well. In fact, Jim could never recall seeing her without every hair in place and flawlessly attired, whatever the occasion. Now, while she was still dressed nicely, there were several telltales little signs of disarray that only he would notice. The loose strand of hair here, the unbuttoned button on her wrist, and the faint smudge of mascara below an eye were but a few of the inconsistencies he noticed. And she had a strange, lost look in her eyes. Almost like she wasn't really here. That look you got in your eye when you didn't know what to do. And all of them just added to the guilt he had felt before.

He brushed it off by thinking maybe she was just nervous about seeing him. Maybe she had had a few too many drinks. Ignoring it for the moment, he gave her a big hug. She was happy to see him and they spent the rest of the night and into the wee hours of the morning talking.

As the night had worn on, he began to sense that his mother was more depressed than he had first believed. Again, giving her the benefit of the doubt, he blamed it on the alcohol.

But with his youthful optimism, he knew he would be able to snap her out of it. At least, he would get her out of the house, he told himself. Although he didn't know the extent of her depression, he was positive that he could bring her out of it.

Finally, around four in the morning, his mother had started nodding off. Jim used this as an excuse and suggested that she go to bed.

Jim was emotionally drained and physically exhausted. Stripping his clothes off, he flopped down on the bed and pulled up the covers. Sleep came over him the moment his head touched the pillow.

Jim woke the next morning to find sunlight streaming into his room. Wearily, he looked at his watch and saw that it was ten-thirty. At least it wasn't too late, he thought. Sitting up, he yawned and stretched for several minutes before he had enough energy to roll out of bed. Standing, he looked down at his cock and saw that it was thick and bloated. It hung down limply and felt heavy, arrogantly demanding his attention. It had been so long since he had any pussy, he probably had forgotten how to use it, he laughed to himself. He was as horny as a goat.

Stumbling across the room toward his bathroom, he decided he had better shower and shave. After all, he didn't want his mother to think that he had become a slob while he was away at college.

Stopping in front of the mirror, he couldn't help admiring his thick, heavy cock as it dangled down between his legs. It was so sensitive, all he had to do was look at it and it started getting hard. He couldn't resist the urge to give it a few quick whacks. Taking hold of it, he gave it a few brief strokes and watched it rapidly swell and fill with blood. He was in desperate need of some pussy. Maybe, he could look up one of his old girlfriends tonight. Or beat his meat tonight. Even the thought of jacking off was exciting to him in his present state of mind.

Testosterone, the devil's own invention was an evilly-powerful hormone. But as much as he needed to release the impatience growing inside his swollen balls, he wanted all of his wits about him today. He would need them to deal with his mother's problem and masturbating would make him sluggish. Well, it was the least he could do for her, he thought as he let go of his cock.

Stepping into the shower, he leisurely showered. He paid still more attention to his aching cock, bringing it to the edge of eruption several more times, before he gave it one last whack and stepped out of the shower.

His cock now stood out in front of him, twitching up and down painfully with each heartbeat. Smiling with pride at his cock's nine-inch length, he watched it slashing back and forth in front of him like a rapier in a sword fight as he walked across the room.

Drying off, he bent down and dug through his suitcase until he found his sweats. Slipping them on, he pulled them up over his still erect penis.

Stopping in front of the mirror, he gave his hair a quick brush. Looking down, he saw the obvious bulge in his sweats. Hoping that it would subside or that his mother wouldn't notice it, he headed downstairs to see if she was up yet.

Strangely, he didn't smell bacon in the air as he had expected. He knew that his mother always had two slices of bacon with her bowl of cereal for breakfast every morning. Maybe she had changed her diet since Jeff had died of a heart attack, he thought glancing into the kitchen anyway. She wasn't in the kitchen, but he heard music coming from the back of the house. Humming to himself, he strolled back toward the sunroom.

At the door, he was stopped in his tracks by the view that greeted him.

HIS MOTHER WAS STANDING IN FRONT OF THE OUTSIDE PATIO DOOR—NAKED—

His heart lurched and his mouth suddenly filled with cotton as he stood in the doorway spellbound. He couldn't believe she would ever do such a thing. What had come over her? Had she completely gone off the

deep end? What was she doing? Still, she just stood there with her back to him, staring out into the back yard.

Then, slowly, as his eyes became used to the glare filling the room, he saw that she was wearing a sheer pink nightgown. The sun streaming through the door was so bright, it had initially blotted out the transparent gown leaving only the silhouette of her body visible to him. But as his eyes grew more used to the bright light, it was easy to see how he had been fooled into thinking she was naked. The gown was negligently sheer. Now, with his eyes fully adapted to the brightness streaming through the door behind her, he could make out every sweep and curve of her shapely body under the sheer nightgown.

She appeared unaware that he had entered the room as she continued to look out into the back yard. Had she forgotten that he was at home? Or was she so depressed she didn't care what she wore?

Standing in the doorway, enthralled by her beauty, he waited for her to notice him. He had never really paid much attention to his mother's figure before. He had always just thought of her as pretty. But now, now he couldn't help noticing how voluptuous her body was underneath the translucence of the gown.

Suddenly, he felt his penis rebound, stiffening once again in response to the visual stimuli pouring into his brain from his eyes. But even as his manhood responded, his conscience reprimanded him. Damn, Jim, this is your mother you are salivating over. Get a hold of it, man. Despite his guilt, he couldn't take his eyes off her.

Then he became aware of the details of her body underneath the thin gown. As his eyes swept down her curving back, he saw that he could make out the crack of her perfectly formed ass. Then another revelation dawned on him.

SHE WASN'T WEARING ANY PANTIES UNDER THE GOWN!

She was naked under the gown. His disobedient cock lurched again inside his sweats. His mind reeled in the pleasant delirium of the tingling thrill that was coursing through his cock as his eyes drank in the sight of his mother's insufficiently-clad body. Still as stimulating as the scene was, he felt another stab of guilt.

His mother aroused him sexually. This was an unexplored emotion for him. The only other time that even came close had happened long ago in his childhood.

He remembered it well. Inquisitive as all boys are, he had sneaked into his father's den and found one of his father's men's magazines. Sneaking it back to his room, he just about wore it out before he began to wonder what his mother would look like naked. Finally, one day he worked up enough courage to sneak a peek of his mother while she was showering. He had sneaked up and bent down to peer through the keyhole just in time to get a brief flash of one of her big, beautiful breasts as she ran the towel across it... But alas, his timing couldn't have been worse, because only a moment after he arrived, his mother started for the door. As she strode toward him, he panicked and flew back to his room, making it just as she stepped out into the hall. It had scared him so badly, he had given up trying to see her naked and contented himself with his father's magazines from that time forward. And now this. He had never considered his mother in a sexual context since that day. She had always been, well, just Mom. She had always been there when he needed her. Now here he was leering at her nude, well almost nude body.

He was glad that she didn't know he was watching her. He was even more thankful that she couldn't read his mind.

Still, she continued to look out across the yard, unaware or ignoring his presence.

Jim's mind was churning madly as a strange, sick feeling came over him. Even though, he couldn't bring himself to acknowledge it, he sensed a deep, dark desire lurking just below the surface of his conscious thought. And it was struggling to free itself and burst forth.

Then, with a rush of adrenaline, it washed over him. What would his mother look like really naked? Like that time when he had a brief glimpse of her naked in the shower? Feeling his impatient cock lurch once again, he feebly fought the hellish impulse to find out. But it was a futile fight and it felt like his mind was being taken over by some demonic life-force. He shouldn't be thinking such thoughts, but he couldn't stop himself. The battle between right and wrong raged on inside his brain and wrong was winning. Then, at last—Evil won.

Smiling nervously to cover his real feelings, Jim quietly crept across the floor toward his mother. The closer he got to her, the more delectable her body became underneath the thin transparency of her gown. Stopping only a few feet behind her, he decided to throw caution to the wind.

She must have heard him as he saw her turn her head toward him and smile weakly.

"Morning, Jim," she softly said.

"Morning, Mom," Jim responded, a little too cheerfully, quickly stepping up directly behind her and wrapping his arms around her feeling the bottoms of her breasts settling down on them as he gave her a soft, little hug.

Leaning down, he gently brushed his lips along the crook between her shoulder and neck.

"Are you okay?" he softly asked her, basking in the aphrodisiac fragrance of her haunting perfume and regaling in the softness of her body molding itself against him.

She didn't answer.

Wondering why she didn't speak, Jim pulled her to him tighter and leaned down over her shoulder.

"Mom," he whispered softly, "are you okay?"

As he did, he suddenly found himself staring down into the front of her low-cut gown. He felt his cock twitch again as he longingly stared down at her braless, 46 year old breasts sagging down from her chest and swelling out against the soft, loose fabric of the gown. The bright sunlight was still casting its evil magic as he could see it glaring through the thin material of her gown clearly outlining her plump, stiff nipples as clear as day through the sheerness of her pink gown.

Pretending to stare out into the yard with her, Jim instead focused on the reflection of her figure in the plate glass door. Sweeping his eyes away from her big, beautifully rounded breasts, he moved his gaze down to the obvious triangle of darkness covering the pit of her belly. Suddenly, Jim felt giddy and drunk with desire as he stared at the reflection of his mother's scantily-clad body on the glass.

Finally, she turned her head slightly and smiled at him wanly. Leaning over a little, she kissed him softly on the cheek.

Not wanting to break the spell, Jim stood holding her, feeling the warm softness of her big breasts pressing down against his arms as he swam in the exciting fragrance of her. Then he left one hand lazily creep down over the smoothness of her belly to the indentation her naval. Knowing that there was only a very thin layer of gauzy material between his hand and his mother's smooth, naked skin made him was making him dizzy, light-headed as more and more blood was being pumped down into the evil ogre swelling and firming up inside his sweats. He was out of control and couldn't stop himself as he gently pressed his fingers against her belly, letting them almost imperceptibly creep lower.

He could barely breathe, but somehow, he found the breath to whisper into her ear.

"You seem tired, Mother. Are you OK?" he asked her, still letting his inquisitive fingers steal down her stomach ever so slowly.

"What. Oh, I am a little tired. Staying up so late. Thinking about your father again. Took a couple of sleeping pills. Still a little groggy," she murmured in soft, sleepy words.

The mention of his father dulled the glow of his excitement for a moment as he stopped his hand and stood quietly holding her in his arms.

But within moments, the feel of her soft, warm body molding itself against him, the smooth skin under his fingers and the delicate scent of her erotic perfume filled his mind with evil desire once again.

"He's gone now, Mom," he Jim whispered, almost angrily, not wanting his deceased father to interfere with his evil intent. "You've got to move on. Start living for yourself again."

"I know," she mumbled, "but it's so hard. I miss him so much."

This was the closest he'd ever come to hating his departed father, but he couldn't let him come back from the grave and ruin this.

Reluctantly easing his arms out from under her breasts, feeling the soft, giving flesh brush along them as he pulled back, Jim took a baby step back and lifted his hands up to the nape of her long, slender neck. Running his fingers gently over the tight, tense muscles of her neck and shoulders, he began to gently knead them.

"Oh, that feels good," she murmured as he felt the muscles loosen slightly and begin to respond to his manipulation.

"I'll tell you what. Why don't you go and lay down on the couch and I'll give you a good back rub. Okay?" he suggested.

"Oh, Yessssss," she sighed.

Stepping back away from her, he watched her turn and slowly trudge toward the couch.

Jim watched her hips seductively swinging from side to side under the thin material of her gown as she slowly made her way over to the couch.

Without the sunlight shining through the diaphanous pink nightgown, her figure was now only a shadowy silhouette under the soft, pink material.

"Just lay down on your stomach and I'll kneel down on the floor," Jim instructed her.

"Okay," she said.

Slowly crawling up on the couch she paused for a moment, standing on her hands and knees and smiled at him.

From where he stood, he could almost see down the front of her gown. Maddeningly, he could see that her lovely dangling breasts were just out of sight as she slowly melted down onto the couch.

He could stop the depravity now, he thought as he watched her slowly turn her head away from him, facing the back of the couch.

"Is this all right?" she asked.

"Perfect." Jim said admiring the curves and lines of her body under the thin, silky sheen of her pink gown. Standing there, across the room from her, Jim took in the undulating curves of her back, buttocks and long legs as she lay stretched out on the couch.

His heart was pounding like a bass drum as he slowly stepped across the room to the couch and then kneeled down on the floor beside it. His hands were trembling and he could barely breathe as he bent over, reached up and began to massage her shoulders through the slippery smoothness of her gown. Softly probing her tense muscles with his fingers, he took his time and finally felt her begin to relax.

As the muscles in her shoulders began to soften, he slowly kneaded his way down onto her back. He didn't know why but the memory of that day he'd tried to peek at his mother through the keyhole kept popping back into his mind. He'd been so close to seeing her that day, but he'd waited too long and had nearly been caught. Strangely, he found himself waiting to see what would ruin it for him this time...

Finally, he grew bolder. Slowly, massaging his way down her back, his fingers pushing, squeezing, probing, he forced her muscles into accepting submission. At last, he found his fingers digging into the soft, pliable muscles of the small of her back.

Her breathing was slow and regular and Jim wondered if she had fallen asleep.

Jim was now a child. Testing and probing, trying to find out what the limits were, he let his fingers lightly play over the rising roundness of her buttocks.

His heart was hammering down inside his chest. His cock was so hard it ached. He'd never felt charged, energized by anything so diabolically exhilarating in his whole life.

The excitement was almost too much to contain. He felt himself growing light-headed from the charge of energy coursing through his feverish brain. But even as he suffered, his mother seemed oblivious to his predicament. She still hadn't moved.

His sick, twisted fantasy was almost a reality. He could never have even dreamed of anything so preposterous. His mother? Him? He couldn't think straight anymore. Growing braver by the moment, he continued to delicately probe and press her soft, elastic muscles with his fingers. Still, she didn't utter a word of protest or praise. Confidence growing with each passing second, Jim let his fingertips trail down onto her buttocks. Still nothing. No movement. No objection. His heart was now in his throat as he tried to swallow it back down into his chest. His fingers were shaking down as he delicately pinched the wispy hem of her gown between his fingers and thumbs and gently lifted it up off the pale white skin of her ass—

Afraid to breathe, he stared down at the two perfect, round globes of soft pale skin as he peeling the sheer pink cloth back off it. Gently draping the gown across the small of her back, he waited for any indication that he had overstepped the bounds. Feeling the electric excitement coursing through his body, threatening to set off his primed manhood, he began to softly, inquisitively but firmly knead and massage the pliable softness of her ass cheeks. But even as daring as he was, he carefully avoided the delicate areas surrounding her two secret places.

Again, he wondered if she might have fallen asleep as there was not a hint of protest on her part. Maybe she wasn't even aware of what he was doing.

"Feels good," she murmured so softly he could barely understand her.

Startled by the sound of her voice, Jim guiltily jerked his hands away from her exposed, bare ass.

It took a few seconds for it to dawn on him. She hadn't tried to stop him! She had simply told him that it felt good.

Tentatively, Jim brought his hands back down onto her ass and began to gently knead and massage again. Still no objections...

Surprised, but pleased that she hadn't stopped him, he took her lack of protest as approval as he began to knead and probe the acquiescent muscles harder.

Then, to his amazement, he saw her slowly spread her legs farther apart, exposing the weeping, wetness between them to his leering stare. He couldn't believe it as he stopped massaging to gawk down at the beautiful, pink-petaled delicacy peeking out from below the swell of her ass cheeks.

"Don't stop..." he heard his mother whisper as her legs crept even further apart. Jim's poor, reeling brain was threatening to completely shut down as he gazed down at her vulnerable, exposed sex. This was out of the box, so far beyond the pale, it was inconceivable—

He couldn't wrap his head around it as he somehow found the forethought to begin kneading her ass again.

Suddenly, he found himself in another quandary. What next?

Now that he had seen her pussy, he wanted to see all of her. See her breasts, see her naked. Naked without a stitch of clothing on. See her the way his dear, departed father had seen her. And touch her. Touch her and have her touch him. He wanted it all now—

But if he was going to accomplish that, he had to get her out of her gown. But how? He couldn't just ask her to take her gown off.

An idea slowly began to form as he slowly moved his fingers back up to the gown that was pushed up around her waist. Then he began to fumble with the gown, crumpling it and wrinkling it as he kneaded the small of her back. Hoping she wouldn't see through his pretense, he gathered his courage and spoke.

"Mom?" he whispered.

"Yes, Baby, what?" she sleepily sighed without even bothering to open her eyes.

"Could you raise up just a little bit, so I can push your gown up a little. It keeps bunching up under my fingers. Okay?"

He could feel his heart pounding like a jackhammer as he waited for her to respond. Would she see through his sham? How would she react? Would she realize what he was doing? Would she tell him to stop? What would she do?

"Huh.....What.....oh.....ok," she mumbled.

She sounded as if she had just woke up from a nap or a trance or something...

His heart was in his throat as he watched her slowly push herself up onto her elbows.

Sensing his opportunity, Jim quickly pushed her gown up her back until it was bunched up around her shoulders. But, as the gown slipped out from under her, both of her big, saggy breasts slipped out of the gown and onto the couch below.

Jim hadn't been expecting that and only got a brief glance at them before his mother lowered herself back down onto the couch to hide them underneath her.

"Oops..." she mumbled, turning, opening her eyes to look at him over her shoulder, smiling, then laying her head back down, resting her cheek on the cushion as her eyes fluttered shut again.

"Uh, uh, oh, okay," he stammered, blushing too.

"This okay?" she drowsily mumbled.

"Much better," he smiled as he looked down at her pretty face.

For the first time, he could see the little age lines and wrinkles beginning to show around her eyes and lips. Grieving over the loss of Jeff had definitely aged her and maybe she took a little less care with her makeup, but she still glowed with an almost ageless beauty in Jim's biased eyes.

Her eyes closed, she seemed to be resting peacefully again. She was now uncovered from her shoulders all the way down to her little bare feet. Her legs, buttocks and long, tapering back was now exposed to Jim's greedy eyes and he was taking it all in. If only she were laying on her back, he giddily thought. With the gown now out of the way, he could see the swell of a big, firm breast extruding out from under her. Her naked skin felt smooth and warm under his fingers as he gently began to rub and caress her back once again. This time he worked down off her back onto her rib cage, hoping that she wasn't ticklish. She didn't protest so he probed closer and closer to the swollen projection of her breast. Then he daringly, let his fingers brush down onto the soft swell. His heart was pounding so hard he knew it would come ripping out through his chest at any moment as his fingers grazed the soft smoothness of the exposed flesh.

She didn't move. Buoyed by the lack of an objection, he began to make more frequent passes over her breast until he was openly fondling her breast with seeming impunity.

Growing braver and more confident by the moment, Jim decided to up the level of his offensive.

"Mother, would you like for me to massage your legs, too?" he innocently asked.

"O.K." She feebly responded without opening her eyes again.

Scooting down the couch, Jim began at her ankles. Kneading the firm, muscular muscles of her rounded calves, alternating between her legs, he slowly but steadily worked his way up to the hollow of her knees. Slowly, but insistently, his kneading fingers crept higher and off onto her the backs of her thighs. He could feel the hidden tendons under the skin as he gently probed to giving flesh, working higher and higher.

After a few minutes, he had worked his way up her thigh to the midpoint between the creased intersection where the cheeks of her ass joined her legs and her knees.

It was time, he told himself. Time to make his move and put himself in a position to take advantage of his effort.

Taking a deep breath, he gathered himself and leaned back.

"Mom...uh, I'm going to move around a little to get more comfortable...okay?" he asked, standing up before she could reply.

"-kay..." he heard her answer as he lifted one long, shapely leg, quickly turning and sliding down under it as he sat down on the couch between her outstretched legs. Now he sat between his mother's scissored legs. He could feel one leg rubbing against his back, lying on the couch between his back and the back cushion of the couch as he gently eased her other leg down across his thighs. She was still lying on her belly, but turned slightly to the side. Then he boldly, grasped her by the hips and turned her a little more, just enough so that her leg lay flat across his legs.

"Uh, there, that better?" he asked her.

"Ummmm-huhhhh..." she soft cooed.

During all this, his mother's legs had crept further apart exposing more of the succulent, pink flesh between them. Jim paused for a moment, stopping to marvel and admire the fleshy portal of her womanhood. As he stared down between her legs, he heard his mother murmur softly as she turned her hips slightly, spreading her legs even farther apart, bending her knee to get more comfortable.

"Okay?" she asked him, squirming slightly, settling her hips onto the cushion.

"Uh, yeah, great..." Jim softly whispered.

Perfect, Jim indecently thought as he stared down and saw a single, glistening drop of nectar coalesce on the fleshy lips of his mother's sex and slowly drip down from her pussy in a long stringy strand. Jim couldn't take his eyes off the drop as the strand slowly stretched down until the drop seeped down into the couch below. There was just something about the magnitude of this moment. This was the moment before the storm. The moment when all was quiet and peaceful, just before all hell would break loose. There was something so touching about it. It made both his heart and cock lurch simultaneously.

As he stared down at the darkened spot on the couch, he could see several curly pubic hairs curling out from under her silky-smooth mons. The overwhelming emotion of the moment was making Jim lightheaded with anticipation. He was so close...

He could feel sweat forming in his palms as he began to carefully massage the soft, giving flesh of her thigh. Slowly, methodically, he worked his probing fingers off the back of her thigh and down onto the softer, smoother skin of her inner thigh. As he massaged her, he was gently applying pressure, spreading her legs farther apart to further expose the luscious wetness only a short span from his probing fingers. As he did, her legs slowly spread apart even more as she gave him more room to massage her.

Stopping for a moment to gather himself, he took in a deep breath and saw that his fingers were trembling ever so slightly.

There it was! He couldn't believe it. The lighting wasn't that great but Jim could easily make out the mounds of silken flesh bordering the pink folds of his mother's pussy as it peeked back out at him from between her legs.

Staring at it, he saw the thinning growth of pubic hairs and the thick, pouting lips of her pussy jutting out of the distended protrusion of soft, distended flesh. It was beautiful. He had seen his fair share of pussies before, but still he hadn't known what to expect. His mother's pussy? Her vagina. Her cunt. But cunt was such a gross word, he guiltily thought. Nothing as beautiful as his mother's pussy should ever be called a cunt. It was beautiful. The way she was lying, he couldn't see her clitoris, but he fantasized that it was jutting out invitingly as it lay hidden underneath her just above the plump, pink folds of moist flesh.

Jim's original intent had been seeing his mother naked, but now as he looked down at her oozing love-wound, his mind began to conjure up darker and more sinister designs.

Now he had to touch her. Touch it! He had to touch the soft, wet gash between his mother's legs. He was obsessed. He knew that what he was doing was despicable, but he couldn't stop himself. He had to touch her. Somehow, in some sick, twisted way, his mind justified the action by her lack of protest. Thinking that because she had let it go this far, she must not care. Maybe she even wanted him to touch her.

He had stepped over the bounds. Now he was committed to accomplishing the atrocity. But he had to have more time to calm his trembling fingers. Lifting his hands up away from her thigh, he laid them on her butt. Slowly at first, he began rubbing and kneading her buttocks. Still, she didn't complain. Then, his touches became more like caresses as he gently explored her softly-rounded behind from top to bottom, but carefully avoided the secret place hidden down between the fleshy cheeks. The stakes were rising exponentially as he continued to fondle her bare bottom, probing, kneading, and massaging the pliant flesh.

Glancing up at her face, he could see that her eyes were closed. Then as he fondled her lovely round ass with one hand, he moved his other hand back up to the bulging roll of his mother's breast protruding out from under her rib cage, gently stroking and touching it at the same time.

Jim could feel the temperature rising, the air in the room rapidly becoming charged with sexual excitement as he lovingly fondled his mother.

Then finally, he took the plunge and delicately ran a trembling finger down the crack of his mother's ass. As he did, he felt a jolt of adrenaline spurt out into his bloodstream making his cock twitch down inside his sweat pants. Then he stopped breathing, waiting for a reaction. Nothing. No movement. No protest. Nothing.

But as he watched, he saw her legs slowly, almost imperceptibly creep wider apart.

His fevered brain was doing flip-flops. Was he imagining it, or was she, in her own way luring him on. Teasing him? Tempting him to take that final, inevitable move from which there would be no retreat? Once he touched her there, they couldn't turn back. He would have gone too far for that.

As he breathlessly waited, he wondered. He knew that the sacred bond they now shared as mother and son was teetering between life and death. And he held its fate in his hands—

His cock was throbbing painfully. What should he do? He knew what he wanted to do. But he would roast in everlasting hell if he did it. It would almost be the same as rape in his mind.

If he stopped now? All could be saved. All he had to do was reach up and pull her gown back down to cover her body and stop the mad, reckless rush to commit this mortal sin. She would never know his true intent and all could be forgiven and forgotten. They could continue their relationship as mother and son. But if he stepped into the forbidden realm of incest, who knew what awaited them.

As he feverishly sought an answer, he watched in disbelief as his mother slowly parted her legs even wider and almost imperceptibly, pushed herself back against his hand. Was she inviting him to touch her?

That lit the fuse. Slowly running his finger down the crack of her ass as second time, this time he didn't stop until it brushed across the pouting lips of her vagina. At the same time, he forced his other hand under her, cupping her big, soft breast in his hand. Then his fingers found her hard, rigid nipple and began squeezing and rubbing it roughly.

She gave out a soft, whimpering murmur, but didn't resist in any way.

For several seconds, with a tenderness born of love and caring, he caressed the fleshy softness between his mother's legs with the tips of his trembling fingers. Then, slowly, he ever-so-gently probed the fleshy folds apart to bare the slippery, wet opening of her sex. Then, taking a deep, purging breath, he began to ease a finger down into the cloying heat of her pussy. He had expected her to be dry inside, but she was sopping wet. Her pussy was drenched in pussy juice. Sweet, slippery pussy juice and his finger easily slid all the way inside her up to the last knuckle.

Jim was excited almost beyond belief that his mother was so wet. Anxiously glancing up at her face, he saw that her eyes were still clenched shut. Assuming that his mother's wetness was caused by arousal, he eased his finger back out of her, fearfully expecting her to come to her senses at any moment. But when she didn't, he extended out a second finger and gently eased the two of them back down inside the clinging sheath of her pussy. Pushing them all the way inside her, he gently wiggled them around and suddenly felt her pussy clamp down around his embedded fingers. This sent another jolt of adrenaline gushing out into his bloodstream making his cock twitch and jerk down inside his sweats.

He still couldn't believe this was happening as his mother arched her back slightly, pushing back on his probing fingers to take them as deep inside her as she could. Pushing them in all the way to the hilt, Jim felt like his fingers were swimming in her juices as he felt around the soft, meaty insides of her slick, wet cunt. He could hardly breathe as the meaty softness of her pussy wrapped around his fingers and gently squeezed down on them. Ever so gently, Jim began to slowly slide his fingers in and out of the tight, clutching slit and she responded by matching his rhythm with little jerking hunches of her hips.

Jim was euphoric! Fearlessly squeezing and cupping her breast in his other hand as he slowly finger-fucked her, he could feel its full girth and bulk. Continuing to squeeze and tease her rock hard nipple, he could feel her breathing quickening.

Her eyes were still clenched tightly shut. It was almost as if she didn't want to see it happening. Yet, she was abetting him. He had to be dreaming, he feverishly thought. It couldn't really be happening.

Still pinching and pulling on her breast, Jim felt his mother squirm her hips, pushing back against his other hand and plunging fingers. Then, his thumb made contact with her tiny, puckered anal opening. He stopped finger fucking for a moment, pulling his drenched fingers back out of her pussy. Then he gently spread a coating of her thick, pungent pussy juice up and down the crack of her ass. Slipping his fingers back into her cunt, he found the tiny wrinkle of her ass hole with his thumb again. Feeling her wiggle her hips pushing back, he gently, but forcefully pushed his thumb against the tight stricture of her anus. As he did, his thumb pierced the opening and squished inside the tight, rubbery constriction. When it did, he heard his mother whimper out in pain. He quickly withdrew it.

"Sorry..." he mumbled.

Suddenly, like being hit in the face with a bucket of ice water, Jim realized what he was doing. Then an even more frenzied realization flashed into his fevered brain.

HE WAS GOING TO FUCK HIS MOTHER!

This sudden insight almost paralyzed him. Now he knew that down deep in his heart, this had been what he was after all along. How had this sick, twisted thing happened? But it didn't matter now. He couldn't stop it. He had to have her. Physically and mentally. He had to possess her, control her, and hold dominion over her. He was the beast and she was his beauty.

But the amazing thing about it all was the fact that if she offered the slightest resistance, it would be over. He would stop. While he was Satan personified, she could bring him to his knees with one flicker of protest.

Feeling his urgency growing, he slipped his hand out from under her breast. While he continued to stroke his fingers in and out of her slaving cunt, he reached down and untied the string on his sweat pants. Pushing and straining, he struggled to shove them down to free the impatient ogre inside them. Finally, they lay in a wrinkled muddle around his ankles.

Looking down at himself, he saw his giant cock sticking up from his hairy groin, unbelievably hard and rigid. He had never seen it so hard and stiff. It stuck out from his groin like some malicious satanic growth, dancing and jumping about maniacally.

Hurriedly standing up, Jim saw his mother's leg drop down in front of the couch further spreading the wet, fleshy opening below her butt.

"Mother—I'm sorry—" he blubbered as he crawled back onto the couch between her outstretched legs.

Quickly moving up between his mother's scissored legs, he reached down and curled his fingers under her hips. Gently, he lifted her buttocks up into the air and still she offered no resistance. Looking down, now he could see her soft, vulnerable cunt, peeking out below the beautifully rounded cheeks of her ass. It was slightly open and seemed to be beckoning to him, inviting him as a single drop of her juice slowly seeped out from it and dripped down onto the couch below.

Then his mother slowly spread her legs apart even wider, seemingly ready to accept her fate. A fate she didn't seem capable of escaping.

Now with his mother standing on one knee, her other leg stretched out, her toes digging into the carpet, she thrust her butt up in the air, there was something almost primal, bestial about it all, Jim frantically thought. His mother groveling before him, her sex thrust up in the air to accept him. Wriggling her ass back at him, she was almost begging him to take her. And he would, he deliriously thought—

Reaching down, Jim grabbed hold his great evil cock. Guiding it up to her wet, oozing pussy, he rested his great cockhead up against the soft, vulnerable opening.

Standing there on his knees with his giant cock poised to impale her, he stopped to savor the feeling of power that was coursing through him at that moment. He had never felt such dominance. It was addictive. But as overwhelming as it was, he could no longer postpone the inevitable.

"I'm sorry mother," he whispered as he slowly eased his penis into the hot, slippery sheath of her sex.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," she gasped as the malevolent monster squished into her accepting wetness, sliding in all the way up to the hilt in one long, slippery plunge.

Almost at the same moment he felt his dangling balls thud up against her hairy mons, he felt a shiver shudder through his mother's body as she stiffened and thrust back at him.

"OhGoddyyyyyy—" she gasped as Jim felt her pussy clutch at him. Then she began to make straining, choking sounds as her cunt began to squeeze and milk at his embedded penis. Suddenly Jim's balls were drenched in thick, creamy cunt juice. It was almost like his mother's pussy was melting around his cock, liquefying and covering everything below their waists in her liquid sex. He could feel her sticky heat dripping down off his balls coating the insides of his thighs with its clinging warmth while he strained against her. Jim had never felt anything like it as his mother's sex convulsed, squeezing, milking pulling on him as she came. He could see the muscles in her back tightening and relaxing as the spasmodic contractions wracked her pussy. He could feel every spasm undulating through her pussy squeezed down around his fully-immersed cock down inside the clutching heat of her love-wound.

Jim was stunned. He had barely gotten his cock inside her before she was orgasming. As she continued to moan and squirm under him, Jim leaned down over her letting his hands slide off her hips, up alongside her waist and then down under her. With his chest pressed against her sweaty back, he gently kissed the nape of her neck as his pawing hands found her dangling breasts. Clutching them in his hands, he began to gently knead and squeeze them as he slowly back his rock-hard manhood back down the clinging tightness of her pussy.

"No-no-no-don't take it out—" he heard his mother plaintively plead just before he curled his hips and thrust back inside her, driving all the way up to the hilt again inside her. "Yessssss—" she hissed, grunting, straining and thrusting back at him to take him inside her. Dropping her tits, Jim pulled his hands back out from under her and coiled them around her sweaty waist. Then he began to slowly rock back and forth above her, driving his stiff, hard cock down into her balls deep on every thrusting stroke. He could hear the soft, wet slap of his juice-drenched groin and belly smacking up against his mother's up-thrust ass every time their groins slammed together. He could feel his mother rocking too, moving in harmony with him as they fucked. As much as he wanted this monumental moment to last, he was quickly losing control and knew that the excitement coursing through his veins would soon trigger the eruption of a mass of hot, potent cum into his mother's tight, clinging cunt. As he pumped his cock in and out of her faster with bold, forceful strokes, he could feel her heaving under him, meeting him, thrusting back at him, taking him stroke for stroke as he buried himself inside her.

Faster and harder, he rode her. She was so hot and wet, her cunt was literally pouring juice out, coating their thighs with its hot stickiness. More and more violent became the coupling as they both drew closer and closer to the final indignity.

Suddenly, he felt his mother begin to shake and quiver underneath him again. She was coming—again!

"Ohhhhhh GoddddNooooooo," she gasped as her cunt muscles locked down around his pistoning penis.

"OH, My, Goddddddddddd," Jim bellowed almost simultaneously.

Jim had never felt such exquisite pleasure as he felt his balls explode and spew a great gusher of molten cum into the fiery depths of his mother's cunt. Spurting his sperm-filled milt deep inside his birthplace, he filled his mother's womb with thick, hot cream as it spewed out of his loins in huge gushes. It coated the walls of his mother's pussy with its blistering heat as they orgasmed together. Over and over again, his great engine jerked and bucked sending out gusher after gusher of his virulent semen into the very core of his beginning.

Finally, he had nothing left. Nothing left to give his mother. She had taken it all from him. She had sucked him dry.

Exhausted, guilt-ridden, and heart-broken, Jim fought to catch his breath as he crouched over his mother while she slowly collapsed back down onto the couch. Leaning down, he laid his cheek and ear down on her sweat-slickened back listening to the pounding thud of her heartbeat slowly returning to normal. He could feel the power flowing out of his defeated, beaten cock as it began to wilt and retreat back down the slick, cum-filled channel of his mother's sex. At last, he came slithering out of her as his limp, conquered manhood dropped down between her thighs, completely dominated and bowing before her authority. Slowly pushing up onto his hands and knees Jim was wracked with a deep feeling of remorse and self-hatred as he rolled over to sit between his mother's outstretched legs. As he did, he stared down at the fleshy, pink wound of her sex slowly oozing out his seed onto the couch below it.

He realized that their whole life had changed the instant he had entered her. It was all his fault. How could he ever live with the guilt that was growing in his heart?

Falling back on the couch, he covered his eyes and started to cry. How could his mother ever forgive him for the grievous sin that he had just inflicted upon her? Leaning back against the couch, he was too ashamed to look up at her face. How could he ever make reparation for what he had done to her?

At last he felt his mother stir. Still he couldn't bring himself to look at her.

Then as he lay blaming himself for robbing his mother of her decency, he felt his mother's legs squirm behind his back. Sensing she wanted to pull her leg out from behind his back, he leaned forward and felt it brush up his back. He kept his eyes closed, unable to bring himself to look at his mother as he felt the couch shudder as his mother sat up beside him. Then as he sat leaning back against the couch, his eyes closed, his heart aching, he felt his mother's soft, warm fingers gently grasp his bowed cock and lift it up out from between his thighs. Throwing open his eyes, he looked down just at the moment he felt his cock being enveloped in soft, warm wetness as his mother sucked him into her mouth.

"Motherrrrrrrrr--" he gasped, staring down at her in shocked disbelief. What was she doing? Why was she doing that to him? Why wasn't she mad at him after what he had just done to her? How could she do *that*?

His eyes were nearly bugging out of his head when he saw his mother leaning down over him sucking on his cock—

"My, God, Mother, What," he mumbled, his voice trailing off because he didn't know what to say.

Then, keeping her rose-colored lips locked down around the shaft of his wilted manhood, she tilted her head up and their eyes met for a long heart-stopping moment. Then, keeping her eyes on him, she slowly lifted her head, letting his limp, wilted penis ooze back out from between her full, pouting lips.

"I'm okay now," she tenderly smiled at him, her lips glistening wetly in the soft, afternoon light.

"Oh, God, Mom, I'm so sorry—" he started to apologize, not knowing what he could say to make everything right but knowing he had to say something.

But she stopped him by putting her finger on his lips.

"It seemed so innocent when you started," she said softly, unconsciously squeezing and fondling his shrunken manhood as she spoke. "Then I realized what you were doing, and then I knew. I knew that you had finally come back to me. I knew it was really *you*."

"I'm sorry, Mo..." he started to say, unsure of what she meant. What did she mean that she knew it was really *him*? And if she had known that it was him, why had she let him make love to her. He was her son and that kind of thing wasn't allowed.

"Shush, and listen to me for a minute," she said purposefully, staring deep into his eyes. Then Jim saw it. That strange, lost look in her eyes—it was gone! Almost like she had come back from wherever it was that she had been. And she looked happy—happier than he'd ever seen her...ever—

"I realized that you wanted to make love to me...again," she sighed, still caressing her son's flaccid penis, "and I wanted you, too. As much as you wanted me...maybe more. Just like it always was."

What was she talking about? He was baffled. He didn't understand. But she was happy. Wasn't that what really mattered. Isn't that why he had come back?

"Oh, God, Mother, Really..." he gasped.

"Yes, My Love," she whispered, "I've been all alone for so long. And you finally came back. I needed someone to love and, and, and you, you, you gave me love. It was a beautiful and exciting thing. You finally came back to me."

"Yes," Jim murmured, confused and not sure of what was actually happening between them, but afraid that if he tried to find out, he might send her back into that place she had been. That dark, foreboding place.

"It was one of the best, Dear," she smiled at him. "Don't you think?"

"Oh, Mother, I Love you," he mumbled, not knowing what else to say.

"And, I needed it so very much," she sighed, pausing for effect "then, and, and Now."

"What, You, What, You Mean, You, mean that..." Jim spluttered inately, feeling his manhood twitch and begin to firm up again. Did she want to make love again? Had she forgiven him?

"Oh, Yes, Jeff," she euphorically smiled, "I want us to make love again and again and again. Just the way we used to..."

He didn't know what was happening, but he wasn't going to do anything to stop it. Reaching out, he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her against him as their lips met and they kissed...

~~~~~

This time it was soft and gentle and lasted far into the afternoon...

As they lay on his mother's bed recovering from their lovemaking, she rolled over and snuggled up next to him. Jim was euphoric. He had never known that making love could feel so fulfilling. It had always been great, but with his mother it was incredulous.

"You remember when you wanted me to come live close to the campus so you could take care of me?" she softly asked him, her hand lying on his belly as she softly caressed and fondled his limp maleness.

"Yes..." he smiled, looking down into her liquid-blue eyes.

"Do you still want me to do that?" she asked him, leaning over and pressing a soft kiss against his cheek.

"Of course...I know of the perfect place. It's about two blocks from the campus. It's just come on the market...I've been watching the real estate market just in case you ever changed your mind," he smiled back at her, his hand straying over to her breast that was resting against his arm. As he did, he found that the nipple was stiff and hard.

"Is it big enough for the two of us?" she asked him, squirming, pressing her breasts against his fondling fingers.

"You mean you and me?" he asked, feel a shiver of excitement tickle through his cock. "You want us to live together?"

"Unless you don't think it would work..." she hesitantly said, as a glimmer of doubt flickered across her face.

"NO—NO—I think it would work—" Jim exclaimed. "I, it just surprised me...that's all," he beamed, grinning from ear to ear.

"I'll try and make you happy," she smiled, leaning over and pressing a soft, gentle kiss on his lips.

"You already have, Mother. You already have..." Jim murmured, gently rolling her over onto her back and moving up between her outstretched legs...

## **The End**

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

## **THE PERFECT MOM**

Barry still couldn't get over it. The woman in the Victoria's Secret Catalog looked exactly like his mother. Tall, blond, beautiful face and big, round, heavy breasts hidden under the thin veneer of the satin material. At least, that's the way he imagined his mother would look in something as sexy as the gown the lady was wearing.

Would she really look like the picture if she wore the slinky gown the lady in the catalog was wearing? Were her breasts as big as the lady's?

He found the lady to be the sexiest woman he had ever seen and as he ogled the picture, he suddenly felt his cock begin to stir.

As he stared at the woman's face, the strangest feeling came over him. It was as if it were his mother looking back up at him from the catalog. And he was getting hard?

A flush of guilt raced through his mind as he continued to gape at the picture. Was he aroused by the lady or was it the striking similarity between the lady and his mother? He had never felt anything like this before and he didn't know what to think of it. Flipping the catalog shut, he tossed it down on the bed beside him.

God, he was so horny, he couldn't think straight. That was it. That was why he had gotten a hard-on. He was just horny.

Ramming his hand down inside his shorts, he grabbed hold of his big, thick cock and tugged it out into the open. Staring down at the purple headed ogre, he began to run his hand up and down it. Watching it with perverted pride, he milked it with his hand until he saw a big, pearly drop of pre-fuck juice ooze out of the hole in its head and trickle down onto the swollen shaft. God, would I love to shove my cock into a hot, slippery cunt, he groaned to himself.

Then, as he lay there fisting himself, he suddenly found himself thinking about his mother again.

She was just about the most perfect mom in the world. Looking around his room, he saw that it was spotlessly clean as usual and he hadn't had to lift a finger. His mother kept it that way and he didn't even ask her to do it. And when he ran out of money from his allowance, all he had to do was ask and she would tell him to take what he needed out of her purse. And when his dad tried to come down on him about something he had done wrong, she was always there on his side to defend him, even if he was in the wrong. Anytime he needed gas money, she would give him money or loan him her car even if she needed it for something else. As he thought about it, he couldn't think of anything she had ever denied him. It seemed that all he had to do was ask and she would come up with whatever he needed.

Then there was the time she found his stash of marijuana. Instead of blowing up and grounding him for life, she told him that he had better keep his stuff hidden better. He had been shocked, but when she went on, telling him that her father had found her stash when she was a teenager and had given her the spanking of her life, he couldn't believe it. It was hard to believe that his had mother smoked pot, but it was even crazier when she didn't punish *him* for smoking it.

And the men's magazines he had hidden down under the mattress of his bed. His buddy Frank Harman, worked in his father's drug store, Harman's Drug and Dime and when his dad wasn't around, Frank would sell the magazines to his buddies. This had been going on since way back when Barry was underage and now, by the time he was eighteen, there was quite a lump under his mattress. Barry had left one out accidentally one day and his mother had found it. She had just grinned and asked him where he had gotten it. He lied and said he had found it, not wanting to get his buddy, Frank in trouble. Then she asked him what he thought about the women in the book. He hadn't known what to say, so he just said that they were pretty. His mother had just chuckled at his embarrassment, but hadn't punished him or anything for it.

Another freaky thing about him and his mother was that they shared the same birth date. Well, not the same because he was eighteen and let's see, his mother was thirty-nine, forty. Then he realized that their next birthday, it would be the big four O for her. Forty.

It had always felt kind of weird having the same birthday, but somehow it made him feel even closer to her. Like they were connected on another level or something. Like twins.

That reminded him. He hadn't gotten her anything for her birthday yet.

He had heard that women get kind of touchy about their age as they get older. He'd heard that they begin to think that they aren't pretty and attractive to men any more. That sure wasn't the case with his mother. In fact, quite the opposite in his mother's case. She was getting prettier every year. Or at least he thought so. And so did several of the guys at school. They were always telling him what a fox his mother was. Yeah, he was lucky to have her for a mom. The perfect Mother.

Well, he would have to get her something that would make her feel young and pretty. But what? Then his eyes found the Victoria's Secret catalog again. What about the sexy gown? He could buy it for her and then show her the picture in the catalog and tell her how much she looked liked the model. That ought to make her feel young.

Yeah, that was what he would do, but today was Thursday and their birthday was tomorrow, so he would have to run down to the mall after school tomorrow and see if they had the same gown in the Victoria's Secret store.

Giving his cock another couple of quick whacks just for the hell of it, he quickly stuffed it back into his pants and closed the catalog.

Now that he had figured out what to get his mother, he opened the drawer to his nightstand. Peering down at the line of joints there, he grinned, thinking about how he was going to use them to celebrate his

birthday. It had taken him a couple of months to amass the hoard, but it was going to be worth it he thought to himself...

~~~~~  
The next day, right after school, he sped down to the Victoria's Secret store. He felt kind of self-conscious about going into the store, but finally, after loitering around outside for half an hour, he finally gathered up his courage and went inside.

Walking around gawking at all of the feminine undergarments and lingerie, he found himself wondering if his mother wore anything like them. Some of them left very little to the imagination. Suddenly, he felt himself breaking out into a cold sweat.

"Can I help you?" The saleslady asked him making him almost jump out of his skin.

"Uh. Yes, uh, I think so, uh, I hope so," he stammered, blushing bright red as a pretty lady about his mother's age stood looking at him.

"I, uh, I wonder, do, do you have any of these, uh, these gowns?" he stuttered out as he bashfully opened the catalog to the page with the gown.

"Why we sure do," she smiled back at him. "Do you want it in red, like the picture or would you like it is some other color?"

"Uh, red, red, just like the picture," he blushed as the lady led him over to a rack of gowns.

"And what size do you need?"

"Uh, I don't know," he mumbled, growing more and more embarrassed by the whole thing.

"Well, how big is the, uh, lady?" she asked him.

"About, about the same size as you," he said, fidgeting with the catalog, "I guess."

"I think a medium will do," she grinned, reaching over to the rack and pulling out a red gown. "You can always bring it back if it doesn't fit."

"Okay," he grunted as the lady started for the cash register.

"Will that be cash or charge?"

"Uh, cash," he muttered, digging into his pocket for his billfold.

"That will be forty-two, fifty-four," she smiled at him as she rang the sale up.

"Uh, could I get it wrapped, please?" he asked her.

"Sure, but there will be a three dollar charge. Okay?"

"Yes. Please."

"What's the occasion?"

"Huh?"

"Birthday, surprise, or what?"

"Oh, it's my mother's birthday."

"Oh. Your mother," the lady said with a questioning look on her face.

"Uh, yeah, she's going to be forty, and uh, I wanted to give her something to make her feel young," he blushed.

"Why that's nice of you," she smiled back at him.

"Yeah, I guess," he smiled bashfully.

"I wish I had a son that was so sensitive," she laughed as she folded the gown into a box and started wrapping it.

Finally, he was driving home with the package setting on the seat beside him.

I hope she likes it, he smiled to himself...

~~~~~  
"Are you sure you don't want to go?" his father asked him as the three of them stood by their RV that was all decked out for a hunting trip.

"Dad, you know how I feel about hunting. I think anybody who gets pleasure out of hurting something for their own pleasure is a little sick." He said. "You included."

"Well, I guess that you won't be wanting the rifle I bought you for your birthday then," he grunted.

"No," Barry emphatically said, turning away and walking toward the house.

Looking over his shoulder, he saw his mother give his father a peck on the cheek. Then he stopped at the door and watched as his father slowly backed the RV down the driveway toward the road.

"I'm sorry," his mother smiled at him as she walked up beside him and took his hand in hers.

"That's okay," he sadly moped, "at least we feel the same about hunting."

"Yes," she said, watching the RV disappear around the corner. "But you can't really blame your father. It's just the way he was raised..."

"Well, Happy Birthday," he laughed taking hold of her hand and walking into the house hand in hand.

"And a Happy Birthday to you," she grinned back at him. "Are you ready for our annual birthday supper?"

"I've been thinking about it all day, uh, year long," he said, leading the way into the kitchen. The table was set for two and there was a package wrapped in birthday gift-wrap on his plate.

"Just a minute," he said, grinning and hurrying down the hallway to his room where he retrieved his mother's gift and the catalog.

"You want to open presents now," his mother asked him from the stove where she was stirring a big pot of spaghetti, "or after we eat?"

"Let's eat first," he grinned, setting her present down beside her plate and slipping the catalog onto the chair beside his.

"Okay, birthday boy," she laughed as she ladled a huge helping of spaghetti onto their noodle-covered plates.

They laughed and talked, reminiscing about past birthdays as they ate.

Finally, when almost all the spaghetti was gone, his mother put her fork down.

"I'm stuffed. I can't eat another bite," she said, pushing back her plate.

"Me, too," he grinned, rubbing his belly. "Superb as usual. You make the best spaghetti in the whole world."

Then, with a shy nudge, he pushed her gift toward her.

"Well, happy birthday, Mom, and many more."

"Forty. I can't believe it. The big four-zero," she complained. "Why I'll be needing a wheel chair before you know it. And you, eighteen. I can't believe my little boy is all grown up, now."

"Aw, mom," he laughed, "you know I'll always be your little boy. And besides, you're not getting older, you're just getting better."

"Oh, Silly," she laughed, cleaning the plates off the table.

"Really," he grinned, "you ought to hear what the guys at school say about you. They say you are one more foxy lady."

"You're just making that up," she said, dropping the plates into the dishwasher. "And don't let your father ever hear that. I don't think he would like that much..."

"I won't, but I'm not making it up. They really do say that. Now come on back over here," he said, handing her the brightly wrapped present, "this will show you that you're not as old as you think you are."

"What in heaven's name could it be," she said, wiping her hands on a dishtowel and stepping back over to the table.

"Just open it and then I want to show you a picture in a magazine, uh, catalog," he grinned at her.

"You shouldn't have," she blushed, quickly ripping the wrapping paper off the box.

"Victoria's Secret," she smiled when she saw the box. "What could it be?"

"I hope you like it," he smiled as she lifted to top off the box.

"Oh, my, it's beautiful," she cooed as she lifted the red satin gown out of the box.

"And look at this," he said, proudly showing her the picture of the lady in the catalog. "I bet you'll look just like this lady in the catalog when you wear it. She certainly doesn't look forty...and neither do you. Not that forty is a bad thing..." He wondered if he ought to tell her that he had this thing for older women, anyway. He'd always thought they were a lot sexier than the giggly, harebrained girls at school.

"Oh, honey," she bubbled, staring down at the catalog. "You're the sweetest thing."

Then, before he could move, she took him in her arms and gave him a hard hug, planting a long, wet kiss on his cheek as she did.

Feeling his mother's big, soft breasts pressed against his chest, he reached around her and gave her squeeze. Blushing, he couldn't stop the faint stirring of excitement as his cock suddenly began to feel heavy and hot as it firmed up down inside his pants.

"Aw, mom," he blushed, as she backed away, holding the gown up against herself.

"Do you think I really look like the woman in the catalog?" she smiled at him.

"You could be twins," he laughed, peeling the paper off his present, "or maybe you have a modeling job on the side that I don't know about."

"I hope you aren't disappointed with your present," his mother grinned at him as he tore into it.

"Hey, this is weird," he laughed as he pulled a pair of flannel pajamas out of the box. "We both got stuff to sleep in."

"Do you like them?" she asked him with a sly little grin.

"Uh, yeah, sure, mom," he grinned back at her, surprised by the inexpensive gift.

She usually gave him a much more expensive gift and this was his eighteenth birthday. He thought that she would have gotten him something really special.

"You look disappointed," his mother grinned at him as he stood looking down at the rumpled pajamas.

"Uh, no, no, I'm not, uh, I just, uh," he stammered, stopping, afraid he would offend her if he told her he was expecting more.

"There might be something in the pocket," she laughed, "if you look."

"What," he grunted, digging his fingers into the pocket.

His fingers touched something hard and cold. Wrapping his fingers around it he pulled it out. It was a wristwatch. And not just any wristwatch. It was a Rolex.

"Wow," he exclaimed, examining the glimmering gold timepiece. "This is great. It's a Rolex."

"I know," she grinned, "only the best for my little boy."

"I feel bad now," he frowned. "I only gave you a gown."

"Hey, it's wonderful. I love it," she grinned at him, giving him a hug.

"Do you like it?" she asked him, letting go of him and stepping back.

"I love it," he grinned from ear to ear as he slipped it onto his wrist. "It's the best present anyone ever gave me."

"Well, I'm glad you like it," gathering up the wrapping paper and taking it to the trash can.

"Happy Birthday," she told him again. "I think I'm going to celebrate mine with a bottle of wine and a nice, hot bubble bath. What about you?"

"Taking a bath?" he asked, surprised at the question.

"No, Silly," she laughed, "What are you going to do to celebrate your birthday? Go out with the guys?"

"No, I think I'm just going up to my room and listen to some music," he smiled, thinking about the stash of marijuana up in his room. "After all, I'm eighteen now. I'm all grown up."

"Okay," she smiled, giving him another peck on the cheek. "Night, night."

"Night, night, and happy birthday," he grinned, admiring the seductive sway of her hips as she walked across the room.

What was wrong with him? Was he getting the hots for his own mom? Whatever it was, every time he looked at her, he felt his cock getting all hot and heavy.

Shaking his head, he looked down at his new watch. Eight o'clock, he thought to himself. Time to break out the marijuana, he told himself.

Grabbing the Victoria's Secret catalog, he hurried up to his room, took a quick shower and slipped into his new pajamas. Grinning like a Cheshire cat, he set up his fan, pointing it at the open window and turning it on. Then with the fan blowing across the bed and out toward the window, he turned on his DVD player and flopped down on the bed.

Quickly, he opened the drawer to his nightstand and retrieved his hoard of marijuana. Selecting one of the fattest ones, he stuck it between his lips. The long awaited moment had finally come as he flicked his lighter to life and slowly touched the flame to the tip of the joint. Inhaling deeply, he savored the acrid bite of the smoke as he held it deep in his lungs for as long as he could. Finally, with a little cough, he blew what was left of the smoke out into the air.

"What a life," he said out loud as he took another deep drag off the potent smoke as he admired his new watch.

Slowly, he felt the mellow bliss of the marijuana begin to sink in as he smoked the joint all the way down to a nub.

Grinding it out, he quickly lit up a second smoke. Stretching out on his bed, he puffed on the misshapen cigarette as he let the fuzzy warm happiness soak in even deeper. Too bad the stuff made him so horny, though, he thought to himself as he flipped open the catalog to the page with the model who looked like his mother. Gazing at the woman, he reached down under the sheet, unfastened his pj bottoms and pulled his thick, swollen cock out. Slowly stroking his hand up and down his cock, he pored over the picture as he sucked on the joint.

Horny and celebrating his passage into manhood alone in his room by smoking dope and leering at a picture of a woman that looked just like his mother? What had he stooped to, he tipsily asked himself? If only he had a woman to share the moment with, he wished, groping himself with more enthusiasm.

Just then, almost as if his wish had been granted, the woman from the catalog was standing in his doorway.

He couldn't believe his eyes. But there she was, standing there with a silly smile on her face, a half full glass of wine in her hand as she leaned against the door watching him.

Wow, this is some good stuff, he told himself. Not only does it get you high, it grants your wishes, too. Naw, I must be dreaming, he thought to himself as he fumbled with his rapidly growing manhood.

Smirking obscenely at the woman, he saw her eyes suddenly widen in surprise as they dipped down to the lump bouncing up and down under the sheet.

"Wellll—Hellllllllo," he leered up at her, running his eyes down her shapely body. The shimmering red satin hid her charms from view, but the shimmering material clung to her body like a second skin. In fact, instead of hiding her body the gown highlighted the curves and contours accentuating their beauty even more.

"Welcome to my room, catalog lady," he slurred out drunkenly as he brazenly pored over her body with his eyes.

The lady didn't move. She just stood there staring at him with eyes big as saucers and an open mouth.

It took his dope-numbered mind several seconds to come to the shocking realization that it wasn't the catalog lady at all. He wasn't dreaming. It was his mother.

Sensing he had made a tragic blunder, he started to pull his hand out of his pajamas. But his arm, numbed by the marijuana, didn't correctly follow his orders and as he fumbled awkwardly fumbled around, the sheet fell back and his hard, swollen cock suddenly flopped out into the open.

"Jeez," he wheezed, scrambling to cover himself as his mother looked on in shocked amazement.

"Sorrieeeee—" he wheezed, fumbling and mumbling as he tried to stuff his errant cock back down inside his uncooperative pajamas. Somehow, he finally managed to get it back under cover.

His mother hadn't moved. She just stood there staring at him with her mouth open. It looked like she was having some kind of mini-seizure as she stood gawking down at him.

"Accident--" croaked, struggling up to a sitting position. "I didn't do it on purpose."

"I would hope not," his mother finally said as she gasped for breath sending her bosom heaving up and down under the clinging satin with a delightful lurch.

Barry's fogged brain wasn't working properly and the only thing he could think of was how pretty she was in her new gown. She looked awesome.

"You look awesome," Barry blurted out as his eyes feasted on her body hidden underneath the shimmering softness of the satin material.

"T-thank you," his mother mumbled, catching her breath as the look of amazement began to slowly melt down off her face.

"Even prettier than catalog lady," Barry charge on, sensing a softening of her demeanor as he suddenly noticed her nipples jutting out under the thin cloth.

In fact, they were tenting the shimmering satin, jutting out like two big, round marbles.

His mother didn't say a word for the longest time as they stared into each other's eyes.

Finally, she brushed her finger down the clinging gown and spoke.

"You really think I'm prettier than the woman in the catalog?" she asked him, slowly pirouetting around in a circle.

"Defitly," unable to get his tongue around the word as he grunted, relishing the spectacular view of his mother as she slowly turned.

As she turned, his eyes followed the soft, shimmering satin swooping down her back to the sloping perfection of her tight, round butt sending a jolt of electricity sparking through his cock.

"It's, uh, you're, uh, beautiful," he murmured finding himself tongue-tied as he stared at his mother in wide-eyed admiration.

"Well, thank you for my gift," she smiled at him as she stopped circling and stood still again. "It fits me very well."

"It sure does," he praised.

Neither of them spoke for several more long, pregnant moments.

"Wanna smoke?" he finally blurted, not knowing what else to say, but not wanting her to leave and knowing that she had smoked dope in her youth, too.

"You're inviting me, your mother to smoke dope with you?" she asked him. "You know I should be chewing you out for doing it yourself."

"But, you did once," he shot back. "You smoked pot once...you told me you did."

"Yes, but that was twenty years ago," she said, lifting the glass of wine to her lips and tipping it up, "now I use liquid dope."

"Celebrate birthdays," he said, unable to get his tongue to precisely form words.

She slowly brought the empty glass down from her full, ripe lips as a sparkle of light caught a glistening drop of wine on them.

She was so frigging beautiful, he thought to himself as he reached over and picked out the fattest joint from his remaining pile.

"Okay?" he asked, holding it up to show her.

"I don't think this is a very good idea," she protested, giving him an exasperated look. "But I'll have just one. And just because it is our birthday."

"Uh-huh," he said with a silly grin on his face.

He didn't know what was going to happen, but whatever it was, he felt like it was going to be something really wild.



His mother slowly began walking toward him and he couldn't help but watch. Even the slight movement pressed the soft, shimmering gown against her beautiful body highlighting and accentuating every delightful curve.

"But I'm going to have to leave if you don't put your eyes back in your head," she cautioned him with a soft giggle.

"Huh," he grunted, blushing, looking down, trying to avert his eyes away from her. "Sorry."

"Where did you get all this weed?" she asked him easing down onto the edge of his bed only a couple of feet away from him.

"Friend," he mumbled, lighting the big, fat joint for her. "Saving up for night, uh, tonight..."

"It sounds like you've already had a couple," she softly laughed making her big tits jiggle and Bob under the shimmering satin. "You're talking funny."

"Only two," he grinned back at her, handing her the joint as a curl of smoke drifted up from it.

Reaching out, she daintily took the fat roll of marijuana and lifted it to her lips.

Barry watched on with excited anticipation as she took a long, deep pull on the joint. He couldn't help but admire the way her big tits heaved up as she sucked the potent smoke into her lungs and held it.

Smiling at him, she held the smoke in her lungs as long as she could before exhaling with a sputtering cough.

"Been a long time," she coughed, holding the joint out to him.

"No," he said, "go head. "I get one, too."

Lighting up another one, he and his mother lay on the bed puffing on their joints until they had smoked them down to a glowing nubs.

"I forgotten how good feels," she sighed as she leaned over and snuffed out the dying joint in the ashtray.

"Here," he told her, offering her the rest of his. "Finish mine..."

"Shouldn't," she grinned, "but what the heck...no one here but us chickens," she laughed taking the last little stub, inhaling on it deeply before she stubbed it out as her big tits bobbed and bounced up and down under the thin satin every time she moved.

Grinning, Barry quickly lit up another joint and handed it to her. This was something else, he thought. How many guys got to share a joint with their moms? And how many boys had such a beautiful mom? A beautiful mom that was only wearing a very, very thin gown, he lewdly thought as he saw his mother's nipples were still tenting the thin cloth. Another spurt of excitement shot through his cock as his eyes dropped down to her breasts while he stared at the outline of her big, round breasts and jutting nipples while she slowly smoked the second weed down to nothing. A beautiful mom with big, beautiful tits and nipples as big and hard as golf balls, he gloated.

"Wow," she groaned, laying the joint in the ashtray and leaning back on her elbows. "Forgot how it made feel."

"How make feel?" he asked her, turning over onto his side beside her.

"Feel should not tell son," she giggled, making her breasts wiggle and jiggle wildly even more.

"Makes me, uh, me feel, uh, feel, uh, horn, uh, uh, sexy," Barry tipsily stammered. "How you?"

"Me?" she giggled again. "I feel, me feel like, like want, want to be, be naughty."

"Me, too," he nervously laughed.

"Nother one?" he grinned, picking out another joint.

"Still have one," she grinned, pointing over to the smoking joint laying in the ashtray. "Getting giddy."

"It okay," he smiled, picking up the joint and handing it to her. "Like you say...just me, you here—chickens—" he tipsily giggled.

"I know," she smiled back at him. "That the pred, uh, the predict, uh, the predict, predictmnt."

"What predictmnt?" he wanted to know, feeling no pain what-so-ever.

"Nuthin...never mind..."

"Not bad," he said, watching her smoke. "Me, you, birthday."

Suddenly, he found himself wanting to see her breasts. What would they look like? Would they be as pretty as he imagined they would be? His own mother's breasts. He had seen plenty of pictures of women's breasts, but he had never seen his own mother's breasts. Well, not recent enough to remember what they looked like, he laughed to himself.

"Mom?" he asked.

"Yes," she sighed, blowing out a ring of smoke into the air.

"Did you nrse me?" he wheezed.

"Huh?" she sputtered, coughing, choking on the smoke as she looked at him through the haze of smoke with a puzzled look on her face.

"When I baby, did you nurse me?" he asked again.

"I thought that what you said..." she mumbled, taking another quick drag off the joint.

"Baby. Did nurse me?" he asked her for the third time.

She didn't answer him for the longest time. She just lay looking at him as if she were trying to make up her mind about something.

"Yes, I nursed you, baby," she finally groaned, "Why?"

"Want to see," he whined.

"Want see what?" she asked him taking the last pull off the joint before stubbing it out.

"Want see breasts," he choked out.

She didn't answer him. She just lay there looking up at him with a glazed look in her big, hazel eyes.

"Want see your brsts," he said again, slowly raising his hand up toward the jutting roundness of flesh jutting up underneath the thin material of her gown.

She followed his hand with her eyes, but made no move to stop him.

He could feel his hand trembling as his fingers brushed against the silky smoothness of the material. Breathing in short pants, he delicately began to push the material down off her shoulder. Still she made no effort to stop him.

Growing bolder with each passing second, he pushed the material down off her shoulder and watched the shoulder strap edge down, slowly sliding down revealing more and more of her soft, white breast. He could feel his heart pounding like a jackhammer down in his chest and there was a roaring in his ears louder than any jet plane he had ever heard.

Then, her swollen, jutting nipple snagged the edge of the gown stopping its downward plunge. Pushing a little harder, he felt the gown slip free as her big, hard nipple sprang into the open.

"God," he groaned as he stared down at the ripe, round nipple jutting up in the air.

It was hard and stiffly sticking out like a big, plump cherry.

Once freed from the nipple, the edge of the gown quickly slithered down stopping in a wrinkled muddle just below the rounded bottom of her breast.

"Awesome," he coarsely grunted as he stared down at her bare breast.

As she lay there unmoving, Barry hooked his thumb under the other shoulder strap and quickly raked it down over her shoulder as the gown slid down off her other breast. Now both of the big, round mounds of pale, quivering breast were exposed to his gawking eyes.

"Beautiful," he crooned. "Beautiful—" he praised.

His cock felt as big as a log as it throbbed and pulsated down under the sheet. This was his mother lying on his bed with her gown pulled down below her big, wonderful breasts! The thought itself was almost enough to give him a heart attack, he groaned as he feasted his eyes on the beauty of her exposed breasts.

Before long, he felt himself being drawn down toward the knobs of jutting, darkened flesh protruding up from the center of her breasts. Opening his mouth, he ever so gently sucked one of the delectable nubs into his mouth.

He heard a soft moan escape from his mother's lips as he tenderly sucked on the bulging pap, teasing it gently with his tongue.

God, he thought to himself, she isn't even trying to stop me. She must want it as bad as I do. This sent another shiver of obscene excitement coursing through his cock, bringing it to the point of eruption all on its own.

Sucking and nibbling on her big, hard nipple, he slowly twirled his tongue round and round it as she mewed like a purring cat arching her back and gently thrusting her breasts against his insistent lips.

What a birthday gift, he thought to himself as he teased and toyed with his mother's swollen nipple. His mother was giving him the best birthday present any mother could give her son. Letting him become a baby again and nurse from her exquisite breasts. The only thing missing was the milk itself.

Confident now that she wasn't going to stop him, he softly cupped the heavy mound of flesh and gently squeezed it, wishing he could evoke a stream of mother's milk from deep inside it. But he knew this was impossible and he must be content with what he had.

He could feel her nipple growing even harder as he teased it with his lips and tongue. Resting his cheek on the soft, pliable pillow of flesh, he was a baby again.

Sucking and fondling her breast, he was in heaven. Then, subtly at first, he felt something move down on the sheet near his throbbing cock. Whatever it was, it was inching closer and closer until at last, he felt his mother's warm, soft fingers ease down under the sheet. His cock was achingly hard, lying on his belly throbbing and twitching as he imagined he could feel the heat emanating from his mother's fingers while they crept ever closer. Then a spasm of electric energy jolted through his cock as his mother touched the volatile, inflamed head of his primed prick.

"Ummmmmmmm," he groaned out around the nipple which now felt as big as a ping-pong ball. How could this be happening, he asked himself as he felt his mother's fingers delicately exploring the rubbery hardness of his cockhead. This was too much. He couldn't hold back the imminent eruption if she continued to touch and fondle him like she was. If she did, he was going to lose it and shoot his load out all over her fingers and hand.

"God, Mother," he grunted, letting the stiff, hard nipple slip out of his mouth.

Grunting, he scooted down the bed, rolled and dropped to the floor beside it. On his knees, he quickly scrambled over to his mother and with a whimper grabbed hold of the hem of her gown. With a jerk, he lifted the gown up her thighs, pushing it back to a tangled mess around her waist. As the bare skin underneath the gown was uncovered, Barry quickly saw that she was wearing a miniscule pair of thong panties. He could hardly breathe as he gawked down at her near-nakedness. There it was his frantic brain screamed. Her pussy-her vagina-her cunt! And all that hid it was a tiny triangle of red satin. Barry almost lost it again. He was within a hair of blowing his creamy load all over the sheets hanging down over the side of his bed.

Curling his fingers, he reached out and dug them under the string waistband of her thong panties. Then with a crazed grunt, he jerked and pulled the panties down around his mother's knees. As he did, his mother's bare, bald pussy almost jumped out at him. She didn't have any hair down there. Her mons was as smooth and bald as a billiard ball. Now all of her secrecy was exposed to his hungry, leering eyes.

Paralyzed by the exquisite panorama of flesh spread out before his longing eyes, he stared down at it in a paralytic fog. *IT* wasn't like any of the pictures he'd ever seen of *IT*! His mother's pussy was shaved clean. Not a single hair to mar its perfection. Trying to swallow the bale of cotton that had mysteriously formed in his mouth, he glanced up at his mother's face in disbelief, but saw that she had her head thrown back and he couldn't see her eyes.

This revelation about his mother, already perfect in his eyes made her seem even more fascinating. This made her even more sensual. Somehow, in Barry's lust-crazed brain, the fact that she went to the trouble to shave herself down there that way must mean that she enjoyed sex. Why else would she do it? And if she did, why wouldn't she let him have sex with her?

As that evil thought raced through his brain, a sharp, piercing pain shot through his cock as it jerked and twitched dangerously close to disgorging its boiling load of cum at any second.

Then with a grunt, he pushed her legs apart.

There it was. The place he had been expelled from. Staring down at the oozing gash of pink flesh, he couldn't believe that he could ever have come out of something so small. So small and delicately beautiful. How could he have ever come out from inside something so small? It astounded him that he had once been inside his mother's belly. It was unbelievable—

As he gawked down at her, he became aware of the fragrance of roses. It was her perfume. It was the same lovely smell that he had come to associate with his mother. He must have smelled it every day of his life, so much that it had become a part of her, but now there was a different aroma. A scent. It was the musky smell of her sex.

Inhaling as deeply as he could, he drank in the heady pungency of her womanhood as it flooded his senses with its intoxicating aroma. Captivating him, attracting him down to her open, inviting sex.

Slowly, he moved forward, leaning down toward the oozing rift of soft, pink flesh between his mother's widespread legs. Flicking out his tongue, he licked upward along the soft, smooth skin of her inner thigh as he inched closer and closer to the sacred chalice of her motherhood. A soft moan escaped her lips as he lapped his way higher and higher moving from side to side leaving a trail of his saliva up her thighs. The scent of her womanhood grew stronger and stronger as he closed in on the drooling gash of soft, pink flesh.

A shiver of excitement coursed through his whole body as he finally ran his tongue up the ruffles of pink flesh bordering the slit lapping up the delicious nectar that was seeping out of the tiny slit.

Like a lion at a kill, he gorged himself on the sweetness of her motherdom. Taunting the succulent lips surrounding her womanhood with his tongue and lips, he feasted on the forbidden delicacy with loud, obscene slurps.

His mother moaned softly again as he ran his tongue up and down the slippery crease over and over again. Lapping up the syrupy juices oozing from her cunt and sucking on her thick, bloated vaginal lips, he could feel her whole body tensing.

Then he slowly forced his tongue into the hot, clinging wetness of her vagina.

"Baby, baby, baby," she whispered as he began to thrust his tongue in and out of her, fucking her with it.

As he tongued her, he felt her run her fingers through his hair and grab hold of it. Pulling on him, she forced him to tongue her dripping cunt faster then tugged him higher, pulling his tongue out of her. Suddenly, he felt the hard, round nub of her clitoris rub against his tongue.

"Oh God," his mother gasped as he quickly attacked the rubbery little knob with his lashing tongue. Her whole body was jerking and shaking as he roughly tongued her clitoris with fevered eagerness. Then she began to hunch her pussy up into his face at the same time she pulled on his hair and forced his mouth down onto her clitoris.

"Yes, yes, yes, lick it-lick it—" she hissed as she thrust her cunt against his lips.

Sucking and nibbling on the slippery ball of his mother's clitoris, Barry could feel her whole body thrashing about wildly.

"Gonna come," she gushed out as her hips began to hop up and down with quick little jerks.

Holding his open mouth thrust down on her cunt as she thrashed about frantically, he couldn't believe that it was happening. He was making his mother have an orgasm. Never in his wildest dreams could he have imagined such a thing.

"Coming," she whimpered out as she shoved his face down against her pussy and roughly ground herself up against him.

Then her body began to jerk up and down uncontrollably as she babbled incoherently. Her arms flailed about violently as she beat the bed with her fists until Barry thought she would hurt herself.

But suddenly, just as quickly as it had started, her whole body went limp as her arms and legs lifelessly dropped to the bed.

As his mother lay on the bed unmoving. Barry slowly raised his juice-painted face out from between her legs and stared up at her face. Had she had heart attack? Oh, God, what if he had killed her? As he stared up at her anxiously, he watched her big, soft breasts slowly begin to move up and down as she breathed.

Thank God, she was breathing, he told himself.

But as he lovingly stared up at her, he felt another slash of pain rip through his cock. He had to do something to get rid of the throbbing pain in his groin. The pain was like a living thing, painfully pulsating and growing worse by the second.

Reaching down to his pajamas, he quickly shoved them down and saw his huge, hard cock spring out into the open. He had never seen it so big or so hard and stiff. It was so hard, it felt like a piece of steel. Was it the marijuana or was it his mother that was making it so big and hard? It didn't really matter, he groaned. Whatever the cause, he had to come. Anything to empty his balls of the boiling, bubbling caldron of pain inside them.

Still standing on his knees by the bed, he saw that his cock was level with the oozing slit of his mother's vagina.

"I'm sorry mother," he groaned, pushing her legs farther apart and easing up to the bed.

Grabbing hold of the bobbing, jerking monster, he slowly guided the huge, tapered head of his cock up to the meaty opening.

Groaning, he drug the bloated, purple head of his cock up and down between the swollen lips of his mother's cunt coating it with her abundant juices.

Then, when he couldn't hold it back any longer, he eased the obese head of his cock down into the hot, clinging opening of her drooling cunt.

It felt like he had stuck his cock into a light socket as a charge of electricity shot through it.

OH FUCKING GOD, he groaned to himself, I'M FUCKING MY MOTHER! I AM A FUCKING MOTHER FUCKER!

Then as his cock began to slide down into the hot, seething core of her cunt, he grunted and shoved it in as deep and hard as he could.

As his belly slapped up against hers, he heard her groan, but he couldn't stop. Like a crazed animal, he began to jerk his hips back and forth frantically sending his huge cock slicing in and out of his mother's slippery, tight hole.

His cock felt as big as a horse's cock as he drove it into the hot, clutching core of his mother's pussy. Fucking her as hard as he could, he was so hot, he felt his whole body begin to melt. His brain became liquefied pleasure pouring down his spine and pooling in his swinging balls as they slapped up against his mother's upturned ass. Then he felt his spine dissolve and gush down into the seething caldron of cum boiling and bubbling inside his throbbing testicles. He was no longer a man. He was a cock. Everything had gone black and he couldn't even hear his mother's groans of pleasure or the lewd, obscene slap of their bodies crashing together. All he could feel was the head of his cock plowing through the clutching, grasping contraction of his mother's vagina as she milked him with the muscles of her cunt. As the head of his penis squished through the pulpy meat of his mother's cunt, he could feel the hot, clinging mush collapse down on the shaft of his cock sucking and pulling on it, trying to get it to spew out its cream deep inside of her.

There was nothing else. He had no arms and no legs. He was just a ten-inch cock sliding in and out of the exquisite pleasure pit. In and out, in and out he slid, reveling in the slipperiness of his mother's cunt wrapped around his cock.

Nothing else mattered now. The world could come to an end, but it wouldn't stop him from culminating this evil, wicked act. He must use her; abuse her; inflict the most despicable act of nature on her. He must fill her with his evil seed. He must desecrate the sacred vessel from which he had been born. Despoil it and befoul it with his malevolent germ.

This was what he had been born for. Born to contaminate the very womb that had given him life.

He could feel the pressure inside his balls growing. Growing and straining until nothing could hold it back.

Suddenly, like a ruptured steam line, his cock exploded inside of her sucking, milking cunt. He had become his cock as the gigantic gusher of white-hot, sperm-filled seed spewed out of his cock into the sucking depths of his mother's cunt.

Screaming out in anguish and pleasure, he felt like his whole body was disintegrating, liquefying, being ejected out through his penis into his mother's gulping vagina.

Like a damn bursting, the flood of thick gelatinous semen spurted into her filling her to overflowing within seconds. Holding himself thrust down into the hot, hungry mouth of his mother's cunt, he clenched his ass and shoved his cock even deeper into the deep, forbidden depths of her gluttonous pit. Even though his cock was spewing out cum like a fire hose, it still wasn't enough for him.

Growling and ramming his cock into the hot, sucking hole harder, he grabbed his mother around the waist and pulled her down onto his spurting, spewing weapon.

Spout after spout of his potent, thick cum poured out into her until it was pouring out of her cunt and down onto the bedspread. But still it surged out of him in an unending stream.

As it did, he could feel the sperm swirling around the head of his cock, searching for her egg. Searching for that most sacred of treasures; to sink their poisonous bard into it and infect it with their wickedness; infect it and create another monster like him; create another mother-fucking monster just like him.

He felt like his body had been sucked dry and then sucked inside out as his cock continued to spurt the thick, rich, sperm-laden semen into his mother. Then he felt sharp, digging pain in his ass as his mother dug her fingernails into his ass pulling him down into her even deeper.

"Give it all to me," she begged, looking up at him with love-drenched eyes. "Give me all of your hot cum, baby."

He had thought that his cock couldn't shoot any more cum because there couldn't be any left. But when he heard her tell him to give it all to her, he felt another torrent of electricity shoot through his cock as it began to jerk and spit once again.

"GODMOTHER," he gasped, his ass clenching tightly as he drove his cock into her again and again.

Staring down at her, loving her so much that his heart felt like it would break at any second, he suddenly found the whole room growing dark.

Then as his mother faded away into the darkness, he felt every muscle in his body soften and relent while he felt himself sliding down to the floor. As he fell, he felt his giant cock slurping out of his mother's cunt. But he didn't see the gusher of his cum squirt out of his mother's cunt and splash down onto his legs as he flopped down onto the floor lifelessly. The last thing he remembered as he hit the floor was just how perfect his mom was...yes, yes, she was The Perfect Mom...

## **The End**

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

## **Nothing Could Be More Wrong**

It was only two o'clock on a Friday afternoon, but Carol had, had enough and took off from work. Her heart just wasn't in working. She was as horny as a sailor on leave and Stan had been gone for three weeks now. And three weeks without sex was making her crazy. Most women seemed able to ignore their needs, but Carol couldn't. She knew down deep inside that she must be a nymphomaniac, or hyper sexed, or whatever the title for it was now days. They changed it so often, she couldn't keep track. She had to have satisfaction, in some way, somehow, every single day and sometimes once or twice wasn't even enough. In fact, some days, she was insatiable. No matter how much she had, it wasn't enough. Sometimes she wanted it so bad, she could scream. Sometimes, when Stan was gone for a prolonged period of time, she felt like

she was going stark, raving mad. She felt like going out and humping every man she saw. Anything to quiet the fiery ache between her legs. Just like now, she complained.

But with Stan gone, she had to satisfy herself with her toys. She couldn't explain it. It was as if her body had taken control and was calling all the shots. She couldn't concentrate on anything but the burning emptiness between her legs.

Now the ravenous monster between her legs was in control. It had to be fed. Fed and satisfied as soon as she got home. But even though she would break out her dildo and take care of it the second she got home, she knew that it would only be satisfied for a few hours. Then it would be back again.

Using her toys only kept the craving at barely tolerable levels. There was only one thing that could bring her some semblance of gratification. And that wasn't available because Stan was gone. Gone and he wouldn't be back for another week.

"Finally," she groaned as she turned onto the street she lived on.

But, as she did, she spied Brad's car sitting in the driveway.

What was her son doing home, she wondered? He was supposed to be in school. Was he sick? He had seemed fine this morning before school. Or was he up to something mischievous...as usual?

Deciding to check it out without his knowledge, she pulled the car over about a block from their house and got out. She would just sneak in and see what he was up to.

Trying not to act too suspicious, she walked down the sidewalk and up to the house. Slipping in through the gate leading into the back yard, she sneaked over to the garage and quietly let herself inside. The house was as quiet as a tomb as she slipped her heels off and holding them in her hands crept through the kitchen in her stocking feet.

She felt more than a little foolish creeping around the house like some kind of thief, but then again in her state of mind, she felt a little crazy anyway. The hormones coursing through her bloodstream were affecting her sanity. She was so wrought-up inside, she couldn't think straight. She felt like she was splitting in two. Part of her wanting to catch her son doing something evil and indecent, and the other part of her wanting to hurry up to her room and exterminate the itch between her legs that was fueling her dementia.

Stopping at the doorway, she peeked out and surveyed the downstairs. Seeing no one, she tiptoed over to the patio window and peeked out. He wasn't out on the patio either. He must be upstairs, she told herself, starting toward the stairs. What was he doing up there? Well, his room is up there for one thing, Dolt, she berated herself.

Probably nothing, she told herself. You and your emotions are just running amok. He's probably not feeling well and lying down in his room.

Just then, she heard a door close upstairs and she heard him whistling as he walked down the hallway toward the stairs. Well, he couldn't be feeling too bad, whistling like that, she smiled smugly. Not wanting him to catch her, she quickly ducked back and slipped into the coat closet. Breathing heavily, she pulled the door closed until there was only a tiny crack to see out.

Peering out through the crack, she watched him bounding down the stairs with a towel wrapped around his waist. He must be heading out to the swimming pool she thought as she watched him stroll over to the patio door and slide it open. But why was he wearing a towel over his suit? As she watched him walk by, she couldn't help but admire his muscular build. All the time he spent lifting weights was paying off.

She watched him take a furtive glance around the patio and then step outside, sliding the door closed behind him.

It felt kind of queer to be sneaking around spying on her own son like this, but it gave her a perverse feeling of excitement as she eased out of the closet. Besides, if she let her presence be known now, he would know that she had been spying on him.

As she crept across the room, she lost sight of him for a moment. Then, tiptoeing up to the sliding glass door, she peeked out through the curtain and caught sight of him again.

"Oh, my goodness," she whispered out loud as she saw that he had discarded the towel and now stood by the pool bare-assed naked. Feeling another tingle of perverse excitement, she couldn't stop herself from dropping her eyes down to the giant slab of meat dangling down out of his almost hairless groin. God, how could he be so big, she wondered as she stared at her son's big, heavy penis dangling halfway down his thigh? He was huge. Her mouth went dry as she watched on in petrified shock. Where had her little boy gone? This was a man standing before her. At least physically, she told herself as she gawked at her son. And what a man.

This was exactly the wrong time for something like this to happen the shape she was in, she told herself. Stan was gone and she was so horny she could fuck a billy goat and now this.

Suddenly she almost panicked as she saw him reach down and wrap his hand around the monstrosity. Her lungs froze up and stopped working. She couldn't breathe as he began to squeeze and jerk on the drooping column of meat.

At last, she was able to take a gasping breath as she stared on, wickedly fascinated by evil scene. It seemed like only seconds had passed, but now her son's enormous penis was jutting out of his belly like some evil, vile serpent. She stared at his groin, ogling all of his sexual equipment from his big, dangling balls all the way up to the great, purple, mushroom-shaped head of his mammoth penis. And as the huge hunk of meat firmed up, she could see the big bulging blood vessels crisscrossing the thick, pink shaft. She knew that they were veins, but in her fevered state, she could almost see them pulsing with blood as his penis grew bigger and bigger, the skin stretching until it looked like it would rip at any second. She had never seen such a perversely beautiful penis in her whole life. And now, fully erect, it looked like it was at least eight or nine inches long. It looked so evil—

But what was she doing. He was her son. And she shouldn't be watching him like this. Mothers just weren't supposed mothers couldn't think about their dear, little darlings like this, she told herself.

But I'm a woman, too, she argued with God and herself. And what a lovely penis it was. If only he wasn't my son, I would be out this door and on him like—like what? The slut you are?

Watch it, she told herself.

But, what I wouldn't give to feel that glorified monument to manhood inside me.

Mesmerized, she couldn't take her eyes off it as she watched her son sit down on one of the chaise lounges sitting by the pool. Then he fiddled with the little lever on the side of the lounge and it flopped back tilted at around 150 degrees. Spreading his legs, his legs were hanging over the edges of the chaise. What was he going to do now, she lewdly wondered? She couldn't stop watching as Brad's fistfisted hand began to slowly move up and down on the jutting column of muscle and sinew jutting up out of his groin.

"OH NO!" she murmured when she realized that he was masturbating.

Slowly at first, he worked his clenched hand up and down the granite hard column of petrified meat. But in moments, his fist was flying up and down the rigid ripeness of his cock as his face twisted into a grimace. She could see his sweaty chest heaving up and down as he breathed harder. The great, purple head of his penis was so swollen, it looked like it would explode at any second.

His face was contorted into an evil mask of selfish indulgence as his hand recklessly jerked up and down faster and faster.

His face was turning red from the exertion as his hand worked up and down the colossus. She couldn't believe that this was happening and she could believe that she was watching it either.

Her frantic eyes were flicking all over his body as he lay leaning back slightly, legs apart and his feet resting on the patio while his arm feverishly worked up and down.

Suddenly, Carol realized that she was on fire—

The flames down between her legs were licking higher and higher. She ached with longing down inside her drooling, throbbing cunt. Leaning down, she dropped her shoes on the floor, grabbed the hem of her skirt, jerked it up around her waist and shoved her hand down inside her panties. I don't care if it is Brad, she complained. It was so fucking exciting watching him, she told herself. It was even better than watching porn. In this case, she knew the main character. He was her son. Her beautiful, built, and amazingly well-endowed son, Brad!

Fingering her achingly-sensitive clit, she could sense that the end was near for her son. While she couldn't hear him, she could see his chest rising and falling faster and faster as he tried to beat his elephantine prick into submission. His face was beet red now and his cock had turned a deep, royal purple.

Abruptly, without any further warning, she saw the muscles in his belly and legs clench into raw bands of steel as his hips lurched up off the chaise, thrusting his cock up into the air. Then a colossal spume of creamy-white semen erupted from the head of his cock. She couldn't believe the size of the massive gob of cum as it shot out. There must have been a whole cup of thick, creamy cum shooting up into the air and arcing down to the foot of the chaise lounge where it landed in a big gooey gob. Then as Brad's fist kept jerking up and down, there was another milky geyser, and another, and another until thick, stringy strands of the stuff were dripping down through the cracks of the chaise to land in a puddle on the patio.

Her finger was furiously working on her clit as she watched her son's outrageous display of masculine virility. God, if that had been inside of me, it would have blown the top of my head off, she groaned as she watched the eruptions begin to weaken and subside.

Then his whole body shuddered and his cock stopped spewing out its lethal load of cum.

She was trembling with excitement as she stared at her son.

After the barrage ended, Brad just lay there slowly squeezing and milking the last shimmering drops of jism from his monster of a cock while Carol gawked on in covetous envy.

Carol was filled with pure animal desire as she continued to abuse herself with her finger while she watched him through the door.

At last, Brad let go of his huge organ and it flopped down between his muscular thighs. Staring down at the thick, heavy slab of meat, she couldn't believe how big it still was.

"Oh, God," she gasped, jerking her hand out of her panties as Brad suddenly pushed up off the chaise and dove into the water. "I sure as hell didn't need that," she muttered to herself staring at her son lazily stroking his way down the pool.

But even as the words were rolling off her tongue, she realized that if the truth be told, it was exactly the thing she needed. But he was her son. She couldn't do *THAT*—

Not with her son—

Suddenly, she felt a depraved desire to confront him. Tell him she had seen him jacking off. Make him squirm and twist as she played with him. Then a wicked thought popped into her head. Stepping back away from the sliding door, she shoved her thumbs down under the stretchy waistband of her panties and pushed the silky panties down around her ankles. Quickly stepping out of them, she eased her feet back into her heels, bent down and swept up her damp panties. Smiling wickedly, she wadded her panties up in her fist and slid the patio door open.

"Hi, Brad," she called out, loudly clopping across the patio on her heels.

"Oh, uh, hi, Mom," Brad called back, swimming over to the side of the pool. "What are you doing home?" he innocently asked.

"Oh, I just got bored and decided to come home," she smiled at him, walking right up to where he was hanging onto the side of the pool trying to hide his nakedness.

"What's this?" she nonchalantly asked him, pointing down at the one of the puddles of cum on the chaise as it glistened in the afternoon sun.

"Uh, I, uh, I don't, uh, know," he stammered, his face turning a bright fire engine red.

"You know what it looks like?" she smiled down at him, dabbing the toe of her high-heeled pump into the squishy mass of creamy semen.

"Uh, no, uh, I, uh, don't know..." he grunted, visibly shaken by her interest the puddle of semen.

"It looks just like..." she stopped. Then she looked over at him and smiled knowingly. "But what is it doing out here on the patio? You didn't spill something did you?"

"Uh, no, uh, uh, yeah, uh, yogurt. I was eating some yogurt and spilled some—" he lied, his face turning another shade redder.

"Really?" she smiled. "Looks awful thin for yogurt..."

Just then, she slowly squatted down beside the chaise on her high heels. And the way she was facing the pool, she knew that as she did, poor, unsuspecting Brad would have an unobstructed view right up her skirt, up between her legs to her pussy. And when he did, it would be blatantly obvious to him that she wasn't wearing any panties—

What was wrong with her? Why was she doing this, she railed at herself? Then as she slowly ran her finger down through one of the gooey messes on the lounge, she saw Brad's eyes dart down between her legs. What was she doing? This was crazy. Suddenly, she felt a perverse thrill sparkle up her spine as Brad stared up her skirt.

"Yes, it looks just like...yogurt..." she softly said again, pausing to smile over at him, spreading her legs a little farther apart to make her lack of pubic covering even more apparent. Then she slowly lifted her finger up to her lips as she watched Brad's eyes darting back and forth between from between her legs and her face.

Easing her tongue out, she took lazily flicked it across the tip of her finger to lick away the drop of cum.

"That's odd..." she softly laughed. "It has a funny taste. What flavor was it?"

"Uh, uh, vanilla—" Brad croaked, the red on his cheeks slowly turning to purple.

"That's odd, it makes me strangely hungry...how about you? Is there any left?"

"I don't know, uh, I don't think so..." Brad mumbled, his eyes flitting down between her legs then back up to her face.

She could tell that he was having trouble breathing as she sat scrunched down in front of him with her legs spread and she could feel a faint breeze brush across the damp, juice-coated lips of her pussy.

"Anything I could get you?" she asked.

"Uh, jeez, uh, no, I, uh, don't think..." he stammered.

"Oh, really," she softly laughed. "Nothing at all?"

"Mother," he croaked, "What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing," she said grabbing hold of the chaise to steady herself as she pushed back up onto her spike heels.



"Come on—let's go in the house...and see," she grinned, holding her hand out to him, to help him up out of the pool.

"Uh, I, uh, I don't have anything on," he blushed again.

"Oh, really?" she smirked, standing looking down at him with a smug look on her face.

"Yeah," he said. "I wasn't expecting any company."

"Well, you have some now," she laughed, a mischievous smile playing across her lips.

"I think you're trying to embarrass me," he said, holding onto the side of the pool, looking up at her.

"Maybe...but what if I joined you. Would that make you less embarrassed?" she said, reaching down and grasping hold of the hem of her mock turtle neck pullover. Then, as Brad gawked up at her in stunned disbelief, she jerked the pullover up and off over her head.

She felt giddy with excitement. Nothing could stop her now. She was totally out of control. She felt like something inside her brain had snapped letting an avalanche of pent-up emotions and needs pour out into her exposed susceptibility. Now nothing could stop her until she had gorged herself on her son's vulnerability.

"MOTHER!" Brad squeaked as he watched her fling the pullover onto the chaise barely missing the puddled remains of his recent eruption. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

"What's wrong? Are you still embarrassed?" she smiled, standing by the chaise in her bra, skirt, nylons and heels.

As Brad watched her through his googled eyes, his mouth had dropped open and it looked like he couldn't breathe.

"Better close your mouth before something flies into it," she laughed, reaching around behind her back. Pausing for effect, she watched his eyes expectantly drop down to her breasts nestled down inside her lacy bra. Then she found the catch on the back strap with her fingers. Brad's Eyes were locked on the bra as she fumbled with the catch for a few second before the tension in the bra suddenly went slack and the bra almost fell down off her breasts before she caught it.

"Mother, have you gone crazy?" Brad gasped as he watched her pause for a few seconds before she stretched her arms out and let the brassiere go slithering down her arms. As it did, her big, droopy breasts suddenly spilled out into the open, jiggling and quivering like two big scoops of creamy pink Jell-O.

"What? You don't like my tits?" she brazenly asked him, tossing the brassiere on top of her blouse which made her tits bobble and bounce even more.

"But. I-I don't understand..." he groaned openly gawking down at her breasts and then back up to her face.

"Understand what?" she smirked again, reaching down and unbuttoning her skirt. "I said I was going to join you...and I don't want to get my clothes wet. And besides you aren't wearing anything either."

"What-what are you're doing? Why?" he muttered, watching her slowly ease the zipper down the curve of her hip.

"You're naked aren't you?" she asked him, holding onto her unzipped skirt as she watched him breathlessly watching her every move she made.

"Yeah, but..." he started, but stopped as he watched her skirt suddenly go sliding down nylon-encased legs.

"JEEZ MOTHER," he snorted as his eyes swept down to the furry swath of curls covering her womanhood.

"God—MOTHER—What are you doing?" he gasped, his face now the color of chopped liver.

"You know I saw your little demonstration while ago," she innocently smiled down at him as she stepped out of her heels and stepped out of her skirt.

Now naked, with the exception of her long, dangling earrings and nylons, she slowly sauntered over to the big, shimmering gob of cum and arcing her foot, dipped her toe into it.

"Do you have any more of this left?"

"Jesus, Mother," he sputtered, staring up at her in total disbelief. "You don't mean..."

"Well. Do you?" she grinned, walking over to the edge of the pool and looking down at him. Then she slowly eased down onto her butt and dangled her long legs down in the water.

Staring at him, she nonchalantly swirled her legs around making her tiny feet churn the water.

"Mother, what is wrong with you?" he clamored, stepping back away from the side of the pool, "Are you drunk?"

"I wish I was," she said, shaking her head. "Then I could blame all this on the whiskey. But I can't—"

"This can't be happening," he said, standing chest deep in the clear water. "I must dreaming."

"Oh, no, you're not dreaming," she said, running her hand down between her legs.

"MOTHER," he grunted as he watched her finger herself open.

The emptiness between her legs had grown into a whirlpool of need. She could almost feel her son's fiery cock inside of her now, moving, driving, thrusting deep inside her.

"Don't you want to do it?" she mumbled, spreading her legs apart so that he could see how wet and ready she was. "Can't you see how hot you've made me?"

"But, you're my mother, for God's sake," he whined, "and it's not right for a son to..."

"To what?" she asked him, putting her hands on the edge of the pool and slowly sliding down into the water. "To fuck his mother?" she manically laughed.

"Mother," he groaned as she started treading through the water toward him. "Is this some kind of sick joke?"

"I'm not joking," she seriously smiled as she stepped up beside him.

His mouth was open and his eyes as big as saucers as she reached out and pulled him to her.

She felt his body stiffen as she pulled his mouth to hers, covered his lips with hers and stabbed her tongue into his mouth. Then as they passionately kissed, she searched for his cock with her hand.

Suddenly, like he'd just woke up, Brad circled his arms around her and roughly pulled her to him, almost squeezing the breath out of her. Their lips were fused together as they both tried to drive their tongues down into the other's throat.

It was a wonder the water in the pool wasn't boiling, she deliriously thought as she finally found his thick, firming penis. Even though he had finished only minutes earlier, she could feel the power surging back into the potent weapon as she roughly fondled it.

Kissing and hugging, they stood anchored to the same spot where they had first met. Now Brad had both arms wrapped around her and was cupping her buttocks in his hands, pulling her furry mons up against his belly just above his sprouting penis. Panting, she sucked and pulled on his tongue with her hot, hungry mouth as her hand tugged and tormented his stiffening manhood.

Finally, he pulled back away from her gasping for air.

"Here? Here in the pool? You want to do it here in the pool?" he panted, staring into her eyes.

"Yes. Yes. Now," she muttered, squeezing and stroking his hardening prick.

"I've got to have it now," she gushed out, digging her fingernails into his manhood. "We can do it in the house next time."

"Next time?" he muttered as she saw the fire in his eyes flicker brighter.

"Yeah, Yeah, next time—in the house," she hoarsely slurred, feverishly stroking his stiffening prick.

Their lips locked together again in a ravenous clench while they pressed their bodies together tightly. Then she realized that he was already hard as a rock again.

"Now," she gurgled, releasing her chokehold on his cock. "Put it in me."

"Yesssss," he hissed, running his hands down the inside of her thighs, pushing her legs apart, lifting her, hooking his elbows behind her knees as he lifted her up in the water.

Then, as she bobbed, buoyed by the water, he held her in his muscular arms with her vulnerable cunt poised directly above his jutting love-sword. Shoving her hands down between them, between her legs, she grabbed hold of his jutting manhood and held it as Brad slowly lowered her down on it.

Unable to see what she was doing, she felt the hard, round head of his cock nudge up against the soft, swollen lips of her cunt. Wiggling her hips, she quickly maneuvered the swollen cockhead into the waiting entrance of her sex and felt herself open to accept the forbidden invader.

She watched her son's eyes widen as she pushed herself down around his monstrous cockhead and he began to ease it up into the hot, clenching tightness of her hungry cunt.

"Yesssss," she hissed as his giant prong spread the channel of her pussy wider and wider.

He was huge. She had never been so full of stiff, hard cock, she thought as her son's massive organ slid deeper and deeper up into the sucking heat of her cunt. It seemed to take forever for him to push all of rock-hard prick up into her, but at last he had the entire length of his big, fat cock totally buried up inside her.

"God, you're so fucking big," she grunted.

He didn't answer her, but quickly lifted her up, dragging the clinging tightness of her cunt up his thick pole until only the giant, round head was left inside of her.

Then with a growl, he roughly jerked her down again, impaling her all the way up to the hilt on his mammoth penis.

While it felt wonderful to have his huge cock finally inside her, she knew that Brad would tire out before he could bring her to an orgasm. And she wanted that worse than anything right now.

"House. In the house," she grunted, wrapping her calves around his back and hooking her ankles together. "Fuck me in the house."

"Okay," he grunted, grinning, holding her tightly as he sloshed over toward the steps leading up out of the pool.

She could feel his muscles in his back and arms straining and tightening as he tramped out of the pool. Keeping her legs tightly wrapped around his waist, she could feel his giant dick stabbing deeper inside her with each step he took.

Staggering up out of the pool and onto the solid cement, he grunted with the effort as he carried her across the patio leaving a trail of big, wet footprints behind them. Their lips were locked in incestuous harmony as they frantically kissed, ignoring the straggle of water from the pool to the house.

As he finally reeled in through the patio door with water dripping down onto the carpet, they broke their kiss.

"The couch," she told him, clenching down on his cock with her cunt. "Fuck me on the couch."

Stumbling across the room like a reeling drunk, he made it to the couch and leaned down over it. They were still connected at the hips, his gigantic prick still thrust down inside her aching pussy as he started to lower her down trying to keep himself inside her as he did.

He almost fell on top of her as he let her down onto the couch but was somehow able to keep from crushing her. The moment her back touched the couch, Brad began to rock his hips back and forth furiously sliding his cock in and out of her clutching cunt at a frenzied pace.

"Oh, yes, Brad, Baby—fuck me—fuck Mommy hard," she gurgled out as she reveled in the feel of her son's huge hardness sliding in and out of her hot, clutching slit.

The springs in the couch were groaning and creaking under them as Brad pounded his cock into her. The slap of their bodies added a macabre rhythm to the sounds of their incestuous coupling, but they were oblivious to the disgusting sounds of their unclean copulation. Their unloving grunts and groans filled their ears as their bodies crashed together in discordant harmony.

It should never have happened, but it had and now she could feel the pleasure welling up from her abused cunt like waves washing onto a beach, each one growing more and more powerful.

"Oh, I can feel it," she wheezed as Brad huffed and slammed his cock into her mercilessly.

Supporting himself on stiffened arms, Brad frantically worked his hips back and forth, hammering his cock into his mother as she panted and groaned beneath him.

"Gonna, unh, gonna, unh, come," he grunted out between thrusts.

"Do it, yeah, do it, now," she blathered out, grabbing hold of his bounding, sweaty ass and digging in her fingernails into it.

Scratching and clawing at him, she was dragging him deeper and deeper into the fiery core of her desire. She knew she would roast in hell for what she had done, but the ecstasy welling up out of her cunt was worth it. There was nothing like it. Nothing could ever match the feel of her son's giant cock sliding in and out of her. While she knew it was wrong, the depravity of knowing it was her son's cock bringing her such pleasure made it even more wicked and exhilarating.

As he frantically pounded his cock into her, she felt herself beginning to melt down around the monster invading her. It was as if her whole body was liquefying and flowing down to her throbbing cunt. Now she was no longer woman. She was CUNT! A great, sucking vagina, clutching and clenching on the thick, hot shaft of pulsating meat that was sloshing in and out of her. They were no longer mother and son, man and woman. They were cock and cunt coalesced into one flaming whirlpool of ecstasy.

Just then, her vagina imploded. Her whole body clenched down around her son's mammoth prick as an exquisite explosion of pleasure erupted inside her feverish brain.

"Commmmmminnnnnngggggg," she screamed out as her burning pussy locked down around her son's giant prick.

"You-Come-too," she panted, ordering him, wanting him to share the ecstasy that was flooding her overtaxed brain. "Come-too-" she begged him, wanting to feel him melting inside her, filling her with his hot, wicked seed!

Clenching her pussy as tightly as she could, she held him with the clenching muscles surrounding her cunt as she felt his cock swell and surge in anticipation.

Then, down inside her, she felt his cock begin to twitch and buck—

"Fuuuuccckkkkkkk!" He growled as he shoved his swollen manhood down into her as deeply as he could.

Then as she felt herself succumbing to the gush of delight filling her brain, she could feel her son's giant engine culminating their incestuous marriage as it spewed out the first load of fiery cum into her.

"You're-comingggggg-" she wept as his cock bucked and leapt inside of the confining tightness of her cum-drenched vagina filling her with his fiery milt.

She watched his face twist and contort as he held his prick thrust deep inside of her

His face was filled with the pain and pleasure mirrored the same mask he had worn on the patio as he had shot his cum out into the air.

But now, the monster was buried up to its thick, hairy hilt inside of the convulsing core of her cunt as her orgasm sent contraction after contraction of delightful pleasure pulsing through the collapsed sheath of soft, clinging flesh.

As the contractions pulsed through her cunt, the tight scabbard of flesh squeezed and milked the thick, twitching column of meat inside it. She could almost picture the great, purple head of his swollen penis spewing out its lethal load of thick, white cream into her cum-filled cunt.

"Oh, Baby," she whimpered, staring up at him with love-drenched adoration.

How could this be so wrong? Nothing that felt this good should be wrong.

Now the contractions coursing through her vagina were weakening and she could feel the twitches of her son's prick diminishing as well while each jerking lurch grew less powerful until they finally stopped all together.

Gasping for breath, they stared into each other's eyes. What had she done to them? Had she ruined them? Had they, in that one blasphemous moment driven a stake into the wonderful life they had shared together? What would happen to them now? All these questions were swirling through her head as she lifted her hand and ran her fingers through her son's damp hair. It was still wet from the pool, or was it wet with sweat from the incestuous conflagration that had consumed them?

"God, mother, what came over you?" he finally wheezed, slowly backing down and easing his shrinking cock out of her oozing cunt.

"I'm sorry," she mumbled as his cock slithered out of her followed by a river of spent cum. "I don't know."

She could feel her son's seed-filled cream seeping out of her cunt as she watched him drop to his knees between her legs.

"Sorry?" he grunted, his eyes dropping down the gaping hole between her legs. "It was wonderful."

"I don't know what is wrong with me," she murmured, running her fingers through his hair again.

"Sometimes I just can't control it. I, uh, I think that I, uh, I'm a, uh, a nymphomaniac. I just have to have it."

"Huh," he grunted. "A, uh, a nymphomaniac?"

"I'm sorry," she said. "I know that's not something you want to hear about your own mother, but I'm afraid that it's the truth."

"You, uh, you're, uh, you're a nymphomaniac?" he mumbled pulling his eyes up from her pussy, letting them wander up over her big, drooping breasts as he looked back into her eyes.

"Yes, yes, I'm a nymphomaniac," she said.

"Does that mean that you want to do it all the time?" he asked her.

"Almost all the time," she said, blushing. "I have to, to satisfy myself, satisfy myself at least, at least every day, or, or I almost go crazy wanting it."

"But, what, what do you do when Dad is gone?" he asked her, caressing her thigh with his fingers.

"I, I use, I use my toys," she blushed again.

"Oh," he said, his face reddening slightly.

"I'm sorry," she said softly, "I didn't mean to embarrass you."

"That's okay," he said, letting his fingers trail higher and higher up her thigh. "It makes me feel better."

"What? It makes you feel better to know that your mother is a nymphomaniac?" she fumed.

"No, not like that," he recanted.

"What then?" she wanted to know.

"What do they call it when a boy is like that?" he asked.

"Like what?"

"Like a nymphomaniac," he said.

"What do you mean?" she gulped.

"I feel the same way you do," he told her, moving his fingers almost up to the swirl of curly hairs covering her underbelly.

"You mean, you mean you have to, have to do it, do it every day? You masturbate every day?" she asked, looking down at his fingers as they brushed the curls of pubic hair covering her womanhood.

"Mostly three or four times a day," he complained. "I don't know how to explain it. It is just like if I don't do it, I can't think about anything else."

"Oh, God," she gasped, covering her mouth with her hand and staring at him in disbelief. Had she passed along her infected genes to her son?

"I'm sorry," he quickly blurted out.

"No, no. You didn't do anything wrong," she told him, reaching down and taking hold of his hand.

"Maybe we're, we're just alike."

"You mean like, like father-like son," he said, squeezing her hand.

"No. I mean like mother-like son," she smiled, guiding his hand down between her legs to the wet, oozing emptiness there.

"Oh, God," he blubbered as his fingers touched the hot wet lips surrounding the forbidden opening of her womanhood.

"Maybe this was meant to be," she cooed, slowly spreading her legs wider apart as his fingers tentatively explored the delicate flesh between her legs.

"What do you mean?" he asked her, slowly easing a finger down into the hot, sucking socket of her pussy.

"Now, neither of us has to, to do without," she smiled at him, squeezing down on his finger with her cunt. "Especially when your father is gone."

"You mean, that, that we can do it every day," he grinned, pulling his juice-drenched finger out of her sopping slit.

"And maybe even when he's home, too," she smiled. "It will be our little secret. Maybe I can sneak down to your room after he's asleep. How would you like that?"

"God. I would love it," he groveled, leaning down and kissing her right on the belly button

"I can see," she softly laughed, realizing that his cock was already standing at attention once again.

"But, mother," he said, doubt clouding his eyes, "I don't want, I don't want anything bad to happen to you because of me."

"It will be our secret," she whispered. "Our secret that no one else must ever, ever know."

"Are you sure it will be okay?" he asked her running his hands over her breasts and lovingly tweaking both of the sensitive nipples.

"Okay. Okay only if no one ever finds out," she said.

"I'll never, ever tell anyone, I promise," he smiled. "I just hope you're right."

"I've never been surer about anything in my life," she said, letting her hand trail down to the hard column of meat jutting up out of his groin.

"I'll never let you down, Mother," he said, leaning forward and sucking one of the big, succulent berries protruding out of the darkened center of her breast into his mouth.

"Three or four?" she murmured.

"Three or four what?" he asked, letting her nipple slip out from between his lips.

"You said that you had to do it three or four times a day?" she smiled at him as his lips encircled her nipple once again.

Letting go of her nipple, he leaned back and looked straight into her eyes.

"Sometimes five or six," he grinned, slowly struggling up to his feet.

"Five or six," she murmured, her eyes widening in disbelief as he extended his hand down to her.

"You're not just trying to impress your mother are you?"

"Something you have always told me, Mom," he said, pulling her to her feet and leading her around to the back of the couch, "is that actions speak louder than words."

"Oh?" she laughed softly as he moved around behind her.

"I guess that I'll just have to show you," he said, gently bending her down over the back of the couch.

"Please do," she murmured, spreading her legs apart wider.

As she leaned over the couch, she felt the hard, round head of his cock touch the delicate folds of flesh surrounding her womanhood. Then, all at once, she heard him grunt and felt his giant prick slide into her waiting emptiness.

She felt him wrap his hands around her waist as he began to rock his hips back and forth driving his cock in and out of her cunt.

This was something she had never even contemplated. Never had she even thought of fucking her son, or being fucked by him. And now it was happening. Delightfully, she regaled in the feel of his huge penis sliding in and out of her. Her son's penis in her vagina. What could be more evil? Just the thought of it was almost enough to send her plummeting into the fiery depths of another incestuous orgasm as she pushed herself back against the hammering onslaught.

Nothing could be more wrong, she thought...or right...

**The End**

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

**Just The Way We Used To...**

Jim Elders had been away at college for almost two years. The last time he had been home, he had buried his father, Jeff. That had been a year ago. He and his mother, Monica had talked on the phone since then, almost every week, but this was his first visit back since his father's death.

He had felt a little guilty about leaving his mother alone. His father's insurance had left his mother independently well-off. And if she managed it right, she wouldn't have to ever work again. But even though she was financially taken care of, Jim was a little worried about her mental state. She and Jeff had been very close before he died. He had tried to convince her to sell her house and move into a place near the college so he could take care of her. But she wouldn't have any of that. She had told him that she could take care of herself and for him to go back to college. She wanted it that way...

They talked on the phone two or three times a week and at first she had sounded fine, but recently, the tone of despondency in her voice had grown more and more obvious. Hoping that he could do something to cheer her up and bring her out of her depression he had decided to visit her for Thanksgiving.

Jim had arrived early on a Friday night. His mother had greeted him at the door with a drink in her hand. It was obvious that she had been drinking, but was only slightly tipsy. His mother had always dressed well. In fact, Jim could never recall seeing her without every hair in place and flawlessly attired, whatever the occasion. Now, while she was still dressed nicely, there were several telltale little signs of disarray that only he would notice. The loose strand of hair here, the unbuttoned button on her wrist, and the faint smudge of mascara below an eye were but a few of the inconsistencies he noticed. And she had a strange, lost look in her eyes. Almost like she wasn't really here. That look you got in your eye when you didn't know what to do. And all of them just added to the guilt he had felt before.

He brushed it off by thinking maybe she was just nervous about seeing him. Maybe she had had a few too many drinks. Ignoring it for the moment, he gave her a big hug. She was happy to see him and they spent the rest of the night and into the wee hours of the morning talking.

As the night had worn on, he began to sense that his mother was more depressed than he had first believed. Again, giving her the benefit of the doubt, he blamed it on the alcohol.

But with his youthful optimism, he knew he would be able to snap her out of it. At least, he would get her out of the house, he told himself. Although he didn't know the extent of her depression, he was positive that he could bring her out of it.

Finally, around four in the morning, his mother had started nodding off. Jim used this as an excuse and suggested that she go to bed.

Jim was emotionally drained and physically exhausted. Stripping his clothes off, he flopped down on the bed and pulled up the covers. Sleep came over him the moment his head touched the pillow.

Jim woke the next morning to find sunlight streaming into his room. Wearily, he looked at his watch and saw that it was ten-thirty. At least it wasn't too late, he thought. Sitting up, he yawned and stretched for several minutes before he had enough energy to roll out of bed. Standing, he looked down at his cock and saw that it was thick and bloated. It hung down limply and felt heavy, arrogantly demanding his attention. It had been so long since he had any pussy, he probably had forgotten how to use it, he laughed to himself. He was as horny as a goat.

Stumbling across the room toward his bathroom, he decided he had better shower and shave. After all, he didn't want his mother to think that he had become a slob while he was away at college.

Stopping in front of the mirror, he couldn't help admiring his thick, heavy cock as it dangled down between his legs. It was so sensitive, all he had to do was look at it and it started getting hard. He couldn't resist the urge to give it a few quick whacks. Taking hold of it, he gave it a few brief strokes and watched it rapidly swell and fill with blood. He was in desperate need of some pussy. Maybe, he could look up one of his old girlfriends tonight. Or beat his meat tonight. Even the thought of jacking off was exciting to him in his present state of mind.

Testosterone, the devil's own invention was an evilly-powerful hormone. But as much as he needed to release the impatience growing inside his swollen balls, he wanted all of his wits about him today. He would need them to deal with his mother's problem and masturbating would make him sluggish. Well, it was the least he could do for her, he thought as he let go of his cock.

Stepping into the shower, he leisurely showered. He paid still more attention to his aching cock, bringing it to the edge of eruption several more times, before he gave it one last whack and stepped out of the shower.

His cock now stood out in front of him, twitching up and down painfully with each heartbeat. Smiling with pride at his cock's nine-inch length, he watched it slashing back and forth in front of him like a rapier in a sword fight as he walked across the room.

Drying off, he bent down and dug through his suitcase until he found his sweats. Slipping them on, he pulled them up over his still erect penis.

Stopping in front of the mirror, he gave his hair a quick brush. Looking down, he saw the obvious bulge in his sweats. Hoping that it would subside or that his mother wouldn't notice it, he headed downstairs to see if she was up yet.

Strangely, he didn't smell bacon in the air as he had expected. He knew that his mother always had two slices of bacon with her bowl of cereal for breakfast every morning. Maybe she had changed her diet since Jeff had died of a heart attack, he thought glancing into the kitchen anyway. She wasn't in the kitchen, but he heard music coming from the back of the house. Humming to himself, he strolled back toward the sunroom.

At the door, he was stopped in his tracks by the view that greeted him.

HIS MOTHER WAS STANDING IN FRONT OF THE OUTSIDE PATIO DOOR—NAKED—

His heart lurched and his mouth suddenly filled with cotton as he stood in the doorway spellbound. He couldn't believe she would ever do such a thing. What had come over her? Had she completely gone off the deep end? What was she doing? Still, she just stood there with her back to him, staring out into the back yard.

Then, slowly, as his eyes became used to the glare filling the room, he saw that she was wearing a sheer pink nightgown. The sun streaming through the door was so bright, it had initially blotted out the transparent gown leaving only the silhouette of her body visible to him. But as his eyes grew more used to the bright light, it was easy to see how he had been fooled into thinking she was naked. The gown was negligently sheer. Now, with his eyes fully adapted to the brightness streaming through the door behind her, he could make out every sweep and curve of her shapely body under the sheer nightgown.

She appeared unaware that he had entered the room as she continued to look out into the back yard. Had she forgotten that he was at home? Or was she so depressed she didn't care what she wore?

Standing in the doorway, enthralled by her beauty, he waited for her to notice him. He had never really paid much attention to his mother's figure before. He had always just thought of her as pretty. But now, now he couldn't help noticing how voluptuous her body was underneath the translucence of the gown.

Suddenly, he felt his penis rebound, stiffening once again in response to the visual stimuli pouring into his brain from his eyes. But even as his manhood responded, his conscience reprimanded him. Damn, Jim, this is your mother you are salivating over. Get a hold of it, man. Despite his guilt, he couldn't take his eyes off her.

Then he became aware of the details of her body underneath the thin gown. As his eyes swept down her curving back, he saw that he could make out the crack of her perfectly formed ass. Then another revelation dawned on him.

SHE WASN'T WEARING ANY PANTIES UNDER THE GOWN!

She was naked under the gown. His disobedient cock lurched again inside his sweats. His mind reeled in the pleasant delirium of the tingling thrill that was coursing through his cock as his eyes drank in the sight of his mother's insufficiently-clad body. Still as stimulating as the scene was, he felt another stab of guilt.

His mother aroused him sexually. This was an unexplored emotion for him. The only other time that even came close had happened long ago in his childhood.

He remembered it well. Inquisitive as all boys are, he had sneaked into his father's den and found one of his father's men's magazines. Sneaking it back to his room, he just about wore it out before he began to wonder what his mother would look like naked. Finally, one day he worked up enough courage to sneak a peek of his mother while she was showering. He had sneaked up and bent down to peer through the keyhole just in time to get a brief flash of one of her big, beautiful breasts as she ran the towel across it. But alas, his timing couldn't have been worse, because only a moment after he arrived, his mother started for the door. As she strode toward him, he panicked and flew back to his room, making it just as she stepped out into the hall. It had scared him so badly, he had given up trying to see her naked and contented himself with his father's magazines from that time forward. And now this. He had never considered his mother in a sexual context since that day. She had always been, well, just Mom. She had always been there when he needed her. Now here he was leering at her nude, well almost nude body.

He was glad that she didn't know he was watching her. He was even more thankful that she couldn't read his mind.

Still, she continued to look out across the yard, unaware or ignoring his presence.

Jim's mind was churning madly as a strange, sick feeling came over him. Even though, he couldn't bring himself to acknowledge it, he sensed a deep, dark desire lurking just below the surface of his conscious thought. And it was struggling to free itself and burst forth.

Then, with a rush of adrenaline, it washed over him. What would his mother look like really naked? Like that time when he had a brief glimpse of her naked in the shower? Feeling his impatient cock lurch once again, he feebly fought the hellish impulse to find out. But it was a futile fight and it felt like his mind

was being taken over by some demonic life-force. He shouldn't be thinking such thoughts, but he couldn't stop himself. The battle between right and wrong raged on inside his brain and wrong was winning. Then, at last—Evil won.

Smiling nervously to cover his real feelings, Jim quietly crept across the floor toward his mother. The closer he got to her, the more delectable her body became underneath the thin transparency of her gown. Stopping only a few feet behind her, he decided to throw caution to the wind.

She must have heard him as he saw her turn her head toward him and smile weakly.

"Morning, Jim," she softly said.

"Morning, Mom," Jim responded, a little too cheerfully, quickly stepping up directly behind her and wrapping his arms around her feeling the bottoms of her breasts settling down on them as he gave her a soft, little hug.

Leaning down, he gently brushed his lips along the crook between her shoulder and neck.

"Are you okay?" he softly asked her, basking in the aphrodisiac fragrance of her haunting perfume and regaling in the softness of her body molding itself against him.

She didn't answer.

Wondering why she didn't speak, Jim pulled her to him tighter and leaned down over her shoulder.

"Mom," he whispered softly, "are you okay?"

As he did, he suddenly found himself staring down into the front of her low-cut gown. He felt his cock twitch again as he longingly stared down at her braless, 46 year old breasts sagging down from her chest and swelling out against the soft, loose fabric of the gown. The bright sunlight was still casting its evil magic as he could see it glaring through the thin material of her gown clearly outlining her plump, stiff nipples as clear as day through the sheerness of her pink gown.

Pretending to stare out into the yard with her, Jim instead focused on the reflection of her figure in the plate glass door. Sweeping his eyes away from her big, beautifully rounded breasts, he moved his gaze down to the obvious triangle of darkness covering the pit of her belly. Suddenly, Jim felt giddy and drunk with desire as he stared at the reflection of his mother's scantily-clad body on the glass.

Finally, she turned her head slightly and smiled at him wanly. Leaning over a little, she kissed him softly on the cheek.

Not wanting to break the spell, Jim stood holding her, feeling the warm softness of her big breasts pressing down against his arms as he swam in the exciting fragrance of her. Then he left one hand lazily creep down over the smoothness of her belly to the indentation her naval. Knowing that there was only a very thin layer of gauzy material between his hand and his mother's smooth, naked skin made him was making him dizzy, light-headed as more and more blood was being pumped down into the evil ogre swelling and firming up inside his sweats. He was out of control and couldn't stop himself as he gently pressed his fingers against her belly, letting them almost imperceptibly creep lower.

He could barely breathe, but somehow, he found the breath to whisper into her ear.

"You seem tired, Mother. Are you OK?" he asked her, still letting his inquisitive fingers steal down her stomach ever so slowly.

"What. Oh, I am a little tired. Staying up so late. Thinking about your father again. Took a couple of sleeping pills. Still a little groggy," she murmured in soft, sleepy words.

The mention of his father dulled the glow of his excitement for a moment as he stopped his hand and stood quietly holding her in his arms.

But within moments, the feel of her soft, warm body molding itself against him, the smooth skin under his fingers and the delicate scent of her erotic perfume filled his mind with evil desire once again.

"He's gone now, Mom," he Jim whispered, almost angrily, not wanting his deceased father to interfere with his evil intent. "You've got to move on. Start living for yourself again."

"I know," she mumbled, "but it's so hard. I miss him so much."

This was the closest he'd ever come to hating his departed father, but he couldn't let him come back from the grave and ruin this.

Reluctantly easing his arms out from under her breasts, feeling the soft, giving flesh brush along them as he pulled back, Jim took a baby step back and lifted his hands up to the nape of her long, slender neck. Running his fingers gently over the tight, tense muscles of her neck and shoulders, he began to gently knead them.

"Oh, that feels good," she murmured as he felt the muscles loosen slightly and begin to respond to his manipulation.

"I'll tell you what. Why don't you go and lay down on the couch and I'll give you a good back rub. Okay?" he suggested.

"Oh, Yessssss," she sighed.

Stepping back away from her, he watched her turn and slowly trudge toward the couch.



Jim watched her hips seductively swinging from side to side under the thin material of her gown as she slowly made her way over to the couch.

Without the sunlight shining through the diaphanous pink nightgown, her figure was now only a shadowy silhouette under the soft, pink material.

"Just lay down on your stomach and I'll kneel down on the floor," Jim instructed her.

"Okay," she said.

Slowly crawling up on the couch she paused for a moment, standing on her hands and knees and smiled at him.

From where he stood, he could almost see down the front of her gown. Maddeningly, he could see that her lovely dangling breasts were just out of sight as she slowly melted down onto the couch.

He could stop the depravity now, he thought as he watched her slowly turn her head away from him, facing the back of the couch.

"Is this all right?" she asked.

"Perfect." Jim said admiring the curves and lines of her body under the thin, silky sheen of her pink gown. Standing there, across the room from her, Jim took in the undulating curves of her back, buttocks and long legs as she lay stretched out on the couch.

His heart was pounding like a bass drum as he slowly stepped across the room to the couch and then kneeled down on the floor beside it. His hands were trembling and he could barely breathe as he bent over, reached up and began to massage her shoulders through the slippery smoothness of her gown. Softly probing her tense muscles with his fingers, he took his time and finally felt her begin to relax.

As the muscles in her shoulders began to soften, he slowly kneaded his way down onto her back. He didn't know why but the memory of that day he'd tried to peek at his mother through the keyhole kept popping back into his mind. He'd been so close to seeing her that day, but he'd waited too long and had nearly been caught. Strangely, he found himself waiting to see what would ruin it for him this time...

Finally, he grew bolder. Slowly, massaging his way down her back, his fingers pushing, squeezing, probing, he forced her muscles into accepting submission. At last, he found his fingers digging into the soft, pliable muscles of the small of her back.

Her breathing was slow and regular and Jim wondered if she had fallen asleep.

Jim was now a child. Testing and probing, trying to find out what the limits were, he let his fingers lightly play over the rising roundness of her buttocks.

His heart was hammering down inside his chest. His cock was so hard it ached. He'd never felt charged, energized by anything so diabolically exhilarating in his whole life.

The excitement was almost too much to contain. He felt himself growing light-headed from the charge of energy coursing through his feverish brain. But even as he suffered, his mother seemed oblivious to his predicament. She still hadn't moved.

His sick, twisted fantasy was almost a reality. He could never have even dreamed of anything so preposterous. His mother? Him? He couldn't think straight anymore. Growing braver by the moment, he continued to delicately probe and press her soft, elastic muscles with his fingers. Still, she didn't utter a word of protest or praise. Confidence growing with each passing second, Jim let his fingertips trail down onto her buttocks. Still nothing. No movement. No objection. His heart was now in his throat as he tried to swallow it back down into his chest. His fingers were shaking down as he delicately pinched the wispy hem of her gown between his fingers and thumbs and gently lifted it up off the pale white skin of her ass—

Afraid to breathe, he stared down at the two perfect, round globes of soft pale skin as he peeling the sheer pink cloth back off it. Gently draping the gown across the small of her back, he waited for any indication that he had overstepped the bounds. Feeling the electric excitement coursing through his body, threatening to set off his primed manhood, he began to softly, inquisitively but firmly knead and massage the pliable softness of her ass cheeks. But even as daring as he was, he carefully avoided the delicate areas surrounding her two secret places.

Again, he wondered if she might have fallen asleep as there was not a hint of protest on her part. Maybe she wasn't even aware of what he was doing.

"Feels good," she murmured so softly he could barely understand her.

Startled by the sound of her voice, Jim guiltily jerked his hands away from her exposed, bare ass.

It took a few seconds for it to dawn on him. She hadn't tried to stop him! She had simply told him that it felt good.

Tentatively, Jim brought his hands back down onto her ass and began to gently knead and massage again. Still no objections...

Surprised, but pleased that she hadn't stopped him, he took her lack of protest as approval as he began to knead and probe the acquiescent muscles harder.

Then, to his amazement, he saw her slowly spread her legs farther apart, exposing the weeping wetness between them to Jim's leering stare. He couldn't believe it as he stopped massaging to gawk down at the beautiful, pink-petaled delicacy peeking out from below the swell of her ass cheeks.

"Don't stop..." he heard his mother whisper as her legs crept even further apart. Jim's poor, reeling brain was threatening to completely shut down as he gazed down at her vulnerable, exposed sex. This was out of the box, so far beyond the pale, it was inconceivable—

He couldn't wrap his head around it as he somehow found the forethought to begin kneading her ass again.

Suddenly, he found himself in another quandary. What next?

Now that he had seen her pussy, he wanted to see all of her. See her breasts, see her naked. Naked without a stitch of clothing on. See her the way his dear, departed father had seen her. And touch her. Touch her and have her touch him. He wanted it all now—

But if he was going to accomplish that, he had to get her out of her gown. But how? He couldn't just ask her to take her gown off.

An idea slowly began to form as he slowly moved his fingers back up to the gown that was pushed up around her waist. Then he began to fumble with the gown, crumpling it and wrinkling it as he kneaded the small of her back. Hoping she wouldn't see through his pretense, he gathered his courage and spoke.

"Mom?" he whispered.

"Yes, Baby, what?" she sleepily sighed without even bothering to open her eyes.

"Could you raise up just a little bit, so I can push your gown up a little. It keeps bunching up under my fingers. Okay?"

He could feel his heart pounding like a jackhammer as he waited for her to respond. Would she see through his sham? How would she react? Would she realize what he was doing? Would she tell him to stop? What would she do?

"Huh.....What.....oh.....ok," she mumbled.

She sounded as if she had just woke up from a nap or a trance or something...

His heart was in his throat as he watched her slowly push herself up onto her elbows.

Sensing his opportunity, Jim quickly pushed her gown up her back until it was bunched up around her shoulders. But, as the gown slipped out from under her, both of her big, saggy breasts slipped out of the gown and onto the couch below.

Jim hadn't been expecting that and only got a brief glance at them before his mother lowered herself back down onto the couch to hide them underneath her.

"Oops..." she mumbled, turning, opening her eyes to look at him over her shoulder, smiling, then laying her head back down, resting her cheek on the cushion as her eyes fluttered shut again.

"Uh, uh, oh, okay," he stammered, blushing too.

"This okay?" she drowsily mumbled.

"Much better," he smiled as he looked down at her pretty face.

For the first time, he could see the little age lines and wrinkles beginning to show around her eyes and lips. Grieving over the loss of Jeff had definitely aged her and maybe she took a little less care with her makeup, but she still glowed with an almost ageless beauty in Jim's biased eyes.

Her eyes closed, she seemed to be resting peacefully again. She was now uncovered from her shoulders all the way down to her little bare feet. Her legs, buttocks and long, tapering back was now exposed to Jim's greedy eyes and he was taking it all in. If only she were laying on her back, he giddily thought. With the gown now out of the way, he could see the swell of a big, firm breast extruding out from under her. Her naked skin felt smooth and warm under his fingers as he gently began to rub and caress her back once again. This time he worked down off her back onto her rib cage, hoping that she wasn't ticklish. She didn't protest so he probed closer and closer to the swollen projection of her breast. Then he daringly, let his fingers brush down onto the soft swell. His heart was pounding so hard he knew it would come ripping out through his chest at any moment as his fingers grazed the soft smoothness of the exposed flesh.

She didn't move. Buoyed by the lack of an objection, he began to make more frequent passes over her breast until he was openly fondling her breast with seeming impunity.

Growing braver and more confident by the moment, Jim decided to up the level of his offensive.

"Mother, would you like for me to massage your legs, too?" he innocently asked.

"O.K." She feebly responded without opening her eyes again.

Scooting down the couch, Jim began at her ankles. Kneading the firm, muscular muscles of her rounded calves, alternating between her legs, he slowly but steadily worked his way up to the hollow of her knees. Slowly, but insistently, his kneading fingers crept higher and off onto her the backs of her thighs. He could feel the hidden tendons under the skin as he gently probed to giving flesh, working higher and higher.

After a few minutes, he had worked his way up her thigh to the midpoint between the creased intersection where the cheeks of her ass joined her legs and her knees.

It was time, he told himself. Time to make his move and put himself in a position to take advantage of his effort.

Taking a deep breath, he gathered himself and leaned back.

"Mom...uh, I'm going to move around a little to get more comfortable...okay?" he asked, standing up before she could reply.

"-kay..." he heard her answer as he lifted one long, shapely leg, quickly turning and sliding down under it as he sat down on the couch between her outstretched legs. Now he sat between his mother's scissored legs. He could feel one leg rubbing against his back, lying on the couch between his back and the back cushion of the couch as he gently eased her other leg down across his thighs. She was still lying on her belly, but turned slightly to the side. Then he boldly, grasped her by the hips and turned her a little more, just enough so that her leg lay flat across his legs.

"Uh, there, that better?" he asked her.

"Ummmm-huhhhh..." she soft cooed.

During all this, his mother's legs had crept further apart exposing more of the succulent, pink flesh between them. Jim paused for a moment, stopping to marvel and admire the fleshy portal of her womanhood. As he stared down between her legs, he heard his mother murmur softly as she turned her hips slightly, spreading her legs even farther apart, bending her knee to get more comfortable.

"Okay?" she asked him, squirming slightly, settling her hips onto the cushion.

"Uh, yeah, great..." Jim softly whispered.

Perfect, Jim indecently thought as he stared down and saw a single, glistening drop of nectar coalesce on the fleshy lips of his mother's sex and slowly drip down from her pussy in a long stringy strand. Jim couldn't take his eyes off the drop as the strand slowly stretched down until the drop seeped down into the couch below. There was just something about the magnitude of this moment. This was the moment before the storm. The moment when all was quiet and peaceful, just before all hell would break loose. There was something so touching about it. It made both his heart and cock lurch simultaneously.

As he stared down at the darkened spot on the couch, he could see several curly pubic hairs curling out from under her silky-smooth mons. The overwhelming emotion of the moment was making Jim lightheaded with anticipation. He was so close...

He could feel sweat forming in his palms as he began to carefully massage the soft, giving flesh of her thigh. Slowly, methodically, he worked his probing fingers off the back of her thigh and down onto the softer, smoother skin of her inner thigh. As he massaged her, he was gently applying pressure, spreading her legs farther apart to further expose the luscious wetness only a short span from his probing fingers. As he did, her legs slowly spread apart even more as she gave him more room to massage her.

Stopping for a moment to gather himself, he took in a deep breath and saw that his fingers were trembling ever so slightly.

There it was! He couldn't believe it. The lighting wasn't that great but Jim could easily make out the mounds of silken flesh bordering the pink folds of his mother's pussy as it peeked back out at him from between her legs.

Staring at it, he saw the thinning growth of pubic hairs and the thick, pouting lips of her pussy jutting out of the distended protrusion of soft, distended flesh. It was beautiful. He had seen his fair share of pussies before, but still he hadn't known what to expect. His mother's pussy? Her vagina. Her cunt. But cunt was such a gross word, he guiltily thought. Nothing as beautiful as his mother's pussy should ever be called a cunt. It was beautiful. The way she was lying, he couldn't see her clitoris, but he fantasized that it was jutting out invitingly as it lay hidden underneath her just above the plump, pink folds of moist flesh.

Jim's original intent had been seeing his mother naked, but now as he looked down at her oozing love-wound, his mind began to conjure up darker and more sinister designs.

Now he had to touch her. Touch it! He had to touch the soft, wet gash between his mother's legs. He was obsessed. He knew that what he was doing was despicable, but he couldn't stop himself. He had to touch her. Somehow, in some sick, twisted way, his mind justified the action by her lack of protest. Thinking that because she had let it go this far, she must not care. Maybe she even wanted him to touch her.

He had stepped over the bounds. Now he was committed to accomplishing the atrocity. But he had to have more time to calm his trembling fingers. Lifting his hands up away from her thigh, he laid them on her butt. Slowly at first, he began rubbing and kneading her buttocks. Still, she didn't complain. Then, his touches became more like caresses as he gently explored her softly-rounded behind from top to bottom, but carefully avoided the secret place hidden down between the fleshy cheeks. The stakes were rising exponentially as he continued to fondle her bare bottom, probing, kneading, massaging the pliant flesh.

Glancing up at her face, he could see that her eyes were closed. Then as he fondled her lovely round ass with one hand, he moved his other hand back up to the bulging roll of his mother's breast protruding out from under her rib cage, gently stroking and touching it at the same time.

Jim could feel the temperature rising, the air in the room rapidly becoming charged with sexual excitement as he lovingly fondled his mother.

Then finally, he took the plunge and delicately ran a trembling finger down the crack of his mother's ass. As he did, he felt a jolt of adrenaline spurt out into his bloodstream making his cock twitch down inside his sweat pants. Then he stopped breathing, waiting for a reaction. Nothing. No movement. No protest. Nothing.

But as he watched, he saw her legs slowly, almost imperceptibly creep wider apart.

His fevered brain was doing flip-flops. Was he imagining it, or was she, in her own way luring him on. Teasing him? Tempting him to take that final, inevitable move from which there would be no retreat? Once he touched her there, they couldn't turn back. He would have gone too far for that.

As he breathlessly waited, he wondered. He knew that the sacred bond they now shared as mother and son was teetering between life and death. And he held its fate in his hands—

His cock was throbbing painfully. What should he do? He knew what he wanted to do. But he would roast in everlasting hell if he did it. It would almost be the same as rape in his mind.

If he stopped now? All could be saved. All he had to do was reach up and pull her gown back down to cover her body and stop the mad, reckless rush to commit this mortal sin. She would never know his true intent and all could be forgiven and forgotten. They could continue their relationship as mother and son. But if he stepped into the forbidden realm of incest, who knew what awaited them.

As he feverishly sought an answer, he watched in disbelief as his mother slowly parted her legs even wider and almost imperceptibly, pushed herself back against his hand. Was she inviting him to touch her?

That lit the fuse. Slowly running his finger down the crack of her ass as second time, this time he didn't stop until it brushed across the pouting lips of her vagina. At the same time, he forced his other hand under her, cupping her big, soft breast in his hand. Then his fingers found her hard, rigid nipple and began squeezing and rubbing it roughly.

She gave out a soft, whimpering murmur, but didn't resist in any way.

For several seconds, with a tenderness born of love and caring, he caressed the fleshy softness between his mother's legs with the tips of his trembling fingers. Then, slowly, he ever-so-gently probed the fleshy folds apart to bare the slippery, wet opening of her sex. Then, taking a deep, purging breath, he began to ease a finger down into the cloying heat of her pussy. He had expected her to be dry inside, but she was sopping wet. Her pussy was drenched in pussy juice. Sweet, slippery pussy juice and his finger easily slid all the way inside her up to the last knuckle.

Jim was excited almost beyond belief that his mother was so wet. Anxiously glancing up at her face, he saw that her eyes were still clenched shut. Assuming that his mother's wetness was caused by arousal, he eased his finger back out of her, fearfully expecting her to come to her senses at any moment. But when she didn't, he extended out a second finger and gently eased the two of them back down inside the clinging sheath of her pussy. Pushing them all the way inside her, he gently wiggled them around and suddenly felt her pussy clamp down around his embedded fingers. This sent another jolt of adrenaline gushing out into his bloodstream making his cock twitch and jerk down inside his sweats.

He still couldn't believe this was happening as his mother arched her back slightly, pushing back on his probing fingers to take them as deep inside her as she could. Pushing them in all the way to the hilt, Jim felt like his fingers were swimming in her juices as he felt around the soft, meaty insides of her slick, wet cunt. He could hardly breathe as the meaty softness of her pussy wrapped around his fingers and gently squeezed down on them. Ever so gently, Jim began to slowly slide his fingers in and out of the tight, clutching slit and she responded by matching his rhythm with little jerking hunches of her hips.

Jim was euphoric! Fearlessly squeezing and cupping her breast in his other hand as he slowly finger-fucked her, he could feel its full girth and bulk. Continuing to squeeze and tease her rock hard nipple, he could feel her breathing quickening.

Her eyes were still clenched tightly shut. It was almost as if she didn't want to see it happening. Yet, she was abetting him. He had to be dreaming, he feverishly thought. It couldn't really be happening.

Still pinching and pulling on her breast, Jim felt his mother squirm her hips, pushing back against his other hand and plunging fingers. Then, his thumb made contact with her tiny, puckered anal opening. He stopped finger fucking for a moment, pulling his drenched fingers back out of her pussy. Then he gently spread a coating of her thick, pungent pussy juice up and down the crack of her ass. Slipping his fingers back into her cunt, he found the tiny wrinkle of her ass hole with his thumb again. Feeling her wiggle her hips pushing back, he gently, but forcefully pushed his thumb against the tight stricture of her anus. As he

did, his thumb pierced the opening and squished inside the tight, rubbery constriction. When it did, he heard his mother whimper out in pain. He quickly withdrew it.

"Sorry..." he mumbled.

Suddenly, like being hit in the face with a bucket of ice water, Jim realized what he was doing. Then an even more frenzied realization flashed into his fevered brain.

**HE WAS GOING TO FUCK HIS MOTHER!**

This sudden insight almost paralyzed him. Now he knew that down deep in his heart, this had been what he was after all along. How had this sick, twisted thing happened? But it didn't matter now. He couldn't stop it. He had to have her. Physically and mentally. He had to possess her, control her, hold dominion over her. He was the beast and she was his beauty.

But the amazing thing about it all was the fact that if she offered the slightest resistance, it would be over. He would stop. While he was Satan personified, she could bring him to his knees with one flicker of protest.

Feeling his urgency growing, he slipped his hand out from under her breast. While he continued to stroke his fingers in and out of her slaving cunt, he reached down and untied the string on his sweat pants. Pushing and straining, he struggled to shove them down to free the impatient ogre inside them. Finally, they lay in a wrinkled muddle around his ankles.

Looking down at himself, he saw his giant cock sticking up from his hairy groin, unbelievably hard and rigid. He had never seen it so hard and stiff. It stuck out from his groin like some malicious satanic growth, dancing and jumping about maniacally.

Hurriedly standing up, Jim saw his mother's leg drop down in front of the couch further spreading the wet, fleshy opening below her butt.

"Mother—I'm sorry—" he blubbered as he crawled back onto the couch between her outstretched legs.

Quickly moving up between his mother's scissored legs, he reached down and curled his fingers under her hips. Gently, he lifted her buttocks up into the air and still she offered no resistance. Looking down, now he could see her soft, vulnerable cunt, peeking out below the beautifully rounded cheeks of her ass. It was slightly open and seemed to be beckoning to him, inviting him as a single drop of her juice slowly seeped out from it and dripped down onto the couch below.

Then his mother slowly spread her legs apart even wider, seemingly ready to accept her fate. A fate she didn't seem capable of escaping.

Now with his mother standing on one knee, her other leg stretched out, her toes digging into the carpet, she thrust her butt up in the air, there was something almost primal, bestial about it all, Jim frantically thought. His mother groveling before him, her sex thrust up in the air to accept him. Wriggling her ass back at him, she was almost begging him to take her. And he would, he deliriously thought—

Reaching down, Jim grabbed hold his great evil cock. Guiding it up to her wet, oozing pussy, he rested his great cockhead up against the soft, vulnerable opening.

Standing there on his knees with his giant cock poised to impale her, he stopped to savor the feeling of power that was coursing through him at that moment. He had never felt such dominance. It was addictive. But as overwhelming as it was, he could no longer postpone the inevitable.

"I'm sorry mother," he whispered as he slowly eased his penis into the hot, slippery sheath of her sex.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," she gasped as the malevolent monster squished into her accepting wetness, sliding in all the way up to the hilt in one long, slippery plunge.

Almost at the same moment he felt his dangling balls thud up against her hairy mons, he felt a shiver shudder through his mother's body as she stiffened and thrust back at him.

"OhGodddddd—" she gasped as Jim felt her pussy clutch at him. Then she began to make straining, choking sounds as her cunt began to squeeze and milk at his embedded penis. Suddenly Jim's balls were drenched in thick, creamy cunt juice. It was almost like his mother's pussy was melting around his cock, liquefying and covering everything below their waists in her liquid sex. He could feel her sticky heat dripping down off his balls coating the insides of his thighs with its clinging warmth while he strained against her. Jim had never felt anything like it as his mother's sex convulsed, squeezing, milking pulling on him as she came. He could see the muscles in her back tightening and relaxing as the spasmodic contractions wracked her pussy. He could feel every spasm undulating through her pussy as she squeezed down around his fully-immersed cock down inside the clutching heat of her love-wound.

Jim was stunned. He had barely gotten his cock inside her before she was orgasming. As she continued to moan and squirm under him, Jim leaned down over her letting his hands slide off her hips, up alongside her waist and then down under her. With his chest pressed against her sweaty back, he gently kissed the nape of her neck as his pawing hands found her dangling breasts. Clutching them in his hands, he began to gently knead and squeeze them as he slowly back his rock-hard manhood back down the clinging tightness of her pussy.

"No-no-no-don't take it out—" he heard his mother plaintively plead just before he curled his hips and thrust back inside her, driving all the way up to the hilt again inside her. "Yessssss—" she hissed, grunting, straining and thrusting back at him to take him inside her. Dropping her tits, Jim pulled his hands back out from under her and coiled them around her sweaty waist. Then he began to slowly rock back and forth above her, driving his stiff, hard cock down into her balls deep on every thrusting stroke. He could hear the soft, wet slap of his juice-drenched groin and belly smacking up against his mother's up-thrust ass every time their groins slammed together. He could feel his mother rocking too, moving in harmony with him as they fucked. As much as he wanted this monumental moment to last, he was quickly losing control and knew that the excitement coursing through his veins would soon trigger the eruption of a mass of hot, potent cum into his mother's tight, clinging cunt. As he pumped his cock in and out of her faster with bold, forceful strokes, he could feel her heaving under him, meeting him, thrusting back at him, taking him stroke for stroke as he buried himself inside her.

Faster and harder, he rode her. She was so hot and wet, her cunt was literally pouring juice out, coating their thighs with its hot stickiness. More and more violent became the coupling as they both drew closer and closer to the final indignity.

Suddenly, he felt his mother begin to shake and quiver underneath him again. She was coming—again! "Ohhhhh GoddddNooooooooo," she gasped as her cunt muscles locked down around his pistoning penis.

"OH, My, Goddddddddddd," Jim bellowed almost simultaneously.

Jim had never felt such exquisite pleasure as he felt his balls explode and spew a great gusher of molten cum into the fiery depths of his mother's cunt. Spurting his sperm-filled milt deep inside his birthplace, he filled his mother's womb with thick, hot cream as it spewed out of his loins in huge gushes. It coated the walls of his mother's pussy with its blistering heat as they orgasmed together. Over and over again, his great engine jerked and bucked sending out gusher after gusher of his virulent semen into the very core of his beginning.

Finally, he had nothing left. Nothing left to give his mother. She had taken it all from him. She had sucked him dry.

Exhausted, guilt-ridden, and heart-broken, Jim fought to catch his breath as he crouched over his mother while she slowly collapsed back down onto the couch. Leaning down, he laid his cheek and ear down on her sweat-slickened back listening to the pounding thud of her heartbeat slowly returning to normal. He could feel the power flowing out of his defeated, beaten cock as it began to wilt and retreat back down the slick, cum-filled channel of his mother's sex. At last, he came slithering out of her as his limp, conquered manhood dropped down between her thighs, completely dominated and bowing before her authority. Slowly pushing up onto his hands and knees Jim was wracked with a deep feeling of remorse and self-hatred as he rolled over to sit between his mother's outstretched legs. As he did, he stared down at the fleshy, pink wound of her sex slowly oozing out his seed onto the couch below it.

He realized that their whole life had changed the instant he had entered her. It was all his fault. How could he ever live with the guilt that was growing in his heart?

Falling back on the couch, he covered his eyes and started to cry. How could his mother ever forgive him for the grievous sin that he had just inflicted upon her? Leaning back against the couch, he was too ashamed to look up at her face. How could he ever make reparation for what he had done to her?

At last he felt his mother stir. Still he couldn't bring himself to look at her.

Then as he lay blaming himself for robbing his mother of her decency, he felt his mother's legs squirm behind his back. Sensing she wanted to pull her leg out from behind his back, he leaned forward and felt it brush up his back. He kept his eyes closed, unable to bring himself to look at his mother as he felt the couch shudder as his mother sat up beside him. Then as he sat leaning back against the couch, his eyes closed, his heart aching, he felt his mother's soft, warm fingers gently grasp his bowed cock and lift it up out from between his thighs. Throwing open his eyes, he looked down just at the moment he felt his cock being enveloped in soft, warm wetness as his mother sucked him into her mouth.

"Motherrrrrrrrr--" he gasped, staring down at her in shocked disbelief. What was she doing? Why was she doing that to him? Why wasn't she mad at him after what he had just done to her? How could she do *that*?

His eyes were nearly bugging out of his head when he saw his mother leaning down over him sucking on his cock—

"My, God, Mother, What," he mumbled, his voice trailing off because he didn't know what to say.

Then, keeping her rose-colored lips locked down around the shaft of his wilted manhood, she tilted her head up and their eyes met for a long heart-stopping moment. Then, keeping her eyes on him, she slowly lifted her head, letting his limp, wilted penis ooze back out from between her full, pouting lips.

"I'm okay now," she tenderly smiled at him, her lips glistening wetly in the soft, afternoon light.

"Oh, God, Mom, I'm so sorry—" he started to apologize, not knowing what he could say to make everything right but knowing he had to say something.

But she stopped him by putting her finger on his lips.

"It seemed so innocent when you started," she said softly, unconsciously squeezing and fondling his shrunken manhood as she spoke. "Then I realized what you were doing, and then I knew. I knew that you had finally come back to me. I knew it was really *you*."

"I'm sorry, Mo..." he started to say, unsure of what she meant. What did she mean that she knew it was really *him*? And if she had known that it was him, why had she let him make love to her. He was her son and that kind of thing wasn't allowed.

"Shush, and listen to me for a minute," she said purposefully, staring deep into his eyes. Then Jim saw it. That strange, lost look in her eyes—it was gone! Almost like she had come back from wherever it was that she had been. And she looked happy—happier than he'd ever seen her...ever—

"I realized that you wanted to make love to me...again," she sighed, still caressing her son's flaccid penis, "and I wanted you, too. As much as you wanted me...maybe more. Just like it always was."

What was she talking about? He was baffled. He didn't understand. But she was happy. Wasn't that what really mattered. Isn't that why he had come back?

"Oh, God, Mother, Really..." he gasped.

"Yes, My Love," she whispered, "I've been all alone for so long. And you finally came back. I needed someone to love and, and, and you, you, you gave me love. It was a beautiful and exciting thing. You finally came back to me."

"Yes," Jim murmured, confused and not sure of what was actually happening between them, but afraid that if he tried to find out, he might send her back into that place she had been. That dark, foreboding place.

"It was one of the best, Dear," she smiled at him. "Don't you think?"

"Oh, Mother, I Love you," he mumbled, not knowing what else to say.

"And, I needed it so very much," she sighed, pausing for effect "then, and, and Now."

"What, You, What, You Mean, You, mean that..." Jim spluttered inately, feeling his manhood twitch and begin to firm up again. Did she want to make love again? Had she forgiven him?

"Oh, Yes, Jeff," she euphorically smiled, "I want us to make love again and again and again. Just the way we used to..."

He didn't know what was happening, but he wasn't going to do anything to stop it. Reaching out, he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her against him as their lips met and they kissed...

~~~~~

This time it was soft and gentle and lasted far into the afternoon...

As they lay on his mother's bed recovering from their lovemaking, she rolled over and snuggled up next to him. Jim was euphoric. He had never known that making love could feel so fulfilling. It had always been great, but with his mother it was incredulous.

"You remember when you wanted me to come live close to the campus so you could take care of me?" she softly asked him, her hand lying on his belly as she softly caressed and fondled his limp maleness.

"Yes..." he smiled, looking down into her liquid-blue eyes.

"Do you still want me to do that?" she asked him, leaning over and pressing a soft kiss against his cheek.

"Of course...I know of the perfect place. It's about two blocks from the campus. It's just come on the market...I've been watching the real estate market just in case you ever changed your mind," he smiled back at her, his hand straying over to her breast that was resting against his arm. As he did, he found that the nipple was stiff and hard.

"Is it big enough for the two of us?" she asked him, squirming, pressing her breasts against his fondling fingers.

"You mean you and me?" he asked, feel a shiver of excitement tickle through his cock. "You want us to live together?"

"Unless you don't think it would work..." she hesitantly said, as a glimmer of doubt flickered across her face.

"NO—NO—I think it would work—" Jim exclaimed. "I, it just surprised me...that's all," he beamed, grinning from ear to ear.

"I'll try and make you happy," she smiled, leaning over and pressing a soft, gentle kiss on his lips.

"You already have, Mother. You already have..." Jim murmured, gently rolling her over onto her back and moving up between her outstretched legs...

The End

Getting Even With Hubby

Helen was still fuming as she turned into her driveway.

"The gall of that son-of-a-bitch," she said out-loud as she waited for the garage door to open.

"How could he have the nerve to bring that two-bit whore with him to divorce court?"

Gunning the car, she nearly ran into the back wall of the garage before she slammed on the brakes and brought the car to a screeching stop. Turning the ignition off, she grabbed her purse and threw open the door. Slamming it shut, she went clapping up the front walk and into the house. Tossing her keys and purse on the table, she hurried over to the bar.

Now I know why they don't allow guns in the courthouse, she thought to herself as she quickly filled a glass with ice and Dewar's.

Being divorced by the bastard was bad enough. But, flaunting it in her face right in front of the little bitch that had caused it all was just too damned much. Tossing the Scotch down in one swift gulp, she immediately refilled the glass.

"I'll find a way to get back at that asshole," she growled, angrily slamming the glass down on the bar then reaching up to unbutton her blouse. "At least I took the prick to the cleaners. Now what is sweet, little Stephanie going to do now that George didn't have any money to spend on her, she maliciously smiled.

It had been a four Advil day so far, she angrily thought. She had watched her marriage of twenty-five years die a slow painful death. It had been on death's bed for a long time, but today she and George had given it the coup de grace, driving the stake in its heart and then burying it. But she would never forgive her ex-husband for bringing the little cunt, Stephanie to the burial proceedings. She had caused it all in the first place. Why the little witch couldn't be more than eighteen or nineteen—

Hell, their son, Kevin was older than the little bitch. Not by much, but he was still older. Why Stephanie was the right age for Kevin. Certainly not George. Crap, George was old enough to be her fucking father—

Hell, maybe he was, the way he cheated around on her before they got divorced. Maybe his cheating had been going on a lot longer than she thought.

Thankfully, Kevin wasn't home. He was still at school. He'd been her rock through the whole thing. Especially right after his butt-hole of a father had left, she thought. He had helped her get through the separation. It was comforting to know that she had a shoulder to cry when she needed it. But, God, she hated George and his middle-age crisis.

Middle-age crisis my ass, she seethed. Just another excuse for a man to up and leave his wife. She had heard so much about it, but never thought it would happen to her. Now she was experiencing it in all its grim glory. She hadn't seen it coming. She had thought that everything was fine with their marriage. Then one day, out of the blue, the bastard had told her that he had met someone new and he was leaving. She had no warning. Nothing. She had tried to get him to stay, but it was useless. That was six months ago and now she was a single woman again. A divorcee. A used woman. Used and tossed aside like an old cum-filled rubber that had served its purpose. And now George had himself another cum bucket. How could he do this to her, she fumed? When a woman's looks started going, she gets tossed aside for a newer model.

Not that her looks were going that fast.

Pitching her blouse on the bar, she finished her drink and refilled the glass one more time. She decided she was going to get roaring drunk and wash the filth of the day down the drain. Reaching behind her back, she unbuttoned her brassiere and felt the tension go out of it. As the bra slipped down her arms, her big, drooping breasts majestically spilled out into the open bobbling and quivering with every move she made.

"God, that feels good," she growled, dropping the bra on her blouse and cupping her breasts in her hands. Lifting them, she pinched her swollen, sensitive nipples and began to twist them between her fingers and thumbs. As the pleasurable sensations sparked down to her aching clit, she made a declaration.

"No more bras—"

She was tired of being the prim and proper wife for her asshole of an ex-husband. She still had most of her looks. Even if George didn't think so. And now she was going to flaunt them at any man that would look, she told herself as she squeezed and kneaded the big, soft mountains of flesh, "Yes, girls," she said to her breasts as she looked down at them. "No more bras for you. I'm going to let you breathe. No being squeezed down inside a brassiere. So Stupid, and so uncomfortable."

Closing her eyes, she just stood there, squeezing and massaging her tits, enjoying the feel of her soft fingers on her skin. Then she realized that her nipples were swollen and puffy.

Why, she was getting aroused, she tipsily thought. She'd thought she'd feel some remorse or something over the divorce. Wasn't there supposed to be some sense of mourning or something? After all, she'd been married to him for twenty-five years, she told herself. But strangely, all she felt was a sense of relief that it was finally all over.

Smiling to herself, she was somewhat surprised by her body's reaction. It felt funny that she could be aroused so easily. But wait, she suddenly remembered, it has been seven months...seven long months since she and George had...she let the thoughts trail off into nothing, not wanting to subject herself to old memories.

Easing her big tits back down onto her chest, she reached over, grabbed the DeWars bottle by its neck and lifted it up to her lips. Tipping the bottle back, she took another swig then grabbed a glass and went strutting across the room to the stairs on her four-inch heels. As she walked, she felt a tipsy giggle bubble up to her lips as she felt her big tits jiggling and cavorting around on her chest. She remembered how much George had liked them when they'd first got married. Hell, he couldn't keep his hands off them. Well, too bad, Georgie because you'll never touch them again. You'll just have to be satisfied with Stephanie and her tiny teenie boobs.

Maybe her tits sagged a little, but what the hell, she was forty-six. What did you expect? She could still turn heads when she wanted to. They had the shape. The shape and size that men seemed to like. Or anyway, the size and shape of most of the women in the men's magazine she seen. Big, round, and full with the circles of dark, pebbled flesh tipping them. Her areolas were about the size of a silver dollar with two big, puffy nipples sticking out of the darkened circles.

Smiling proudly, she tripped up the stairs and hurried down to her bedroom.

"No more Jacuzzi for you, George—" she declared out loud, feeling her tits tug at her chest as she leaned down and turned it on. They'd had the Jacuzzi installed in their bedroom about ten years ago. They use to love soaking in it which seemed to inevitably lead to a little heavy petting and eventually to the bed. Well, there wouldn't be any of that for a while, she sadly thought, watching the water froth and bubble. Stop it, she angrily told herself. We aren't going to mope, she laughed, stomping over to her bed and setting the Dewar's bottle on her night stand.

Pouring herself another glass of Dewar's she sat down on the edge of her bed and looked over at the mirror above her dresser. Smiling, she lifted her glass in a toast to the forty-six-year-old woman looking back out at her. Then with a tipsy giggle, she tipped up the glass and let the Scotch slowly trickle down her throat. Setting her glass back down, she reached kicked her high heels across the room where they landed against the baseboard with a loud thunk. Grinning, she reached down and quickly stripped her pants and panty hose down her long legs. Standing up, she stared at the reflection of her body in the mirror. She was pleased with what she saw.

It definitely wasn't the body of a twenty-year-old, but it was a good-looking body. Running her hands over her big, pendulous breasts, she proudly lifted them again and watched as they wiggled and bounced when she dropped them back down onto her chest.

Smiling inanely, she ran her hand down over her flat stomach. Well, almost flat, she thought. Maybe just a little bulge. It was hardly noticeable and could be easily removed with an additional ten minutes of workout each day. But why get rid of it, it was sort of sexy. It set her aside from the brainless little hard bodies like Stephanie.

Continuing on down, she ran her fingers through the muss of kinky copper curls at the Y of her stomach and legs. Looking closely, she noticed that there were a few silver threads coursing through the tangle of fine silky hairs. There were only a few, she smiled, and they just made it more interesting. More mature. More sophisticated.

Bending down, she watched her tits bounce and wiggle freely as she ran her hands down her long, supple legs. The skin was soft and smooth, but the muscles underneath were well-defined and curvaceous. Turning around, looking back over her shoulder, she let her eyes sweep swept down the curving arch of her back to her butt. Round and firm, she knew that it turned heads. Clenching the muscles in her ass, she watched her buttocks tense into two balls of hard, firm flesh. Running her eyes down farther over the tapering firmness of her thighs, she stopped for a few seconds to admire the muscular swell of her calves. Pointing a toe, she watched her leg arch into symmetric perfection. Her legs had been built for high heels, she thought to herself.

Not bad, not bad at all for forty-five, she laughed. No, forty-six, she reminded herself, slowly turning around in a little circle several times as she studied her body from every angle. Not bad at all—

Finally, with a toss of her short, reddish-brown hair, refilled her glass and went sauntering back over to the Jacuzzi. Dipping her toe down into the water, she swirled it around and found the water temperature just right. Warm enough to break out a sweat, but not so warm that she would have to hurry her dip. Stepping down into the Jacuzzi, she slowly immersed herself down into the warm, bubbling, gurgling water

and set her glass down on the edge. Then reaching over, she directed one of the jets down at her pussy, letting the bubbles tickle and tease her throbbing clit. Slouching back onto the seat, she spread her legs and let the soothing, invigorating swirl of water play across her pussy and clit. The warm water was lapping at her chin as she picked up her drink and sipped it as the jets of water massaged away the crud and humiliation she had felt at the divorce proceedings. At least she had taken George to the cleaners, she smiled. The house, half of his business, and most of the savings. Now, not only was she a divorcee, she was a wealthy divorcee.

Thirty minutes and two drinks later, she was feeling no pain whatsoever. She had achieved her goal. Although not totally blitzed yet, she had a distinctly pleasant buzz on. In fact, it had grown from a buzz into a soft roar, she giggled as she crawled out of the tub and dried herself off. Pouring herself still another drink, she tottered over to her chest of drawers and pulled open one of the drawers. Rummaging through it, she finally pulled out a long, filmy nightgown. It was George's favorite, she smirked. He loved for her to wear it when they...she started to say 'when they made love' but somehow that didn't seem to fit any more. The term 'when they fucked' now sounded more appropriate, more truthful. Lifting it over her head, she let it slither down her body covering her with its sensuous softness. Looking at herself in the mirror, she knew why George had liked it so much. It did nothing to hide any of her considerable charms, but softened the image underneath, leaving just enough to the imagination. Picking up her drink, she drunkenly twirled around in front of the mirror and almost fell. Tittering tipsily, she stumbled over to her bed and flopped down on her back.

Lying in bed, sipping her drink, she remembered that it had been seven months since she had any sexual feelings. Funny, that on the day her marriage ended, she could feel the return of some feeling. Some arousal. Maybe it was the finality of it all. Maybe it was just her body telling her that it needed some attention. Whatever, it felt good to feel a reawakening of sexual desire. The only problem was that now she didn't have a man to take care of it for her.

Closing her eyes, she slowly reached down and pulled up her gown. Gently running her fingers through the soft, silky hairs around her now throbbing femininity, she quickly found the hard, jutting roundness of her aching-sensitive clitoris. Her whole body shuddered as she gently flicked her finger across the sensitive nub.

"God, it felt huge," she gasped under her breath as she softly rubbed it. She couldn't remember it ever feeling so large, so swollen, so sensitive. So big. It felt like a big, smooth marble sticking out of it fleshy sheath. Closing her eyes, she reveled in the feel of her sexuality. Dipping her finger down between the thick, meaty lips of her vagina, she ran her finger up and down the furrow until it was coated with her slippery juices. Withdrawing her finger, she found the protruding tip of her clitoris again and began roughly flicking it with her finger. She could feel the repressed excitement down inside her loins building up. Emotions she had been ignoring for so long were welling up to the surface, bumping and banging around inside her head seeking release as she feverishly fingered herself. Soon, she was gasping for air, her body laboriously clamoring for release. Her heart pounding, she could feel her muscles tensing in anticipation of her orgasm. She was getting closer and closer.

Then teetering on the edge, just as her body tensed for the final dash to the finish, she had a sudden sensation that she wasn't alone. That she was being watched—

Afraid of what she would see, but not wanting to drift back down away from the pinnacle she found herself wavering on, she continued to rub her clitoris while she slowly opened her eyes. As she did, a wave of shame washed over her when she saw her son, Kevin standing in her doorway staring at her with his big blue eyes. Stunned, her finger stopped in mid-flick. She couldn't move. She was paralyzed by humiliation. She didn't know what to do. Then almost as if her finger had a mind of its own, it started to move again, gently rubbing her clitoris. Gently, slowly, it circled her throbbing clitoris for several seconds as they both stared at each other incredulously. Stop it—Stop it, her brain railed.

Finally, with a rush of shame and humiliation, she was able to stop her finger's futile movement. It was gone—

She couldn't come now. Not with her son watching her—

Still, she couldn't speak or move for several more moments as she stared at him. He must have been working out or jogging because he was wearing a pair of thin, running shorts and a sweat drenched muscle shirt. How long had he been standing there watching her make a fool out of herself, she wondered? Then, not knowing why, her eyes were drawn down to his crotch and what she saw took her breath away. He had an erection. And what an erection it was. It looked like the front of his shorts were about to be ripped open by the jutting menace underneath them. His penis must be huge, she obscenely thought. Then it dawned on her that she still had her legs spread apart and Kevin was openly gawking at her exposed womanhood.

"KEVIN—" she complained, finally slapping her legs together and shoving the gown back down over herself, "What-what are doing home?"

"Uh, I, uh, oh, I, uh, got off early," he stammered, his eyes moving up from her now hidden femininity to her quivering, jiggling breasts.

"UH, I, uh," she started to speak. But what could she say? He'd caught her. There was no excusing what she had been doing. And he'd seen her. Now he knew. Knew what? That she was human? That she was a woman? That she was a woman with needs just like any other woman? She hadn't been doing anything wrong. But since he had caught her, now it was wrong? That didn't make any sense. One second it wasn't wrong...and the next second it was wrong? Now what?

She could feel his eyes on her breasts as he ogled them through the thin, almost transparent material of her gown. Self-consciously, she raised her arm to shield them from his piercing stare. She could feel her big nipples jutting out so hard and swollen, they ached as the back of her arm brushed against them.

Suddenly, she found herself staring at his crotch again. Then, like an electrical shock, she realized that she wanted to see him. See *IT*, as her eyes probed the front of his tented shorts. It looked huge. Then a fantasized image of what it might look like flashed through her reeling brain. There it was, she tipsily thought. There was the answer to her dilemma. A cock—

There was only one thing wrong with that answer. It was her son's penis? The answer? Was she that drunk? So drunk, she could use him then fall back on her drunken condition as an excuse? But he was her son! He couldn't be the answer. She couldn't let herself stoop that low...could she? But why not? They loved each other, didn't they? So what was wrong with expressing that love? How could that be wrong? It didn't seem to matter so much anymore that much that she was his mother. It was just the two of them. They were all alone. Who would know? No one would ever know. Alone. So if no one else knew, would it really be wrong? Did a tree make noise in the woods when it fell...if there was no one there to hear it? If there was no one to witness what she was pondering? She couldn't really be considering do it? Really? This couldn't be happening. Not to her. Too much had already gone on today. So much that she had no control over. And now this? How could she be aroused by her own son? Was she crazy?

Then she watched him turn and disappear back out through the doorway, softly closing the door behind him. Lying in her bed, staring at the closed door, she could hear him hurrying down the hallway to his own room.

All the booze she'd drank, left her incapable of rational thought. And now, she suddenly found herself needing more. She wanted the numbing comfort of its company to dull the sharp reality of what had just happened. Sitting up, he felt her tits heave under their thin covering as she reached for the half-empty bottle of Dewar's. Listening to the bottle chatter on the glass, she poured out another glassful to calm her shaking hands. Her hands were shaking so bad, it took both of them to lift the glass up to her lips without spilling it. Tilting the glass, she quickly swigged down its entire contents in one gulp. Then she took a deep breath and set the glass down.

Staring down at the empty glass, she wondered how much booze she would have to drink to erase the image of her son standing in the door gawking at her?

At least she was numb from the waist down now, she thankfully thought. There were only a few embers left of the roaring bonfire of need that had been blazing down between her legs earlier. But how long would it be before it was back? Seeing Kevin staring down between her legs had been like splashing a bucket of ice water down there.

But it would be back...she knew that.

What had Kevin been thinking? What had he thought when he saw her like that? Well, that's kind of obvious, isn't it, she answered herself. You saw his erection—

He was obviously aroused by what he'd seen. And he must have been watching for some time to have a full-blown erection like he had.

Crap, she thought as she felt the embers down between her legs begin to glow again. No matter how much she drank, she knew that it couldn't completely ease the burning ache between her legs. What could she do? It had been too long. And she had been so close—so close to an orgasm. But being that close, only to be turned away at the last second made it worse. The spark of excitement she had felt had re-kindled the fire. And now the thought of her son's erection was front and center in her mind. It wasn't fair, she tipsily told herself. He'd seen her. Why couldn't she see his? His what, she asked herself? His erection? His cock? His penis? That was just fucking crazy—

But as she sat there, staring down at the empty glass, she found herself wondering what must Kevin think of her? Her son had seen her doing something no son should ever see his mother doing. He had seen her pleasuring herself like some cheap slut. But she wasn't a slut. Was she? She had to admit, the things she had been thinking about Kevin certainly put her in that ball park. Only a slut could think about him the way she had been thinking. But she wasn't a slut. And he had to know that. If only she could explain it to him somehow. She could make him understand. Understand that she wasn't just his mother. Wipe away the

horrid image he must have of her. He must know that she was not only his mother, she was a woman, too. A woman with needs that had been ignored for too long.

Whatever had happened, the thing that had sparked between them in that disastrous moment of time must be eradicated. Whatever had been spawned between them had in that instant had to be snuffed out before it grew into something that couldn't be controlled. It had to be snuffed out before it had a chance to grow, she impotently thought. She had to wipe away any wicked thoughts that might have formed in his head. She couldn't wait. It must be done now. She had to cleanse their hearts of any lechery before it grew. And the longer she waited the harder it would be.

Swing her legs off the bed, she started to push up onto her feet, but stopped. One more drink, she told herself. She was going to need all the courage she could manifest. Grabbing the bottle of Dewar's, she quickly splashed three fingers into the glass sitting by it. Then she picked the glass up. She noticed that her hands weren't trembling as bad as before. Was the booze working, she drunkenly wondered? Or was it the fact she was going to Kevin calmed her. Quickly gulping the slug of booze down, she slammed down the glass and went reeling across her bedroom and out the doorway.

Weaving her way down the hallway, she realized that she was a little drunker than she had thought as she tottered up to Kevin's door. It was closed. She wasn't going to let that stop her. Grasping the doorknob, she twisted it and pushed the door open. Lurching into his room, she blurted out, "Kevin, we have to—Oh-Oh-MY GOD," she wheezed staring at Kevin who lay in his bed gawking back at her with a startled look on his face.

Kevin was lying on his back with his shorts down around his ankles. He had his hand wrapped around his gigantic cock and had been stroking it as hard and as he could as she burst into his room.

"FOR GOD'S SAKE, MOTHER," he cried out as she stood transfixed staring down at him in stunned stupidity. He had been stopped in mid-stroke but he continued to hold onto his cock, holding it upright as his chin dropped to his chest and his eyes were the size of saucers.

"Kevin-PLEASE-KEVIN," she wailed, unable to keep her eyes off the thick, perverted monstrosity of rock-hard flesh thrusting up out of her son's hairy underbelly.

Then to her amazement, his hand began to jerk up and down again.

"CAN'T STOP—MOTHER—CAN'T STOP—HURTS TOO MUCH," he wept as he mercilessly stroked himself toward release, "HURTS BAD—"

"OH, God Kevin, I'm SO SORRY," she wept as she saw the pain and agony etched into his face, "it's all my fault."

Then the ache between her legs exploded into flames of passion. There was no turning back now, not after this. Rushing over to the side of his bed, she dropped to her knees. Feverishly, she reached out and grabbed hold of his wrist, stopping the pounding movement of her son's hand on his giant cock.

"Let me," she groaned shoving at his hands pushing them away from his cock.

The moment he released his stiff jutting penis, she wrapped both hands around it and frantically began to stroke him, fisting her hands up and down the massive cylinder of meat. His penis was huge! It looked like it was at least a foot long.

Driving her hands up and down the massive pillar of meat, she could feel it swelling, growing harder and harder. She knew that it would explode in her hands any moment now. The muscles in her son's legs were bulging and growing more and more tense by the second. The impending eruption was only seconds away. Leaning over him, she was ready for it as her hand flew up and down the enormous man-cock.

"OHFUCKINGODCUMMMMMMIINNNNNNNGMOTHER—" he suddenly screamed as his legs slapped down on the bed driving his hips up into the air.

As his cock rose into the air, she threw her head down and sucked the massive cockhead into her mouth.

"Oh-FUCK-Oh-FUCK-Oh-FUCK-Oh-FUCK-Oh-FUCK—" he blathered as she felt the first titanic gusher of his thick, potent cum spew out into her mouth.

She swallowed, but it was too much and a stream of the syrupy white cream trickled out of the corner of her mouth and ran down the great throbbing shaft of his cock. Then a second blast tore into her mouth. Again she swallowed, savoring the hot, tart taste of her son's spunk as even more it dribbled down his cock. Sucking and swallowing as fast as she could, she still couldn't keep up with the monumental spouts of cum that were erupting out his ponderous prick. Over and over again, it fired volley after volley into her mouth until her pouting lips were covered with a frothy lather of expended semen.

Finally, just when she thought it would never stop, his hips suddenly dropped to the bed, jerking the foam-covered head of his cock out of her mouth.

The burning firebrand of desire between her legs was now a raging inferno. High on alcohol and passion, Helen staggered to her feet, peeling her gown up and off over her head, she flung it to the side. Like a woman possessed, she clambered onto the bed and straddled her son. Reaching down between her

widespread legs, she grabbed hold of his cock. Even though it was ever-so-slowly wilting, it was still bigger and harder than most men could ever hope for. Lifting the still-impressive weapon up off her son's heaving belly, she feverishly fitted the great spit-covered head into the burning socket of her vagina. Then, releasing her hold on it, she slowly sank down on the massive tower of flesh, swallowing him with her pussy this time.

"Oh, God is good, God is great," she mumbled as her cunt hungrily devoured her son's prodigious cock.

Lowering herself down on her son, she let her gluttonous cunt consume his maleness inch by inch until at last, her copper and silver curls intermeshed with the mat of pure copper curls at the base of his prick.

"Thank you, God, for such a wonderful son," she moaned as she ground her cunt down against her son's hairy groin.

Then she groaned, flexing the muscles in her legs, she lifted her hips, slowly rising back up the long, thick hardness of his monstrous cock. Even as she did so, she felt it begin to harden and thicken once again.

"God, Kevin, you're so fucking big," she panted, squeezing his cock with her pliant, supple cunt muscles, "SO FUCKING BIG—"

"OH, God, Mother, I LOVE YOU," he groaned, reaching up and groping her big, dangling breasts.

"I Love you, too, my son," she murmured as she began to pump up and down on him, "in every way a mother can love her son."

As her hips rocked up and down, she could feel her son meet her at the bottom of every downward plunge with a tooth-jarring thrust upward. She had never been impaled so deeply before. He was going so deep inside of her, he was in virgin depths. Ironically, she thought as she fucked her son, that it was almost like being a virgin and being fucked by her son at the same time. A true dichotomy of terms.

Up and down, up and down flashed her hips as her ravenous cunt gobbled up her son's cock and then spit it out only to gobble it up again. She could feel herself drawing closer and closer to that much-needed upheaval of pleasure. The point of no return was growing closer and closer with every stroke, but the feverish pace was rapidly draining her of energy. Needing fulfillment more than she had ever needed it, she felt it slowly slipping out of her grasp as her driving thrusts grew slower and weaker. She couldn't let that happen. She had to have satisfaction or this would all be for naught—

"Oh, Need to come, Bad, Baby, need to come, help Mommy come, Kevin, Please, Baby, help Mommy —" she whined as her hips moved slower and slower.

Suddenly, she felt Kevin's arms encircle her and pull her to him. Then, with a grunt, Kevin skillfully rolled over on top of her, his huge cock buried so deep inside of her aching cunt, it remained inside of her as they reversed positions.

"Oh, Yes, Baby, Fuck Mommy and make Mommy come," she begged him.

"Yes, Mommy, Baby will fuck Mommy and make her come," he muttered in the same gibberish as he immediately began driving his cock into her all the way up to its hairy hilt on every plunging stroke, "and come and come and come and come—"

"Oh, God, Yes, Baby, Fuck Mommy all night long," she gushed grinding her pussy up against him, "Fuck Mommy until she can't walk."

Like a man possessed, Kevin began to hammer his cock into the deep, hot wetness of her womanhood over and over again. The strokes were so deep and powerful, it only took ten or fifteen to push her over the edge and she went falling down into the deep, gut twisting darkness of the pleasure-filled abyss. She had never felt such profound joy. Her body became a flame of passion that hissed and sparked, sending out sparkles of pure delight in all directions engulfing both of them.

But even as she descended into her bottomless pit of ecstasy, her son continued to fuck her with deep, gut-wrenching strokes. Like some great Mother-fucking machine, he pumped his manhood into her like a fiend.

At last she was felt herself floating up out of the pleasure pit. But as she slowly regained her senses, she felt herself consumed by a second orgasm. It was unbelievable, she thought as she felt herself slipping back down into the warm, all-encompassing fulfillment of a second orgasm as her son's mighty cock continued to plummet the aching depths of her spasming cunt. She didn't fight it. She let it take over her body as it plunged her into a sea of pleasure.

It seemed it would last forever, but once again, she felt herself slowly drifting back to reality. She couldn't believe Kevin's virility. She had never ever been fucked so hard or so long. Still, he drove his magnificent cock into her with the passion of a mad man.

She was so inflamed with excitement, it only took a few more strokes to send her spinning back into orgasmic gratification for the third time. But this time was different as her son's gigantic weapon recoiled and exploded inside of her cunt at the same time. Her orgasm grew stronger and stronger as she felt the depths of her cunt being bathed in the fiery hot potency of her son's semen. She was overwhelmed by the

wonder of it all. She had never felt anything like this before. Basking in the glow of passion and love, she felt her cunt being filled to the point of overflowing by his massive cannon as it fired and fired again and again.

At last, after what seemed like hours, it stopped blasting its fiery projectiles into her saturated pussy...

~~~~~  
She was slowly floating back down to reality, thinking how wonderful it had been... when she felt the monstrous ramrod begin to slide in and out of her again. He was going to fuck her again, she marveled? God, what kind of Mother-fucker have I created, she wondered in awe and respect for her son's stamina and potency.

She didn't dwell on that subject for long though as she was once again being royally reamed by her son's elephantine penis.

They fucked on into the night with Helen loosing track of the number of seesaw trips she made into and out of the pleasure pit. She had stopped counting at fifteen for her and five for Kevin.

Finally, Kevin collapsed from exhaustion.

God, What a man, she thought as she lay beside him trying to catch her breath.

After a few minutes, she reached over to him and shook him to see if he was asleep...or dead from exhaustion.

He was out like a zombie, but he was still breathing, she thankfully found out.

Smiling to herself, she wondered what the future held for them, now that they had wandered down the forbidden path of incestuous love? Only time would tell.

Finally, getting up, she looked at her watch and saw that it was two-thirty in the morning. She smiled and waddled drunkenly back down to her own room, leaving Kevin, drained, depleted and exhausted in his own bed.

It was funny, she thought as she picked up the phone and slowly dialed her ex-husband, George's cell. It was funny how much fun she had had getting even with George. She couldn't wait to tell him how she had found a new lover to fill his shoes. No, no, Kevin had done more than fill his father's shoes...hell, he'd brought enough to fill a pair of boots. Kevin's boots, she laughed to herself. And this was only the beginning. Tell George that her new lover made love so much better than he ever had and she had only spent one night with him.

Then she heard Stephanie's sleepy voice on the other end of the line.

"Hello, Stephanie?" she said softly, "Is George there?"

"Do you fucking know what time it is?" she heard Stephanie sputter.

"Listen, cunt, just shut the fuck up and let me talk to George..."

## **The End**

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

## **The Tree of Good and Evil**

It all came to a head, pardon the pun, when my mom took a vacation during the first week of my summer break. It was the end of my junior year in high school and I guess that she figured what with me being a senior next year and leaving for college after I graduated, this might be the last time we would get to spend together before I up and flew the coop.

But, that was fine with me because I liked being around my mom, in fact, I liked being around her a little too much.

Therein lies the crux of the whole story, I suppose.

I said that it all began when mom took her vacation, but in reality, it began a long time before that. Way back when I was around eleven or twelve. That was when I began to realize that girls were girls and they had another purpose in life other than making life miserable for us guys.

But now that I think about it, I guess that making life miserable for us guys in one way or another seems to be a woman's role in life.

They go around teasing us with their tits, asses, legs and every other inch of bare skin they can until we are so worked up we'll do anything for a shot of leg. And then when they get us to that point, they make us jump through hoops to get it. If they even give it to us at all. It's just not fair! But enough editorializing.

Back to my story...

About the time I finally began to notice girls were built different than guys, I realized that older women had the same equipment that the girls had, but had a lot more of it. Oh, there were several girls in school

that had nice equipment, but there was just something kind of unfinished about them. They just didn't that certain *je ne sais quoi* that older women have.

My first real crush on an older woman was on Mrs. Harold, my seventh grade English teacher. She was in her late thirties or early forties and was so grownup and sophisticated compared to all the other women I knew. And it seemed, to me at least, she always wore dresses that revealed just a hint of the secrets hidden underneath them; a little slit on the side revealing an occasional flash of her pretty legs or a neckline that cut low enough to reveal just the allusion of cleavage or a blouse that was loose enough to billow out slightly to give a brief momentary peek of the milky, whiteness underneath. And in my hormonal fantasies about her, I knew that she wore them just for me. To provoke me, to tease me, to hint at what one day I might possess, if I were ever lucky enough.

I sometimes wonder if she thought I was the biggest klutz in the world, or if she really knew what I was trying to do every time I would drop my pencil and try to get a look up her dress when I bent down to pick it up. Why I say that is that I sat in the first seat of the middle row of desks in her class, right in front of her desk. If she did know I was always trying to look up her dress why didn't she move me to a different desk? But she didn't and every once in a while, she would have her legs apart just enough that I could see all the way up her long, curving legs and get the occasional flash of the frilly, violet panties she always wore. She was as obsessed with the color violet as I was with her pussy and everything she wore some shade of the color. With my hormones raging out of control, I was always wondering about the secret that lay hidden underneath the thin wisp of violet silk between Mrs. Harold's creamy white thighs. And that curiosity was what eventually brought me start thinking about my mother in the same way.

Many a night I lay awake thinking about what Mrs. Harold's pussy would look like, but being that I lived alone with my mother since my old man had departed for greener pastures several years earlier, I didn't have any educational material (men's magazines) to research and satisfy my curiosity. I suppose that I could have played doctor with one of neighborhood girls, but I didn't want some pubescent imitation, I wanted to see the real thing; a real pussy with hair and everything. So this left me with one available source; that was close by and that was unfortunately for her, my mother.

As luck would have it, we lived in an old house and the doors had old locks on them; old locks with big keyholes. But with just the two of us living alone like we did, we never locked our doors and I had never even seen a skeleton key. But the big keyholes gave me great access to peek into my mother's room. And that is how I discovered what a real woman my mother was.

While I was still on my quest to get a look at a real pussy, some of my curiosity about women's other attributes had been satisfied by some men's magazines that my pal, Carl had loaned me. He had swiped them from his father and while this was way back before Playboy, they didn't show any pussy shots, they showed everything else including the hair down there.

Anyway, I guess I was around twelve or thirteen when I finally got to see mom for the woman she really was. It was a scorching Saturday afternoon so hot that sweat was dripping off me as I sat in my room with the door closed occupied in my usual occupation of looking at the pictures in a man's magazine and whacking off. As I was leafing through the magazine, I quickly turned to the well-worn page that had a picture of a woman that reminded me of my mother. The only thing that was different was the size of the woman's breasts. They were huge. Although I hadn't had the opportunity to see my mother's breasts yet, I knew that mom had big breasts by the way she filled out her blouse. But I just couldn't imagine them being as big as the woman in the book.

Anyway as I sat there fantasizing about my mother, I heard her padding down the hallway in her bare feet. She must be heading for her room, I told myself as she passed outside my door. Sure enough, a few seconds later I heard her close the door to her room.

With hormone-induced logic, I surmised that she must be doing something she didn't want me to see since she had closed the door. Maybe she was going to take her clothes off and do something nasty. There had to be some good reason for closing the door and blocking the flow of what little air there was. Of course she had a fan but that didn't enter into my testosterone-provoked logic.

Laying the magazine down, I slithered off my bed, stuffed my cock back in my pants and zipped them up before I crept over to my door.

Easing my door open, I slipped out into the hall and slowly tiptoed down to her door, hoping that I could miss all the creaky boards on the way. Luck was with me and I made it without a single creak.

Stopping in front of her door, I knelt down on my knees and peered through the keyhole into her room.

I nearly swallowed my tongue as my eyes focused and I saw my mother standing directly in front of her fan as naked as the day she had been born. She didn't have a stitch of clothes on. My cock was hard as a two by four in two seconds as I feasted my hungry eyes on my mother's naked body.

Her whole body was glistening with sweat making the whole image even more provocative as she stood in front of the fan, letting it blow across her beautiful body. And what a beautiful body. It was stunning—I'd never seen a more beautiful woman in any of the magazines I'd looked through. And here she was living in the same house with me—

Was I lucky or what?

It was the first time I had ever seen her completely naked and I was astounded. Her tits were just as big as the woman's in the magazine. Maybe even bigger.

I was drooling with excitement as I watched her slowly turn around exposing every bare inch of her sweat-drenched body to the cooling breezes of the fan and unknowingly to me at the same time.

Then she stopped turning and stood facing the door with her back to the fan. As I watched on in dazed reverence, she slowly raised her hands up to her big, heavy breasts.

My hearts was pounding so hard, I knew that she could hear it as I watched her cup her breasts and gently squeeze them.

As she massaged her wondrous breasts, I became aware of my aching cock. It had swollen up so fast, it was now painfully bent inside my pants. Trying to keep my eye on the amazing panorama of bare flesh displayed through the keyhole, I unzipped my pants and struggled to straighten my cock. Suddenly, it sprang out into the open, ripe and ready to explode at any second.

I couldn't stop myself from grabbing it and running my hand up and down it as I watched my mother begin to roll her big, puffy nipples between her fingers and thumbs. As I felt the cum in my testicles begin to churn and bubble, my mother slowly ran her hands down over her belly, down to the little swirl of golden curls at the base of her belly.

My mouth was so full of cotton I couldn't even swallow as she eased her hands down between her legs. I couldn't believe it. My mother was playing with herself, rubbing her hands up and down between her legs. As she rubbed her hands up and down, her big tits wiggled and rolled around all over the place.

This picture was to stay forever locked away in my mind and would later prove to be fatal to billions upon billions of sperm as they died a fruitless death on the shower floor, in the rag that I kept hidden under my mattress, and various other places.

As my eyes feasted on the Epicurean delight before them, I couldn't stop my hand even though I was on the verge of eruption. This was the first time that I had actually masturbated while watching her although I had fantasized about it several times.

Oblivious to the drama transpiring outside her door, she continued to slowly rub herself.

I wondered what she was thinking about as she played with herself. Was she wishing she had a man between her legs? Whatever it was, I was burning up watching her.

I could only imagine what it would feel like to slip my primed prick into the warm, wet gash between her legs. But that was a big mistake.

Just thinking such a thing rapidly brought me to the point of no return.

I tried to stop it, but I had already moved past that fatal point as I felt the first, hot gush of cum spew up into my cock from my aching balls. Realizing my stupid mistake, I grabbed myself as hard as I could hoping to staunch the eruption until I could stagger back down to my room.

Biting my lip to keep from groaning out my gratification, I stumbled down the hallway holding onto my twitching cock as tight as I could. It was a wonder that I didn't fall as I lurched along with my pants down around my ankles.

It seemed like it took forever to shuffle the few feet to my room, but at last I made it. Slipping inside, I let go of my cock and watched in painful misery as it began to spurt its creamy load out all over the floor.

I didn't care about the mess I was making as I pictured my cock going inside my mother's warm, wet pussy. I just kept jerking my hand up and down harder and harder as it spurted and spurted.

Finally it stopped spitting out cum.

"Fuck," I panted as I leaned back against the door and watched my cock slowly deflate.

That had been too close for comfort, I told myself when I was finally able to think again.

Jeez, what if she had come out into the hall and caught me with my shorts down around my ankles and my cock in my hand?

Well, she hadn't.

Right after that was when the dreams began. And the dreams added even more fuel to my quest for her Holy Grail that didn't end until three long years later.

I guess that it wasn't all that surprising that my crusade to see my mother's pussy could only end with fantasies of actually fucking her. Even before the dreams began, I had usually fallen asleep with my cock in my hand while I fantasized about what my mother looked like naked. Now I didn't have to fantasize, I got to live them through my dreams.



I had a dream about her almost every night, but there was one particular dream that haunted me over and over again. And it almost gave me away one hot, summer night.

As usual, I had gone to bed naked and had drifted off to sleep stroking myself to the visions of my mother swirling through my head.

Then I was dreaming again and the dream began as it always did, with my mother in the kitchen washing the dishes when I came in from school.

"Hi, mom," I beamed as I walked in.

"Oh, hi, darling," she smiled back at me as she turned to greet me, "and how was school today?"

The dialogue was so corny, it was like it was right out of one of the old 'Leave It to Beaver' shows. But there was one striking difference.

As always, she was dressed in a tight fitting halter top that accentuated her big, round breasts. But she wasn't wearing a skirt or panties, just a garter belt, sheer black hose, and a pair of stiletto heels.

"Oh, it was okay," I would say as I dropped my eyes down to the furry patch of hair between her legs, "and how was your day?"

"Boring without your little man around," she would laugh, twirling around slowly.

"Would you like to see my little man?" I grinned at her, setting my books down and slowly unfastening my belt.

"Oh, are you trying to embarrass your mommy?" she would titter holding her hands in front of her mouth and pretending to be embarrassed.

"No, mommy, I just thought you would like to see him," I would grin back at her.

"Well, I guess so," she would smile, "After all, he is such a lovely, little fellow."

"But he isn't little anymore," I leered, unzipping my pants and letting them drop to the floor.

"Oh, dear me," she pantomimed, blinking her big brown eyes and smiling mischievously, "whatever do you mean?"

"I mean you made him big," I laughed as I jerked my shorts down and let my imposing prick spring out into the open.

"Oh, My. Oh, My. I see what you mean," she giggled as my cock jutted out straight at her. "He is all grown up, isn't he?"

"Do you want me to make him even bigger?" I bragged, slowly running my hand up and down my throbbing cock.

"Let me lay down on the couch," she smiled, clapping over to the couch in her dagger-sharp heels, "so I can watch you make him bigger."

"Okay," I grinned, watching her ease down onto the couch.

As I stroked myself, she rolled over onto her back and quickly spread her long, lovely legs apart.

And there it was; the gaping opening that I had spent so much time dreaming about.

Now I stood down at the end of the couch, staring down into the bared gash of pink flesh between her widespread legs.

"Will this help you make him bigger?" she softly laughed, lifting her arms up behind her head.

"Yes, Mommy, that will help a lot," I panted, beating my cock harder and harder.

"Would you like to put your big man inside me when he is all grown up?" she giggled again, lifting her hips suggestively.

"Oh, yes, Mommy, I would," I groaned feeling the cum inside my balls begin to boil and bubble expectantly.

It was at this point of the dream that I woke up every time. And when I woke up, I would have my cock in my hand and I would be so excited that I would finish in the towel I kept stuffed under my mattress.

But on this particular night, it was different for some reason. Just as my cock began to jerk and spurt out its creamy load, I realized that I wasn't alone.

There was no way I could stop the I couldn't stop myself and before I knew it I was spraying my sheets, my belly, my legs and everything else in the near vicinity with gobs and gobs of thick, creamy cum. Then I felt it—

I wasn't alone! Someone was watching me. As my eyes flew open, there she was. My mother. My mother standing in the doorway looking at me with her hand over her open mouth and her eyes as big as saucers. With the convulsions of pleasure still welling up from my cock, I couldn't stop it. All I could do was grab at the sheets and stuff them over my jerking, spurting cock as it spewed out its final offering while I lay gasping and wallowing in my embarrassment and humiliation.

Leave-Leave-Don't just stand there, I silently screamed to no avail as I saw that she was still there, standing there, looking at me with a look of shocked incredulity on her face.

"I, I thought I, I heard you call, call my name," she mumbled apologetically as I lay cringing under the sheet.

"Uh, I, uh, I must have, uh, have been dreaming," I stammered foolishly.

"Oh, I see," she said, glancing down at the wadded-up sheet before she stepped back and closed the door behind her, leaving me alone drowning in my own mortification.

"Boy, that was stupid," I told myself as I recalled my stupid remark about having a dream. Now she would know that I was dreaming about her and, and, and while I was dreaming about her, I was jacking off. Shit, now what?

But, much to my relief, she never mentioned it again, well almost never...

I would never forget that night. Although I jacked-off almost every night after that, she never caught me again. I think down deep inside, down there where you kept things you didn't want anyone else to know about, I secretly wished she would catch me again so I could show off my oversized organ.

And over the next three years, I must have beat off a million times thinking of what it would be like to fuck my mother.

Like I said, I spent almost every waking moment thinking about fucking my mother. And this brings us back to where I started. My chance finally came when mom went on vacation at the end of my junior year in high school.

It was on a Friday night. It had been the last day of school and vacation began tomorrow for me. As always, when it began, the lazy, fun-filled days of summer vacation seemed to stretch out endlessly into the future as I made plans for it. Although I made up grandiose plans every summer, I never got around to finishing half of them.

Laughingly, I told myself that this would be the summer that I would finally get my mom into bed, but little did I know how soon I would achieve that goal. Now don't get me wrong. Me and my mom were God-fearing Christians who belonged to the local Church of Christ...Right? Well, mom was. Me, not so much as the years of obsessing over my mom had sort of gone against the church's teaching, so I could really say that I was all that *God-fearing*—

My mom had told me earlier that she was going to go out with one of the men at the office that she had met recently.

The guy's name was Bob and I was already more than a little jealous of him because he had come into my territory and threatened to take my mom away from me. And down deep inside, I was afraid that he was might marry her and take her away from me. And I couldn't let that happen—

Even if he didn't take her away, I suspected that his intentions were less than honorable, not to say that mine were any different. I knew that thinking about mom that way was wrong, but I'd been doing it so long, it didn't make any difference anymore. Besides, it wasn't my fault and I couldn't stop the way I felt about my mom. Okay, okay, so I'm a sick, little puppy...whatever...

I was sitting at the kitchen table drinking a pop when mom came home from work.

"Hi, honey," she said, smiling at me as she walked over and put her hand on my shoulder. "You remember that Bob and I are going out tonight, don't you?"

What could I say without giving away my true feelings about her date?

"So where are you and old Bob going tonight?" I sarcastically asked.

"We're going to 'Tsanos' for dinner and dancing," she said as she looked down at her watch, "Oh, dear, he's going to be here in an hour, so I'm afraid that you are on your own for supper."

"So what else is new," I complained under my breath. I don't even know why I thought it. My mom was a good mom and even though she worked, she would always cook the meals, too. Not like I couldn't have helped out and learned how to cook to ease the burden. Oh, well...

"I'm sorry," she smiled at me as she stepped across the room, "I'll make it up to you later."

"I'll bet," I countered bitterly under my breath. I know how you can make it up to me. You and me. In the bed after you dump old Bob, I angrily thought.

I puttered around in the kitchen making me a sandwich while mom got ready and I was sitting at the kitchen table when she came walking back into the kitchen.

"Well?" she asked as she pirouetted into the kitchen, twirling around the table where I sat.

It was all I could do to keep from jumping up and throwing her down on the table and fucking her right there on the spot. But all I could do was sit there gawking at her with my mouth open.

She was absolutely beautiful. Stunning. Knock-down gorgeous—

She was wearing a short red dress that was clinging to her body showing off every enticing curve. I hadn't seen the dress before and knew that she must have bought it recently. I was stunned.

The dress had a low-cut neckline and it looked like her big, beautiful tits were going to come spilling out of it the first time she took a deep breath. And down below, it stopped at mid-thigh, revealing her lovely long legs that looked a million miles long, stretching on into eternity with every curving inch caressed by the shimmering gleam of sheer, black hose.

All this and now she was at least four inches taller perched atop a pair of sharp, spiked stiletto heels that curved her legs into sheer perfection.

And what was she wearing underneath the red dress I found myself wondering as my eyes caressed the curves of her body. All black? Black panties? Sheer, black panties, so thin you could see right through them? A black brassiere, and a lacy black garter belt? My imagination was running wild as my mind was filled with pictures of alabaster skin and black silk until I was suddenly jolted back to reality by her voice.

"Mikey Stuber," she chastised me with a funny little smile tugging at the corners of her mouth, "put your eyes back in your head and tell me what you think."

"I'm jealous," I squeaked, saying the first thing that popped into my mind that wasn't a four-letter word.

"Jealous? How can you be jealous?" she asked, her face coloring slightly.

"Uh, uh, envious. Envious. That's what I meant," I stuttered, feeling the flush of embarrassment wash over my face. "Envious of Bob. He's going to have the best looking date a 'Tsanos' tonight."

"Oh, that's sweet of you to say," she smiled, running her hands down her body to smooth out any imaginary wrinkles from her dress, "I hope that he likes it."

"Not too much I hope," I muttered under my breath.

"What?"

"I said he'll like it, trust me."

Just then, the doorbell rang and she went to answer it. I watched her short, blond hair dancing in cadence with the rolling sway of her perfectly rounded hips as she walked across the room. Feeling another pang of jealousy stab into my heart, I jumped up and headed for my room so that I wouldn't have to shake hands with Bob...

The lonely night seemed to stretch on into infinity as I lay in bed playing with myself imagining what it would be like to be in Bob's place for just one night. On a date with my mom—

I guess that it was around one o'clock when I finally drifted off into sleep. Then, suddenly I was woke up by a loud thump outside my room. Groggily I looked over and saw that I had only been asleep a couple of hours as it was three o'clock.

I was a little miffed, because I had been in the middle of another of my dreams about my mother. Wondering what had made the noise, I lay there with my hand wrapped around my seemingly ever-present erection. When I didn't hear anything else for several minutes, I decided to get up and check out the house. Maybe it was a burglar. Yeah, right. What burglar would rob us? We weren't that rich. You just want a chance to peek in on mom, I laughed to myself.

Rolling out of bed, I padded over to my door on my bare feet. I was still hard from my wet dream and my cock was sticking out in front of me like some kind of evil divining rod. But it wasn't searching for water, I snickered. It was trying to find pussy...

Easing the door open, I looked out into the semi-darkness of the hallway. There was no one there. But there was a lingering fragrance of perfume and booze still floating in the air. I knew the perfume. *Garden of Eden*, my mother's perfume. Then taking another sniff, I detected the odor of alcohol in the air, too.

My mother must have bumped against the wall on the way down to her own bedroom. Was she drunk? It was obvious that she had been drinking from the pervasive reek of booze in the air.

Had she hurt herself? It hadn't been a very loud bump...and I hadn't heard anything else. But, I could use it as an excuse to spy on her, I chuckled to myself starting down toward her room.

Tip-toeing as quietly as I could, I stopped at her door and timidly pushed it open. Taking a deep breath, I peeked in.

Indeed it was her. I could make her out lying on her in the dim glow of her night light. She was sprawled out on her back with one long, lovely leg lying on the bed and the other leg stretched out half on and half off the bed.

I stood there looking at her for several moments before I realized it. SHE WASN'T WEARING ANY PANTIES!

All I could make out in the dim glow of the nightlight was the muff of blond curls covering her pubis, but it still took me several seconds before I could tear my eyes off her pussy. The only movement I saw was the slow, even rise and fall of her breasts as she breathed. Had she hurt herself when she fell? Or had she passed out?

"Mom," I quietly said hiding behind the door so she couldn't see that I was naked just in case she was awake.

Nothing. No response at all.

"Mother," I said a little louder, "are you awake?"

Again nothing. Still the only movement was the slow, steady rise and fall of her bosom as she breathed.

Pushing the door open a little wider, I cautiously stepped inside at the ready to duck back outside at the first hint of movement. I could hear my heart pounding as I slowly crept over to where she lay.

"Mom, are you awake?" I asked again, this time nudging her toe with my knee still ready to make a break for the door if need be.

You're an Idiot, I told myself. What are you going to do when she wakes up and finds you standing here naked with your fucking cock sticking out at her? But by this time I was too excited to care as I nudged her foot a little harder.

Still nothing...

As I ran my eyes down her body, I still couldn't make out much about her pussy in the dim glow, but the fact she wasn't wearing any panties wasn't lost on me as a rush of envy and jealousy swept over me. Why wasn't she wearing panties? Surely she hadn't left the house without panties. She just wouldn't do that. Not my mom!

But wait. If she had left the house wearing panties, where were they now? And why had she taken them off?

Then it came to me like a bucket of ice water in the face.

There was only one reason that I could think of. She must have taken them off for Bob—

Suddenly, I was filled with a jealous rage as I stood there looking down at her. Had she let Bob fuck her? The fact that I wanted to do the same thing to her didn't matter. She had let Bob fuck her! That changed everything. Now in my testosterone-ruled mind, what she had done with Bob became an evil, twisted thing. How could she? How could she let Bob fuck her? She was supposed to be saving herself for me...she just didn't know it yet.

Why had she let another man do it to her? Didn't she know? How could she not see how bad I wanted her? Then, out of the cloud of indignant anger, it came to me...

"MOM," I said, almost hollering out my frustration.

Still, she didn't move and I reached down and roughly shook her shoulder. As I did, I watched her big tits roll and quiver down inside her dress. Now's your chance, Moron, I evilly thought. I could do it! I could do it and she would never know. And even if I came, how could she tell it? Hell, seconds were better than nothing and it could hide the evidence of the crime. Could it be possible? Could I do it to her without her even knowing it? Maybe...

But first I wanted to undress her. I know, I'm a dolt. There was her pussy. Right there out in the open. All I had to do was crawl up between her legs and take it. But the sick, conceited little bastard I was, I wanted it all. I wanted to see her naked while I was fucking her.

I could always tell her that I was just trying to make sure she hadn't hurt herself when she fell, I told myself.

My fingers were trembling as I slowly reached down and slid my hand under the ankle of the leg that was lying half on and half off the bed.

Nothing—

Gently, I lifted her leg up and laid it down beside her other one. Then I bolted toward the door in a mad dash when I heard her mumble something and turn her head.

Panting and watching from behind the door, I saw that she wasn't moving again. Had it been a false alarm? My heart was racing and I was drenched in sweat. The way my hands were shaking, it looked like I was in the last stages of palsy. I must have waited behind the door for a good five minutes before I regained enough courage to sneak back over to her bed.

When I did, I saw that she hadn't moved after the little episode that had scared ten years off my life. Finally, I reached down and gently rolled her over onto her belly. Waiting to see if she moved, I was prepared to make another dash for the door if she did.

She didn't—

My cock was still sticking out in front of me as I leaned down over her back and pinched the zipper tab of the long zipper running down the back of her dress. Anxiously watching for the first inkling of movement, I breathlessly began to pull the zipper down the long track.

The back strap of her little black bra was the first thing that came into view as I eased the zipper down her back. Then the back of her lacy, black garter belt revealed itself as the zipper crept down over it. At last, the track ended. I couldn't go any further. The dress was unzipped all the way down to the small of her back. The start of the crack of her delightful butt was just peeking out of the bottom of the opening.

"Mom, are you okay?" I asked, my voice almost cracking under the strain as I slowly spread her dress open.

Oh, God, I groaned to myself as my eyes feasted on the beauty of her long elegant back that now lay sprawled out before me.

My cock was standing at attention pointing straight up at the ceiling, twitching and impatiently jerking.

It was almost as I had imagined it earlier in the evening. I had pictured her in black undies earlier and now I saw confirmation of my wild fantasizing. At least most of my fantasy was true...

As my eyes devoured the bewitching sight, I saw all black? Black brassiere, black garter belt, black nylons and one black stiletto heel? But no black panties, I angrily thought—

There were no black panties. There were no panties at all. No panties of any color.

Pushing up onto my feet, I crept down to the foot of the bed. Gently pulling her legs over, I pinched the hem of her short skirt and tugged, beginning to slowly pull it down her long, shapely legs. As the dress edged down her long legs, I saw that one of her high heels now lay on the floor beside the bed.

Stopping for a moment, I eased the other shoe off her foot and dropped it on the floor beside it. Thankfully, her dress didn't snag on anything and moments later, I pulled it off over her stocking feet.

Carefully folding the dress, I laid it on the foot of the bed and gently rolled my mother over onto her back.

My mind was in a whirl as I gawked down at the juncture where her panties should have been. And then, in the dim light, I saw it. I saw the outline of her pussy shrouded under a swirl of soft, golden curls. My head was spinning from the excitement flowing through me as I reached down and slowly ran my hand up the silken smoothness of her inner thigh under the sheer black nylon.

But wait a minute!

I still couldn't get over the fact she didn't have any panties on—

I couldn't believe that she had gone out on a date without panties.

I just couldn't believe that mom would do anything that daring. But if she didn't, that only led to a worse scenario.

Leaning down to get a closer look at her pussy, I noticed that a couple of the long, black garters dangling down from the garter belt were hanging down loose. The hose were only attached to the garter belt by a couple of the straps on each side.

Then in a blinding flash of insight, it came to me.

She must have unfastened them to get her panties off. And then, she hadn't put her panties back on or taken the time to reattach all of the straps either.

Another flash of anger lit up my head. I was going to kill him—

I was going to kill Bob for doing what he'd done to my mother—

My mother had cheated on me.

Why had she deceived me like that?

Why had she let Bob fuck her? But wait, I told myself. What are you going to do? Aren't you going to do the same thing? And as bad as what Bob had done, what I was contemplating was so much worse. I was going to fuck MY MOTHER! Bob had just fucked a woman. Yeah, that woman just happened to be MY MOTHER. But Bob hadn't committed incest like I was planning to do.

Somehow, it made what I was doing seem even worse, I told myself as I fumbled with the remaining straps of her garter belt.

INCEST? You are actually going to commit incest on your own mother?

"Fuck—Yesssss—" I hissed out loud.

"Mom, are you asleep?" I asked again as I dug my fingers underneath the springy top of one of the silky nylons.

She didn't respond at all so I began to pull the hose down the long, curving length of her leg; down over her creamy softness of her thigh, over her the roundness of her dimpled knee and then over the curving swell of her perfectly formed calf until finally, with a little yank, I popped the clingy hose off over her foot and let it drop to the floor.

I would gather up her clothes up later. Or leave them in a muddle on the floor and make her think she had undressed in a drunken stupor and let things fall where they might.

My hands flew back to the top her other nylon and hurriedly it down her other long, arcing leg letting it fall onto the floor by the other one. I had to stop for a minute; stop, step back and savor the ecstasy that was pouring through me like a wildfire raging out of control.

I still couldn't believe that I was actually undressing my mother. Another shudder of excitement shook my body making my cock twitch with evil anticipation.

The focus of thousands of wet dreams and episodes of self-abuse now lay only inches from my eyes as I stood on my knees gawking down at her fur-covered pussy.

Then I saw it; a little trickle of thick, creamy goo leaking out of the gash of glistening pink flesh. What was it? Was she that wet? Could it be her juice leaking from her cunt?

But there couldn't be that much.

What else could it be?

Then with a sick feeling in my stomach, it came to me. No, it couldn't be. But it looked like it. Then, as I leaned down closer, I saw that it was. It was cum running out of her cunt. His cum. Bob's cum. It was his cum dripping out of her pussy.

If I had needed any more evidence, now I had it. It was just a further manifestation of her infidelity with Him. And it hadn't been that long ago either, I thought as I watched the rancorous trickle of his evil seed oozing out of the defiled core of her femininity.

A sick, twisted sense of jealousy and anger swept over me. What I had suspected earlier was now indisputable. He had fucked her. And she had let him fuck her. Let him fuck her and cum inside of her. How could she do such a thing? What if he had made a baby inside of her? Made a baby to grow inside of her just like I had once grown inside of her.

Suddenly, I wanted to hurt her. Wanted to hurt her in the very same place that she had let him put his thing into her. How could she let him put his cock into that most sacred of places? Put in into the same place that I had come from?

It disgusted me that she could allow such a thing to happen.

Reaching down, I slowly spread her legs apart. I was so angry, I didn't care if she woke up now. I wanted her to know how bad she had hurt me by letting another man take what was rightfully mine. I think it was just about then that I realized I'd tripped over the edge. I knew that I was insane. Insane with jealousy.

Then, as I pushed her legs wider apart, another gush of his cum dribbled out of the gaping slit and I could see that her inner thighs were coated with the disgusting gook. Strangely, her pussy seemed to take on a persona all its own and it seemed to be flaunting its infidelity at me.

Bending down over the drooling pit between her legs, I dropped my hand down to it. Sick with excitement at what I was about to do, I stuck out my middle finger and slowly eased it down into the slimy, cum-soaked hole. Looking up at her face, I wanted to see her wake up and apologize to me for doing what she had done to me as I shoved my finger down into the clutching heat of her cunt until I had it buried all the way up to the knuckle. As I felt the clasp heat of her cunt clutch my finger, I began to roughly finger-fuck her, angrily jerking my finger in and out of the sticky gash.

"Unnnnnnnnnnnnn," she moaned again, but that was her only reaction to my vulgar attack on her cunt.

For some reason, this just made me madder and I stopped for a second. Then I began fucking her with two fingers; then I was shoving three fingers in and out of the tightness of her cunt.

She didn't move; she just lay there taking it, her head turned to one side rocking back and forth as I fucked her with my fingers. She must have been completely oblivious to what was going on because a tiny drivel of spittle was leaking out of the corner of her mouth and running down her cheek.

Finally, I felt a twinge of guilt and stopped fucking her with my fingers.

Slowly, I pulled my cum-covered fingers out her hot box, wiping them on the bedspread between her legs. Disgusted with her and even myself, I raked my fingers up and down on the sheet between her legs several times until I was finally able to get most of the filthy gunk off my fingers.

It was then that I became aware of the harsh aroma of her womanhood wafting up from the cum-smear opening of her cunt. Sucking the smell of her ripeness in through my nose, I reveled in the rank odor as I reached down and unfastened her garter belt.

It quickly snapped apart and I tugged it out from under her, tossing it on the floor with her hose.

Drinking in the sharp scent of her sex, I stood there for several moments staring down at her semi-nudity.

I knew that I could fuck her now. Fuck her and pay her back for letting that other man put his thing in her. Letting him put his thing inside the place that I had come from.

But first, I wanted her naked. Stark naked without a stitch of clothes on! I wanted her to be bare naked when I fucked her.

It wouldn't make any difference to her one way or the other the shape she was in. But I wanted to feel the touch of her hot, soft skin against mine. To know that I was in total control of her. It just somehow made it all the more wicked and loathsome. I wanted to defile her every way imaginable for making me hurt so badly.

Getting her naked was the first degradation I would put her through.

Now the only obstacle to having her naked was the frilly black brassiere that held her magnificent breasts captive inside its flowery covering of sheer lace.

Almost there, I told myself.

Her big, full breasts were encased in the frilly, black, push-up brassiere that made them seem even bigger than they already were.

Easing her over onto her side, I easily found the clasp that secured her brassiere. Excitedly fumbling with the catch, it felt like the first time I had ever tried to get a brassiere off a date. Even though I

considered myself quite adept in removing bras from the girls I dated, this was different. I felt like this was the first time I had ever done it. My fingers felt as big as tree limbs and were shaking so bad, it seemed to take forever but finally, I was able to flick it open.

As the clasp popped open, the black straps of elastic abruptly parted and the lacy cups fell away from her magnificent breasts, baring them to my famished eyes. I drank in their beauty like a dying man in the desert stumbling upon an oasis.

I couldn't believe how big and beautiful they were as they spilled out into the open. Wonderful, pink mountains of soft, wiggling flesh tipped with cups of dusky pink flesh and soft, bulging nipples. I had never seen breasts so beautiful.

I was tempted to stop and fondle them, but I had to have her naked first.

Grabbing the lacy bra, I quickly pulled it down and off her arms as her breasts jiggled enticingly.

Rolling her over onto her back, I tossed the bra down on top of her discarded dress and watched her big, fat tits bobble and then settle back down into place again.

Now she was naked and my hormones were raging totally out of control. I was teetering on the edge of not caring anymore. Not caring if she woke up or not. Insanely, I reasoned that some stranger had already fucked her once tonight; what difference would it make if I fucked her, too?

Crawling up on the bed, up between her long, outstretched legs, I leaned down over her.

"Mom, are you okay?" I asked her, my face only inches from hers.

Being that close, I couldn't resist the temptation to kiss her. Leaning lower, I lovingly pressed my lips down onto her ruby red lips. There was no response on her part, so I slowly eased my tongue in between her soft, full lips. Frenching her hot, wet mouth, I kissed her for several seconds. This was so exciting, it made my cock so hard I could have driven nails with it. Better stop, you idiot, I told myself. Stop kissing her or you'll come and ruin everything.

She still hadn't moved as I lifted my lips up from hers.

Now at last, SHE WAS NAKED!

And so beautiful, it almost took my breath away.

Standing on my knees between her outstretched legs, I was almost afraid to move as even the slightest movement of the bed caused her big, beautiful breasts to slosh around like big, mountains of pink Jell-O.

"Mom. Mom, are you awake?" I asked again, my heart pounding so hard I thought it would explode and come bursting out through my chest.

Still, she didn't respond.

Now was the moment that I had dreamed of for years. I was about to fuck my mother!

But knowing that I would be the second man to come inside of her tonight filled me with deep remorse as I slowly crawled up between her outstretched legs.

Looking back down under my belly at the curved scepter of evil jutting out of my groin, I watched the malevolence lewdly bouncing up and down in evil anticipation as I readied myself to slide it into the inferno between her legs.

As I crawled up farther, I leaned down over one big, soft breasts and slowly sucked its soft, rubbery nipple into my mouth.

"Unnnnnnnnnnn," my mother breathed out incoherently as I began to suck on her nipple.

But other than the sigh, there was no sign of life as I hungrily pulled and sucked on her nipple with my lips.

At last, I couldn't postpone the moment of triumph any longer.

Reluctantly lifting my lips from her slowly hardening nipple, I reached down to my aching cock and wrapped my hand around its thick shaft. Then the world seemed to stop spinning as I slowly guided the monster's head down to the wet, sticky gash between my mother's legs.

Now my cock was in position; its big, tapered head only a hair's breadth away from the forbidden entrance to the treasure that lay between her widespread legs. Now only a tiny sliver of space separated my cockhead from heaven's unguarded gate, but that same tiny space was all that was keeping me from committing the most heinous crime imaginable.

It was now or never, I told myself as I ever-so-slowly curled my hips down until I felt my cockhead touch the soft, hot lips surrounding the slippery wetness of her cunt.

It was really going to happen! I was going to put my cock inside her cunt! I was going to fuck my mother! Put it inside of her cunt and fuck her! God, I couldn't believe it!

The thought of such wickedness sent a jolt of excitement sparking through my cock and I thought I was going to start coming all over her before I could get it inside her. But somehow, I held it back as I lowered my hips down further and gently began to ease my cock down into the hot, sucking slit.

I was putting my cock into my mother's cunt! I was going to fuck her!

I was reeling with disbelief as I gently fed the bloated monster down into the sucking stricture of her womanhood. My cock was in my mother's pussy!

I could feel the hot, clutching meat of her pussy obscenely wrap itself around my hardness as I forced myself deeper and deeper into the inviolate wound of my mother's womanhood. I was returning to her womb, but this time I was returning as a man...not as a child.

"Uuuuuuuuuuuu," she murmured again as I continued to push my hardness down into the tightness of her cunt.

I was beyond caring now. It didn't matter if she woke up or not. There was nothing other than death itself that could stop me from finishing the hateful crime. I was going to fuck her until I came inside of her and fill her cunt with my own seed; fill her with my seed and wash away the other man's vile seed.

Then, as my belly slapped down on hers and my balls squished up against her ass, I thought I felt her cunt tighten itself down around the big, thick base of my cock.

But I was beyond stopping. Nothing could stop my hips from beginning to jerk back and forth.

I WAS FUCKING MY MOTHER, my mind screamed at me as I began to pound my cock into her. Harder and harder, I drove it down into the defenseless core of her femininity. I wanted her to feel my prick inside her; let her know that she was being fucked by a man; fucked by her son; her son who was now a man.

I went berserk. I was working my hips back and forth so fast, I could barely breathe. I wanted to fuck her so hard that she would have to wake up. Wake up and see that it was her son who was fucking her. Fucking her and making her pay for her vile atrocity she had committed.

The bed was creaking and groaning out its own bitter disgust as I fucked her. The bedsprings were complaining so loudly, I thought it would collapse at any second. But nothing could stop me now.

Then as I drove my cock into her harder and harder, a spasm of panic shot through me when I felt her hands grasp me around my waist. With my heart in my throat, I stared down into her face, but there was nothing there. Her eyes were still closed.

Watching for any indication that she was waking, I continued to slam my cock into her. But her eyes never even flickered.

She must be reacting instinctively I told myself as I kept on humping her.

Now we were working as a team. I could feel her hands pushing and pulling on me as I drove myself into her frantically.

If only she would open her eyes and look up to see who it was that was fucking her.

"Muh, unh, thur, unh, muh, unh, thur, unh, are, unh, yuh, unh, wake?" I blurted out between thrusts.

"Unhhhhhhhhh," she moaned, but her eyelids didn't flutter at all.

Soon it would be too late. She wouldn't be able to feel the strength of my eruption inside of her. I could feel the blowout fast approaching. I could feel the monstrous demon growing in my balls, screaming to be set free inside her; set loose to wreak its havoc deep inside the hot, festering depths of her womanhood.

As much as I wanted to, I couldn't hold it back any longer now!

All at once, I felt my testicles disintegrate in a burst of ecstasy as a stream of fiery hot semen burst down through my cock and spurted out of the head of my cock with the force of a blast of a fire hose. My cock jerked and lurched sending out a massive load of semen shooting out into her cunt with such force, I thought it would blow the top of her head off.

I had never felt anything like it. I felt like my whole body was melting pouring out into her in great, fiery spurts. I wanted it to go on forever and ever, never stopping the white-hot current of pleasure that was sizzling through my cock and balls. I was in heaven, or as close as I would ever get to it. Thrusting my exploding manhood down into her as deep as it would go, I let it spit out load after load of its toxic cream over and over again.

As my prick continued to pump more and more cum into her, I could feel the reservoir of semen inside my balls shrinking. Her hot, sucking cunt was sucking my balls as dry as the desert as more and more of me poured out into her.

As badly as I hated it, I knew that the buzz of pleasure that was filling my head was about to end.

Finally, my testicles were empty. But my cock kept firing off inside of her anyway. I knew that I had come at least a quart inside of her but my penis wouldn't stop jerking.

At last, as my balls began to ache from emptiness, my cock finally gave up and stopped blasting off inside her. I was finished. I had planted my seed inside of her.

As a wave of weakness washed over me I finally collapsed down on top of her.

She let out a soft, little grunt as my weight settled down on her, but there was no other sign of life from her as her hands lifelessly dropped back down to the bed.

"Mother, are you awake?" I whispered.

"Uuuuuuuuuuuu," she sighed as I felt her gently squeeze my shrinking manhood with her pussy.



But still her eyes didn't open.

I had realized my lifelong dream but she hadn't even known that it was me that had fucked her as she began to make soft, sniffling noises of sleep.

Reluctantly, I inched my hips back, easing my soft, bloated penis out of the cum-drenched gash between her legs.

Shamefully crawling backwards, out from between her outstretched legs, I stepped down onto the floor.

Standing by the bed, looking down at her, a fiendish idea began to form inside my head...

I had tasted the fruit from the tree of good and evil and now I had to have more. But first, I must get my mother to taste the fruit too. Taste it and become addicted to the sweet taste of wickedness it brought. To have her taste the fruit of her own free will and then together we would feast on the forbidden fruit. Savor its sinful delight and spend our life loving each other or burn in the flames of our incestuous fires.

But how could I get her to come willingly to my bed? These were my thoughts as I leaned down and gave her a tender kiss on the lips before I pulled the covers up over her. But even as I stood back up, I could feel the embryo of idea growing inside my head...

## **The End**

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

### **Mother's Little Secret**

Jeff Crawford felt like he was coming down with the flu. He had toughed it out until noon, but he felt like he was going to pass out if he didn't lay down and Mrs. Evans must have seen his plight as she had sent him to the school nurse who'd given him a pass for the rest of the day. Now all he had to do was tell Mr. Simmons he wouldn't be at work after school. Hoping he wouldn't pass out on the way, Jeff pedaled over to the Burger Barn. When Mr. Simmons saw him walk through the door, he immediately took him by the shoulders and turned him around.

"You'll not be working here today, my lad," he said, "so go on home and come back when you're well. Can't having you infecting the whole town, now can we?"

He felt like he was burning up as he pedaled home. He couldn't wait to get in bed. He was so tired, he didn't think he was going to make it home, but finally he turned up the street in front of his house. His whole body was aching as he looked up the street. What was the Hammond's Caddie doing sitting in front of his house, he feverishly wondered. The Hammonds were his parent's best friends. Jeff's dad, Pete and Brad hung out together all the time. Softball, golf, fishing, they seemed to do everything together. At the same time, Jeff's mom, Peggy and Alicia Hammond were more like sisters than friends.

Alicia must be over visiting, Jeff told himself. But Brad usually drove the Caddie and Alicia drove the Honda, he puzzled. Maybe they'd just switched cars or something because his father, Pete was out of town there wasn't any reason for Brad to be over at the house. Yeah, that was it, Alicia must have borrowed Brad's car for some reason, Jeff told himself as he got off his bike and quietly locked it up.

Alicia was hot and Jeff had even done some fantasizing about her, but today he just wanted to get to bed so he slipped into the house through the patio door. That's odd, he thought. He'd expected to find his mom and Alicia in the living room, but it was empty and the house was quiet. Maybe it was the fever, he told himself, but everything was feeling weird. First, Brad's car sitting in front of the house and now no Alicia...or Brad? What was going on he wondered as he padded up the stairs. His curiosity now piqued, he stopped at the top of the stairs and listened. He thought he heard something down in his parent's bedroom. Maybe his mother was showing Alicia a new dress or something he told himself as he saw that the door was slightly ajar. He'd just take a quick peek and then go get in bed...

Being as quiet as a mouse in church, he sneaked down the hall on his tiptoes. The door was open just enough for him to see inside. Quietly looking in, what he saw almost made him pass out.

Brad Hammond was lying on his back in the middle of his parent's bed and Jeff's mother, Peggy was bent over him. AND SHE WAS SUCKING ON HIS COCK—

Jeff nearly choked on his own tongue as he deliriously watched his mother's head bobbing up and down as she hungrily sucked on Brad's big, hard cock.

Jeff was stunned. He couldn't believe what he was seeing—

Was it the fever, he frantically wondered as he stood gawking into his parent's bedroom. Jeff suddenly felt numb all over as he watched his mother's head bobbing up and down above Brad's jutting prick. Then he gradually began to take in the whole picture.

This was no chance encounter. Not the way his mother was dressed. She was definitely dressed for the occasion. Peggy was certainly no hair up in a knot; lace dollies; chamomile tea; Mother Hubbard dresses; and granny shoes mom. In a word, she was HOT! Stretching it to two words, she was sexy HOT! 5 foot 10 or 11; cute, mischievous face; shoulder-length dark hair; 36D-28-34 (Brad knew this as he had found it scrawled across the back of a picture of his mom wearing a bikini back in the day), well maybe a 36DD, 29-35 now as she had put on a little weight since then; and legs to kill for. And today, she was wearing a tiny, half-cup bra that couldn't even hold all of her big, beautiful tits inside as they spilled out of the bra, jiggling and bobbling with every movement she made. She also had on a sexy little garter belt, fishnet hose and stiletto heels, but no panties. Brad, on the other hand didn't have any pants on, but still had his shirt and socks on.

Jeff was shocked beyond belief. His mother...and Brad Hammond? What the fuck was going on? Then he realized just how beautiful his mom was. He'd never seen her naked, or dressed, or undressed the way she was before and had no idea how fucking hot she really was.

God, she was super-sexy hot! If he hadn't been burning up with fever before, he certainly was now. He felt like he was going to pass out as he grabbed hold of the doorframe to keep from falling.

But what the fuck was his mother doing sucking on Brad Hammond's cock? She was his fucking mother for God's sake. Just then his mother's head dove down as she took all of Brad's cock into her mouth and throat. It was impossible, Jeff thought. How could his mother be deep-throating Brad? And how could she get all of Brad's big cock down her throat. The damned thing look like it was at least seven, eight inches long—almost as big as his own cock, he lewdly thought.

Maybe Brad was blackmailing her? Surely she wouldn't do anything so gross on her own. That had to be it, he dizzily thought, grasping hold of the doorframe harder. What should he do?

All at once, Jeff saw Brad reach down, grab hold of a fistful of hair and pull Peggy's mouth up off his rigid pole.

"You keep that up and he's going to make him throw up," Brad panted, letting go of her hair.

"You'd like that wouldn't you," she grinned, licking her lips.

"Maybe, but then I'd be leaving you high and dry...and I know how much you hate that..." Brad snickered as he sat up, "That's what brought us to this point with you and Pete isn't it?"

"I suppose..." she coyly grinned.

So it wasn't blackmail, Jeff groggily thought. His fever was mucking everything up. Nothing seemed real. Maybe it wasn't really happening. Maybe he was dreaming it—

"Well, time to go to work," Brad laughed, reaching out and cupping one of Peggy's big, droopy tits.

"Work. Now you're calling it work?" his mother pouted, rolling over onto her back and kicking her legs apart, "you used to think it was fun."

"You're right," Brad smirked, crawling up between Peggy's outstretched legs, "Nothing this much fun should ever be called work...It's a pure delight."

"Oh, Brad Hammond, you are incorrigible," Peggy laughed, reaching down, grabbing hold of Brad's bobbing cock and shoving it down between her legs."

Jeff watched on in shock and disbelief as his mother quickly fitted Brad's big, thick penis into her drooling pussy.

"God, I love your big cock," she moaned as Brad began to grunt as he slowly pumped his cock in and out of her hungry cunt. "It's so much bigger than Pete's."

"Yeah, I know," Brad conceitedly snorted.

Seeing his mother getting fucked was a unbelievable shock to Jeff's feverish mind, but hearing that his mother swoon over how big Brad's cock gave him second thoughts because he knew that his own cock was bigger than Brad's.

His mother thought that Brad's cock was big? It was crazy to even be thinking it, but Jeff knew that his cock was bigger than Brad's. Brad's cock was probably seven inches or eight inches at the most, but the last time Jeff had measured his own cock, it had been nine inches long. Hell, his cock was even thicker, he feverishly gloated.

"I'm glad you like it," Brad grunted, pounding his cock into her with abandon.

"Oh, shut up and fuck me," Peg growled kicking her legs up off the bed, wrapping them around Brad's thick waist and driving her heels into Brad's bouncing ass, "Just fuck me—"

Jeff was feeling more and more lightheaded as he stared at the unbelievable scene. He couldn't believe this woman, his mother was capable of this. His mother, the Sunday school teacher. His mother, the head of the PTA. His mother wouldn't do such a thing. He must be delirious from the fever. That was it. He was hallucinating the whole thing. But he could hear the slap of their bodies and see them fucking. It was really, really hard to think it was a dream...or a hallucination. It was all too real!

Jeff felt like his knees were going to give way any second as he held on the doorframe struggling to keep from falling.

"Oh, Fuck, I'm commmiiiiinnngg," his mother suddenly groaned as Jeff saw her throw her hands down to Brad's bounding ass and grab hold, digging her long, pink fingernails in to hold on.

"Me, Toooo," Brad grunted thrusting, curling his hips and driving his big, fat cock down into her pussy as deep and hard as he could.

"Oh, Baby, fill me up with your sweet cream," Peg cooed as she groveled under him.

Jeff watched on in a feverish daze as Brad emptied his cock into his Peggy's pussy. He didn't know what to do as he watched them grapple and wrestle spewing all sorts of obscenities out into the air for the longest time before they finally collapsed in a heap before his eyes.

Now what? What should he do? He couldn't let them know that he'd seen them. Hoping his legs would still work, he stumbled back downstairs trying to be as quiet as he could. Reeling out through the patio door, he unlocked his bike and sped off down the street. Turning the corner, he parked his bike behind a bush and sat there, leaning up against a tree trembling from shock, anger, and the flu as he tried not to pass out.

It was a whole fifteen minutes before Brad Hammond's Caddie came whizzing down the street. As Jeff watched from behind the bushes, he saw the Caddie turn the corner and quickly disappear down the street. He felt sick to his stomach as he sat leaning against the tree wondering what had just happened. How could his mother have done such a thing, he wondered? He still couldn't believe it and the flu certainly didn't help. Finally, he pulled his bike out from behind the bush and pedaled home.

This time he made as much noise as he could banging his bike against the wall and slamming things around as he locked his bike up in the garage. Partly the noise was to make sure his mom knew he was home, but part of it was out of frustration and anger. Finally, he went stomping into the kitchen, slamming the door behind him and dropping his books on the table as loud as he could.

"MOM, I'M HOME—" he shouted as he trudged across the kitchen.

"What are you doing home so early?" he heard his mother call out from upstairs. "Why aren't you in still at school? Did they let out early or something?"

Then he looked up and saw her standing at the top of the stairs looking down at him.

Jeff could see that his mother was wearing the bath robe she usually wore after she got out of the shower. But he also saw that she was still wearing nylons and her stiletto heels. So she apparently hadn't had time to change out of her bedroom ensemble yet.

"I think I have the flu," Jeff told her, unable to keep from blushing as he stood by the kitchen door looking up at her. His cheeks were on fire, but thankfully he could blame that on the flu.

"Oh, you poor Darling," Peggy murmured. "Uh, did you take anything for it.?"

"Uh, yeah, the nurse at school gave me a couple of Tylenol," he told her, letting his eyes play down his mother's scantily-clad body, knowing she was nearly naked under the thin robe.

"You look like you're burning up," she said, nervously glancing down at herself, as if realizing how little she was wearing. "Why don't you go on down to your room and get in bed and I'll be down in just a minute...as soon as I put some clothes on...I was just about to shower," she stalled.

"Uh, okay," Jeff mumbled, watching his mother turn and disappear down the hallway leading back to her bedroom.

Stumbling up the stairs, Jeff saw that the door to his mother's bedroom was closed as he hurried down to his room.

Once inside his room, Jeff shucked his clothes off and pulled on a clean pair of shorts before climbing into bed. He could feel himself getting another fucking hard on as he lay in the bed thinking about his mother and Brad. He still couldn't wrap his head around the whole thing. He hadn't had a clue that his mother was fooling around with Brad. It had come as a total and complete surprise. But now, what was he going to do? The knowledge surely had some bartering power with his mom. He would just have to wait and see what he could bargain for. Rolling over on his stomach so his obvious erection wouldn't show, he waited for her to come down and check on him.

He didn't have to wait long before she came strolling into his room carrying a tray with all kinds of stuff on it. He was amazed at her composure. Not thirty minutes earlier, she'd been lying in the middle of her bed getting fucked by Brad and now here she was acting like nothing at all had happened.

Still lying on his belly, he watched as she leaned over to set the tray down on his night stand. As she did, her robe fell open revealing her big pale tits. She still had on the silly, little brassiere and her tits were still overflowing threatening to spill out of it any second.

Jeff's eyes googled out, staring down the opening in the front of her robe as his mouth flew open.

"Ooops," she blushed, quickly clenching the front of the robe in her fist and pulling it closed. "Sorry about that," she smiled, buttoning the top two buttons on the robe. "Now, turn over," she ordered him, sitting down on the edge of the bed.

"What for?"

"So I can take your temperature, unless you want me to do it the other way," she laughed, reaching down and slapping him on the butt, "You don't want that, do you?"

"Jeez, Mom," he complained, slowly rolling over, holding the sheets clutched against his belly trying to keep his telltale condition from revealing itself.

His mother quickly shook the thermometer down and stuck it under his tongue. Then, she quickly flipped back the sheet baring his chest. He nearly choked on the thermometer as his mother glanced down and saw obvious erection jutting out against the front of his shorts. He didn't move, but his mother's face reddened as she reached over and picked up the bottle of Vicks VapoRub.

"UH, I'm going, uh, to put some of this, uh, on your chest," she nervously stammered.

Jeff didn't know what to do, so he didn't do anything. He just lay there watching as she quickly dug out a gob of the smelly ointment and began spreading it over his chest. As she did, he saw his mother's eyes stray back down to his crotch as her cheeks grew a couple of shades darker. Finally, after several long, torturous moments she finished and quickly pulled the sheet back up, covering his embarrassment once again.

"That better?" she mumbled, taking the thermometer out of his mouth.

"Yeah..." he muttered, self-consciously running his hands down the sheet to cover himself.

"One hundred and two," she said, "You are sick."

"I told you I was," he said.

"Well, take these Tylenol and drink some of this juice then get some sleep," she told him handing him two pills and a glass of orange juice.

He quickly downed the pills and glugged down the glass of OJ before handing her the empty glass and flopped back down on the bed.

"I'll bring you some more juice up in a little bit. Now go need to go to sleep, but just holler if you need anything and I'll bring it to you..." his mother said, leaning down and gently kissing his forehead, "Okay?"

"Okay," he blushed thankful that the flu was hiding it.

He watched her leave the room, still unable to believe what he had witnessed earlier. How could his mother, his dear, sweet, kind, loving mother have done such a horrible thing? Damn it, now his cock was so hard it was hurting. He needed to masturbate, but he was afraid his mother would drop back into his room and catch him. What a predicament. Finally, after ten or fifteen long, drawn out minutes, his cock subsided enough for him to finally fall asleep...

But there was no escape. Even in his fevered sleep, he was tormented by mages of his mother running through the house chasing him. Both of them were naked and he had a huge erection. His mother kept grabbing for it every time she got close to him. It was so real and frightening for Jeff it was almost a nightmare. She was getting closer and closer until at last, she gave up and the dream ended...

Suddenly, Jeff woke with a start. He was sweating profusely as he opened his eyes only to find his mother standing by his bed looking down at him. The sheet that had covered him before was now peeled back down to his knees. Groggy from sleep and fever, he saw that his mother was staring down at his crotch. What was she looking at he woosily wondered as he let his eyes follow hers. Then he saw it. His cock was sticking out through the opening in the front of his shorts. How had that happened, he groggily wondered. He could see that it hadn't recovered from his dream as was still puffy and bloated. Not stiff and hard, but rapidly heading there as he saw his mother staring down at it. Why was she just standing there, he feverishly wondered? Why didn't she cover him up? In spite of himself, he couldn't stop his cock from firming up and he was too ashamed to reach down and cover it up himself. Closing his eyes, he pretended to be asleep as his cock continued to grow and swell. He didn't know what to do as his cock grew harder and stiffer. Opening his eyes just a tiny slit, he saw that his mother was still standing there watching his cock grow until finally, it had achieved full erection. Fuck, he groaned to himself. He'd never been so embarrassed in his whole fucking life.

Why didn't she leave? Was she going to touch it? Touch him down there like she had done with Brad? He couldn't breathe and his heart was pounding a mile a minute. He could feel the sweat trickling down his temples.

Now his cock was in its fully glory, sticking out through the front of his shorts, stiff and hard as it lay on his belly softly twitching in cadence with his pounding heartbeat. He didn't know what to do—

Finally, just as he was about to die from the embarrassment flooding through his fevered brain, he felt the sheet flutter down onto his cock, hiding it from his mother's probing eyes. She had finally covered it up. Thank God, he silently groaned. Then he opened his eyes and saw that she was gone.

~~~~~  
His mother hovered around Jeff for the like a mother hen for the next two days when she was home. The days passed in a feverish blur for Jeff and he didn't know if he was awake or asleep most of the time.

As Jeff lay sleeping, he suddenly found himself struggling to balance himself on the heaving, rolling decks of a ship. What the fuck, he feverishly wondered as he looked about and saw men dashing around everywhere. Half the men were dressed like pirates and half were dressed in some kind of military uniforms. *Old* military uniforms. You know the ones; three-corner hats; red jackets; crisscrossed belts across the chest; tight, knee-high pantaloons; long socks; buckled shoes; and they were all brandishing swords. The noise was deafening; cannons going off; muskets being fired; men yelling and screaming and poor Jeff found himself smack dab in the middle of it. Looking down at himself, he saw that he too was wearing a military uniform of some sort and had a long, sharp cutlass in his hand. What the fuck was going on? And why was he here?

Then he saw her—

His mother. His mother was standing on the deck of the ship with her hands pulled behind her and tied to the mast of the ship as it rolled and heaved on the storm-lashed sea. Waves were washing over the decks, water bubbling at her ankles and the hem of the tattered, torn peasant dress she was wearing. She had a panicky, lost look on her pretty face. Then she saw him. Her face seemed to light up.

"Jeffrey—Jeffrey—" she screamed at him as she was tossed from side to side by the rolling ship.

Jeff could see that her shoulder-length hair was drenched, hanging down in long wet strands and her face had dark, sooty smudges all over. The peasant dress she was wearing was tattered and torn and Jeff could catch glimpses of her big breasts peeking out through the tears as the ship heaved from side to side. The full dress had slits running from her waist down to the hem and occasionally Jeff caught sight of a long, shapely leg as the wet, clinging cloth parted for a second or two.

"Jeff-please help me-help me, Baby—" she pleaded being thrown about, staggering to keep her balance as she stood lashed to the mast.

Jeff started toward her, but suddenly found he couldn't move. Running, struggling, straining as hard as he could, his legs were churning but he wasn't moving.

"Please, Baby, help Mommy—" he heard his mother imploring him as he fought to move.

Then suddenly, Brad stepped out from behind the mast where his mother was imprisoned.

Black Brad, Jeff feverishly thought! What was he doing here? And where had he come up with that name? It was crazy.

Brad was wearing a bandana wrapped around his head and a battered three-corner hat to hide his short, blond hair. He had an arrogant, surly look on his craggy face along with a black eye patch covering one of his evil, brown eyes. A dashing Errol Flynn mustache covered his upper lip and sat atop the sneering smile on his lips. His dashing pirate's shirt and green velvet vest were was open from his throat down to middle of his chest, baring the blond curls underneath. His hips were encased in a pair of green velvet pantaloons while his legs were encased in a pair of mid-thigh brown leather boots. And he held a long rapier in his hand, but the most arresting thing about him was the fact that his pantaloons were unbuttoned and his big, limp prick was hanging out through the opening swinging, swaying and flouncing around as he moved around on the deck.

"Who is this coward and what does he want on **MY** ship?" Brad bellowed, stepping up to the bound Peggy and taking a threatening stand as he glared out at Jeff.

"He is my son...and he has come to save me—" Peggy wept, straining at the ropes wrapped around her wrists.

"Oh, he has, has he?" Brad snarled, reaching out, jerking the neckline of Peggy's peasant dress down below her wet, glistening tits. "Has he come for these?" Brad cackled. "Does he think he's man enough to take my place?"

"Yes-yes-he is—" Peggy growled back at him, bowing her back and thrusting her big, bare breasts out at him, standing with her legs spread apart to balance herself on the swaying deck.

Then Brad turned to face Jeff, holding out his rapier, swishing it from side to side, slashing the air with it.

"Is that right? You have come to save your Mommy?" Brad scoffed, throwing his head back and guffawing at Jeff.

"Yes-yes-I have come to save my Mother—My Mommy—" Jeff roared back at Brad, taking a step forward and realizing that he could finally move. But then he fearfully realized that he was going to have to fight Brad...and he knew nothing about fighting with swords. Brad would hack him to pieces. But he had said he would. He couldn't back down now. His mother was depending on him.

"Well?" Brad mocked, taking a step toward him, stopping and reaching down to his dangling, flopping cock.

As Jeff watched on in a fearful daze, he saw Brad wrap his hand around his cock and lift it.

"Or perhaps you would like some of this?" he scoffed, waving his dick at Jeff. "Or maybe I should give your Mommy some of it...she certainly seems to be enthralled with it—" Brad cackled again, throwing his head back and letting out another loud ridiculing laugh.

"NO—NOT *YOUR COCK*—" Jeff bellowed out.

Jeff's feet were seemed to be buried in mud as he sloshed across the deck toward where his mother and Brad stood swaying with the rhythm of the heaving ship.

"Or perhaps, your Mommy would like some of my steel cock—" Brad teased, lifting his sword up, holding it sharp tip on the soft, delicate skin down in the cleavage between Peggy's floundering tits. As he did, Jeff saw that the neckline of her dress was stained red from where Brad's sword had nicked her.

"NO—MOMMY—" Jeff screamed, lunging at Brad. Everything seemed to crawl to slow motion as Brad slowly turned, pulling his sword out from between Peggy's big tits and flicking it out, aiming it right at Jeff's chest. But Jeff couldn't stop his headlong lunge and the rapier was poised to plunge into his chest just when Jeff felt something warm and wet on his brow.

Suddenly, Jeff found himself lying in his bed. What was going on, he groggily wondered, opening his eyes and seeing his mother sitting on the edge of the bed holding a damp wash cloth against his forehead?

"Are you okay?" she softly asked, holding the washcloth pressed against his skin.

"Uh, yeah, I, uh, I guess," Jeff mumbled, looking around at his neat, tidy room. Where was the ship? Then he glanced down at his mother's breasts and found them hidden down inside her blouse, not hanging out in the open as they had been moments earlier.

"You must have been dreaming," she smiled. "You called out my name..."

"I did?" Jeff muttered, wondering what she had heard him say.

"What-what did I say?" Jeff timidly mumbled.

"Something about a rock, or sock or something and then you just called out my name," she smiled, wiping the damp cloth across his head.

"Uh, I, I don't remember..." he told her.

"It doesn't matter...it was just a dream," she softly chuckled, making her big tits jiggle and quiver down inside her blouse. "Now why don't you go back to sleep...maybe you can finish the dream."

Oh, God, I hope not, Jeff told himself as he rolled over onto his side and closed his eyes...

~~~~~

At last, on the third day, he woke with a clear head and no temperature.

There was something in the air about today. He could feel it. Almost like a premonition.

And he was ready for it, he smiled to himself, reaching down under the sheet to his cock. It was already hard and ripe as it always seemed to be anymore, ever since he had seen his mother and Brad in bed.

Fuck it, he told himself, throwing the covers back and shoving his thumbs down under the stretchy waistband of his shorts. I'm gonna go au natural today...just for the hell of it, he smirked, shoving his shorts down his legs and off over his feet. Then smiling lecherously, he shoved his shorts under the covers, grabbed hold of his unruly cock and started slowly working his fisted hand up and down its impressive length. What would his mother do if she saw how big he was, he lewdly wondered?

Just then, he heard the doorknob on his door rattle.

Quickly tugging the bed sheets back up over his erection, he saw the door swing open and his mother step into the room.

"So, how does my little boy feel today?" his mother asked him, sitting down on the edge of the bed and feeling his forehead with the backs of her fingers.

"Great," he smiled.

"Good, I don't think you have a fever anymore," she beamed.

"I don't think so," he tiredly grinned.

"Is there anything I can get you?"

Jeff's poor brain was a muddled mess. He was having trouble sorting out what had really happened and what his fevered brain had made up. All he knew was that every time he saw his mother now, he would be sprouting a hard on within seconds. Just like now, he obscenely thought as his rock-hard cock lay on his belly softly twitching in cadence with the rushed beat of his heart. He didn't know what to do. He couldn't stop it. Then the picture of his mother and Brad in bed would pop into his head and he would get all tongue-tied and embarrassed, like now.

"UH, I, uh, guess not," he muttered, blushing a bright red and self-consciously tugging the sheet higher up over his belly to make sure his affliction was hidden from his mother's eyes.

"What's wrong," his mother asked, glancing down at the bulge under the sheets in the general vicinity of his crotch, "You're not getting another erection, are you?"

"Jeez, Mother," he groaned. Was she trying to embarrass him?

"Well, are you?" she asked, and Jeff thought he could detect a hint of exasperation creeping into her voice.

"Yes," he mumbled, "Yes, Mother, I have an erection—" he exclaimed.

"Good Lord, Jeff," she went on, "What is wrong with you. It seems like every time I come into your room, you either have an erection or get one. What's wrong with you? I'm your mother for Christ's sake—" she complained.

"I'm sorry," he whined, "I can't help it."

"This is definitely not right—not normal—" she lectured him, "and it is getting very annoying."

Jeff didn't say a word. He just lay there looking at her, thinking. Should he tell her why he was getting erections? It would be giving away his bargaining chip if he wanted to use it to get something later...but maybe it would get him out of hot water with her now.

"I'm sure that other boys don't get erections every time they see their mothers," she said. "Don't you think that it is just a little bizarre?"

Fuck it, he told himself. I'm tired of ducking it. She wants to know why I get an erection every time she comes around? Well, I'll just tell her then—

"Well, maybe other boys haven't seen their mother, uh" he blurted out, stopping before he could finish the sentence and wishing he hadn't started it before the words were even out of his mouth.

"Seen their mother what?" she angrily asked.

"Getting fucked by one of his father's supposed best friends," he finished the sentence.

Silence filled the room as his mother sat staring at him with her mouth open, her eyes as big as saucers. Jeff didn't know what to do, so he did nothing. Suddenly, a tear slowly ran down his mother's cheek.

"When?" she whispered.

"The day I came home sick," he softly said, wishing he hadn't told her now that he saw the pain and anguish on her face.

"How?"

"I sneaked in and, uh, I heard something, uh, I didn't know where you were, uh, when I looked into your bedroom, I uh, I saw you and, and him," he fumbled, unable to even say Brad's name, "then I left and hid until he left."

"Oh, My, God," she moaned, "I am so sorry."

"That's why, that's why," he went on, "That's why I get an erection every time I see you. I see you and Brad doing it every time I see you."

"That is terrible...horrible," she wept, "I don't know what to say."

"It's okay, mother," he comforted her, reaching out and laying his hand on her thigh just below the hem of her skirt.

"No, it's not okay," she softly said. "I'm so sorry...I never meant to hurt you."

Then it came to him. It was so simple. Why hadn't he thought of it before? Now he knew what he would use his bargaining chip for—

"No one has to know," he softly said. "Just you and me, and, and him, of course. But he has to leave, Mom. You can't ever see him again...*like that*..." he said with emphasis almost spitting the words out at her.

"But Brad..." she sputtered.

"But Mother..." he mocked back at her. "I mean it—never again. Okay?" he smiled, continuing on before she even had a chance to speak. "Or I could..." he stopped, letting the words hang over her head like Damocles' Sword—

He saw a look of fear flicker through his mother's big, brown eyes as he said the last few words.

"What are you going to do?" she timidly asked.

"Nothing," Jeff said, gaining confidence with each passing moment. "If you do what I say..." he told her, smirking just a little to let her know that he meant what he was telling her.

"What?" she mumbled. "What do you want me to do?"

"I think that the first thing you need to do," he innocently smiled, letting the tips of his fingers play along the bottom edge of her skirt, "is call Brad and tell him that it's over between you and him."

"What? What do I tell him? He'll be curious," she mumbled, suspiciously looking down at his hand as his fingers toyed with the bottom of her skirt.

"Just tell him that you think that Alicia might be getting suspicious..."

"But what if he won't buy it. What if he won't take no for an answer?" Peggy asked clutching at straws, not knowing what else to do.

"You could just tell him that it would be a real shame if Alicia found out," Jeff threatened, letting his fingers ease down under the hem of her skirt.

"You—you wouldn't—" she softly gasped, reaching down and making a feeble attempt to push his hand away from her skirt.

"Break it off with him," Jeff said confidently, stubbornly refusing to move his hand back, "and never, ever see him again, anywhere, except as, as friends..."

"And if I do?" she said and Jeff could hear the panic seeping in around the edges of her words.

"You won't need him anymore," Jeff wryly smiled slowly pushing his fingers up her thigh under her short, clingy skirt.

"What, what do you mean?" she sputtered, pushing at his hand and trying to stand up.

"Brad is not the only one with a big dick, you know," he laughed sardonically.

"I know—" she smarted back at him as he dug his fingers into her thigh forcibly to stop her.

"You do?" he said, clutching hold of her thigh, holding onto her leg to keep her from standing up.

"You've been in and out of it for the last two days..." she told him as he felt her resistance melting, her fingers stopping pushing at his hand as she eased back down on the bed. "And you've had an erection most of the time. I just didn't know what was causing it. I'm sorry..." she whimpered.

"Don't be, Mother, it will be our little secret," Jeff smiled letting his fingers trail higher up her thigh and slowly easing down between her trembling legs.

"We can't, Jeff, we just can't...not that—" she complained, trying to press her legs together to keep Jeff's inquisitive fingers from going higher.

"Why not, Mother?"

"It isn't right."

"Why not, Mother?" Jeff asked again, pushing his hand higher up the smooth, soft skin of his mother's inner thigh. "You said you liked big, hard ones, didn't you?" Jeff said as his fingertips brushed against the slippery silk of her panties.

As Jeff lay looking up at his mother, she made another attempt to push his hand out from under her skirt, but Jeff grabbed hold of her wrist and pulled her hand away. Then, gently he eased his fingers down inside the elastic leg hole of his mother's panties.

"Mother—" Jeff muttered as he tenderly explored the slippery flesh underneath the crotch of his mother's panties. She was so soft and warm and to Jeff's delighted surprise, so wet.

"Jeff—please—" she whispered, squeezing her legs against his hand and arm, trying to get him to stop.

"No—" Jeff adamantly hissed, slowly pushing his fingers down into the soft, clinging opening of his mother's sex.

"Jeff—" she softly complained, but stopped trying to grasp at his arm, seemingly conceding to her fate as Jeff began to lazily work his fingers in and out of the slippery opening.

It was crazy. Jeff couldn't believe how easy it had been. Within seconds his fingers were drenched, dripping with his mother's slippery juices, evidence of her obvious arousal. She was hot...for him, Jeff giddily told himself. Why else would she be so wet?

Time to move on to bigger things, Jeff vulgarly thought as he gently eased his fingers out of his mother's drooling pussy. Then he slowly pulled his hand out from between his mother's legs letting his sopping fingers brush along her thigh, leaving a trail of pussy juice along the sensitive skin of her inner thigh.

"Why are you so wet, Mother?" Jeff whispered, lifting his damp fingers up to her lips and letting them trail across her lower lip.

"Oh-Jeff-Honey—" she softly murmured, kissing his fingers, easing out her tongue and sensuously licking the slippery juice off them.

She wasn't fighting him anymore, Jeff woozily realized.

"Do you want to touch it, Mother?" Jeff asked her as she leaned back easing away from his damp fingers.

"Touch it?" she whispered, looking deep into his eyes. "Do you want Mommy to touch it?" she softly cooed.

"Yes, Mommy...I want Mommy to touch me," Jeff said, easily slipping into the role she seemed to have chosen for him.

Then as she watched him, Jeff reached down and slowly peeled the covers back off his lolling giant.

"Ohhhhhh—" Jeff heard his mother softly gasp as she looked down at it.

"Touch it, Mommy...touch it and see how hard you've made it—" Jeff told her in a voice so low and soft, she could barely hear him.

"I'm sorry, Baby..." she murmured, timidly lifting her hand and reaching down to it. Jeff's heart was suddenly beating a mile a minute as he stared down at his cock, watching his mother's long, slender fingers gently ease down under it and slip around it.

"It's so hard—" she said as Jeff felt her give it a gentle squeeze.



"You made it like that, Mother..." he whispered, feeling it twitch as his mother's fist began to slowly work up and down it.

"That feels so good, Mommy—" Jeff said, lifting his arms up under his head, laying back against the pillow and closing his eyes.

Then he felt the bed shudder.

Opening his eyes, he saw that his mother was now kneeling on her knees beside the bed as he felt her hands grasp hold of his ankles. Then with a soft grunt, she pulled and roughly swung his leg around until he was lying perpendicular to the bed.

"Would Baby like for Mommy to kiss it?" she murmured as Jeff felt a hot breath brush across his stiff, twitching cock.

"Oh, yes, Mommy...Baby would like that very much—" Jeff eagerly said, watching his mother purse her soft lips and lean down over his jutting manhood. Jeff's poor brain was spinning with exuberant excitement as he watched his mother's ruby red lips descending toward the swollen, sensitive head of his penis.

Then her lips touched him, giving the head a soft, loving kiss and sending a jolt of sensual pleasure sparking through it.

"Would Baby like for Mommy to suck it?" she teased, slowly circling the tip of her little pink tongue around the bloated, purple head of his cock.

"Oh, God, yes, Mommy...Baby would like that—" Jeff groaned, feeling the load of creamy cum down inside his aching balls begin to bubble as his cock gave a dangerous twitch inside her fist.

"Would Baby like to come in Mommy's mouth?" she whispered.

Jeff was losing it. Hearing his mother baby talking to him and suggesting that she might do all kinds of sexy, wicked things to him was rapidly driving him over the edge.

"Would Baby like to come in Mommy's mouth and..." she stopped, pursing her lips, giving the head of his cock another soft kiss before finishing with, "and watch Mommy swallow his come down into her tummy?"

"I'm going to come, Mommy—let me come-Mommy-let me come in your mouth-Please-please—" Jeff begged, straining to hold back the eruption building down inside his aching balls.

"Like this?" she whispered, quickly opening her mouth and sucking the head of his penis inside it.

"Fuccckkkkkk—Fuck—Fuck—" Jeff bellowed out feeling a spasm of pleasure jolt through his cock as it erupted inside his mother's warm, sucking mouth. It was the most exquisite, mind-boggling sensation his poor brain had ever experienced. It felt like his loins had exploded and his insides were being expelled out into his mother's greedy mouth in thick, fiery spurts. There was nothing left below his waist. It had all melted and was now spurting out into his mother's mouth as he jubilated in the sheer perversity of it all. He was coming in his mother's mouth! It was awesome—

He wanted it to go on forever, but he knew it couldn't. And at last, he was finished. He had nothing left to give his mother. She had taken it all. Every last drop of his precious essence.

Raising his head off the pillow, he groggily opened his eyes and looked down at his mother to find her staring back at him with her big, soulful eyes.

Then she slowly opened her mouth and let his softening penis slither back out from between her lips. As she did, she kept her mouth open so he could see inside it. See inside her mouth and see the thick, creamy cum filling it, coating her tongue as she held it out for him to see. Then, in a euphoric trance, he watched her close her mouth as her throat bobbed up and down softly. Once, twice, three times, she swallowed before she slowly opened her mouth to show him that it was empty. She had swallowed his cum!

Jeff nearly lost it again. It was the most sensual, intimate thing he had ever seen. His mother! His mother had just swallowed a mouthful of his cum. HIS cum! It was fucking unbelievable. God, he loved her—he couldn't believe that only moments earlier he had wanted to hurt her for what she had done to him. But now, he couldn't imagine ever doing anything to hurt her. He loved her...too much. Loved her with all his heart and soul.

Then he saw a little stream of his cum that had escaped from her mouth as she swallowed his gift. It had trickled down her chin where it had coalesced into a single creamy drop, slowly dripping down into a stringy strand dripping down from her chin. Then as he watched on in a post-orgasmic funk, she slowly ran her finger up her chin, wiping up the errant drop. Then her little pink tongue slipped out and licked it off.

Jeff had never realized just how beautiful his mother was. But now he saw as she stood on her knees beside his bed looking up at him. She had the face of an angel. She was an angel. He could almost make out the glowing halo encircling her head and he drowned in his love for her.

Suddenly he had to give back to her. Give to her what she had given to him. He had an almost uncontrollable compulsion taste her. Touch her. Feel her softness pressed against his lips. Pushing up onto

his ass, kicking his leg up into the air and over across the top of her head, Jeff flung himself up onto his bare feet before she could move.

Hoping his weakened legs would support him, Jeff staggered around behind his mother as he heard her bleat out a soft "What?"

Bracing himself, he quickly reached down and shoved his hands under her armpits and with a loud grunt, pulled her up onto her spiked stilettos in front of him. Now he was standing behind her, his belly against her back, his drained, limp penis penitently hanging its head down between his legs. He was naked, but his mother was still fully clothed as Jeff let his hands slide out from her armpits and clasp hold of her bra-encased breasts. Gently squeezing, kneading the soft, pliant mountains of flesh being held prisoner inside her brassiere, he pulled her against him.

"Babyyyyyy—" he heard his mother softly murmur as she leaned her head back, resting it on his shoulder, exposing the delicate fragility of her slender neck to his lips. Tenderly clutching and groping at her soft, giving breasts through her blouse, Jeff buried his nose in the shimmering silkiness of her dark hair as it lay draped across her shoulder just below his chin. Then he slowly kissed his way up her shoulder to the pulse of her heartbeat just below the delicate, exposed skin of her throat. As he did, his nostrils were filled with the tantalizing fragrance of her perfume. Chanel No. 5, he giddily thought. He knew this from one of his many explorations into his mother's things.

Softly nibbling, kissing, Jeff fumbled his way up his mother's long, graceful neck to the lobe of her ear. He felt the little diamond earring his mother always wore brush against his lips as he ran his tongue around the lobe just before whispering a soft "Mommy, I love you so much into her ear.

"Mmmmmmm..." she murmured, leaning back against him, seductively rubbing her tight, little ass against his belly. As she did, Jeff felt her hands creep around his hips, behind him, her sharp fingernails digging into the skin of his ass as she pulled him against her.

Jeff was in a euphoric fog and a part of him wanted to bask in the moment, not do anything to break the intimacy he was sharing with his mother. But he was on a mission. He had other things to do and he couldn't tarry too long on any one thing.

Reluctantly, he let go of her breasts, pulling his hands back under her arms as he stepped back away from her. Grasping his mother by the shoulders, he slowly turned her until he was standing face to face with her. He could see the questioning look in her soft, brown eyes as he leaned toward her and brushed his lips across hers.

Then leaning back, he brought his hands up to the collar of her blouse. His fingers felt like numb stubs as he fumbled with the button holding her collar closed. Then his mother brusquely brushed his hands away. As his hands fell down to his sides, he saw his mother grasp both edges of her blouse in her hands and give them a sharp jerk. When she did there was a loud ripping sound as the blouse tore apart and buttons went flying everywhere. A couple of the buttons bounced off his chest, some flew onto the bed and the carpet below. Now his mother was standing in front of him with her blouse hanging down from her shoulders in a tattered mess and he could see her brassiere peeking out from between the torn opening.

"Is that what Baby wanted?" he heard his mother whisper as she grasped his hands and lifted them up to the frayed edges of her ruined blouse resting on her sloping shoulders.

"Yes, Mommy..." Jeff softly smiled, easing his fingers under the jagged edges and slowly pushing it back over her shoulders. As he did, the blouse inched down for a second or two before it suddenly went sliding down off her shoulders, down her arms to fall to the floor in a crumpled heap around her spiked high-heeled pumps.

There they were—

Her breasts! Her big, beautiful breasts resting down inside the satin-lined cups of her brassiere, softly jiggling and quivering as they rose and fell in rhythm with her rushed breathing. Reaching out to her, Jeff dug his curled fingers down inside the cups, being careful not to scratch her and tugged them down to free the pale mountains of soft, quivering flesh as he fell to his knees with a loud thump between his mother's feet.

"So-fucking-beautiful—" Jeff blubbered, sending his arms around her waist, pulling her against him as he leaned down and buried his face between her spectacular breasts. Sucking in a deep, shuddering breath through his nose, Jeff reveled in the delight of it all as his mother's soft, supple breasts pressed against his cheeks. Then his mother's arms curled around behind her back and a couple of seconds later, he felt the lacy brassiere go skittering down his chest and legs landing laying across his knees as he groveled and buried himself between his mother's breasts.

Then he felt his mother turn slightly and the next thing he felt was a big, stiff nipple rubbing against his lips. Quickly opening his mouth, he pursed his lips around the protruding nub, sucking it, pulling on it as his mother murmured out her gratitude.

Jeff didn't want to ever come out from between his mother's soft, comforting breasts. But there were other, urgent, more pressing things on his mind as he finally grabbed hold of her by her hips, leaned back and pushed her back. As he did, she stumbled back a step, holding onto his shoulders to balance herself. Then almost on its own, his hand was on the waistband of her skirt, his fingers plucking at the button there that held the skirt secured. Then his mother's hands quickly brushed his fingers away as she made quick work of the button. As Jeff sat on his knees watching her, he saw her jerk the zipper down the curve of her hip. Then with a wriggle of her hips, she shoved the short skirt down and it went rustling down her long, perfectly-arched legs.

Thong panties! His mother was wearing sheer, red thong panties and he could see right through them to the smooth, shaven skin underneath it.

"Why doesn't Baby take Mommy's panties off...so he can see Mommy's pussy..." Peggy whispered, reaching out and lovingly running her fingertips through the short, damp hairs on his temples.

Reaching up, curling his fingers down under the stretchy elastic waistband, Jeff breathlessly began to pull the red thong down her hips. As the triangle of translucent red silk began to peel down off her shaven mons, Jeff could see that the thin cloth was wetly clinging to it. Continuing to pull the panties down her legs, he saw the little triangle finally give way and crawl down between her thighs leaving a faint trail of his mother's pussy juice down her smooth, delicate inner thighs.

The air around him reeked of his mother. The pheromone-laced scent was carrying the message of her readiness to Jeff's brain and re-energizing cock as it began to slowly lift its big, purple head up out from between his thighs.

As Jeff pulled the little red thong down around his mother's ankles, she leaned over him, her big tits softly swaying as she held onto his shoulders to balance herself while she lifted her black, patent leather high heels one at a time to step out of her panties. Enthralled by the wispy red panties, Jeff wadded them into a ball and lifted them up to his nose. Holding the pussy-scented thong pressed against his nose, Jeff sniffed them and felt another shiver of excitement tickle through his hardening penis. She smelled so fucking hot. This was all too good to be really happening. His mother? His mother standing in front of him NAKED? The only thing she had left on was the small, dangling necklace she'd been wearing when she'd come into his room, her four-inch stiletto-heeled high heels and the diamond wedding band on the ring finger of her left hand signifying her promise of her undying love to his father.

But this was different, she told herself. This wasn't Brad. This was Jeff. And Jeff was a part of Pete, wasn't he? Yes, yes, of course he was, but did that make what she was doing any less a sin? NO! No, it made it worse, her cheating brain screamed at her. But he's my Baby. I love him. I love him more than anyone else in the world. Even more than Pete. Didn't that count for anything? At least she wouldn't have to lie to Alicia anymore.

This was beyond any fantasy his sick, little brain could have ever conjured up, Jeff giddily thought. He was going to fuck his mother! His mother—

But first he was going to give back to her what she had given him.

Wrapping his arms around her hips, his nose and mouth pressed against her soft, smooth belly, Brad inched toward the bed on his knees pushing his mother as she continued to hold onto his shoulders to keep from falling. Jeff could hear the sharp spiked heel scuffing along the carpet until all at once the backs of his mother's legs bumped up against the bed. Unwrapping his arms from around her hips, Brad let go of her, letting her ease her butt down onto the edge of the bed. There it was, he frantically thought as he looked down at his mother's bald, naked pussy not more than six inches from his face. The thick, fleshy lips were obviously gorged with blood as they had turned a dark purple and they were wetly clinging together, hiding the dark secret hidden down between them. The smell of her sex was everywhere, seeming to even seep into the pores of his skin as he indulged himself in the epic moment.

Looking up, up between his mother's big tits to her face, he saw that she was looking back down at him with that look she always gave him when she was proud of what he was doing. That look that she saved for him and him alone. That look that no one but a mother could bestow upon her son. That look that a son always longed for. That look that told him he was somebody...

Leaning back on her elbows, Peggy watched on with feverish anticipation as he leaned down over her. How could this be happening? How could she have let things go this far? How could she let Jeff do this to her? Her own son? Then she felt a warm, happy feeling swell up inside her as Jeff placed a soft, lingering kiss right on the lips of her pussy.

She was so soft, Jeff shakily told himself. It was like pressing his lips against warm, flowing liquid silk. And the smell. It was overpowering as it welled up into his nostrils sending wave after wave of degenerate joy crashing into his reeling brain.

Timidly easing his tongue out from between his lips, he slowly licked it up the soft, juice-filled furrow between her fleshy lips. Then he could taste her. Taste the musky tartness of her sex coating the soft skin.

The taste and the smell of her became one, blending together, setting his brain on fire with a sick craving for more—

Settling down between her legs, Jeff pushed his hands under the backs of her thighs, gently lifting them until they rested on his muscular shoulders. Now he could feel the delicate softness of her inner thighs resting against his cheeks, her smooth, bald mons rubbing against his nose and her wet, splayed pussy laying exposed under his lips and probing tongue.

Swishing his tongue around in the giving softness, Jeff probed for her clit until he felt his mother flinch when his tongue tickled across it.

"Ummmm—" he heard his mother softly moan, her hips squirming, rolling pressing herself against his demanding tongue.

Pursing his lips around the silken pearl, he began to gently suck while he twirled his tongue around it. Running his hands up beside his mother, Jeff found that she had collapsed down on the bed, her back resting against it as he felt the tensed muscles of her calves pressing against him, the hard, round heels of her spike stilettos grinding against the small of his back. Blindly clawing, groping, he found her soft, giving breasts as his fingers sought out the swollen, jutting nubs of her nipples.

Her whole body was moving, squirming, thrusting, rubbing herself against him as he covered her sex with his mouth, fluttering, swirling his tongue around the very core of her femininity. The air was filled with her soft mewls as Jeff felt her fingers curl down into his hair, holding it, pulling on it, guiding his tongue to where she wanted it. He could feel her tensing, straining against him. Then he paused for a moment until he could feel the tension flowing out of her body, relaxing as she crept back away from the edge. But he only gave her a moment's respite before he attacked again, lashing his tongue at her clit, fluttering it all around it, on it as her body gathered itself again, tensing, tightening pushing her toward the precipice. He stopped again.

"No-don't stop-please-Baby-don't stop-don't stop-Mommy needs it Baby—" she wept, sobs wracking her body, shaking the bed as she clawed and fought her way toward it.

She'd waited long enough, Jeff smugly thought as he pounced again, sucking, licking, lashing at her clit. He felt her muscles tensing; her moans growing louder, more frantic; her thighs clamping against his cheeks. Then a choking gasp tumbled down to his ears as a shudder ticked through her body. Covering her sex with his mouth, he plunged his stiffened tongue into the slippery opening as a gush of his mother's sweet, musky juice spilled out into his open mouth. Thrusting in and out of her, Jeff frantically twisted and pinched her stiff, swollen nipples as she thrashed about on the bed like she was having a grand mal seizure. Within seconds his lips and face were covered with his mother's gushing gratification while her hips bucked up and down wildly. He could feel her sharp fingernails digging down into his scalp as she shoved his face against her spewing sex.

It seemed to go on and on until finally, with a soft, whimpering groan, his mother collapsed down around him, her legs sliding off his sweaty shoulders; her high heels thudding onto the floor beside his knees; her fingers uncurling, sliding down his cheeks; her hands dropping to the bed beside her hips as her head rolled to the side.

Had she had a heart attack, Jeff frantically wondered, pulling up, lifting his juice-slathered face up away from her drooling cunt? She wasn't breathing; no movement at all for several long, pregnant seconds. Then her chest shuddered, her big tits heaving up as she took in a deep, convulsive breath of air.

"OhGodddddd—" she gasped.

A flood of relief washed over Jeff as he leaned down and placed another soft, gentle kiss on the cream-covered lips of her pussy.

"Was it good, Mommy?" Jeff whispered watching her eyes flutter open and look down at him.

"OhGodddddd—" she groaned again.

Wiping the back of his hand across his lips, Jeff slowly pushed up to his feet between his mother's splayed out legs. As he did, he saw his mother's big, brown eyes dart down to his stiff, jutting manhood as it stood at attention sticking straight up into the air proudly proclaiming her son's virile masculinity.

Then Jeff saw his mother dig her elbows down into the mattress; pushing back; lifting her legs, digging her sharp spiked heels into the ribbed edge of the bed; pushing; sliding back toward the middle of the bed.

Following her lead, Jeff lifted his knee up on the bed and crawled up on it. Dropping onto his belly, he mashed his face into one of her flattened breasts and like a piglet searching for the mother sow's teat, he hunted for her nipple. Almost immediately he found the hard, swollen pap jutting up from her breast and locked his lips around it. Hungrily, he began to suck and pull on it. If only, he deliriously thought. If only the breast held milk. That was have made it perfect. No, better than perfect, if there was such a thing. As he sucked and pulled on her breast, he realized that his throbbing cock was pressed up against his mother's bare leg. Aflame with desire, he couldn't stop himself as he sucked and fondled her tit.

"Oh...yes...Baby...that feels so good," he heard his mother whisper to him.

In his feverish state, he didn't know if she meant his cock or the way he was sucking her tit. Everything was happening so fast. So fast he wasn't thinking. He was acting on sheer instinct. It was funny how such things were ingrained into one's brain. He was overwhelmed, dizzy by the emotions pouring through his mind. It was too incredulous to fully fathom. He was lying on top of his mother, sucking her breast and rubbing his cock against her leg. It couldn't really be happening. He must be dreaming, but he knew he wasn't.

"Oh, Baby," his mother murmured as he ravaged her breast with his sucking, pulling mouth.

As she lovingly ran her hands through his hair, she held his face mashed down against her breast.

"Oh, Jeff," she moaned softly.

As he lay atop her now, his stomach was pressing down on the smooth, shaven skin of her bald mons. Then Jeff felt another jolt of excitement tear into his overloaded brain. He could feel his mother's wetness pressed up against the tip of his rigid cock as she gently thrust herself up against his stomach.

"Oh, baby..." she softly moaned.

"Mommy—" Jeff cried out.

Drowning in emotions that he had never felt before, he ever-so-slowly let his mother's nipple slip out of his mouth, but kept his lips pressed against the hot, smooth skin of her breast. Slowly, he began kissing his way up her breast onto her neck.

"Oh, Baby," she gushed, arching her neck, pushing it against his insistent lips.

Lifting his body, he determinedly kissed his way up her neck. Stopping for a moment, he gently nibbled at the soft, fragrant skin just below her chin. Then his lips traveled up over her chin and quickly down onto her lips.

"Oh...Christ," she groaned, pulling his face down and mashing her lips against his.

With their lips pasted together, their bodies were fused into one by the eroticism sparking in the air around them.

In the swirling passion of the moment, Jeff could feel the head of his bloated penis resting against the soft, fleshy lips of his mother's precious treasure. Now nothing separated him the dark wicked mysteries of her most sacred of places. Now he could feel the heat exuding from her weeping pussy as her hips tilted and she gently pressed herself against the round, tapered tip of his cockhead.

Holding himself back a moment longer, he continued to grind his lips against hers and slowly slid his tongue into her mouth.

Suddenly, he felt his mother's hands on his tight, clenched ass as her lips pursed around his thrusting tongue. As she grabbed hold of his ass, he felt her dig her long, pink fingernails into him. Unable to postpone the inevitable any longer, he slowly pushed the head of his cock into the juicy, burning opening of his mother's waiting vagina.

"OhGodddddd," he heard his mother gasp as their lips broke apart.

Gasping for breath, Jeff felt beads of perspiration pop out all over his body and goose bumps springing out to join them. He was feverish and confused. This was so wrong. They were about to commit a mortal sin. A sin so evil and heinous, he would forever be branded as a Motherfucker. But, even as his mind reeled in chaos, he knew that there was no way to stop now. They had gone too far. They had stepped over into the forbidden zone. There was nothing anyone could do to stop their inescapable plunge into the wicked depths of incestuous passion.

What had gone on between her and Brad was nothing to compare with the wickedness of the act she was about to commit.

Finding her lips again, he hungrily kissed her, deep and long. As they kissed, he eased his cock down into the fiery core of her clutching cunt. This couldn't really be happening, he feverishly thought as his cock slowly slipped deeper into the simmering depths of her tight, clutching womanhood. HE WAS FUCKING HIS MOTHER—

His beautiful Mother. He would surely go to hell for what he was doing, but he didn't care now. It would be worth it. He was fucking his mother—

It was indescribable. Thrusting his cock into a tight, burning sheath of silky softness that lovingly clenched and squeezed him. Unbelievably, it grew hotter and wetter as he went deeper and deeper inside the secret intimacy of her femininity. His whole life had changed in that brief, fleeting moment. Now he was submitting himself to the most ecstatic experience a boy was capable of imagining. While the physical pleasure was incomparable, the fact that his mother was his willing partner in the wickedness was most damning. While he had never imagined anything so wicked, so damning happening, now it was and he was right smack in the center of it all. Now this woman lying under him, lying under him with his dick shoved up inside her was more than his mother, she was his soul mate.

"Oh...my fucking...God...Mommy—" he gasped, finally breaking their lip lock.

"Oh...Jeff...my Baby," she cried out, thrusting herself up against him.

Jeff's cock effortlessly slid into his mother's slippery warmth. His origin. His source. The fiery oven of his birth. It felt like heaven. Even though, he was reveling in the wicked delight of making love to his mother, he was surprised that he felt no guilt. He should have felt something. A little dirty and perverted, remorse or something bad. He should have experienced some form of guilt, but he couldn't believe how natural and wonderful it felt. Making love to his beautiful mother was incomparable to anything he'd ever felt before. He was ruined; he would never be able to make love to another woman.

Overcome by the rapturous feelings welling up from his cock, he tentatively pulled the monster back slightly and then pushed it back down into her fiery sheath once again. The sensation of her wet, hot flesh wrapped around his aching manhood sent fire coursing up his cock and into his veins. The exquisite pleasure spewing from his loins was rapidly becoming too intense to tolerate.

He suddenly realized that his mother must be feeling the same as she arched her back, thrusting her hips up at him, pulling him ever deeper inside the hot socket of her sex. As he entered her, he could feel her sweaty, bare breasts pressing up against his chest, coating it with a sheen of their sweat.

Thrusting himself into her, he finally felt his belly slap up against hers. He was as deep as he could go. They were a perfect fit; made for each other; fitting together perfectly.

Holding himself deep inside of her hot, sucking core, he bent down and quickly kissed her again. His mother returned his kiss, and soon his tongue snaked its way into her mouth only to be sucked in between her lips. Mother and son embraced and kissed deeply with their hips flattened against each other.

The passion that was pouring through his body rapidly blossomed into a white-hot spasm of ecstasy as the tension in his loins reached the boiling point.

"Momph!" he tried to warn her but it was too late.

His cock erupted violently inside her, sending a huge gusher of his white-hot cum spurting out into his mother's vagina.

"Oh, Jeff..." his mother gurgled, wrapping her arms and legs around him and pushing her hips up against him.

He could feel her milking pussy frantically clutching at his cock while he emptied himself down into the hot depths of her womb. Down into the place he had been conceived. Would his evil seed take root?

"Jeff...my...Baby..." she cooed, her voice softening into a whimper as his body continued to spasm and writhe.

Over and over again, he felt his cock jerk and spurt gusher after gusher of his thick, hot cum deep into his mother's hungry, sucking cunt. It was pure heaven as wave after wave of pleasure washed over his body.

"Oh...my...God...Mommy...I Love You so much," he gasped as he thrust himself down into her again and again.

Finally, his monster relented and stopped firing off inside of her. Exhausted by the huge expenditure of physical and emotional effort, Jeff collapsed on top of her.

Neither of them spoke for several long moments as they lay pressed against each other. Then, as if reading each other's minds they began kissing and lovingly fondling and caressing each other.

As they kissed, Jeff was surprised to find that his cock hadn't softened much at all and was still buried deep inside her belly. After a few moments, he tentatively began to work his hips back and forth, sliding his big, stiff cock in and out of his mother's deep, wet cunt. Within moments, they were gently fucking as his mother coaxed him on, guiding him, leading him with soft murmurs as she eagerly returned his thrusts. Soon, their bodies were moving in the heated rhythm of incestuous fornication.

"Oh...Jeff...I love you," she moaned as he fucked her.

"Mom-Mom-Mom—" he heard himself moaning involuntarily as their hips crashed together over and over again.

Their pent up passion overcame them and suddenly they were going at each other like two clawing, spitting animals. They were unable to get enough of each other as they fought for release from their burning, festering desire.

"Fuck Mommy...fuck Mommy," he heard his mother grunt every time he slammed his cock into her clinging pussy.

Their hips slapped together loudly as they fucked, sending splatters of the sap of their lovemaking flying all over the bed soaking down into his sheets. The soft slurping of her cunt sucking on his dick could even be heard above the roar of the thousand jets screaming through his head as they deliriously fucked, oblivious to everything but their own selfish gratification. Her fingers were all over him, clutching, clawing, urging him on as he tirelessly drove into her accepting warmth.

At last, after twenty or thirty minutes, neither knew which, of frantic fucking, Jeff felt his scrotum begin to tighten. He could feel himself nearing the point of eruption as his mother writhed and groveled below him, urging him to fuck her harder and harder.

"Oh...fuck...Baby...feel it commminng," she finally screamed as her body tensed and her muscles became as hard as boards.

Jeff felt her cunt lock down around his cock, squeezing it so hard he couldn't have stopped it from exploding if he tried.

"FUCKMOTHERCOMN," he bellowed out at the same instant a brilliant flash of elation filled his brain.

Startled by the intensity of his eruption, Jeff felt like the head of his cock had been blown off as it poured out its toxic load of semen deep inside his mother for a second time.

The whole house was shaking, trembling from the magnitude of their release.

He couldn't stop coming inside his mother. Over and over again, his cock gathered itself and spewed out load after load of his thick, creamy cum into her clinging cunt, quickly filling it to the point of overflowing. He could even feel his cum oozing out around his spasming cock and dripping down onto the drenched sheet between her legs. As it did, some of it ran down into the crack of his mother's upturned ass.

Time seemed to stop as they groaned and fucked. At last, there was no more and they collapsed in each other's arms. Consumed by their sinful escapade, they immediately fell asleep...

~~~~~  
Jeff woke slowly. There was something wrong. But he couldn't figure out what as he wondered at the feel of the soft, warm flesh snuggled up against him. Groggily, he opened his eyes and looked down at the woman sleeping beside him.

IT WAS HIS MOTHER—

His mother? And she was naked except for her black patent leather high heels? His poor drugged brain was sent reeling and he flinched back away from her wondering how she had gotten into his bed without any clothes on.

Then, suddenly it came rushing back into his mind like water pouring over a dam. All of it. Every sordid detail that had been forever etched deep into his memory banks. How could he have forgotten, he wondered as he gently pulled his mother against him?

"Mmmmmmm..." she softly murmured, nuzzling closer...

~~~~~  
Things changed drastically for Peggy and Jeff. Peggy no longer had to sneak around with Brad to get her kicks. She now had all she could handle living right in the house with her. And now she looked forward to Pete's frequent absences without fear of being caught. And who would ever suspect? A mom and her loving son? Really...

## **The End**

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

## **The Peeping Tom**

Hot. It had to be over a hundred and ten outside, Josh thought as he made his way down the hallway to the nurse's office. He didn't feel like sitting in study hall for an hour, especially when the school's old, dilapidated air conditioning unit only kept the temperature down to a stifling 90 degrees. It was August and school had only been in session for a couple of weeks and since most of the school year was held during fall, winter and spring, there didn't seem to be any rush to spend money on something that would only be used for a little while anyway. When were they going to fix the problem? Probably never...

Opening the door, Josh saw Nurse Clemons sitting at her dress. How did she do it, he wondered? Nurse Clemons always wore a crisp, white nurse's uniform that looked like it had just come from the ironing board. Never a wrinkle; never a sweat stain; even when the temperature climbed into the nineties, like now, she seemed calm, cool, and collected.

And there was one other striking detail about Nurse Clemons that required mentioning. Well, actually two other striking details. Her bosom. Her breasts. Just as her secret for staying cool in the sweltering heat was a mystery to everyone, how a woman could stuff so much breast-flesh into a brassiere without it bursting was an equally-puzzling enigma.

She had to be a 44 triple D at the least, Josh thought, self-consciously glancing down at the giant white mountains swelling out from the front of her nurse's uniform as he stepped up to the desk.

"Yes," she asked, giving him a knowing smile, realizing that he hadn't been able to resist looking down at her gargantuan bosom. They couldn't help themselves, she softly chuckled. They just had to look.

"Uh, I, I've got a bit of a stomach ache and, and I was wondering if I could skip study hall?" Josh asked, rubbing his tummy to emphasize his point.

"Study hall, you say?" she smiled, fidgeting, turning, and somehow managing to thrust her mammoth bosom out further as Josh's eyes were drawn back down to it.

"Yes, yes, Ma'am, study hall...so I won't miss anything..." he schemed.

"Well, if it's just study hall," she said, reaching down to the Rx pad she had lying in the middle of the blotter on her desk.

Watching her colossal breasts bobble and quiver as she quickly scribbling a few words on the pad, he saw them heave heavily as she ripped off the sheet and hand it to him.

"Here you go...now don't get into any trouble," she softly laughed handing him the sheet.

"Too hot..." Josh snickered, giving her tits one last longful look as her turned and departed her office. But the broiling temp wasn't the only thing that had Josh heated up.

~~~~~

It had all started a week earlier, on a Saturday afternoon when he'd been working out in his front yard. Some kids had been playing ball in the street and had thrown a ball into some bushes next to the Howell's house next door. They were looking everywhere trying to find the ball, but Josh had seen where it went, and being the good soul he was waded into the bushes to get it for them. As he leaned down to pick up the ball, he saw that the ball was sitting just under a big knothole in the fence. Glancing over his shoulder to make sure no one was watching, he quickly peeked through the hole and saw his neighbor, Nancy Howell sunbathing in her backyard. And she was in the nude. Yep, not a fucking stitch on. Bare-assed naked. It took several seconds to get his eyes back in their sockets and toss the ball back out to the kids. He hadn't been able to risk staying behind the bushes without raising suspicion with the kids so he'd hurried back into his house trying to act cool and nonchalant so as to not give away his secret, but the minute he got inside, he sneaked out into his own back yard and up to the fence to see if she was still there.

There was another bush down in the corner of their backyard, right up against the fence between his house and the Howell's. Looking around the make sure he wasn't being watched, he ducked behind the bush and started looking for knotholes he could look out through. As luck would have it, he found one with the knot still in it. Carefully, he managed to pull the knot back out through the hole and held onto it so he could replace it and keep his spying place a secret.

Clutching the knot in his sweaty hand, he peered out through the hole. But, unfortunately, the only thing he saw was the empty chaise where Nancy had been laying. She had apparently gone back inside the house. Damn it, he cursed, looking all around the Howell's backyard to make sure she hadn't moved somewhere else, but she hadn't.

Every day since then, he could hardly wait for school to get out so he could rush home and sneak out to his secret spy hole and check on her.

He'd been lucky and had caught her out in the backyard a couple of times and just like before she'd been bare-assed naked.

Now he knew that Nancy was about the same age as his mother, forty-two or three. Nancy was pretty nice looking for an older woman, Josh thought and when he caught her sunbathing, he spent most of his time ogling her big, saggy tits and her tush. She had big tits. Bigger than most, but not even in the same county as Nurse Clemons. Big, round, tipped with their cups of dark brown skin and hard round nipples, they were spectacular in Josh's eyes. And when he wasn't staring at her breasts, he was checking out the mysterious dark, furry bush between her legs trying to catch a glimpse of her pussy hidden down in the tangle of curls.

Then one day, Josh had seen something that made him even hotter. He had nearly croaked when he looked in and caught Nancy playing with herself right out there in the middle of her backyard. Fuck, there wasn't anything she wouldn't do, he giddily thought. I'll bet she is some hot firecracker in bed he thought as he watched on in fascination, seeing that she had the big, fleshy lips of her pussy spread apart and she was gently fingering herself. He had watched her for a good three or four minutes before she stopped playing with herself and rolled over onto her belly. He had waited around for a few more minutes, staring at her big, bare butt but she seemed to be taking a nap and he'd already been behind the bushes for the better part of half an hour and knew that his mother would be getting suspicious so he had ducked back out and headed for his room.

Josh was a senior in high school. Although he thought of himself as fairly good looking, he was extremely shy around members of the opposite sex except his mother. He had gone out on a few dates, but he hadn't scored yet. This was why he found watching his neighbor so stimulating. This was his first exposure to a real, live woman in the nude. Now it was the only thing he could think about. He was so horny, he had nearly shot his wad playing with himself several times, right there behind the bush watching Nancy.

~ ~ ~

Hurrying home, hoping that Nancy would be out sunbathing in her backyard.

Then he saw his mother's car sitting in the driveway. What is she doing home, he disappointedly wondered, parking his car out in front of the house? Thinking about Nancy and what he might see when he got home had done its job on Josh's oversized cock and it was already hard and stiff as he tried to climb out of his car. Reaching down to his painfully-trapped cock, Josh roughly repositioned it and stumbled out of his car. It was still stuck in an uncomfortable position and needed fixing but he would wait until he got out behind the bushes, he told himself as he hurried in through the garage.

"Hey, Mom, I'm home," he hollered, stumbling in through the garage door and tossing his books down on the kitchen table. Then he grabbed hold of his stiff, misbehaving prick and roughly jerked it to a more comfortable position.

Not hearing an answer, he shuffled over to the patio door and looked out at the fence. Crap, he told himself when he saw his mother lying out by the pool, tanning herself.

Well, there goes that, he angrily thought. At least I can fix my fucking cock, he told himself, quickly unzipping his jeans and pulling his tormented tool out into the open. Better, he fussed, holding his wounded pride in his hand gently massaging it as he stood behind the curtains looking out at his mother lying by the pool. She was wearing her two-piece bikini that left very little left to the imagination and in his inflamed state of mind, Josh suddenly found himself studying her. Even in his usual state of sexual arousal, Josh had never really thought of his mother in a sexual way. Oh, she was pretty and all but he'd just never really thought about her as anything but Mom. But now, standing behind the curtain with his erect penis in his hand, disappointed at not getting to see Nancy in her birthday suit and hormones coursing through his veins, he suddenly found himself comparing his mother to Nancy.

His mother was lying on her stomach with her pert, little, round, ass sticking up in the air. It looked tighter and firmer than Nancy's ass, he lewdly thought as he let his eyes wander down his mother's long, graceful legs. Even her dainty little feet looked sexy for some weird reason. God, he found himself thinking, I never realized how hot she was.

Then, out of the blue, Josh felt a familiar tingle in his already overheated cock. God, what am I doing? Standing behind the curtain, staring at my mother with my cock in my hand. What kind of perverted cretin have I turned into?

Damn it, it's not my fault she's so damn good looking and wearing next to nothing, he rationalized as he began to slowly stroke his throbbing cock. Then he found himself wondering what her tits would look like as his eyes strayed back up the curve of her long, bare back. Bare back? Wait—where was the top of her bikini? There should have been a strap stretching across her back. Then a spasm of excitement sparked through his fevered brain when he saw the top of her bikini lying on the patio beside the leg of the chaise. What the fuck, he giddily thought. She doesn't have her top on. What the fuck is going on. She knew that he was due home from school about this time, why didn't she have her top on? Then he remembered he'd taken off an hour early, so his mother wouldn't be expecting him home for another forty-five minutes or so.

Roll over—roll over—he silently begged, staring down at the roll of bare tit extruding out from under her as she lay on her stomach. Let me see—

His mother's breasts looked like they were every bit as big as Nancy's, but what did they really look like? Were they big, round, and droopy like Nancy's? Or did they stick out like some he had seen in pictures?

How big were her nipples? Was the skin around them dark like the skin around Nancy's nipples or pale?

Then almost as if his thoughts had compelled her to move, she slowly rolled over onto her back. As she did, she glanced down at her wrist to check the time and then gave a furtive look over at the patio door where Josh stood hidden behind the curtains with his cock in his hand.

Josh had thought he was ready, but he wasn't and nearly fainted when his mother's big breasts slowly emerged out from under her. They were fucking spectacular. Her breasts were beautiful, he thought as he longingly stared at them. Big, round, soft mountains of wriggling tanned flesh majestically swelling up from her chest. It was apparent that his mother also spent considerable time sunbathing without the benefit, or hindrance of a top as there was hardly any tan lines distinguishable at all. As he continued to gawk, his mother poured out a handful of suntan lotion into her hand and leisurely spread it over her breasts, sending them into wiggling and jiggling convulsions of movement. His mother's breasts were much prettier than Nancy's. For some perverse, freakish reason, Josh felt a twinge of jealous pride knowing that his mother's breasts were bigger and prettier than Nancy's. Weird, he thought. No, SICK better describes it, he guiltily told himself.

Lewdly comparing his mother's breasts with Nancy's breasts, he saw his mother's breasts were rounder and fuller. Compared to the big, dark cups tipping Nancy's breasts, the dusky pink cups tipping his mother's

imposing breasts were smaller, but they stuck out more. For some reason, that made them seem much sexier. His mother's nipples looked bigger and softer than Nancy's nipples. His mother's nipples looked two ripe, sweet raspberries perched atop the pink cups of pebbled flesh. Josh had never seen such a lovely pair of breasts in his whole life. His mother had just won the tit contest hands down...or tits up, he smirked.

Josh suddenly found himself sweating. His cock was so hard, he thought it was going to explode. And if he didn't stop stroking it, it would, he anxiously thought.

Then as he struggled to keep from coming, he saw his mother sit up. His eyes nearly jumped out of their sockets as he watched her delectable breasts bounce and dance about seductively. His mother yawned and stretched for a whole ten or fifteen seconds as Josh watched on in adoring awe.

Finally, she glanced down at her watch again and then reached down, swept up the top of her bikini, wrapped it around her chest and poked her breasts back into their cloth prisons. With her breasts once again partially hidden from view, she picked her glass and stood up.

Josh turned and tore up the stairs to his room. Jumping inside, he quietly closed the door. Leaning against the door panting, he tried to catch his breath as he heard his mother calling to him.

Waiting for a few moments, he finally opened the door and stuck his head out to answer her.

"I'm up in my room, Mom, I just got home," he lied.

"Okay—" he heard her call back. "Why don't you come down stairs—?"

Wondering what she wanted, Josh guiltily stuffed his cock back into his pants and walked over to the railing. Looking down, he saw her standing at the foot of the stairs looking up at him with a silly smile on her face.

"Why don't you come down and rub some lotion on my back for me, Honey?" she suggested.

"Uh, sure, Uh, Mom," he stammered foolishly, "as soon as I change into my trunks, okay?"

"Sure, Darling," she smiled up at him, "I'm going to have another drink, would you like one?"

"Sure," he said, unable to keep his eyes off her bulging bosom that threatened to escape from her bikini at any moment, "that sounds good, it is hot."

"It is hot, isn't it?" she responded inanely, "Almost too hot for clothes."

"MOM," he laughed nervously.

"Just joking, darling, just joking," she laughed, "I didn't mean to offend your sense of decency."

Sense of decency, my ass, he thought as he watched her walk over to the bar.

"I wish you were naked," he lewdly whispered, admiring the way her buttocks quivered and twitched as she walked. When she slipped behind the bar, he shook his head in approval and hurried back into his room.

How much had she had to drink, he wondered? His mother had been letting him drink alcohol for about a year now. She had told him that he could have one or two drinks as long as she was around. Or John, her current boyfriend.

Stripping his pants off, he gave his thick, swollen manhood a few more quick jerks before he slipped into his bathing trunks. Looking down, he saw that his excitement was just a little too obvious. Trying to hide the huge bulge in his shorts, he wrapped a towel around his waist. Then with his state of arousal partially hidden, he carefully stepped down the stairs, hoping not to dislodge his throbbing penis and make it tent the front of his trunks.

Arriving at the foot of the stairs, he saw that his mother had already returned to the patio. With due caution, he shuffled out onto the patio and saw his mother waiting for him.

The raucous beat of rock and roll blared out from the speaker above the door.

His mom did love her rock and roll, he grinned, keeping step with the beat of the music as he ambled over to where she lay waiting for him.

"There you are..." she smiled up at him, pointing to the drink on the little glass-topped table sitting by her chaise. Picking it up, Josh quickly turned it up and downed half of it before he realized how strong his mother had made it. Coughing and sputtering, he set his drink down and tried to catch his breath.

"Wow, Mom," he spluttered, "are you trying to get me drunk?"

"No, Darling," she said, "just trying to catch you up to me."

"Oh," he responded, sitting down on the chaise-lounge by his mother, "why is that?"

"I'm afraid that I got some bad news today," she sniffled, "and I just wanted someone to get drunk with me."

"OH," he gulped, now that he was up close he could see that his mother's eyes were red and swollen.

"Jeez," she groaned, "you must think I'm horrid, trying to get you, my own son drunk because I wanted a shoulder to cry on."

"Uh, No, uh, it's okay," he stammered, not knowing what else to say.

He knew that his mother drank a little too much since his father had been killed in a car wreck three years ago. Josh had helped his mother to bed on several occasions after she had drunk herself to sleep. It

was their little secret. No one needed to know that his mother, Diane had a drinking problem. Josh didn't feel that it hurt anyone as long as he was around to watch over her. Besides that, his mother let him drink around the house, too. But, she had never tried to get him drunk. What was up, he wondered.

As the numbing sensation of the alcohol slowly spread over his body, he took another sip.

"What happened?" he asked her.

"John called this morning," she sniffed, "and, and, he said, that he was sorry but he didn't think we were meant for each other."

"What? Did he say why?" Josh mumbled wondering why his mother's boyfriend had decided to end their relationship.

"No," she wept, "he just said that he didn't think we were compatible."

"That's too bad," Josh sympathized, but not feeling too bad about it as he agreed with John.

His mother hadn't been too successful with relationships since his father's death, he thought. John had been her third suitor, but for some reason, they didn't last long. He felt sorry for her. He wished she could find someone that could give her the love and affection that she deserved. Why couldn't they see what a loving, caring woman she was? Well, someday, one of them would realize what a treasure she was.

"Oh, he probably found some young thing with a body that would stop a clock," she fussed.

"I didn't think that John was that stupid," Josh said.

"Why do you say that," she asked dabbing at her eyes with a tissue out of the box on the table.

"When a man has a loving, caring woman," he went on, feeling the alcohol give him the nerve to complete the sentence, "who is the best looking lady in town, he would have to be stupid to leave her for some hard-body."

"Oh, Josh," she gushed, "you always know just the right thing to say."

"Hey, you taught me all I know," he smiled.

"I don't know why I keep trying to find a man," she smiled back at him, "when I have you. Maybe I am the stupid one."

"I don't know, Mom," he said, "I can't give you the same thing."

"Well," she paused, looking up at him with a strange look in her eyes, "maybe not, but anyway I just wanted to get drunk with my best friend and just forget about John."

"Well, tomorrow is Saturday and I don't have to go to school," he smiled, touching his glass to hers and tossing the rest of his drink down, "I am at your beck and call."

"What would I do without you?" she smiled up at him, "My Sweet Josh."

Blushing, he smiled back at her, not knowing what else to say as his eyes strayed down to her breasts, picturing what they had looked like earlier in the day.

"Well, are you going to make your mother wait all day?" she complained, finally smiling.

"What?" Josh sputtered flustered, wondering what she meant.

"My sun tan lotion," she grinned, "remember?"

"Oh, Yeah," he muttered, picking up the tube and filling his hand with the creamy lotion.

Moving his mother's long, blond hair aside, he proceeded to coat the soft, velvety skin of her shoulders and neck with the lotion. Once the creamy ointment was spread out, he began to rub it in, massaging her taut neck muscles at the same time. As he kneaded the tense muscles, he could feel the tension flowing out of them until they were soft and pliant.

"Oh, that feels soooooo goooooood," she murmured, "don't ever stop."

After a few minutes, he spread more of the ointment over her arms and shoulders, kneading the muscles beneath her soft, supple skin as he went.

His erection had momentarily waned as he listened to his mother's story, but now his body's natural reaction to his hands moving over her satiny skin took over and his cock began to swell once again. He couldn't get the picture of her exquisite breasts wetly glistening in the hot afternoon sun earlier. Soon it was even harder than before. As his fingers caressed and stroked the skin of her back, he couldn't explain the feeling that was coming over him. He had never felt himself attracted to his mother in this way. Never in his whole life.

He knew that his mother needed someone to help her through this latest life-crisis and he felt terrible for thinking about her the way he was. He was a monster, he thought to himself as his fingers probed the muscles of her back. A degenerate low-life unable to control his emotions around his own mother. Still, no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't stop the feelings.

Then, his fingers touched the strap of her bikini top.

Suddenly, an evil thought raced through his brain. Would she let him unfasten her bikini top? Hadn't she had it off only a short time earlier? Maybe he could convince her that it was leaving a tan line. Just the thought sent another jolt of electricity tearing through his cock making it twitch down inside his trunks making it catch in a painful position on the lining.

"Uh, Mom, I need another drink," he muttered, standing up.

"Freshen mine too, Baby," she crooned, handing him her glass.

Hobbling into the house, he stopped just inside the door to resituate his disobedient prick. Finally able to walk again without pain, he went to the bar. Filling his glass, he gulped down half of it before he refilled both glasses and started back outside.

Shuffling across the patio, trying to figure out how he could get her top off, he nearly dropped both glasses when he looked over at his mother. She had unfastened her bikini top herself. His cock nearly leapt out of its confinement when he saw this. While the sight of her bronzed bare back wasn't the sexiest thing he had ever seen, the fact she didn't have her top on sent thrills rushing up and down his spine. She must be getting tipsy, he thought. She certainly didn't know what he was thinking, or she wouldn't have removed the top of her bikini. In fact, she would probably run into the house screaming.

Taking another quick drink, he set the glasses down. Slowly sitting back down, he admired the swell of her breasts as they extruded out from underneath her. He sat staring at them for several moments before he finally dug his fingers into her back muscles once again. Even then, he still couldn't take his eyes off the soft, golden tan balloons of flesh swelling out from underneath her. The rounded softness was only slightly less tanned than her bronzed back. It was so sexually stimulating, it took all the will power he could muster to keep from running his hands down to the twin extrusions of flesh.

"Oh, Josh, that feels so good," his mother sighed as he continued to work his way lower down her back.

"Glad you like it," he mumbled, ashamed that he was having such lewd thoughts.

Lower and lower he went until his hands were kneading the soft upper swell of her buttocks. Sweating profusely again, he stopped and squirted out more lotion onto his hands. Slowly spreading the lotion round and round in little circles, he went as low as he dared onto her round rump. Hesitantly, but persistently, he slowly moved his hands lower and lower, encompassing more and more of the soft, pliant flesh of the cheeks of her ass.

Again, as before, his fingers once again encountered her bikini.

Should he? Could he? Would she let him undo her bikini bottom?

She had loosened her top, but this was even more perilous. This would expose her ass and possibly her pussy.

Quickly downing his drink, he rose once again.

He needed to find more courage before he could debark on his journey to the final frontier.

"Uh, Mom," he bumbled, "I'm going to refill my glass. You want another drink?"

"UH, what, already?" she sleepily muttered.

"It's hot out here, Mom. And besides, I'm just trying to catch up with you," he chuckled nervously, not wanting to seem too obvious.

"Uh, well, let me finish this one first," she mumbled, rolling over onto her back and picking up her drink.

As she rolled over, Josh was presented with a spectacular view of her big, bare, breasts as they heaved out into the open. But, this time he was close enough to reach out and touch them...but he didn't.

He almost swallowed his tongue and his eyes bulged out of his head as he gawked down at the wondrous treasures.

But she seemed oblivious to his fascination with them as she slowly tipped up her glass and downed her drink.

"There," she smiled, handing her empty glass, "now you can fill it up again, Darling."

"Uh, yeah, uh, sure, uh, gosh, sure," he inanely muttered, unable to tear his eyes away from her breasts.

"You okay?" she asked, seemingly unaware that her breasts were exposed to his gawking eyes.

Somehow, he was able to stumble to his feet and take her glass. Walking toward the door, gawking back over his shoulder, he felt like he had a baseball bat shoved down his pants. His huge cock had never been so hard and stiff. He could hardly wait until he was inside so he could straighten it out once again.

Stepping through the door, he quickly reached down and grappled with his errant organ until it was as comfortable as he could make it in its present state. Reeling over to the bar, he refilled their glasses with almost pure liquor. Then throwing a little dash of mix in, he stirred it up. It would either give him the courage he needed or he would pass out trying. The way he was feeling toward his mother, the latter was definitely the safest course, but his hormones made that possibility very remote.

With his head buzzing from the alcohol and the adrenaline coursing through his bloodstream, he tottered back out to the patio. Sipping his drink, he set his mother's drink down on the table, just far enough away that she would have to reach for it. She was still sitting up and her big, sweaty tits were dangling down from her chest slowly undulating up and down as she breathed.

"There's your drink—" he tipsily smiled, taking a sip of his own, staring at her tits and trying not to make it seem too obvious.

"Oh, Thank you, Darling," she gushed, slowly reaching for her drink.

Then as she picked up her drink, she glanced down at her big bare breasts dangling down conspicuously bare.

"Oh, dear me," she blushed as she brought up her arm in front of them to hide them, "I'm sorry. I forgot that I didn't have my top on."

"You don't hear me complaining, do you?" Josh drunkenly snickered.

Josh just sat there staring down at her impressive bosom as his mother gave him a funny look and took a quick sip of her drink.

Setting her drink down again, she slowly rolled back over onto her stomach, once again hiding the *pièces de résistance* underneath her.

"I guess I'll have to be more careful," she mumbled.

"Don't bother," Josh gulped, taking another drink before setting his glass down.

"Naughty, naughty," his mother tittered tipsily, "now get back to work."

Wondering if his mother was warning him or joking with him, he needed time to regain his courage. Scooting down, he began working on her soft, dainty feet. Massaging and kneading his way slowly up her long, curvaceous calves he took at least ten minutes to reach her thighs. Slowly, but steadily, he worked his way higher and higher until he reached the bottom of her delectable backside. Once again, he had encountered her bikini. It would be doubly challenging to loosen it this time. Her bikini bottom was secured by a knot each side. Hesitating only a moment, he took a deep breath and with trembling fingers, he nervously began untying one of the knots as he waited for her to protest. When he finally had the first knot undone, without her voicing any objection, he hurriedly untied the second knot. She was letting him do it! He couldn't believe it. His heart was pounding so hard, it was threatening to explode out of his chest. Then, holding his breath, he delicately peeled the material down off the rounded cheeks of her exquisite rear end. Then when the crack of her ass was totally exposed, he dropped the strip of material down between her legs.

He couldn't believe it. He was staring down at his mother's beautiful, bare ass. It was the most heavenly sight he had ever seen...beside her tits. Sculpted out of alabaster marble, it was perfect in every way.

Gorgeous. Spectacular. Beautiful. He tried to find the perfect word to describe it. Exquisite. That was the word he was looking for. It was so wondrous, he wanted to lean down and kiss it, but somehow restrained himself.

Finally, he cautiously began to knead the soft flesh. Squeezing and fondling the pliant flesh, he felt a jolt of electricity tear through his cock as he caught a glimpse of her puckered asshole. Even it was beautiful, he deliriously thought as he pulled and stretched her buttocks so that he could secretly see it more clearly. It was a perfect little puckered o. It was all he could do to keep from running his finger over it. God, his mother's asshole and it was only inches from his probing, kneading fingers.

Finally, he stopped massaging his mother's delightful rear end and took a deep breath.

"Uh, Mother, uh, would you, uh, like," he stuttered anxiously, "like, uh, for me to do your front, too?"

There he had said it. What would she say? Was she drunk enough to let him give her a whole-body massage? Had she heard him, he wondered when she didn't speak for several moments?

"I guess so," she finally said, slowly rolling over onto her back and looking up at him.

He couldn't believe it. She was naked. Totally, utterly naked, her bikini lying underneath her back. SHE WAS GORGEOUS—

"Are you okay, you look a little nervous?" she asked him as a playful smile frolicked across her full red lips.

"Uh, I, uh, I'm just not used to seeing you," he gulped loudly, "uh, without, uh, without any clothes on."

"Oh, my," she said, making a half-hearted attempt to cover herself with her arms and hands, "I forgot again."

Josh didn't know what to do or say. Had she really forgotten? Or was this all just an act to save face?

"Oh, well," she finally sighed, slowly moving her arms back down to her side, "the horse is already out of the barn, so I might as well leave it out."

"Uh, yeah...uh, can't hurt anything..." Jose mumbled, swallowing, trying to keep the lump in his throat from flopping out.

"Can I trust you to give your old Mom a massage," she asked, a tiny little grin playing over her lips, "without getting carried away?"

"Uh, carried, uh, carried away?"

"Just remember not to let your fingers wander anywhere they don't belong."

"Uh, okay, uh" he muttered, staring down at her, "I'll try."

"I shouldn't let you," she went on, "but right at the moment, I'm too tired to care."

"Okay, Mom, I'll try."

"Okay," she smiled, closing her eyes. "Try real hard."

"Okay," he repeated himself.

Not trusting himself at the moment, he began with one of her hands and slowly worked down her arm until he reached her shoulder. Then he repeated the same with her other arm. He was having trouble breathing as he quickly scooted down and began at her feet. Slowly, he worked up first one long shapely leg and then the other. Just as his hand began to massage her soft, firm inner thighs, she moved her legs apart slightly and he found himself staring straight into her exposed pink-lipped pussy. His cock lurched and threatened to explode as he openly gaped down at her unveiled motherdom.

Did she know she was exposing it to him or had she just accidentally opened her legs?

After a few seconds, she murmured and slowly closed her legs to once again hide her femininity from him.

He knew he couldn't trust himself to go any further without doing something he would regret for the rest of his life.

"Uh, I think I had better stop," he muttered, standing up.

"But you didn't finish your job," she told him, opening her eyes, looking up at him and pouting out her lower lip.

"Uh, I, uh, I think I'd better stop," he said again.

"Oh, okay," she mumbled, sounding disappointed, "If you have to. I understand."

"I'm sorry, but," he tried to explain, "uh, I just..."

"I said that it was okay," she told him slowly sitting up, "I think it's time we, uh, I went inside anyway."

"It is very, very hot," he agreed, extending a hand down to help her up.

"Yes, it is," she sighed taking his hand, "too hot—"

Josh grunted and pulled her to her feet.

"I hope that no one saw us this afternoon," she softly laughed, "they might have gotten the idea that we were fooling around or something what with me running around all naked and everything."

"Uhuh," he blushed, "oh, do you want me to get your suit?"

"Wow," she exclaimed as she took a step and stumbled.

Josh reached out and caught her before she fell but in the process grabbed a handful of soft, pliant breast.

"Wow, if they saw that," she smiled at him, looking down at his hand clutching hold of her breast, "they would definitely get the wrong idea."

"Oops," he grumbled, letting go of her breast like it was a hot potato.

"Too much sun, alcohol, and excitement, I think," she giggled softly.

"Uh-huh—" Josh mumbled, unable to say anything else as his mouth was stuffed with cotton.

"Don't worry about it, Baby," she tittered, "I shouldn't have drank so much."

"Want me to help you inside?"

"That would probably be a good idea," she told him, "and just forget the suit. It isn't serving any purpose now anyway."

Josh wrapped his arm around her waist and started helping her into the house. As they walked, she tripped again and grabbed at him to keep from falling. As she did, her hand knocked his towel off to reveal the jutting tent protruding out in the front of his trunks.

"Oooppssss, sorry," she apologized looking down at the giant bulge in his trunks.

There was no way to hide his erection as it conspicuously ballooned out filling the front of his trunks. She stopped in her tracks and openly ogled it.

"Come on, Mother," he mumbled, tugging her along, trying to divert her attention away from his shameful state of arousal, "let's get in the house."

A strange look came over her face as she finally took her eyes off his evident erection. She looked into his eyes with a penetrating glare.

She didn't look angry, just amused, as if she couldn't believe what she was seeing. Then, she quickly looked back down at the bulge in his trunks one more time before she started walking toward the house again.

What a weird sight, he thought. A mother drunk, naked, and glistening with sun tan oil being led into the house by her son with his arm around her waist and a glaringly evident erection tenting the front of his swimming trunks.

"Do you want to go to your room, Mother?" he asked her.

No, I don't think so," she said, pulling out of his arms and stumbling over to the couch, "I think that I would like another drink."

As she sat down, her eyes immediately went back down to his crotch as her face reddened.

"Are you sure?" he asked, trying to hide himself from her prying eyes by stepping behind the bar.

"Yes," she emphatically declared.

Josh hurriedly poured her another drink, making it as weak as he dared. Then covering himself with his hand, he quickly stepped over and handed her the drink before rushing back out onto the patio.

Trying to regain his senses, he gathered up his mother's bikini and his towel. Quickly wrapping the towel around his waist again, he tried to hide his erection, but was only partially successful. With his condition temporarily hidden, he collected up the glasses and then, bracing himself, he went trudging back into the house.

"Uh, Mother, here's your suit," he told her holding her bikini out to her, "don't you want to put it back on?"

"Why, I'm afraid that the horse, uh, horses are already out of the barn," she said coyly taking a small sip of her drink.

"Uh, okay," he gulped, "then I think I will have another drink, too."

"Okay," she mischievously smiled, "then you can come over and sit by your Dear Old Mom."

"Aw, Mom, you're not old," he complained walking over to the bar.

Josh couldn't believe what was happening. This couldn't be real. He couldn't be standing behind the bar making himself a drink while his mother, tipsy and totally naked sat on the couch waiting for him to join her. What should he do? He had never seen his mother like this. Was she being coy and teasing him, or... no, no, she would never do that. His mother would never do that. Never. Not with him. His cock lurched at the thought. God! Then it came to him. Like a ton of bricks crashing down on him, He wanted to make love to his Mother! His Mother! He would gladly give up twenty years of his life to make love to her one time.

But she was his mother. HIS MOTHER! She was his mother. She would never stoop so low as to make love to her own son. She was the very personification of motherhood in Josh's inebriated mind. Loving, caring, even doting at times, but never, never the kind of woman who could do that—

Never in a million years. She was just a little drunk. That was all. A little tipsy and the sun had been so hot. That was it. It had to be the heat and the alcohol. He had had a little too much too. Well, maybe more than a little and he was just imagining things. Damn hormones were going crazy and driving him mad in the process.

"Well, are you going to stay over there behind the bar for the rest of the afternoon?" she asked him, leaning back on the couch, thrusting out her breasts.

"Uh, I don't, uh, know, I, uh, guess not," he stammered, slowly easing out from behind the bar.

"What's wrong with me? Nobody seems to want to be around me anymore," she moped, pouting out her lower lip. "Why is that?"

"Aw, Mom, it's not that I don't want to, uh, be, uh, be with you," he muttered, "I'm just a little nervous sitting beside you, uh, like that. When you don't have any clothes on. It's weird—"

Josh's cock was so hard and stiff, it ached as he stumbled out from behind the bar.

"Well, maybe if you didn't have any clothes on, too... Maybe if you were naked, too, you'd feel a little less self-conscious," she softly said, with a mischievous smile. "So why don't you take your clothes off too?"

"What?" he gasped not believing his ears, "what did you say?"

"I said that if you were uncomfortable with your clothes on," she paused for effect, then said in a louder voice, "then take them off."

"What did you say?" he asked again, unable to believe what he had heard.

"I said," she said loudly and somewhat impatiently, "take your clothes off."

"For God's sake, Mom," he muttered, his face turning beet red, "what's gotten into you? Are you joking? Or trying to embarrass me or what?"

"I am trying to make you comfortable. Trying to get you to take your clothes off and come over here and sit with me," she said insistently. "I can't say it any plainer—"

Josh stood staring down at his mother for several seconds. His brain had ceased to function. It had turned to mush. There was just too much for it to assimilate in such a short span of time. His mother was telling him to take his clothes off in front of her. What kind of crazy, sick game was she playing?

There was no way she could be thinking the same thing he was. Mother's just didn't think that way about their sons. Or did they? There had to be some other reason, other than the obvious one that kept creeping back into his brain. But what could it be?

"Josh, am I going to have to undress you?" she asked him after several moments. "You know I can. I've done it a thousand times—" she impatiently declared.

Like a buffoon, he stood there staring at her. Then with the subtlest of moves, she slowly spread her legs apart several inches. As his eyes dropped to the tangled forest of curly blond hairs at the bottom of her tummy, she slowly ran her finger down the wet, glistening rift of pink flesh.

"Now do you get the point?" he heard her say.

An explosion went off inside his head. Could it be any clearer? There couldn't be any doubt now—

As unbelievable as it was, his mother was trying to seduce him. NO. She wasn't trying. She was seducing him. It was as if someone had doused him with a bucket of ice water. Suddenly, his brain cleared. It was like stepping out of the fog into a bright, sunshiny day.

Grinning drunkenly, he brazenly reached down, jerked the knot out of the towel and let it fall to the floor. Then as his mother watched on, her big, blue eyes twinkling indecently in the harsh afternoon light, Josh quickly hooked his thumbs down under the waistband of his trunks and shoved.

The trunks suddenly went rushing down over his hips and his huge, stiff cock sprang out into the open, bobbing and dancing up and down in front of his mother's gawking eyes.

"OH MYYYYYYYYYY God—" she gasped as his cock finally stopped bobbing and stood curving up out of his crotch, stiff and hard, evilly twitching in rhythm with the beat of Josh's pounding heart.

"Oh, My, Oh, My, oh my God." she gushed again, staring and openly in awe of the rock-hard penis throbbing and softly twitching as it stood at attention before her, "Oh, My, Oh, My Lord, Josh."

His mother was clearly surprised, and apparently impressed by the size of his cock.

"Oh, My, God, Josh, Baby—it's SO Big," she whispered as Josh slowly stepped out of his trunks making the object of her attention twitch and jerk.

He slowly took a step toward her. As he did, his cock swayed from side to side, like a hooded cobra, swaying, trying to hypnotize its prey. Now knowing his mother's intent, Josh felt totally in control of the whole thing as his mother sat numbly watching his undulating penis. He waited for several long, breathless moments before he slowly took another step.

Then, with each step, he drew closer and closer to her, and she made no move to retreat. Finally, he stood directly in front of her, his throbbing cock jutting out at her only inches from her face.

Then she looked up from his cock. Staring deep into his eyes, she didn't move for the longest time.

Would she come to her senses and tell him to stop, he wondered? Then her eyes dipped back down to his twitching cock as she leaned toward him. He almost lost it as he watched his mother's ruby red lips purse and gently kissed the head of his bobbing cock.

His knees almost gave way as his cock lurched and sprang straight up.

He had never been so hard or felt so virile, so potent. This couldn't be happening, he thought as his mother looked up at him again and smiled. He felt like he was having a heart attack as his heart fluttered and pulsed down inside his chest.

At last, she started to move back away from him. Aha, he thought, she is finally calling the game. It had been wonderful while it had lasted, but she was coming to her senses at the last moment. And he had been so close.

But as he watched, she made no move to leave as she slowly turned, leaning away, down onto her back on the couch. Then, scooting up the couch until her head was resting on the arm, she slowly spread her legs apart once again to bare the wet, weeping flesh between them.

Josh's heart leapt into his throat as she extended her arms up to him. It couldn't be. He had to be dreaming this.

No, it was really happening. His mother was lying on her back with her legs spread apart, inviting him into her arms.

For a moment, he was paralyzed, his brain once again unable to accept the amount of stimuli pouring into it. He was about to fuck his mother—

He was about to become a mother-fucker. Just thinking about it was almost enough to make him come. Then he heard his mother whisper.

"Baby, Come to Mommy, make love to Mommy like a man. Be Mommy's new man."

It was really going to happen, he thought as he clumsily clambered up between his mother's outstretched legs. His heart was pounding so hard, he knew it would explode out of his chest any second now as he watched her reach down to his granite-hard cock. His cock was so hard, it was like a steel rod jutting out of his hairy groin. Unable to take his eyes away the evil thing, he watched his mother force it down, bending it down to the slit of wet, vulnerable flesh between her legs. Unable to see her pussy from his angle, he could only picture what it must look like from what he had seen earlier. Wet, deep, and so inviting. The place from where he had emerged so many years ago. Now he was going to invade those hallowed depths once again and fill them with his own seed. He was about to impregnate his own mother with his own sperm-laden semen.

He was about to recreate himself inside of her.

Then he touched her. He could feel the heat emanating from inside the wet, slippery opening as the tip of his dick brushed against it. Clenching the muscles in his ass, he began to push and felt the moist warmth of his mother's sex envelop the head of his penis as it began to slowly slide down into her.

"Oh sweet God—" she whispered under her breath as he felt his cockhead slowly penetrating the sacred core of her femininity.

As his cock slowly slithered down into the clutching slit, Josh leaned down and kissed his mother's cheek. She was crying as he tasted her tears on the tip of his tongue. Why was she crying? He thought this was what she wanted. Why was she crying? Then his mother slowly turned, her lips brushing across his cheek until her lips were on his. The kiss was soft and intimate for a moment. But the longer they kissed, the more passionate it became as Josh drove deeper and deeper into the forbidden depths of his mother's accepting pussy. Then Josh felt her lips part as his tongue gently probed inside them. Then her tongue curled around his and sparks flew as their tongues intertwined like copulating snakes. They kissed hungrily as their bodies slowly became one. Deeper and deeper into the clutching, burning core of her vagina he sent his cock. Six, then seven, then eight, and finally all nine inches of his swollen maleness penetrated the fiery gash between her widespread legs. He was totally immersed in her. All the way to the hilt inside his mother's cunt. He was now a mother-fucker—

"Oh, Mommy's little Baby..." his mother cooed as their lips parted and she curled her hips, thrusting up, taking him as deep inside her as she could. "Fill Mommy with your cock."

Thrusting the last millimeter of his giant cock down into her, Josh held himself inside of her without moving for the longest time, baptizing his manhood in the fiery core of his mother's most sacred of places. As he felt her tight, grasping cunt squeeze and milk his loaded weapon, Josh could feel the pool of burning cum inside his dangling balls go critical. Josh lost all control. Some twisted, primitive passion now filled his mind. His only purpose in life was to bury his seed back into the same fertile womb that once conceived him. Then nurtured him, nourished him and brought him into the world. He must fill it with his own rich, potent semen and let it forge himself again in her fiery furnace. As sick and perverted as it was, he couldn't stop it.

"AWWWFFFFUUUUKKKKKkkkkkkk," he bellowed, his whole body convulsing as his cock began to buck and jerk down inside his mother's tight, hot, clenching cunt.

"YESSSSsssssss, Babbyyyyyyy, fill me with your sweet cream," his mother cried out as she collapsed down around his spewing cock.

Josh felt as if his whole body was being sucked out through his cock, out through the Ring of Fire encircling it. He had never felt anything like it before. He was King. He was the conqueror of the world. He was the Lord of all. He was the Supreme Being. Creator of all. HE WAS GOD—

Again and again, his weapon fired, sending gusher after gusher of thick, frothy cum into his mother's sucking cunt. It felt like his cum was coming by the bucketfuls as his cock spurted out more and more thick, potent love-cream into her hungry pussy.

Finally, he felt the strength of the blasts begin to wane. He never wanted the feelings he was feeling to end. The passion of it. The delight of it all.

But finally it ended. He had given her his all. He had no more left to give her.

Disappointed that it had ended so quickly, he slowly drew his hips back and then angrily plunged himself back down into her hot, sucking cunt all the way to the hilt again.

"Oh, Yes, Baby, Oh, Yes, Baby, Fuck Mommy," his mother blathered, kicking her long legs up, wrapping herself around him, her hands clawing at him, urging him on, thrusting herself up at him, "Fuck, Mommy, hard and deep, Baby. Make Mommy cum, too."

From somewhere Josh found another surge of energy. Slowly at first he began to slide his slowly deflating manhood in and out of her wet, drooling pit. As he did, he felt it begin to harden and strengthen inside of her. As it grew in size and strength, he began to fuck her with powerful, deep strokes, impaling her all the way to the hilt every time he slammed his cock into her.

"Like this, Mommy, Like this?" he grunted, seeking her approval on every savage thrust.

"Oh, Yes, Baby, Oh, Yes, That's it, that's the way," his mother panted as Josh's hips rocked back and forth faster and faster.

Suddenly, he felt her hot, smooth thighs lock down around his waist. Then he felt her soft, round heels dig into his bounding ass. As her heels dug into his ass, urging him on, she dug her long, sharp fingernails into his back, raking and clawing at him coaxing him, driving him on.

"Oh, God, Yes, Oh, Fuck," she blathered throwing herself up at him every time he pounded his cock into her pussy.

Unbelievably, he had been a virgin until only moments before. Now, he was fucking his own mother. Fucking her like a mad man. He could feel his balls slapping up against her ass every time he drove his cock down into her hot, sucking softness. He had wondered what making love would feel like, but never in

a million years could he have ever imagined anything this wonderful. It was incredible. It was incomprehensible. Could it feel the same for her?

"Does, ungh, it, ungh, feel, ungh, good, ungh, Mommy?" Josh grunted, still needing his mother's praise.

"Oh, Fuck, Unh, Fuck, unh, Yes, unh, I, unh, Love, unh, it."

They writhed and crashed together like battling rams. The room was filled with the loud, slapping sounds of their love making as it mingled with the unintelligible sounds spewing from their mouths.

They were both drenched in sweat and the bodily secretions being pounded out of her overflowing pussy by Josh's pistoning cock. Their groins were covered in a thick, frothy foam and the thick, rich scent of sex filled the air as they battled for gratification.

"Yes, fuck, yes, fuck, Mommy's, fuck, Mommy's, fuck, comminggggggg..." she blurted out, digging her heels into his ass harder, grinding herself against him, her pussy clutching and grabbing at him.

"Make, unh, Mommy, unh, come, unh-come—"

"UGNH, UNGH, UNGH," he grunted, pounding himself down into her hot, sucking slit harder and harder.

Then suddenly, the room was filled with a burst of brilliant white light and they were both engulfed in the fiery heart of unholy flames flaming up from their incestuous union. Josh's ass lurched forward, impaling her to the limit as he pinned her to the couch with his giant cock.

"Aeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii—" she screamed out as she began to shake and shudder.

"Gawwwddddd" he groaned as his cock began to buck and spurt inside the core of her overheated cunt once again. His cum spewed out by the gallons. He didn't know where it had come from, but she took it all, her cunt hungrily gulping down his potent load again and again until there was no more left inside of his drained balls.

But still, her ravenous cunt sucked on him, milking him totally and completely dry.

"Oh, Fuck," he finally muttered, collapsing down on her utterly drained of strength and jism.

Then he felt her move underneath him.

"Heavy—" she grunted, gently pushing at him.

"Sorry—" he tiredly muttered, pulling out, rolling over and falling onto the floor with a loud thump.

Lying there on the floor with his mother smiling down at him, he wondered how it had all happened so fast. And now what?

Then he saw his mother roll over to the edge of the couch and look down at him.

As she did, Josh could see the love in her eyes...and almost feel it pouring down onto him.

"That was wonderful..." she murmured.

"You're, you're not mad?" Josh timidly asked, not knowing what to expect now that it was over...or was it?

"Maybe a little crazy," she softly laughed. "But I'm not angry, if that's what you mean."

What was she talking about? Mad? Angry? Crazy? Then it came to him and he felt a sense of relief wash over him.

Rolling over onto her side, she rested her head in her hand as she lovingly looked down at him sprawled out on the floor in front of the couch.

"I was such a fool..." she told him, reaching down with her other hand and trailing her fingers down his sweaty chest.

"What do you mean?" he asked her, caressing her arm.

"All this time since your father passed on," she said with a soft sigh. "I was always looking for someone to take his place. I was so lonely. I wanted someone so bad. I didn't care who. I just wanted someone..."

"Uh, yeah..." Josh said, wondering where she was going with her story.

"And I had that someone right in front of me...I just never saw it...saw you...saw you as being that person," she smiled, lifting her hand up to her lips, kissing the tips of her fingers and then pressing them against his.

Josh felt like his heart was melting. He'd never felt like this before. His mother? How could he feel this way toward her? It was wrong—

Wasn't it? She was his mother. Of course, he loved her. That went without saying. Everyone loved their mother. But like this? She was his mother. It was a little sick to love your mother like that, wasn't it? But why? What had they done? They hadn't murdered anyone. They hadn't hurt anyone. They had simply made love. What did it matter?

It mattered to him, he told himself! More than anything else in the whole world! He had made love to his mother. It wasn't fucking—

It was making love. And now they had found each other. He wouldn't have to worry about his mother getting hurt anymore, because he would never do anything to hurt her. And he wouldn't let anyone else either. She was his now. His to love and cherish...and protect!

"Mom-I Love You so much..." Josh blubbered, rolling over onto his hands and knees, pushing up onto the couch, wrapping his arms around her, pulling her to him, hugging her, raining soft, little butterfly kisses down all over her tear-stained cheeks. "And I always will."

"I know, Baby, I know..." she whispered, pulling him to her...

The End

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

Happy Birthday

Danny awoke slowly. As he did, his hand sneaked inside his pajama bottoms and found his cock. As usual, it was hard and stiff. Pulling it out through the opening in his pjs, he peeled back the sheet to reveal his large, eight-inch penis and began to slowly stroke it as he wondered what the day would bring. It was his eighteenth birthday and his mother, Diane had promised him a surprise for his birthday, but he couldn't imagine what it could be.

But just the thought of her made his cock lurch threateningly. He had recently begun to have to have some very indecent dreams about his mother. He felt disgusted that he could even think about her in the way he was thinking, but he just couldn't help it. They were dreams after all and he had no control over his dreams. It was just the lingering aftereffects of the dreams that had him bothered. And he sickly wondered what it would be like to do the things to his mother that he did to her in the dreams?

As he lay there thinking about his mother, Diane, his hand began to move up and down his cock faster. He and his mother had lived alone since his father's death five years ago and Danny found himself finding her more and more attractive as time passed.

He didn't know why, but just like she was in the dreams, he was beginning to wonder if she really looked like how he pictured her in the dreams? Maybe the fact that she was beautiful and had a knock-out body contributed to his delinquency, but he still knew that he shouldn't be having such evil thoughts about her. While his mother was forty-five years old, she was better looking than any thirty year old in the neighborhood. In fact, in his eyes, she was by far the best looking woman in town. Still, he knew that he was deranged for thinking about his mom in that way, especially while he was beating his meat.

Still, he couldn't stop himself from wondering what she would look like totally nude. He had caught glimpses of her in various stages of undress, but never totally nude. But in his dreams, he filled in the blanks, so he thought he had a pretty good idea what she would look like naked. But still, that was only his sick imagination. When she wore her skimpy one piece bathing suit, he could barely keep his eyes off her lovely, long legs. She had the best looking legs ever. Every time she wore a long flowing dress with a slit up the side, he would nearly cum in his pants watching her long, tanned legs flashing through the slit. God, what legs she had, he thought to himself as his hand worked faster and faster.

Then his thoughts strayed back to that night! The night when his mother had gone out to a dinner party and had just gotten back when Danny had decided it was bedtime. He would never forget it—

His mother was in her room getting ready for bed and not thinking anything about it, Danny stopped by her room to tell her good night. Seeing that her door was slightly ajar, he peeked inside.

His mother was sitting on the edge of her bed pulling her pantyhose down her long, curvaceous legs. She had already taken off her skirt and blouse but still had her brassiere on. Initially, she hadn't seen him standing there and within moments, to Danny's stunned amazement she was naked from the waist down.

Danny was shocked. It had all happened so quick, he hadn't even had time to react. He couldn't believe what he was seeing as he stood there in the doorway peering in through the crack. And to make things even worse, he suddenly found himself sporting the boner of all boners while he spied on his mother. He had even caught a glimpse of her bald, smooth mons. He was stunned again. She was bald as a billiard ball. She shaved her pussy!

Then she had started to reach behind her and release her bra. Watching on in feverish expectation, he had waited for her to pop her brassiere and let her big tits flop out into the open. Staring at her big, hard nipples, pink and puffy sticking out over the top of her brassiere, he waited. Then, for some reason, she had looked over to the door. He recalled that neither of them had moved for several long seconds as they stared at each other. Then all of a sudden, she'd grabbed her skirt up off the bed and draped it across in front of her.

"Danny—" she squeaked, shoving up onto her feet, turning and presenting her naked backside to his leering eyes.

"Sorry—Mom—" Danny croaked, staggering back away from the door and dashing back down to his room. He remembered being embarrassed beyond belief as he had rushed back to his room without even telling her goodnight. Once there, he had promptly masturbated with the picture of her bald, shaved pussy dancing through his reeling brain.

Thankfully, she hadn't said anything the next day. But after that first time, he had found himself trying harder and harder to catch her in compromising stages of undress. Strangely, it seemed easier to catch glimpses of her partial nakedness than before the incident. For whatever reason, she seemed to be less concerned about him seeing her now than before the incident.

Wondering why that was, he kept sliding his hand up and down his prick.

Danny could feel himself gradually approaching the point of no return as he lay in bed thinking about his mother. As he began to move his hand quicker and quicker, he suddenly became aware of the smell of bacon in the air.

That would mean that his mother was downstairs cooking breakfast for him. Suddenly, his mind was filled with a perverted picture of his mother cooking breakfast in a naughty, frilly corset. In his mind, he pictured her bending over with her beautiful, bare breasts hanging out of the corset, swinging from side to side, swaying, banging against one another as she worked. Although he had never seen her breasts completely bare, he could imagine how wonderful they would look. Big, soft and as white as a fleecy cloud. He could even see where the whiteness ended and her tanned skin began. He felt a tingle of perverse excitement trickle through his cock as this erotic fantasy filled his head. Dangerously close to coming, he felt his cock harden even more.

Wanting to prolong the delicious feeling of wickedness, he stopped stroking himself. Holding his giant cock in his hand, he closed his eyes and let the image of his mother shimmer through his mind. The image in his mind seemed almost real as he watched her breasts dangling down, full and heavy as they bobbed and wobbled. In his mind, he had dressed her in a racy pair of black hose and black high-heeled pumps to go with her black corset. He couldn't believe how incredibly beautiful she was as she moved about the kitchen preparing his breakfast.

Then, he thought he felt a faint, almost indistinguishable breath of air brush across his throbbing cock. If he hadn't been so aroused and sensitive, he wouldn't have noticed the breeze. Wondering if he had left his window open, he slowly opened his eyes and started to turn toward the window.

Before he could turn, he saw his mother standing in his doorway holding a tray with his breakfast on it.

"Oh, Shit," he gasped pulling the sheet up over his stiff cock.

His whole body turned beet red as he stared at his mother standing in the doorway. Her mouth was hanging open, her eyes were as big as saucers and she had a shocked look on her face.

"God, Mother, I'm sorry," he blubbered out, "I didn't know you were there."

"Uhhhhhh," she said, clearing her throat, "I could see that."

"I'm sorry," he apologized again, not knowing what else to say.

"Well, uh, Happy Birthday," she told him, as the look of surprise turned to one of condemnation. "I thought you would like breakfast before I gave you your present, but maybe not..."

"Uh, What, uh..." Danny stuttered, so shaken by her sudden appearance, he had completely forgotten it was still his birthday.

Danny didn't speak, but he watched as she slowly approached his bed. Although it was early in the morning, she had taken the time to put on make-up. Not that she needed it, because to him she was beautiful with or without it. Disappointedly, he noted that she was wearing her frumpy old terry-cloth house robe. It was thick terry cloth with long sleeves and covered her from her neck all the way down to her ankles with its sexless plainness. It was definitely not the costume that he had pictured her wearing while she prepared his breakfast.

"But, since I brought it up here," she said stopping by his bed and leaning down, "you might as well eat it while I tell you about your birthday present."

Then she placed the tray of food down squarely down on his lap, on the big, hard lump jutting up against the bed sheet and roughly pressed it down against him. It seemed to Danny that she had pressed it down on him a little harder than necessary, but maybe his overactive imagination was working overtime.

Grabbing hold of the tray, he scooted back until he was leaning back against the headboard. Embarrassed, he quickly started eating to hide his shame and prevent himself from having to respond to anything she had to say.

"Well..." she mumbled, sitting down on the edge of his bed. She seemed just as embarrassed as Danny was as she timidly watched him eat.

Danny was at a loss for words. He didn't know what was going on. Why was she acting so guilty?

"I really don't know where to begin," she finally went on, blushing slightly.

"I thought long and hard," she went on as she watched him eat, "pardon the pun," she nervously chuckled, glancing down at the tray. "Uh, I didn't know what to get you. Your eighteenth birthday is so special. "And you have just about everything that money can buy since your father left us so well off, financially. So, I guess that I could have given you almost anything. But then I asked myself what could I get you that money couldn't buy? Something that no one else would or could give you? And, finally something that I think you want very much."

Pausing for a moment, she nervously toyed with the top button of her house robe as she seemed to be gathering her thoughts.

Danny had finished his breakfast and quietly laid his fork down on his empty plate.

Wondering what she could be getting at and why it was taking her so long to tell him, Danny sat watching her feeling strangely self-conscious. What could she give him that money couldn't buy? What would no one else be able to give him? What did she think he really wanted? If she only knew, he vulgarly thought—

He could think of one thing that fit all of those categories, but that would never happen.

It was several seconds before his mother finally continued.

"I finally decided what I would give you, but now that the time has come for me to actually give you my gift," she blushed again, "I wonder if I can go through with it."

Hesitating again, as she sat looking at him, she was nervously fidgeting with the top button on her robe, pushing it back and forth through the buttonhole. Then she stopped, leaving the top button unbuttoned and nervously moved down to the next button.

Danny had almost finished his breakfast as he watched her, wondering if she realized what she was doing. It seemed to be just a nervous gesture, but she had unbuttoned the top button of her robe.

"I've watched you grow and mature," she told him, "and I've noticed the way that you've looked at me recently. I realize that you are eighteen and that your hormones are going full blast all of the time. I also know that some boys your age fantasize about their mother."

Turning bright red again, Danny felt a wave of shame and humiliation wash over him as she seemed to be reading his mind. How could she know? Maybe he had been too obvious. He wished he had a hole to crawl in as she sat innocently looking at him. She was such a sweet and wonderful person, how could he even think such gross and despicable thoughts about her. He was ashamed of even imagining her doing anything sexually. Why did he think such things about her when he knew he could never do anything that would hurt her? He was almost in tears, chastising himself for having such perverse, evil thoughts about her.

But, even as he rebuked himself, he caught a whiff of her soft, seductive perfume and felt his penis lurch uncontrollably. Thankfully, the tray covered him and his mother hadn't seen his cock jump. He was horrible, he thought to himself. He hated himself for being unable to control his animal urges in front of his dear, sweet mother.

"It is only natural for a boy to fantasize such things," she told him, carefully choosing each word, "while on the other hand, we both know how bad it would be to carry through on those thoughts. So bad in fact, our society even has laws against them."

Was she trying to make him feel like a pervert? If she was, she was succeeding, he guiltily thought.

"While boys fantasize about their mothers, mothers can have feelings too. Especially if a mother lives all alone with her son. Especially if a mother doesn't have other men in her life." she said, her voice cracking, "There is no stronger love in the world than that of a mother for her child. Did you know that?"

"Uh, I, uh, don't, uh, know...I guess so," he blabbered awkwardly, growing more and more embarrassed by the minute.

"So when I started thinking about your eighteenth birthday," she went on, sliding the second button through its hole, "I wanted to give you something that would show you just how much I love you. And just as important, I wanted to be with you when you left childhood and traveled into manhood. I wanted to show you the way. Guide you and lead you..."

This was getting crazier by the second and Danny was drowning in the profoundness of it all.

"Then I had a crazy idea, but I didn't know if I had the courage to follow through on it," she shyly smiled. "I started reading books on the rites of passages in many different cultures, and I discovered that my idea wasn't that uncommon."

Stopping for a moment, she took a deep breath, making her big tits heave up and down inside her robe before she continued on.

"I found that my gift was a gift many mothers give their sons as they pass from childhood into manhood," she said, her voice becoming husky with emotion, "except that it is not done in our society. But I felt that you were mature enough to understand what I was giving to you. I thought you would be man

enough to accept it, and have the discipline to understand its true meaning. I am going to offer it to you. It is up to you to accept it or decline it. I just hope that you realize how much it takes for me to offer this gift to you. I am prepared to give you the most sacred treasure a mother has to offer her son. I labored over my decision for many a sleepless night, but finally after several months, I am convinced that it is the right gift...and seeing you this morning only confirmed it."

Stupidly, Danny was puzzled by the formality of his mother's dissertation. He thought he could understand some of her insinuations, but he wasn't totally sure as he finished his breakfast, leaned down and set the tray down on the floor by the bed. After he had done so, he wished he hadn't because the outline of his hard, stiff cock was now obviously evident under the thinness of the sheet.

"I hope that you know just how much I love you," his mother started again, toying with yet another button on her robe, "and that I would never do anything to destroy that love. The gifts I offer go hand in hand. If you accept one, then you have to accept the other. It is up to you to accept or reject them. But you must remember, that you can't have one without the other. You must understand that. Do you understand that it is up to you to take them or reject them? Whatever you decide, you must remember that there is a second part of the gift and you must have the discipline to accept it. Discipline is one of the first things you must learn as a man. Do you understand?"

"Uh, I, don't know...it sounds complicated, but I, uh, think so" Danny stammered, beginning to sense the gravity of the conditions.

"Then if you are sure you understand the magnitude of my concern, come with me," she dramatically told him, pushing up onto her high heels beside his bed.

"Uh, uh, just a minute," he grunted, reaching under the covers and self-consciously shoving his errant prick back inside his pajama bottoms.

She smiled knowingly, watching him struggle out of bed. Wondering where they were going and what she had planned for him, Danny dropped his hand down in front of his crotch as he shyly followed her out his room and down the hallway to her room. They were going to her bedroom, he feverishly thought? Had she hidden his gift in her room? If that were the case, then he'd been sadly mistaken about what he thought the gift was. He was perplexed. Maybe it was too big to carry to his room. Then it dawned on him—his mother was wearing heels, he told himself as he heard the tell-tale clomp of her spike heels on the wooden floor of the hallway. Why would she be wearing high heels with her frumpy gown? Was she going somewhere after she gave him his present?

"Stop, right there," his mother ordered him as she stepped through the doorway. Then, as Danny stood watching her, she strolled across the room to her bed. Stopping, she slowly turned around to face him.

"Are you ready?" she asked him, reaching up and grasping hold of the edges of her robe.

"Uh, yeah, uh, I guess so—" he mumbled, befuddled and not knowing what to expect.

"This is your gift," she tentatively smiled, grabbing the edges of her robe and jerking it open.

Then, as Danny stared at her in stunned shock, she let her house robe fall to the floor.

Danny couldn't believe his eyes—

His mother now stood before him dressed almost exactly the way he had pictured her in his mind earlier that morning. She wore an almost identical corset to the one he had imagined her wearing in his fantasy. The black corset had a white ruffle of lace running around the bottom edge which stopped just above the triangle of her sheer, black panties and a matching edging running along the neckline below her big, bare breasts. Stretching down from the bottom hem of the corset to her sheer, black nylons were lacy garter straps. There was no top to the corset and his mother's enormous, tanned breasts spilled out over the top of it, her big, knobby nipples tauntingly sticking out at him. He couldn't believe it—

"Oh, MY GOD," he blurted out as he felt his cock lurch down inside his pajama bottoms. "I—I don't understand..." he mumbled, stupefied.

As fate would have it, as his cock lurched, it suddenly popped out through the opening in the front of his pajamas. His mother's eyes immediately darted down to the miscreant penis as it stuck out in front of him twitching and bobbing up and down.

"Fuck—" Danny snorted, grabbing it and roughly shoving it back inside his pajamas as he continued to stare at her in stunned amazement. "Uh, sorry—" he muttered as his face lit up like a neon sign.

Staring down at her lovely, long legs, he saw that they were encased in sheer, black hose that had some kind of a flowery design on them. And she was perched atop a pair of black stiletto pumps with at least five-inch spike heels, just like he had imagined it. Then as he watched in a stunned trance, he watched her reach down and hook her thumbs under the stretchy waistband of her sheer black panties. Then defiantly staring into his eyes, she slowly pushed her black panties down over the curves of her hips and onto her shapely thighs exposing her smooth, hairless mons. He suddenly felt lightheaded as he stared down at her pussy. She was wearing a clit ring—

Danny nearly choked. A clit ring! Oh, my God, he frantically thought. She hadn't had one the other day.

"I want to be the woman to lead you from childhood into manhood," she whispered softly, "if you want me to. Do You?"

Danny couldn't speak. The proverbial cat had suddenly morphed into a bald, shaven pussy and swallowed his tongue.

"Well?" she murmured, reaching down and teasing her fingers over her shaven mons.

"OH, GOD YES," he finally somehow choked out, as his eager cock lurched down inside his pajamas popping out through the opening again.

"Fuck—" Danny snorted again grabbing hold of it and starting to shove it back inside his pjs.

"Leave it—" he heard his mother tell him. "I want to see it."

"Uh, uh, okay," he mumbled, letting go of his cock as it stuck straight out jerking in rhythm with his pounding heartbeat.

"I'm glad you accepted my offer," she smiled. "I was worried you would think I was crazy—"

"Jesus Christ, Mom, you're fucking gorgeous," he choked out, openly gawking at her. "How could I turn you down?"

"Thank you—" she cooed, "but before we begin, I want to put on a little show for you. Is that okay?"

"Uh, uh, yeah, uh, I guess," he stammered, bashfully.

"Okay. Why don't you sit down in that chair and watch," she smiled wickedly, reaching up and tweaking one of her big, puffy nips.

Danny was in a fog. He couldn't believe it as he stumbled over to the chair and eased down onto it.

"And leave your cock out, so I can see it," she told him. "You can even play with it if you want so it'll be ready when I finish."

"Huh?" Danny, grunted, not believing what he had heard her say.

"I said you could play with it while you watch me if you want to...so it will be ready."

"Oh, Fuck," he groaned, grabbing hold of his cock and quickly working his hand up and down it. "You don't have to worry about that—" he groaned.

Danny watched on in disbelief and amazement as his mother stood looking down at his exposed manhood.

"Oh, Danny," she cooed, "you are so beautiful and it's so big and hard."

After a few moments, she shook her head and slowly turned around displaying her big, beautiful, round, smooth butt.

She leaned down over the bed with one hand supporting herself and looked back over her shoulder at him.

"What do you think of my derriere?" she asked him, wiggling it suggestively.

"Fucking gorgeous," he grunted, slowly running his hand up and down his throbbing prick. "Prettiest one in the world."

Ogling her beautiful backside, Danny couldn't believe all this was actually happening. Just seeing his mother dressed like she was, was mind-boggling, but having her put on a show for him? Un-fucking-believable—

"Can you see my pussy?" she coyly asked him, reaching back and spreading the cheeks of her ass. "And my little winkie?"

"Fuck," Danny snorted, gawking at his mother's hot, meaty pussy and the little ring of wrinkled flesh peeking out above it out from between the beautiful, round cheeks of her ass. "Yes, yes, I can see them. They're fucking beautiful. Like everything about you, Mom."

"Such a nice compliment," she laughed, turning back around again to face him and slipping her panties the rest of the way down her long, shapely legs and then tossing them on the bed.

With a teasing smile, she slowly eased down onto the bed.

Smiling and watching him stroke himself, she turned slightly, lifted one of her legs, spreading it away from the other one, baring her bald pussy and the shiny, gold clit ring.

"Do you like my little ornament?" she cooed, flicking it with a long, red fingernail.

"Awesome, Mom," he gulped, staring down at the little circle of gold that encircled her big, bulging clit.

Danny knew that his mother was the sexiest woman in the world, but he would never have guessed that she would do anything as daring as getting a clit ring.

"Does it surprise you?" she softly laughed.

"Yeah, I would never have guessed you would do something like that," he muttered.

"I'm glad you like it. I got it just for you," she said, flicking the ring again.

Danny felt a charge of electricity jolt through his cock as he realized what his mother had done. And she had done it just for him?

Still running his hand up and down his primed prick, he was in a daze as he wondered what she would do next.

Slowly, she lifted her hand up from her pussy and cupped one of her big, beautiful breasts.

"And do you like my breasts?" she asked him, squeezing it.

"They're the greatest boobs in the whole wide world," he praised them. "You don't know how long I've been trying to get a look at them."

"I know," she trilled, "I've seen you sneaking around trying to see me naked. That is one reason I decided on this for your gift."

"I couldn't have asked for a better present," he mumbled, feeling the pool of superheated cum roiling inside his burning balls.

"Watching you playing with big dick is making my nipples so hard," she murmured, tweaking one of the big, swollen knobs jutting out of the center of her perfect breasts.

"Watching you is making me so hot," he groaned, "I'm about to shoot my wad."

"No, not, yet," she complained. "Stop for a little while. I don't to waste any of your birthday juice."

Danny reluctantly released his hold on his thick, jutting prick but it continued to stand at attention, slowly ticking with the beat of his heart.

"Damn, I've never been this hard, Mom," he whined.

"Good," she reaching down and pulling on the clit ring. "It'll feel so good when you put it in down here."

"I can't wait—" Danny groaned.

"Are you ready to put your big, hard cock down here?" she asked him, slowly easing a long, red-tipped finger down into her juicy cunt.

"God, yes," he hissed, struggling to his feet.

"Patience, my Dear, patience—sit back down," she chuckled, slowly withdrawing her finger, lifting it up to her lips and licking it clean. "Discipline. Remember? To become a man, you must learn discipline."

"Uh-huh, uh, okay," he exasperatedly mumbled, standing beside the chair with his giant prick sticking straight up out of his hairy groin.

"Ohhhhh, I taste so good," she softly said. "Do you want to see what I taste like?"

"Yessssss—" Danny hissed, watching her reach down between her legs and run her fingers over her swollen pussy mounds.

"Have you ever tasted a woman before?" she asked him, spreading the big, fleshy lips of her cunt apart with her fingers.

"Only...only a girl once," he said shyly, gawking down the gaping gash of meaty flesh between his mother's long, shapely legs.

"Did you like it?" she asked him, running a long, red around the fleshy lips encircling her cunt.

"Uh, yeah, uh, I guess..." he mumbled.

"Why don't you come over here," she told him, spinning around and sitting up.

"It's about time," he muttered, feeling his big dick heavily bouncing up and down as he shuffled across the room toward her.

"You have a beautiful cock," she said appreciatively eyeing it while it stiffly twitched up and down.

Smiling proudly, he stumbled up in front of her and stopped.

"We won't be needing these," she smiled, reaching out, unsnapping his pj bottoms and letting them flutter to the floor.

"Or this," she said, unbuttoning his pajama top and pushing it back off his shoulders and letting it join the bottoms on the floor at his feet.

"Tell me how, Mom," Danny told her, running his trembling fingers over the soft, delicate skin of her breasts, letting them trail down over her swollen nipples.

"That's sweet..." Diane softly murmured, reaching out and running her fingertips through the short hairs on his temple. Then she slowly scooted over, stopping with her butt resting on the edge of the bed and her pussy pressed up against his balls. Her long legs were spread apart, bent at the knees, her high heels resting on the floor beside his feet as he waited on in feverish anticipation. Then she leaned back on the bed, supporting herself on her elbows so she could see what he was doing.

"Most women are a little shy about their bodies, even though they don't act like it," she smiled up at him.

"Why? I think you're beautiful..." Danny beamed, looking down at his mother laying on her back in front of him, her legs spread and her pussy totally exposed to his gawking eyes.

"I don't know, Baby...it's just a woman thing. Even if I were Miss Universe, and heaven knows I'm not, I'd still worry about how you thought about me..." she told him, gently rubbing her pussy against his youthful, rock-hard penis. "We, we women that is, like to be told we're beautiful, even if we're not." She explained.

"But you are beautiful, Mom, and that's no lie—" Danny adamantly declared, leaning over her, cupping his hands around her side and slowly running them down of her waist and hips. "The most beautiful woman in the whole wide world..."

Now Danny had only seen two pussies in real life. His mom's and Laura Sue's, the girl who had also let him lick her cunt. Comparing the two of them was like comparing night and day. Laura's tight, little cunt had been tucked inside like a little girl's cunt while his mother's pussy had thick luscious lips that were gorged with blood and sticking to one another, glued together by the creamy goo covering them. Laura's pussy had been covered with fuzz and a few kinky, blond hairs while his mother's was shaven clean as a baby's butt.

"You're a fast learner," Diane softly laughed, rolling her hips, rubbing her wet, slippery pussy against his dangling balls. "We women are more verbal than men, especially during love-making. We respond to verbal love as much as the physical kind...which means, the more you talk, the easier it is for us to, uh, to finish. Okay?"

"What do you want me to say, Mom?" Danny asked her, still a little unsure about the whole thing and not wanting to make a mistake. "You mean like talking dirty and stuff?"

"Sometimes," Diane chuckled, "but not all the time. Just tell me how pretty I am. How much you like what you're doing. All that kind of stuff while you're touching me...but first, why don't you get on your knees so that you can see it better. Okay?"

"I was wondering when I would get to do that," Danny smiled, slowly dropping down onto his knees beside the bed.

Now his face was directly in front of his mother's bald, seeping cunt.

"It's so fucking hot..." he murmured, slowly running his fingers down the fleshy rift. "Your lips are so much bigger than hers," he told her, gently pulling the lips apart and licking his tongue up the wet, slippery slit between them. Then as his tongue neared the gold ring at the top, he stopped.

"Did it hurt?" he softly asked, gently probing the shimmering gold ring with the tip of his finger.

"What? Did what hurt," she impatiently snorted, obviously displeased that he had stopped.

"The ring...your, uh, your clit ring..." Danny mumbled.

"It's not permanent..." she laughed. "It's a clamp, just to hold the hood back and expose my clit."

"Oh, I thought..." Danny blushed, studying the ring closer and seeing that it didn't actually pierce her skin but was clamped down under the shaft of her clit to hold the hood back and uncover the swollen, marble-sized clit beneath it.

Her clit looked a whole lot bigger than Laura's had and he didn't know if it really was, or if it just looked bigger, all exposed and out in the open like it was.

"It's big..." Danny smiled up at his mother.

"Lick your finger...and touch it," she told him, spreading her legs a little wider. "Whenever you touch a woman's pussy, always make sure your finger is wet. You can lick it or moisten it with her juices, but be sure it's wet it before you touch her clit because it doesn't have any juices of its own and it's extremely sensitive. Your finger will stick to it if it's dry and that would hurt."

"Okay," Danny grinned, trailing his finger down the juicy slit between her lips to wet it. Then he tentatively brushed the tip of his juice-slickened finger across her clit. As he did, he felt his mother shiver.

"Uh, uh, why don't we come back to that later," she smiled, rolling her hips, pulling her pussy back away from his inquisitive finger. "It's really sensitive right now. Too delicate to be handled."

"Uh, okay, uh, sorry..." he mumbled, wondering if he had hurt her.

"We love to be teased," she told him, stretching her arm out and running her fingers up the inside of a thigh. "Especially down here," she explained, leaning back and resting her weight on her elbows again. "It is really tender and susceptible down there. You can lick it, kiss it, make little designs on it with the tip of your tongue."

"Like this..." Danny smiled, leaning down and teasing his tongue up the soft, smooth skin just above the top of her nylon, slowly kissing his way up toward her seeping pussy.

"Yesssss-like that—" his mother softly hissed, spreading her legs apart wider. "Just like that—"

"Your pussy is so fucking beautiful, Mom," Danny whispered, coming dangerously close to her pussy before moving over to her other leg and slowly kissing his way up it.

If she wanted to be teased, Danny would oblige her, he told himself, trailing the tip up and down her inner thighs, making little designs on her soft, drool-covered skin but staying away from her pussy.

Then he gently grasped her by the back of her leg, pushed it up in the air and licked down the crease where her leg met her delightful ass. Lowering her leg, he picked up the other one and repeated the process until the little crease was glistening with spit.

Lowering her leg down, letting the sole of her high heel settle back down on the floor, he slowly kissed higher, moving around her pussy, still not touching it as he nuzzled her smooth, bald mons.

"My pussy...touch my pussy..." she whispered, reaching over, tugging a pillow under her head as she eased down off her elbows onto her back. Brushing his lips over her slit without pressing down, Danny slowly kissed up and down the slippery folds of flesh as his mother's hips rolled and squirmed on the bed.

"Oh, Baby..." she cooed, her hands lifting up to her breasts, her long slender fingers finding her jutting nipples, plucking them, pulling on them. "Yessssss—" she softly hissed.

He must be doing it right, he giddily thought kissing harder, probing the weeping softness with the tip of his tongue. Then as he gently probed, he spread her pussy lips apart exposing the soft, slippery flesh between them.

Raising his hands up, Danny spread them out on her inner thighs and gently pushed, opening her up wider as he probed the fleshy portal. Then he felt the tip of his tongue push inside her, inside the pulpy, warm flesh of her pussy itself.

"Yessssss—" his mother hissed again as he felt her pussy clutch down around his probing tongue, giving it a little nip.

Feeling his mother's softly clutching at his probing tongue, Danny stiffened it and began to slowly slide it in and out of her. As he did, he could feel the hard, rubbery nub of her exposed clit rubbing against his upper lip.

As he pushed in and out of her, he could feel her rolling her hips up and down, moving with him, working in consort with his probing tongue.

After a few seconds of this, he felt his mother's fingers curl down into his hair, grabbing it, pulling on his head.

"My clit—lick my clit—" she urgently begged.

Pulling his tongue out of her slippery slit, Danny licked his way up to the top of it to the swollen pearl of flesh protruding out of the ring of gold metal. It felt so hard and swollen to Danny's tongue.

"Yes, there, there, lick it—" Diane babbled, pushing on his head, holding him there as Danny tenderly ran his tongue around the exposed, nub.

Licking harder, Danny pressed into her skin, flicking his tongue back and forth across her clit faster. Danny could feel the muscles in his mother's long, legs beginning to tense as they crept up against his cheeks. Sensing that his mother wanted to orgasm, Danny pursed his lips into a little o and encircled her jutting clit. Flicking his tongue back forth across the rigid pearl, Danny gently sucked, pulling her clit even further out of its protective hood.

As he fluttered his tongue all over and around his mother's clit, he glanced up over her straining belly to see that her face had distorted into a grimace while the tips of her sharp fingernails began to dig down into his scalp.

Knowing that he must be doing it right, Danny felt his mother's clenched ass rising up off the bed as he moved with her, keeping his lips locked down around her vulnerable clit.

"Don't stop—oh, God, don't ever stop—" he heard her gasp. Now her whole body was trembling, straining as he fluttered his tongue faster and faster.

Lifting his hand, he gently probed the weeping softness below his chin and felt his finger's push inside her.

"Yes-yes-yes-fuck me—" she groaned, her hips and ass rolling up and down, fucking herself back on his probing fingers.

Danny could hear her now as she gasped to catch her breath. She was almost panting as her big tits heaved and flicked her big, stiff nipples up and down. And they were so hard and swollen, they looked like they were about to pop.

Danny could feel the muscles around the opening of her pussy slowly clenching tighter and tighter as he slowly worked his fingers in and out of her.

"Danny-oh-Danny—" his mother implored, rolling her hips, squirming as she inched closer and closer to her release. Danny was euphoric! He was doing it. He was going to make his mother come. How many boys could brag about that he giddily wondered as he kept his tongue slashing back and forth across his mother's tender, vulnerable clit while he worked his fingers in and out of the gooey slit below it? He could also see that the tan skin was starting to get a reddish tint to it. Almost like she was blushing...all over—

It began as a quivering tremble moving through her whole body, her muscles tightening even more, straining until at last, with a shuddering gasp, she began to shake all over. When she began to shake, Danny

"No-No-Honey-nothing-nothing wrong," she comforted him, realizing how it must have felt for him to be so close and then having it taken away from him. "I just want you to be comfortable..."

"Oh—" Danny sniffed, leaning back, watching his mother lift her legs up on the bed, dig her long, spiked heels down into the mattress and push back away from the edge of the bed until she was lying in the middle.

"I want you as bad as you want me," she gushed out as she settled back down onto the bed

Spreading her legs wider apart, baring the wet, drooling emptiness between them, she held out her arms to Danny.

"Come...take me," she panted, "take me, my son, and let Mommy show you the many, many ways of love."

Danny was on the bed in a heartbeat, clumsily clambering up onto his hands and knees, his oversized cock bobbling up and down wildly as he struggled up between his mother's beautifully-sculpted legs. As he tottered above her on his hands and knees, he saw her hand fly down to his jutting cock.

Danny could barely see through the tears as he felt his mother take hold of his bobbing, dancing maleness and bend it down toward her sex.

"So big...so hard..." she wheezed, pushing him down, aiming the big, mauve cockhead down toward her gaping womanhood.

"Oh, God, I Love You, Mother," Danny blubbered as he felt his cockhead brush up against the soft, wet heat of his mother's femininity.

"Oh, Baby, Mommy loves you so much, too—" she rasped as she drug his big, rubbery cockhead up and down the wet, drooling furrow of her cunt to coat it with her overflowing juices.

Already on the edge, Danny was barely able to keep from exploding as he pushed himself down at her. Almost immediately, he felt his cockhead slide down into the incredible heat of the caldron of forbidden flesh. It felt like he had thrust his cock into a vat of boiling oil as it slid deeper and deeper into her clutching socket. He just knew that they would both be struck dead any moment for committing such heinous sin. He could almost sense a lightning bolt already hurtling down out of the sky to strike them dead.

"OH BABY," Diane moaned as she felt his enormous penis slide inside of her, stretching her open, forcing the accommodating channel of her vagina to stretch and dilate to its widest to accept his cock.

The overwhelming magnitude of what he was doing suddenly flashed through his reeling brain. As the totality of their incestuous union became reality, the soft, sucking pull of his mother's velvet vagina became too much for Danny. Unable to restrain himself another second longer, he drove the entire length of his primed manhood down into the waiting softness of his mother's absorbing cunt with one powerful thrust.

"SOBIG," she groaned as his thrusting maleness knifed down into her all the way to the quick.

The instant his belly slapped down onto hers, his great cock exploded inside of her with the force of a bomb detonating. The gigantic cock jerked powerfully and spewed out a huge stream of thick, hot boy-cream deep inside of her clutching cunt.

"OHYOURCUMMINGINME," she screamed out, kicking her legs up and driving the sharp, spiked heels of her stilettos into his ass, forcing him even deeper into the hot, clutching tightness of her vagina.

Then, as Danny's prick erupted inside of her again, she felt her own orgasm blossom to fruition down deep inside of her already-drenched cunt. As the orgasm grew and swelled inside her and gained momentum, her son's massive cock continued to jerk and spurt thick, hot, jets of his burning, clinging man-essence into her ravenous cunt. The spasms wracking her body became stronger and stronger as wave after wave of animalistic pleasure washed over her. Never had either of them felt such passion and pleasure.

Like two rutting pigs, they writhed and fought, clinging together as if in some primitive ritual of life and birth. Yet, as their bodies clashed together, it was a death, too. The death of the innocence they once had shared as mother and son. On and on they battled, both of them gasping and groaning until at last their bodies could take no more. Suddenly they collapsed down onto the bed in a heap of wet, sweating flesh...

Danny woke slowly for the second time on his birthday. As he slowly struggled back to consciousness, he could feel something hot and wet enveloping his cock. Opening his eyes, he looked down and found his mother lying between his outstretched legs lovingly sucking on him. Watching her head bobbing up and down, her soft, full lips encircling his cock, he felt himself rapidly growing hard again.

Feeling him growing hard, his mother opened her eyes. Looking up at him with almost all of his flaccid penis in her mouth, she gave his cock one long, hard, loud slurp as she let it slither out from between her ruby lips.

"Happy Birthday...again," she softly laughed. "Did you like your birthday gift?"

"Oh, God," he groaned, smiling back at her, "I thought I had died and gone to heaven."

"I did, too," she said softly, leaning down and running her soft, pink tongue up the entire length of his spit-drenched cock, "it was the best ever."

Looking up at him lovingly, she lifted his giant penis once again. Leaning down, she slowly sucked the bloated head of his cock back into her mouth. As he watched her soft red lips slowly slither down his swelling manhood, he could feel her silky tongue teasing and taunting his sensitive cockhead. Ever so slowly, she sucked more and more of the expanding giant into her hot, clutching mouth until she had six inches of his stiffening manhood inside her mouth and he could feel its head brushing against her tonsils. He could feel his passion rising once again as she lovingly sucked and toyed with him. The wickedness of their incestuous wedlock was so sexually arousing, he could barely contain his ardor. He didn't know how much longer he would be able to postpone the inevitable as she lifted his goose-egg sized balls and gently rolled them around in her hands. He could feel the hot softness of her silky, smooth fingers as she adoringly squeezed and fondled his great sperm generators. It was quickly becoming too much as she nuzzled and sucked on him harder and harder.

"God, Mom, you'd better stop," he panted, "or I'm going to cum again."

Stopping for just a moment, she let his cock slowly slide out of her mouth as she looked deep into his eyes. Looking down to his cock, he saw that it glistened with her saliva as it slithered out of her mouth, wet, hard and primed.

"I want you to come in my mouth. I want you to fill my mouth with your sweet, hot man-cream," she whispered, "and let me suck your cum out and swallow all of your sweet, hot cream."

She felt his cock lurch threateningly as she spoke and quickly sucked him back into her mouth.

"Oh, Fuck," he gasped as he felt her burning lips encircle him and quickly slide down his primed rod once again.

He felt his cock shudder and swell with pre-eruptive eagerness as his mother continued to pull and suck on him. He could feel the cum in his big, hard balls begin to boil and bubble as her soft, full lips roughly pulled on his loaded weapon. Staring down at her, he couldn't believe that it was really happening. He couldn't believe it was his beautiful, wonderful mother between his legs. How could he be lying in bed with his mother between his legs hungrily devouring his big cock? The sheer wickedness of it was too much to accept. He felt his balls clench and shudder as they sent a fiery gusher of his syrupy white spume spewing out into her mouth. Her eyes flared wide open as her mouth was suddenly filled with his creamy froth. She swallowed as quickly as she could, but there was so much, some of it escaped out around the shaft of his cock and trickled down her chin.

Sucking and swallowing as fast as she could, she nursed on his giant dick as it lurched again and again, shooting out more and more of his thick potency into her mouth.

She tried to keep up with the flood of cum that was pouring out of him, but even more of it still managed to escape and drip down her chin once again. Over and over again, his cock jerked and spurted out its foamy load until she thought it would never stop.

But at last it did.

"Fuck—" Danny groaned as his mother continued to gently suck and nurse on his slowly-shrinking cock, "mother, you're going to kill me if you keep that up."

"Did you like it," she finally asked him as she let his fat, wilting penis slip from her mouth.

"Oh, God, Yes," he gasped, looking up at her.

"I'm glad..." she grinned, her lips glistening wetly from the coating of cum that covered them and trickled down her chin.

"I've never had it feel this good," he sighed watching as her tiny pink tongue flick out and lick her lips clean, lapping away his cum.

"What would you like to do next?" she smiled, mischievously pushing up onto her knees between his legs, her heavy, full breasts dangling down over his thighs, "Or would you like to take another nap?"

"I would like to taste you again," he grinned up at her, reaching up and gently fondling her big, pendant breasts as he realized that while he was asleep she had undressed completely, except for her five-inch stiletto heels, "and make you feel as wonderful as you've made me feel."

"Ohhhhhhhh, that sound's good," she expectantly smiled.

Straddling him, with her long, tan legs spread, she slowly crawled up his body while Danny stared up in reverent adoration as her big, heavy tits jiggled and quivered with every movement she made. Then he found himself staring up at the fleshy, pink-lipped treasure between his mother's spread legs. It was beautiful. So pink, so wet, so ripe and inviting, it almost took his breath away just to look at it. The forbidden entrance to his mother's womb. And the little, golden ring perched atop it was sparkling in the morning sunlight streaming in through the window.

It was incredulous. His mother's pussy... hovering inches above his lips. Staring up at it, he could see the thick, fleshy lips drooping down, glistening with her juices. The puffy labia on each side of it were soft

and smooth devoid of hair. It was unthinkable, but he was only a breath away from the very center of every erotic thought he had had over the past couple of weeks.

He suddenly became aware of the soft smoothness of the inner part of her calves pressing against his shoulders as she slowly spread her legs lowering her ripe, wet pussy down onto his lips. There it was! His birthplace. The fleshy lips guarding the secrecy inside where he had been conceived. Where he had spent the first nine months of his life. Now he had returned. Returned to anoint it with his saliva as it slowly sank down toward his face. Then suddenly he became aware of the hot musk of her femininity as the slippery softness of her pussy slowly caressed his lips. Tentatively at first, he eased his tongue out onto the silky softness of the pink petals. He was licking his mother's pussy...again. His cock was already rebounding to stiffness as it twitched threateningly.

"Oh, Baby," his mother whispered as she felt his tongue probing the fleshy portal to her womanhood.

Slowly, lovingly, he searched the meaty folds of flesh with his tongue. Suddenly, his tongue brushed across the smooth coldness of the ring of gold that encircled her clitoris. Then his tongue found her clit again. Strangely, it didn't seem as hard and swollen as before as he softly probed it with the tip of his tongue.

But even as he thought that, he could feel it swelling, hardening as it pushed itself out of its little sheath of velvety flesh.

"Oh, Fuccckkkk..." she moaned, rolling her hips, pressing down, grinding her clit against his lapping tongue.

Danny couldn't believe that this woman was his mother. Not his dear, sweet mother who had never uttered even so much as a curse word in his presence before. And now she was straddling him with her pussy pressed against his lip, letting him feast on the forbidden morsel between her legs.

Reaching up, Danny grasped his mother's perfectly-rounded buttocks and pulled her dripping cunt down even harder as his tongue ravaged her swollen clitoris.

"OHFUCKYES, OHFUCKYES, OHFUCKYES," she blathered out, rolling her hips, painting his face and lips with her succulent juices.

Looking up, Danny saw that she was holding onto the headboard with her white-knuckled hands, her big tits swinging and swaying from side to side above his head. Then her pussy settled back down on his lips and he found her jutting clit again. Then he began to flutter his tongue all over and around her clit. As he did, he could feel the muscles in her calves tightening against his shoulders. He could hear his mother softly moaning as she ground herself against him. Faster and faster, he raked his tongue back and forth across her clit, driving his mother closer and closer to the point of no return.

He could feel her wet, slippery mons grinding against his lips as he devoured her sex. It had only been a few moments, but he could sense she was poised on the precipice. All it would take was a tiny push. Then without any further warning, his lips and chin were bathed with a gush of hot, fragrant juice.

"OHMYGODIMCOMMIINNNGGGggggg," his mother screamed out as her body began to jerk and twitch.

He could feel his mother's pussy contracting against his chin, spewing out more and more hot, wet juice.

Wrapping his arms around her hips, Danny hugged her pussy down against his face. Holding her imprisoned in his arms, he hungrily devoured her cunt as she writhed and cried out in pleasure.

"OH, God, I Love it, I Love it, I Love it, Oh, My, Baby," she gushed out as she continued to thrust herself down at him.

The flow of her sweet nectar went on and on as she kept crying and squirming until at last she collapsed, rolling onto her side beside him.

Even though she had rolled off him, Danny followed her and kept licking and teasing her clitoris until she gently pushed his head away from her.

"Please, Baby, wait a little while, please..." she cooed, "it's too sensitive now."

"Did it feel good, mother?" he innocently asked.

"Oh, God, Yes," she blurted out, "it never felt that good with any other man. Never, ever. It was beautiful."

After a few moments, Danny scooted up until he was facing his mother. Both of them lay on their side looking into each other's eyes for several seconds. Finally, Danny leaned forward and ever so gently kissed her on the lips. The kiss, soft and tender in the beginning soon became brutal and demanding as they crushed their lips together. After several seconds, his mother pulled back gasping for air.

"Oh, My, Baby," she panted, "you make me so hot."

As she spoke, she ran her hand down his chest, over his flat, hard stomach to his jutting, throbbing penis.

"My, God, you're already hard again," she groaned, wrapping her hand around the thick, blue-veined shaft of his giant penis.

"Just touching you makes so hard I hurt," he whined as she slowly stroked his hardness with her clenched fist.

Danny was content to let his mother gently stroke him for a while. Then he slowly got to his hands and knees beside her, his giant cock stiffly jutting out from his groin.

"Does my Baby want to play with his present again?" she suggestively murmured, rolling over onto her back and spreading her long, tan legs apart.

"Very much," he grunted, crawling up between them, his cock primed and at the ready.

"It's ready for Baby," she cooed, fingering her wet, drooling pussy open.

"God, Mother, it's so beautiful," Danny gushed, looking down at the fleshy pink-petaled rose at the pit of his mother's tummy that now lay open, wet and inviting.

As he crawled up, she grabbed hold of his slashing, bobbing cock and slowly began to bend it down toward her gaping love-wound.

As she smiled up at him, Danny felt the head of his cock touch the hot, wetness of her waiting femininity. An electric shock ran through his body as he slowly forced himself down into the hot, sucking depths of his mother's ravenous cunt. Even as big as he was, his mother was so hot and ready for him, his giant penis sliced down into her hot, flooded cunt like a hot knife through butter. Forcing the narrow channel of her cunt open to accept him, he thrust himself deeper and deeper into the core of forbidden flesh. Like a battering ram, it forced its way inside her, stretching the slippery sheath open and sliding deeper until at last his stomach slapped down onto hers.

"Oh, God, it's all in me," she gasped as she clenched her cunt muscles down around his throbbing maleness.

"Oh, My, God," he groaned, feeling the warm juices of her cunt coating his cock, "I LOVE IT."

Holding his cock buried inside of her, he reached down and hooked his elbows behind her knees. Grunting, he lifted her long, shapely legs up higher and higher until at last her thighs were pressed up against her big, flattened tits. She was now completely exposed and at his mercy as he slowly withdrew his penis. As he did, he could see that it was drenched in her juices as they slowly dripped down off it.

Pausing only briefly, he quickly hammered his cock back into her brutally. The force of his thrust was such that it almost knocked the breath out of her. Then he slowly withdrew it again and slammed it back into her forcefully. After several brutal thrusts, he stopped assaulting her and began to fuck her with deep, penetrating thrusts burying himself up to the hilt inside her hot, sucking core every time. In and out, in and out he worked his giant peter into her as she mewed and whimpered in adoration and delight.

Time seemed to stop as they fucked. And fucked. And fucked. Then suddenly, out of the blue, the unholy fires of another orgasm consumed her as her body shook and quivered.

Even though he could feel the ravages of her orgasm coursing through her body, he didn't relent and continued to stroke his cock into her deep and hard.

"OHYES, OHYES, OHYES, BABYFUCKMOMMY!" she growled out as her whole body shook uncontrollably.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, the last throes of her orgasm faded, yet Danny continued to feed his giant prick into her as she willingly accepted it. Reaching down to his pistoning butt, she grabbed the cheeks of his ass, bringing blood as she dug her nails into him, pulling him into her harder and harder. Still, he didn't succumb to the passion of the moment as he continued to drive himself down into the hot, clutching depths of her love-wound over and over again.

Then for a second time, she was possessed by a fiery orgasm. Shaking so badly her teeth were chattering, she was whisked to heights of pleasure that were so intense, they were frightening. She had never experienced such joy and delight with any other man in her whole life. It was too much and she began to sob fitfully, but Danny continued to fuck her mercilessly.

"Oh, unh, Mommy, unh, are, unh, you, unh, okay?" he was able to grunt between thrusts as he finally felt himself nearing release.

"God, Ahh, Yes, Ahh, I, Ahh, Feel, Ahh, Wonderful," she gurgled out between strokes of his mighty engine, "Fuck, Ahh, Me, Ahh, Baby."

Feeling his own gratification rapidly approaching, Danny began to fuck his mother harder and deeper. Soon his hips were a blur of pink flesh as his cock wetly slashed in and out her. The wet, slurping sounds of their lovemaking was filling the room along with the grunts and groans of the two incestuous lovers. Closer and closer he drew until at last it was on him like a roaring locomotive.

"OHMYFUCKINGGODDDDDDDDD!!!" he bellowed out as his mammoth cock exploded inside of his mother's juice-drenched cunt for the second time.

"OHYESBABY!!!" she screamed back at him as she tripped off into another orgasm.

They were once again like two battling beasts as they clawed and scratched at each other. Their bodies slapped together obscenely as Danny's cock spurted its potent cream into his mother and then retreated for a moment before sliding back in and spewing out another fiery spurt of cum. The macabre, incestuous dance went on and on as Danny's elephantine penis spurted and spurted inside his mother's cunt. Within moments her cunt was filled to overflowing with his thick, white love-milk and it began pouring out of her cunt. Still it wouldn't stop until both of their bellies were covered with its hot, clinging stickiness.

After it finally stopped, they lay unmoving, their bodies crushed together in a deep, passionate embrace for the longest time.

Then, slowly, they parted.

"OH," she winced when his cock popped out of her battered cunt.

"I'm sorry, Mom," he apologized as he rolled over onto his back.

"That's okay, Baby," she smiled at him, lifting his sodden warrior and giving it a loving squeeze, "it is just so big."

"Not now," he grinned tiredly, looking over at the clock by his bed and seeing that it was past noon.

What a birthday, he thought. Not only had he gotten laid, been sucked off and gotten to eat some pussy, but his mother, the most beautiful woman in the world, had been the one who had laid him.

"Thank you for a wonderful birthday, Mother," he said softly, turning and facing her again.

"You're welcome," she smiled back at him mischievously, "but it's not over yet."

"What, what, do you mean? There's more," he asked, hardly daring to believe there could be more.

What else, he wondered? "There's more?"

"Why don't you take a nap," she smiled at him, slowly sitting up, sending her breasts into bobbling, jiggling fits, "and when you wake up I'll have your other present ready."

"I could use a little rest," he yawned, stretching his arms out, "I'm getting worn out trying to keep up with you."

"Oh, you naughty little boy...you'd better get used to it, because this is just the beginning..." she laughed, standing up as Danny's eyes were drawn to her bobbling breasts once again. They were so fucking beautiful—

The events of the morning had drained Danny emotionally and physically and within moments he was asleep again as visions of his mother's big, beautiful tits danced through his temporarily-satiated brain...

~~~~~

Danny felt like he'd only been asleep a few minutes before he felt himself being coaxed to wakefulness by the familiar wet warmth enveloping his sleeping manhood. Lazily, he drifted toward consciousness and opened his eyes. Groggily, he saw his mother sitting between his legs with his cock in her hands. Wondering what she was up to this time, he was enjoying the feel of her hands as she gently massaged his floppy prick.

"You're finally awake," she smiled continuing to caress his big, soft dick. "I thought you were going to sleep all day, so I decided to wake you up."

"Huh," he responded sleepily, looking over at the clock and seeing that it was five o'clock.

"Damn," he cursed, "all that valuable birthday time lost."

"That's okay, we still have plenty of time," she grinned down at him.

He had slept for more than four hours, but his thoughts were still muddled and slow as he tried to shake out cobwebs from his mind. Looking back at his mother, he couldn't believe how fucking lucky he was. God, she was beautiful, he thought to himself as he groggily leered at her.

"What's wrong?" she asked with a puzzled look on her pretty face, "You look drunk."

"You're naked—" he grinned. "And you're, you're just so, so beautiful, it almost hurts my eyes to look at you."

"Oh, shush," she blushed brightly, starting to raise her arms to cover her large, round breasts, but stopping, "that was the most wonderful compliment any man has ever given me."

"I meant every word of it," he asserted. "You're Venus, Aphrodite, and Helen of Troy all rolled into one wonderful, beautiful, captivating woman and I Love you with all my heart."

"Shush that up before you make me cry," she softly laughed, but couldn't stop two big, wet tears from coursing down her cheeks.

"I'm sorry," Danny apologized, not sure what to do or say, "I didn't mean to make you cry."

"Well," she began, wiping the tears away with fisted hands, "Your other gift is ready if you would like it."

"Really?" he said, quickly looking around the room without seeing any evidence of a gift.

"Yes, Silly," she smirked at him as she watched him looking around the room.

"I don't see it."

As he watched on with anticipation, his mother slowly got up to her hands and knees.



"Would you like this?" she asked him, slowly turning around on her hands and knees until she was facing away from him and her cute tush was waving in the air, right in front of his face.

Gawking at her beautiful ass, Danny saw that above her salve-coated anus there was a big, ribbon bow. It apparently had one of those little sticky patches that held it adhered to the smooth skin of the small of her back just above where the crack running down between the cheeks of her ass began.

"What, uh, what the..." he stammered as he stared at the bow for a second and then down at the little puckered circle of glistening flesh peeking out from between the cheeks of her spectacular ass.

He couldn't believe his eyes. Her ass? Her anus? Her asshole?

"You mean, uh, you mean..." he stammered, staring at it in shocked disbelief.

"I mean would you like to have a little piece of Mrs. Winkie?" she softly chuckled. "She's special. I've never shared her with another man. But since you are so special, too...and it is your eighteenth birthday...I want you to have my virgin anus."

Danny was speechless as he stared at his mother's beautifully rounded bottom, her pretty little lubed anus peeking out at him below the big, red bow. It was a wondrous sight to Danny's biased eyes. Both of the big, soft globes of quivering ass-flesh were flawless. Big, round, soft, yet firm at the same time. His mom's ass was perfection personified. It sent a spasm of perverse lust shooting through his brain when he knew that she had already liberally coated her anus with some kind of lubricant and that was why her asshole was glistening in the late afternoon sunlight. Then with another revelation, he touched his cock and found it covered with the same slippery substance. That had been why she was fooling with his dick when he woke up. A jolt of sheer sexual excitement tore through his brain as it finally came to him that she had planned this all along. She wanted him to take her in the ass—

Danny almost passed out from the sheer excitement of it all as saw his mother looking over her shoulder at him expectantly.

"Well, can't you make up your mind?" she asked him, slowly wiggling her beautiful derriere at him enticingly.

"Oh, God, YES, Mother," he blurted out, struggling up to his knees behind her.

"You're going to have to be gentle," she cautioned him when she felt his hands on her hips, "you're so big, I've never done this before and you might hurt me if you're rough."

"Oh, Mother, I don't want to do it then," he complained, "if it's going to hurt you."

"I think I can take you this way," she smiled at him, "but you're just going to have to be gentle, that's all."

"I will. I will. I promise," he gushed out as his cock continued to harden.

"Not too slow, though," she told him inching back toward him, "because you'll have to get it in me before it gets too big or it might not fit."

"Okay," he muttered, taking hold of his hardening cock and scooting up behind her upturned butt.

Because his cock wasn't fully hardened, he grabbed it around the base with one hand and squeezed down forcing the blood in it toward the huge, tapered head. Leaning forward, he slowly placed the great bulbous head of his prick on the tiny, little wrinkled opening to his mother's lovely, lubricated anus. Slowly, he began to lean toward her as he felt her pushing back against him. Both of them were straining hard, but nothing happened for the longest time.

"Oh, Danny, I'm sorry, but I don't think—OH-OHMYGOD," she winced as the great swollen head of his cock finally overcame the resistance and forced its way inside the hot, clinging ring of muscles surrounding her anus. "WAITDON'T-MOVEWAIT."

Danny felt as if his cock was going to be decapitated as the strong ring of muscles encircling her asshole clamped down around the shaft of his prick just below the flared rim of its corona. He couldn't believe it, but the head of his penis was lodged inside his mother's asshole. He had never felt anything so tight or hot around his penis before. And he had never experienced such an excruciatingly wicked feeling before. It was all he could do to keep from erupting inside of her already. But somehow, he had to. He had to so he could fuck her in the ass. He knew that no matter what, he wouldn't be able to last long inside the fiery channel of his mother's rectum. But, if she wanted him to fuck her in the ass, he was determined to fuck her lovely ass.

"Slow, Baby, slow," she winced sucking in a deep, loud breath of air as she pushed back against her son's monstrous penis.

Straining with the effort to force himself inside the inviolable stricture of his mother's ass, it was all Danny could do to keep from blasting her ass full of cum. At least his cock was now hard enough, he could let go of it. Releasing it, he grabbed onto his mother's round, firm hips and forcefully pulled her back onto him. Slowly, inch by inch, his massive penis was disappearing into the tight opening of his mother's asshole. He was so huge and she was so tight, there was nothing left of her anus. His big dick had pulled it

inside her. There was no indication of her asshole at all now, it just seemed like his dick disappeared into her ass. Finally, he had six inches of his hard, throbbing peter buried down inside his mother's ass.

"Oh, Baby, Please, wait just a second," she implored him as she stood before him on her hands and knees with her head hanging down, the tips of her shoulder-length hair just brushing against the bed, "I just need a minute, please."

Stopping at his mother's request, Danny slowly felt his way down over her belly to his mother's drooling, empty womanhood. Running his finger up the wet, fleshy furrow of her vagina, he searched for her ring-adorned clitoris. Finally, he finally found the cold metal and the swollen little button poking out from its center. Quickly, he began to flick and toy with it as his mother moaned her approval. Then as he played with her clitoris with one hand, he slowly eased one, and then two fingers up into her deserted womanhood. As he did, he could feel the hard rigidity of his cock through the delicate, thin layer of tissues separating his mother's asshole from her vagina. His mother's legs were slowly creeping farther and farther apart as he slowly finger fucked her and played with her clitoris.

"Push it in, Baby, push your cock into my asshole," she whimpered out, "I want to take all of you."

Pulling his fingers out of her sticky cunt, he wiped her juices off on her thigh and grasped her hips again. Quickly, he began to pull her back onto his stiff, jutting weapon. As he did, he felt his slick, lube-coated cock begin to slide into her again. Then he felt her grunt and shove herself back at him forcefully. The combination of their efforts quickly forced his cock down into the very core of her ass, into her tight rectum and the impalement didn't stop until his belly slapped up against the cheeks of her soft, rounded butt.

"Oh, God, I don't believe it," his mother groaned, "I can't believe that I took all of your big prick up my ass."

"Every last inch," Danny grunted, still laboring to control the urge to dump his load into her ass.

"It's stopped hurting so much, now," she crooned, "and I want you to fuck Mommy's ass for a long time. Can you do that? Can you do that for Mommy?"

"I want to, Mother, but God, your ass is so fucking hot and tight," he told her, "I don't know how long I can last."

"It's okay, Baby, just go as long as you can, for Mommy."

Knowing that he was only moments away from exploding inside the hot, compressed channel of his mother's ass, he quickly jerked his cock back almost all the way out stopping only when the flared rim of his cock bumped up against the stricture of her asshole—from the inside. Then, with a loud grunt, he slammed his cock back into the over-stretched constriction of her asshole. It was all he could take. The passion of the moment overwhelmed him and he felt his cock buck and detonate inside of her.

"OH FUCK MOMMY I'M SORRY," he bellowed out as his cock sent the first giant gusher of white-hot semen spewing out onto the sensitive lining of his mother's colon.

"OH, BABYYYYYYYY," she screeched, unable to stop herself from falling headlong into another mind-boggling orgasm.

Neither of them could stop their bodies from shaking and quivering as unfathomable currents of pure sexual pleasure flowed through their bodies unabated. The pleasure they felt was so pure and intense, it threatened to overload their pleasure circuits and leave both of them insane.

Leaning down over his mother's back as his cock emptied itself into her ass, Danny's hands found her big, pendulous tits as they hung down under her, jiggling and quivering. Grabbing them, he pulled on them, using them for a fulcrum as he drove his spurting, spewing manhood deeper and deeper into the flooded cavern of her ass.

"OH FUCKING GOD ABOVE," his mother screamed as her body writhed and shook, "I LOVE IT, LOVE IT, LOVE ITTTTTT."

Danny hung onto his mother for dear life as his cock continued to empty itself into her cum-drenched colon. Finally, it couldn't bring itself to reload and fire again as it began to rapidly shrink and slither back down his mother's battered, abused asshole. His whole body was on the brink of total collapse as he slowly fell backward jerking his shrinking maleness from his mother aching asshole.

"Ouch," she yelped as his cock popped out of her asshole.

She collapsed on her face as Danny fell onto his back. Neither of them had the energy or desire to talk and within moments they were both asleep...

~~~~~  
Danny didn't know how long he had been asleep, but he saw that it was dark outside when he was finally able to force his eyes open. Reaching over, he flicked on the lamp. Looking down, he saw that it was nine o'clock. Damn, he thought to himself, what a birthday. He and his mother had spent the entire day fucking and sucking. He would never, ever forget this birthday in a million years.

Looking around, he could find no evidence of their transgression. He was lying under the covers of his freshly-made bed that smelled fresh and clean, but he couldn't remember if it was the same bedding that had been on the bed this morning or not. Shaking his head, he smiled at the prospect of future assignations with his mother when he heard his mother clapping up the stairs in her high heels. It was funny, he thought, how well you got to know one's step when you lived together for so long. Waiting anxiously, wondering if she was still naked, he watched the door to see if she was coming back to his room. Then she suddenly appeared in the doorway, holding a tray with a birthday cake on it. Disappointed, Danny noticed that she was now dressed in a soft pastel summer dress. It was a little low cut, but it definitely wasn't sexually provocative. Puzzled, he smiled at her.

"Oh, the birthday boy is finally awake," his mother said as she casually strolled into his room. "It's about time. I was going to wake you up anyway, even if you were asleep."

"Well, Mom," he yawned and smiled, "it's your fault. You wore me out."

"What do you mean by that?" she asked him, a puzzled look on her face as she leaned down to set the tray down on his bed stand.

"You know what I mean," he grinned, snickering as he openly gawked down inside the front of his mother's dress.

Seeing him looking down the front of her dress, Diane blushed and stood up quickly.

"Daniel, what has gotten into you?" she asked him.

"Didn't you get that backward, Mom," he obscenely leered at her, reaching out and slipping his hand up under her dress.

"DANIEL MORRIS, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" she shrieked, jumping back away from him and slapping at his hand. **"HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY?"**

"What the..." he sputtered, baffled by his mother's sudden change of demeanor, "Uh, I'm sorry, uh, I, uh, was just joking around, Mom."

"Well, I didn't find it the least bit amusing, young man," she sternly announced. "Why, I have a good mind to dump your cake in your lap."

"Why? So you can lap it up," he joked one last time.

"WHY, WHY, I NEVER..." she shrieked.

Danny was dumfounded. What had happened to change her so much in such a short period of time? Or had he dreamed the whole thing? He couldn't have, it was too real to be a dream. Yet, she was acting like it had never happened. What was he to believe? He couldn't even trust his own senses.

"Are you on drugs or something?" she asked him, "Because you're really acting strange. Maybe this is part of becoming a man. I've heard that boys become brain dead when they get eighteen. Can't think about anything but sex and it must be right."

"God, Mom, I'm sorry," he mumbled, still unable to sort out reality from fiction, "I'm just confused."

"Well, young man, you had better get over your confusion," she reprimanded him, "and never, ever try that little trick again. **DO YOU UNDERSTAND? Never Again.**"

"Uh, Okay, Mom," he whimpered like a beaten dog, "I won't ever do it again and I'm sorry."

"You should be," she retorted, walking over to the door. "I was going to celebrate your birthday with you, but I guess the first thing you have to learn about being a man is discipline. Can't you understand that? I thought you understood what discipline meant."

She didn't give him a chance to answer her before she turned and hastily stormed out of his room, flicking off his light as she did.

Shocked, Danny lay in the dark pondering his mother's last words. He knew he had heard them before, but he couldn't remember when or where. Oh well, whatever, he tiredly thought, it had been one hell of a birthday even if it was a dream. What a dream. It was so real, his ass was still ached from where she had scratched him. Then, it dawned on him. He had proof as he slung the covers back off him and quietly rolled off the bed. Feeling his way across the darkened room, he slipped inside his bathroom. Closing the door, he quickly flicked the light on and turned around so he could see his ass in the mirror above the sink. There they were. Just like he thought. Five parallel scratches running from the top of the both cheeks of his ass all the way to the bottom.

Shaking his head and grinning to himself, he wondered what was going on. She had to know that he had proof. So why had she acted the way she had? Did she think she could really fool him?

Maybe, he would find out tomorrow, he told himself, flicking off the light and creeping back to his bed in the dark...

~~~~~

How long, Diane smirked to herself as she closed the door to her bedroom and stepped over to her bed? How long should she let Danny stew in his own juices before she broke the news to him? She could feel the

madness creeping in around the edges. What else could explain what she had done? Yes, she was going crazy—

Or maybe she was already there, she laughed to herself as she reached behind her and quickly ran the zipper of her dress down her back. The summer dress quickly went whispering down her svelte body to land in a muddled heap at her feet, which were still encased in the tall five-inch stiletto heels she had been wearing all day. Stepping out of the little dress, she clumped over to the full-length mirror standing beside her vanity.

Smiling, she studied the naked body of the forty-five-year-old woman looking back at her. She was proud of her body. It had held up well, she laughed, cupping her big, sagging breasts, lifting them, tweaking the knobby nipples protruding out of the darkened caps tipping them.

"Ummmmmm—" she softly murmured as she felt the stimulation tickle down to the hard, swollen clit sticking out of the hood at the bottom of her bald, shaven mons. "Yeah, crazy as a loon..." she snickered to herself... Yes, maybe so, but I have a man now. My man and no other woman will ever take him away from me. I'll fight tooth and nail to keep him—

~~~~~

Laying in his bed, Danny had his hand wrapped around his cock, slowly beating it as he rummaged back over the day's events. He still couldn't figure out why his mother had suddenly turned on him like she had. Was she going crazy? One minute she had been all over him like bees on honey and the next minute getting embarrassed when he looked down her dress? And then the explosion when he had tried to cop a feel. It didn't make sense—

Suddenly to door to his room thumped open and he made out the outline of his mother in the dim glow of light behind her. What was she doing, Danny fearfully wondered as she came clumping across the room to his bed? Then he felt the covers being jerked off him and flung down to the foot of the bed.

"Mom?" Danny timidly muttered, not knowing what was going on.

The bed lurched crazily as his mother climbed up on it and flung a long, shapely leg across him. Before he knew what was happening, she was straddling him, her knees pressed against his hips as she brushed his hands away from his cock. Then her fingers were fumbling with his stiff, fully-hardened cock, feeling it, measuring it, testing its hardness.

"Thank God—" he heard her snort as she lifted his erect penis up off his belly and stood it up under her. Then she gave out a soft sigh as Danny felt her moist warmth settle down around the bloated head of his jutting cock. Sinking down on him, she engulfed him, taking him inside the clinging softness of her womanhood.

"Yesssssss—" she hissed, thrusting down, accepting him back into her empty womb. It was just the way it had been before, she frantically thought, wrapping him in her arms and legs, absorbing him back into her body. This was the way it was meant to be. Mother and son...one again...

The End

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

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 goat 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 readers, 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 latest offering, *Moms and Sons, Volume Eight*, please feel free to drop him a line at 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...

Mother and Son Incest Stories

*The Garden Gates - Whore Queen - Mother's Milk
Love Potion - Different Names - Boob Job - Everything is Wrong
Cockball - Confession - Evergreens
Home Again – Home from the War - Nipples - The Train Ride
The Wedding - Tornado - Nymphomania: A desire to...
The Colonel's Wife - Déjà Vu: All Over Again - Affliction
The Evil Within - The Ride - Trading Spaces - Safari
The Queen and the Prince - The Prostitute - Recipe for Disaster
The Stash - Heaven...or Hell... - Back from the Beyond
One Stormy Night - Catherine and Seth - The Indian Lawyer
The Island - Mothers Know Best - Escort Service - Marooned
Infatuation - All Alone - Panties - Love-Thirty - Birthday Girl
Best in Show - A Visit to the School Nurse - Home on the Range
Home Alone - Saturday Morning
Moms and Sons, Volume One - Moms and Sons, Volume Two
Moms and Sons, Volume Three - Moms and Sons, Volume Four
Moms and Sons, Volume Five - Halloween - Christmas with Mom
Mom and Sons, Volume Six - Moms and Sons, Volume Seven*

Father and Daughter Incest Stories

*Daddy's Little Secret - Andria's Dream - Alana's Visit
Daughters and Daddies, Volume One*

Brother and Sister Incest Stories

My Sister's Milk - The First Time - A Love Story

Mother-in-law Stories

Black Friday - Erotica

Family Incest Stories

*All Hail – The King I and II - Trailer Trash - House of the Rising Sons
The Voyage of the Molly Be Bad - Forbidden Love - A Stepmother's Revenge
Family Reunion - The Island of the Goddess - Family Secrets
The Dome - Family, Volume One*

Interracial Stories

Oreo

Fairy Tales and other Fantasies

*Father Gander's Naughty Tales – I & II
Goldilocks and the Three Bears and other Tales
Little Red Riding Hood - The Real Legend of Sleepy Hollow*

Other Erotic Tales

*Teacher's Pet - The Voice - Teacher's Tales - The Cheerleader Squad
Alien - The Last of the Dragons Voodoo Doll - Something Pretty*

Prescription for Pleasure - Blackmail on the Prairie - The Beach House
Mrs. Molder - That Night in Africa
Parodies

Airey Putter and the Golden Dildo - Airey Putter and the Wishing Mirror
Sledge Hammer –Private Dick (The Cold Case)

Coming Soon

The Ron Stories, Volume Three - Halloween