

Ben & His Mom

By klrxo

Well, don't you look handsome, young man." Tara told her son Ben as he hit the bottom step, dressed for a date.

"Thanks, mom." He smiled.

"I sure hope Heather realizes how lucky she is." She said as she straightened his collar.

Tara Ripley was a beautiful, middle-aged housewife. Everyone told her she looked like Mary Margaret Hume from Dawson's Creek. This was true, but Tara's breasts were much much larger than the tv actress, especially as she entered her ninth month of pregnancy. Her tummy was simply enormous, packed with fully developed twins who were ready to slide down Tara's birth canal at any moment.

"Give me a hug before you leave." Tara said.

She pulled her son into her arms. Ben felt his mom's huge tummy pressing tightly against his, so tight in fact the he could almost feel his soon to be siblings resting in his mother's womb. As Tara wrapped her arms around her only son, Ben felt a rush of blood to his cock as his mom's milk filled boobs made contact with his chest. They felt so soft and spongy sandwiched between him and his mother.

"Here." Tara said, placing a condom in her son's shirt pocket. "Play safe."

"Thanks." Ben said bashfully.

"You do know how to use it, right?" Tara asked.

"I think I can figure it out." He answered.

Suddenly, the phone rang and Tara walked over and picked it up. Ben often wondered how his mother, being so pregnant, was still able to walk around in such dainty little heels. Her feet were so soft and tiny, her toenails always freshly painted and displayed so beautifully. Tara picked up the phone.

"Hello...Just a minute." She said. "It's for you, sweetie." Tara said, holding the phone out to her son.

"Hello...Oh hi, Heather...You can't....Oh no, I understand...Maybe next weekend....Okay, hope you feel better...Okay, bye." Ben said and hung up the phone.

"The date's off I take it." Tara asked.

"Yeah, Heather's not feeling well." Ben said.

Tara stroked his cheek.

"I'm sorry, sweetheart." She said.

"That's okay." Ben said.

"Hey, I have an idea. Your father's working late tonight. Why don't you and I go out on a date." She said.

"Naw, I think I'd rather just stay home tonight." Ben said.

Tara placed her hands on her waist, causing her big boobs and giant pregnancy to balloon outward.

"Are you rejecting me, mister?" Tara asked teasingly.

"No...I...I just don't know if I feel much like going out." Ben said.

"Well then I guess we'll have to have one of those stay at home kind of dates." Tara said.

"Really, mom...you don't have to do this just because you feel sorry for me." He said.

"Don't tell me what I can and can't do, buster. Do you wanna date with me or not?" She asked.

Ben looked at his mom as she stood there with her hands still on her waist. Her boobs stuck out like two watermelons, resting on a beachball sized tummy. For such a fit woman, her curves were stunning.

"Well...I'm waiting." She said.

"Yeah...Okay." Ben said.

Tara reached in his pocket and took out the condom.

"Guess I won't be needing that tonight, huh?" He asked.

"Nope...You don't need a condom when your date's already pregnant." She smiled.

They stood there and looked at each other for a moment.

"What do you mean?" He asked.

"Just what I said. Since your date tonight is already pregnant, you won't be using the condom." Tara said.

"Yeah but we're not gonna...you know...do it...are we? Ben asked.

"Sweetie, that's what you do on stay at home dates. You're not changing your mind now?" Tara asked.

Ben felt his head spin and his knees go weak. Tara giggled.

"Honey, you're going pale. Come sit on the couch." She said, leading him by the hand to the livingroom sofa.

They both sat down and Tara continued to grasp his hand in hers.

"Are you okay, sweetheart?" She asked.

"Yeah, I just...Are you...serious about what you said?" He asked.

Tara looked him in the eyes.

"Do you want me to be?" She asked.

"Yeah...it just...it just seems a little strange, you being my mom and everything." He said.

Tara stroked her son's face and smiled.

"Well...maybe we just need to break the ice a little bit...Do you find your mother attractive?" She asked.

"Yeah...of course." He answered.

"If I wasn't your mom, could you picture me as your girlfriend?" She asked.

"Well, you're a little older than me." He said.

"Oh, so you have something against older women? She said teasingly.

"No...not at all. Aren't I too young for you though." He asked.

"No...A lot of women like guys who are much younger." She said.

"Do you?" He asked.

"I asked you on a date, didn't I? Most young guys are full of sexual energy and a lot of older women need that in their man." She smiled.

"I see." He said.

"So, young man, tell me...are you packed full of sexual energy?" She asked.

"Too much I think." Ben laughed.

"There's no such thing as too much, as long as you have a girlfriend who has just as much sexual energy as you do. Which is why mom just might make the perfect girlfriend for you. Think you'd be willing to drop Heather for me?" She said.

"Yeah, but..can we do that?" He asked.

Tara giggled.

"Honey, we're both adults. We can do whatever we want." She said.

"What about dad?" Ben asked.

"Lots of married women have young boyfriends that their husbands don't know about. As long as we have a discreet love affair, your father won't know anything about it." She said.

"Won't you feel guilty." Ben asked.

"Oh sweetie, no. It's just what wives do. Your father's getting older and he doesn't have the sexual energy that young guys have. Once a husband stops performing it's quite natural for his wife to seek pleasure elsewhere. You'll see, in the next few years you'll have married women crawling all over you." She explained.

"Can a mother and son be like...you know, husband and wife?" Ben asked.

"Legally...no, but if that's what they wanted...sure." Tara said.

"So you and I could choose to be married, if we loved each other enough?" He asked.

"Honey, this is only our first date. Are you proposing already?" She giggled.

"I...I guess so...yeah. Would you...ever want to marry me?" Ben asked.

"You're wanting to get engaged...today?" She exclaimed.

"Well...yeah. Why not. It's not like we don't know each other." Ben said.

"I know, but sweetie that's a huge commitment. You'd have a wife and children to support. I mean, do you think your ready to be a daddy?" She said.

"I'll do anything I have to do to be with you. So...will you marry me...Tara?" He asked.

"Please...call me mom. It'll remind us of how beautifully wicked our love is, and yes...I will marry you." Tara said as a tear rolled down her cheek.

Ben and Tara embraced tightly in their incestual union. They pulled away just far enough to look into each others eyes.

"I love you...my son and husband." Tara said.

"I love you...my mother and wife." Ben responded.

Tara moved in and parted her lips as her and her son met for their first kiss as lovers. It was a slow sensual kiss that lasted for what seemed like forever. Tara stood up, her hand still grasping her son's tightly as she looked down at him. Ben looked up at his mother, taking in the beauty of her enormous pregnancy. A huge baby-filled tummy loomed over him. Two massive breasts, capped with giant nipples that were hard and quivering with anticipation hung low on his mother's belly. Soon they would be swinging above their new

lovers face as he drilled his cock into the pregnant depths of his fiance's steamy twat.

"Lets go up to our bedroom, darling...and get in our bed. We have a stay at home date to finish, remember?" She asked.

Ben followed as Tara led the four of them up the stairs. He watched his mother's ass sway seductively. He smiled knowing it was his ass now. Soon his balls would be beating against that beautiful ass as he fucked...his pussy. He looked at Tara's long shapely legs knowing that soon they would be spread wide open for him. He couldn't wait to suck the toes of his mom's gorgeous feet and be smothered in the wieght of her enormous tit-flesh. They entered the bedroom and Tara turned to her new love.

"Lock the door and get in bed...I'm gonna put on my nightie." She said softly.

As Tara stode across the room, she peered back at her eager son.

"So...aren't you glad that little BITCH got sick. Thanks to her you got yourself a new girlfriend and a fiance, all in one night. She said.

"Yeah...could this night get any better." Ben said.

Tara giggled as she slipped out of her dress and unfastened her huge bra. He monsters tits spilled out onto her tummy and swayed from side to side. Juice from her soaking twat was literally streaming down her leg.

"Oh...I think so." She said.

THE END