

# Back in the Saddle

by blaster666

It was two-thirty in the afternoon when John Birch's bleary eyes watched the brown Cadillac pull into his driveway and park where his wife Kathy use to park her car. Hers was no longer there, nor would it ever be again. What was left of it was sitting in old man Sprietzer's wrecking yard where it had been for the last seven and a half months. Kathy had been broadsided by a semi on her way home from work one evening killing her instantly. Her parents had flown in from upper Manhattan for the closed casket funeral but his own mother wasn't able to make it due to a bad case of the flu. She did tell him she'd try and make it out soon but he told her not to worry about it. Even though she couldn't come out they did talk on the phone for hours at a time over the next few months. Donald Cutter, Kathy's dad, had business overseas that required his presence so they hadn't stayed long. Helen Cutter had told him that she'd try and come spend a few days with him just to make sure he was okay. Since he hadn't heard anything from her he'd completely forgotten about what she'd said. But true to her word he watched as she stepped out of the car, stretched and gave the rambling four-bedroom house a measured look. She hadn't shown up empty-handed either; she'd apparently swung through Illinois and brought his mother Madison, she preferred Madi, with her.

During the eight years he and Kathy had been married Helen and Madison had met on several occasions, usually around the holidays. Although it appeared as if the two women got along well John sensed an uneasy friendship between them from the very beginning. To him it felt more like they were rivals. It was immediate to all that with a small stretch of the imagination the two women could easily pass as sisters. Both women were tall; standing about five-ten, and neither weighed more than one thirty-five or so. They each had baby-blue eyes and shoulder length hair; Madison's was the same bottle blonde color as Kathy's while Helen was a brunette. The two women also had fairly large breasts, long toned legs that went on forever and shapely round

butts that could make any man's tongue wag. At fifty-three Madison was a year older than Helen.

He had met Kathy while in college at Stanford where she was studying political science while he pursued a degree in architectural design. One of the reasons he'd been attracted to her in the first place was because she looked so much like his mom had at that age. Once he got to know her, he fell in love and the rest was history. From the first time their families had seen Madison and Kathy together there had been whispered jokes among them how John had subconsciously married his mother. They weren't funny jokes but they did have a certain ring of truth to them, at least for him they did. John had always been attracted to his mother.

Aside from their physical resemblance however Madison and Helen were total opposites. Where Madison was quiet and introverted, Helen on the other hand was boisterous and flirtatious. She reveled in making people, especially men, uncomfortable around her just to see what kind of reaction she could get. On several occasions she'd plopped herself down on John's lap in plain view of her husband and asked him if she were too heavy. As soon as his face turned beet-red she'd leap up and laugh. Mr. Cutter seemed to get a kick out of her antics.

Sluggishly he rose from the comfort of his overstuffed recliner, and after almost tripping over the empty bottle of Jose Cuervo on the floor he made his way to the front door. The fact that he was dressed in just a pair of boxers didn't register until he'd swung open the door and saw the amused look on his former mother in-laws face. His mother didn't appear to be quite as amused.

Madison stood there appraising her son. She wasn't happy at what she saw. His brown hair was unkempt, his blue eyes blood-shot and the curly hairs that covered his broad chest looked sort of matted. The boxers he was wearing didn't appear to be too fresh either. Stepping into him she whispered her condolences while fighting against the nausea that crept over her. She could smell the sweat and alcohol oozing out of his pores. She held the hug as long as possible before backing away and sucking in some fresh air. Apparently Helen didn't have a problem with bad smells, she threw her arms around John's neck and plastered her body against his. Madison was a little shocked as Helen's already short skirt rode up revealing most of her ass to the world. The black thong she was wearing left her tanned cheeks out in the open. Madison turned her head away from the spectacle afraid she'd tell Helen to get her mitts off her son.

John saw Helen's breasts bounce under her blue silk blouse as she rushed forward and crushed herself to him. When she did he felt her tits mash into his chest and he also noticed that her pelvis was pushing inward against his crotch. It was obvious she wasn't wearing a bra. The four inch black heels she was wearing put her on an even stance with his six-foot two frame and he could feel her nipples scraping against his chest as she hugged herself to him. He knew from past experience that she could be a flirtatious minx, but this was pushing the boundaries even for her. As subtle as he could he put his hands on her hips and gently pushed her away. Her face looked a little flushed and he could see the two points of her nipples pushing the fabric of her silk blouse out. For some ungodly reason John felt his cock start to expand in his boxers. What he didn't know was that his mother had seen the bulge too.

"John, uh, why don't you put some pants on and bring our bags in for us," Madison said as she stepped past him into the cluttered front room.

Helen followed, but as she stepped past him she "accidentally" let the back of her hand slide across the front of his boxers. A small wicked smile spread across her lips when she felt his dick twitch.

John and Kathy had purchased the house for a song; the previous owners had fallen on hard times and accepted the first offer they received. Two of the bedrooms were in the process of being remodeled, and had been since before Kathy's death. Since John's room had a separate bath he told the women they could share it and he'd stay in the one down the hall. After moving his clothes into the other room he took a shower while they settled in.

Freshly shaved and dressed in clean clothes he almost felt human again as he went into the front room. Madison was busy tidying up the place while Helen sat on the sofa drinking what looked like a screwdriver. Well, so much for my vodka he mused as he took a seat in his recliner. He felt a stirring in his groin when Helen uncrossed her shapely legs and leaned forward on the sofa. For the briefest of moments he had an excellent view up her skirt and between her toned bronze thighs as she moved.

"You know John, I've never been able to figure out why you and Kathy bought this place. What is it, twenty miles to town?" Helen asked, her eyes twinkling with mischief when she saw where his eyes were looking.

"It's eight miles actually," he mumbled, his eyes straining to get another peek up her skirt.

"Oh, well that's nice. Madi dear, would you like some help?" she asked in a condescending voice while watching him as she slowly opened her legs a fraction.

"I could use some help," Madison replied noncommittally.

Leaning back on the sofa and recrossing her legs Helen said, "John, be a dear and help your mother."

While they straightened up the front room Helen went into the kitchen to see what kind of food John had on stock. There was one good thing about Helen; she was an excellent cook. After going through the fridge and the pantry she came to the conclusion that some one was going to have to go to the store. She knew exactly whom she would send. Scribbling down a list of items on a piece of paper she found near the wall phone she went out and took several bills from her wallet. Madison was flabbergasted when Helen handed her the money, the list and her car keys then asked if she minded going into town.

"Since you've been here before and know where the stores are, I'll keep John company while you're gone," Helen said, picking up her drink and heading for the kitchen to refill it without waiting for an answer.

Madison fumed all the way to town. She thought about not getting some of the items on the list, especially the tequila and vodka, but knew

that would only create a situation with that pretentious bitch. Better to keep the peace than stir the pot.

John knew his mom was pissed. Hell, a blind man would've been able to see that. But apparently Helen couldn't, or wouldn't. For thirty minutes he sat there listening to her ramble on about how good it was to see him again, and how good things were going for her husband and her. She managed to throw in a few mournful "I miss my daughter" remarks while letting him have longer looks up her skirt. By the time she said she was going to freshen up he had the beginnings of a hard-on. He watched her ass sway provocatively as she strutted down the hallway, throwing him one last look over her shoulder before disappearing into the master bedroom. He didn't hear the door close behind her.

Stripping out of her clothes Helen went into the bathroom leaving the door wide open and turned on the shower. While waiting for the water to warm she ran a finger gently through the slit of her bald pussy while thinking about her son-in-law's eyes gazing lustfully up her skirt. She wasn't surprised by how wet she was. She'd always envied her daughters luck in finding a man like John. Tall, well muscled, good looking, and well hung judging by the feel she had when she'd brushed against his boxers. Whether he was hung or not was something she planned to find out. Stepping into the shower she rapidly lathered up before opening the shower door and calling out to John.

"John, I need your help."

At first he didn't hear her, he was too immersed in thought about the creaminess of her inner thighs to hear anything other than the beat of

his own heart thumping in his chest. When she called out again he snapped out of his daze and went to see what was wrong. As he reached the open doorway he glanced inside and didn't see her anywhere in the bedroom.

"I'm in here," Helen called out.

Turning toward the sound of her voice he noticed the bathroom door was wide open and he could hear the shower going. Hesitantly he stepped over to it and peeked inside. Helen was holding the fogged glass door to the shower open just enough for her to stick her head out. He could make out her silhouette through the glass.

"What's wrong Helen?" he asked, his voice breaking as she leaned her body up against the glass.

"I don't have anything to scrub my back with. Would you be a dear and wash it for me?"

"I really don't think that's a good idea," he stammered, his cock growing in his pants.

"You don't have to get in with me silly, I'll leave the door cracked and you can reach around it and soap up my back," she laughed.

"Uh...okay, I guess that would work," he replied stepping up to the shower door and taking the soapy washcloth she was holding out.



Awkwardly he reached around the door and felt her back up into his hand. Slowly he began running the cloth over her back starting at her shoulders and working his way down. When he reached the small of her back he lost his grip on the slippery washcloth and dropped it on the shower floor. The palm of his hand slid over her soapy skin and his cock reacted positively to the feel of her slick flesh.

"Whoops, dropped something. I'll get it," she giggled and bent over to pick up the cloth.

When she bent over the movement caused John's hand to slide lower. It traveled down across one cheek, the tips of his fingers gliding through the crack of her ass until they were nestled against her slit.

"Well hello sailor," Helen chirped happily, pushing her cunt back against his fingertips.

"God Helen, I'm sorry," he stammered, swiftly yanking his hand back.

"That's okay sweetie," she replied, standing and pushing the door all the way open.

His jaw dropped as she stood there totally naked in front of him, soapy water running down her body in tiny streams. He gazed in astonishment at the stiff pink nipples sitting on her overly firm breasts, and the spattering of freckles that adorned her chest. It was obvious she had implants, and equally obvious that whomever had done the work

had done a very good job. As his eyes went lower he took in her flat smooth tummy before reaching her shaved mound. He could just make out her clit peeking out at the top of her slit.

Smiling Helen reached down and placed her wet hand over the bulge in his pants then said, "Oh my, did I cause this?"

"What the hell Helen..." he started just as the blaring of a horn came from the driveway out front.

Madison pulled into the driveway and laid on the horn. She'd be damned if she was going to lug everything into the house by herself. Hitting the automatic trunk release she climbed out of the car just in time to see her son coming out of the house. She noticed the strained look on his face, but what really caught her eye was the large wet spot at the crotch of his khaki trousers.

"Spill something on your pants?" she casually asked as they removed the bags from the trunk.

"Yeah," he stumbled.

She knew he was lying but didn't press the issue. They carried everything into the kitchen and began putting it away. When she pulled out the bottle of tequila John took it and set it off to the side near the sink. The look in his eyes told her that he was fighting the urge to open the bottle and have some right then and there. Before she could say anything to him about his drinking Helen walked in dressed in a

white halter-top and a pair of black shorts that left half her cheeks hanging out. She had a towel wrapped around her head. Well, that explains the wet spot on John's pants she quietly seethed. Another thing that didn't go unnoticed was how Helen's nipples showed through the material when she turned a certain way.

"So John, is the pool safe to use?" Helen asked, raising her hands up to adjust the towel.

"I should probably skim it first," he replied, his eyes glued to the twin points on her chest.

"Fantastic, maybe you'd be a sweetie and get that done while I start dinner. Nothing like a cool drink and a dip in the pool after dinner to help relax a person," Helen cooed, stepping up to John and gently placing her hand on his chest.

"Actually, you should wait a spell before swimming after you eat," Madison tossed out snidely.

"That's what the cool drink is for," Helen returned, casually letting her hand slide off John's chest without even glancing in Madison's direction.

"John honey, I'm going to take a shower and cool off. This southern California heat is for the birds," Madison said before shooting daggers at Helen and storming off.

"Okaaay," Helen remarked then turned to John. "You too big boy, scat, go take care of that pool while I fix you a home cooked meal."

The meal turned out to be Teriyaki Salmon with zucchini and scallions, and it was way beyond delicious. Helen apologized for not having any sesame seeds for it but no one was complaining. After they finished John had the women leave the kitchen while he cleaned up. Helen asked about the pool then squealed with delight when he said it was ready for action. Saying she was going to put on her swimsuit she sashayed out of the room with an exaggerated sway in her hips. Madison stayed behind and helped despite his protests.

"You doing alright kiddo?" she asked taking the rinsed plate he was holding and putting it into the dishwasher.

"Yeah Mom, I'm fine."

"Any plans to get back to work? Maybe start getting back into the swing of things."

"Actually Mom, between the settlement from the trucking company and what Dan offered for my half of the firm, I'm pretty well set financially."

"You're selling your share of the company?" Madison asked surprised, turning to look at her son.

John had started an architectural firm with his old friend from school Dan Marlowe. After a slow start they garnered a job for a well-known movie mogul that loved their design for his new mansion. When word of his praise spread through the Hollywood crowd they became the go to guys among the rich and beautiful. In the span of just three years their firm had become worth millions. The offer that Dan had made John was quite substantial.

"It's for the best. My mind seems to refuse to think about designing anything anyway."

"Then maybe you should put your mind on other things. Perhaps getting back into the dating scene," she threw out.

"I don't know Mom, I'm still pretty tore up about losing Kathy," he replied softly, a mist building up in his eyes.

"I know baby, I know," she whispered soothingly, gently rubbing his back before taking the plate from his hand and placing it in the dishwasher.

After everything was done they headed back into the front room hand in hand just as Helen emerged from the bedroom. What she was wearing caused Madison to gasp, and had John's jaw hanging open. The dark blue bikini she had on left almost nothing to the imagination. Two tiny triangles of fabric connected by braided strings that tied at the back and around the neck passed for the top and barely covered her nipples while the patch of fabric passing itself off as the bottoms just

managed to hide her mound from view. When she spun around to give them the full affect her firm bronzed ass cheeks were clearly on display.

Madison felt a stab of envy as she gazed in shocked wonder at Helen's lean, toned figure. It was clear to her that there wasn't a spot on Helen's body that wasn't tanned; how could there be since she was practically naked. Turning she saw the stunned look on John's face, but she also saw something else, the look of lust shone brightly in his pale blue eyes.

"You are going to join us for a dip aren't you Madi?" Helen cooed, letting her eyes glance briefly at John's crotch.

"I...uh...don't think so," she replied softly.

"Come on Mom, it'll be fun," John encouraged never taking his eyes from Helen.

"But John, sweetie, I didn't bring a suit with me."

"That's no problem Madi, we're about the same size, you can wear one of mine. I always carry more than one when I travel," Helen chimed in.

Laughing almost hysterically Madison said, "I don't think so. It'll be a cold day in hell before anyone sees me in something like that."

John turned and placed a hand on his mother's shoulder then said, "Kathy's stuff is still in the bedroom. I'm pretty sure one of her suits will fit you Mom."

"Come on Madi, I'll help you find something," Helen assured her as she took her hand and pulled her toward the bedroom.

Reluctantly Madison allowed herself to be hauled into the bedroom where Helen immediately started going through the closet and the dresser drawers. It wasn't long before she let out a squeak of triumph. Pulling some articles from one of the drawers she turned to Madison holding up a one-piece swimsuit. It was white with wide tan stripes running vertically up and down the front and back of it with thin shoulder straps that criss-crossed in the back.

"Oh, this is darling, here Madi, try this one on," Helen said handing the suit to Madison.

With a bit of trepidation Madison took the suit and went into the bathroom to change. Once undressed she stepped into the leg openings of the suit and pulled it up noting that it was a little snugger than she would have preferred. After adjusting the shoulder straps she picked up a hair tie from the stack on the counter near the sink and put her hair in a ponytail. Appraising herself in the mirror above the sink she wasn't too happy with how low cut the top of the suit was; her breasts were pushed together and up almost spilling out the top of it. Another thing that bothered her was how the outer leg openings rode high on her hips pulling the crotch tightly into her causing it to dig into the cleft of her pussy making the lips look puffy and swollen. Pulling the fabric out and away from her mound she absently tucked in the stray black

pubic hairs that were sticking out. Turning she checked the rear of the suit and saw that half her ass cheeks were uncovered as well. Unlike Helen's toned bronzed ones hers were soft and pasty white. God, there's no way I'm going to wear this in front of my son she thought, tugging the bottom of the suit out to cover as much of her butt as possible. Hesitantly she stepped back out into the bedroom expecting Helen to bust out laughing or something.

"Wow, Madi, you look great in that!" Helen exclaimed happily.

"I don't know, I feel like I'm spilling out all over," she complained, trying to stuff more of her tits back into the top unsuccessfully.

"It's suppose to look that way silly," Helen chuckled.

"Then why do I feel like the Pillsbury dough girl? Why can't I look more like you instead of a loaf of uncooked bread?"

"Oh sweetie, if it weren't for the money I've spent making myself look this way, I'd look just like you, only with a lot smaller tits," Helen said.

"I don't understand," Madison replied, unsure what Helen meant by smaller tits.

"Honey, I've spent thousands on gym memberships, personal trainers... and these," she pushed her boobs up to emphasize her point, "These beauties cost five grand apiece, money well spent according to Don."



"They're fake?" Madison coughed.

"I like to refer to them as being optimized. It's hard enough for a woman my age to bag a guy who doesn't need a little blue pill to get it up, without using some tricks. Now, enough about me, let's go have some fun. I think your son will sprout a woody when he gets a look at you in this swimsuit. I already have, and I don't even have a dick."

"Helen! That's my son you're talking about. I...I...don't want him sprouting anything because of me."

"Oh relax Madi," Helen chuckled, the flustered look on Madi's face was priceless. "He's a virile young man, just because he's your son doesn't mean you can't take it as a compliment if he gets aroused."

Helen had to practically drag Madison from the bedroom only to find the front room empty. Sounds coming from the back near the pool told them where John was. When Helen started heading that way she noticed Madison hadn't followed. Turning she saw her standing in the same spot she'd been in with a frown etched on her brow. Stepping back over to her Helen placed her arm around Madison's waist and gently steered her to the patio doors.

"Trust me sweetie, John is gonna love you in this suit."

"I'm not so sure of that," Madison hedged.

"You look fantastic honey, so stop dawdling and get your fine ass out there," Helen commanded, giving her a gentle pat on the butt.

John was hovering over a serving cart fixing drinks for everyone when he noticed them come through the glass door leading out to the pool area. Helen led the way but when she stepped aside and he got his first glimpse of his mother he almost dropped the bottle of vodka he was holding. For the briefest of moments he thought he was looking at his late wife. The swimsuit his mom was wearing was one of Kathy's favorites; only she'd never filled it out quite like his mother was doing right now. Blood rushed to his cock instantly creating a tent in the front of his baggy beige swim trunks that didn't go unnoticed by either woman. Quickly recovering he turned his attention back to mixing up a batch of screwdrivers telling them to have a seat while his heart pounded in his chest.

Helen glanced back and shot Madison a knowing smile. A flush appeared on Madison's face as her eyes locked onto her son's bulge. "God, he must be huge" she thought, swiftly becoming disgusted that she would even think something like that about her own son. Her heart beat faster and her breathing became erratic before she was able to tear her eyes off the front of his trunks. Following Helen over to a group of chaise lounges she took a seat and waited for John to bring their drinks.

With his hands trembling slightly he carried two tall glasses over, handing Helen hers first, before going and standing in front of his mother. Holding out her glass he couldn't take his eyes off the soft white tops of her breasts overflowing out of the swimsuit.

"John, honey?" Madison said softly.

"Yeah Mom?" he mumbled back, his eyes never wavering from her chest.

"My eyes are up here sweetie," she replied, unable to prevent her nipples from stiffening as her son's eyes devoured her exposed flesh.

"Oh, sorry Mom," he stammered slowly backing away. "I think we need more ice."

Giggling Helen leaned over and whispered, "Told you he'd like it," as they watched him disappear into the house with the half full ice bucket.

She didn't have to be told the obvious; her son's lust-filled eyes had conveyed that tidbit of knowledge loud and clear. What wasn't so obvious to her was why she'd gotten such a thrill out of having him molest her with his eyes. Her nipples were still painfully stiff and the dampness at her crotch continued to spread. Downing her drink in several large gulps she stood up and walked over to the serving cart.

"Well I'll be damned! He got you hot just looking at you didn't he?" Helen snickered.

"What the hell are you talking about?" Madison asked shyly, taking her seat, a fresh drink in her trembling hand.

"Don't play coy with me, if your nipples were any harder they'd pop right off your tits. Admit it, your son just turned you on," Helen continued.

"That's nonsense," Madison replied weakly.

"Is it Madi? Let me ask you this. When's the last time you got laid? Can you even remember that far back?"

"I date...occasionally," she mumbled.

"I'm not talking about dating, I'm talking about the last time you had your world rocked by a thick hard cock. I'm talking about the last time you got fucked so hard it took two days before you could walk normal again. That's what I'm talking about," Helen whispered conspiratorially.

"My God Helen, you don't have to be so crass," Madison said, then took another healthy gulp of her drink.

"Listen sweetie, you're not getting any younger. You've got to grab life by the balls and squeeze everything you can out of it."

"What are you lovely ladies talking about?" John asked as he approached.

"Oh, just girl talk. You forgot the ice honey," Madison told him, noticing the only thing he'd brought back was the bottle of tequila and a half full glass.

"Geez," he grumbled.

"I'll get it," Helen announced, getting up and heading toward the house, her ass swishing back and forth the entire distance.

"She's something else," Madison said more to herself than to anyone in particular.

"That she is," John agreed sitting down in Helen's vacant chair and turning to face his mother. "Listen Mom, I want to apologize for how I stared at you earlier. You just look so good in that suit I couldn't help myself."

"Thank you John, I'm flattered that you think so. But I wish you'd do me a favor and not drink too much, okay?"

"Don't worry, I won't," he said, tipping the glass and draining the rest of his drink before standing and saying he was going for a swim.

"Here's the ice," Helen said as she reached the serving cart. "Can I fix you another Madi?"

Madison glanced down at her empty glass and wondered when she'd finished it. Holding it out she let her mind wander back to her earlier conversation with Helen. When was the last time I had my world rocked she asked herself. Was it before or after her two-timing husband had run off with his nineteen-year-old secretary? It had to have been after, since that had happened almost ten years ago she reasoned. She started to get a little frustrated because she couldn't honestly remember when the last time she'd had an enjoyable sexual experience. There had been a few wham bam thank you ma'ams over the years, but nothing earth shaking. The only orgasms she'd had recently were the ones she'd given herself.

"Damn girl, you look deep in thought. Anything I can help with?" Helen asked, reclaiming her seat and holding out Madison's drink.

"No, just trying to remember something is all," she replied, accepting the drink and tipping the glass to her full lips.

Sipping her drink Madison watched as her son's muscular body glided effortlessly through the water. The stiffness in her nipples was gone, but the dampness at her crotch was a reminder that she'd been aroused by the way her son had looked at her. Unable to shake the image of his bulge from her brain she turned to Helen and asked what she'd meant about bagging guys that didn't need a pill to get it up.

"You're wondering if I cheat on my husband aren't you?" Helen inquired, her eyes watching John in the pool.

"Yeah."

"Technically no. Donald and I have an arrangement. He can bang all the twenty-somethings he wants, and I can do the same. The only rule is we don't tell the other about our conquests."

"I don't know how you two can do that. Doesn't the sanctity of marriage mean anything anymore?"

"Don't be such a prude Madi. Donald and I learned a long time ago that with all the times we are apart both of us would need outlets for our sexual needs. So taking a lover now and then seemed like the logical thing for us to do. And I have to tell you Madi, there's nothing like getting boinked silly by a young stud such as your son."

"My son? You're not saying you plan on ..." Madison hissed.

"Welllllllll."

"Helen, you can't! You're related, that would be incest!"

"Only by marriage not by blood. And since that's no longer the case then there's no harm, no foul. Besides, isn't it about time he got back in the saddle?"

"Helen, please...not my son," Madison pleaded.

"Oh don't go getting holier than thou on me Madi. As much as I'd love to take him for a test ride, I don't think I'm the one John has his eyes on anyway," Helen sighed.

"What are you talking about? Who else would he be thinking about?" Madison asked puzzled.

"You," Helen replied flatly.

"That's absurd, you're crazy if you think my son wants to have sex with me," Madison growled.

"I'm crazy? Really? Well wrap your head around this while I go flirt with your son. Since they were married my daughter has told me that John has called her "Mom" on several occasions while they were making love. What does that tell you?" With that Helen rose and walked over to the pool leaving a stunned Madison staring blankly into space.

John stood neck deep in water and watched admirably as Helen made her way sensuously to the shallow end and slowly climbed down the stairs until the tiny triangle of fabric covering her mound disappeared under the water. An involuntary groan escaped him when the rest of her slid out of sight. He couldn't deny that she was one hot woman; the swelling in his trunks confirmed that. Gazing downward through the water he could just make out her distorted figure as it reached his legs. Without warning he felt her hands grab his legs and use them to pull herself up. When her hands reached the hem of his trunks one of them



slid up the baggy leg hole and found his ball sack, squeezing it gently before releasing it as her head broke the surface.

"Helen!" he sputtered, staring into her mischievous eyes.

"Relax John, have a little fun for a change. You could always pay me back you know," she giggled, grabbing his hand and placing it against her mound before he could react.

"God, what am I gonna do with you?" he said, yanking his hand off her mound and stepping around her heading for the shallow end of the pool.

"I have a few suggestions," she called out, a tingle coursing through her pussy as she watched his retreating muscular back.

Stepping out of the pool John walked over to where his mother was fixing herself another drink. His pace slowed to a crawl as he took in the sight of her backside pointed in his direction. Her suit bottom had crept closer to her crack exposing a good deal of pale white cheeks to his gaze. He knew he should be disgusted with the thoughts that were running through his brain, but he wasn't. Instead he briefly stopped and admired the view until she turned and reclaimed her seat. By the time he reached the serving cart his cock had gotten thicker in his trunks. He had a little trouble concentrating as he poured himself a drink before taking a seat on the far side of hers leaving Helen's chair vacant.

"I'm really glad you're here Mom," John said as he settled back and began to sip his drink.

"Me too sweetie. Sorry it took so long to visit," she replied, turning toward him and studying his face.

"That's okay, I wouldn't have been much fun to be around anyway."

"I understand baby," came her soft reply.

"What are you two talking about?" Helen asked as she approached.

"Nothing really," Madison answered, annoyed at being robbed of some quality time with her son.

Helen fixed a drink and settled into the vacant chair before asking, "So Madi, have you told John what we discussed?"

Turning to look at them John asked, "What's she talking about Mom?"

"Oh, nothing dear," Madison replied, shooting a scathing look in Helen's direction.

"I would hardly call it nothing Madi," Helen retorted.

"Tell me," John said, his interest piqued.

"Well honey," Helen began, waving a hand in Madison's direction when she saw her start to interrupt. "Your mother and I were thinking that it's time you got back in the saddle."

"Back in the saddle? You mean like start dating or something?" John wanted to know.

"What Helen is trying to say..." Madison started to explain.

"What I'm saying," Helen interrupted, "Is that you should stop feeling sorry for yourself. It's time you started going out and being around other people. Maybe date someone, do something fun, get laid. Don't waste your life moping around the house like you're doing now."

"That's my decision to make, not yours," John replied through clenched teeth before standing and heading to the house.

"That didn't go over too well," Helen said as she watched him duck inside the house.

"Maybe I should go and see if I can calm him down," Madison stated, starting to rise.

"No, I'll do it. I'm the one he's upset with," Helen replied jumping to her feet and heading off before Madison could stop her.

When Helen entered the house John was nowhere in sight. After searching the kitchen and finding it empty she figured he might be in his bedroom. That's where she found him. He was standing in the middle of the room with his back to the open door sipping on a half-full bottle of tequila. Slowly she went up to him and pressed herself against his back, wrapping her arms around his waist and letting her hands settle on his firm abdomen. She felt him tense up as her skin made contact with his shirtless back.

"I didn't mean to make you mad John. I just want what's best for you," she said softly.

He felt the smoothness of her skin against his back and the warmth of her hands on his tummy. To his surprise it felt good, very good. His cock was starting to show signs that it liked the feel of her against him also.

"And you think the best thing for me would be to get laid?" There was no anger in his voice.

"I know you miss Kathy, we all do. But I also know that she'd want you to get on with your life dear," Helen gently replied as one of her hands inched lower on his stomach.

Taking a pull from the bottle John asked, "Do you think she'd be okay with her own mother trying to fuck me?"

"Actually, I think she would like the idea that it was with someone who really cares for you," she cooed, her hand now dipping into the waistband of his trunks.

"I'm not so sure of that," he whispered, feeling his resistance fading away as she began to place tiny kisses on his shoulders.

"I am sweetie, trust me," she replied soothingly, her hand now all the way down the front of his trunks.

John stood there with his eyes closed and surrendered to the warmth of her hand as it finally wrapped around his semi-hard cock. He felt lightheaded as more and more blood flowed into his penis making it rock hard. Softly he leaned back against her feeling the swell of her tits pressing firmly into his back. God it's been so long he thought as the sensation of her hand stroking his shaft sent flutters of joy throughout his being. He hadn't even allowed himself the pleasure of masturbating since Kathy's death.

My God he is huge thought Helen as she felt his cock expand to its fully aroused size in her hand. The thought of having this beast stuck up inside her filled her with joy as her hand stroked faster along the throbbing shaft. Without thinking about it she took her hand off his cock long enough to use both to pull his trunks down around his knees. With the trunks out of the way she reached back around and captured the hot hard meat of his cock once more in her hand. This time she was able to make longer strokes. As her hand worked his shaft with ever increasing speed, she brought her other hand around till it was on top of her mound, the fingertips pressing against her stiffening clit under her skimpy suit. Deftly she used her fingers to pull the fabric to one

side giving her access to the slick, wet folds of her slit. A tiny sigh of relief escaped her lips as two fingers wormed their way up into her flooded tunnel.

He heard her sigh just before one of his own leapt from his mouth. The grip around his cock tightened and pre-cum began to ooze out freely from the tip. The warmth of her pistoning hand and the feel of her breasts pushing into his back opened the floodgates of his desires. Helen had teased him for years and now he was going to do something about it. This wasn't about love, or anything remotely close to it. This was about lust. Pure, unadulterated lust plain and simple. The sound of the half-full tequila bottle hitting the carpeted floor didn't even register with either of them. Spinning around he stared into her glazed eyes, his burning with desire.

"You want me to get back in the saddle? I'll show you back in the saddle!" John snarled.

Before she could answer he bent down and grabbed her roughly by her ass cheeks and lifted her off the floor, his face buried between her breasts as he carried her awkwardly toward the bed. Once next to it he unceremoniously dropped her onto her back with her butt at the edge then spread her legs wide by her knees and slid between them. With her thong already pulled to the side he had no problem stepping between her thighs and placing the head of his throbbing cock against the opening of her sopping pussy. He could see both fear and hunger in her eyes as she stared up into his face. In one forceful lunge he sank his cock into her until his balls were pressing firmly against her ass. Because of her wetness and the pre-cum oozing from his cock there was little resistance.

"Oh shiiittttt!" Helen screamed as she felt his cock stretching her pussy out as it sank into the deepest recesses of her cunt.

For several minutes after Helen had left Madison sat and sipped her drink, disturbing thoughts bouncing endlessly around her brain. Could all the things that Helen had said about her son wanting her, and also calling his wife mom while that made love be true? She didn't think so, but the thought that maybe it was true kept lingering in the back of her mind. Hadn't he stared at her with something more akin to lust than what a son should have? She knew the answer to that was yes; she'd seen it in his eyes. Her nipples grew stiff as she recalled the bulge growing in his pants the longer he had stared at her. And God help me, she rebuked herself, didn't your pussy get wet just from having your son leer at you? She wanted desperately to blame her own arousal on the booze but knew in her heart that she couldn't. The thought that maybe she shouldn't let Helen confront John by herself nagged at her. Setting her glass down she rose and went inside.

Madison heard Helen scream and fear clutched at her heart as she raced toward the sound. It was coming from John's room. When she reached the threshold of his bedroom her jaw dropped, her hands flew up to her mouth and her mind struggled to register what her eyes were seeing. There before her was John between Helen's wide open legs, his trunks hanging around his ankles, and his ass cheeks clinching with each forceful lunge of his hips. His legs were parted enough for her to see his balls bouncing off Helen's upturned ass. When he pulled back, she got a quick glimpse of his thick hard cock covered in a shiny sheen of their fluids. The size of it took her breath away. Before she knew what she was doing, one of her hands had slid into the top of her suit and captured a ripe nipple between two fingers while the other one had

snaked down over her mound and was applying subtle pressure on her clit through the fabric. Leaning gently against the doorjamb she watched mesmerized as the spectacle before her played out, the pressure on her mound increasing.

"Is this what you've been wanting Helen?" John growled, slamming into her hot wet cunt savagely.

"Yes, yes, yes! Fuck me you motherfucker!" Helen wailed, trying to push her hips up to meet the battering ram that was filling her pussy so full.

Placing his hands at the back of her knees he pushed her legs down until they were almost touching her tits. He couldn't deny the effect her pussy was having on his cock. The heat around his shaft was building and he could feel the throbbing increase as he plunged faster and faster into her sopping wetness. Leaning over her he began to take long strokes in and out to prolong the orgasm that was fast approaching.

Madison watched as her son leaned forward giving her a better view of his cock as it went in and out of Helen's bald pussy. Until now she hadn't realized how long it was. Butterflies began dancing in her stomach as she worked her hand furiously over her mound, her eyes glued to the thick wet muscle that was her son's hard cock. She barely had time to pull her hand away from her tit and clamp it over her mouth to stifle the moan that accompanied her release. Shame washed over her as she felt her orgasm rip through her. When it slowed enough for her to move she fled out of the room and didn't stop until she was back by the pool. Her hands were trembling so hard it took two tries to fix herself a drink.



"Ohhhh Fuuccckkkkk!" Helen screamed as her cunt clamped around John's cock and released a flood of juice.

John felt her cum and couldn't hold back any longer. Gritting his teeth he buried his cock into her as far as it would go his spunk erupting from him like a volcano.

Helen felt his cock twitching with each spurt of cum. She felt it drip out and slid down the crack of her ass. Eagerly her cunt milked as much of his cum out as it could before he slid to the side and collapsed on the bed next to her, the wet sucking sound of his cock plopping out of her saturated hole resonating in her ears. Dazed she sat up, gave him one last look and walked unsteadily out of the room. She made it as far as her bed where she fell onto her back and passed out. John crawled all the way onto his and did the same thing.

Madison downed the first drink in one swallow then carefully fixed another before sitting heavily into her chair. She couldn't believe that she'd just masturbated while watching her son fuck the shit out of Helen. The thing that had her worried the most was how much she'd actually enjoyed herself. The orgasm she'd had wasn't earthshaking, but it had been better than any she'd had in a very long time. Without realizing she was doing it she began to rub her mound once more. When it finally dawned on her what she was doing she was very close to having another orgasm. Yanking her hand away from her mound she was startled by the sudden giggle that poured from her lips. My God, have I turned into a Helen she asked herself? Living just for the pleasure life offered, no questions asked? In the back of her mind a little voice chimed in. Why not Madi? When's the last time you actually had

fun just for fun's sake? When was the last time you were fucked as hard as Helen was getting fucked right now?

"Never," she whispered, an obvious note of envy in her voice.

Daylight gave way to nightfall as Madison sat there sipping her drink and dwelling on her past. She didn't like what she was remembering. The lonely nights, a loveless marriage, frustration. The only thing that had given her any joy was her son John. Love swelled in her heart but was replaced with pride when her mind shifted to the vision of her son's rigid rod pummeling Helen's pussy. Shaking her head to clear the image she sat her glass down and went into the house. Maybe things would look brighter in the morning she told herself.

As she entered the hall leading to the bedrooms she noticed light flooding into the hallway from John's open doorway. Was he still up she wondered as she approached? She got her answer when she glanced inside and saw him sprawled on the bed without anything covering him. The first thing she noticed was how peaceful he looked. The second thing her eyes took in was his exposed cock. To her it looked like it hadn't gone completely down. She was torn between just shutting his door, or going inside and covering him up. She chose to cover him up then close his door.

As she slowly approached the side of his bed she became acutely aware of the moisture building up inside her pussy. A quiver of anticipation rippled through her. All her good intentions flew out the window once she was next to the bed. She couldn't take her eyes off his cock. From somewhere deep inside her a hunger grew as her eyes spied the drop of cum that clung to the end of her son's magnificent penis. With a

trembling hand she slowly reached out and hefted his meat up with two fingers until the head was pointing skyward. As if guided by some otherworldly force she leaned over and captured the drop with the tip of her tongue. A moan escaped her lips as she tasted the salty elixir. The hunger grew into a craving with only one way to satisfy it. Madison's mouth opened and took the head of her son's cock into it. Tenderly she swirled her tongue over the crown and around the entire top of his head hoping that more of his seed would run out. When his penis began to swell in her mouth she became scared that he was waking up. Releasing his cock she fled out the door without covering him or closing the door.

John lay there semi awake, the tingling sensation on his cock slowly fading. He had opened his eyes to slits at the feel of something warm surrounding the head of his cock and thought he saw Kathy. She was bent over sucking his cock wearing her favorite bathing suit. Now that the feeling was fading he just thought it was a dream. He closed his eyes but sleep eluded him. The picture playing out in his mind kept switching from Kathy sucking his cock to one where it was his mother doing the sucking. His hand traveled down until he was holding his growing stiffness in his palm.

The main bedroom was shrouded in darkness when Madison reached it. Without thinking she flipped on the light flooding the room in brightness. Stretched out on the bed, her legs open, was Helen. She seemed to be completely out of it so Madison left the light on. She needed to find something to wear to bed and wouldn't be able to if the light was off. She also didn't care if she woke Helen or not. Making her way to where her suitcase was she had to pass right by where Helen lay. Glancing down as she passed she noticed that Helen's suit bottom was still pulled to the side leaving her pussy in plain sight. Madison

stopped and gazed between Helen's legs. She could see that Helen's cunt lips were red and puffy, and cum was still oozing out of her. Her son's cum. The longer she watched it dribble out of Helen's soaked slit the stronger the urge to taste more of it grew. Without a conscious thought as to what she was doing she bent down and ran a finger through Helen's inflamed puffy lips gathering a coating of John's cum on her finger. Having never touched another woman's pussy before it felt strange and oddly exhilarating. It wasn't until she had her finger in her mouth and was sucking the salty fluid from it that she looked down and saw Helen staring up at her with wide-open eyes. There was no anger or judgment in them, only understanding.

"Oh God Helen, I'm so sorry. I don't know what I was thinking," Madison stammered, starting to back away.

Before Madison could retreat Helen reached up and took hold of her wrist and held her in place as she swung her feet off the bed and stood up in front of her.

"You wanted to taste him, didn't you?" Helen asked soothingly, her hands now resting lightly on Madison's shoulders.

"Ye...yes," came her soft reply.

"Is that all you want from him Madi?" Helen asked, gazing over toward the doorway as she began to gently pull the straps of Madison's suit down over her shoulders.

"I...I...don't know," Madison whispered, barely registering the fact that her top was being pulled down exposing her breasts.

"Yes you do Madi. Tell me what you want. Tell me what you want John to do," Helen coaxed as she knelt and pulled Madison's suit down and off her torso, leaving it bunched at her ankles as she stood back up.

"Please Helen...I can't," she responded with a quiver in her voice.

"You can Madi. Say it. Say you want to feel his hard young cock in you," Helen encouraged a little more forcefully.

"Please don't make me say it," Madison implored her while images of her son's thick hard cock raced through her mind.

"Say it Madi!" Helen urged as her fingers captured Madison's ripe swollen nipples and pinched them lightly.

A gasp escaped Madison's lips and her eyes squinted shut as she spoke. "God forgive me, but yes, I want to feel my son's cock in me!"

John had lain in bed for several minutes before deciding that he wasn't going to get back to sleep anytime soon. Reluctantly he rose out of bed and stepped into the hallway butt- ass naked. He didn't think anyone would be up. The light spilling from the main bedroom made him think twice about that so he grabbed a towel out of the bathroom. With the towel securely wrapped around him he made his way to the main

bedroom and stopped dead in his tracks before reaching the door when he heard Helen's voice say, "You wanted to taste him, didn't you?" When he heard his mother's reply he stepped into the doorway and stared slack-jawed at the two women. His cock grew and grew as the scene played out in front of him. Releasing the towel he began to slowly stroke his shaft as his mother's swimsuit was tugged from her body. By the time it was finally off his cock had become painfully hard. He stepped forward and stood behind his naked mother, the urge to touch her overpowering.

Helen took Madison gently by the shoulders and turned her around, softly saying, "Then tell him Madi."

She almost fainted when she saw her son standing in front of her. She wanted desperately to cover herself with her hands but her arms wouldn't move, they just hung limply at her sides as her eyes traveled lower on his body. Another gasp escaped her lips when she took in his raging hardness, the veins standing out and pulsating with life. Her eyes lingered a moment longer before she forced herself to look into his face. She didn't know what she expected to see; perhaps disgust, pity, shame. When her eyes reached his all she saw was love coupled with an intense desire. The kind of desire she'd yearned for from a man.

"I'm so sor..." Madison didn't get the chance to finish before John's hands cupped her face and his lips pressed tenderly down onto hers.

"I think I'll give you two some privacy," Helen said, heading to the door leaving the bottoms of her swimsuit still pulled to the side.

Madison struggled feebly to back away, but stopped when her son's hands left her face and went around to cup her ass. All willpower vanished as she felt herself being swept up in his arms, his muscular body pressing against hers. She felt his tongue gently probing until she parted her lips and allowed it to dart inside, his cock wedged between their bodies hot and throbbing. Her arms found a life of their own and snaked around his neck and forced his lips down harder on to hers. A long slow moan escaped her as her son's tongue explored her mouth while his hands gently kneaded the lush full buns of her ass.

John felt her yield to him as she parted her lips and let his tongue in. When her arms came around and pulled him tighter into her his desire for her reached its zenith. His hands gently kneaded the pliant flesh of her ass as he lovingly kissed her with a passion he'd never known before. Slowly he broke the kiss and backed up until he was holding her at arms length. Like gazing at a priceless masterpiece his eyes travelled over her. His cock throbbed harder as he took in the full ripe breasts capped with brown medium-sized areolas and stiff pointy nipples, then moved down over the slight swell of her tummy before settling on the fur-covered mound of her pussy.

Shivers of delight coursed through her body as she watched her son devour her with his eyes. When he dropped to his knees and pulled her into him, she squealed with surprise. His breath was hot on her skin as he buried his face into her mound and snaked his tongue out onto the tip of her erect clit. Her knees buckled and she almost fell as his tongue probed deeper into the wetness between her cunt lips. A loud moan filled the air as he used his hands against her ass to pull her pussy tighter against his face. When his tongue touched the opening to her velvety tunnel, she screamed from the force of the orgasm that raced through her.

John stood and gathered his mother's quivering body up in his arms. His lips found hers once more as he carried her to the bed and gently laid her down. She opened her legs wide as he climbed onto the bed and crawled between them. Holding himself on stiff arms he gazed into her sparkling eyes while her hand reached between them and guided the head of his rigid cock to her soaking wet entrance. Slowly he pushed until just the head was buried inside his mother's steaming hot pussy. Her eyes opened wide as he pushed more and more of his cock into her tight wet pussy. The heat surrounding his shaft was immense as his cock slipped deeper into her slick velvety tunnel.

"Oh, sweet Jesus," Madison cried out as she felt her son's cock stretching her cunt walls as it sank slowly into her.

"Am I hurting you Mom?" he asked, his voice filled with concern.

Madison couldn't help but chuckle as she cupped his face in her hands. "No baby, you're not hurting me. It just feels so damn good is all."

She saw relief wash over his face and he smiled down at her.

Patiently John slid the last few inches into her. When his balls finally nestled up against her ass he lay down on top of her and stayed still. He couldn't believe how tight, hot and wet his mom was. Raising his head up he kissed her again, gently, lovingly. She responded by wrapping her arms around his back and softly stroking him. Slowly he began to pull out until just the head was inside, then just as slowly he



pushed back in. He repeated this for several minutes, marveling at how she was getting into the same rhythm. Once their timing was set he began to stroke into her faster and faster, feeling her pussy rise to meet his downward thrust.

Helen leaned against the wall just outside the bedroom and listened to the sounds of their lovemaking. She could hear their bodies slapping together as she jammed two fingers into her sore wet pussy. The faster the couple went, the faster her fingers plunged. Her envy for what Madison was receiving was obvious to her. Why couldn't I have a son that would love me like that she asked herself?

Madison threw her legs around John until her heels were locked over his ass. She could feel each time his balls slammed against her upturned ass making the cheeks ripple from the force of it. His cock was stretching her to the limit and it felt glorious as he speared into her molten heat. The sound of their wetness bounced off the walls as she rode the tidal wave of her happiness. Grunting she pushed up to meet him as her feet pushed down on his butt forcing him to pound her harder and harder with each thrust. Her first orgasm hit her like a ton of bricks, ripping through every fiber of her being.

"Oh God, oh God, oh God, ohhhhhh Goddddddd!" she wailed, her juices erupting and coating her son's hard thick cock with its stickiness.

John felt his mother's pussy clamp forcefully down around his cock and start vibrating, the flood of juice that flowed out making it easier to pump into her tightness. Lifting himself back onto his arms he began to slide in and out of her cunt as fast as he could. Another spasm

rippled around his penis as his mom's pussy exploded with another orgasm.

"Uuuuuuggggggghhhhhhhhhh, I'm cumming!" Madison screamed, her head rolling from side to side as her body shuddered from the force of her new orgasm.

Helen placed her hand over her mouth and stifled the guttural moan that bellowed from her as her own orgasm rocked her violently. As the feeling subsided, she slid softly down the wall landing on her ass, legs spread with two fingers still buried deep into her dripping pussy.

John couldn't hold back. Every nerve ending in his cock screamed for release as his mother's slick pussy quivered endlessly around his shaft. His cheeks clinched as he buried his thick hard cock into his mother's cunt and released a torrent of cum. The howl of pleasure that erupted from him could be heard well past the boundaries of the house. When the jets of cum shooting into his mother finally dried up he collapsed on top of her heaving chest struggling to catch his breath completely spent. When he regained his breath, he rolled off of her, a loud wet sucking plop could be heard as his deflating cock slipped from her saturated pussy. In an instant he was sound asleep.

Madison sighed deeply as she felt his cock slip from her tingling cunt. It felt like a river of cum was running out of her as she lay there on her back gazing lovingly over at her sleeping son. She felt no shame in what she'd done, nor would she.

John Birch slowly opened his eyes. The bedroom was filling with the morning light as it streamed in through the open curtains. The brightness wasn't what drew his attention; the feel of something hot and wet around his cock did. Glancing down he saw Helen with half of his erect cock in her mouth, her eyes gazing up his nude uncovered body filled with mischief. Before he could say anything a hand came from his right side and the fingers began to twirl through the curly hairs of his chest. Turning his head, he saw his mother propped on her elbow gazing sweetly into his confused face. Helen chose that moment to deep throat his cock causing an involuntary groan to escape his lips.

"I think he likes that Helen," Madison murmured as her fingers roamed sensuously over his chest.

"What's going on Mom?" he asked, groaning once more as the pleasurable feeling on his cock intensified.

"Well, Helen and I have decided that since she has to leave in a few days that we would share you. But only if that's okay with you sweetheart."

"Are you leaving too Mom?" His eyes betrayed the worry he felt.

"I'd rather stay here, if it's okay with you," she replied, a huge smile on her full pouty lips.

"I would like that. I would like that very much," John said, a twinkle returning to his eyes.

"And," Helen added after releasing her lip-lock on his fully engorged cock, "we decided to let your Mom have first crack at you this morning."

John watched as his mother rose into a kneeling position next to him and threw her leg over his hips. He couldn't tear his eyes away as he stared down between her thighs and watched as Helen held his stiff cock up and guided it between the wet slick lips of his mom's pussy. His head dropped back down on the bed and a peaceful look came over his face as his throbbing hard cock slowly disappeared inch-by-inch into her hairy pussy.

Madison grimaced slightly as she lowered herself down on her son's cock, its size filling her fuller than she'd ever been filled before. A deep sigh of contentment spewed out of her mouth as she lowered herself the rest of the way down on him. Leaning slightly forward she placed the palms of her hands on his chest and gazed lovingly into his eyes. The despair that had been in them had been replaced with the look of a love that was so pure and bright it could rival the glare of the sun. She vowed that from this moment on, if he'd let her, she would spend the rest of her life making sure the brightness never died again. Slowly she began to rise and fall on his raging hardness, her pussy muscles quivering and clamping around his shaft with each upward movement.

"I love you so much Mom," he groaned, reaching up and cupping her face in the palms of his hands.

"Maybe you should start calling me Madi," she whispered, her bottom lip trembling as the love she had for her son shone brightly in her own eyes.

**THE END**