



The Erotica Collection

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INCEST

Grandma and the Dust Bunnies

Have you ever had your parents make you do something that you really didn't want to do? I'm not talking about the normal things they make you do, such as clean your room or take out the trash. Everyone has dealt with that, that's par for the course while growing up. No, what I'm talking about is when they make you do something that's going to spoil your whole summer vacation. Well that's exactly what mine did to me in the summer of '72.

Visions of fantastic get-togethers with my girlfriend Trudy floated through my brain as I walked home on the last day of school. My name is Billy Crammer and I am eighteen going on nineteen, and can lick the world with one hand tied behind my back. At least that's what I keep telling myself. The fact that I'd just finished my junior year instead of my senior one didn't bother me at all. I'd had to repeat a grade due to my complete lack of giving a shit. The summer was mine baby, and I was going to spend it pumping my fat seven and a half inch dick up Trudy's tight wet twat. A smile crossed my lips as

I reflected on how many times I'd done just that over the last six months. Trudy was hot, tight, and very nasty. Hell, that chick could suck the chrome off a trailer hitch. Yes, it was going to be a great summer, I had it all planned out. Unknown to me however, so did my parents.

As soon as I got home I could feel something bad in the air. My parents were waiting for me in the front room with some wonderful news. They told me they were having the house remodeled, and by the way, they were spending the summer on the French Riviera and I was spending it with my Grandma Hazel. Yeah, my folks are rich. Filthy rich! They got their money the old-fashioned way; they inherited it. Yep, Dad's father croaked and left them a butt load of dough. That's why I never worried about school; I knew they'd take care of me. I could feel my plans vanishing like a fart in the wind. Shit, I thought to myself, anyplace besides Grandma Hazel's. Now don't get me wrong, I love my Granny; it's just that since Pops had split ten years ago she has become one serious whack-a-doodle. Besides, she lived clear out in the middle of the Nevada desert in some podunk town I referred to as Shitsville USA.

For the next three days I pleaded, begged, and groveled at their feet in hopes of changing their minds about sending me to Grandma's. I got the same results as I had when I'd asked for a car, a pathetic smile from Mom and a scornful look from Dad. They both told me it was for my own good. I failed to see how in the hell it was for my own good. Now, pumping my plump rod up Trudy's pussy all summer long would be for my own good, not keeping Mom's crazy Mother company for the summer. So at noon on the fourth day of my summer vacation I trudged up the stairs into the bus and grabbed a seat in the back. As if things couldn't get any worse, I glanced around and discovered I was on the geriatric ride to the land of milk and honey. The bus was filled with old fogies itching to get to Nevada and lose their retirement checks. Fan-fucking-tastic! It was going to be seventeen hours of listening to the cackle of old broads and grumpy fucks.

By the time the bus pulled into Shitsville, population 309 according to the sign on the outskirts of town, it was just after seven in the morning. My back and legs hurt from sitting for so long as I grabbed my lone bag from the overhead

compartment and stepped off the bus. Taking my bag I sauntered over to where a bench sat under the stations overhanging roof and plopped my ass down. Fuck me I grumbled, it's only seven and I could already feel sweat trickle down my spine under my t-shirt.

The last time I'd seen Grandma Hazel was over two years ago when she came out for Thanksgiving. I hadn't spent too much time with her then, I was too busy puffing up the weed. Also she had this annoying habit of referring to me as a little turd. Get this for me turd, or, how bout a kiss for your Granny turd. At first it was amusing, of course it could have been because I was stoned, either way it started to grate on my nerves after a while. I started avoiding her until she finally went home a couple of days later. I did give her a quick kiss on the lips before she left. It felt like the crazy old broad had tried to shove her tongue in my mouth, or, once again it could have just been the weed. Twenty minutes went by before this beat up 65 Ford pick-up came roaring toward the station and slid to a stop at the curb right in front of me.

"What ya waitin for turd, a written invitation?"

Grandma Hazel sat behind the wheel; her head nearly obscured by a huge floppy brimmed hat, and just stared out the window at me. I stared back at her and fought to control the laughter that was bubbling up inside me. Maybe now would be a good time to describe her. She has short brown hair, piercing green eyes, and stands about five foot nothing. If I had to guess her weight, I'd say she couldn't be much more than a hundred pounds soaking wet. The reason I wanted to laugh was because she was so short it looked like she couldn't even see over the dashboard. When she turned her face away from me it looked as if a big hat with hands was driving the truck.

She shot me another hard look and barked, "Throw your crap in the back and get in, we're burning daylight here."

On the way to her house I held on for dear life, the crazy old broad drove like she was the only one on the road. I was also sure the truck was losing parts off it, because it vibrated so bad my teeth chattered. Grandma didn't seem to notice, she sat there with a death grip on the wheel and the accelerator

pushed to the floorboards. I sat there wondering if I would have to change my underwear when we got to her place. To take my mind off the fear of dying I told her thanks for picking me up and letting me stay with her. She responded by telling me that it was my parents idea, not hers. She also told me that I'd be earning my keep while I was there. Yep, my summer was off to a rip-roaring good start.

"Another thing you better get through your head right now turd. In my house, it's my way or the highway, got it?" She glanced over at me with a look of finality.

"Got it," I replied while staring listlessly out the window at the bleak countryside.

The last time my family had gone to Grandma's place I was just a kid. I remembered her house was small and rundown; so when we pulled into her driveway I was completely shocked. Instead of her rundown shack of a place, there was a single story ranch style house here now. She noticed my wide-eyed expression and explained that she'd had the old

place torn down and this one built. She didn't tell me how she got the money to do all this, and I wasn't foolish enough to ask. I was just happy that there was more room than I had been expecting. She parked the old truck in front of the garage and climbed out. Grabbing my bag out of the bed I followed her in.

When we entered she told me to follow her and she'd show me where my room was. The house was set up with the kitchen off to the left of the living room, and on the right was a hallway that led to the bedrooms and bathroom. I followed her down the hall taking in her outfit. She was wearing a sleeveless white blouse with a floor length billowy cotton skirt in a kaleidoscope of colors. Her bare arms were the same deep bronze as her face. We passed two rooms with open doorways, her bedroom and the bathroom, before we reached what was to be my room. I waited until she entered before following her into the room. Grandma went over and drew open the curtains as I surveyed what was going to be my cell for the next three months.

On the right was a closet with sliding doors and on the left stood a double bed with a small dresser next to it. The bed was piled with folded sheets, pillowcases and a thick blanket that I was sure I wouldn't need. There were two plump pillows sitting against the wall that made up the headboard of the bed. There wasn't a TV in sight. Wonderful I thought as I walked over and dropped my bag on the floor near the bed. For some reason that got a rise out of Grandma. She glanced at my bag then back at me, she wasn't smiling.

"I've got rules in this house turd," she growled, then proceeded to tell me what they were.

Irritated and tired from the trip I listened impatiently while she explained that everything had a place and she expected everything to be in its place. She also told me that I was to clean my room daily, and keep my bed made if I wasn't in it. Another chore she tacked on was that I had to run a dust mop over the floors each and every day, and not just my room, but the whole place. The only room I didn't have to do was her bedroom; she said she'd do that one herself. There were no carpets anywhere in the house, just hardwood floors. Oh crap

I thought to myself; I haven't been here ten minutes and the crazy loon has already turned me into a slave. She did help me make the bed, for which I was grateful, but her parting words put a damper on even that.

"I know you're used to being lazy and getting away with everything at home. Well turd, if you try that shit here I'll bust your ass like you were a spoiled brat. Kapeesh?"

She didn't wait for an answer; she strode out of the room telling me that breakfast would be ready in about ten minutes. After first making sure she wasn't lurking out in the hallway I crammed all my clothes into the dresser. With that out of the way, I rolled a joint from my stash and opened the window. The weed calmed my nerves as I blew the smoke out the window and took a look at the back yard. There wasn't one really, just a bunch of cactus and some crappy looking bushes growing wildly here and there. There was a cement slab that had two lounge chaises and what passed for a picnic table on it though. A good place to puff up some smoke I mused as I shut the window and hid my stash under the mattress.

The smell of bacon frying reached my nose before I reached the kitchen. My stomach rumbled and reminded me that I hadn't eaten much since boarding the bus. Of course the weed had also given me a terrible case of the munchies. I walked into the kitchen and sat at the table. Grandma was at the stove with her back to me and I wasn't even sure if she knew I was there. Now Grandma really isn't that old, perhaps sixty-one or two, but anyone over thirty was ancient in my book. Anyway, as I watched her I noticed that she actually had a pretty firm body. Her arms were well muscled and her waistline and hips were quite slender. I'd already checked out the size of her chest as we drove from the bus station. They were small, not much more than a hand full, but nice anyway. Yeah, you got me; I'm a perv. My life revolves around my penis.

She finished cooking and brought two plates to the table. I dug in like a starving man while she just sort of picked at her food, all the while staring over in my direction. I wasn't sure, I was too busy stuffing my face, but I thought I heard her say something about me needing a haircut. Yeah right old lady, that's not happening I thought to myself. I liked my curly

brown locks just the way they were. She was true to her word about me earning my keep; she made me wash the dishes, by myself no less.

When I finished I joined her in the front room. She was perched on one end of the sofa with a book of some sorts, so I sat at the other end. She seemed annoyed when I asked her if I could turn on the TV, but she said it was okay. I went over, turned it on and had to wait for the picture tube to warm up before I could check for something to watch. Wouldn't you know it, the damn set was a black and white model. Another thing I found out was that it only picked up one channel. When I asked Grandma about that she informed me that it would get two more channels, but I had to climb a ladder and turn the antenna before they'd come in. She was even more annoyed when I asked her if she could show me how. Dropping her book on the sofa she rose and stormed out the front door, I almost had to run just to keep up with her.

I followed her around to the side of the house where a ladder was already propped against the eaves. The antenna had a pole that reached the ground, but I learned that you had to

climb up in order to be able to turn it in the right direction. Grandma told me that she had the positions marked with tape. When I didn't hop on the ladder and start climbing she shot me an exasperated look, told me to hold the ladder steady and began to climb up it herself. Holding onto the ladder I watched her go higher and higher until she reached the top. As I was looking up at her a gust of wind blew her skirt up and out away from her legs and butt. My jaw dropped and my eyes bugged out as I learned that Granny wasn't wearing any panties. Her legs were golden brown all the way up to her crotch, but her small round looking ass was as white as snow. I could feel the stiffness growing in my pants as I watched her firm butt globes contract and loosen with her movements. I was so fixated on her snow-white buns that I didn't notice she had finished and was staring down at me.

"Get a good look turd?" she asked when she reached the ground.

Red faced I mumbled, "Sorry."

"You act like you've never seen an ass before. Are you a virgin?"

"No Grandma, I'm not a virgin, and I've seen plenty of asses," I replied firmly.

She glanced down at the bulge in my pants. "Yeah right," she snickered.

After re-arranging my junk I followed her back inside and started flipping through the channels; all three of them. I settled for an episode of Mister Ed. Grandma retrieved her book and began reading again. At noon she asked if I wanted anything for lunch. I didn't. She shrugged and went back to her book. Boredom zeroed in around an hour later. I asked if there was something to do besides sitting around and watching television. The answer she gave me wasn't what I'd hoped for. She said if I was bored then I should go ahead and run the dust mop over the floors. She said that that would get rid of my boredom; it didn't. After shaking out the mop and putting it back in the garage I went back into the front room

only to find it empty. Wondering where Grandma was I searched the whole house. I didn't find her until I stepped out the back door to see if she was in the back yard. She was.

Grandma had changed into a copper-colored skintight one-piece swimsuit and was in the process of dousing herself with a garden hose. I figured the water must be cold judging by how stiff her nipples were. By the time she finished soaking herself the suit looked as if it had been painted on. The front of the suit was so snug at her crotch it actually dug up between her cunt lips making them look fat and puffy. I could also see tiny brown hairs trying to escape at the sides. When she turned and bent over to shut off the faucet the seat of her suit slid into the crack of her ass and exposed two well-rounded white buns to my astonished eyes. My dick was reaching down my pants leg uncomfortably when she turned back around to face me. I asked what she was doing and was told that she liked to lay out and catch some rays before it got too hot. Surprising me she asked if I wanted to join her. She told me it would do my pasty-ass good to get a little sun. Well let me tell you, it didn't take me long to rush into my room and rummage through my crap and throw on the only pair of

shorts I had. A baggy pair of lightly used gym shorts; I left my tighty-whities lying on the floor.

When I got back Grandma was stretched out in one of the lounges sipping from a large Tupperware glass filled with ice and what I thought was water. She eyed my baggy shorts then offered me a sip of her drink. Taking the glass I brought it to my lips and took a healthy slug of the clear liquid. I could hear Grandma cackling the whole time I was bent over coughing up a lung.

"What the hell is that?" I croaked when my throat stopped burning enough to speak.

"Moonshine," she said, reaching up and taking the glass from my shaking hand.

"Where'd you get moonshine from?"

"A friend of mine makes it," she replied. "Want some more?"

"No thanks Grandma," I stammered, lowering myself into the other lounge.

"Pussy," she said, and then took another slug of the stuff. "And stop calling me Grandma you little shit, it makes me feel old."

I wanted to say, you are old bitch, but instead I just said okay Hazel. It didn't take long for me to figure out why she had doused herself with the hose, I felt like I was in an oven in about ten minutes. When I got up and started hosing myself down she glanced over and said; "Now you're learning turd." The water was cold; I could feel my dick shriveling as my balls tried to climb back into my body. Over the next hour or so we both took turns using the hose. I also learned that this was her normal routine. She would get up, clean the floors after breakfast, and then treat herself to some sun and a glass of the good stuff, as she called the moonshine. When I asked what she did for the rest of the day she told me that depended on how much she drank. Most times she took a nap before having something to eat for dinner she added. Then after dinner she'd watch some television then go to bed. If that's all

there is to do here, then this was going to be the worst summer ever I thought to myself.

It wasn't long before I'd had enough sun; I went inside and took a shower just to cool off then sprawled out on my bed with only the towel wrapped around me. I heard Grandma come in and go to her room. A few minutes later she was standing in the doorway looking at me with evil in her eyes. She had changed into an oversized white nightshirt that barely reached the middle of her thighs. It had definitely seen better days, the material was so worn I could actually see through it in spots. At first I thought she was pissed because I was lying in bed in the middle of the day. But when she stepped in and grabbed my shorts and briefs off the floor then flung them at me I knew what she was angry about. I remembered her saying everything has its place.

I wasn't surprised when she started ranting and raving about what a slacker I was, going on and on about how she'd told me she'd bust my ass if I didn't do what I was told. What I was surprised by was when she said I probably didn't even use the dust mop in my room. I told her I had but to prove her point

she got down on all fours and lowered her head enough to look under my bed. Curious as to what she was doing I rolled over and peered over the edge of the bed at her. She had her ass up in the air pointing in my direction and was looking under the bed. I couldn't believe my eyes. Grandma's nightshirt had ridden up so high that her ass and pussy was staring back at me. My cock began to swell as I ogled her firm white butt and the hair-covered outer lips of her pussy. I could even see the pinkness of her slit for a second before she struggled back to her feet and glared down at me.

"Dust bunnies!" she growled, then told me to turn over on my stomach.

"Why?" I timidly asked.

"I told you what I'd do if you didn't do as you were told. There are dust bunnies under your bed, which means you didn't clean under there, so roll your ass over!"

Something in her voice actually scared me a little. Slowly I rolled over aware of how much my expanding cock was tenting the towel. When I was finally on my stomach the crazy old lady threw herself on top of me and straddled my back facing my feet. Without any warning she managed to yank the towel off and began to swat my bare ass. I could hear the smacks each time her hand came down on my buttocks, but I was more interested in the sensation of feeling her cunt pressed into the skin of my back. Her pubic hairs tickled as she slipped and slid on my back while she spanked me. It didn't hurt one little bit; in fact I found myself getting harder with each pathetic swat. By the time she finished my cheeks were starting to sting a little and my cock was fully engorged. As she climbed off I could swear the spot where her pussy had been felt wet. I could feel the air chilling that area more than the rest of my back.

"Now maybe you'll do as you're told!" Grandma rasped.

I rolled onto my side and stared up at her. Her eyes looked glazed over and her face was flushed. I could also see her nipples were poking out through the thin fabric. She just stood there staring down at me without saying anything else.

Her breathing seemed to be getting ragged and her hands rose up and clinched together between her breasts. When I noticed where her eyes were looking, I glanced down and saw my cock stretching out in front of me majestically. Grandma appeared to shudder slightly right before she turned and hurried from the room. I heard her bedroom door slam shut. I lay there shocked at how I'd reacted to getting spanked. Taking my cock in hand I began to slowly stroke myself. It didn't take long before I shot a wad of cock snot all over my stomach. After using my dirty tightie-whities to wipe the mess off I put my gym shorts back on, rolled a small joint, and went out in the back yard and puffed it up. A smile spread across my lips as I lay on the lounge in a drug induced euphoria while the image of Grandma's pussy floated in and out of my sub-consciousness.

When I finally went back inside Grandma was sitting on the sofa staring blankly at the television. She was still wearing the threadbare nightshirt. The screen kept flickering so I went outside and turned the antenna to one of the pre-marked locations. When I got back inside the show Laugh-In was on. Grandma still had a blank look on her face. Concerned that

something was wrong with her I sat next to her and asked if she was okay.

"Huh? What?" she stammered, as if coming out of a trance.

"I asked if you were okay Grandma?"

"Yeah, why wouldn't I be?" she finally replied, her eyes coming into focus as she stared at me.

"No reason I guess. I still can't believe you spanked me," I said.

"I told you I would. Now that you know I will, maybe you'll do as you're told." The fire was back in her voice so I scooted over to the other end of the sofa.

"And what about you Grandma...I mean Hazel?" I was in the mood to mess with her a little.

"What about me what turd?"

"Since you do your own room, if I find dust bunnies under your bed do I get to spank you? That would only be fair wouldn't it?"

It took her a while to bring her laughter under control, when she did she glared at me and said, "If you find dust bunnies under my bed, then by all means spank away. But I guarantee you won't you snot-nosed shit."

Oh really? My mind was already formulating a plan to make her wish she hadn't agreed to let me spank her. For some reason the very thought of paddling her tiny round butt started to make my dick grow. Now that she was back to her old self we didn't spend too much time communicating the rest of the day. Evening rolled around and we ate dinner then settled back in front of the TV again. Yes I had to wash the dishes again, and yes I had to do it by myself, again. That was okay though; it gave me time to work on my revenge plan.

Right before I headed off to bed I asked Grandma why she didn't like me. Her response really blew my mind. She acted genuinely hurt that I thought she didn't like me. On the contrary she told me, she said she loved me very much, it was just that my slacker ways were getting her down. She also told me that she had high hopes that by the end of summer I would see the benefits of being able to stand on my own two feet. I was really touched by the love I heard in her voice, I had no idea she felt this way about me. I even gave in when she asked for a kiss before I headed off to bed. As our lips touched there was a moment when I thought I felt her tongue dart out and lick my bottom lip. Of course that could just have been my imagination couple with the buzz from the weed I'd smoked earlier. Either way, by the time I crawled naked into bed my cock was jutting out and in need of attention.

The next morning everything was back to normal. Grandma called me turd three times before we even had breakfast. While I washed the dishes she disappeared into her room for a spell. When she came out she was dressed in jeans and a button down shirt that stretched snugly across her chest. As she was explaining that she had some errands to run a car

pulled up in the driveway and parked. I watched as a very tall blonde woman with a beehive hairdo stepped out and walked to the front door. Grandma acted excited as she went over and let the woman in.

"This is Stella, she's here to trim that mop on your head," Grandma said as she introduced her.

All I could do was stare. The woman was dressed in a long-sleeved white blouse buttoned all the way up and a black mini-skirt. On her shapely long legs she wore black fishnet stockings. Around her neck was wrapped a silk scarf the same shade of blue as her eye shadow. Her ruby-red lips smiled widely revealing perfect white teeth. I could tell she was in her upper forties, but she was a striking woman all the same. I said hello as the blood started creeping down into my lower regions.

"Well... hello sailor," she replied in a husky voice that sped up the flow of blood traveling south.

"Hazel told me you were a good looking boy, but she didn't tell me you were such a hunk." Her words oozed out of her mouth full of sexuality.

I was able to maintain enough blood in my brain long enough to protest getting my haircut. Grandma told me to relax; Stella was only going to trim it up a little. Stella stepped over and began running her fingers through my hair while making little clucking sounds. After doing that for a minute she went out to her car and came back with a small leather case that she placed on the dinner table. Grandma told us she'd be back in about an hour and left. I was so enthralled with looking at Stella that I didn't even hear the old truck start, or leave. By now all the blood had drained from my brain and taken up residency in my stiff dick. Stella removed some combs and several pairs of scissors from the case then turned and grinned at me. I felt the pre-cum on the end of my cock start to leak out.

"Before I get started, I need you to hop into the shower and wash your hair. Can you do that for me pretty boy?"

My neck almost snapped from the force of my nods.

"It gets messy with all the hair, so just wrap a towel around yourself when you're done. It'll make clean up so much easier," Stella said as I was rushing from the room.

By the time I headed back my hair was squeaky clean and my balls were relieved. My arm was a little sore from pumping so hard though. Stella had taken one of the dinning chairs and placed it in the middle of the kitchen floor. She had me sit, then stepped behind me and started combing my hair. When she had it the way she wanted she picked up a pair of barber scissors and began taking snips. The smell of her perfume filled my nostrils as she went about her task. After she finished with the back she stepped in front of me, spread her long legs wide enough to straddle my thighs and inched herself closer. She started snipping on the front while I fought the urge to open my mouth and nibble on the covered tits almost touching my face. With my hands clasped together in my lap I sat there feeling my dick swelling under the damp towel. She didn't take long, and when she was satisfied with her work she stepped back and told me to stand up. I prayed that she

wouldn't notice how tented the front of the towel was. I shouldn't have worried about it.

"Okay, all done. I'll need this to brush the loose hair off though." With that she grabbed the towel and pulled it off. My cock sprang straight out in front of me. Her eyes lit up and her lips parted in a wicked grin.

"Oh my, I see we have a little problem. Don't worry big boy, I'm a full service beautician."

Before I could utter a word she dropped to her knees in front of me and sucked up half my tool into her mouth. I felt her hands clutch my ass cheeks and push me forward. The rest of my rod slipped between her lips, the head sinking deep into her throat. Oh mamma! And I thought no one could suck cock as good as Trudy; boy was I wrong! This woman hadn't had my cock in her mouth more than a few seconds and I was already on my way to spitting out my spunk. She must have sensed what was happening because she removed her mouth from my dick and leaned low enough to suck my entire sack

up between her teeth. I shivered as her tongue bathed my balls in wetness.

"God, I want to fuck you," I croaked.

She spit my balls out with a plop and looked up at me. "No can do big boy. Sucky sucky, no fucky fucky." My cock disappeared down her throat again, stifling any complaints from me.

She worked her mouth on my cock, taking it all the way in then slipping her lips back until just the head was being lathered with her tongue. A couple of times she pulled completely off and licked the underside of my shaft like a lollipop. Each time I got close to squirting she'd stop sucking and just hold my cock in her mouth until the urge to shoot passed. My knees began to tremble and I felt one of her hands slip into my ass crack. The tip of a finger touched my butthole and lazily circled it. Stella leaned forward and swallowed my whole cock; at the same time I felt pressure from the finger poking at my anus. Stella's throat contracted around the head

of my cock and her fingertip plunged up my ass at the same time. My balls emptied in a gush of volcanic proportions. Time stood still. I felt faint. When I was able to focus I was sitting in the chair and Stella was putting her tools away. I don't know if I had wrapped the towel back around myself or if she had. However it had gotten there didn't matter, just that it was there. Grandma's truck came roaring up and slid to a stop next to Stella's car.

Stella met Grandma at the door and was handed an envelope that I assumed was payment for my trim. The two exchanged hushed whispers, and then Stella turned and thanked me for the tip before stepping outside. I watched through the window as Grandma walked Stella to her car. I was still trying to figure out what Stella had meant about a tip when Grandma returned and told me to clean up the mess on the floor. Cinching the towel tightly around my waist I found the broom and swept up the hair. When I finished I went to my room and sprawled out across my bed. Stella's knob-job had left me totally drained. It wasn't long before my eyes shut and I fell sound asleep.

I awoke with a start shortly after noon, a strange noise drifting in through my open bedroom window. Getting up I went over and peered into the backyard. Grandma was stretched out on the lounge chair in her bathing suit with a tall glass of shine in one hand. She had her eyes closed and small moaning sounds came from her direction. I stuck my head further out the window to get a better look. The towel still wrapped around me began to tent as I noticed she had a finger under her suit at the leg opening. I could see movement under the fabric near her mound as she rubbed herself. More moans rushed out, slightly louder this time, as her finger worked faster on her clit. My hand pulled the towel away from my body and my fingers curled around my stiff shaft. Without even knowing I was doing it my strokes started to match Grandma's frenzied fingering. She opened her mouth wide and exhaled a wild guttural cry as her finger dipped all the way into her covered cunt. My seed splashed against the wall under the windowsill at the same time. I staggered backwards and sat abruptly on the bed.

It took me several minutes to regain my composure, and several more minutes to clean up my mess on the wall. When

I finished I threw on my gym shorts and went out to join Grandma. Her eyes were still closed and the glass of shine was sitting on the ground next to her chair when I got there. It looked like she was asleep. I stood at the foot of her chair holding my breath as I took in the sight before me. She hadn't bothered to rearrange her suit at the leg opening. The fabric had slipped into the cleft of her pussy on the one side her finger had been, leaving a swollen hairy cunt lip revealed. I leaned forward and examined it closer. The hairs were slick looking in the sunlight and appeared to be soft as down. I had to fight the urge to reach out and touch the hairs and see if they really were as soft as they looked. Instead of touching I went over and hosed myself down then sat in the other lounge. Grandma's head rolled to the side and I saw her staring glassy-eyed in my direction. She made no move to cover her exposed cunt lip.

"Uh Hazel..." I whispered loud enough for her to hear.

"What?" Her eyes remained fixed to my face.

"You're kinda spilling out," I said, pointing a shaky finger at her crotch.

Lifting her head she looked down to where I was pointing, then said, "Oh my, wonder how that happened?" Without batting an eye, she reached down and stuck her finger under the fabric and pulled it back over the exposed area.

"That Stella is a good looking woman," I stated, hoping to take her mind off the fact that I had seen her cunt lip.

"I suppose, but you might want to keep your distance. Stella's not right for you," Hazel answered non-chalantly.

"Why? She seems nice," I said, remembering the feeling of sliding deep into her throat, and wondering if Grandma might be a little jealous.

"Oh, Stella's nice alright. But trust me, you don't want to go down that road, unless you like cock." Her laughter drifted off into the distance as I stared open mouthed at her.

"What do you mean?" I managed to stammer.

Grandma turned her face toward me again and said, "Boy, you really are dense! Stella's real name is Carl."

I could hear Grandma's cackling laughter as I leapt to my feet and ran inside. For twenty minutes I scrubbed my cock and balls raw under the shower. While I was doing that images of Stella's face drifted in and out of my head. She had worn a lot of make-up I realized. And hell, she was almost as tall as I am. The knowledge that Grandma hadn't been kidding struck me like a wrecking ball. I scrubbed harder. I trudged back to my room naked, the towel draped over my shoulder. The first thing I saw when I entered was Grandma's ass pointed up at me. She was on her hands and knees looking under my bed again. The swimsuit had ridden up into her crack when she'd bent down and I was staring blankly at the two white moons

pointed in my direction. My penis began to swell, the scrubbing I'd given it making that a little uncomfortable. She used the edge of the bed to help stand up, then turned and faced me. There wasn't any sign of surprise on her face when she saw that I was naked, only fire in her eyes.

"Dust bunnies! What did I tell you I'd do if you didn't clean your room?"

"Bust my ass," I answered sheepishly.

Grandma sat down on the bed. "Get over my knee you little shit," she commanded.

"But Grandma...I'm naked," I protested.

Ignoring my plea she hollered, "Now!"

Dropping the towel on the floor, I stood next to her and leaned over her thighs without touching them. She growled

at me to do it right, and then she turned so she was sitting at an angle. This time I leaned over until my upper body was on the bed and my groin was on top of her thighs. She laid her free forearm across my back and held me down. The feel of her skin on my cock didn't help the situation any; I started getting hard almost immediately. When the first whack struck my cheek I squirmed forward instinctively. This caused my dick to nestle in-between her thighs. The second whack struck and Grandma parted her thighs just enough to let my cock fall downward. On the third whack Grandma pressed her thighs back together trapping my growing rod snugly between them. Each time she whacked my ass I'd push downward then relax. In effect, I was dry humping her thighs. And let me tell you, it was starting to feel real good. I faked several cries as she continued to spank me with ever increasing speed. Soon her speed had increased to the point I was actually pumping my cock like I would have if I were really fucking. Just when I thought I would shoot my load she stopped swatting my ass. She still held me down with her forearm, but now all she did was rub my pinkened cheeks softly. I continued to pump my cock between her thighs; I was too far gone to stop now.

Her voice sounded odd as she said, "Here's a couple more, just in case you haven't learned your lesson."

With that she swatted my ass a few more times. That was all it took. My spunk shot out and dribbled onto the floor, with some of it landing on the backs of her calves. Panting I slowly lifted myself off her lap, trailing a dab of cum onto the top of one of her thighs as I did. I stood there shaking as she calmly rose from the bed and headed for the door. I watched her leave, some of my nut butter dripping from the backs of her legs. A second or two later I heard her bedroom door slam shut. After her door shut I got down and looked under my bed. There wasn't a single piece of dust anywhere.

Later that night she acted like nothing had happened. We ate dinner, watched some TV, and then went to bed. Not one word was mentioned about me shooting my slime onto her legs. This soon became the normal routine. She'd tan for a bit, then come in and accuse me of not getting the dust bunnies from under my bed. Sometimes she'd have me bend over her lap, and sometimes she just had me lean over with my hands on the bed. When she did that my cock wouldn't get as hard,

but I knew she could see it growing. I would see her nipples trying to poke through the material of her swimsuit as she left my room each time.

About a week went by before I finally decided to put my plan into action. I waited until she'd been out tanning for a while, then ran the dust mop over the floors. Instead of taking it outside to shake it off, I took it into her room and shook it out underneath her bed. Another habit Grandma had gotten into lately was coming in and taking a shower after her tanning sessions. She would then put on her threadbare nightshirt before coming into my room and checking for the dust bunnies. Today I beat her to the shower and waited patiently in my room with just a towel wrapped around me. When she finally came in I stood up and let the towel fall to the floor. I was semi-erect already just from the anticipation. She dropped to her knees, peered under the bed and proclaimed her discovery of the non-existing dust bunnies. My cock expanded further as I took in the snow-white globes of her upturned butt. She saw the condition my dick was in and had me lean over the bed this time. I took my medicine like a good boy.

When she was through paddling my ass my cock was fully hard. She glanced at it for several moments then rushed from the room like she always did. Only, this time I followed and rushed in just as she was climbing onto her bed. Ignoring the startled look on her face I went over and checked under her bed just like she had done to mine.

"Ah hah!" I barked triumphantly, rising to a kneeling position and glaring at her.

"What?" she squawked.

"Dust bunnies, that's what," I shot back gleefully.

"No fucking way!" she shrieked, jumping off the bed and dropping to the floor to see for herself.

"Told ya," I said.

"This can't be. I know I cleaned under here today," she replied uncertainly, as she slowly got to her feet.

"You know what this means, don't you Hazel?"

Grandma gazed up into my eyes and stammered, "You wouldn't dare!"

"Wouldn't I?" I told her menacingly.

I could see a glimmer of fright in her eyes just as she tried to push past me and reach the doorway. I threw an arm around her waist and pulled her against me, lifting her feet clear off the floor. She screamed when I flung her onto the bed, pushed her onto her stomach and placed my upper body across the small of her back so she couldn't move. Reaching down I yanked the hem of her nightshirt up until her round little ass was completely exposed. I brought my hand up and then brought it down until it smacked both cheeks at the same time. She squealed. I did it again. She squealed some more. I wasn't hitting her hard at all. Basically I was just bouncing my

hand off her buns lightly. By the way she was squealing though, you'd think I was pummeling her to death. Her feet flew up and down beating the mattress forcefully, while her hands tried to lift herself out from under my weight. I had to give her credit; she was one strong cookie for being so small. It took everything I had to hold her in place.

After a couple of light smacks she shifted her weight trying to roll out from under me. Instead of my hand smacking both her cheeks my palm landed on just the one closest to me, and the tips of my fingers landed right on her hairy pussy lips. Her squeals changed in pitch. The more I paddled the one cheek while brushing my fingertips against her pussy, the more her squeals turned into moans. I also felt it becoming wetter with each new blow. I slowed my smacking until I was just rubbing her cheek with my palm with my fingers dipping ever so slightly into her slit. In-between moans she was begging me to stop.

"Okay Hazel I'll stop, but first I'm gonna give you a few more smacks like you did to me," I told her as my hand began to resume gently swatting her cheek.

"No..." Grandma groaned, her pussy lips now soaking wet.

Letting my hand land one more time I made sure my middle finger dug deeper into her slit. She pressed her face into the mattress as her body stiffened. I could hear her moaning as juices poured out of her cunt onto my fingertip. When I pulled my hand back a string of her juice was stuck briefly to the tip of my finger. I raised my finger to my nose and sniffed. It smelt musky. I rubbed the juice between my middle and index finger feeling the slickness, then brought them to my lips and sucked the juice off. It tasted tangy. My cock was stiff as a board when I stood up. Grandma kept her face planted in the bed and refused to look at me. She was panting and clenching her cheeks together. I headed back to my room wishing I had the balls to just ravage her right then and there.

I made it to my room and picked the towel off the floor. Just as I stood all the way up I heard the pitter- patter of bare feet rushing toward me. I spun around just as Grandma launched herself at me. Her arms were flailing and she had rage in her eyes. I managed to get one hand up that caught her in the chest right between her breasts. Her momentum pushed us

onto the bed with her on top. I bunched the material of her nightshirt in my hand and tried to throw her off to the side. It almost worked, but the threadbare material ripped from the neckline clear down to her navel. My eyes locked onto her exposed tits. They were firm looking and had long brown nipples jutting half an inch out from her dime-sized areolas. She took advantage of my distraction and rolled me onto my back pushing my arms above my head by the wrists. Straddling my waist she glared down into my face as she leaned over me. I couldn't tear my eyes off her nipples.

"I'm going to kick your ass you little shit!" she growled, bringing me back to my senses.

Grandma was strong, but she wasn't a match for my strength. I pushed with my arms until I was able to grab her shoulders and fling her to the side. She fell off and I rolled with her, landing on top between her spread legs. Quickly I grabbed her wrist and pushed her arms above her head and held them there. She was snorting like an enraged bull as she fought to throw me off. Her squirming only made her tits jiggle, fueling the blood that rushed to my cock. To get a better hold on her

I slid upwards on her body. It wasn't until the head of my cock bumped against the outer folds of her slick slit that we both stopped struggling. She opened her mouth to say something but I didn't give her a chance. I slid higher up and the head of my cock parted the puffy outer lips and slipped inside her. She didn't move, but her face went through all sorts of changes. First she looked angry, then almost sad, and then she looked shocked as she widened her legs and more of my cock slid into her. We just stared at each other. The feel of her pussy wrapped around my dick's head was glorious. Hot, wet and throbbing with life.

Slowly I let go of her wrist and held myself up with one arm as I reached down with the other hand and took her long nipple between my fingers. As soon as I pinched it she moaned deep in her throat and closed her eyes. I pushed another inch deeper into her soaking tunnel. Her hips rose up forcing another couple of inches inside her pussy. I could feel her walls resisting the intrusion of my bloated cock. I pulled back slightly then pushed forward again. Her cunt opened and swallowed two-thirds of my rigid rod. Her pussy muscles began to clasp at my shaft as I slowly worked the rest of my

cock into my Grandmother. When I had it all stuffed in her she opened her eyes and smiled up at me.

"If you're going to fuck me, at least give me a kiss first," she whispered.

I brought my lips gently down on hers. She kissed me back and wrapped her arms around my shoulders pulling me down on top of her. There was a hunger in her kiss as she thrust her tongue into my mouth. Our tongues collided and began wrestling. She pumped her hips upward faster and faster while I pulled back then plunged inward, matching her thrust for thrust. The way her cunt clamped around my cock made me feel like I was fucking for the very first time. I'd never experienced such wonderful feelings along my shaft before. It didn't take long before Grandma's pussy became soggy from all the juices she was exuding. The slickness coating my cock made sliding in and out of her heat so much easier. I pumped faster, driving my cock harder and deeper into her. The sound of my balls bouncing off her ass resonated in the room. I could feel my balls start to tighten.

"Oh fuck me with that fat prick you little bastard!" Grandma shouted as she strained to meet my downward thrusts.

Sweat soaked our bodies, our breathing ragged. I could feel my cock swell even more as the tightness in my balls reached its peak. Grandma felt it too.

"Yes...yes...yes," she chanted, raking her nails down my back painfully.

"Fuuccckkkk Grandma!" I squealed, my sperm shooting out in mighty gushes flooding her cunt.

"UUUGGGGGHHHHHH!" Grandma screamed, as her teeth bit into my shoulder and her cunt cream poured out around my thick shaft and coated my balls.

I cupped the sides of her head and kissed her passionately. Slowing some I continued to fuck in and out of her, my cock not quite as hard but still functional. Her hips slowed then

stopped, but her muscles worked my shaft with each stroke I made. It didn't take long before I felt the familiar tightening around my cock once more.

"Oh My God! I'm cumming again," Grandma wailed.

More cream flowed out and dribbled down her ass crack. I knew I wasn't even close to shooting again, but the feeling of her wet sucking cunt around me prevented me from wanting to pull out just yet. Lazily I pumped into her for a few more minutes. When I finally stopped I still didn't pull out of her sopping wet hole. It felt too good. Instead I eased myself down on top of her and rested my head on her shoulder. Her nipples tickled as they pressed into my chest.

"Well turd, I have to say that I certainly didn't expect that," she purred, her hands rubbing gently on my back.

"Well, now you know what will happen if I find any more dust bunnies under your bed," I whispered back.

"Damn dust bunnies!" she snickered.

It's been nearly a month since then. I went out back and saw Grandma stretched out on her lounge lying on her stomach. She was completely naked; the pale white skin on her ass was slowly becoming golden brown. I made a mental note to remind her to pick up some more tanning lotion the next time she went into town. I walked over and stood at the foot of her chair staring down at those glorious ass cheeks of hers. My cock swiftly filled with blood and grew extremely hard.

"Hazel?"

"Yes turd?"

"Guess what I just found under our bed?"

"What?"

"Dust bunnies!"

"Oh damn," she snickered.

Spreading my feet apart I crept up with the lounge between my legs just as she raised herself onto all fours. Taking one hand I placed it on her ass while guiding my cock with the other one. Like always she was soaking wet by the time the head of my cock entered her from behind. With my hands on her hips I slowly pushed until I was buried all the way in and my balls were snug against her clit. The thought that I should send a letter to my parents thanking them for sending me here popped into my head. I smiled and began to hammer Grandma's pussy with renewed vigor.

Grandma and the Sunshine Girls' Club

We were seated at the table having dinner when my father, William Baxter the first ruined what I had hoped would be a very good summer break. I'm William Baxter the second, but I go by Billy.

"I need you to do me a favour," he said just as I put a fork full of roast beef into my mouth.

"What?" I asked, the question almost unintelligible due to the food I was chewing.

"Don't talk with your mouth full," my mother Maxine Baxter admonished me.

After chocking down the food I said "Sorry Mom."

"Anyway, as I was saying, I need you to do me a favor," dad reiterated before adding, "I want you to spend a couple of weeks with your Grandmother."

"What? Why?" I almost shouted.

"Because I asked you to," came his reply.

This was typical of dad, never really asking for a favor, but instead just telling me what he wanted and expecting me to do it. I knew I wouldn't be able to get out of it. All my plans to spend some time with my cousin, on my mother's side, Tucker Woodruff vanished into thin air.

"I had plans for my summer break Dad," I protested vainly.

"Change them. Since I'm paying your tuition I think this is the least you can do," he said, his tone leaving no doubt he wouldn't take no for an answer.

At nineteen years old and in college I would've thought I'd have more say so about how I spent my free time. But I guess I couldn't complain. I still lived at home, rent free, since my school was only a half hour drive away, and as dad pointed out he was paying for it. That left me with only one question.

"Which Grandmother are we talking about?" I asked, a silent prayer bouncing around my brain

Oh lord, please let it be grandma Millie my mind screamed as I waited for dad's answer. She was my dad's mother, and unlike my mother's mom, she was actually pretty cool for someone who was sixty-three. I haven't seen her for close to eight years because she had been living in the south of France until about three years ago, but what I remembered most about her was how she always appeared to be full of energy. She was like an old teenager, always taking risks and never worrying about the consequences. I suppose you could call her a free spirit.

"Grandma Mildred," dad's answer finally came.

I breathed a sigh of relief as my mind screamed, "Yes!"

On July 12th I boarded a flight from Omaha, Nebraska to the Dallas Fort Worth airport where I caught the connecting flight to Portland, Oregon. From there I had to catch a bus to Bend, Oregon where grandma was suppose to pick me up, with my ultimate destination being some place called Sun River about twenty miles further. By the time I arrived in Bend it was five forty-three on the morning of the 13th. Grabbing my one lone suitcase I stepped off the bus and headed into the terminal, the morning air a little brisk.

I really wasn't sure if grandma Millie would be there this early so I prepared myself for a wait by getting a cup of vending machine coffee and then made myself comfortable on one of the few benches scattered about the place. As I sipped the crappy coffee I gazed around the terminal at the dozen or so people, one in particular catching my eye. Near the ticket counter stood a petite woman with her back to me. What had

caught my eye was how she was dressed. She had Birkenstock sandals on her feet and a tight red skirt that was so short I was sure I'd be able to see her ass if she bent over. Her blouse was a brilliant white silk number that looked very expensive even to my untrained eye. Underneath her blouse I could faintly make out a soft pink bra. I wasn't able to see her hair because of the bright red scarf covering it, but what I was able to see had my cock slowly inflating in appreciation. Her ass was round and jutted out slightly, perfect for cupping in ones hand, while her legs were very toned and tanned to a golden brown.

"William Baxter, please report to the ticket counter," came over the PA system breaking me out of the hypnotic trance the woman had on me.

Grabbing my suitcase and dropping the coffee in the nearest trashcan I sauntered over toward where the woman stood. I was hoping to impress her with my swagger, but when she turned to face me my swagger stopped dead in its tracks. The woman's sparkling blue eyes appraised me for a second

before her lips parted into a huge smile revealing teeth just as white as her blouse. Her face was as golden as her legs.

"Billy Baxter, you get over here and give your Grandma a hug!" shouted the woman as she spread her arms wide.

Frozen in place I stuttered, "G-Grandma?"

With four quick steps she was against me, her arms wrapped tightly around my waist, her head pressed to my chest. Hesitantly I placed my arms around her shoulders and gently hugged her back; her perfume smelled like roses. After several seconds she stepped back and held me at arms length.

"My lord, you've sure grown," she huffed, her eyes roaming up and down my six-foot frame.

"And you look...stunning Grandma," I managed to croak out.

"Why thank you Billy. Now, lets get out of here," she said turning toward the front door and walking briskly away.

Snatching up my suitcase I followed, my eyes so mesmerized by her swinging ass that I almost ran into the doorjamb on the way out. She led me to a gunmetal gray Fiat 124 Spider sitting at the curb, the convertible top down even though it wasn't even seventy degrees outside. She had me load my suitcase into the trunk while she got in and fired up the car. As I climbed in I happened to glance over and noticed that the hem of her skirt had risen almost to her crotch, and each time she shifted gears her skirt rose even higher. By the time we made it out of Bend and hit the highway to Sun River I could see her pastel pink panties covering her mound. Unfortunately I was too petrified to enjoy the view; grandma drove like she believed she was Mario Andretti or something. Plus having the top down wasn't doing me any favors either; my nipples were hard enough to cut glass and I was sure my gonads were frozen solid.

As we zipped down the highway grandma talked incessantly, but due to the wind and my chattering teeth I couldn't hear a

word she said. The only pleasant thing about the short ride was watching grandma's nipples get stiffer and stiffer from the cold air swirling around us. By the time we pulled up to the keypad to a gated community her headlights were on high beam and most of her panty-clad mound was in plain sight. When she had to stretch to reach the keypad I was afforded a wonderful view of her right butt cheek. Either her panties had slid into the crack of her ass, or she was wearing a thong. After putting in the code for the gate she settled in her seat and shot me a knowing smile before slowly driving forward. About half a mile in she turned into a cul-de-sac and hit a button on the dash. Looking around I noticed that all five of the homes here were high end and had high fences surrounding the backyards. As I watched I saw the garage door to the house directly in front of us open and grandma easily maneuvered the small car into the spacious garage. Before we got out grandma hit the button once more and the garage door slid quietly closed behind us.

Once she climbed out of the car she told me to follow so she could show me where my bedroom was. With my suitcase in hand I followed her into the house where we entered into

what looked like a combination laundry room and pantry before ending up in the kitchen. She was walking too fast for me to take much in, but as she led me up the stairs to the upper floors I was able to take in the sight of her ass. Her skirt was short enough as she led the way I had a fantastic view of both cheeks. The question of what kind of panties she had on was answered, the strip of pink buried in her crack definitely belonged to a thong. Another thing I noticed was how both cheeks were just as brown as her legs. By the time I reached the top landing I had the makings of an erection that threatened to turn into a full blown hard-on.

When I caught up with her she pointed down the hall and said that was her room, then turned and opened the door to the room we were standing next to. The room was spacious, with a king-sized bed and its own bathroom; the large window let in a lot of light and overlooked the backyard. Laying my suitcase on the bed I excused myself and went into the bathroom to relieve my aching bladder, when I came back out grandma was looking at my suitcase with a frown on her face.

"You sure didn't bring much," she remarked.

"Didn't think I'd need much," I responded, walking over and opening the suitcase.

"Well, I see jeans, shirts, socks and underwear. Did you bring any shorts?" she enquired.

Rifling through my stuff I couldn't find any. Grandma shrugged then went over to the only dresser in the room and pulled open a drawer. After rummaging around she stood and came over holding a pair of lime-green shorts, telling me they were my late grandfather's tennis shorts. Holding them by the waistband she held them against my waist and said they should fit. Taking them from her outstretched hand I held them against me and noticed that they were way shorter than I would've liked. I definitely wouldn't be able to wear my boxers with them unless I wanted to look like a complete idiot. Of course the color was going to make me look like an idiot anyway, but there was no sense in compounding the situation by having my boxers sticking out. If I were to wear them the only option would be to go commando, which would present another problem entirely. Being rather large in the dick

department I was worried that my cock would slip out and give my grandmother a heart attack or something. If they were tight enough I could probably make due with them, but I wouldn't bet on it. Grandma saw the look on my face and asked what was wrong. My face turned red as I tried in vain to figure out how to tell my grandmother that my dick was too big to stay hidden in the tiny shorts.

"There'll a little short," was all I could come up with.

"Nonsense, they'll be fine. Try them on and I'll tell you if they are too short," she said, her eyes looking at the shorts covering my crotch.

"If it's all the same to you Grandma, I'd rather hop into the shower and then lay down for a bit. I'm kinda beat from the trip," I told her.

"Oh my, where are my manners. You get some rest and when you get up I'll make you something to eat," grandma said.

"Sounds good, thanks Grandma," I said, and then leaned down and placed a kiss on her cheek.

After she left I took a quick shower then crawled into bed with just my boxers on. I don't think my head even hit the pillow before I was out. Three hours later I woke, unsure where I was at first. I lay there until I got my bearings then got up, stretched, scratched my balls and walked over to the window. Looking down into grandma's backyard I saw a kidney shaped pool with several lounge chairs on a patio next to it, and a small patch of grass next to the cinder block wall. Glancing to the right I noticed I could see over her neighbor's fence. The neighbor's yard was an exact replica of grandma's, with one very big difference. Near the back fence in the grassy area a bottled blonde with what had to be DD tits was slamming herself down on some guys cock. She was practically laying backwards on him with her hands on his chest, her feet planted on the ground as her ass rose and fell slamming roughly down on the guy. Her front was in plain view of my bulging eyes as she worked up and down on him. I could see his cock sliding in and out of her hairless pussy as she used

her leg muscles to lift her ass before crashing back down. As I watched she began to speed up causing her large tits to bounce up and down on her chest, her stiff nipples just a shade darker than the all-over tan she sported. My jaw hung open and my cock grew harder as I took in the sight.

"Yeah, that's Elizabeth, our resident nympto. You'll meet her later," grandma whispered.

I almost pissed my pants when I heard her speak. I'd been so engrossed in watching the action I had no idea that she'd slipped in and was standing next to me. As we both stared out the window the blonde smiled and threw us a wave before redoubling her frantic pounding of the guy under her. Grandma waved back as if this was nothing new to her then stepped away from the window. Reluctantly I stepped away too, making sure to hold my hands over my bulge so grandma couldn't see it.

With another one of her knowing smiles she told me she came up to see if I wanted something to eat since it was almost

noon. Unable to speak yet I just nodded. She smiled even bigger then told me to come down when I was ready. As soon as she left I went back to the window only to find the guy gone and the blonde picking up the large towel they'd been using. Before she slipped out of sight she glanced up and saw me staring at her. What she did next took me by surprise; she waved then blew me a kiss. Four minutes later I came out of the bathroom a whole lot more relaxed, got dressed and went downstairs.

The stairs led to the front room, where I stopped and took my first real look around. The room was large, with two couches, a couple of wing-backed chairs with ottomans and several end tables strategically placed near the couches and chairs. The furniture was situated in such a way that they formed a horseshoe in front of the fireplace, making it easy for a large group to visit without having to turn in any one direction to talk. What I didn't see was a television. Off to the left was the open kitchen, a huge marble topped island dividing the two rooms.

That was where grandma was. She had her back to me so I took some time to study her. Since my brain wasn't crowded with images of the lady next door I finally had a chance to notice what she was wearing. I also got to see her hair without the scarf covering it. Just like the lady next door grandma's hair was bleached blonde but cut just a little shorter. She wasn't wearing the skirt and blouse anymore; instead she had on a pale blue full-length silk robe that completely covered her. From the back I could see a sash going around her waist, which I assumed was how she kept the robe closed. As I approached she turned and smiled at first, then a frown appeared on her face.

"I thought you were going to try on the shorts?" she asked, her eyes focused on my jeans.

"I forgot," I lied.

"Well, go try them on. I want to make sure they fit, otherwise we might have to go get you some," she said, sounding just like my father.

Back in my room I picked up the shorts and stared at them. Lime-green. Who in their right mind wore crap this color I wondered. Shrugging out of my jeans and boxers I tugged the shorts on, the elastic waistband stretching to fit my waist. As I suspected, they were short, my balls and cock barely hidden in them. Going into the bathroom I checked myself out in the mirror. "Geez, I look like a doofus in these," I grumbled as I turned to take a look at the backside. That part didn't look too bad, but when I checked the front I became a little worried. When soft my cock is still almost six inches long so it makes a pretty good bulge; what I was seeing now looked like I had a woody in my pants. With no way to fix that I figured I could make due with these as long as I didn't do something stupid; like getting a real woody for one. The leg openings were pretty snug so I didn't think my cock was going to make an unexpected appearance at the wrong time. Swallowing my pride I went back downstairs for grandma's inspection, secretly wishing she'd find the shorts unacceptable.

Not all wishes come true. Not only did grandma think they looked good on me; she said she liked how short they were.

Stepping behind she slipped her fingertips under the hem of the leg openings and tugged them down just a bit. When she did the same thing to the front her fingertips grazed my cock. With a startled look she jumped back.

"Oh god honey, I'm sorry, I-I didn't mean to touch you there," she stammered, red faced.

"That's okay grandma," I tried to reassure her.

"Uh, you're not wearing underwear?" she asked, her face bunched up in a frown.

"Can't Grandma. I wear boxers and they'd poke out the bottoms," I explained.

With her eyes glancing at my crotch she hesitantly asked, "Can I ask you something sweetheart?"

"Sure," I replied.

Grandma's face turned even redder as she asked, "Do you have an erection?"

"No," I timidly replied. Staring down at the floor I quietly added, "I'm just a little bigger than most guys."

"Oh...Um...Okay," she said, taking one last glance at my crotch before turning and heading back into the kitchen.

With her back to me she said, "I made you a ham sandwich. When you finish I'll give you the nickel tour of the place."

Sitting on the island was a saucer with a sandwich on it and a tall glass of milk. I sat in one of the barstools at the island and devoured the food, not realizing how hungry I was until now. Grandma busied herself at the sink keeping her back to me the whole time I was eating. When I walked over to rinse my dishes I noticed there wasn't anything in the sink; I did notice that grandma's face was slightly flushed however. Once my

dishes were in the dishwasher she began to lead me on a tour of her home.

To my joy the first place she showed me was a room down a hallway off the front room. It turned out to be a media room, complete with six reclining leather chairs and one hell of a big ass television attached to the wall in front of the chairs. The next place she took me was back upstairs; it was a bathroom with the largest bathtub I'd ever seen in my life against the far wall under a window. She showed me her bedroom then another one next to mine before taking me back downstairs where we stepped through a set of French doors that led out into the backyard. As I'd already noticed, there was the pool and seven rather comfortable looking lounge chairs scattered around the patio area. When we went back inside grandma directed me to the front room where she had me sit on one of the couches while she sat in one of the wing-backed chairs.

"So what do you think of the place?" she asked proudly.

"It's beautiful Grandma, just like you," I answered, unsure why I threw in that last part.

"Why thank you kind sir. But on a serious note I'd like to ask you something that you might find a little weird," she said, clasping her hands in her lap and fixing me with a stare.

"Weird is my middle name Grandma," I chuckled.

"I'm sure you noticed there's five houses in this cul-de-sac. A widow owns every one, including me. Anyway, a while back we formed this little group and we call ourselves 'The Sunshine Girls Club.' We're all nudists." She stared at me as I digested what she'd said.

"You mean you guys run around naked?" I asked shakily.

"No, we're very discrete. As you saw, each house has tall fences around the backyards, so our get togethers are very private. It's not like we run up and down the street in our birthday

suits. We just lay out back drinking and soaking up the sun," she explained.

"Okayyyy," was all I could think to say.

"Now tomorrow is national nude day, and each year one of us hosts our club; this year it's my turn to host. What I'm concerned with is whether or not it would bother you to see a bunch of old women laying around naked or not?" she sort of asked.

I had to think for a minute, my brain wouldn't stop picturing the lady next door.

"No Grandma, I don't think that would be a problem," I finally said, my cock already expanding in the tiny shorts.

"I was worried you might find it rather disgusting; after all we are much older than the young girls you're probably used to seeing, well, with the exception of Elizabeth. At forty-five

she's the baby of our club," grandma said with a nervous laugh.

"Grandma, let me interrupt you right here. From what I've seen of you today I would have to say that you could probably put some of those young girls to shame. I mean seriously, you're quite lovely and very easy to look at," I told her, hoping I wasn't sounding too eager.

"That's sweet of you to say honey, even though we both know that's not true," came her chuckling reply.

Before I could protest she went on, "Here's where what I want to say gets weird. I was thinking that since you are a young man, and full of hormones, then perhaps I could help you prepare yourself for seeing a bunch of naked women."

"How?" I croaked.

"Since I'm your Grandmother you probably won't have any hormonal problems with seeing me naked. So what I propose is for the remainder of the day I'll stay naked so you can get used to being around a naked woman. That should make it easier for you when the girls come over tomorrow. Do you think that would help?" She just sat there with a questioning look on her face as hormones flooded my body.

"I'm sure it would," I gulped.

"Okay then," she said, and then stood and turned her back to me.

I sat there watching as she fumbled with the sash of her robe for a bit. Once she had it untied she slowly shrugged the robe off, letting it float to the floor. Instantly my dick grew. It continued to grow when she turned to face me in all her glory.

Jumping up off the couch I shouted, "Holy shit Grandma, you're gorgeous!"

And she was too. Her ass was as round and tight as any thirty year olds, and her tits, although fairly small, sat firm and proud on her chest, the quarter-inch nipples poking from her dark brown areolas nice and stiff. Further below her tummy was reasonably flat, and her mound was very prominent. There wasn't a single hair on her pussy, and I could see the hood covering her clit along with the tips of her inner labia. Her entire body was tanned. I was sure I was drooling as I stared wide-eyed at what had to be one of the hottest women I'd ever seen. That included the lady next door.

"Oh sweet Jesus!" grandma cried, one of her hands coming up and covering her mouth.

At first I wasn't sure what was going on, but when I noticed where her eyes were focused I looked down and almost fainted. I was wrong about my cock not making an unexpected appearance; because there it was, slithering down my inner thigh like nobodies business, the head all purple and angry looking. So much for the shorts being snug enough to contain my monster, my brain screamed.

"H-How fucking big is that thing?" grandma stammered, her eyes never wavering from my cock.

"Ten and a half inches when it's hard," I stated sheepishly, a hint of pride in my voice.

I knew this because my cousin Tucker and I had compared cock sizes once. His eleven-inch monster was longer than mine, but my dick was a shade thicker, making it a tie in my book.

Finally looking up grandma whispered, "You better be careful with that, you could hurt someone."

"I'm real gentle Grandma," I assured her.

"I take it you're not a virgin then," she said, the tip of her tongue coming out to moisten her lips.

"No, I've had sex plenty of times," I told her. Of course I didn't tell her that plenty of times for me meant four times, with the same girl I might add. Peggy McClusky, one of the biggest sluts in Omaha.

I wasn't sure, but it looked as if grandma was going to reach out and touch my cock, until the doorbell rang. Snatching up her robe she told me to put my jeans back on then started for the door while tying her robe closed. I bounded up the stairs and immediately yanked off the shorts because they were strangling my cock. Rummaging through my suitcase I found a pair of sweats and put them on. Once my cock had started to deflate I went back down to see who had come over. To my surprise, and delight, it was Elizabeth from next door. She was wearing a white and rose-colored robe that barely reached the middle of her thighs. When she moved her big tits jiggled enough for me to know she wasn't wearing a bra. I could feel the hormones starting to act up again.

Her and grandma were in the kitchen chatting when I walked up. Elizabeth turned and smiled.

"And who are you?" she cooed, before saying, "No, don't tell me, let me guess. You must be Millie's newest plaything.

Grandma squealed out, "Lizzie!" but it didn't stop her neighbor from talking.

"Millie here thinks I'm a nympho, but don't let her fool you. She likes the cock just as much as I do, maybe more," Elizabeth chortled.

"Elizabeth Ann!" grandma hollered.

"Calm down Millie, I'm just funning is all," Elizabeth retorted.

Calmly grandma said, "Lizzie, I'd like you to meet my Grandson."

Elizabeth's eyes grew big as they darted between grandma and I, her face beet red.

"Oh crap, I'm so sorry Millie, I had no idea. Please forgive me, I was just having a little fun," Elizabeth choked.

"It's okay sweetie, I'll get you back," grandma chuckled then slipped her arm around Elizabeth's shoulder and guided her to where I stood.

"Elizabeth, I'd like you to meet my grandson Billy. Billy, this is my best friend Elizabeth, whom you saw earlier today," grandma said with a wink.

I extended my hand and shook hers and said, "Pleased to meet you."

"As with you Billy," Elizabeth replied, holding my hand a little longer than necessary.

After the introduction I went over and sat on one of the couches while the two women stayed in the kitchen gabbing.

As I sat there watching them images of both in the buff drifted through my brain causing my cock to inflate slightly. Knowing that I was going to see grandma naked most of today I tried to get my hormones in check so she wouldn't get upset. I was pretty sure she didn't want to see her grandson walking around with a hard-on just because he couldn't control his teenage urges. Several minutes later they came and joined me. Grandma sat next to me while Elizabeth sat in the chair that grandma had used earlier. She crossed her legs and smiled knowingly as she saw my eyes drift down in hopes of catching a glimpse of her crotch. Unfortunately I didn't. What felt like hours, but really was only about thirty minutes we sat there with both women bombarding me with questions. What kind of music did I like? What kind of movies did I watch? Did I have any hobbies? Did I have a steady girlfriend? That question actually came from grandma. I answered classic rock to the music one, action ones to the movie question, and no to the hobby one. As far as the steady girlfriend one, I told them I didn't want one, I preferred to play the field instead. For some reason that made both women glance at each other and smile.

Shortly Elizabeth asked grandma if she was through reading the book she'd loaned her; I think it was Fifty Shades Of Grey, or something. Grandma told her she was and said she'd go get it. Apparently it was upstairs since that's where grandma headed. Once she was out of sight Elizabeth stood and stepped over to me.

"I was wondering if you could do me a favor Billy?" she purred.

"Uh, sure," I replied.

Smiling down at me with big brown doe eyes she said, "Well, I shaved my pussy yesterday, but I'm not sure if I got all the hair. Would you be a dear and check?"

With that she stepped even closer and lifted her outside leg so she could plant her foot on the arm of the couch. By doing so her robe opened placing her cunt just inches from my face. It was so close I could smell it. It smelled fantastic.

"So Billy, you see any hairs I might have missed?" she asked in a sultry voice.

Gulping several times I managed to stammer out, "No."

"Is there any stubble I should take care of?" she asked, reaching down and spreading her lips apart.

"I don't see any," I croaked.

"Maybe you should make sure. Just run your fingers over it and let me know if it's still smooth or not," she breathed huskily.

I must have died and went to heaven I thought. Here I was in my grandmother's house, and some older woman wanted me to touch her cunt. Shakily I reached up and gently touched her mound. Her skin was hot and very smooth.

Moving her hand out of the way she whispered, "Maybe you should run your fingers through my slit just to make sure. I wouldn't want to give some guys dick rug burn, now would I?"

"No, you wouldn't want that," I gleefully replied.

Rubbing my hand past her mound I slid two fingers through her very wet slit. When my fingertips bumped her clit she let out a soft moan then removed her foot from the couch and stood leaning over me.

"Thanks for your help Billy," she said, placing one hand where her foot had been and then leaning in to kiss my cheek. In order for her not to fall forward she placed her other hand directly over my throbbing rock hard cock. Before her lips even reached my cheek she stood straight up and backpedaled a couple of steps.

With a stunned look on her face she exclaimed, "Oh my God!"

As her face lost the stunned look and her lips curled into a lecherous grin we heard grandma coming down the stairs. Elizabeth raced over and quickly guided grandma toward the kitchen whispering excitedly into her ear the whole way. I watched them as they shot furtive glances my way every so often, but really didn't pay too much attention; I was too busy inhaling the sweet musky aroma that clung to my fingers. Once I looked over and saw grandma shaking her head vigorously no to something Elizabeth had said, but the odor coming off my fingers drew my attention away from them. I probably would have sat there the rest of the day sniffing the fragrant musk from my fingers had it not been for the sound of the front door closing. Looking up I saw grandma standing near the door with a frown on her face.

"What's wrong Grandma?" I asked, glancing around and not seeing Elizabeth anywhere.

"Nothing sweetheart," she replied as she slowly walked over to me.

When she stopped right in front of me she asked, "Should we try our little experiment again?"

Looking into her eyes I whispered, "I'd like that."

Without hesitation, or moving back any, she slowly untied the sash and deftly shrugged the robe off. Once again I was in awe at how truly lovely she was. I let my eyes roam up and down her body until every detail of her was burned into my brain, my cock rock hard in seconds. When I finally looked at her face I fully expected her to show disapproval at how I had stared at her nakedness, but all I saw was love in her eyes and a smile on her face.

"You know sweetie, it might help with the awkwardness if you got undressed too. That way we'd be on equal footing. Of course I'll understand if you don't want to," she told me in a soft voice.

Standing I cupped her face in my hands and said, "I think that's only fair, but first I have to apologize in advance."

"Apologize for what?" she asked, a slight tremor in her voice.

"If I'm going to be walking around you naked, then you should know that more than likely I'll have a boner most of the time," I laughed.

Grandma laughed back and said, "Oh honey, that's a natural reaction, although I don't see why you'd be excited about seeing this old body of mine. I'm sure after a few minutes your hormones will relax."

"Have you looked in the mirror lately Grandma? You are one smoking hot lady," I told her as I pulled my shirt up over my head and dropped it on the couch.

"Thank you sweetie. Now, how about the rest?" she asked pointing toward my sweats.

"Okay, just remember, I warned you," I replied, reaching into the waistband and slowly lowering my sweats.

There was less than a foot between us as I pulled down the sweats and for some reason grandma took another half step toward me. As expected my cock caught on the waistband of my sweats and was pulled straight down until the waistband cleared it. Once my throbbing meat was free it sprang forcefully up, the pre-cum dripping head slapping against grandma's cunt before sliding up her mound to rest on her tummy. As my sweats slid down around my ankles I looked at grandma's mound and saw the wet streak of pre-cum clinging to her.

Without thinking I said, "Sorry Grandma," and reached down to wipe it away. As soon as my fingers touched her pussy I realized just what I was doing but was unable to stop myself. The tip of my middle finger grazed the protective hood of her clit and caused her to give a long sigh. My hand continued up and over her soft smooth mound scooping my wetness away until I had removed most of it. Bending I picked up my shirt and wiped my hand, then looked at grandma. She stood there

wide-eyed just staring off into space for a bit before her eyes started to focus again. When they did she fixed me with an odd expression, but didn't utter a single word. The gravity of what I had just done quickly set in filling me with remorse.

"God Grandma, I'm so sorry. Please don't be angry," I begged.

She stared at me for a couple of seconds more before finally saying, "I'm not mad honey, but please be careful where you touch me. I'm quite sensitive there."

"I'll try to be more careful," I promised, secretly wanting to touch her pussy again.

Shaking her head while staring at my dick she snickered, "You sure didn't get that from my side of the family."

I'd always believed that I had gotten my size and height from mom's side of the family, and now with grandma's admission I was positive. Dad wasn't very tall but mom was. Mom also

had an ample set of tits that I've secretly admired since puberty. Nothing perverted or anything; I just liked the way they jiggled and bounced when she wasn't wearing a bra.

"So, what shall we do the rest of the day?" grandma asked, breaking into my thoughts of mom's boobs.

"Whatever you want to Grandma, " I told her, trying real hard not to stare at her naked body.

She thought for a minute then made suggestions, such as soaking up some sun, or maybe watching a movie, or whatever I wanted to do. I chose watching a movie since it would be dark in the media room, which meant I wouldn't be able to see her as good as now. I figured a couple of hours in the dark would help get my cock to go down. It almost worked too. We were reclining side by side in what had to be the most comfortable chairs in the world when grandma reached over and patted my stomach affectionately while telling me I should be careful around Elizabeth. When I asked why she just said that Elizabeth was a man-eater. We both laughed

when I told her I wouldn't mind that. When I apologized for being so crude she told me not to worry about it. She went on to say that she would actually prefer it if I did say whatever came to mind, regardless whether it was crude or not. That kind of shocked me so I decided to test the waters by letting her know what Elizabeth had done earlier.

"Why that bitch! I knew she had been up to no good when I came down," grandma laughed, then asked, "Did you like touching her pussy?"

Grandma's question threw me for a loop at first. I wasn't sure if she were testing me or not so I decided to up the ante by telling her yes, but not as much as I had liked touching hers. That got a chuckle out of her, along with a slight rebuff.

"I enjoyed it too, it's too bad you're my Grandson," she whispered.

"We can always pretend I'm not," I replied back, sounding a little more serious than I had planned.

She turned to face me and quietly said, "I'm not sure that would be a good idea. If we were to pretend you weren't my Grandson then I would probably do something foolish."

"Such as?" I asked, liking where this conversation was going.

"Oh I don't know, something crazy perhaps, like touching that monster cock of yours just to see what it would be like to hold one so big," she hesitantly replied.

"We can always pretend until the movie is over," I said softly, gently taking her hand from where it rested on my stomach and bringing it slowly down until it was touching my cock.

I heard her sharp intake of breath, but she didn't pull her hand away. Instead her fingers curled around my shaft and gently squeezed me, sending jolts of pleasure racing through every nerve fiber in my cock. In not time at all my cock was rock hard. Slowly grandma began to explore the length of my cock

with her fingertips. When she reached the head she smeared the pre-cum leaking out of me over the bulbous knob and then began to gently stroke the first few inches of my now throbbing cock. Small moans of pleasure poured from my mouth mixing with the sounds of the movie.

"Since we're pretending, maybe you would like it if I checked to make sure you didn't have any unwanted stubble on your pussy," I suggested, truly not believing she'd go that far.

Once again I was proven wrong. Grandma removed her hand from my cock and took hold of my hand that was close to her then brought it over the chair arms and laid it right on top of her mound. Leaving it there she reached back and began to gently stroke me once more. The feel of her hairless mound filled me with an arousal the likes I'd never known before. Softly I began to run my fingertips over every inch, slowly working my way down until the tip of my middle finger was resting gently on her clit.

"Remember honey, I'm real sensitive there," grandma reminded me; at the same time she parted her thighs a little.

"How sensitive?" I teased, pressing my fingertip a little harder on her growing bud.

"Very!" she moaned as her pelvis lifted slightly.

"You want me to stop?" I asked as my finger slipped deeper between her thighs.

"God no!" she cried, her fist moving faster on my slick shaft.

Relaxing against the back of the chair I slowly let my finger sink into grandma's very wet slit. Everything around me seemed to disappear. All that was left was the sound of our labored breathing mixed with the sound of grandma's squishy pussy as my finger dipped deeper and deeper into her lubricated slit. Grandma's hand flew up and down my cock, her grip getting tighter and tighter as she stroked me toward

my oncoming eruption. With some effort I managed to thrust my finger into her fast enough to match her pistoning hand. Soon our moans grew so loud they completely drowned out the sound of the movie.

"Oh shit sweetie...I'm cummmiiiiinnnggggg," grandma screamed as her hips bucked violently upwards, forcing my finger as deep as it would go into her sopping wet heat.

Even as she was cumming her hand continued to pump my cock, sending me cascading over the edge.

"Aaaagggggghhhhhh Grandma!" I bellowed as my cock exploded sending jet after jet of hot thick cum shooting into the air, only to fall back down coating my chest and stomach with a hot white mess.

When I was able to catch my breath all I could think to say was, "I didn't feel any stubble, Grandma."

Finally releasing her death grip on my deflating cock grandma grabbed a remote and paused what was left of the movie. When she tapped another button the room was filled with light. It wasn't until she glanced my way did she react.

With a gasp she squealed, "Oh my god, you're a mess. Don't move!"

I lay there completely drained as grandma ran out of the room, returning shortly with a damp washrag. Softly, almost caressingly, she wiped the mess from my chest and stomach then dropped the washrag on the floor. Returning my chair to an upright position I got up and stood next to her.

Placing my hands gently on her upper arms I looked into her blue eyes and asked, "Can we pretend long enough for me to give you a kiss?"

Smiling, her eyes twinkling she replied, "We don't need to pretend for you to give me a kiss sweetheart."

I don't think she realized what kind of kiss I was talking about, because when I leaned down and planted my lips onto hers she immediately stiffen. But as the kiss lingered I could feel her body relax and melt into mine as her arms went around my shoulders and drew me tighter against her. Gently I slipped my tongue between her lips and dropped my hands until they were cupping her firm round cheeks, my semi-soft cock digging into her abdomen. After a good two minutes of our tongues dancing together grandma pushed herself away from me. Her face was flushed and her breath was catching in her throat.

"Whew! You really know how to take a gal's breath away," she panted.

Playfully I slid the tip of my finger across her taught nipple and said, "And you really know how to make a guy pop."

"I hadn't planned on doing that, I just wanted to see what it felt like to touch such a huge cock," she said with a slight frown on her face.

"So, how did it feel?" I asked, watching her face as the frown deepened.

Looking up into my eyes she replied, "It felt great, and exciting too, as you very well know by how wet I was. It was also wrong. Grandmothers shouldn't be giving their Grandsons hand jobs."

Laying my hand softly on her shoulder I told her, "But you didn't give your Grandson a hand job, you gave Bill one. We were in pretend mode so it was just Bill and Millie, two people enjoying each others company."

"So the incestuous nature of what we did doesn't bother you?" she asked, the frown on her face softening somewhat.

Reaching out I pulled her against me and wrapped my arms around her back, letting one hand rub soothingly up and down along her spine. She let her face rest on my chest as her

arms went around my waist. I bent my head down and kissed the top of her head.

"Truthfully Grandma, it didn't bother me at all. Hell, I was actually hoping you would climb on my cock and have your way with me."

Giggling she whispered, "Trust me, that thought did cross my mind."

"So what stopped you?" I asked, a tingle racing through me at the thought of sticking my cock in her.

"It was the fact that you are my Grandson that stopped me. A hand job is one thing, but actually having sex with you is pushing it, I'm not sure I can cross that line," she said, her breath against my nipple sending chills through me.

"I understand," I told her.

Patting my chest she broke our embrace then turned facing away from me and bent over to pick up the soiled washrag. With her ass and pussy in plain sight I couldn't help myself. Reaching out I ran a finger through her still wet slit and over her rosebud garnering a loud yelp from her.

"Just so you know Grandma, I wouldn't have any problem crossing that line. So you might want to be careful about bending over in front of me."

Straightening she turned and saw me smiling from ear to ear.

Shaking her head but smiling she said, "You really know how to make things hard for an old girl, don't you?"

"Hard is my middle name Grandma," I teased.

"I thought your middle name was weird?" she reminded me.

"I'm a man of many names," I laughed.

We decided not to finish the movie since neither of us had paid much attention to it anyway. It's funny, but I thought I'd be walking around the rest of the day with a stiffie, but I was wrong. As time dragged on I found that seeing grandma in the buff became quite natural. As for me, walking around with my dick flopping about somehow felt liberating. Several times over the next few hours grandma bent over, not intentionally I'm sure, but it did give me pause. I had to fight to keep my cock in check. The one time that almost got me hard was when grandma suggested I get rid of the pubic hair ringing my dick and brought out an electric grooming clipper and proceeded to trim my pubes. The head of my cock was so close to her face I could feel her hot breath on it as she clipped away. Why she had to have her face so close to my cock while she trimmed baffled me; it wasn't like she had bad eyesight. It wasn't until she used her hand to hold my cock out of the way while she trimmed my ball sack that I really had to grit my teeth. When she was done I felt truly naked, but on the bright side, with my pubes gone my cock looked even bigger.

The day seemed to linger. We spent some time sitting around the kitchen island just chatting like old friends, and we also spent some time in the pool. Grandma had a fantastic breaststroke. Once out of the pool and dried she even let me rub sunscreen all over her body, of course she had to remind me that I was spending too much time applying it to her chest. With a smile I tweaked each nipple then moved on to other interesting parts of her body. By the time I was done she was a quivering mess.

For dinner grandma whipped up a couple of chef salads which we enjoyed while back at the island. It was during this time that I found out that it wasn't dad's idea that I come to visit; it was hers. Since she hadn't seen me in so long she had called dad and asked him to ask me if I'd like to come visit. But dad being dad, he had more or less made it a command instead of just asking if I'd like to. Of course I didn't let grandma know this, I just pretended that I had made the choice on my own.

"If I would've known about your little nudist club Grandma, I would have come at a different time instead of on National Nude Day," I told her apologetically.

With a sly look in her eyes she said, "Actually your being here now could be a blessing in disguise."

"How so?" I asked intrigued.

She began by explaining that every year the hostess for their National Nude Day celebration was suppose to come up with a unique idea; something that hasn't been done before. Being how this year she was the hostess she wanted to know if I'd be willing to act the part of waiter for their little group. I would be doing things like getting them drinks, maybe snacks, or, if I felt like it she said she wouldn't mind if I threw in a little flirting. Nothing outrageous, just a little petting or perhaps a little dirty talk; she said she'd leave that up to me. As I listened to what she was proposing I began to like the idea. What horny nineteen-year-old man wouldn't like to mingle with

five naked women and have the freedom to rub up against them if he wanted? I told her I'd be happy to do it.

Fixing me with her beautiful blue eyes she softly said, "There's one other thing I'd like you to do, if you would."

"Anything Grandma," I told her, my eyes drifting down to her lovely soft tits.

"I'd like you to wear the shorts you had on earlier. I think it would really get the girls excited to see you in them," she said, a smile playing on her lips as her nipples began to stiffen from my gaze.

"No problem, but I have a stipulation myself. I think it would be best if none of the group knew I was your Grandson," I told her, lifting my eyes from her sweet tits.

"Why?" she asked.

I could see she was puzzled by my request, so I explained.

"If no one knows we're related then I can flirt with you too. We could pretend just like we did in the media room."

"I don't think that would work. Lizzie already knows you're my Grandson and she's got a big mouth," grandma responded, the slight sadness in her voice made me wonder if she wanted to have a repeat of earlier.

"You could always call her and see if she'd keep her yap shut," I suggested, reaching over and grazing my fingertips across one nipple.

Grandma shuddered as if she had felt a chill then went into the front room and came back with the cordless house phone. She took her stool next to me and began to dial. As I watched her dial my gaze drifted back to her tits, the nipples quite stiff now. Only hearing half the conversation I really wasn't sure what was discussed, all I knew was after grandma had made her request to Elizabeth there was a long pause on grandma's

part before she began to speak again. Looking up I saw her staring at me before saying into the phone that she'd see how I felt about it. Pressing the phone against her soft breast she fixed me with an anxious look.

"Lizzie says she'll keep our secret on one condition," grandma said.

"What condition?" I asked somewhat nervously due to the look I was receiving from her.

Grandma hesitated for a bit before saying, "Um...uh...her condition is you have to have sex with her."

"Really? Is that all?" I asked, my uneasiness slipping away.

"Does that mean you'll do it?" she asked, an odd look in her eyes.

When she saw me nod she raised the phone to her face and began speaking into it. The half of the conversation I could hear went like this: "You have a deal. No, I can't do that. Because he's my Grandson, that's why. You don't get to until after everyone leaves. It's not that I don't trust you, but business is business. Okay, I'll see you tomorrow, bye." Grandma switched off the phone then returned it to the front room.

Swiveling my stool I watched her walk away, her tight round buns swaying as she walked. By the time she started walking back to where I sat I finally figured out what the odd look in her eyes must have been. Jealousy. Was it possible that I was right? Could grandma really be jealous about her neighbor getting to fuck me? Silently I prayed I was right because I had a surprise for grandma; I planned on fucking her too.

As she got closer I reached out and took her arm then spread my thighs and pulled her toward me. She came without any resistance. Closer and closer I pulled her in until she was so close my semi-erect cock was touching her mound. Glancing down between us she saw where my cock was but made no

effort to back away. Instead she let me pull her into my arms and hug her against me, her stiff nipples poking delightfully into my chest.

Holding our embrace I whispered into her ear, "Will you be okay with me fucking Elizabeth?"

"Why wouldn't I be?" she whispered back.

"Because I think it would make you jealous," I flat out said.

She stepped back enough to look me in the eyes and said, "I'll admit, it does make me a little jealous. To think that she gets to have that big cock stuffed inside her and I can't kind of makes me mad." As she was telling me this she reached down between us and wrapped her hand around my cock.

"I realize as Grandmother and Grandson we aren't allowed to do things like that. But, as Bill and Millie we can," I told her without taking my eyes off hers.

In a sad tone she replied, "Oh honey, if only life worked that way."

"It does in our pretend world Millie," I said, and then pulled her back against my chest.

After several minutes she sighed and suggested we watch some T.V. or a movie. Unlike the last time we were in the media room, this time we kept our hands to ourselves. Around eleven grandma said she was tired and gave me a kiss on the cheek then went to bed. I stayed another half hour before I too felt the effects of a long day.

Light filtered in through the large window making it impossible to sleep so I grudgingly crawled out of bed and headed for the bathroom. I had no idea what time it was. All night long I'd been having strange ass dreams of fucking various women. In the dreams I couldn't see any faces, just bodies in all shapes and sizes. Now that I was awake I had trouble holding my cock down enough to piss in the toilet,

my morning wood was that hard. After wiping up what hadn't made it into the bowl I headed downstairs with my rock hard cock leading the way. I fully expected to see grandma naked so I didn't even try to get my cock under control because I wanted to impress her with it. When I reached the main floor I looked into the kitchen and saw not just grandma but Elizabeth also, and unlike me, neither of them were naked. Both were wearing purple silk robes that tied at the waist and only reached a few inches below the swell of their ass. They were setting up what looked like a bar on the island because there were all kinds of bottles of booze on it, from whiskey, to rum, to tequila, and mixers too. The word 'party' instantly came to mind. As I approached both of them looked up from what they were doing and gasped when their eyes caught sight of my fully erect cock.

Without blinking an eye I told them good morning and went over and poured myself a cup of coffee from the pot near the sink. When I turned around to face them grandma just stood there with her mouth hanging open, but Elizabeth was doing more than staring. She had one hand in the folds of her robe and was obviously rubbing her clit. I could swear I saw a bit of

drool running down her chin before my eyes made it down to where her hand was. When I went over and kissed grandma on the cheek it seemed to wake her from her daze. It didn't take her long to notice what Elizabeth was doing.

"My god Lizzie, control yourself, you've seen a man's penis before," grandma chastised her.

In a husky voice, her hand still busy, Elizabeth replied, "Not one as big as that!"

Teasingly I reached down with my free hand and started stroking my shaft while saying, "You like?"

"Please don't make me wait till everyone leaves Millie. I promise I won't say anything. Just let me feel that monster inside me now," Elizabeth pleaded, her fingers working frantically on her clit.

"That's not the deal and you know it," grandma told her, a definite tinge of jealousy in her voice.

"Now hold on Grandma," I said, and then looked at Elizabeth and continued, "Elizabeth, turn around and bend over."

Happily she complied. Turning she bent over and lowered her upper body onto the island then spread her legs apart in anticipation of what was to come. Casually I closed the distance until I was standing directly behind her ass. Placing my cup down I used both hands and slowly pulled the hem of her robe up over her ass until it was bunched at her hip. With one hand I gently caressed the smooth hot flesh of her right buttock while I ran a finger from my other hand through her incredibly wet slit, causing long drawn out moans to pour from her mouth.

"B-Billy, what are you doing?" grandma stuttered, her eyes as big as saucers as she watched the scene unfold.

Without answering I grabbed the shaft of my cock, stepped up to Elizabeth's exposed ass, and crouched down enough so I could rub the head through her slit. After a couple of passes the head of my cock was dripping with her secretions. With my cock lubricated I gently slipped the head between her inner lips and sank about three inches into her hot wet hole. I hadn't planned it, nor did I want it to happen, but when I pushed three more inches into her sopping wet pussy she let out a deep groan and began to spasm. I didn't want her to cum yet so I quickly pulled my cock from her clasp with an audible plopping sound and stepped back far enough so she couldn't grab me.

"What the fuck! Put it back in," Elizabeth screamed, angrily flipping around to face me.

Looking her in the eyes I said, "That's a sample of what you'll be missing if you don't keep your word."

"I'll keep my word you heartless bastard. But when I do get the rest of that, I'm going to fuck you seven ways to Sunday

buster," she voiced unpleasantly, then straightened her robe and turned back to arrange the booze on the island.

Glancing at grandma I saw her staring at my wet dick with her mouth open and one hand inside the top of her robe. She looked like she was in a trance or something. I stepped along side of her and whispered in her ear.

"I wish that had been you I had my cock in Millie."

With a shudder grandma pulled her hand out of her robe and glanced at my face. When she saw that I was serious she gave another little shudder, then told me I should go clean up because the rest of the girls would be here soon. Taking my coffee with me I gave Elizabeth a pat on the ass then went up to shower and get ready for a day of fun and games. I wasn't sure what was going to happen, but I sure as hell planned to make the most of it.

While I showered I made sure to ease the pressure in my balls, I didn't want to give any of the older women a heart attack by

getting a hard-on. When I stepped back into the bedroom grandma was there. She had laid out the lime green shorts and also a white t-shirt, the front of it decorated with an iron-on decal that resembled a tuxedo. I held it up and laughingly told her it was going to make me look like a butler.

Laughing herself she said, "Well, for the next few hours that's exactly what you'll be."

"So this is only going to be for a couple of hours? I thought it was going to last all day," I inquired.

"It would if the other girls could hold their liquor like Lizzie and I. But they can't, and since Lizzie plans to serve them doubles I'm pretty sure it won't take long before they stumble home and pass out."

"Why's she giving them doubles?" I asked.

"Why do you think? She wants to collect her payment silly," she answered.

"Yeah, that was a stupid question wasn't it?" I replied; the memory of Elizabeth's hot cunt wrapped around my cock came flooding back.

Grandma told me to get dressed but to stay put until she called, then headed for the door. Just before she stepped out of the room she turned and softly asked if I was serious about wishing it had been her instead of Elizabeth bent over the kitchen island.

Walking over I cupped her face in my hands and said, "Yes I was. And if it had been you we'd still be down there, because I wouldn't stop making love to you until you passed out from too many orgasms."

Once again grandma gave a quick shudder, then turned and left muttering, "If only," as she went.

Once I was dressed I looked in the mirror and immediately knew I looked like a dork. The tuxedo shirt was too small and fit very tight around my torso, while the shorts just looked ridiculous from the start. The only saving grace was how my cock showed through the tight shorts, I was sure the old gals were going to love that. Sitting on the bed I waited for grandma to call me down to what I fully expected to be a group of really old, saggy women. That thought had no sooner left my brain when I heard the doorbell ring, followed by the cackle of women coming into the house.

Fifteen minutes later I heard grandma calling from the foot of the stairs. Rising from the bed I tugged down the legs of the shorts and made my way to where she was waiting, a huge grin on her face. Taking my hand she thanked me for doing this and led me out onto the patio where we were met with blank stares from the newcomers.

None were what I had expected. Sure, you could tell they were in their early to late sixties, but all of them appeared to be in rather fine shape. There were no turkey necks or blubber

arms, although two of them did have deep age lines on their faces. All three of them wore an exact replica of the robe that grandma and Elizabeth had on, leading me to believe it must be their club's color. They eyed me up and down like a side of beef as they waited for grandma to tell them what was going on.

Still holding my hand grandma raised her voice and said, "Ladies let me have your attention please. This year, for the very first time, we are going to have a man in attendance, provided no one objects." When no one did she went on, "He is here to serve you so please be gentle. Now, without further ado I give you Bill, your butler for the day."

Grandma's announcement was met with a bunch of hoots and hollers, along with several catcalls from Elizabeth. As for me I was overjoyed that grandma had introduced me as Bill. That meant she was up for our little game of pretend. One by one she introduced me to the new girls. The first was named Barbara, the next Samantha, and the last was Greta, whom I could swear looked just like my second grade math teacher.

"Happy Nude Day to the Sunshine Girls Club!" Elizabeth belted out.

As if on cue all five women shrugged out of their robes and laid them across the back of the loungers next to them. Apparently there wasn't a shy one in the bunch, because they didn't try to hide their bodies from my leering eyes. Barbara and Samantha had bleached blonde hair and roughly the same build with both standing about five-four or so. Both were a little chubby but not fat, and had plump breasts that sagged slightly. Barbara had a shaved pussy while Samantha's had a small landing strip of fur running up toward her navel. And then there was Greta, the one that looked like my teacher. She had short grey and black curly hair, horn rimmed glasses, and stood nearly as tall as I was. Her figure was on the slim side but her tits were full and round. I could tell by the grey and black full bush covering her pussy that she had naturally curly hair. When she caught me staring at her bush she smiled then reached down and parted the hair with her fingers enough for me to see her rather large clitoris. I couldn't stop my cock from twitching when she gave her clit a quick flick of her middle finger.

"Now girls, as a special treat Bill has agreed to put sunscreen on anyone who wants him to."

Elizabeth's announcement came as a total surprise to me, and glancing at grandma I could tell it was news to her also. Not wanting to spoil grandma's party, and definitely not wanting to pass up the opportunity to rub lotion all over a bunch of naked women, I did the only thing I could. Walking over to one of the two patio tables I picked up a large tube of sunscreen then turned to face the group. Smiling I said, "Who's first?"

Samantha was the first to step over, followed by Elizabeth, Greta and Barbara. Grandma didn't get in line. I applied the lotion to each woman exactly the same, all except Greta that is. First I started with their shoulders and backs, then knelt down behind them and worked the lotion onto their legs before applying it to their ass cheeks. That got a moan from each one, but not as loud as the ones I got when I did the front of them. For the front I knelt down and started with the legs, working my hands slowly up until they were sliding along the

outer and inner thighs. Once the hand on the inside was high enough I dragged it through each woman's pussy then over her mound as I stood up. From there I rubbed their tummies then their tits, making sure to tweak the nipples several times before finishing. With Greta I couldn't put lotion on her bush, so as I worked my hands up her thighs I made sure my thumb rubbed against her clit. On the last pass I let my thumb slip between her slick pussy lips and sink briefly into her cunt causing her to shudder.

As I worked her nipples into a state of arousal she leaned forward and whispered in my ear, "You're a naughty boy, I could just eat you up." I had no doubt she could as I watched her ass swish when she walked away.

With everyone coated in sunscreen I looked over at grandma and told her it was her turn. When she shook her head no the other women told her that they were a club and what was good for one of them was good for all. Relenting grandma came over and turned her back to me. I took a moment to gaze upon her nakedness before beginning to apply the sunscreen. With grandma I took my time, gently rubbing the

sunscreen all over her body. When I put it on her ass I didn't grope her like I had done with the others. Instead I rubbed it in tenderly, lovingly. As I did her front she flinched each time my fingers grazed her clit. While softly cupping her tits, the nipples hardening against my palms, she stared at me with a half smile on her face and lust in her eyes. Once I was done I leaned in and placed a soft kiss on her lips. That garnered a round of applause from the others since they thought that grandma and I were an item.

Over the next few hours I did everything, from bringing out drinks, made by Elizabeth, to waiting at the pool stairs with a towel in hand whenever one of them decided to take a dip. Of course once I dried them off I had to reapply sunscreen, something that seemed to make them a little friskier as time went on. After a while it seemed like no one was paying much attention to what I was doing. I had become the hired help. I didn't mind the lack of attention however, it gave me the freedom to openly watch a group of naked women sit around gabbing, or just lying about, legs spread, soaking in the sun. I felt like the luckiest guy in the world. Not only was there tits, ass and pussy aplenty to ogle, but I also knew that when this

was over I was going to get to fuck Elizabeth's sloppy wet cunt. She had told me that she was going to fuck me seven ways to Sunday, but what Elizabeth didn't know was I could prolong my own orgasm for quite some time. It was a trick I'd learned from Peggy McClusky after popping my nut as soon as I'd poked my dick into her the first time we fucked. After that incident she'd spent countless hours showing me how to prolong ejaculation.

I was in the process of putting sunscreen on Greta for the third time, my thumb jammed deep into her clenching cunt, when Samantha stood up a little unsteady and shouted, "It's not fair!"

Being the hostess grandma asked, "What's not fair Sam?"

"We're all nude, but Bill isn't. I don't think that's fair to us," she answered, her speech a little slurred.

It didn't take long before a chorus of "Take it off!" filled the air. Looking over at grandma I saw her shrug as if to say it was

up to me. I didn't see how getting naked in front of them would present a problem; except for grandma and Elizabeth they were all well on their way to being drunk anyway. Those two had been nursing their drinks all day. Stepping away from Greta, my thumb ripe with the sweet musky smell of her pussy, I grinned and slowly tugged the tuxedo t-shirt over my head. I twirled it around in one hand like a stripper would then slung it toward the group; Barbara caught it and hugged it tightly to her naked tits. Next I turned my back, shooed Greta back to where everyone was, and then slipped my thumbs into the elastic waistband of the shorts. Glancing over my shoulder I watched the women as I slowly pulled the shorts down, the oohs and aahs coming from the women spurring me on. With a little work I managed to get the shorts all the way down and let them fall to my ankles. Kicking the shorts away I covered my cock with my hands as best I could and slowly turned to face them. Boos and hisses filled the air when they weren't able to see what they wanted.

"You girls want me to move my hands?" I called out, gently rolling my hips in a circle.

"Yes!" came five distinct voices.

Being semi hard from the smell of Greta's pussy while I had thumb fucked her made it difficult to hide my cock, but apparently most of them hadn't noticed the head peeking passed my splayed hands. With a flourish I pulled my hands away from my cock and placed them behind my head. A hush fell over the women when my cock came into view. Glancing at them I noticed every one of them had a stunned look on their face, including grandma and Elizabeth. I didn't understand why those two looked stunned; they had seen my cock before. Looking down I realized why. I was almost fully hard. The only explanation I could think of for being this hard must have been because of Greta. Even with my hands behind my head I could still smell her odor drifting off my thumb. It wasn't until I decided to take advantage of my condition and give the women a show by doing a little bump and grind that things got out of hand.

I heard someone shout, "Sunscreen!" and before I knew it I was being slathered in sunscreen, most of it on my cock. My cock was being tugged relentlessly as I helplessly looked

around and noticed the only one not spreading lotion on me was grandma. She was standing back a ways with an amused look on her face. To escape the onslaught of hands I did the only thing I could; I turned and dove into the pool. Thankfully none of the women followed. Treading water I waited until the women grew tired of waiting and returned to their chairs before climbing out. Thankfully the cool water had helped make my cock go down, so by the time I stepped out of the pool my dick was almost flaccid. At first I thought they were going to rush me again, but grandma stepped in.

"Okay girls, hands off the merchandise," she told them as she came toward me, a tube of sunscreen in her hand.

When she reached me she laughed and said, "If that doesn't make me the hostess with the mostest then nothing will."

"Glad I could help," I remarked.

"Oh don't be mad honey, they were just having a little fun. Now hold still while I put this on, I don't want you to burn," grandma whispered.

"I'm not mad Millie," I assured her with a smile.

She stopped rubbing in the lotion for a second and gave me a sly look before continuing. Grandma didn't miss a spot on me, which included my cock, so by the time she was finished I was once again semi hard. She gave me a pat on the ass, turned to the women and told them to behave, then went inside. When she came back out she had a fresh drink in her hand.

Apparently grandma's admonishment had an effect on the women. None of them tried to grope me the rest of the day. What they did do however was start drinking a little faster, but I suspected it was because my cock was near their faces when I brought the drinks to them. Around two in the afternoon Barbara was so wasted Samantha had to help her home. After congratulatory praises for throwing such a great party they put on their robes and staggered out the front door, leaving

just grandma, Elizabeth, and Greta sitting around. I continued to play the part of butler, going so far as to tweak each woman's tits when I brought them a new round. By four o'clock Greta said she had to go too. I had to help her out of her chair, accidentally on purpose squeezing her ripe full tits in the process. Donning her robe she headed out but not before stopping in the kitchen where she found a pen and a piece of paper. She scribbled something down, gave my cock an affectionate tug, then handed the paper to me and left. Looking at the paper I saw it was a phone number and made a mental note to give her a call in the very near future. When I went back out to the patio I saw that both grandma and Elizabeth were in the pool.

"Come on in and rinse that sunscreen off," grandma called out.

It wasn't long after I got in before grandma and Elizabeth got out. I watched them dry off, put on their robes and then go inside. I spent a little more time floating around then I too climbed out, dried off, and then went back into the house. Grandma was putting the booze bottles away and I could see

Elizabeth sitting on the edge of the couch in the front room. I could see her robe draped over the back of one of the chairs.

"I believe you have unfinished business," grandma said, nodding her head toward the front room without even looking at me.

I wanted to ask her if she'd join us but thought better of it, so instead I walked into the front room where Elizabeth was slowly working a finger in and out of her pussy. I was pretty worked up already from seeing all that pussy running around all day, so I wasn't surprised when my cock started to grow at the sight of her slowly fingering herself. She fixed her eyes on my cock when I stopped right in front of her, the head mere inches from her face. A huge smile played across her lips as she leaned forward and engulfed about four inches of cock meat into her mouth. Instantly I knew that this woman could suck the chrome off a trailer hitch if she wanted to. With the force of a Hoover vacuum she proceeded to suck my cock, her cheeks hollowing, her tongue swirling rapidly around my meat. I knew there was no way I could last very long at this rate so I changed things up. Surprise registered on her face as

I pulled my cock from her mouth and dropped to my knees between her thighs. Once down I placed my hands on her big tits, and then pushed her upper body backwards until she was almost lying down. Next I placed my hands behind her knees and pulled until her ass was almost off the seat of the couch. With her pussy open in front of me I roughly slipped the head between her cunt lips until it was coated with her cream. Lining myself up with her opening I slipped just the head into her hot hole and then stared into her eyes, an evil grin etched upon my lips.

"What, no foreplay?" she huskily asked, her nipples as hard as glass beads.

"Isn't this what you wanted?" I asked, making no move to push any more of my throbbing cock into her.

"Yes," she groaned, trying to slide down enough to get more of me inside.

"Tell me what you want Lizzie," I teased, pulling my cock back until the head almost slipped out of her.

"Fuck Me! I want you to fuck me silly with that big hard prick, you bastard!" she almost shouted.

Placing my hands on her hips I whispered, "Okay," and drove eight hard inches deep into her sopping pussy. She screamed at the sudden filling of her cunt. With wild eyes she watched me slowly pull back then screamed again when I slammed back into her, this time pushing nine inches into her smoldering cunt. As I slammed back into her for the third time her eyes rolled back in her head, and fluid gushed around my cock. She began to spasm as her orgasm shot through her. Reaching up I latched onto her nipples, gently pinching the hard nubs as I slid in and out of her with long steady strokes.

"Oh shit...oh fuck...oh shit," she chanted over and over as I fucked her.

I didn't know it but Elizabeth's screams must have scared grandma because before I knew it she was standing next to us. I stopped stroking into Elizabeth's cunt and gazed up into grandma's frightened eyes.

"You okay Lizzie?" grandma asked shakily.

"God yes, better than okay," Elizabeth huffed, her chest heaving.

"Okay, good, I'll...I'll just leave you two be then," grandma said hesitantly.

Reaching out I took grandma's hand in mine and whispered, "Don't go."

Chuckling Elizabeth said, "I tried to talk her into joining us when she called yesterday, but she said no."

"And I told you why too," grandma shot back.

"At least stay and watch Millie," Elizabeth replied.

I saw the indecision on her face and mouthed the word, "Please." With a slight nod she sank onto the couch next to Elizabeth and sat stiffly, her hands nervously wringing together in her lap. When I pulled back revealing my cream slicked cock I heard her gasp. Gently this time I began to fuck in and out of Elizabeth's cunt, making sure to pull almost out before slowly sinking back in.

"Faster Billy! Faster! Pound my pussy with that fucking cock!" Elizabeth encouraged.

Pulling completely out of her, getting a loud groan of disappointment at first, I had her lay on the floor in front of grandma. When I crawled between her legs I noticed grandma watching intently as I worked the head of my cock through the outer lips of Elizabeth's cunt. Her eyes grew wider when I buried half my cock in her best friends pussy. They continued to grow as more and more of my shaft slipped

easily into Elizabeth's saturated slit. The deeper I sank the louder the moans filled the air, whether they were all coming from just one mouth I couldn't tell. What I could tell though was that grandma was getting aroused; her face grew flush and her knees parted revealing her dew kissed pussy to my hungry eyes. Unable to look at grandma's pussy for fear of squirting I held myself up on stiff arms and gazed down at Elizabeth's contorting face as I vigorously hammered into her quivering quim. Elizabeth's eyes were blank, unseeing, her mouth opening and closing like a fish out of water as I fucked her faster and faster, all ten and a half inches sinking to the very depths of her cunt. Once, twice, three times I felt her slip over the edge and spin into the very throes of ecstasy, her pussy contracting tightly around my shaft each time an orgasm swept through her.

"Oh god!" I heard grandma shout.

Chancing a look I gazed up and saw grandma stuffing two fingers deep into her pussy, her eyes squinted shut, her body shaking. The sight flooded me with lust; viciously I

hammered my cock into Elizabeth, her screams going unheard by my deaf ears.

"Uggghhhh fuck...I'm cumming again!" poured from her lips over and over.

My eyes locked onto grandma's slick fingers as she pumped them rapidly into her slit, the feel of my balls getting ready to explode growing more intense.

"Oh please...stop. I can't take any more," Elizabeth moaned just as my balls exploded, sending a torrent of sperm rushing out of my cock and drenching the inside of her cunt to overflowing.

Exhausted I collapsed and lay on top of Elizabeth, her big beautiful sweaty tits mashing against my sweaty chest. With labored breath we lay there unmoving, my cock still incased in her cum filled cunt. It was several minutes before my breathing returned to normal, and I had the energy to lift off of Elizabeth's prone body. As I rose I gazed down onto her

face and saw her eyes staring blankly up at the ceiling, not even registering anything as I pulled my slowly deflating cock from her cunt. Rolling to the side of her I glanced over at grandma. She was lying half on and half off the couch with her legs spread wide, her slick wet pussy pointing in my direction. Unable, and truthfully, unwilling to resist the temptation right in front of my face, I crawled over between her thighs, moved her hand out of the way and sank my tongue into her sweet hot wetness. Noisily I slurped up her juices like a man dying of thirst.

"No Billy, you mustn't," grandma protested feebly.

Ignoring her I continued to feast on her nectar, running the tip of my tongue up and down through her slit. When it touched her clit she groaned and placed her hand on the back of my head pulling me tighter against her stiff bud. Reaching up I cupped her tits and gently rolled her nipples back and forth between my fingers as my lips clamped around her clitoris.

"Oooooooooohhhhhhhh Goddddddd!" grandma squealed, then began to shake violently as her pussy unleashed a stream of cunt cream.

Greedily I lapped her juices until there was nothing left to drink. Slowly grandma's body relaxed and lay still. Leaning back on my haunches I gazed at her and saw her staring back, an unreadable expression on her face. We stared at each other for what felt like forever, but when we heard Elizabeth stirring we trained our eyes on her. It was almost comical to watch her. First she rolled onto her stomach, and then used her hands to push her upper body backwards causing her ass to stick up in the air. She stayed in that position a bit before finally rising onto her knees. Once she made it to her feet she stood rooted to the spot, an uncomprehending look on her face as large drops of mixed fluids dripped from her cunt, forming a small pool between her feet.

Grandma stood up and grabbed Elizabeth's robe from the back of the chair then helped her slip it on.

Placing her arm around her shoulder grandma started to guide her to the front door saying, "Lets get you home sweetie."

"Uh yeah, sure," Elizabeth whispered before glancing down at the puddle between her feet.

"I'll, I'll pay for the carpet cleaning," I heard her say as grandma led her away.

I was still sitting on the floor with my back resting against the couch when grandma returned. She took a seat on the couch next to me and said, "I've never seen anything like that. You fucked that poor girl senseless."

"She shouldn't have blackmailed us Grandma," I stated defensively.

"That's true," she agreed then said, "I'm going to go take a long hot bath."

She rose and walked away leaving me sitting there still unsure if she were mad at me for eating her pussy. After a few minutes I went into the kitchen and finished putting the rest of the booze away, then went outside and hung the lime-green shorts and tuxedo shirt over the back of a lounge chair. With that done I headed upstairs for a much-needed shower. As I neared my bedroom door grandma came out of her room dressed in a floor-length red silk robe, gave me a little smile and continued downstairs without saying anything. She must be upset, I thought, but why eluded me. Was it because I'd fucked Elizabeth? Or was it because I'd licked her slit without permission? Perhaps she was upset at how much I'd flirted with the other women, especially Greta. Regardless about whatever had grandma in a funk I was pretty sure I was to blame. After my shower I decided it would probably be best if I put some clothes on before going downstairs.

With a t-shirt and sweats on I went downstairs to an empty house. Grandma had sat out a platter of club sandwiches that had never made it out of the fridge for the party so I scarfed two down before searching for her. She wasn't hard to find. The first place I looked was the patio and that's where I found

her kicked back in a lounge with a drink in her hand. Slowly sipping her drink she watched without speaking as I slid another chair right next to hers and sat down.

"I think your party was a hit," I lamely said in hopes of getting her to talk.

"Uh huh," came her reply as she stared off into the distance.

Turning sideways in my seat I reached over and took her free hand. Slowly her head turned in my direction.

"Have I done something to upset you Grandma?" I asked.

Her brow knitted into a frown as her grip on my hand tightened.

"No sweetie, I'm not upset with you. I'm upset with myself," she softly answered.

Not understanding I asked, "Why?"

Turning onto her side she looked me in the eyes and replied, "For being a jealous old lady. For wanting something I know I can't have."

"Grandma you're not old. And if the thing you want is what I think it is, then you most certainly can have that," I told her.

"But it would be wrong Bill," she said weakly.

I noticed she used our pretend name for me so I did the same to her when I said, "Do you love me Millie? Because I sure love you."

"Of course I love you," she responded sounding a little hurt that I had even asked.

"Well if two people love each other, then nothing they do together is wrong," I stated.

She didn't say anything to that, she just reached up and placed her hand against my cheek and continued to stare into my eyes. I could see by the relaxed look on her face that she'd made up her mind about something.

"You know, it's a little warm out here. Care to join me for a dip?" grandma asked, a sultry tone to her voice.

Standing I held out my hand and helped her up. The robe she wore had a delicate zipper that went down the front, ending just about where her mound was. Silently we gazed into each other's eyes as I gently lowered the zipper then softly slipped it off her shoulders allowing it to slide down into a heap around her ankles. After pulling my t-shirt off I started to pull down my sweats but grandma stopped me. With her eyes still locked on mine she tucked her fingers into the waistband and slowly lowered the sweats, kneeling as she worked them past my hips freeing my rapidly expanding cock. Without

breaking eye contact she tugged them down around my ankles then leaned in and wrapped her lips around the head of my cock. It was the most beautiful thing I'd ever witnessed. For several minutes she worked more and more of my cock into her mouth before I reached down and pulled her to her feet.

"I've been wanting to do that all day," she whispered.

Leaning down I kissed her on the lips, gently at first, but the longer our lips stayed together the harder we pressed back. Soon our tongues were entwined, our hands freely roaming over the other's body, hungrily exploring all the places we could reach. With one hand cupping her ass I slid the other one between us and cupped her mound, my fingertips lightly rubbing her clit. Before I knew what was happening grandma began to moan and shudder in my arms. I practically had to hold her up as her orgasm wracked her body.

When she stopped shaking she stepped back enough to look up at my face and said, "I told you I was sensitive there."

"We can swim later, but right now I want to make love to you Grandma," I told her as I adjusted the lounge then lay on my back holding my rock hard cock straight up.

"No more Millie?" she asked.

"No more Millie, no more Bill, no more pretend. This time it's just Grandmother and Grandson," I answered.

"I like that," grandma uttered softly.

Stepping up on the lounge with her feet to either side of me, grandma slowly squatted down until she felt the tip of my cock against her outer lips. Replacing my hand with hers she began to run the head of my cock between her pussy lips before slowly allowing the head to sink into her waiting cunt. With the practice that only comes from experience grandma lowered herself upon my cock, letting more and more of it slide into her scorching heat. Once she had about six inches

inside her she placed her hands on my chest for support, then worked her feet backwards until she was kneeling above my waist. When she felt comfortable enough to trust how she was situated she leaned her upper body forward until she was lying flat on me, her soft tits mashed against my chest and her lips near my ear. Bringing both hands up I wrapped my arms around her back and held her to me, making no move to push deeper into her velvety embrace.

Placing one hand against my cheek she whispered into my ear, "Be gentle with me sweetheart."

"I'll always be gentle with you Grandma," I told her as I ran my hands lightly over her back.

Slowly I began to raise and lower my hips, pushing and pulling my cock into her increasingly wet pussy, never letting more than seven inches push into her. For over ten minutes I was in heaven as my rock hard cock slipped steadily in and out of grandma's sweet cunt, her pussy walls gently sucking my shaft.

With a trembling voice grandma whispered, "More honey. I want you to fill me up with your beautiful cock."

Slipping my hands down I started caressing her ass while rising higher and higher on my upward thrusts. Soon she was taking at least nine inches into her clenching cunt. Each time I pushed up into her she'd let out a slight grunting sound, and then breathe a sigh of relief as I pulled back out. With small steady increments I felt her pussy grow tighter and tighter around my shaft until she began to tremble violently on top of me.

"Ohhhhh fuck! I think I'mmmm...gonna... cummmm," she groaned as fluid leaked from her contracting pussy and slid down my shaft.

"Yes, yes Grandma, cum on my cock," I encouraged, her pulsating pussy squeezing my cock sending bolts of pleasure through my entire body.

For several minutes grandma lay on me unmoving except for small shudders that seemed to come and go. I could feel her pussy grip my cock then release it each time one would shoot through her. Not wanting to disturb her afterglow I lay there buried in her milking cunt just running my hands lightly over her back and ass, marveling at the knowledge that I'd just made my grandmother cum on my cock.

Regaining her composure she giggled and said, "Wow, that was..."

Before she could finish I pushed my hips up sending almost my entire cock into her soaked pussy. Immediately a new wave of shudders coursed through her body as another orgasm swept over her, the grip her pussy had on my cock more powerful than before.

Biting my shoulder she groaned out, "Aaaaagggggghhhhhhhh shittttttt!"

When I felt the clinching around my cock slow then stop I began to resume my gentle upward thrusts without going all the way in. A squishy squelching noise filled my ears; growing louder the longer I pumped into grandma's very wet dripping pussy. The wetter her cunt got the easier it was to slide into her. Soon I was pumping a little faster, then faster still as I felt the rising tide of my own orgasm approaching.

Grandma must have sensed my orgasm coming because she began to match me thrust for thrust. Pushing her upper body up enough to look into my face she smiled down and really started to ride my cock. Although she wasn't taking it all the way in I could see by the look on her face that what she was taking was pushing the limits of her comfort zone. Her face was a mixture of both pain and pleasure. My cock began to swell even larger as the cum in my balls boiled over and raced towards my grandmother's well-fucked cunt. Reaching around her back I pulled her down on top of me and released a flood of hot thick cream into her already saturated pussy.

"Ohhh shhiiittttt Grandma!" I cried out as I unleashed a tidal wave of hot sticky cum deep into her quivering cunt.

Grandma held me tenderly while the sweet sweet rapture of the most intense orgasm I'd ever experienced washed over me. When my breathing returned to normal I felt her move. Slowly at first grandma began to raise herself until she was once more propping herself up with her hands against my chest. Gazing lovingly into my eyes she began to lift her ass up, pulling my cock slowly from her tight slick pussy. Before the head popped out she reversed course and sank back down, causing more of my thick cum to gush out and coat my balls. With each new up and down motion more and more of our fluids slipped out until my balls were practically floating. It wasn't long before she smiled triumphantly and sat all the way up, my slowly deflating cock completely buried in her hot cunt, her ass snuggling against my soaked balls. Weakly I reached up and cupped her tits in my hands, pinching her erect nipples between my thumbs and forefingers. The feel of her soft tits in my hand caused my dick to twitch and stop deflating. Instantly grandma's face changed. Her eyes slammed shut and her mouth gaped open. Digging her fingernails into my chest she started rapidly rotating her hips in a circle, her lovely ass cheeks sliding effortlessly on my slick nuts. In just a matter of seconds I felt her cunt clamp

down on my cock once more, the scream pouring from her mouth loud enough to alert the whole neighborhood.

"Billy, oh shit,
Billeeeeeee...I'mmm...cummmiiiiinnnnnggggg...againnnnnnnn!"

A couple hours later I was lying on my side in grandma's bed with her pressed back against me. She had her upper leg draped over my hips with the head of my semi-hard cock just barely pressed between the slick inner lips of her puffy pussy. She had her hands behind her head while I had my arm over her waist and was gently trailing my fingertips across the soft smooth skin of her mound as we watched night began to fall outside. The soft little mewling sounds coming from her suddenly slowed then stopped altogether.

"I've been thinking honey," she spoke softly.

"About?" I asked lazily, her warmth lulling me into a stupor.

"I hope you don't think this weird, but, I'm thinking it would be selfish of me not to share you with all of the girls, we are a club after all. Would you be willing to let them experience that gorgeous cock of yours?"

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Grandma just gave me permission to fuck her friends. I could feel my cock growing as I visualized stuffing my cock into each and every one of them. By the time my mind reached an image of my cock parting Greta's furry bush I felt the head of my rapidly expanding cock slip past grandma's inner lips and sink into the familiar heat of her velvet glove. With a slight push I buried eight more inches into her.

"Mmmm, I'll take that as a yes," grandma happily moaned.

"Are sure you'll be okay with it Grandma?" I asked, gently fucking in and out of her.

"Well, our motto, at least one of them is, 'What's good for one is good for all!'

As I slid deeper and deeper into grandma's sucking cunt I knew that no matter what, this was going to be the most awesome summer break I've ever had. And I would owe it all to Grandma and The Sunshine Girls Club.

Junk in the Trunk

Here I was, on my first summer break from college, and all I could think about was bitch slapping my old man. We had just finished breakfast when he opened his mouth and told mom her butt was getting big. He was constantly saying things like that to her. Her cooking sucked; her clothes were dumpy; her ass was too big, shit like that. Smart-ass comments that I knew were hurting her feelings, even though she tried not to show it. Her cooking wasn't the greatest, and she did tend to wear some pretty unflattering attire, but her ass was definitely not too big.

The urge to smack him was growing stronger by the minute. Actually, he's not really my father, but my step-dad. Mom and Jack got married when I was only five, so for all intents and purposes he is my dad. Over the last year or so I've noticed Jack's demeanor toward mom change from being fairly sweet and loving, to being downright insulting and rude.

My real father was killed in an industrial accident that was caused by sloppy maintenance and poor quality control by the owners. Mom's sister, Jane, convinced her to file a wrongful death lawsuit against the owners. After nearly two years of stall tactics by their lawyers, the owners finally made an offer that gave mom enough money to pay off the mortgage on the house we live in. The rambling four bedroom farmhouse sits on six acres of land interspersed with wooded areas and a large plot for gardening; there was even a small pond nestled among a stand of pines not too far from our backdoor. Another feature of the place that I liked was the large workshop off to the side, complete with its own toilet and shower. Outside on the other side of the wall was a small gas hot water heater in an enclosure to keep out the elements. Unfortunately the shower and toilet were not enclosed, so anyone in the room had a clear view if you were using either.

I glanced over and watched as she rinsed dishes in the sink with her back to us. She was wearing her usual morning getup, a threadbare blue terry-cloth robe. I could see her buns jiggle as she moved and found myself thinking that she had a fantastic ass. Hell, for that matter she has a fantastic figure all-

around I concluded, soft and cuddly in all the right spots. Don't get me wrong; I'm not some perv who has a secret fantasy to boff his mother. I just found the way her ass jiggled adorable. A little toning up wouldn't hurt, but at five-foot seven and no more than one hundred and fifty pounds she looked damn fine to me. At forty-two years old she was beginning to show signs of her age though. Her shoulder-length brown hair had a few streaks of gray, and her sizable breasts drooped ever so slightly on her chest. A fact I'd learned recently when I accidentally walked in on her as she was drying off from her shower. Another of Jack's rude remarks yanked my mind away from that pleasant memory.

"I'm telling ya Claire, if you get any more junk in your trunk we'll need a larger bed to sleep in," Jack snorted.

I glanced over and gave him my best 'What a jerk' look.

"What?" he asked when he saw my look.

"I think mom has a great ass," I replied sarcastically.

"Oh really? And what would you know about a great looking ass, Mister McChucklenuts. Clearly your mother's ass is getting as wide as the whole outdoors," he shot back.

"I know enough to know when someone has a nice ass or not. And I'm telling you that you need to have your eyes examined because mom has a lovely ass," I said louder than necessary.

"Well, I've seen it without anything covering it and I'm telling you that..." Mom cut him off.

Her green eyes flashed with anger as she yelled, "Shut up, both of you! I'm not going to stand here while my husband and my son argue about how big my butt is. Besides, don't you need to get on the road Jack?"

Humbled by her outburst Jack replied, "Yeah, I guess that load isn't going to deliver itself."

Jack is an over the road trucker and his workload kept him on the road at least two or three weeks out of each month. That was fine with me since we didn't really get along too well. Hadn't for several years for that matter. The trip he was set to take this time would keep him away for at least two weeks. I watched as he stood and headed for the front door, mom following right behind him. "One of these days...POW!" I thought to myself as I heard the sound of Jack's rig firing up in the yard. A few minutes later mom returned and went back to rinsing dishes.

I couldn't help but stare at her ass some more. With her robe cinched tight around her waist it hugged her butt nicely, giving me a very good view of how shapely it truly was. Before I even realized it was happening my dick grew in my pants until I was sporting a fairly large boner. Mom's ass jiggled some more, causing my dick to throb. Shit, maybe I am a perv I thought to myself as I stood up and walked up behind her. I wrapped my arms around her waist and told her I loved her. Her hands stopped moving and she leaned her head back until it rested on my chest.

"I love you too Randy," she whispered.

Being just slightly taller than her my dick pushed up against her ass when I tightened my grip and pulled her closer to me. How she didn't feel it pressing against her butt I'll never know, because I sure felt her buns against me.

"Why do you put up with Jack?" I softly asked.

"He's just getting moody in his old age," she replied.

"Well, if you want my opinion, I think you could do so much better than him Mom."

"Aren't you sweet for saying. Now if you're through molesting me, I need to finish up here," she chuckled. I guess I was wrong, she had felt my dick against her backside.

Red-faced I bent down, kissed her on the cheek and headed for the door. Halfway there I turned and said, "I'll be out in the workshop, holler if you need me for anything."

Since it wasn't used for anything, I had turned the workshop into my personal hangout spot when I was still in high school. I had set up a weight bench, pull up bar and even had a wrestling mat in one corner. There was a TV and one of mom's old couches sat off in another corner of the large room. Next to the wall near the TV I even had a dorm-sized fridge that I kept stocked with water and sodas. When I was in high school I had been heavy into sports, but since graduating and heading off to college I mainly used the place to chill out and relax. On hot days I could open the double garage doors at the front of the building and get a cool breeze through the place. Nowadays I just used the side door to enter and leave. I clicked on the television and plopped down on the couch.

There wasn't any cable or satellite hooked up to the TV so I was just watching a rerun of an old game show when mom walked in about ten minutes later. She stood by the open side door and glanced around the room for several minutes before

coming over and standing in front of me. She was still in her robe.

"It's been a while since I've been in here," she said absently, continuing to glance about the place.

"It's still the same ole same ole," I mused, wondering what was on her mind.

"Uh, can I ask you a personal question?" she hesitantly asked, looking uncertain whether she wanted to or not.

"Sure Mom, what's on your mind?"

"Promise not to laugh?"

"I promise," I told her with a chuckle.

"Is my butt getting too big? Remember, you promised not to laugh."

I couldn't help myself, I laughed anyway. "I don't think so, do you?"

"I don't know, that's why I'm asking you," she replied smartly.

"You're serious?" I was astonished that she'd ask me about her butt.

"Yes. I want your opinion. Now tell me honestly, is it or isn't it getting bigger?" she asked staring into my eyes.

"God Mom, I don't know," I said nervously.

"Yes you do. I felt your eyes on it earlier. So come on and tell me, yes or no." I almost choked when she said that.

I bit my lip and said, "Honestly, it looks good to me, but it's hard to tell with your robe on."

She placed her hands on her hips, glared at me and said, "Randy Hanson, just because you got your eyes full the other day doesn't mean I'm getting naked in front of you!"

"That's not what I meant Mom. I'm just saying it's hard to tell with your robe on," I quickly replied.

"Oh. I guess you're right," and with that she reached in front and undid the robes ties.

"Whoa! What are you doing Mom?" I cried, bringing my hands up in front of my eyes.

"Relax, I have something on besides my robe silly," she laughed.

With a shrug of her shoulders the robe fell to the floor leaving her standing in front of me in a thin white cotton nightgown that reached mid-way down her thighs. It looked more like an oversized t-shirt than a nightgown to me. She placed her hands back on her hips and turned her back to me. I don't think she was aware of how thin the fabric of her nightgown was. Before she'd turned around I could see the brown of her nipples through the material. My cock was starting to expand in my pants. Once turned she looked over her shoulder at me.

"Well?" she asked.

I was almost speechless. I could tell she wasn't wearing any panties, I could see her butt crack clearly through the white fabric. I stared at her ass hoping she wouldn't notice the growing bulge in my britches.

"I...I...think your butt looks great Mom," I stammered.

"Really? Are you sure it's not too flabby?" she asked, then slapped one of her cheeks causing it to jiggle. It also caused my dick to become a full-blown hard-on.

With a dry throat I said, "Well um, it wouldn't hurt to tone up a little. Other than that you have a great ass, I mean butt, Mom."

I got another look at the brown circles on her chest as she picked up her robe and faced me while she put it back on. I felt a dribble of pre-cum on my thigh as her robe closed, covering her chest from my leering eyes.

"So if I toned up, you think Jack would stop making snide remarks?" Mom asked.

"To be honest Mom, no, I don't think he would. Jack's an asshole," I told her.

"But he might, right?" Her voice was filled with hope.

"Anything's possible," I said, not wanting to burst her bubble.

"Good!" she squealed. "So will you help me?"

"Help you what?"

"Tone up silly," she laughed.

"Awww Mom," I groaned.

"Please! As a favor to me," she pleaded.

"Oh, alright. When do you want to start?"

Her bright green eyes lit up and she bent down and kissed my cheek. "Today."

She rushed out saying she was going to change into something better suited for working out. I used three minutes while she was changing to stroke one out, all the while wondering why I was getting so turned on by my own mother. I flushed the toilet and watched as my nut butter swirled around the bowl before being sucked down into the earth. Mom came back dressed in a pair of baggy sweat pants and an oversized sweatshirt.

A half-hour later she was sweating profusely as I put her through a light routine of push-ups, deep knee bends and jumping jacks. Secretly I was hoping her enthusiasm would wane, but when she spotted the chin-up bar and proceeded to do ten reps without too much trouble, I knew she was in it for the long haul. I made sure she stayed hydrated throughout her workout. When she'd had enough, she sank to the wrestling mat and stretched out breathing heavily.

Just to fuck with her I said, "Okay, now that you're warmed up, let's get to the real workout."

"What?" she groaned, looking up at me like I was crazy.

"Just kidding. You did real good Mom," I laughed.

"Thanks. I can't believe how much I'm sweating though," she huffed, wiping her wet forehead with the sleeve of her shirt.

"You might want to re-think your workout wardrobe," I suggested.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because those sweats might get you overheated," I answered, watching the sweat pour off her face.

"You have a point there, I feel like I'm swimming in my own skin right now. So what would you suggest I wear?"

I wanted to say "Nothing at all," but didn't. Instead I said, "I don't know. Shorts, t-shirts, maybe a sports bra."

She told me she wasn't too keen on wearing a bra in front of me while she worked out, but I could see her eyes light up when I explained what a sports bra was for. I helped her up off the mat and watched her head out the door. Several minutes later she returned still in her sweats and told me she was going into town to do some shopping. After she left I plopped back down on the couch wondering what kind of summer was in store for me. Here I was, twenty years old and at the peak of my sexual urges, and instead of hunting pussy or partying, I was spending my free time helping my mother shed a few pounds. The fact that I was getting aroused by her was even more disturbing to me than I cared to admit. It was going to be a long summer.

I must have dozed off because I wasn't aware that she'd returned until she started shaking my shoulder. Her face was glowing with excitement as she proceeded to pull articles out of a large shopping bag. She had bought new running shoes, a few pairs of gym shorts and several sports bras in an array

of colors. She grabbed a pair of shorts and one of the sports bras and said she was going to the house to try them on. When she left, and my eyes focused, I examined what she had left behind. The gym shorts were made of a silky material that I was sure was way too big for her. Although the waist size looked correct, the leg openings were as baggy as hell. I picked up one of the bras and found that she had basically bought nothing more than a cotton halter top that would do nothing to stop her boobs from flopping around all over the place when she worked out. Looking at her new stuff I realized that I should have went with her to the store.

When she came back dressed in silky blue shorts and a light blue sports bra I realized that I was glad I hadn't gone. The light blue bra did nothing to hold her tits in check, and the shorts were so baggy in the legs it looked like she was wearing a very short skirt. My cock lurched slightly in my pants as I stared at her.

"So, what do you think?" she asked with enthusiasm.

"Wow, uh, you look like you will stay cool for sure now," I said, managing to keep my eyeballs from bugging out.

"I hope so. I thought you said these sports bras were supposed to hold you in," she said, her hands busily adjusting the bra this way and that way.

For the first time I realized just how big Mom's tits were. They had to be at least a 36D if anything, maybe even bigger than that. I couldn't take my eyes off her chest when she lowered her hands; her nipples were poking straight out through the thin fabric. My dick inched further down my pants leg.

"Well Mom, sometimes those things don't always work like they're supposed to," I stammered, tearing my eyes from her tits and looking up to her face. I could see that she'd noticed my lecherous stare.

"Oh honey, I don't know. I feel almost naked in this outfit," she muttered, moving the bra about again until it was where she wanted it.

"You look fine Mom, besides, you'll be grateful for wearing it when you get to sweating. I promise," I told her as soothingly as possible.

"Maybe, we'll see." I could hear the hesitation and uncertainty in her voice.

"So do you want to work out in the mornings when it's cool, or in the afternoons?" I asked hoping to take her mind off her outfit.

"I was thinking about doing a little in the mornings and some in the afternoon if that's alright with you. I really want to look better by the time Jack gets home."

"That's fine with me Mom. Do you want to do a little now, since you're all dressed for it?" I didn't have the heart to tell her that she probably wouldn't look any different by the time Jack got back.

"Uh, sure, why not," she replied after a moment of thinking about it.

I told her we'd just do a little since she just started. I also told her that I'd work out along with her if she wanted. She liked that idea, said it made her feel better than doing it on her own. We started out with a few jumping jacks with me facing her. The way her tits bounced up and down made me lose count of how many we'd done. After five minutes of those I suggested she try some sit-ups to help tighten her abdominal muscles. I had her lay on the mat with her knees up, but when she tried her first one her feet kept coming off the mat.

"How about I hold your feet down for you," I said, then squatting at her feet.

"That's much easier," she said after she'd done a couple.

I was holding the tops of her feet and couldn't help noticing how baggy her shorts were. Even with her legs together I had a pretty good view of the bottoms of her butt cheeks as she strained to do more reps. She made it to eleven before falling back on the mat sweating up a storm and letting her left leg slide sideways to the mat while her right one remained upright. I glanced down and got an instant hard-on. I could see all the way up to her crotch through the baggy leg opening. She had on a pair of white cotton panties that had become almost transparent from her sweat. An unruly tangle of brown pubic bush covered her mound and I could just make out her clit peeking through at the top of her slit. This mind-blowing view of Mom's panty-covered cunt lasted only for a few moments before she lowered her right leg and rolled onto her side breathing heavily.

"God, I didn't know I was so out of shape," she huffed.

"That's what everybody says when they first start working out Mom," I squeaked, falling backwards onto my butt and drawing my knees up in front of me to hide the growing monster in my pants.

She struggled to her feet saying she hoped it got easier with time. I stayed where I was and reassured her it does. She asked if I needed help getting up, but I told her I was going to do a few sit-ups while I was down here. She gave me an odd look and headed out the door. It only took two minutes this time before my spooge swirled around the toilet bowl and disappeared.

When I went in for supper I was surprised to find mom still in her new outfit. She told me it was too comfortable to change out of when she noticed me looking at her oddly. What she didn't know was that I was only looking because her nipples were still poking prominently out the front of her sports bra. If I didn't know better, I'd swear she was sexually excited. I had a hard time finding my mouth with my fork all through dinner. I couldn't take my eyes off Mom's chest.

"I want to get an early workout tomorrow, if that's okay with you," she said as I helped her put away the dishes.

"Sure, no problem Mom. Just don't try to rush things too fast," I warned.

We spent the rest of the evening watching TV with me on one end of the couch and mom on the other. She sat facing the TV with her feet up in front of her and her arms wrapped around her knees. As often as I could without seeming to overdo it I would sneak peeks in her direction. She really did have nice looking legs. I was also able to see the beginning swell of the ass cheek closest to me. Apparently I wasn't being as sneaky as I'd thought.

"Randy, why do you keep looking at me? Am I hanging out somewhere?" she asked, glancing over at me with a puzzled look on her face.

"No Mom, I was just admiring your legs," I told her truthfully.

"You like my legs?"

"I like everything about you Mom," I said sheepishly.

She turned sideways to face me; putting one foot on the floor and her other leg propped on the cushion of the couch, and gave me the same odd look she'd given me earlier. When I looked toward her the first thing I noticed was her shorts leg was gaping open enough to show part of her panties. The monster in my pants reared its ugly head once again. I could feel my face getting hot.

"Is there something I should know?" Mom asked in a soft tone.

"I don't know what you mean," I blurted out too fast.

"What I mean young man is that you've been eyeballing me all day, and not in a way that a son looks at his mother," she replied staring right into my eyes.

"I...don't follow you," I stuttered.

"Well for instance, this morning when you hugged me I definitely felt something strange against my butt. And then when I showed you my new workout clothes I was sure you were getting an erection. I also think that's why you didn't want my help getting up from the mat. Now tell me Randy. Are you getting aroused when you're around me?" she bluntly asked.

"No! Of course not Mom" I lied through my teeth.

"You can be honest with me, I won't get mad at you if that's what you're worried about," she spoke softly.

"Promise?" I meekly asked.

"I promise. Now tell me, did you get aroused by looking at me today?"

"Yyyyes," I stammered unable to look her in the eyes.

"But why? Was it something I did?" she asked in a worried tone.

"Heavens no Mom, you haven't done anything wrong. It was just that when Jack was talking about your butt, I couldn't help but look at you as a woman, not as my Mom."

"Oh, I see. So what did you discover about me that got you aroused?" Mom placed her arm on the back of the couch and leaned forward a little. I could see her nipples getting stiffer under her garment.

"Aww Mom, can we change the subject," I whined.

"No we can't. Come on Randy, I really would like to know," she said in a low sexy voice that had my cock growing fast.

"Okay I'll tell you. I saw an extremely fine woman with a body that most women would die for. There, happy now?" I blurted out.

"Actually, I don't know what to say. I'm flattered, but I sure can't think of a reason you'd find me appealing. Not sexually anyway," she said as her nipples poked further out.

"Because you're hot Mom. I've never noticed until today just how sexy you are." My face burned with embarrassment as she just sat there and stared at me.

"Wow! A woman always wants to hear a man call her sexy, I just never thought I'd hear my own son say I was. Thank you Randy," she whispered. I couldn't tell what she was really thinking by the look on her face, but she did have a far off look in her eyes.

"I'm sorry Mom. I'll understand if you want to stop working out with me," I said after a minute of silence filled the air.

"What? No. I still want you to help me. We'll just have to put this conversation behind us and move forward. And you'll have to control your, uh, you know," she chuckled.

"I can't guarantee anything Mom, but I'll try," I told her, chuckling myself.

"That's good enough for me sweetheart. I think I'll turn in now. Goodnight," she said, leaning all the way over and kissing my cheek before getting up and heading to her bedroom.

Sleep took a long time getting to me; I had to jerk my cock twice as visions of Mom's sweat soaked panties danced around my head.

When I went to breakfast the next morning I was already dressed in sneakers, a white t-shirt and an old pair of my gym shorts. They weren't as baggy as Mom's, but they were pretty loose around the legs. For some unknown reason I had left my underwear off and I could feel my balls bouncing around freely as I strutted into the kitchen. Mom was fixing us both a

bowl of cereal and was already dressed for her workout too. She had on a pale pink pair of silky shorts and a light yellow sports bra. Both of us acted a little nervous at first, but by the time we'd finished eating we were back to being our usual selves. Mom stood up first and I noticed a mischievous grin on her face.

"Race you to the shed," she blurted out just as she took off running for the front door.

"No fair," I yelled, jumping up but not really trying to beat her. I caught up with her just as she swung open the side door and stepped in.

"You cheated Mom," I barked as I entered.

"All's fair little man," she snickered, then went over and pulled herself up on the chin-up bar.

"It is huh? Okay, wait till you see how hard I'm gonna make this workout session," I called out as I watched her complete a set of ten reps before dropping back to the floor.

"God, I'm stiff this morning," she groaned, rotating her arms in wide circles to get the stiffness out.

"Maybe we should start you off with some stretching first Mom. I don't want you hurting yourself," I said, genuine worry in my voice.

"Maybe you're right," she replied heading over to the mat and beginning to stretch her arms and her legs.

After a few reps of touching her toes and a couple forward lunges to stretch her hamstring we got down to business. I suggested jumping jacks first, the reason obvious to me, followed by push-ups and then sit-ups. By the time we reached the sit-ups she was sweating quite nicely. I assumed my position at her feet and held them down as she started. Only this time when she plopped one leg over and left one up

exposing her soaked white panties to my eager eyes, my cock rode down my shorts leg and I could feel a breeze chilling the pre-cum leaking from its head. Mom's clit seemed to be more erect than it had been yesterday, and I noticed she didn't turn onto her side as fast today either. After she rested a bit we did the same routine over again. This time she rolled onto her side immediately.

"Want to do something different today?" I asked after we caught our breaths.

"What do you have in mind?" she asked, lying on her back staring up at the ceiling.

"How about we jog over to the pond and jump in to cool off?"

A big smile spread on her lips. "Sounds great, only you're gonna have to help this old lady up first."

I laughed and told her she was only as old as she feels, and she told me that she felt like she was close to one hundred right now. I helped her to her feet and then went over and grabbed two towels from the rack near the shower. The jog over to the pond, which wasn't that far, was more of a fast walk than a jog. We spread out the towels near the bank of the pond where a patch of grass was.

I was removing my shirt when mom pushed me and yelled, "Last one in makes dinner tonight."

"You cheated again," I yelled then ran toward the pond.

Mom was standing in waist deep water when I did a cannonball right next to her. My ass hit the bottom of the pond but it was worth it when I surfaced and saw that she'd been drenched. Something else caught my eye that made it even sweeter. Her pale yellow top had become almost see-thru. I gazed in wonder at the two brown half-dollar sized spots on her chest. The chill of the water had caused her nipples to become quite stiff. She followed my gaze down and

blushed, but made no effort to hide them from me. Instead she went further out until it was deep enough to dive under. When she came up for air I was still rooted to the same spot I was in, and my mouth was hanging open. My cock had hardened enough to be poking out the bottom of my shorts leg. Shaking my head I took a couple steps forward and dove under. When I was right next to her I wrapped my arms around her lower legs and lifted her up and flung her backwards. She shrieked historically as she flew back and went under. When she didn't surface right away I began to panic. I took one step forward in the neck deep water and felt something warm running up my leg. It hit the end of my dick poking from my shorts and briefly curled around my shaft before being yanked away. Mom surfaced a fraction of a second later in front of me.

"Oh God honey, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to touch you there," she sputtered her eyes wide and alarmed.

"Mom, calm down," I laughed. "It's alright, I'm just glad it wasn't a fish looking for a worm."

"Shit, that'd have to be one hell of a fish," she said under her breath, just loud enough for me to hear.

"What was that, I didn't hear you," I lied.

"Nothing dear," she replied heading toward the shore.

I followed right behind and watched as she stepped over to the towels and reached behind herself and seemed to be adjusting the back of her panties.

"Something wrong?" I asked.

"My damn panties keep crawling up my butt," she answered, continuing to pull them out of the crack of her ass.

"Hell Mom, that's easy to fix. Just do what I do and don't wear any," I laughed.

"Very funny, ha ha," she replied laughingly. "We know what that got us don't we."

My face colored slightly to her reference about touching my dick in the pond. She on the other hand just laughed harder when she saw the color rise on my face. As she lowered herself down on her towel I noticed a pained expression on her face.

"You okay Mom?" I asked, sinking down on the other towel next to her.

"Yeah sweetie, I'm just sore. God, even my buns hurt a little," she grimaced.

"You know you don't have to continue to workout Mom. You look great just the way you are, and if Jack can't see that then to hell with him." I let a bit of anger seep into my voice when I mentioned his name.

"I'm not doing it just for him. I'm doing it for myself too," she replied.

I hesitated a minute before saying, "I could give you a rub down. It should loosen you up a little and help with the soreness."

"You don't need to go to that much trouble Randy, I'll be fine." Her smile didn't hide the pain in her eyes.

"Nonsense. It's no trouble at all, so lay down," I insisted.

She didn't say anything, but after a brief hesitation she stretched out on her stomach with her hands under her face. I scooted over and began to knead the muscles in her calves gently. This got a low moan of approval from her and she visibly relaxed as my hands worked the knots out of her sore legs. I expected her to balk when I moved up to her thighs, but all she did was groan in pleasure. I kept my fingers a respectable distance from the bottom swell of her ass cheeks that were barely showing under the legs of her shorts. Next I

worked her back and shoulder muscles until they were soft and loose. Now for the hard part I told myself.

"Okay, now I'm gonna work the kinks out of your gluts Mom, so don't freak out," I informed her.

"My what? What are gluts?" she lazily asked.

"Your buns Mom," I said nervously.

"Oh! Uh, okay," she murmured, obviously not too sure about this.

I straddled her legs without putting much pressure on them and shakily took a cheek in each hand. Mom stiffened at first, but relented to my ministrations as I kneaded the ripe round mounds. She even let out a soft moan shortly after I'd worked the muscles for a few minutes. The silky shorts rode up and it wasn't long before I could see the beginnings of her cotton panties covering the round swell of her butt. My cock crept

down in my shorts and peeked out the leg opening. I ventured into dangerous territory and let my thumbs dig into the crack of her ass a few times as I kneaded the fleshy globes. As my hands roamed lower on her ass my thumbs bumped the crotch area briefly. She stiffened but didn't say anything and I quickly moved my hands higher on her cheeks. Amazed by the softness I'd felt at her crotch, I foolishly tried the same move again. A soft moan escaped her mouth before she told me that she was feeling better and that I could stop now. Hurriedly I tucked my cock back into my shorts leg, getting a drop of pre-cum on my fingertips, and climbed off. I sat cross-legged on my towel with my hands in my lap shielding the sizable boner from Mom's eyes as she rolled onto her side facing me.

"That felt great, thanks," she said, her eyes bright and smiling.

"No problem Mom. You know, we'll probably have to do that a few times before your muscles aren't so sore anymore," I told her in a thick voice.

She gave me a smile and said, "Really think it'll help?"

"Can't hurt," I swiftly replied.

"We'll see. Right now though I need a shower," she said climbing to her feet.

"I think I'll catch a few rays," I said rolling onto my stomach.

"Okay, just don't get burnt by staying out here too long," she warned, then took off.

As soon as I saw her round the corner of the house I jumped up and headed to the workshop. I needed a shower too. The water felt good on my skin as I slid my fist back and forth on my soapy cock. I had my eyes closed while images of Mom's ass played in an endless loop as my hand stroked faster and faster. The tingling grew until suddenly I was unloading wad after wad of thick cream against the back of the shower stall. My knees buckled and I almost fell. My groans of pleasure

echoed throughout the workshop. I opened my eyes and was stunned to see mom standing just inside the door staring wide-eyed at me. She had one hand over her mouth and the other one cupping her left tit. As soon as she noticed me staring back she spun around and ran from the building. The thought of her watching me whack off filled me with mixed emotions. On one hand I felt embarrassment, but on the other hand it turned me on to the point that my cock began to react. I reached for the bar of soap and began to lather my shaft in suds.

Two hours passed before I worked up enough nerve to go to the house and face mom. When I got there she was stretched out on the couch sound asleep with the TV turned on to some soap opera. She was wearing her robe and lying on her back with one arm over her eyes. I could tell she was asleep by the soft snoring sounds coming from her. I went into the kitchen and grabbed a bottle of water to wet my dry throat with. When I returned mom had raised her knees and had her legs resting against the back of the couch. Her robe had slid down her thighs far enough for me to see almost to her crotch area. This was too good to pass up; I took a seat on the end of the

couch where her feet had been and studied the situation. With her legs pressed together I couldn't tell if she was wearing anything under her robe, but I was determined to find out.

I had no plans to move her robe or anything like that. I'm not that sick, or brave either. I knew that if I sat here long enough she'd shift her position eventually. I was right, but never in my wildest dreams did I think she'd shift into the position she did. With a slight grunt she slid her ass closer to the edge of the couch and let her outside leg droop down until it was resting on the seat cushion. Her other leg remained propped against the back of the couch and her robe opened completely exposing her crotch to my astonished eyes. Mom's fur covered cunt lay exposed before me in all its naked glory. I took a huge gulp of water. Leaning forward slightly I inspected this treasure intently. She must have taken a shower recently because I could smell her bath soap drifting up to my nostrils. There was also another scent mixed in with the fragrance that I was unsure about. It was more of a musky smell that had my nostrils flaring trying to suck in greater whiffs of this new aroma.

I was in seventh heaven as I took in her brown bush covered mound; the hair trailing down on both sides of her slightly parted outer lips. Her clit sat majestically at the top of her pink slit and to my inexperienced eyes it looked a little hard. I leaned in closer, my cock fully engorged with blood. The heady aroma was intoxicating. I knew I should get my ass out of there before she woke up and saw me drooling over her pussy, but I couldn't move. Instead I gently reached out and placed my hand softly on the calf of her leg that was resting on the seat cushion. If I could just move her foot away from her other one I'd have more room to lean in and smell her sweetness better. As slowly as I could I slid my hand down her calf until I was holding her ankle. Ever so gently I began to pull it away from the back of the couch toward the front. Mom grunted once but kept her arm over her eyes as I worked her foot inch by inch outward. It took several minutes and a lot of praying before I was successful in freeing up the space between her legs. I sat back up and waited to see if I'd made the biggest mistake of my life.

By moving her leg like I did it caused her pussy to open slightly exposing the pink petals of her inner lips. They had a

coating of slickness on them that reminded me of rose petals covered in morning dew. I leaned forward and brought my nose so close it was almost touching her clit. Drawing in as deep of a breath as I could I inhaled her musky scent. My head swooned. Before my brain had a chance to override it, my tongue snaked out and slid between the sweet slickness of Mom's slit. God, the taste was incredible, tangy yet sweet at the same time. I let the flat of my tongue burrow deeper into her cleft and run upwards until her stiffening clitoris scraped against my taste buds. I've been with a couple of girls in my life, but this was the first time I'd ever licked a pussy. I was hooked.

I repeated the tongue action again, this time lingering on her clit a little longer than before. Mom let out a soft moan that scared the crap out of me. I bolted into a sitting position getting ready to run for my life. But Mom's arm stayed over her eyes and I could see her hips barely moving upwards as if her cunt was looking for the source of pleasure it had lost. I sank back down and began lapping softly at her wet lips once more. Her cunt hair tickled my nose as I buried my tongue deep into her heated slit and probed the hole I came out of.

More moans came out of her and I felt her pussy push up forcing my mouth down on it harder and harder. It didn't take long for me to figure out what was getting the most moans. I latched my lips onto her erect clit and batted it repeatedly back and forth with my tongue.

"Uuunnnnggggghhhhhh," mom groaned as a flood of liquid poured out and coated my chin.

Scared shitless that I'd gone too far and woke her I jumped up and rushed out the front door. My whole body was shaking from fear and lust as I sank into one of the wicker chairs on the porch. I figured I could act like nothing had happened and maybe Mom would think she'd just had a dream. A very good dream, if her moans were any indication. I sat there for nearly thirty minutes and nothing happened. Mustering up some courage I went back inside. Mom was still on the couch with her arm over her eyes, but now her legs were straight out and her robe was covering her. The lack of snoring didn't even register on my relieved brain. I went to my bedroom and changed into a pair of old sweats. When I got back to the front

room mom was sitting up rubbing the sleep from her eyes. I started for the kitchen.

"Hey," she called out.

How I didn't shit my pants right then and there will always be a mystery to me. Like a deer caught in the headlights I turned around to her with a look of dread on my face.

"Remember, I won, so you have to cook dinner tonight," she yawned while reminding me.

"Yeah I know, even though you cheated," I said, hoping she hadn't heard the sigh of relief escape.

"Nevertheless, you still have to cook," she chuckled.

"Are you feeling okay Mom?" I asked.

"Sure. Why?"

"It's just that I never see you in your robe this time of day."

"I was feeling a little tired after my shower, so I left it on and took a nap. But I'm fine, don't worry," she said softly.

The rest of the day slid by without her mentioning the fact that she'd caught me jacking-off in the shower. Nor was anything said about me eating her pussy. I was certain that she didn't know, and I sure as hell wasn't going to tell. When I asked if she was going to workout again today, she told me that we'd take the rest of the day off and get a fresh start in the morning. She said she was going to push herself harder tomorrow and wanted to be rested first. I made spaghetti for dinner then we spent the rest of the evening watching TV and relaxing. I had trouble keeping my eyes off her since she hadn't changed out of her robe. The slim chance that she'd flash me nagged at the back of my mind. It was official I told myself right before heading to bed; I was one of those perverts who secretly wanted to fuck his own Mother after all.

Mom did push herself harder the next day, and the day after that, and the day after that one too. For five days she worked harder and harder on her routines until it was becoming hard for me to keep up with her. She no longer needed my help holding her feet down when she did her sit-ups, a chore I dearly missed. On the morning of the sixth day she joyfully announced that she'd lost almost twelve pounds. I knew that most of it had been water weight, but she was starting to look a lot more fit. Her tits still bounced up and down when she worked out causing me endless hard-ons, and her ass still jiggled a little but not like before. I was beginning to worry that she'd tone up too good and lose that cuddliness that I adored in her. When I told her that she laughed.

"So you like your Mom all doughy and soft?" she chuckled.

"Sorta," I admitted.

"Well I don't, so lets get cracking son," she replied.

Halfway through a set of deep knee bends she screamed in agony, clutched the back of her right thigh and fell to the wrestling mat in a fetal position.

"Shit shit shit!" she hollered.

"What's wrong?" I cried, rushing over and sinking to the mat next to her.

"I've got a cramp," she whined, rubbing the back of her left thigh vigorously.

"Here, let me. Roll over Mom."

She turned over onto her stomach and placed her head on her hands. I began to rub the back of her thigh in ever increasing circles. She started moaning as my fingers kneaded the tightness in her thigh. Slowly I worked my hands further up until one was bumping up against the swell of her cheek, and the other one was rubbing the inside of her thigh near her

crotch. She just lay there without saying anything and allowed my hands to wander up and down the back of her thigh.

"Why are you really doing this Mom? Is it to impress that asshole you call a husband?" I asked, hoping she'd lie there and let me rub her thigh longer.

"That's not very nice Randy."

"Maybe, but it's true and you know it," I shot back.

"You're probably right. Although it doesn't really matter anymore," she whispered more to herself than to me.

"What are you talking about, of course it matters. You look fantastic just the way you are, and I for one don't see why you'd go through all this trouble for him in the first place."

"That's not what I meant sweetie," she mumbled into her hands.

"So what did you mean Mom?"

"I think Jack's been cheating on me." I heard a faint sob.

"Why do you think that?"

"I called the office yesterday and talked with Cindy about Jack's schedule. She told me that he was having an affair with one of the new female drivers."

"And you believed her?"

"Not at first. But when she confessed that she'd been having one with him, I did," she said, her shoulders shaking slightly as a few more sobs escaped her lips.

"That doesn't mean it's true. Why would she even tell you if she'd been screwing Jack?" I asked, my hands still rubbing her thigh gently.

"She told me because she's mad at him. Apparently he dumped her for this new girl," she cried.

"Geez, I don't know what to say Mom."

"At least now I know why he hasn't touched me in ages. I guess I'm just not pretty enough for him."

Without realizing I was saying it out loud I blabbered, "I don't see how he could've kept his hands off you, you're gorgeous. I'd be touching you constantly."

"I'm flattered. To bad you're my son, you'd be a real catch," she laughed as she rolled onto her back.

"I'm sorry Mom, I didn't mean for you to hear that," I apologized red-faced.

"Don't be sorry, I like hearing that I'm desirable, even if it is my son saying it."

I smiled down at her and watched as she brought her knees up and placed her hands behind her head. She stayed like that for a minute then let one leg creep away from the other toward the mat. I know she didn't mean to, but when her leg slipped closer to the mat the leg opening on her upright leg parted wide enough for me to see most of her crotch. My jaw dropped; she wasn't wearing any panties. Reacting out of pure animalistic lust I placed a hand on her raised knee and began to slowly push it outward.

"Randy?" Mom's eyes widened.

I didn't answer. My eyes were locked onto the sight of her pussy spreading out in plain sight as my cock swelled in my shorts. I reached down with my other hand and grasped the

hem of the shorts leg hole and pulled it away from her leg. Her cunt was fully exposed to my lust crazed eyes.

"Randy...What are you doing?" she asked in a slightly frightened voice.

"Oh God Mom, please forgive me," I groaned then pulled the leg opening all the way over to the side and sank my face onto her cunt. My lips captured her clit and I began to suck it up into my mouth.

"What the hell are you doing? STOP!" Mom shouted, trying to squirm out from under me.

"OH GOD! STOP RANDY, YOU CAN'T BE DOIIIINNNNGGGGG..." her voice trailed off as my tongue plunged deep into her velvet tunnel.

Stretching my body out between her legs I grabbed hold of her hips and held her in place as I began to suck and lick her

cunt with abandon. Her sweat mixed with her cunt cream coated my tongue in a heady elixir the likes I'd never tasted before. I could feel her hips start to move up and down, her pussy seeking the wet slickness of my tongue.

"Please...stop...uunnnggghhhh...Randy," she moaned, her breathing growing ragged.

I slipped one hand under my chin, extended my index finger and sank it fully into her heat. She was soaking wet and very slick. My tongue rolled over her clit bringing it to a hard sweet nub while my finger gently probed the depths of her hot hole. I was lost to all things except the burning need to lick my mother into a state of complete satisfaction. Mom's struggling to escape stopped and her hands grabbed the back of my head and forced my mouth onto her wet sopping slit. Her hip movements increased, battering my lips with the puffy outer folds of her cunt.

"OOHHH GOD! OH MY GOD! SHIIITTTTTTTT!" she cried out as a torrent of wet sticky juice poured into my mouth.

I backed up until I was kneeling between her spread knees and gazed down into her face. I was filled with shame. She let her arms fall to her sides and fixed me with a stare that asked "Why?" She made no effort to cover her soaked pussy from my view. Her legs remained parted as she struggled to get her breathing under control.

"Please forgive me Mom," I begged. "I don't know what came over me."

Instead of screaming at me she just softly asked, "That wasn't a dream the other day was it?"

I knew exactly what she was referring to. I shook my head no.

"So now what?" she asked.

"I'm not sure what you mean," I answered, puzzled by the strange look in her eyes.

"I mean, are you going to finish what you started?" she replied.

Before I could answer she pulled her sports bra up and over the tops of her breasts letting the round globes free of their confinement. Her stiff brown nipples reached for the sky. Next she reached down, grabbed the waistband of her shorts, raised her knees and pulled the shorts off. When she lowered her feet her legs were parted as wide as they would go. Her hands went up to her tits and she began to roll her nipples with her fingers.

"Mom?" I uttered in total disbelief.

"Fuck me Randy, I need to feel you in me," she whispered, her nipples getting stiffer by the second.

I tore off my shirt and pushed my shorts down to my knees. Eight rock hard inches of cock sprang out and pointed toward her. She licked her lips and raised her ass off the mat

beckoning for me. Scooting forward, I brought myself close enough to push my cock down against the very fringe of her outer lips. Slowly, holding the base of my rigid rod, I lined the tip of my dick up with her slit and leaned forward. The head of my cock slid past the hair-covered lips and slipped effortlessly into the slick hot cavern of her snug pussy. I continued leaning forward until I was propping myself up with my hands on either side of her chest. I kept my ass up until I was in position with just the head of my cock in Mom's cunt. I gazed into her eyes.

"Don't tease me," she said, pushing her hips upward and taking more of my dick into her molten heat.

Pushing my hips downward I sank deeper and deeper into her until I felt my balls settle on the soft fleshy roundness of her ass cheeks. Her arms went around my neck as her legs went up and encircled my buttocks and held me firmly in place. She pulled me down with her arms until I was lying flat on top of her. I could feel the soft warm touch of her breasts as they flattened on my chest, her nipples boring in to me.

"Oh shit baby, you're so big. Don't move, just let me feel you inside me" she whispered in my ear.

"I love you so much Mom," I whispered back.

"I know this is wrong, but I've wanted this since I felt it in the pond," she purred, and then began to rock her pelvis upward.

Slowly I withdrew until only the head remained entrenched inside the burning heat of my Mother's swollen pussy. I moved my hands down and cupped the firm roundness of each ass cheek before gently pushing my cock all the way back into her. She shuddered and wrapped her arms tighter around my neck. Carefully I began to pump gently in and out of her slippery pussy until we had a smooth rhythm established. We were like a well-oiled machine. She would pull her ass down while I was pulling up. Just before my cock could slip from her clinching grip we'd push our hips together. Her breath hot on my neck, I started kissing her ear, her neck and all along the top of her shoulder.

"So good baby, so good," she chanted, her head rolling from side to side as her breathing became ragged.

"OH SWEET JESUS!" I cried, the sensations coursing through my body unlike any I'd ever felt before.

"Faster baby! Harder! Fuck me harder baby," she pleaded.

My balls slammed off her ass as my cock drove deep into her cunt in an increasing frenzy of lust-fueled passion. I brought my lips down on hers and held them there, sweat pouring from both of us. Faster and faster I plunged my dick into her quivering flesh, the steady sounds of our wet bodies slapping together bouncing off the walls. Her nails dug into my back as I felt her pussy tighten around my shaft.

"UUGGGGHHHHHH FUUUCCCCCKKKKK!" Mom screamed, her cunt clamping down vise-like on my cock as her orgasm rocked her very soul.

My mouth opened, but no sound escaped. My dick went into a spasm of endless twitching as spurt after spurt of thick ropes of cum jetted into her steaming cunt and mixed with her own juices. The slap slap slap of my balls on her ass grew wetter sounding as our fluids leaked out and drained down onto my tightened ball sack. My release was so powerful that I blacked out for a second or two. Mom's arms fell to the mat as her legs slid off my sweat soaked butt. Huffing and puffing I managed to roll off her and landed on my back next to her heaving body. It took us awhile to get our breathing under control. When we did mom rolled onto her side propping herself up on her elbow facing me and stroked the side of my face lovingly.

"What we just did was so wrong sweetie," she whispered.

"I know, and I'm so sorry Mom. I just couldn't help myself," I said between breaths.

"Just tell me what set you off. Did I do something to give you the impression that I wanted you to make love to me?"

"No. It's just that when I saw that you didn't have panties on, I couldn't stop myself. I needed to taste you again. I really didn't think we'd go all the way," I told her.

Mom's hand trailed down from my face and over my chest. She drew tiny circles around my nipples before letting her hand drift lower. A chill swept over me as her hand passed my abdomen and continued down until it reached my cock. Softly she took my shaft in her hand and began to subtly rub it up and down.

"I couldn't stop myself either. When you started licking my pussy I was scared at first. But it's been so long since anyone's done that I couldn't stop you. It felt too good," she cooed as her hand brought life back into my growing cock.

"So what do we do now?" I asked, the tingling sensation spreading in my groin.

"Oh God baby, I don't know. What can we do?"

I rolled over to face her. Her hand remained on my dick as I wrapped an arm around her and pulled us together. Once she was snuggled up against me I brought my hand down and began to gently run it over her supple ass.

"You could let me be the one that makes you happy Mom," I whispered into her ear.

"I'm not sure what you're saying," she replied, increasing the force of her grip on my cock.

"I'm asking for you to get rid of Jack and let me be your man."

"It's not that simple. Is it?" she asked just as my fingers slid between her cheeks and tickled her anus.

"No one needs to know what you and I do. Also, I'd never make fun of your ass. I love it just the way it is," I chuckled as I patted the firm cheeks playfully.

"You're terrible," she giggled.

"So will you be my lover, as well as my mother?" I asked as I let my fingers slip low enough to touch her soaked slit.

A huge smile crossed her lips then she rolled away from me. I was at a loss as to what she was up to until she got on her hands and knees with her backside pointed in my direction. I yanked my shorts the rest of the way off and rose to my knees. My stiff rod led the way as I crawled over and knelt behind her. Her slit was a soaking mess of thick white sperm and cunt cream. The pubic hairs covering her outer lips were matted and plastered to either side of her pussy. The sight had my cock as hard as steel. I didn't need to guide the head, it hit her wet slit parting the slick outer folds with ease and slid around until it found her hot entrance and disappeared inside.

Mom glanced back at me over her shoulder with her green eyes twinkling brightly. "Fuck me lover," she said in a throaty whisper.

I placed my hands on her hips and lunged forward. The walls of her cunt sucked at my shaft as I filled her cunt with my meat. There was no foreplay or easing into it, I jammed all eight inches into her in one mighty plunge. My hands dug into the flesh of her hips as I pounded my pelvis against the soft ripeness of her fantastic ass. I could feel my balls bouncing off her clit, as I watched her cheeks jiggle with each pump of my cock. I could see our juices clinging to my shaft each time I pulled back. When I pushed forward Mom would grunt with pleasure and clamp her cunt muscles tighter around me. She met my thrusts with equal enthusiasm as she slammed herself back against my invading thickness.

"NOW BABY! COME WITH MEEEEEE" Mom hollered letting the front half of her body sink to the mat while her ass stayed up in the air.

"OHHHHH FUUCCCCCKKKK!" I screamed as my load shot out in a geyser of thick sticky sperm flooding Mom's pussy completely.

Mom collapsed the rest of the way to the mat with me still buried deep into her clenching cunt. The muscles of her velvet walls rolled up and down my shaft for a good two minutes, milking every last drop from my balls as I lay on top of her shaking body.

"We'll put Jack's shit in boxes tomorrow. I have plans for the rest of today," mom said underneath me.

Lack of Nooky Makes You Brave

Five and a half long months! That's how long I've been stuck living with my mother Connie since the pandemic started. I was going bonkers. Even with constant masturbation I was still suffering from an increasing set of blue ball syndrome. At least that's what I called my condition. In reality it was just a lack of pussy that had me going stir crazy. At twenty, with a higher-than-normal sex drive, the last thing I had wanted was to be housebound with my forty-one-year-old mom. Not that I didn't love her to death, because I did, it was just real hard not being able to have women over to satisfy my libido. Another problem that compounded the situation was the fact that my mom was an extremely attractive woman. Not runway model hot, but hot in her own way. She stood roughly five-five, weighed around one-twenty-five or so, with short black hair that framed her oval face. She also had one of the roundest butts I'd ever seen. As far as her tits went I could only guess, but I would have to place them in the upper b-cup range. Now I've never perved on mom before because, well, she was mom. The thing that made her attractive in my eyes were her sparkling blue eyes and her infectious smile. She had

a way of smiling that made you think everything was going to be okay.

As for me, I took after my dad Mike, six foot even with grey-green eyes and a shaggy head of brown hair. I also sported his wide shoulders and broad chest that was thick with hair, something the ladies seemed to love running their fingers through. Another thing the ladies loved was my cock. On a good day it would expand to over six and a half inches long, closer to seven, and was quite thick. It wasn't just the size that had the ladies coming back for more; it was how well I could use it. With enough concentration I could prolong blowing a load for close to thirty minutes, at least that was my record for now. If this pandemic lasted too much longer I was sure that the time I could hold off would drastically decline, so in an effort to prevent that from happening I've gotten into the habit of edging myself. I'd stroke my cock until I was about to pop then stop until the feeling passed, then start back up. Lately I've been doing this usually three times a day, every once in a while I'd go four, but that was rare. Today was one of those rare days.

It was nearly ten at night and I was stretched out naked on my bed watching porn while slowly stroking my shaft. I'd been at it for close to forty minutes when I realized that today just wasn't my day. For some reason I couldn't get my head into it. Even porn had lost its allure. It was always the same ole shit. Giving up I slipped on my boxers and headed to the kitchen for a late-night snack. Apparently mom had the same idea.

Mom's house is a three-bedroom single-story that had all the bedrooms at the back of the house with an open concept design in the front. If you were in the kitchen you could see everyone that was in the front room and vice versa. As I drew closer to the front room I noticed it getting brighter. When I exited the hallway leading to the bedrooms I saw that mom was bent over looking in the fridge, the light inside barely illuminating her. The thick carpeted floor in the living room made my approach soundless. My heart beat faster as I watched her rummage around looking for something, her backside pointing in my direction. Because the only light was coming from the fridge I wasn't able to make out any details other than I could tell she was wearing one of dad's old wife beaters. I couldn't really see anything, but never the less,

having her ass pointed at me had my cock straining in my underwear, a problem I solved by pulling my raging boner through the slit in front. It pointed straight at mom and the head oozed pre-cum.

There comes a time in every guy's life when lack of nooky makes you brave, or in my case, totally stupid. Without thinking, or I should say, while thinking with my little head, I snuck up behind mom with the intention of poking her in the crotch just to see what she'd do. What I had no way of knowing, since I couldn't really see, was the wife beater had ridden up on mom's ass and she wasn't wearing panties. Two things happened almost simultaneously, first; the wet head of my cock made contact with mom's uncovered slit. Secondly, startled, mom pushed her ass backwards causing the head of my cock to slide past her outer lips and up into her motherly sheath. The sensation of having my cock in a warm pussy overrode any rational thought on my part. Placing my hands on her hips I pulled her backwards until my entire dick was inside her. She let out a little moan then stood and spun around to face me, a look of fury on her face.

"What the fuck! Did you just stick your dick in me?" she screamed.

Why she'd ask that was beyond me, it was pretty obvious I did.

"I'm sorry Mom, that wasn't supposed to happen," I croaked as my cock wilted faster than a rose plant in the middle of the Sahara Desert.

While I tucked the limp remains of my cock back in my boxers mom went over and flipped on the overhead light. When she turned back to face me I felt a spark of life in my shorts. I don't think she was aware that by turning on the light she was effectively on display. I could clearly see her nipples through the worn-out materiel of the white wife beater. Her areolas were a dark brown, the size of half dollars, and as my eyes sank lower I could also see the triangular shape of her bush through the shirt. More life surged in my boxers as I eyed her up.

Still unaware of her vulnerability she placed her hands on her hips and asked, "What were you thinking Paul?"

"I-I guess I wasn't thinking Mom," I meekly answered.

"Apparently not, I'm your mother for Christ sake," she replied.

"I really am sorry Mom," I once more apologized.

She gazed at me for several long moments before saying, "Just go back to bed. We'll talk about this in the morning.

As I went down the hall the memory of how good it had felt inside my mother's pussy had my cock returning to an erect state. A quick detour to the bathroom fixed that problem. It didn't fix the problem I had falling asleep though.

With the dawning of morning I decided to take my medicine and be done with it. I'd made a huge mistake and now I had to own it. With those thoughts in mind I dressed and headed

to the kitchen for some much-needed coffee. I was on my second cup when mom strolled in looking like she hadn't slept much either. She was bundled up in her floor-length robe, the sash around her waist tightly tied leaving me no chance to see anything. After getting herself a cup she came over and sat across from me at the table. Neither of us spoke for some time. Mom sat there silently sipping her coffee as I sat there waiting for the axe to fall. When it didn't I took matters into my own hands.

"Listen Mom, I can't apologize enough for what happened last night. All I was going to do was goose you, I didn't plan for my co...penis to go in. I thought you had panties on."

Mom glanced my way and gently said, "Then why didn't you stop when you realized I wasn't wearing any? Instead you deliberately pulled me back onto your cock."

Mom saying the word cock made my head spin. Looking down I mumbled, "Because it felt so good."

Leaning forward mom said, "What did you say, I couldn't hear you?"

Gazing into her eyes I said, "Because being in you felt sooooo good I couldn't control myself."

Mom stared at me for a few seconds, her eyes clouding up as if she too was remembering how it had felt. I saw her shake her head before she resumed talking.

"Sweetheart, I know how hard this lockdown has been on you. Hell, it's hard on me too. But we can't let our base instincts take over. We can't let things get out of hand just because masturbating isn't quite cutting it anymore."

"Wait, are you saying you masturbate too?" I stammered.

Mom chuckled before replying, "Honey, I have needs too. Your father has been gone for over four years now, you don't really think I've been celibate for that long do you?"

I hadn't ever given my mother's sex life any thought. My father had been a captain in the fire department. On his last day on earth him and two other firefighters were on the roof of a structural fire when the roof collapsed killing all three. As for knowing what mom did or didn't do, I wouldn't have a clue. Being in college and living on campus two states away hadn't allowed much time to spend with her. Now I was doing online studies while mom worked from home in her job as a school teacher.

"Honestly, I've never thought about it before," I told her, my eyes involuntarily gazing at the top of her robe.

The smile mom gave me made me feel like all was going to be okay. When she volunteered to get us more coffee I watched with rapt attention as she went to the coffee maker. On her way back I noticed that the top of her robe had loosened and offered a small amount of cleavage for my viewing pleasure. She sat her cup down first, then came around the table to put mine in front of me. As she bent over to set my cup on the table I got a fleeting glimpse down her

robe. It wasn't much of a look but in the short span she'd been bent in front of me I did get an eyeful of tit flesh, certainly enough to make me uncomfortable in the crotch area. Now, all children are aware that moms know everything, and judging by the smirk mom flashed me I was positive she knew I had been looking down her top. Taking my cup I told her I had some studying to do and got the hell out of there, before the little head took over.

Thanks to images of mom's tits being fresh in my mind I had a fantastic wank session, then sat down to finish some overdue homework. Around noon mom stopped by my room to inform me she was ordering supplies online and wanted to know if I needed anything. I didn't but stalled for a bit so I could enjoy her outfit. Being a teacher using zoom as her virtual classroom she still had to dress the part. Today she had on a pair of black slacks that hugged her round ass nicely with a cream-colored blouse tucked neatly into the waistband. The effect highlighted her trim figure without being too enticing. Even so, I knew with certainty that if I were a student in her high school history class I'd never get any work done, I'd be too busy trying to hide my boner.

Around two in the afternoon I finished my work and leaned back in my chair with my hands behind my head. Just two more weeks until summer break I sighed as I teleported my work to my instructors. I was finishing up my second year of a four-year quest to get my Bachelor of Science degree, with possible plans to get my Masters. Although I was fine with just a master's degree, mom has been hinting that she'd really like to see me go the distance and get my doctorate.

My mind drifted from those thoughts and onto thoughts of mom. Specifically mom's pussy. Last night when I had my cock buried in her I didn't have enough time to truly appreciate how it felt. Now I had plenty of time to dwell on it. As the memory of how tight she'd been came flooding back a shudder ran up my spine. I should have been thinking about how wrong it was that I'd even been inside her, but I wasn't. Instead my mind focused solely on how wonderful it had felt. My cock responded to the lewd thoughts running through my brain until the jeans I was wearing became unbearably tight in the crotch. In order to relieve the pressure I stripped out of both my pants and boxers, fighting valiantly to resist the urge

to rub one out. Throwing on an old pair of silk basketball shorts I headed to the kitchen for something cold to drink, and while I was there I decided to do something nice for mom.

I knew that one of her favorite things was iced tea, so I made her a tall glass and headed to the spare bedroom. When I reached the door I saw that it wasn't closed all the way, so using my shoulder I nudged it open enough to slip inside. She had done a fantastic job of turning the spare room into a classroom. There was a long folding table she used as her desk, on it sat her laptop with the built-in webcam for communicating with her class. Behind that she had her highbacked chair, and on the wall directly behind that she had even installed a large chalkboard, which she was in the process of writing on as I watched unnoticed. A smile played on my lips as I observed how sweetly her slacks molded themselves to her firm round cheeks. I could just visualize what it would be like to sit in her class and stare at that wonderful ass. I knew if I didn't hurry and get out of there I'd sprout a woody, so I cleared my throat to get her attention. When she turned to

look I saw her eyes spot the glass in my hand. I was rewarded with one of her 'everything will be alright' smiles.

Staring into her laptop she said, "Class, I'll be right back, so while I'm away I want you all to turn to page fifty and read the first chapter."

Mom walked over and took the glass from me.

"Thanks sweetie, this'll hit the spot," she told me, then took a small sip and sighed.

"Your welcome, I thought you might need some refreshments."

She had another sip then whispered, "Ahhh."

When she started to turn away and head back to teaching I placed my hand gently on her shoulder and leaned in close to her ear.

"Mom, have I told you how beautiful you are?" My question brought a sparkle to her eyes, right before she leaned in and kissed me tenderly on the cheek.

"Thank you, now get so I can finish," she whispered.

I spent the next two hours flipping from one channel to the next on the TV to no avail. There wasn't a damn thing worth watching. When mom came out I spent the next fifteen minutes sneakily watching her. The smirk on her face as she came out of the kitchen told me I hadn't been sneaky enough.

One of her favorite things to do after work was yoga. She was almost fanatical about it, always has been for as long as I can remember. So when she told me she was going to her bedroom to do it an idea popped into my head.

"Why don't you do it in here? I'm sure you didn't use your bedroom before I got home," I told her.

"Oh honey, I don't know. I wouldn't want to traumatize you by making you watch a middle-aged woman doing yoga." The chuckle in her tone told me she was just funning, but I was dead serious. I'd much rather watch her do yoga than what was on the television any day.

"Please, forget about age, because you're smoking hot. I'm sure I'll survive unscathed, besides there's a hell of a lot more room out here than there is in your bedroom. More room to stretch, or whatever you fitness nuts do," I was almost pleading with her, and I think she knew it.

She fixed me with an odd look then said, "Alright, but don't say I didn't warn you."

I'd almost given up hope that she would return because she was taking so long, so I resumed my fruitless search for something to watch. When she did show up my jaw hit the floor. She was carrying her exercise mat and a bottle of water, but that wasn't what had my undivided attention. It was what

she was wearing that had a lot of blood rushing to my lower region. Her top was a light grey sports bra that clearly showed she had nothing on under it, and the grey yoga pants she wore looked painted on. After she placed her mat on the floor she turned my way just long enough for me to see her nipples making twin points through the bra and her pants were so tight there was some serious camel toe going on.

She gave me a crooked smile and said, "Last chance to change your mind."

Where she had placed her mat forced me to turn sideways on the couch to watch her, but it also prevented her from getting a good look at my tented shorts too, so I was golden for now.

With a chuckle and a wave of my hand I said, "By all means, knock yourself out."

Over the next forty some minutes I was in hog heaven. I had no idea my mother was so flexible. She bent this way and that way so fluidly I thought it had to be an optical illusion. No one

should be able to contort themselves like mom was doing. Each time she struck a new pose she'd try to explain it to me, but it all went in one ear and out the other. Hell, I was so entranced by her gracefulness I couldn't even remember what she'd just said. But when she said she had one more pose to do, the downward facing doggie, I snapped to attention. I was sure I was salivating by the time mom's ass was sticking high in the air. I was positive that this was my new favorite position in the world.

"God Mom, that pose just begs for me to come over there and swat your ass," slipped from my lips before I could reign the thought in.

"Go ahead, then see what happens young man," she shot back.

Laughingly I replied, "Ooohh, I'm scared!"

Still in the pose she glared at me and said, "Don't make me break open a can of whip-ass on you son, because I will."

It was on like Donkey-Kong with those words. Before she had a chance to move I jumped off the couch, yanked off my t-shirt and raced over just in time to snap her on her nearest cheek with my shirt. Grinning from ear to ear I turned and started back to the couch, that's when she pounced. Before I knew it she had one arm around my neck and her legs wrapped around my waist. With her free hand she began to give me noogies on the top of my head. Laughing hysterically I lost my balance and we ended up crashing onto the couch before momentum rolled us onto the floor. Mom ended up under me, so I squirmed enough that I was facing her. I think both of us realized the position that put us in at the same time. Mom's legs were still wrapped around me, her hands pressed against my chest, with my rigid cock nestled into the crotch of her stretchy pants. I thought I heard her moan when I involuntarily thrust my cock harder against her cunt, but I wasn't sure, for all I knew it could have been me. For what felt like ages we just stared into each other's wide eyes as it dawned on us how this must've looked.

Finally mom lightened the mood by saying, "Have you had enough, or are you thirsty for more."

Cocking my head I smiled and said, "Bring it on girl."

Mom's eyes sparkled with mischief right before she started pulling on my chest hair. Caught by surprise I rolled to the side trying to get away. Her body followed and we ended up with me on my back and her sitting on my crotch. She gave both of my nipples a pinch then busted out laughing. I figured tit for tat, so I reached up and tweaked hers.

"I can't believe you did that," she squawked.

"You did it first," I reminded her.

"Yeah, well see if you can top this," she cried.

Before I knew it she lay flat on me and swiftly pushed herself down until her face was level with my crotch. I didn't have

time to guess what she was going to do before she leaned her head in and bit my cock through the silk of my shorts causing me to squeal like a little girl, not out of pain but from surprise. Next she rolled away from me and jumped to her feet, a look of total triumph on her face.

"I can't believe you just bit my dick," I huffed.

Placing her hands on her hips she gazed down at me and replied, "Just consider that punishment for sticking it in my pussy last night."

"Fair enough," I conceded.

With a truce called she helped me to my feet. I sat on the couch gingerly rubbing my crotch. Mom saw what I was doing and said I was lucky I had shorts on, otherwise it could've been worse.

"It was bad enough; these shorts are super thin. I'll bet you left teeth marks," I said in my little kids voice.

"Oh stop your crying, you big baby, and show momma where it hurts," she laughed.

I was sure she didn't think I would, but she was wrong. Very wrong. I was still hard so when I pulled the leg of my shorts up, out sprang close to seven inches of rock-hard throbbing man meat. Mom stared at my cock as if in a trance, the tip of her tongue coming out long enough to wet her bottom lip.

"So much like your father," she whispered before reaching down and wrapping her delicate fingers around my shaft.

"Well, not quite like your father, you're definitely thicker than he was," she continued.

Just as quickly as she'd grabbed hold, she let go. Giving me a wink she picked up her mat and said she was going to take a shower. I watched her juicy ass bounce until she disappeared

down the hall, my cock throbbing more than ever. I'd love to sit here and say she came back and fucked my brains out, but alas, I can't. What did happen is our life returned to its usual dull routine. For dinner we ordered out, pastrami sandwiches with a nice bottle of chianti, delivered courtesy of grub hub. We did manage to snag a movie on Netflix that wasn't half bad. Once bedtime rolled around mom went her way and I went mine. I can't say what she did, but I spent thirty-seven minutes edging myself before allowing my balls to release a torrent of pent-up spooge all over my chest and stomach. The only reason I was able to reach lift-off was the memories of today's activities, especially the memory of how nice mom's nipples had felt when I pinched them.

I woke feeling oddly refreshed, something I hadn't done in a while. I did however over sleep a little, so I crawled out of bed, threw on some boxers and headed to the kitchen in need of some coffee to kick start the old grey matter. I had another full day of classes and wanted to be awake through most of them. Mom was already there sitting at the table arranging her notes for her classes today.

She looked up when I walked in, and smiling said, "Hey sweetie, how'd you sleep?"

"Surprisingly well," I informed her as I fixed a cup of joe.

"Good," she replied already immersed in her notes once more.

"What about you, how did you sleep?" I asked while savoring my first sip.

Mom stopped looking through her papers and gazed my way, a twinkle gleaming in her eyes.

"Well, it was touch and go for a bit, but after some thought I was able to pull it off," she replied with a wink.

The sexual innuendo wasn't lost on me. Mom had just basically told me she'd masturbated. I felt a lurch in my boxers as my mind tried to conjure up images of her lying in

bed playing with herself. Unfortunately, since I've never seen my mother completely naked, my mind couldn't fully visualize a valid picture. Frustrated by my inability to picture her diddling herself I took my coffee and went to my room, the sound of mom snickering followed me all the way to my door. After putting on some clothes I fired up my lap top and logged into my first class. I had a full day of lectures, so I wasn't able to break away and fix mom some iced tea.

It was almost five by the time I logged off. After stretching I headed to the front room and saw mom in the kitchen preparing dinner. She was still dressed in her teacher clothes, and it caused a groan to slip out. I wanted to scream at my professors for keeping me locked in my room all day, instead of allowing me time to bring her some tea. The outfit she had on consisted of a starched white blouse that hugged her chest admirably and a dark blue skirt that showed off a bit more leg than you'd expect to see on a teacher of high school kids. I envied the little pricks that had got to gaze upon her all day. My throat grew dry just looking at her.

"Oh, hey honey, how was school?" she asked while cutting up some carrots to go into the pot.

"It was okay. Whatcha making?" I asked, leaning over to take a whiff.

"Pot roast," she replied.

"Smells good, but isn't that gonna take a long time to cook?"

"Not really, but we will be eating later than normal. Hope you don't mind," she answered.

"No problem. Need any help?" I inquired.

Mom cocked her head then said, "You could finish adding these carrots if you would. I'd like to get in some yoga if that's alright with you. It's been a stressful day."

"Are you going to do it in the front room?" I asked a little too enthusiastically.

"Do you want me to?" came her reply.

"Yes, as long as you wouldn't mind me watching."

"You really want to watch, why?" she asked, her eyebrows raised.

"Because it's like watching poetry in motion. You're so graceful."

"God your goofy," she chuckled, then handed me the knife and carrot and walked away, her hips swishing to and fro.

Before she got too far I called out, "Hey Mom?"

She stopped but didn't turn around. "Yeah?"

"Have you ever tried naked yoga, I hear it's all the rage now," I said with a laugh.

Swiveling her head around she fixed me with a smirk and replied, "Keep dreaming little boy."

I almost cut my thumb instead of the carrot as I watched her saunter away.

Remembering where she had placed her mat yesterday, I decided to sit in one of the armchairs. It would give me a better view without having to turn sideways. I knew she wouldn't come out naked as I had suggested, but her outfit was a far cry closer to being naked than the previous one. She had on another sports bra, this time in an off-white, and instead of full-length yoga pants she was wearing a pair of skin tight stretch shorts that almost looked like panties they were so short.

She trimmed her time working out to thirty minutes, which was a blessing in disguise, because I seriously doubted if I could go the whole forty some minutes without blowing a load in my jeans. I almost did anyway when she stood and faced me. Sweat had caused her top and bottoms to be virtually see-thru. Both dark nipples stared at my slack-jawed face, and a hint of bush had my cock screaming for release.

Mom kept her composure when she asked, "Get your eyes full?"

"Yes ma'am," I mumbled in reply, absently reaching down and adjusting myself.

Chuckling, mom picked up her mat and strolled away, her juicy ass taunting me until she was out of sight. While she was in the shower I rushed to my room and changed into the silk basketball shorts I'd had on yesterday. My tortured cock thanked me for the extra room to breathe.

Mom had been right, dinner was later than usual, but it was an excellent meal. Once the dishes were put in the dishwasher mom filled a glass with wine, I declined one myself, then we adjourned to the living room. I sat on one end of the couch while she lounged on the other slowly sipping her wine. I'd steal glances at her every now and then, just to see if the robe she was wearing had miraculously parted open, but luck was having none of that though. The evening moved along, slowly I might add, when out of the blue mom said something that threw me for a loop.

"What do you visualize when you're stroking yourself? What I mean is, do you just watch porn, or do you picture a particular person to help get yourself off?"

"Wow! That's a hell of a question for a mother to ask her son," I stammered.

"I suppose it is, but I'm curious to know what trips your trigger. For me it's been watching porn, but lately I'm finding it hard to get stimulated enough to bring myself to orgasm."

Staring at her I watched as she fidgeted with the top of her robe while eyeing me. At first I thought she was pulling my chain, but the more I saw how anxiously she was waiting for me to answer, the more I realized she was serious.

"I know what you mean, porn just doesn't seem to cut it anymore. It's become so blasé. As for do I think of anyone in particular while wanking, I'd prefer not to answer that on the grounds that it might incriminate me," I told her, my attempt at humor falling short.

"Are you saying you think of me when you masturbate?"

As I said before, mothers know everything. It's their special power.

Sheepishly I lied, "Last night was the first time."

She let out a soft sigh then said, "I have a confession to make, I thought of you too last night. Well, not you per se, but rather your penis. I was having trouble falling asleep until I started thinking about how nice your, dare I say it, cock is."

Stunned I just sat there, at least my body did, my cock had other ideas. Mom's eyes homed in on the expanding bulge tenting my shorts.

"Did thinking about my cock help?" I hesitantly asked.

"Very much so."

As I have previously stated, lack of nooky makes you brave. I had no idea where this conversation was going, but since we were already down the rabbit hole I decided to see how far I could push things.

"Mom, would you like to see it again?" I could hear the fear in my voice.

She gazed deeply into my eyes and whispered, "Yes."

My heart was hammering in my chest as I stood and lowered my shorts. When they hit the floor I reached down with one hand and gave my raging cock a few strokes causing a small amount of pre-cum to leak out the head. A whimper came from mom as she watched. It took every ounce of will power for me to keep from blasting a load right then and there.

With a shudder mom stood, a little unsteady I might add, lightly brushed her fingers against my shaft then said in a husky voice, "Thanks sweetie, I should sleep like a baby tonight."

I didn't even bother going to my room, I sat down on the couch and proceeded to pound my pud until less than a minute later I shot rope after rope of thick cum all over the coffee table. So much for my staying power! It took me ten minutes to clean it up, but in my book it was worth it. I slept the sleep of the dead that night.

The next day was Friday, thank God. I woke rested and alert ready to take on the day, that is until I sauntered into the kitchen and found mom having coffee while leaning against the counter near the coffee maker. Her floor length robe did nothing to hide her sexuality. When she looked up at me I could tell she was in her serious mom mode.

"Morning, Mom," I ventured a greeting.

"Hon, we need to talk," she began while I fixed myself a cup.

Turning around I leaned against the counter and said, "Okay."

Clearing her throat she started saying, "What we've been doing the last couple of days, although admittedly fun, has got to stop. I'm afraid things might get out of hand if we continue."

"We haven't really done anything, at least nothing other than helping each other," I countered.

"Oh Paul, Paul, Paul. I touched your thing, not once, but twice. Mother's aren't supposed to do things like that." I could hear the struggle she was having in her voice.

"Oh Mom, Mom, Mom," I mocked. "Sure, you touched me, but have you forgotten...I stuck my THING in you. You're not the only one who did something they shouldn't."

I saw her give a little shudder before she spoke.

"No, I haven't forgotten. But you're missing my point."

Turning to face her, I asked, "What is your point, Mom?"

Gazing into my eyes she replied, "This damn lockdown has us both on edge. Neither of us are getting the relief we need, and I'm afraid that if we continue teasing each other, well..."

"You're worried that things might go too far," I finished for her.

"Yeah, something like that," she sighed.

"Listen, I understand where you're coming from, but, our little game is the only reason I'm getting a restful sleep now. I don't know about you, but, watching you work out helps me tremendously. It provides fuel for my masturbatory fantasies, which in turn helps me fall asleep."

"So you're going to keep thinking of me when you relieve yourself?" she asked, her bottom lip quivering slightly.

With a little laugh I replied, "Well, yeah, unless you don't want me to. I mean have you looked at yourself, you're smokin' hot Mom, so why not think of you."

"Thanks for saying that, even if it isn't true," she softly said.

"Look Mom, this lockdown won't last forever, so until it's over I don't see any harm in what we're doing. If it helps to lessen the stress, then I see no reason for a little harmless teasing, that is, as long as you can control your wicked desires and not rape me or something." My laughter echoed in the room and was soon followed by hers.

"Look who's talking, Mister Sneak Up On Your Mother!"

"Boy, I'm never going to be able to live that down am I?" The grin on my face spread as I remembered once more how good that had felt.

Still chuckling she said, "Not if I can help it."

Taking her cup from her hand I placed both cups on the counter then wrapped my arms around her and pulled her snuggly against me. I felt her arms go around my neck and her body mold itself to mine.

"I love you with all my heart and would never do anything to hurt you, Mom," I whispered in her ear.

She pressed harder against me and whispered back, "I love you too baby boy."

All too quickly we parted and began our normal day.

By eleven-thirty I was sooooo bored I could cry. So far the day had been filled with lecture after lecture, and there was nothing more tedious than sitting through them. I didn't even have the option to doze off since we were required to remain logged in with our webcams on, a ploy by our profs to make sure we were actually there. That didn't mean I couldn't daydream though. While the lectures droned on and on, visions of mom's succulent ass flashed endlessly through my mind, causing all sorts of discomfort in my pants. Dreading my last class for the day I logged in, mentally prepared to listen to more yakity-yak-yak but was pleasantly pleased to see it had been canceled. There was no explanation as to why

it had been canceled, just a notice of what assignments were expected done for Monday. Leaning back in my chair, my hands behind my head, I began planning on what to do with the unexpected free time. I knew what I'd like to do, but mom wouldn't get off work for a couple hours.

I wandered around the house restlessly for a while unsure how to keep myself busy. I could've gotten a head start on my homework, but that idea didn't appeal to me one little bit. I even thought about making some tea for mom but knew if I saw her it would only make time drag more than it already was. Looking out the kitchen window I noticed that the lawn needed mowing. Three hours later I trudged in through the back door bone tired, not to mention sweaty as hell. I'd gone all out on the yard work, mowing this and trimming that, until our yard was the nicest looking one on the block. God, you just had to love California weather.

Mom was staring out the window when I entered the front room making me wonder, or more like it, hope she'd been watching me. I had taken my shirt off half-way through the job, so I was sure that she had gotten a good look at my hairy

chest and six-pak abs. Okay, okay. Four-pak abs. Better? Anyway, she had been watching, which filled me with joy.

"The yard looks really good Paul," she said as she turned to face me.

I stopped in my tracks; my eyes glued to her form. The light coming in through the window highlighted her legs through the white, knee-length dress she was wearing. I couldn't see flesh, only the silhouette of them all the way up to her crotch, but that was enough to get the blood flowing into my cock. When my eyes locked on the upper thigh gap near her pussy I felt my growing boner stretch the front of my jeans out, mom noticed the bulge right away.

"Damn, doesn't that thing ever get soft," she chuckled.

Even though I turned a little red in the face I gave her a wink and headed to my bedroom. Once I showered I put on a clean pair of basketball shorts and a t-shirt, the shorts a lot shorter than the ones I'd worn before. With an evil grin I headed out

front. My grin disappeared when mom said she had papers to grade and would be busy for some time. The only consolation was she went into her classroom and brought out her laptop so she could work at the kitchen table. An hour later mom had me order pizza so neither of us would have to cook. We had devoured most of the pizza by the time mom finally scooted her chair back and closed her laptop.

"TGIF," she groaned, leaning her shoulders back to stretch the muscles.

This caused her tits to poke out and my eyes instantly homed in on her chest. The material of her dress was stretched tight enough for me to make out the frilly design on the cups of her bra. The soft groan that escaped my lips caused mom to glance at me.

"You okay?" she asked, apparently misunderstanding the reason for my groan.

"Yeah, just not used to doing yardwork," I lied.

"Hmm," she said, then continued, "If you'd do some yoga with me it would help limber you up."

"I think I'll pass on that, but thanks anyway," I replied, standing and stretching.

"How about this," she began. "You do some yoga poses with me, and if it doesn't help, I'll give you a back massage."

Arching my eyebrows I pretended to think about it. Who was I kidding? Of course my answer was going to be yes. Having mom rub me down was a no brainer.

"Oh alright, if you insist," I stated as nonchalantly as I could.

"Well okay then, just give me thirty minutes to let that pizza settle and we can get started." With that she picked up her laptop and headed toward the back of the house. If she

would've looked back she would have seen the shit-eating grin on my face.

It was closer to forty minutes before she came back out. This time she had on pale pink shorty-shorts along with a matching pale pink tank top. It was obvious to me that she wasn't wearing a bra, not with the way her small breasts bounced when she walked. She was carrying two mats which she placed side by side on the floor near the arm of the couch.

At first she had me do some stretching, then she started guiding me through a few poses, none too intimidating thank God. She called some a plank pose and others a warrior pose and then she demonstrated what she called the cat-cow stretch. Basically she got on all fours and alternated between stretching her back upwards, then back down. The movement of this pose had her ass pushing back, then pulling in, much the same way it would do if she were getting fucked in the normal doggie position. I'm sure she didn't mean for it to look suggestive, but I couldn't help but feel aroused. Of course I declined to try this one. The next pose she called seated long leg forward bend. In this one she sat on the floor with her legs

stretched out together, then she placed her hands behind her knees and lowered her upper body until her face was touching her thighs.

I declined this one too, but not before saying something smart about it.

"Jeez Mom, if I could do that I wouldn't need to worry about dating anymore!"

Now I have to say, mom's a very intelligent person, and it took no time at all to realize what I meant. I mean seriously, if I could bend that much I could probably suck my own cock.

With a crooked smile she said, "All the more reason to learn yoga."

While she continued with her routine I did some old fashion stretching, about two minutes worth, then sat on the arm of the couch and watched her. By the time she was finished I was

in awe of her flexibility once again. Of course I also fantasized about what it would be like to have sex in some of those poses too. Little beads of sweat trickled down her chest as she stood and looked at me.

"Did that help?" she asked.

I wanted to rub my crotch and say, "Oh yeahhhhh," but instead told her not really.

With a scowl she said, "Well it's no wonder, you didn't really try very hard."

"Next time," I promised, the scowl remained.

"I'll hold you to that buster. Now, lose the shirt and lay on the mat while I go get something," she said before leaving.

Chuckling my shirt on the couch I stretched out on my stomach on the mat I had used with my head resting on my

arms. I saw her come back holding what looked like a bottle of baby oil. I thought she'd just kneel next to me but got quite the thrill when she straddled me and sat on my butt. I tensed up when she dribbled some oil on my back but relaxed rapidly when she started rubbing me down. From the expert way she massaged my muscles I was sure that she used to do this with dad. As I luxuriated in her touch, the idea of her doing this to dad sparked a little scheme to fester in my brain. She only worked my muscles for a little more than ten or fifteen minutes when I felt her shift, preparing to get off me. That's when I decided to see if my scheme would work.

"Mmm, that was great Mom. Do you think you could rub my chest too?"

"Um, I don't know if that's a good idea honey." I could hear the hesitancy in her voice.

Unsure if she was aware of what I had in mind, because Moms know everything, I gave her my best whiney voice.

"Pleeeeeeeasssssseeeee."

"God, how did I raise such a big baby?" she replied with a hint of laughter.

She got off and told me to turn over. When I did she threw a leg over me and settled onto the tops of my thighs, not where I'd hoped she would sit. Placing my hands on her hips I asked if she could scoot up some. She cocked her head, glared down at me and moved forward, but only a fraction.

"A little more Mom, that's uncomfortable where you're at," I urged.

She looked at me, then at my crotch, then back at me several times before rolling her eyes and then sliding forward. When she settled down she was sitting directly on my semi-soft cock.

"Better?" she asked, a knowing look in her eyes.

Grinning from ear to ear I replied, "Much better, thanks."

With a smirk she whispered, "You're bad."

Pouring a dab of oil in her palm she rubbed her hands together before leaning forward and began to lightly massage my chest. Wanting to keep her mind off the fact that my cock was starting to grow, I asked why she had two yoga mats. Her answer surprised me when she told me that one was my dad's. I asked if he did yoga with her, because I'd never seen him do it, and asked her about that too. When she told me they did it in private I saw a little smile creep onto her face. My brain flooded with images of her and dad using the mats together, and none of them involved yoga, well, maybe some yoga poses, but not actually yoga per se.

"So Connie..." I started.

Smiling down at me she said, "So it's Connie now, is it?"

"If you don't mind," I answered.

"No, I don't mind," she replied her touch getting a little lighter, more of a caress than anything.

"Anyway, Connie...I just wanted to say you are a beautiful woman."

She stopped moving her hands and looked deep into my eyes, right before she burst out laughing.

"God, just like your father. He was a silver-tongued devil too when he was getting his way."

Soothingly I said, "You miss him, don't you?"

Her eyes grew misty as she replied, "Every day."

Before she could react I took her by the shoulders and pulled her down on top of me and kissed her cheek.

"I'll always be here for you Connie," I whispered in her ear.

I felt her snuggle into me before she slowly sat back up, a far-away look in her eyes. I hoped I hadn't said something to cause her pain. Relief washed over me when she finally focused and looked down at my face, her light up the room smile stretched across her lips.

"I used to do this for your father after he had a hard day at work. You look so much like him it's almost scary." Her voice had a little quiver to it.

Reaching up I cupped her face and said, "Close your eyes Connie."

"Why?" she asked.

"Just do it please."

"Okay," she replied nervously.

"Now I want you to think back to when you would do this for dad," I said as I covered her hands on my chest and started moving them around in tiny circles.

Her eyes shot open, and she stammered, "Oh honey, I-I don't think I can."

"Sure you can," I reassured her. "Now close your eyes and just remember how things were when you were doing this with dad."

She closed her eyes and eventually I didn't have to help move her hands over my chest. Dropping my hands to her hips I watched as her face slowly softened. Soon she seemed quite relaxed while her fingers lightly brushed the hair on my chest. With barely perceptible movements I began to pull her hips

forward then back along the length of my shaft. I half expected her to flip out by my audacity but instead it wasn't long before she started to slide her crotch up and down on her own. With her eyes closed she pushed down harder and harder, forcing more of my thickened shaft to ride between her pussy lips. Getting even bolder I softly ran my hands up her sides until I was able to bring them in front of her and cup her tits.

"Mmmm Mike," she moaned when I gently squeezed her breasts. Her calling out my father's name made me realize just how thoroughly entranced in her fantasy she was. She let out another moan when I tweaked her nipples. I continued to press my hands against the sides of her tits while my thumbs softly caressed her nipples up and down. With her eyes closed she didn't see me raise my head and look to where her pussy was sliding along my shaft. The head of my cock was poking past the waistband of my shorts and spewing copious amounts of pre-cum onto my stomach. I could see the indentation of her parted lips as they humped my shaft. I laid my head back and used all my edging techniques to stave off my orgasm. I wanted this time to be all mom's, I could always

finish myself later. Faster and faster mom worked her hips, without any help from me, as she sought her release. When it happened her eyes flew open, and she glared down at me in disbelief. I thought she was going to stop so I grabbed her hips and began to force her pussy along my shaft.

"Let it go Connie, you need this," I said, increasing the speed in which I dragged her cunt over my throbbing cock.

Mom's fingers dug into my chest as her orgasm rocketed through her body.

"OHHHHH FUCK!" she screamed, her hips moving erratically on their own.

With a long-drawn-out sigh mom fell forward onto me and continued to tremble for several minutes. All I could do was hold her in my arms while she came down from what had to be one of the best orgasms I've ever witnessed a woman have.

For the longest time we lay like this, mom slowly regaining a normal breathing rhythm while I softly caressed her back, every once in a while allowing my hands to drift over her taut rear end. I could've stayed like this all night and been a happy man, but all too soon she sat up, and through misty eyes stared down at me. The radiant glow that emanated from her made me realize just how beautiful she was.

"You are so bad," she whispered.

"I hope I didn't upset you by invoking Dad into our little playtime," I told her, continuing to run my hands up and down her sides.

"No sweetheart you didn't. You made me have some fond memories and I thank you for that," she replied, a little tremor in her voice.

"If you don't mind me saying, that was the hottest thing I've ever seen," I told her, meaning every word.

She didn't respond to that, she just sat there with my cock still pressed into her crotch idly running her fingertips through the hair on my chest. After a bit she must have felt my cock throbbing under her because she slid down onto my thighs and looked down at my crotch. At least two inches of my cock had escaped the confines of my shorts and was still leaking pre-cum on my belly. What she did next blew my mind. Taking one finger she dipped it into the pool of pre-cum then brought her finger to her mouth and sucked it clean.

Shaking her head she said, "Mmm, so much like your father."

I was speechless as she stood then headed toward the bedrooms. Before she was out of earshot she asked if I'd be a dear and roll up the mats for her and drop them off in her room.

"Sure," I managed to squeak to the empty room.

Later, after watching a string of crap on TV, I decided to call it a night. As I was headed that way I spotted the mats and remembered mom wanted me to roll them up and drop them off in her room. I really didn't expect her door to be open, so I intended to drop them in her class room instead. As I approached her classroom I glanced at mom's bedroom door and noticed it indeed was open some, so I continued down the hall. I stood outside her door, hesitant to go inside for fear of waking her. I rarely went into her room, but wanting to do as she'd asked, I gently nudged the door open enough to slip inside.

The first thing I noticed was mom lying in bed with her back to me, she had left her bathroom light on, and the door open enough to cast a soft glow over her sleeping form. Placing the mats against the wall next to the door I started to leave when she slowly rolled onto her back, the blankets over her falling off as she moved. My breath caught in my throat when I saw she was naked. My better judgement told me to get out of there, but I have a bad habit of not listening to my better judgement. Softly I crept over and stood by her bed and just admired the beauty that was my mother. Her breasts spread

slightly toward her ribcage, the dark circles of her areola contrasting sharply with the milky white skin. I let my eyes travel lower until I was looking at her flat tummy, then even lower until her perfectly trimmed bush came into view. I had to stifle the groan that threatened to slip from my lips.

I don't know how long I stood there gazing upon her loveliness, not long I'm sure, but certainly long enough that her beauty was forever etched into my brain. With a willpower I didn't even know I possessed I reached down and gently brought her blankets up and covered her. I gave her one last look then started to turn away when I felt her hand wrap around my wrist.

"Paul?" she called out.

Looking down I saw her half-opened eyes staring up at me. Bending down I whispered, "Yeah Mom, it's me. I just brought in the mats, so go back to sleep and I'll see you in the morning."

"Before you go I want to thank you for tonight, that was nice what you did for me," she said sleepily.

Kissing her on the forehead I replied, "You're welcome," even though I had no idea what she was thanking me for.

Back in my room I sat staring off into space, guilt digging into me. I hadn't done anything for mom. Not really. Everything I had done was done for my own selfish interest. I had just wanted to feel a woman rubbing herself against my cock, it'd been too long, mom getting her cookie had been an added bonus, nothing more. I couldn't help but wonder how long it would take before she figured out how much of a shit I really was. Needless to say, sleep didn't come easy for me this night.

Saturday morning rolled around a lot sooner than I wanted. I lay in bed for some time until my screaming bladder forced me to finally get up. Slipping on some boxers I stepped across the hall into the bathroom, my mind thinking back to what mom had said, while I forced my morning wood to point at the bowl. Flushing the toilet I headed straight to the kitchen

determined to find out why she had thanked me for using her for my own gratification.

Secretly I was hoping mom wasn't up yet, but that was wishful thinking, because she was seated at the table dressed in her yoga outfit when I entered. She had her nose buried in a magazine and didn't hear me come in until I told her good morning.

Looking up at me she said, "Good morning sleepy head."

Giving her a smile I shuffled over to the coffee pot and poured myself a wake-up cup. I took several sips before joining mom, who had returned to scanning her magazine. I sat slowly sipping my coffee, glancing at mom every so often, working up the nerve to get a conversation going. She caught me staring at her after a bit then leaned back in her chair and asked if everything was alright.

I don't know why, but suddenly I found myself blubbering out my confession of how I was just using her for my own

pleasure. I told her everything, including how I had schemed to get her to ride on top of me last night. All the time I was blabbering mom just sat there staring, a blank look on her face. When I finished I expected her to admonish me for being deceitful. Instead her laughter rang around the room for almost a full minute before she was finally able to calm down. I just sat there perplexed by her reaction to finding out her son was a conniving prick.

"Oh baby, did you really think I didn't know what you were up to last night?"

"Kinda, yeah," I replied, still unsure why she wasn't going ape-shit crazy on me.

"Sweetie, I knew full well what you were doing. You were using me to help stimulate yourself so you could pop a nut later. Well, news flash young man, I was doing the same thing with you. There's nothing wrong with using whatever's handy under the circumstances, so don't beat yourself up about it."

"So that's what the thank you was for when I was in your bedroom last night?"

Her face softened and her eyes got a far-away look in them for a second or two, then she stood and walked over until she was standing next to me. When I turned my chair, so I was facing her, she squatted down and took both my hands in hers. Her eyes seemed to look into the very depths of my soul, and when she spoke I could feel the love pouring off her.

"The thank you was for giving me back my husband, if only for a short time," she said.

Shaking my head I replied, "I'm not sure I follow."

"By having me close my eyes and calling me Connie, you allowed my brain to trick me into thinking your father was actually there with me. Of course, it wouldn't have been possible if you hadn't been under me. You are so much like your dad, in so many ways. The sound of your voice, the feel

of your chest, all made it feel so real. That's what I was thanking you for."

"Wow, I had no idea," was all I could think to say.

She stood then said, "Well now you know."

She ruffled my hair and went to get herself more coffee, my eyes glued to her butt. When she turned and saw me looking so intently at her she asked, "What?"

Unable to control myself now that the air had been cleared and I wasn't feeling guilty anymore I said, "Oh nothing. I was just wondering, because I see you in those pants a lot, if you wear underwear with them."

With a leer she replied, "No, I like the feel of the seam right here," with that she ran her fingertip through her camel toe. "It sometimes gives me a little boost, if you catch my drift."

Like a Jack-in-the-box I sprang from my chair, her laughter following me all the way to the bathroom. Once I had the door closed I pounded my pud like a sex-crazed maniac on steroids. Two and a half minutes later I returned to the kitchen red-faced and slightly winded. Mom was at the counter with her back to me, but somehow knew I was back.

"Feel better now?" I couldn't miss the snicker in her voice.

Walking up behind her I wrapped my arms around her waist, kissed her lightly on the side of the neck and said, "Much better, thanks mom."

Patting my hands she said, "Anytime baby."

From there our day returned to normal, me lying around in boxers and a t-shirt watching sports on TV, and her doing whatever she does on Saturdays. For lunch we had grub-hub deliver a whopper from Burger King for me and a salad for her. She ate hers in the kitchen while I scarfed mine down sitting on the couch. Around three she came in and plopped

down next to me and held out a bottle of bright red nail polish.

"Would you be a dear and do my toes?" she asked, already knowing I would.

For years she had me painting her toenails, so it came as no surprise when she asked me to do it now. Taking the bottle from her hand, I reached out and pulled the coffee table toward the couch. When I stood and turned to sit on it, so I had room to work, I noticed she had changed out of her yoga pants. Now she was wearing her floor length robe. Twenty minutes later I had both her feet propped on the tops of my thighs, the nails gleaming red, while I blew softly on them to hasten their drying time, it must have tickled because she kept giggling. I found out the truth when I looked up at her with a frown.

"I was thinking of the first time I talked your Dad into painting my toenails," she started explaining. "It didn't go as well as now."

"What happened, he spill polish all over you?" I inquired.

She giggled once more.

Raising my eyebrows I said, "C'mon Mom, tell me what's so funny."

"Okay, okay. But I have to tell you it's a bit naughty," she teased.

"All the more reason to tell me," I countered.

"Well, your father was in about the same position you're in, with me on the couch. I was wearing a rather short skirt and he kept trying to see up it, only I wouldn't let him. He had finished one foot and had three toes to go on the other foot when I decided to flash him. You should have seen the look on his face when he saw I wasn't wearing any panties. Needless to say, I never got the rest of my toes painted that day."

"You flashed him? How?" Yeah, yeah, a stupid question I know, but hey, can't blame a guy for trying.

Mom rolled her eyes at me like she did last night. Only this time she hiked the end of her robe up and spread her legs briefly. It happened quite fast, but it was enough time for me to catch a glimpse of pink. My jaw hung open long enough for a fly to land in my mouth. My eyes started watering as I tried to spit the fly out, while mom roared with laughter. She was laughing so hard she almost rolled off the couch.

"Ughhhh, you're an evil woman, Mom," I groaned, still spitting even though my mouth was clear.

Pointing a finger at me she bellowed, "You had the same look on your face your father had, only he didn't eat a fly."

"You think that was funny, huh?" I barked.

"Don't you?" she shot back between outburst of laughter.

"Let's see how you like the taste of fly," I growled, then threw myself on top of her.

What neither of us knew was my cock had slipped through the opening of my boxers, and her legs were spread enough that my hips were between her thighs. Her legs spread even more as we wrestled on the couch, me trying to get the upper hand while she struggled to fend me off, all the while laughing hysterically. When I trapped her face in my hands so she couldn't turn her face away she knew what I planned on doing.

"No!" she shrieked, unable to control her giggling until my lips met hers.

The kiss only lasted for three Mississippi's, (that's three seconds for those who have never heard the phrase before), but it was a glorious three Mississippi's. When I raised my head we stared into each other's eyes, both astonished that

we'd kissed. For several seconds you could hear a pin drop. I don't know what came over me, but slowly, to allow mom time to stop me if she wanted, I lowered my lips back to hers. There was no battling of tongues, no groans of lust, or devouring of each other's mouths. Just two minutes of tenderness between two people. When I pulled my head up I could see a strange look on mom's face.

"I-I'm sorry, I shouldn't have done that," I stammered.

A small, uncertain smile appeared on her lips as she reached one hand up and placed her palm against my cheek.

"Don't be sorry baby, it was nice," she softly said.

I stayed hovered over her for several more seconds before leaning up until I was on my knees between her legs, completely unaware that my cock was poking through my boxers straight out in front of me. Mom noticed of course, since the head was pointed right at her.

"Uh, honey...the Dodge is out of the garage," she told me, nodding her head toward my groin.

Glancing down I was shocked to see my hard cock jutting out but was more stunned to see that mom's robe had opened enough that her pussy was fully exposed too. With her legs splayed apart I had an unobstructed view of the neatly trimmed pubic hair on her mound along with a tantalizing view of her slit, the inner lips looking slightly moist.

"It looks like the cat's out of the kennel too," I huskily said.

Mom glanced down her body and saw the way she was wantonly displayed. Immediately she tried to pull her robe together, but I gently grabbed her hands and stopped her from closing it. She didn't fight me. Instead she whispered, "Paul, honey, this is really getting out of hand."

"Just let me look at you Mom, you're so beautiful," I pleaded, my hands already reaching out to untie the sash that held her robe together.

"Baby, we shouldn't," she protested weakly, her hands covering mine but not stopping me from opening her robe the rest of the way.

"So beautiful," I moaned as my eyes took all of her in.

Time seemed to stand still as I devoured every inch of her womanly charms with wide-eyed wonderment. Starting at the juncture between her legs my eyes traveled slowly up until I was staring at her breasts, the nipples stiff and pointing to the ceiling, the dark areolas crinkled causing the nipples to be more pronounced. My cock was throbbing by the time my eyes gazed upon mom's face. I couldn't tell what she was thinking, her face was blank, her eyes steadily watching my every move. Leaning forward I captured the nipple on her left breast between my lips and began to lightly roll my tongue around the eraser-sized nub, causing a whimper to escape from her parted lips. After only a couple of minutes mom started to pant, and her chest heaved, as I worked her nipples

until they were as hard as little diamonds. Kissing between the small valley between them I started working my way down toward her belly button. When my lips reached her pubic mound she began to feebly protest some more.

"We...should...stop...OH MY GOD!" she yelled as my tongue slid through her slit all the way down to her rosebud.

"SHIT!" she squealed when the tip of my tongue touched her engorged clitoris.

To prolong her agony I kissed my way up the inside of one thigh, then back down the other before pushing my tongue into her steamy slit once more. Slowly her hips began to rise to meet my probing tongue. When I reached up and inserted a finger into her wet hole she came.

"OH GODDDDDDDDD!" she screamed out, her cunt gushing clear fluids onto my hand.

Moving my lips away from her sensitive pussy I kissed my way up her trembling body until I was high enough to plant tiny kisses on the side of her neck. When she turned her face toward mine I brought my pussy-slickened lips to hers. Her arms flew around my back and her tongue darted hungrily into my mouth. Unlike our previous kiss, this one was filled with all the lip mashing, tongue battling of two people hungry for sexual gratification. Our passion fueled kiss went on and on until both of us had to pull away in order to catch a breath.

After several minutes of running our hands over each other mom whispered, "Honey, we really should stop before this goes any further."

Rising to my knees between her thighs I pulled my shirt off and dropped it to the floor. Next I put my thumbs into the waistband of my boxers while staring lovingly into my mother's misty eyes.

"I want you, Connie," I seductively said.

"Oh Paul," she huskily whimpered.

Slowly I brought the waistband down catching on my rampant pole briefly, before my cock sprang free and slapped against my stomach smearing me with pre-cum. Once my boxers were around my knees I leaned forward and placed my hands on the arm of the couch to prop myself up. With shaky fingers mom took my cock and brought the head to her saturated slit. After rubbing it between her dripping lips for a minute she held me in place at her opening. She stared at my face as I slowly pushed my hips in, her eyes growing wider as the head of my cock stretched her pussy open.

"Oh God...this is so wrong," she moaned as I slowly pushed into her. When I finally had all of my cock buried deep into her clenching cunt she let out an "Aaaaaahhhh."

Taking a page from her yoga playbook I rested my elbows on the arm of the couch until I was basically in a plank position. Not knowing if this would ever happen again I began to slowly saw into her, savoring the heat and tightness wrapped around

my shaft. Bending my head until we had our foreheads touching I gazed deeply into her eyes as I pulled slowly back until just the head was inside her, then just as slowly pushed all the way back inside. Minute after minute passed by as I slid effortlessly in and out of the place I'd came from, the walls of mom's cunt gripping me snugly in her velvety cocoon.

"Oh God baby, you feel so good inside me. So hard, so thick, so big. I love how you fill me up," mom crooned.

"I love you Connie," I whispered, my hips gradually picking up speed.

Mom let me slide in and out of her for several minutes before saying, "Fuck me baby! Fuck me long and hard!"

Placing my hands back on the arm of the couch for better leverage I began to take long strokes back, then swifter strokes forward causing our pubic bones to collide in the most delicious way. The pleasure shooting through every fiber of my being was beyond anything I'd ever experienced before.

Whether the intensity in pleasure was because I was fucking my mother, or just because it had been so long since I'd gotten laid I wasn't sure. All I knew was I was headed for one of the greatest orgasms of my life.

Suddenly mom drew her legs around me until her locked ankles were pressing against my ass holding me in place as her fingernails raked down my back.

"I'm...I'm...CUMMMMMIIIIIIINNNNNNNNGGGGGGG!" she wailed.

I felt mom's cunt tighten on my cock as she slipped over the edge and was lost in her own spiral of ecstasy. Determined to make her explode like never before I continued to hammer my cock into her soggy hole, I could actually hear my balls slapping off her upturned ass as I plunged relentlessly into her. Faster and faster I plowed her pussy, my cock throbbing like never before.

"That's it Connie, cum for me," I chanted over and over.

"I think that ship sailed, and truthfully I'm glad it did," I told her.

"Maybe you are now, but what about tomorrow, and all the tomorrows afterwards?"

Clutching her to me I rolled enough so we were laying on our sides facing each other, my cock slipping from her with an audible sucking sound. Softly stroking her hair away from her face I said, "I'm sorry Mom, I got carried away."

Touching her fingertips to the side of my face she replied, "Don't be honey. You didn't see me trying to stop you, did you? I wanted it just as bad as you."

"So, are you regretting it now?" I asked.

"No," she breathed. "I'm just wondering where we go from here."

"I'm not sure. But I do know where I want you right now." With that I pulled her on top of me and ran my hands down over her ass, squeezing each cheek tenderly.

The look on her face was priceless when she reached down and found my cock ready for action once more. With no prodding from me she scooted down until the head of my cock nestled against the slick opening of her pussy. Placing her hands on my chest she rose gracefully into a sitting position, her well lubricated pussy swallowing my entire length with ease. Once she was upright she smiled wickedly at me and said, "I know I've asked this before, but seriously, does it ever get soft?"

Stroking her thighs I smiled and said, "Not if you don't want it to Connie."

"Umm, I like the sound of that. There's something else I would like the sound of too," she replied with a throaty whisper.

"Oh yeah, what's that?" I asked as I reached up and cupped her tits in my hands.

Leaning forward a little she moaned, "I'd like it if you would call me Mom while you're fucking me, it'd be such a turn on."

For some reason my cock swelled even more at hearing her tell me that. Pulling her down so her chest was on mine I planted my feet on the couch and began to really slam up into her slick pussy. Whimpers and moans of glee pour from her mouth as she held on for dear life, each forceful upward thrust threatening to buck her off me.

"OH FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!" she screamed over and over as I hungrily lunged deep into her sodden hole, my hands relentlessly knead the firm globes of her ass.

"Do it Mom! Cum on your son's cock!" I encouraged while jackhammering into her clenching cunt.

"SHIIIIITTTTTTTTTTTTTT!" she screamed, her body thrashing wildly on top of mine.

The heavenly feel of my mother cumming on my rigid rod triggered my own orgasm. Using my hands against mom's ass I held her hips in place and jammed my cock as deep as I could go.

"I'M CUMMING MOMMMMMMM!" I shouted as I filled her pussy to overflowing.

Mom collapsed on my chest exhausted, little mewling sounds coming from her as I held her close. Lovingly I stroked the back of her head with one hand while gently rubbing her back with the other while waiting for us both to recover from our lovemaking. A short time later I heard her giggle. When I asked what was so funny she told me my chest hair tickled her nipples. She smiled at me, kissed my cheek, then let herself go completely limp on top of me, it wasn't long before I heard tiny snores coming from her. With my soft cock still embedded in my mother's warmth I closed my eyes and

surrendered to the sweet afterglow washing over me. I was asleep in no time.

I'm not sure how long I was asleep, but when I finally opened my eyes I noticed I was lying on my side with mom's robe covering my shoulders. I could smell her on the fabric when I took a deep breath. Slowly I rotated my head and spotted mom sitting in the armchair staring at me, a sweet smile etched across her lips.

"Hi Mom," I mumbled.

"Hi sweetheart," she returned my greeting.

"Are you watching me sleep?" I inquired, trying to get my eyes to focus.

"It's a mother's right to watch her child sleep," she replied, her blue eyes twinkling.

When my eyes finally focused I took a good look at her. She was sitting with her feet on the cushion and her arms wrapped around her knees. My cock lurched when it dawned on me what she was wearing. Dad's wife beater hung loosely from her shoulders, and with the way she was sitting, did nothing to cover her pussy from my eager stare. The lecherous grin on my face told her exactly what I was thinking.

"Don't get any ideas, you've already wore me out," she remarked.

The grin on my face stayed as I pushed mom's robe from my shoulders, then slid off the couch onto all fours and slowly crawled toward her. The closer I got to her chair, the wider her eyes grew. I knew why too. By the time I was kneeling in front of her my cock was a throbbing steel pole jutting out and pointing at her.

"If Mama would tell her son where it hurts, I'm sure he'd be more than happy to kiss it and make it feel all better," I throatily said.

With a chuckle she said, "God you're sooooo goofy."

But that didn't stop her from removing her arms from around her knees and spreading her legs until her thighs rested on the chairs arms. There before me was the Holy Grail of pussies, my mother's. The lightly furred outer lips were puffy while the pink inner lips were swollen and slick. I could see her engorged clit peeking from its protective hood as I lowered my mouth to her sacred place, the intoxicating smell had my cock leaking pre-cum like a sieve. For over twenty minutes I gently kissed and licked her into three orgasms. Finally she pushed my head away saying, "Oh God baby, no more."

I guess no more to her meant, let's trade places, and that's exactly what we did. She had me sit in her spot while she knelt in front of me and gave me a toe-curling blow job. By the time she looked up at me and swallowed noisily I was floating on cloud nine, unable to form a coherent thought even if I wanted to. The rest of the evening was a blur, about the only thing I could remember was the refrigerator's open-door alarm chiming while we re-enacted the first time I stuck my

cock into mom. Needless to say the cold interior of the fridge did nothing to penetrate the heat we produced while fucking like rabbits in front of it. By the time we went to bed, mom insisting we sleep in our own rooms, I was way beyond fucked out. I don't think my dick had anything left to give. I did however sleep like a baby though.

Sunday morning I walked into the kitchen, fixed myself some coffee, then sat staring at the refrigerator while fond memories rolled through my head. Mom joined me a short time later, saw where I was looking and shot me a knowing look. I almost spit out my coffee when she informed me that she was going to give naked yoga a try. Later that day she proved true to her word. I quickly learned that it was much harder to have sex while mom was in the downward facing doggie position than I thought it would've been. When we switched to the classic doggie position things went a whole lot smoother.

It was right after we'd done that position that I decided what I wanted to do with my life. Mom was face down on the mat, her head resting on her hands while I lay on top of her back,

my hands under her chest gently squeezing her tits, with my slowly deflating cock still inside her cum soaked pussy. Every few seconds I'd push into her, savoring how her round ass cheeks cushioned my pelvis bone with each new stroke.

"Mom?" I whispered while planting little kisses along the tops of her shoulders.

"Umm," she murmured back.

"What would you think if I transferred to a school closer to home?"

Mom rolled her hips to let me know she wanted to turn over. Reluctantly, because I was just starting to get hard again, I rolled off her and waited while she turned to look at me.

"I think I'd like that, but only if it's what you really want to do," she replied.

"It is. Of course I'd have to move back in with you. Would that be a problem?"

"It wouldn't be if you promised to continue helping me with stress relief," the sparkle in her eyes had my heart racing, along with the blood to my dick.

"I'll always help with that, for as long as you want," I told her, the fingertips of my right hand drawing little circles around her protruding nipples.

"You know, you could also think about going for your doctorate. I know it means a lot more time in school, but you can stay here as long as it takes."

"Are you sure Mom? Once this pandemic is over you might want to meet a new man and settle down. I wouldn't want to stand in your way of finding happiness."

"Oh sweetie, I couldn't be any happier than I am right now. I've already found my man, as long as he wants me too." The smile on her lips told me she meant what she'd said.

"I'll always want you Mom," I said as I slid closer to her.

"That's what I was hoping you'd say. Now, give your Mother a kiss you wonderful boy," she cooed.

As my lips touched hers I rolled on top of her and slid my cock back into her silky slickness. Once I was fully buried inside her we both let out a little sigh of pleasure.

I don't know what the future holds for us. All I do know is I've finally found a woman who had a higher sex drive than me. A woman who loved me unconditionally, as I loved her. Because that woman just happened to be my very own mother came as quite a surprise, but one I knew I could live happily ever after with.

Life's Choices

I poked the barrel of the shotgun into the man's back urging him to keep walking. It was a late fall evening and the stars twinkled brightly in the sky despite the presence of a full moon. The air was crisp and cold, yet my face was sweating profusely under the ski mask that covered my head. We were the only souls around in this section of desert thirty-odd miles outside of Las Vegas. I prodded the grumbling man once more in the back, sick of his pathetic whining and his demands to know what he had done. He knew what he'd done; and he knew what was coming. You don't get kidnapped and taken out to the desert by a guy with a shotgun without figuring out what was coming. Fifty more yards and we reached the spot I wanted. Before us was an abandoned mine shaft that I had discovered many years ago while hunting with friends. It was just large enough, and deep enough for my needs. The man stopped and turned to face me; he kept asking me who I was. Slowly I removed the ski mask and watched as his eyes grew wide with fear and all the blood drained from his face. "You!" he shouted. The blast from the shotgun echoed off the distant hills.

In order for me to explain why I had made this life changing choice, I must first give you a little background of what my life was like when I was growing up. My name is Ben Rogers, and this is my story.

For the first ten years of my life I thought of us as a normal family. My mother Madeline, everyone called her Mady, and my father Bill seemed to be the perfect couple. Mom was the perfect housewife and Dad was a successful businessman. There were the occasional fights, and I was aware of the bruises on Mom's arms and legs. She had insisted that they were the results of her and Dad rough housing and I had believed her. She was my mother after all, a woman I adored, she wouldn't lie to me.

While Mom spent as much time with me as possible, Dad did just the opposite. He shunned me for reasons I wouldn't find out about until I reached the ripe old age of fifteen. By then I knew Mom's rough housing story was a complete fabrication. It was her way of keeping me from knowing the truth. It was during one of their increasingly frequent fights that I heard

Dad accuse Mom of bearing someone else's kid. At first I didn't understand what he meant; I was an only child. I knew the accusation couldn't be true since I looked just like him in so many ways. Other than being gangly as hell I resembled him to a T. I had short brown hair; smoldering brown eyes, and stood just as tall as his six feet. The only thing I didn't inherit from him was his ability to make people like me. Where he was outgoing, I on the other hand had trouble making friends. This was fine with me; it meant that I could spend more quality time with Mom.

Shortly after I turned sixteen I learned that Dad was being investigated by the IRS for shady business practices. Nothing came of it, but Dad felt it prudent to transfer everything we owned into Mom's name. Not long after that the beatings started coming on a more regular basis. My pleas for Mom to leave him fell on deaf ears. There were even times she actually seemed to get angry with me for bringing up the subject. It was around this time that I had started referring to him as "The Bastard" instead of Dad. That didn't sit well with Mom, but she never punished me for it.

My rage finally boiled over when I was eighteen years old and fresh out of high school. I heard the screams coming from my parent's bedroom and then the sounds of flesh hitting flesh. I knew that sound like I knew the back of my hand. It was the sound of my Dad hitting my Mom. Again. I jumped off the couch and got to their bedroom door just in time to see my father pulling back his fist to strike her again. Something inside me snapped. Rushing forward I slammed my own fist into the side of his head. The only thing that accomplished was, it broke my wrist, and made him turn his attention toward me. He caught me in the side of my head with a right cross sending me flying into their dresser before sprawling out on the floor.

"When you think you're man enough to try that shit again, let me know," he sneered at me, then stomped off leaving Mom and I in heaps on the floor.

Through teary eyes I looked over to where she sat leaning against the bed. She had a goose egg on her forehead and the front of her blouse was ripped almost completely off. There was a trickle of blood coming from her nose. I crawled on

hands and knees over to her and then wrapped my arms around her shaking shoulders. She buried her face in the side of my neck and silently wept.

"Why do you stay with him Mom," I asked in frustration.

I got the same answer as all the other times I'd asked that question.

"Because I love him, and he does love me too."

"If he loves you, why does he do this to you," I asked bitterly.

"He just gets frustrated with things, and I come along and say or do something stupid. He tells me how sorry he is later, you know that."

"Yeah. And in a week, or a month from now he'll do the same thing. Just leave him," I pleaded.

"And do what? He takes good care of us, and don't you forget it mister," she replied, anger evident in her voice.

I helped her to her feet and gave her a once over that turned into a lingering stare. She stood there with one hand rubbing the goose egg while her other hand absently fingered the torn pieces of her blouse. Her thick shoulder length brown hair was disheveled, and other than the goose egg and trickle of blood around her nostril, she looked okay. There was one other thing; she wasn't wearing a bra. A fact that she seemed to be oblivious to. I wasn't however. I tried to look away but I couldn't pull my eyes off the firm round globes that sat proudly on her chest. Creamy white skin topped with dark brown areolas and pointy nipples. My dick began to swell in my jeans at the same time her eyes noticed my intense stare. Color jumped to her face as she swiftly turned her back to me and tried to hide her exposed breasts. The fact that I'd gotten aroused by the sight of my own mother's tits sickened me. I ran from the room and hid in my bedroom for two days, only coming out to get something to drink or eat. I spent most of that time remembering the years of seeing bruises and black

eyes on Mom's face and arms. It was during those two days that I grew to realize that if I didn't leave I'd probably do something stupid.

That incident had taken place a little over four years ago. I had kissed my mother goodbye and joined the army. She had wept crocodile tears, but didn't try to stop me from leaving. I found out that I was pretty good at being a soldier. I bulked up, learned to fight, and lost my cherry to some skank during a twenty-four hour pass in Amarillo. Life was good.

Mom stayed in touch with me, but she had to sneak the letters she wrote over to my Aunt Penny's to get mailed. Apparently my father had disowned me. There were even a few occasions when Mom and Penny arranged for her to call me on base. Mom would never tell me how things were going with her and Dad, but Aunt Penny filled me in on all the beatings she knew about. My hatred grew.

Each year I was allowed thirty days of leave; this year I had saved it all up. With permission from my commanding

officer I took it all at the same time. I was going home for the first time since leaving. Aunt Penny and I had made plans to surprise Mom.

Aunt Penny met me at the airport on Saturday morning around nine and I had her take me to a motel on the outskirts of town. It wasn't the Ritz, but it was clean and off the beaten path. I had no desire to run into anyone that knew me. After dropping off my duffel bag in my room, I took Aunt Penny out for a bite. She filled me in on her plan to get Mom to my room. It was a simple plan. She was going to tell her that Uncle Sid was in town on a layover and wanted to see her. The plan would have worked too, if Dad hadn't known that Uncle Sid had passed away a week ago. Something no one had bothered to mention to Aunt Penny or Mom. He was Dad's brother after all. Dad accused Mom of having a lover and beat her mercilessly. This time an off-duty cop was walking his dog when her screams broke the stillness of the evening. Dad was arrested for domestic violence, and Mom spent the night at the hospital. I didn't know anything about it until the next day.

I was beginning to worry when my repeated calls to Aunt Penny went unanswered. My worry turned to concern when she banged on my door around eleven AM. When I opened the door I saw Aunt Penny looking back and forth from my door to her car. She looked like she hadn't slept in a week; her eyes were bloodshot with dark circles under them.

"I have your Mom in the car. Your Dad beat her up pretty bad last night," she rambled.

"I'll kill that bastard," I growled as I rushed out and opened the passenger side door.

Mom was still in the hospital gown the nurses had put on her, since her clothes were now evidence against my father. Her soft brown hair was neatly brushed, and there were no visible signs of trauma on her face, other than the fading blackness around one eye. I could tell that she was on some sort of medication, her eyes refused to focus and she didn't seem to know where she was.

"Careful, she's got some bruised ribs and she's pretty weak. Also the meds cause her to go in and out," Aunt Penny was saying as I reached in to help Mom out of the car.

"Shouldn't she still be in the hospital then," I asked worriedly.

"The doctor says she'll be okay, she just has to stay off her feet for awhile. I brought her here in case that prick gets out on bail," she told me, her voice sounding a little frantic.

"Calm down Penny, everything's gonna be okay," I said, reaching behind my Aunt's back and rubbing it as soothingly as I could.

It was a struggle, but we managed to get Mom from the car to my room. She actually giggled when my hand accidentally touched a bare cheek through the open slit at the back of her hospital gown. It was clear she didn't recognize either of us. Aunt Penny turned down the bed while I held Mom's wobbling body. After getting her safely tucked under the covers I followed Penny out to her car. There she handed me

a bag with a tube of suave for Mom's ribs, several bottles of medication and a bottle of baby powder. She explained that one was for pain, one was for nausea and one was to help her sleep. Embarrassment on her face, she also handed me a small bundle of adult diapers. Her eyes said, 'sorry', as I took them from her.

"I want to come back and help, but if Bill gets out he might try to follow me over here."

"You have my cell, call me if you hear anything. Don't worry, I can handle it," I reassured her. She gave me a huge hug before driving off.

I familiarized myself with the instructions for the medications when I got back inside the room. They were pretty cut and dried. The one thing I knew I needed to take care of right away was also the one I was reluctant to do. Putting a diaper on your own mother was not something sons grew up longing to do; at least not this son anyway. The

memory of having seen her breasts so long ago was going to pale in comparison to seeing her exposed vagina.

"Get a grip," I told myself as I gently lowered the covers off her. With shaking hands I raised the hem of her gown until the tangled bush of brown pubic hair was in plain sight. Unable to control it, my cock stiffened a little as my eyes saw the place I came from for the very first time. I had to lift her knees in order to get the diaper under the bottom swell of her ass. While I tugged the diaper up under her, her knees parted and her legs opened wide to my bug-eyed stare. Her outer folds opened and I could see the brownish, meaty lips of her inner labia. I could also see the tiny pink bud of her clitoris peeking from its hood. In all my life I'd never had a sexual thought about her, but now, the sight of her pussy spread open had my cock roaring for release. Hurriedly, I finished the task and darted off to the bathroom.

"You sick fucker!" my brain screamed at me as my hand yanked my rod faster and faster, a vision of Mom's furry sweetness filling my mind. I nearly buckled from the power of my release. On weak knees I returned to the front room

and took a seat at the tiny table near the window. Delicate snores came from the bed.

I must have dozed off, because I was startled by the sounds of moaning coming from the bed. I went over and saw sweat pouring from Mom's face. I pulled down the covers and noticed her gown was soaked with sweat. Her moaning subsided somewhat as the cool air washed over her, but I knew I couldn't leave the wet gown on. It was easy to remove, all I had to do was untie the neck strings and pull it off her arms. As I was pulling the sheet back up over her nakedness I noticed her eyes were half open and she was staring at me. A small smile formed at the corners of her mouth right before her eyes closed again. My heart swelled from the love I felt for her. I got a washcloth from the bathroom, moistened it with cool water, and sat on the edge of the bed and bathed her face. Around nine that night I gently crawled onto the other side of the king sized bed and lay down. I had managed to apply more suave and change her unused diaper without getting too aroused.

Aunt Penny's call woke me at six in the morning. She wanted to know how Mom was doing, and also to tell me that Dad had bailed out. We agreed that she should stay away so he couldn't follow her here. After she hung up I went over and looked down at Mom's sleeping face. Her color looked good and her breathing sounded strong. While I was studying her she opened her eyes and tried to sit up. Groans of pain came from her lips.

"Stay down Mom," I whispered, gently pushing her down by her shoulders before softly running my hand through her hair.

"Ben? Is that really you," she asked weakly, reaching up and stroking the side of my face.

"Yeah Mom, it's really me," I told her while smiling from ear to ear.

"Oh my sweet baby," she rasped.

"How are you feeling," I asked, covering her hand on my cheek with mine.

"I hurt."

I brought her a glass of water along with a pain pill and a pill to help her sleep. She drank the water like she was dying of thirst so I brought her some more. While I waited for the pill to kick in I took the cool damp washcloth and bathed her face and shoulders. Her hands came up and rested on her chest. Her eyes widened when it dawned on her that she was naked. Lifting the sheet, she peered down at her body then turned her gaze to me.

"I'm naked," she stated flatly.

"Well, almost naked Mom," I had to chuckle at the astonished look on her face as she lifted the sheet once more and peered down her body.

"Is that a diaper," she squeaked, letting the sheet float back down on her chest.

"Afraid so. I didn't know how long you'd be out, so I took precautions," I told her.

"You...put it on me?"

"Yes."

"You saw me naked," she stammered, her face turning beet red.

"It was unavoidable Mom, but don't worry, I didn't stare," I lied as her eyelids began to droop.

"I don't think I need a diaper," she protested, her voice slurring as the pills kicked in.

As it turned out, she did need it. She had begun to sweat again and as I pulled down the sheet to give her a cooling sponge bath the smell of urine assaulted my nostrils. I removed the diaper, and after running warm water over the washcloth, I began to clean her privates. I wasn't mentally prepared for what happened next. As I was running the cloth gently between her spread legs she began to moan. Not moans of pain, but rather the distinct moans of pleasure. Fascinated, I rubbed the cloth between her outer folds and then over the nub of her clitoris. The moans grew stronger and her nipples grew stiff. Almost in a trance, I rubbed a little harder and a little faster. Each time the cloth went over her clit she moaned. I concentrated my efforts over this area and before I knew it her ass lifted up slightly off the bed and a low, deep moan escaped her lips. When I pulled the cloth away I could see a small stream of secretions leaking from her pussy. Horrified at what I'd just done I pulled the sheet over her and stumbled backwards. That's when I noticed her eyes were open and staring at me. I sat heavily down at the table and waited for her to tell me how disgusted she was with me. She didn't say anything, she just went right back to sleep.

I reached in my shirt pocket, removed my pack of smokes and lit one with trembling hands. Pulling the smoke deeply into my lungs I felt my frayed nerves start to settle down. After I finished my cigarette and put it out in the cheap tin ashtray on the table, I checked on Mom. She was sleeping soundly so I took a chance and went across the street to a mini-market and bought some supplies. Food, snacks, a six-pack of cold Buds and another pack of smokes. Mom was still asleep when I returned. I popped the top on one of the beers and took a long pull on it, as a mixture of crazy thoughts tumbled through my brain. I watched her sleep, her face smooth and serene. I had never thought of her as anything other than Mom, I especially hadn't thought of her like a man does a woman. Now that was the only way I could think of her. A woman whom I loved more than anything in the world. I finished my beer, opened another and stood silent guard, vowing to never let anything, or anyone, ever hurt her again.

She woke up the next time I was applying the suave to her ribs. I could tell she was tender, she'd flinch a little if I rubbed too hard. I expected her to be upset that her chest was exposed

and my hands were brushing against the sides of her breasts as I rubbed the cream up near her armpits. Instead, I saw the love in her eyes as she just watched my face.

"My little man has grown up. I love you Ben," she whispered, her eyes locked on mine.

"I love you Mady," I whispered softly back.

I don't know if she meant to do it, but she took one of my hands in hers and placed it on her chest, directly on top of her right breast.

"That's the first time you've ever called me by my name. I think I like it," she said, pushing the palm of my hand against the softness of her tit.

"Then from now on, Mady it is," I chuckled, reluctantly removing my hand from her breast. We were both a little surprised to see that her nipple had sprung to life.

She managed to eat part of a cup-a-noodles I heated up in the tiny microwave before falling back to sleep. Before turning in for the night I gave her another quick sponge bath, and even managed to change her diaper without perving out. I could smell the baby powder I'd sprinkled on her as I removed all but my boxers and climbed under the sheet with her. Sometime during the night I woke up to find that she had scooted over on her back against me and had thrown one leg over mine. Facing her I reached down and stroked her calf before letting my hand settle on her inner thigh. The warmth and comfort of her leg over mine had me back in dreamland in no time.

Over the next few days she continued to grow stronger. She was able to sit up for a while and visit, and I'd even managed to get her to eat some solid food. With my help she could hobble to the bathroom, I remained outside the door and waited for her to say she was done. She also insisted on not wearing the diapers anymore at this time. Aunt Penny was delighted to hear about her progress when she made her daily call to check up on things.

The evening of the fourth night things got a little complicated. Mom had continued to let me give her sponge baths, from the waist up, but now she said she really wanted to try to take a shower. She was able to walk on her own, but she wanted me in the room in case she became too weak to finish. We had both grown accustomed to me seeing her nude, so when she climbed out of bed and headed to the bathroom it was no big deal. It would have been great if I could've convinced the swelling in my groin of that. By the time I followed her swaying round ass cheeks into the bathroom I had a raging hard-on.

She adjusted the temperature and then stepped into the tiny shower while I sat on the toilet seat and willed my dick to behave. I couldn't really see anything through the cheap plastic curtain other than her silhouette as she lathered herself up. She wasn't in long before she poked her head out and asked if I could help her.

"What do you need Mady," I asked trying to sound calmer than I was.

"It hurts too much for me to reach my back and shoulders. Would you jump in here and wash me please," she asked, a hint of uncertainty in her voice.

I kicked off my running shoes and stood up ready to step into the shower with my clothes on.

"You have to take your clothes off first silly," she chuckled when she saw what I was about to do.

"I don't really think that's a good idea Mom..." my voice trailed off.

"Just strip down to your boxer then. And what happened to calling me Mady," she asked, ducking back behind the shower curtain.

With just my boxers on I climbed into the tiny shower and stood behind her. There was barely enough room for the both of us. She handed the soapy washcloth to me over her

shoulder and I began to lazily scrub her back. When I hesitated to go lower than her waistline she reminded me that I'd already seen her in all her glory. So I went lower, and then lower still, until I was running the washcloth over the roundness of her ass. I dipped the rag between her cheeks and all the way down until I was rubbing the cloth over the tight ring of her sphincter. A stifled moan escaped her lips as the cloth touched the area between her cunt and asshole. She stepped forward and her feet slid on the soapy floor causing her to fall back against my chest. Startled, I dropped the rag and the bar of soap I was holding and my hands automatically wrapped around her and came to rest cupping the full lush globes of her breasts. For a glorious few moments I kneaded her flesh as she leaned her head back against my shoulder before we regained our sanity and she straightened up.

"I think I can finish, if you'll get the soap for me," Mom stammered, her face flush.

She had to move up against the shower wall while I squatted down to retrieve the bar of soap. As I was down reaching for it I glanced up and saw that I was looking right between her

partially spread legs. Her clitoris was peeking from its hood in a definite state of arousal. I grabbed the soap, stood and handed it to her and stepped from the shower trying to hide my own arousal. I threw on my pants over my wet boxers and waited for her to finish. Weak from the effort, she stepped out a minute later and I helped her to the bed.

"My Sir Galahad," she called me as she pulled the sheet over her chest, hiding her stiff nipples from view.

"I'll always be your Sir Galahad my fair lady," I snickered, bowing ridiculously low before busting out with laughter. Her laughter joined mine and by the time we were able to stop, we both had tears in our eyes.

I grabbed some dry boxers from my duffel and went in and took a long, long shower. Mom was watching the television when I returned. With just my boxers on, I climbed on the other side of the bed and watched with her. Before she drifted off she made me get under the sheet too.

I felt the weight and warmth of her leg over mine almost as if it were a dream. I didn't open my eyes; instead I lay there basking in the feel of her flesh on mine. As if with a mind of its own my hand snaked up to her inner thigh and began rubbing softly higher and higher. Soon my fingertips were brushing the outer fringes of her pubic hair and still going higher up her thigh. My cock had slipped through the piss slit of my boxers during the night and was now standing proudly erect, its length nuzzled against the smooth softness of her left cheek. My hand traveled up until I was touching the furry outer folds of my mother's pussy. Gently, I ran the tip of my index finger through the folds and found her slick cleft. My finger slid further up her slit until it danced lightly over her stiffening bud. Mom moaned in her sleep as I let the slick tip of my finger draw circles around her engorged love button for several minutes. I think it was when I slid my finger back into her slit and plunged it into the entrance of her velvety snugness that I realized that she was awake.

"Ohhh Ben... my sweet Ben," Mom murmured as my finger sank deeper and deeper into her molten heat.

"I love you Mady," I whispered, as I felt her reach behind herself and grab my cock with a trembling hand.

Ever so gently, I pushed and pulled my finger in and out of her, feeling the walls of her pussy growing slicker. Her hand began to pump up and down on my hardness with soft gentle strokes, sending waves of pleasure screaming throughout my nervous system.

"Oh baby, we shouldn't be doing this," she whispered, even as she increased her grip on my cock.

In response to her feeble protest I inserted a second finger inside her wet cunt and began to increase the tempo of my in and out lunges. Her breath started coming in gasps as a torrent of moans poured from her mouth. My fingers were coated in her cream, and I started kissing her on the back of the neck. Her moans became long and drawn out, and she pushed herself down on my invading fingers.

"Oh God baby...soooo goood," she panted, her strokes moving just as fast as my fingers.

I couldn't take much more of her delicious hand, I felt the tightening of my balls as my seed began to boil. I also felt her walls contract against my fingers and a flood of juices pour out as she neared her peak.

"Shit! Shit! Shit! Don't stop baby...please don't stop," Mom blurted out through clenched teeth.

"I'm gonna cum Mom," I squealed, fighting to hold back the river of spunk wanting to shoot out.

"Cum with me Ben," she pleaded as she bucked her pussy on my fingers.

"Mommmmmmm!" I wailed, as rope after rope of sticky spunk spooGED forth covering her hand, her ass cheek and parts of her lower back.

"UNNNGGGGGGGGG! BENNNNNNN!!" she screamed, her body heaving and shaking from the violent explosion of her orgasm.

We lay there staring up at the ceiling bathed in the bluish glow from the TV as our bodies calmed down. Mom kept whispering, "Oh God. Oh God. Oh God." I was so drained I didn't have the energy to say anything. When my energy did return I tried to snuggle, but Mom told me to go to sleep and scooted away from me. Sleep didn't come back to us for quite some time.

Mom was still sleeping when I slipped out of bed the next morning. I put on my clothes and quietly let myself out the door. When I returned to the room with four containers of black coffee, and two very unappetizing looking breakfast croissants, Mom was seated at the little table smoking one of my cigarettes. She had dug in my duffel and found a white t-shirt and clean boxers to put on. The boxers were way too big for her, and I didn't have the heart to tell her that I could clearly see her dark nipples through the white shirt. She

gratefully accepted the coffee, but we both decided to pass on the croissants.

"I didn't know you smoked," I said, sipping the coffee hoping the tension in the air would go away.

"Just once in a while, when I can sneak it past your father," she absently replied, clearly something else was on her mind. It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out what it was.

"Mom," I started, my voice catching in my throat.

"I'm so ashamed of what I did to you," she blurted out before I could continue.

"You didn't do anything that I didn't want to happen," I told her.

Her eyes looked up from the table into mine, and she said, "What do you mean?"

"I've been fighting the urge to love you, not as a mother, but as a woman since Aunt Penny brought you over here," I said meekly, but maintaining eye contact with her.

"Oh honey, I think that's called lust, not love," she laughed softly.

"No Mom, it's not. I came back here to take you away with me. I've decided to make a career out of the service and I want you to share my life with me. We'll travel, and you will be safe," I told her.

"That's a lovely thought Ben, but I am your mother. What we did last night was so wrong. Can't you see that?"

"All I see is the woman I love," I said, standing and going over to her before adding, "My Mady."

"My dear, sweet Ben. Nothing would make me happier than to spend the rest of my life with you. I don't know if I could get past the part where you want me as a lover, and not as your mother. That's just not natural; it's incest. Besides, your father would track me down no matter where I went."

"Let me worry about that bastard," I told her.

She started to protest but I cut off her words by leaning over and kissing her on the lips for the first time. We both felt the sparks fly. Our kiss turned into a passionate lock of lips, and our tongues darted out and tried to dominate the other ones. Time stood still, our heartbeats hammered in our chest as the kiss went on and on. When I finally pulled my lips from hers I felt light headed and dizzy.

"Whew! Well, that was certainly nice..." she gasped between breaths.

I took her hands in mine and helped her stand. When I moved in for another kiss she whispered, "I don't think I can do this

Ben." Our lips met and her arms slowly wrapped around my neck. The passion and heat grew. We only broke the kiss when she had to lift her arms so I could remove the shirt. As her tongue slapped against mine I gently pulled the oversized boxers down her slender legs and let them crumble in a heap at her feet. My hands cupped the firmness of her ass while she fumbled with the button and zipper of my pants. Once she'd freed the rigid meat of my cock from my pants, she reached down and cupped my balls in one hand while her other one grasped my shaft. She pulled my penis down until it was trapped between her legs, and then she put her arms around my shoulders once more. I se-sawed back and forth between her thighs feeling her clit scrape across the top of my shaft. Our moans escaped from our clinched lips as pre-cum began to flow from the head of my dick. I could feel her lubricant smearing the top of my cock, making it easier to slide between her thighs.

As gently as I could, I picked her up by the backs of her thighs until her mound was rubbing my stomach. She held my neck tight as I walked us to the bed, my pants wrapped around my knees and her boxers in a pile on the floor. I was seven inches

of rock hard pole, and as I lay her down sideways on the bed leaning over her with my hands holding me up, she reached between us and guided the head of my cock to her saturated opening. Her full breasts hung partly over the sides of her ribcage, their nipples hard points of brown. I stared lovingly into her eyes until, with trembling lips she nodded yes. The head of my cock parted the outer folds of her fur-lined lips and just barely touched the inner sweetness of her tunnel. I didn't push any further, I wanted to savor the enormous pleasure she was granting me.

"Please Ben...don't torture me," Mom begged, locking her legs around my ass and trying to swing her hips up and push me deeper into her wet pussy.

"I love you Mady Rogers," I moaned as my cock slide slowly past the entrance and buried itself in the depths of my mother.

She was tight, almost too tight. Her face contorted in pain as her pussy expanded around my girth. She smiled up at me as

we took our time, allowing her to get used to the raging meat slipping in and out of her. Her face took on a determined look as our pace began to increase. It wasn't long before her juices made her cunt slippery enough for me to take long deep strokes. I pulled back until I was almost out of her, and then slipped back in until my balls rested on her sweet round cheeks. Her first orgasm caught us both by surprise. She squealed and began to pump up to meet my thrust. Her wide eyes stared at me as her mouth formed an O and the wave of contractions rolled along the length of my shaft. Faster and faster I pumped into her pussy, reaching for the ultimate bliss. My lust and passion was equaled by hers. We reached the stars together.

"OHHHHH GODDDDDDD!!" she cried, her body shuddering while her eyes rolled back in their sockets.

"FUUUCCCCCKKKKK!!" my own scream joined hers as load after load of white-hot spunk filled her milking pussy to overflowing.

Still leaning over her, I let my breathing slow down and smiled. She smiled back, love dancing in her soft brown eyes.

"Who am I," she asked, running a palm softly against my cheek.

"You're my Mady," I replied, as I began to push my semi-soft cock back and forth inside her once more.

"I'm your Mady," she whispered closing her eyes and letting her son's manhood take her to heaven.

We made love two more times before five o'clock that afternoon. Each time just as sweet and intense as the first time. Afterwards I went out and bought her some clothes that would fit her. I picked up a simple pink sundress and white sandals, and I even picked up a package of white cotton panties. She laughed about my choice of underwear, calling them old fashioned and way out of date. As I sat on the chair at the table she slipped a pair on and stood in front of me. The fabric was thin enough for me to see the triangle of lovely hair

that adorned her muff. Showing her the bulge in my pants, I told her that those panties would never go out of style. She giggled, reached over and undid my pants. That was the first time she took me into her mouth; I returned the favor as soon as she swallowed the last of my seed.

Aunt Penny called around eight that night to fill us in on all the news she knew. Dad had been over looking for Mom at her house. He'd gotten pretty nasty with her until her husband Mike, a bull of a man, threatened to clean his clock if he didn't leave. She also said that Dad had put out feelers all over town hoping someone would spot Mom. It was then that I knew what had to be done. I asked if Aunt Penny could meet me the next day around noon and drive me around to a few places. She was up for it.

The next day Mom stayed cooped up in the room while Aunt Penny took me to several different places. First up was a thrift store where I bought a complete outfit, shirt, pants, and even a pair of work boots that were two sizes too big for my feet. Once I had the laces tied around my ankles I knew I wouldn't have any problems walking a short distance in them. The next

two stops were at sporting goods stores. Aunt Penny didn't question me when I asked her to park two blocks away from them. I bought a pair of gloves in one, and a ski mask in the other. The next to the last stop had my Aunt a little concerned. It was in an alley outside a seedy club I knew about. She kept the motor running and the doors locked while I went inside. Much to her relief, I came out ten minutes later carrying a long oblong box. I'm pretty sure Aunt Penny knew what was in the box.

"What are you planning to do Ben," she asked as she drove me to our last stop.

"What should have been done years ago," I replied, getting a nod from her.

The last stop was at a run down car rental place that didn't mind if your identification looked slightly different than you did. They carried top-notch insurance and knew when to ask no questions. I took the keys to the dilapidated Buick LaSabre and transferred my purchases to the trunk of it. I thanked

Aunt Penny for all she'd done and gave her a kiss on the cheek. She gave me a sad look, a weak smile, and drove off. I drove the Buick back to the motel, stopping along the way to pick up a nice meal for Mom and I. We ate and then made love before I told her I had an errand to run around ten PM. She kissed me goodbye and told me to hurry back.

It wasn't hard to kidnap Dad. All I did was park in the alley behind his house, went in the back door and marched him out with the shotgun in his back. He had no clue as to who I was, I'd stopped at a gas station and changed into my new outfit. I put the ski mask on right before I pulled into his alley. He didn't see the barrel coming as he reached the rear of my car. It bounced off his head and he crumpled to the ground. I stuffed his sorry ass in the trunk and headed out of town.

The shotgun went down the same hole my father did. My new outfit went into a collection bin for the homeless, except for the boots, ski mask and gloves. Those I burned at a deserted rest stop on my way back into town. I parked the car two blocks from the motel with the keys still in them and walked the rest of the way.

It was after midnight when I let myself into the motel room and hopped into the shower. Mom was lying on her back asleep on top of the sheets wearing one of my t-shirts. It only went down to her hips, leaving her pussy exposed to my eyes. Gently I spread her legs apart and eased myself onto the foot of the bed. She didn't wake up until I'd kissed my way up and was running my tongue through the sweet tasting slit of her cunt. I knew she was awake when she began moaning as my lips clamped down on her eager bud. I brought her to the verge of climax before crawling further up, careful to keep my weight off her. Her legs opened wide and the blood filled head of my cock slid between the slick wet lips of her pussy and sank all the way in.

"Did you finish your errand," she asked, gazing steadily into my eyes.

"Yes," I replied, slowly rotating my cock inside her tight hole.

"And?"

"No one will ever hurt you again, my sweet Mady," I said as the upward thrusts of her hips sucked me even deeper into her hot juicy pussy.

Two months later Aunt Penny called to tell Mom that the sale of the house and Dad's business went well. After all was said and done, the sale netted Mom a shade over one million dollars. On an even better note, as far as Aunt Penny was concerned, the cops had issued a warrant for Dad's arrest. They had put down his disappearance as an attempt to escape facing charges for domestic violence, a crime that Nevada took very seriously. I arrived home from Fort Hood in Killeen, Texas to find her standing just inside the door wearing only a pair of white cotton panties and holding two glasses of champagne.

Mom Cleans House

Working from home has its advantages. I don't have to commute back and forth from the office, and can clock in when I felt like it. Sounds ideal doesn't it? Well, without trying to sound like I'm gloating, it is.

My name is Tom Cooper, actually Tom Jr, since I was named after my father Tom senior. I work as a program specialist for a major computer firm, which means that I take new programs and try to find any flaws or weakness in them before they go to market. The firm had set me up with a state of the art computer, and as long as I logged in each day for eight hours I was golden. Of course I had to show results in a timely manner, but it wasn't hard to meet their deadlines. Another plus about my job was the pay. It allowed me to afford the rent on the small two-bedroom bungalow one block from the beach I now lived in. For this twenty-two year old life was good.

It was just about 2pm when the ringing of the phone interrupted my daydreaming, something I seemed to do a lot of when trying to sort out a program glitch. Looking at the caller ID, I saw that it was my parent's number.

"Hello."

"Hi, Tom." It was my Dad. "Got a minute to talk?"

"Sure Dad, what's up," I inquired.

"We had a little wind storm a couple days ago that blew down the big oak alongside the house."

"Oh crap. Are you and mom okay?"

"Yeah, we're fine, but that damn tree took out part of our bedroom and kitchen. Its got your Mom all riled up though," he answered.

"What can I do," I asked.

"I was hoping, if it's not too much trouble, if she could come and stay with you for a spell," he hesitantly asked, before adding, "Shouldn't take more than two weeks to repair."

"Love to have her Dad, for as long as she wants to stay," I told him.

We talked a few more minutes; my Dad isn't much of a conversationalist. When I asked if he wanted to come too, he said he was going to oversee the repairs on the house, plus being harvest time there was no way he could get away. Before we hung up he let me know that Mom would drive over sometime tomorrow. I found myself looking forward to seeing her. Being only a three-hour drive from their walnut farm in California's central valley, and knowing how early they got up in the mornings, I figured my mother, Doris, would get here around noon tomorrow.

My Mom is kind of a clean freak so I took the time to tidy up. The house has two bedrooms that are separated by the only bathroom, an airy kitchen-dining room combination and a cozy living room made up the rest of the place. I had converted one of the bedrooms into my office complete with a comfortable sofa and mini fridge. Sometimes I have trouble sleeping so I would come into the office and work late into the night. Instead of going to the master bedroom I often times just crashed on the sofa when I got tired enough. I made sure to put fresh linen on the big bed in the room she would be using and a pillow and blanket in the office.

Trying to get back to work proved difficult. My mind kept slipping back in time to fondly remember that big oak tree. In my early teens it had become an obsession with me to climb to the top of it. I had vowed to conquer it at any cost, and after many failed attempts I finally did. From that time on I spent countless hours up in that tree admiring the great view it gave of our place.

I sat there at my work desk and let those faded memories flood my mind until they were as clear as they were back then.

For some reason my mind pictured my mother. She is a petite woman, no more than five-two in her stocking feet, weighing around a hundred and ten pounds. Without realizing I was doing it, my hand found its way into my sweatpants and began to absently stroke my inflating tool. With a mental picture of my mother in my head it wasn't long before my cock reached its full seven inches. Deftly pulling it out of my pants, I increased the speed of my strokes until without warning jets of hot cum blasted out over the floor in front of me. I was unable to stop stroking until there was nothing left to come out. Disgusted with myself, I tucked my cock back in and got some paper towels to clean up the mess.

"What's wrong with you," I admonished myself out loud.

The rest of the day went smoothly. By the time I finished working I was way ahead of schedule, which meant that I could slack off some tomorrow. Friday being the next day was perfect, I could finish up this assignment and have a long weekend with Mom.

The next morning I got up, stumbled half asleep and turned the coffee maker on before heading to the bathroom and taking a long piss. After finishing I grabbed my bathrobe off the hook on the door and waited in the kitchen for the coffee to brew. Once I drank a few cups and was fully awake, I got dressed and started my day.

Barely two hours later I put the final touches to my assignment and logged off. Looking at the clock on my computer screen I saw that it was only ten-twenty, so I figured there was enough time to throw something together for breakfast. Just as I poured the scrambled egg mix into the skillet on the stove I heard a faint knocking on the front door. Forgetting about the eggs I rushed over and swung the door open. Standing on the stoop was the wisp of a woman I lovingly called Mom. Her wide smile and twinkling brown eyes lit up her face. A smattering of freckles across the bridge of her small nose made me think of the phrase, "cute as a button."

At six foot one, I'm long and lanky like my dad, I had to chuckle when she threw her arms around my mid section and

squeezed me tight. It was like hugging a child almost. Her head rested just under my chin and I could feel the softness of her tummy pushing against my crotch as she breathed.

"Hi baby," she whispered against my chest.

Before I could say anything both of us smelled the eggs starting to burn on the stove.

"Oh crap, forgot about those," I stated as we separated.

"Don't worry, I'll take care of that. You can take my stuff to my room," already heading to the kitchen as she spoke.

I was amused at how fast she had gotten into Mom mode as I lugged her large suitcase to the bedroom and placed it on the bed. Thinking there might be some things that needed to be hung up I opened the suitcase. My eyes were immediately attracted to a purple and clear colored object nestled between the articles of clothing. Reaching in and lifting it enough to

see, I was shocked to discover that it was a power vibrator. It was one of those rabbit ones that had an extension designed to stimulate the clitoris, complete with little ears and a separate battery pack attached by a wire. Judging by the length of it I guessed the size to be around six or seven inches long.

"Whoa, that's one powerful looking tool you got there Mom," I silently thought to myself, before quickly replacing it and closing the lid on the suitcase.

The smell of frying bacon hit my nostrils as soon as I reached the kitchen, causing my stomach to rumble with anticipation. I hadn't realized how hungry I was until now.

Hearing my approach she glanced over her shoulder and said, "I couldn't save the eggs, so I'm making you a proper breakfast. Sit down, it will be ready soon."

I sat at the small dining table; hands propped under my chin, and silently watched her. She was wearing a sleeveless pink

floral print dress that ended just above her knees, with a row of buttons running down the full length of the front. Even though the dress fit her frame loosely I could still make out the round globes of her ass when she moved. It was just like being back at the farm during my pervert stage; a stage I apparently haven't fully outgrown.

Right as she was placing the food on two plates I told her that I thought about hanging her clothes up. Her hands stopped moving and I could see her tense up.

Without turning around she asked, "You didn't open my suitcase did you?"

"No," I lied. "I figured you would want to do that."

"Yes. Besides, I can't have my son looking at this old Mother's delicates, now can I."

"You're only forty-six Mom, far from being old," I complimented her.

Relaxed, she picked the plates up and carried them to the table. She had to lean over slightly to hand me mine, the loose neckline on her dress dipped down giving me a look at her freckle covered cleavage. It was just enough to tell she wasn't wearing a bra. I wasn't able to see her nipples but did find out she had on a white lace-topped slip under her dress. My cock began to tingle as we ate.

It was while we put the washed plates away in the cupboard that mom complained how high the shelves were. For me that was no problem, although I had to admit that the top ones were up there a ways. Going to a broom closet built into the wall I pulled out a three-step kitchen stool, opened it up and placed it directly in front of the counter by the cupboard.

"This was here when I moved in. I guess the owners knew my mother was a short shit," I told her with a smug grin on my face.

She slapped me on the ass and told me I was rotten. After laughing hysterically I gave her the guided tour, making sure she knew the tub had a shower also. When I showed her the office she noticed the couch and said she would fit better on it, so I should take the bed. After repeatedly telling her it was fine she gave up. We got to her room and I watched as she took in the sparseness of it. There was a queen bed, small dresser, a nightstand with a lamp on it by the bed and a cluttered closet. I don't think she was too impressed.

"What would you like to do today, Mom?"

"Oh honey, if it's okay with you I would like to just stay in. Maybe watch the idiot box and relax. It's been a hectic few days, I'm worn out," she replied.

"Sounds good to me, just glad you're here," giving her a hug before leaving.

My living room furniture consisted of a large plush fabric couch, with a coffee table in front of it and a fifty-inch flat panel television. I'm a man with simple tastes. About twenty minutes went by before Mom came out and said she was going to take a hot bath. That was fine with me since it gave me time to get some comfortable clothes from my closet. I changed into an old t-shirt and baggy sweats then made myself comfortable on the couch.

Mom had never been shy about running around the house in just a slip while I was growing up, and when she came out of the bathroom I saw that she still wasn't. Her wet hair was wrapped in a towel and she was wearing a black knee-length satin slip held up by two thin straps. The neckline was modest but did manage to show off a good portion of her upper chest with the sprinkling of freckles. I could see two small points pressing out through the smooth fabric as she walked toward me. There was a hairbrush in her hand and when she got close she held it out in front of me.

"Want to brush my hair like you use to," she asked.

When I was younger I would often brush her hair for her. Now before you think I'm some kind of sissy, let me tell you that I had good reasons for performing this little chore for her. First off, it made her happy and secondly, it made me happy too. She would sit on the floor in front of me while I sat on the couch and brushed away. It was just something to do to show her how much I loved her. Of course, after I'd turned eighteen my reasons became a little blurred. Often times I would find myself looking over her shoulder while brushing, occasionally catching a view down the front of her slip.

Taking the brush from her outstretched hand I sat on the edge of the couch and watched as she sank to the floor between my spread knees. Leaning back against the front of the couch, and my balls since I was so close to the edge, she tugged the towel off and sat it aside. After carefully getting the tangles out I began running the brush through her hair while peering over her shoulder. At first her arms were at her sides but must have been uncomfortable, because she placed both on top of my thighs and her hands on my knees. Unable to see anything I concentrated on her hair, getting it smooth then braiding it as

an extra touch. When I finished she got up, turned around and bending over gave me a kiss on the forehead. The slip drooped in front and I had a clear shot down her cleavage. Both of her small tits hung down and jiggled slightly in front of my leering eyes, and it may only be my imagination, but her nipples appeared to be hard. The tingling in my cock returned when she bent down and picked the towel up, the slip molded to her small round ass.

We spent the rest of the day watching whatever we could find on cable. About six we had a pizza delivered and I broke out a bottle of wine I had squirreled away. A romance movie came on shortly after we ate and Mom scooted against me, held onto my bicep with one hand while sipping her wine with the other. As she watched the movie a dreamy look came over her face, all the while I could feel the soft warmth of her breast pressed into my arm.

"So, is my being here going to create problems with your love life," she suddenly asked.

"No Mom," I laughed. "My love life is far and few between at the moment."

"I know what you mean," she mumbled.

"What do you mean," I asked, turning to look her in the face.

"Oh. I didn't think you could hear me," she answered.

"You and Dad doing okay," I persisted.

"Yeah, we're okay. It's just..."

"Tell me Mom," I implored her.

"Oh honey, I don't feel right talking about this with my son."

Turning enough to face her, I took her hand in mine and said,
"Because I am your son, you can tell me anything."

Her eyes started to mist a little and I could tell she was uncomfortable, but I could also tell she wanted to get it off her chest.

"You remember your Dad had that minor heart attack four years ago?"

Concern must have been evident in my eyes.

"Don't worry, he's fine," she said, patting my hand.

"Then what Mom," I asked.

"Well, since then he's had a little trouble...performing," she stammered.

"Performing what," I said like an idiot.

"In the bedroom," she blurted out.

"Oh. OOHHH," I managed to say.

"Exactly," she replied.

"Are you telling me that you and Dad haven't," I left it unfinished.

"The doctor says it has something to do with blood flow. Not enough getting where it needs to be, or something like that."

"Four years? You haven't had sex in four years?" I asked.

"Tommy Cooper! That is none of your business," she replied sternly, but with a small smile on her lips.

"God, I'm sorry Mom. I don't think I could go that long without," I said.

"Yeah well, things happen," she replied before snuggling back up to me.

We finished the current movie, the bottle of wine, and watched a couple sit-coms before mom said she was going to bed. I told her goodnight but stayed on the couch for a while longer before heading to the office to get some sleep. I lay there wondering why I was having sexual thoughts about my own mother. In the past I never really did, it had just been the thrill of seeing a woman's parts that had got my motor running. It could have been any woman. But now I wasn't so sure as I drifted off toward dreamland. Right before I fell asleep I thought I heard a humming noise.

Normally I sleep in the buff, but since Mom was here, I slept in my baggy sweats. Getting up I padded barefoot to the kitchen, letting my morning wood lead the way while rubbing the sleep from my eyes. My dick felt harder than normal this

morning, probably due to the extremely erotic dreams that plagued me most of the night. Looking down and still trying to get my eyes to focus, I was surprised when I almost ran into the stool I had placed in front of the counter. My surprise turned into shock when I saw Mom at the top of the stool. She had one bare foot on the stool, the other one on the counter and she appeared to be trying to clean the highest shelf in the cupboard. In one hand she had a sponge and was using it to wipe down the shelf. In the other hand she loosely held onto the handle of a plastic gallon jug of cooking oil.

Slowly my eyes traveled up the taut leg on the stool and came to rest at the hem of her black satin slip. Stretching to reach the shelf had caused the slip to ride way up on her thighs, and having the one foot on the counter made her legs part slightly. From where I stood I could see the bottom halves of her ass cheeks and the full bush of hair covering her sex. My cock grew harder as I stared at the barely visible pinkness of her slit peeking through the dense tangle of pubic hair. Unaware of my presence she moved both feet to the countertop so she could reach the back of the shelf.

"Mom!" I croaked, afraid she would fall.

What happened next only took a few seconds, but in my mind's eye it seemed like it was all in slow motion.

Startled, Mom spun around, the gallon jug of cooking oil slipped from her fingers and landed on the edge of the counter. The plastic lid exploded off the jug from the force and hit me square in the chest, along with half the contents of the container. Oil quickly sloshed down and saturated my entire front as Mom lost her balance and fell directly at me. I heard the whoosh of air as her stomach crashed into my face. Her arms encircled my neck at the same time she planted the arches of her feet on both sides of my upper waist. She began to slide down my body as the oil coated her parted thighs, causing her to clamp her feet tighter on my waist. I placed my hands under the back of her thighs but had trouble getting a grip because of the oil on them. When her feet reached the waistband of my sweats I could feel them pushing the pants off my hips.

Constantly adjusting my grip on her thighs I felt my sweats going lower and lower, until the waistband was pulling my stiff cock straight toward the floor. I could feel her oil slicked pubic hair sliding down my abdomen just as the waistband of my sweats released its hold on my turgid cock. Freed from the pressure of the waistband, my oil-soaked cock sprang up like a missile, grazed between Mom's ass cheeks and lodged into the folds of her saturated cleft. With me trying to hold her up, and her tightening her thighs on my sides, we were still unable to slow the downward progress of her slide. Both our breaths caught in our throats as half my cock slid easily into her oil covered pussy.

"TOMMY NO!!" she wailed, her eyes wild looking.

Trying to ease her down to the floor I started to kneel but lost my footing in the oil. She went to the floor on her back with me firmly between her legs; the impact caused me to slam the rest of the way into her.

"AAAAAGGGGHHHHH," she moaned under me.

I was sure she was hurt, until I felt the unmistakable clinching of her cunt muscles along my shaft. I couldn't believe it. My mother just had an orgasm with my cock buried inside her. The feeling of her clamping down on me made my cock start to twitch, and I knew I was about to shoot a load. Mom must have known too.

"Take it out, Tommy! TAKE IT OUT!!" she yelled.

The sensation of her walls encasing my shaft as I pulled out was too much for me. As soon as my cock was free of her tight grip I began to shoot ropes of hot cum all over her exposed tummy and pubic mound. Lying flat on her, the shaft of my cock on her clit, I rocked my hips up and down until my orgasm was over. Mom just lay there unmoving.

Carefully, I rolled off her and somehow managed to stand up. When I finally got her to her feet I noticed what a mess she was. There was oil in her hair, my semen stained the black slip

and was dripping from her bush to the floor. Looking at her, I felt only a deep shame.

"I'm so, so, sorry, Mom," I profusely apologized.

She stood there looking from me to the front of herself for a few seconds before slapping me across the face.

"How could you," she said, before running for the bathroom.

I didn't know what to do. It wasn't like I'd woken up this morning and decided I would bone my mother. I heard the shower running as I went about the difficult task of cleaning up all the oil. I glanced up when she emerged from the bathroom but she never looked at me, she just went to her room and shut the door. It took close to three hours to completely clean the mess, but once done I turned on the coffee maker and headed for my own shower.

Feeling clean again, I went to the kitchen and got a cup of coffee and sat at one of the two dining room chairs. Mom

must have smelt the fresh pot because she came out swallowed in my robe and fixed herself a cup. I could see her eyes were red from crying.

"Mom?" I pleaded.

"Not now Tommy. We'll talk later, I just need to think right now," she said as she headed back to the bedroom.

After another cup I put on a sweatshirt and jeans, then strolled down to the beach to do some thinking of my own. The best thing to do was give her some space I thought. Hopefully she would understand that it had all been an accident. The day was a little chilly so I was pretty much alone as I sat in the sand and watched the waves crash in. My mood was somber as I pondered what would happen between us now. A few hours later I still felt like the biggest shit of the century as I made my way home. Mom's car was gone when I got there and a note on the table said she went shopping. I turned on the television and tried to relax, but it wasn't long before I was sound asleep.

My name being repeated over and over brought me out of a deep sleep, filled with images of Mom and I making passionate love. Opening my eyes, I saw she was sitting at the dining table and there were two plates of food on it.

"What time is it," I asked.

"Almost 7pm," she told me.

I had slept the entire afternoon away and still felt drained.

"Mom, I want you to know how sorry I am," I began when I sat down.

"Hush and eat your food. We can talk later."

The meal was a quiet affair with neither of us speaking. After we finished I cleared the table and washed the dishes, then went back to watching some more TV. Mom had vanished into her room. I was thinking she would stay in there, but

twenty minutes later she came out and sat on the other end of the couch. She had one of her white slips on, and as she tucked her feet up under herself it slid up on her thighs.

"I'm sorry I slapped you, Tom," she finally said.

"I understand, Mom. I deserved it for what I did to you," I replied.

"Oh sweetie, please look at me," she softly spoke.

Turning so one bent leg was on the couch and my back rested on the arm of it I gazed over at her. I could see her age clearly now. Little lines and wrinkles appeared near her mouth and eyes and several grey strands were visible in her hair. She was still a beautiful woman though.

"What happened with you is all biological," she began. "It would have happened to any man under those conditions."

"But I came on you, Mom," I stammered shamefully.

"Yes. Yes you did baby. But I realize now it wasn't entirely your fault," she whispered softly.

"How so," I asked, not really sure what to say.

"I don't know any other way to say this, so please forgive my bluntness. Mommy came on you too," she stated, her face blushing bright red.

Sheepishly I said, "I know, I felt it, and that is what pushed me over the edge, Mom."

"Oh my," she said placing a hand over her mouth. "That still doesn't answer a question I've been wondering about all day."

"What's that," I asked.

"Why were you...umm...so...uh...hard in the first place," she managed to ask.

"Certainly I didn't get you so excited," she continued before I could say anything.

I wasn't sure where this conversation was going, but I decided to be honest and open with her.

"Mom, you've been exciting me since I was a boy," I told her.

"I remember all the times you wanted to help me around the house," she chuckled. "And the times you climbed that tree too."

"What can I say, Mom," I said, my face red from embarrassment.

"But I'm your mother, Tom. Plus, I'm an old lady now, not something a young man would get aroused by."

Scooting closer to her I looked into her eyes, put one hand on her shoulder and the other lightly on her thigh.

"You are a vibrant, sexy woman, Mom. Please believe me when I tell you that any man would crave you, no matter what his age was."

Our eyes locked as we sat there. An uncontrollable urge to kiss her came over me. Leaning forward, I moved my hand from her shoulder to the back of her neck and pulled her head to mine. I could feel her stiffen until my lips touched hers. With her soft lips pressed against mine her resistance began to fade, until we were lost in the most smoldering kiss I'd ever had. Her arms came up and encircled my neck, pulled me tighter into her warmth as my other hand rose up and cupped her small breast through the smooth slip. Instantly I felt her nipple harden as my palm softly rubbed against it. Suddenly she placed her hands against my chest and pushed me away. Her eyes wide with fright and what looked to me like lust.

"Oh God, what are we doing. This is so wrong," she blurted out, before jumping off the couch and running to the bedroom.

Dumfounded, I just sat there. I couldn't believe that I had made a move on my own mother. Was I some sick twisted pervert I wondered? A few minutes of reflecting on this thought gave me no answers, so I decided to go to bed and pray that tomorrow would be better.

I was stretched out on the office couch for ten minutes or so when I heard the shower turn on. The first thing that popped into my head was that Mom was trying to wash my filth off her. The shower didn't last long; I heard her leave and then the sound of the bedroom door being gently closed. I lay there for another ten minutes before making up my mind to go and apologize.

Reaching the bedroom door, I was just about to knock when I heard a humming sound coming from her room. Putting my ear against the door I could barely hear her soft whispers.

"Yes, yes, ohhh shit, yes," I heard, followed by, " OOOHHH... GOD...TOM!"

Did she just call my name while getting off on that toy of hers? Shock gave way to immense arousal. My cock expanded in my jeans as I rushed to the bathroom, dropped my pants and boxers, then furiously stroked my hardness to a knee shaking orgasm. It was only after the euphoria had started to fade that an idea dawned on me. She could have been calling my Dad's name, not mine. Drained, I went to bed for what turned out to be a long and restless night.

Sunday morning I found Mom sitting at the dining table, wearing my robe, with her hands wrapped around her cup of coffee. I made one for myself and sat down across from her. She just stared down absently into her cup but I could see she was nervous. I knew I should say something but didn't know what. Seriously, how do you apologize to your mother for accidentally shoving your dick in her, and then coming on to her later? I didn't have a clue. We sat in silence for a while then she looked up at me. My heart sank when I saw the sadness in

her eyes and the worried look on her face. When she began to talk I could hear the reluctance in her voice.

"I want to apologize for what happened yesterday. If I hadn't been on that stool..." she left the rest unsaid.

Reaching across the table I took one of her hands in mine.

"You have nothing to apologize for, Mom. If I hadn't been acting like a complete perv by staring up your slip, things wouldn't have ended like they did," I tried to reason.

"But they did end like they did, and I'm so ashamed of it," she said, almost in tears.

Confused I asked, "What do you have to be ashamed of?"

"The fact that I couldn't control myself," she answered, leaving me even more confused than before.

"I'm sorry Mom, I'm not following what you're trying to say."

"Oh baby, its just when you were in me, it felt so good that I couldn't stop from..You know," she struggled to say.

"You mean having an orgasm," I softly asked.

Blushing, she said, "Yes."

"Hell Mom, if I hadn't had sex in four years I would've came as soon as I saw your bare butt on that stool," I laughed.

This seemed to lighten her mood. I got up and made us another cup then sat back down and asked what she wanted to do today. She told me to look outside first. When I peered out the kitchen window I saw sheets of rain pouring down, something that happens here a lot. So much for taking a nice stroll on the beach I told her. I said she could choose what we would do and she suggested we just cuddle on the couch and

watch TV all day. Neither of us was hungry, so we carried our coffee into the front room and made ourselves comfy on the couch. Mom sat next to me with her legs tucked under my too big robe and sipped her coffee. We scanned through the on-demand channels and planned our viewing pleasure for the day.

With our empty cups on the coffee table we settled back and Mom snuggle up against me. The first movie was kind of boring, but being this close together seemed to make it watchable. Halfway through though I noticed Mom kept twisting her shoulders back and forth as if trying to loosen up her back.

"Back hurting you, Mom," I asked.

"A little. I think it might have gotten wrenched yesterday," she answered.

"I can fix that for you," I said, getting up and bringing out a thick comforter from the office.

Moving the coffee table out of the way, I spread the comforter on the floor, told her to lie down and I would give her a back rub. After some feeble protesting she stood up and removed my robe. Underneath it she was wearing a pale blue slip that was more of a nightie than anything else. It hung to mid thigh and her areolas were just visible through the satiny material. I gave her a throw pillow off the couch and watched her stretch out on the comforter with her hands tucked under the pillow. Carefully I straddled the backs of her thighs and placed the palms of my hands at the small of her back and began to gently rub little circles in that area. She let out a little sigh of pleasure and told me that what I was doing felt good. Five minutes later however she complained that my jeans, the same ones I had slept in, were chaffing the outside of her thighs. Standing, I told her that I would put on some sweats.

"Do you have underwear on," she asked, turning her head enough to see my face.

"Boxers," I told her.

"Just remove your jeans then," she said, as her head settled back on the pillow.

I was barefoot so it didn't take long to pull the jeans off and toss them on the couch. The feel of her bare skin on mine was electric when I reclaimed my spot on the back of her thighs. I started in the same place and rubbed outward to her sides, gently kneading her muscles as I went. Gradually I went higher on her back and noticed that her slip was doing the same on her thighs. Running my hands down her sides to her hips then back up caused the hem of the slip to travel high enough that the beginning swell of her asscheeks started to show. I could feel my cock starting to inflate.

"Could you scoot up a little honey, you're hurting my knees," she said into the pillow.

Looking down I saw that I was almost sitting on the back of her knees. Sliding forward, I sat on her thighs so high that my

crotch was almost touching her ass. She didn't seem to mind, so I began massaging her again.

"Sorry," was all I said.

"That's okay baby, just keep doing what you're doing, it feels so good."

Her slip was completely off her ass by the time my hands reached her shoulder blades and my cock was hard as a rock. Pushing my hands gently down over her rib cages and upwards, I felt the outer swell of her small breast graze against my fingertips.

"Mmmmm," she moaned, as I let my fingers linger on the sides of her tits a little longer than I should have.

Moving my hands back up, I leaned enough to rub her shoulders and my crotch pressed against the soft roundness of her ass. The pressure of being against her cheeks caused

my cock to shift, before I could do anything about it all seven inches was laying between her butt crack. If she felt it, she didn't say anything. She just kept moaning softly into the pillow.

Slowly I worked my hands lower on her back, at the same time I slid further back on her thighs until my cock nestled at the junction of her womanhood. My pre-cum left a trail from the small of her back, all the way down the crack of her ass, then began leaking onto her fur covered slit. I was no longer able to stop myself. Leaning forward and lifting slightly, the head of my cock slid down past her slickened ass then into the wetness of her slit, and plunged inside the velvet smoothness of her pussy. I felt her cunt clamp down briefly, then slowly expand to allow more of my cock to enter her.

"NOOO, TOMMY!! We can't...do...this..." she moaned.

Her mouth said no, but when I felt her push back on me and take all my cock in, I knew that she wasn't going to stop. Using my hands on her hips and pulling backwards, I got us into a

doggy position. Not wanting this to be rushed, I got into a slow rhythm and gently stroked my cock in and out of her. After only a few minutes, I felt her pussy contract around my shaft and she started roughly slamming her ass back into me.

"OH GOD! OH GOD! OH MY GOD!!" she wailed.

She began to shake and tremble as her orgasm ripped through her body, her pussy clamped down on my shaft so hard that I could barely move in her. The hold on my shaft relaxed as she slowly collapsed to the comforter. I stayed in her and continued to pump slowly as she fought to catch her breath. I rode the sweetness of my mother's wet hot pussy, reveling in the immense pleasure my nerve-endings were feeling. When her pussy began to tighten again I shortened my strokes to almost a complete stop, just enough movement to tickle her walls.

"AAAARRRRRRRGGGGGHHHH!!" she screamed.

I started to really pound into her then. My pelvic bones bounced off her soft round ass making her cheeks jiggle. Knowing what was coming she began to twist violently trying to throw me off.

"NO, BABY!! I can get pregnant!" she screeched at me.

That brought me to my senses. Reluctantly I pulled my stiff rod from her drenched hole and lay down beside her, both of us having a difficult time breathing. Turning onto her side facing me she reached over and gently stroked my face. All I could see was love in her eyes.

"Oh Tommy, I'm so sorry I let that happen. It was wrong, but its all I've been able to think about since yesterday," she whispered.

"Mom, I love you more than anything else. I just want to make you happy," I told her.

"You did, honey. I'm almost sore from happiness," she chuckled, placing a hand on her mound.

Gently pushing her onto her back I told her I would fix that. She had a puzzled look on her face as I made my way down, spread her legs and climbed between them with my face hovering above her mound.

"What are you doing," she asked with a frown.

"Shhhh," I told her, before running my tongue up through the hair on her slit.

"Honey, don't do that. It's unsanitary," she protested.

Gazing up over her mound, I watched her reaction as my tongue flicked out and lapped flatly against the nub of her sensitive clit. Her eyes rolled back and she sucked in a sharp breath. Encouraged I began to lick and suck on her pussy with gusto. Fighting through the abundance of hair, I managed to

trap the inner lips of her pussy in my mouth and began to gently stretch them out, at the same time rolling them across my tongue. Her hips started to come up and meet my face when I stuck my tongue as deep as I could into her hole. The taste and aroma was intoxicating.

"EEEEEEEEEEGGGGGHHHH," she squealed.

Her thighs wrapped around my head pushing my face deeper into the folds of her twitching cunt, until I thought she might smother me. My tongue burrowed into her sweet Mommy hole before returning to lavish attention to her engorged clit once more. Her fluids began to leak out and coat my chin in her slickness.

"SHIT! OH SHIT! No ones ever done this to me before," she cried.

With her clit firmly clamped between my lips, my tongue relentlessly batting it back and forth, I moved my hand from her thigh and softly slide my index finger into her very wet

hole. She began to shudder as I twirled my finger around the tightness of her cunt, then she went off like a bomb, brutally slamming her crotch into my face.

"FUCK! FUCK! FUUUCCCCCKKKK!!" she screamed over and over before collapsing.

At first I thought she had fainted, but when I crawled up beside her I saw her eyes wide open, staring blankly at the ceiling. Her chest heaved as she tried to control her breathing, her diamond hard nipples poking through the top of her slip with each breath she took.

"God Tommy, that was the most pleasurable thing anyone's ever done to me," she managed between breaths.

"No one has ever gone down on you?"

"I've only been with your Father sweetie. And no, he certainly hasn't done that to me," she laughed.

"WOW! That's hard to believe, Mom," I said.

I was lying on my back and when she turned on her side to face me, her eyes fell on my still erect penis. She stared at it resting on my stomach, as if in a trance for some time, before placing her hand on it tentatively.

"Do you have any condoms," she asked, still fixated on my hard pole.

"No," I said sadly.

Gently rubbing her fingertips up and down my shaft she said, "We can't leave you like this."

Getting to her feet, she stared down at me with a look of concentration on her face. I've seen that look before. It was her problem solving face.

"Give me a few minutes then come into the bedroom," she told me as I watched her walk away.

Curiosity got the better of me in less than six minutes. I followed my stiffness to the open bedroom door and peered inside. Mom was lying naked on her tummy sideways on the bed, she had one hand clutching the power controls of her vibrator, and her other one was underneath her pushing the tool into her glistening pussy. Her legs were parted just enough for me to watch the rabbit climb into her hole as I approached the bed. Next to her left hip was a tube of lubricant, which explained why her slit looked so slick. The humming of the vibrator was becoming muffled as more of it disappeared up inside her.

"Be gentle with me, I've only done this a couple of times," she said, her face flat on the bed.

Understanding of what she was saying dawned on me as soon as I noticed she had smeared some of the lube onto her brown puckered hole. Pushing her legs closer together, I straddled

her thighs once more. The humming of the vibrator was drowned out when the inside of her thighs came together, trapping it and her hand between them. Putting one hand on a cheek and squeezing it out, I ran the thumb of my other hand gently over her hole spreading the lube around. Pressing the tip of my thumb gently against the resistance of her sphincter, I increased the pressure until it yielded, allowing my thumb to sink to the first knuckle. After a few seconds of pushing and pulling I was able to insert my whole thumb into her ass. She let out a grunt, but said nothing about stopping.

"Are you sure, Mom," I asked, worried.

"Yeah baby, just go slow," she replied.

I continued to work my thumb until she relaxed, then I replaced it with my index finger and pushed it all the way in at one time. Soon her sphincter loosened enough were I was able to push two fingers in and out of that tight hole. I could feel the vibrations from her toy against my fingers, and it felt like it was also rotating inside her. Pulling my fingers out I

took the tube of lubricant and spread some all around the head of my cock. Spreading her cheeks apart I let my cock slide into the crack of her ass, then I lifted my hips until my mushroom head was pointing at her opening. Grabbing the shaft of my cock, I held the head at the outer ring and pushed forward with my hips until I felt it pop through and enter her. Leaning, I placed my hands on the bed by each of her shoulders, until I was almost laying on her and slowly pushed deeper into her very tight ass.

Once half of my cock was in, I started rocking in and out slowly, increasing the depth on every second or third thrust, until all of my rock hard cock was engulfed. Laying flat against her back I placed my hands under her chest, cupped the small breast and tweaked her hard nipples with my fingers. She began to moan and must have gotten use to my invading member, because I could feel her pushing up against my downward thrust.

"Oh damn that feels good," she whispered.

Raining kisses on her neck and ears I began to increase my speed. I could feel the vibrator through the membrane

separating her pussy from her anus. The tip of her toy rotated in a twirling motion and rubbed against the underside of my cock-head, making my nerve endings scream with pleasure. My fingers pinched and pulled on her nipples and she began to buck wildly as I really started to pound into her. I felt the speed of the vibrator increase suddenly and Mom thrust up to meet me, her gasps bouncing off the bedroom walls. I couldn't hold back any longer and with one mighty thrust; I shoved my cock in as far as it would go. Loads of my hot sticky spunk gushed out of my cock and flooded her insides. We both screamed at the same time.

"MOMMMMMMYYYYYYYY!!" I bellowed, before falling on top of her.

"OOOHHHHHH FUUUUUUCCCCCKKKK!!" she screamed, as her body began to spasm underneath me.

The vibrator stopped, but I could still feel the tingle in my rapidly deflating penis as I lifted myself up and off my mother. I watched fascinated as my cock slipped from her

hole and some of my semen oozed out then ran down onto her hand holding the toy. Reaching between her legs, I gently slid the vibrator from her gaping pussy and sat it aside, before lying next to her. She smiled at me then slid into my arms. The touch of her warm soft breast pressed against my chest was comforting and we fell asleep feeling the beat of each other's hearts.

After we woke and showered together, we went and had something to eat; both of us famished. We also stopped at the drugstore and picked up two boxes of condoms. Early the next morning Dad called to see how things were going. I only heard Mom's side of the conversation.

"Everything's fine dear. But your son is not much on house cleaning, so I think I will have to make a trip once or twice a month to straighten him out," she told Dad, while rubbing her nipples and smiling at me.

It was hard to get any work done for the next two weeks, but somehow I managed to meet my deadlines. I didn't sleep in

the office any more either. On the day that Mom headed home I carried her stuff to the car where she gave me a respectful kiss on the cheek.

"When I come back, I might bring a surprise for you," she said mischievously, before getting in and driving off, leaving me standing there wondering what she meant by that.

Mom Cleans House Again

The warm sand felt good on my bare feet, as I walked over to a small hill overlooking the beach and sat down. It was close to 4pm on a very nice Friday afternoon but must have been too early since there were only a few people out on the sand. Most were jocks, but there were a couple of fine looking young women, including one in a green string bikini with enormous, although I suspect fake, tits. She smiled warmly in my direction as she passed and I let my gaze linger on her round tight ass until she was too far away to see it clearly. But my mind wasn't on scoring a beauty from the beach crowd. Been there, done that. Several times since I moved here, as a matter of fact.

No. Today my mind was occupied with the knowledge that my Mother was going to be here tomorrow. She had called this morning to let me know that she would drive up to visit and was looking forward to seeing me again. Since her call time just seemed to slow to a crawl. Tick-tock, tick-tock the clock in my head chimed mockingly. My head was filled with

memories of her last visit nearly five weeks ago. It had been two weeks of the most intense sex I have ever had. After coming to grips with the idea of us becoming lovers, she had turned into a fiery dynamo full of passion and heat. It was like she had been dying of thirst, and riding me damn near into exhaustion was the only thing that would quench that thirst. Tick-tock, tick-tock. Yes, it was going to be a long night.

By 9pm I had cleaned the place spotless just to keep myself busy. I also made sure my replenished cooking-oil supply was safely tucked in the cabinet under the kitchen sink. Better safe than sorry I figured. I tried to watch some TV but my excitement was only growing with each passing minute. Mom was coming. Sleep proved to be a fleeting thing. Memories of how she had sat on my stiff rod while I sucked on those hard nipples of hers bounced around my head until I was left with only one thing to do. Getting out of bed I went to the bathroom and pulled on my cock until I was left drained. This seemed to help a little and sleep finally came.

The next morning I was just finishing my first cup of coffee when the front door opened and Mom rushed in. Quickly

standing I rushed to her. She threw her arms around my neck and I cupped both her small round ass-cheeks and lifted her three inches off the floor. She was giggling as I spun us around in circles before I noticed the figure standing in the doorway. Freezing in my tracks, Mom's feet dangling and my hands filled with her ass-cheeks, I stared at the smiling face of Grandma Elsie, my Mom's mother.

"That's some welcome there boy," was the first thing out of her mouth, followed by, "Don't I get a hug?"

Placing Mom down, I walked to Grandma and put my arms around her waist then squeezed her to me. She hugged me back and whispered in my ear, "What, no ass grab for your dear ole granny?"

I knew she was only joking but I reached down and grabbed both her buns in my hands and squeezed. She squealed like a little girl and called me a naughty boy, before breaking the hug. I was completely surprised by the firmness of her butt.

"What a nice surprise," I said, turning to look at Mom with a wondering look on my face.

"Why don't you get our bags Tom, then we'll explain," Mom stated.

They each had only an overnight bag apiece so I put them in the bedroom, I returned to find both women in the kitchen fixing themselves cups of coffee. Hearing me Mom turned and asked if I wanted one too, a sad "I'm sorry" look on her face. I told her sure then stood there and watched them work.

Mom was wearing her favorite pink summer dress and having already felt her ass I knew she wasn't wearing panties. I could see her hair had been lightened and there were blonde highlights added in. I thought it made her look younger somehow. There was a healthy glow about her that I found appealing. Grandma Elsie had on a maroon floral print skirt that went to her ankles, and a light tan blouse that barely hid the color of the black bra she was wearing.

Standing there looking at the two women I couldn't help but compare them. Grandma was about four inches taller than Mom's five-one, and she probably weighed around one-thirty or so. I can positively say that her ass is a little meatier than Mom's, but not fat by any stretch of the imagination. Another thing about Grandma Elsie is her hips are wider and she has fairly large breast. About a 36D cup would be my guess. Her wavy shoulder length hair was dyed a bluish-silver, which I thought gave her an air of upper-class society. When she turned to face me I was pleasantly surprised to see her face was smooth and tanned a golden bronze.

"You're looking fabulous Grandma," I told her.

She beamed at my compliment and said, "Not bad for a sixty-six year old, huh?"

"Not bad at all Grandma," I replied.

"Takes a lot of work when you're my age, but you don't have to worry yet boy," she said.

She hardly ever called me by my name. It was always "boy", and I suspect always would be. I just put it down as being one of her quirks. We only saw each other on the holidays that she showed up for, usually Christmas or Thanksgiving, but never both in the same year. When Grandpa Jack suddenly died ten years ago she sold off their sizable farm next to Dad's, moved to Arizona and never looked back. As her golden tan can attest, life in the desert was good to her. She had invested smartly and was now comfortably well off. The whole family was happy for her and told her to enjoy life, something that I'm pretty sure she did. She did stay in touch with everyone, even calling me a few times to see how I was doing.

Since I only have two dining room chairs, we took our cups into the front room and settled on the couch. Mom told me that Grandma had been at the farm when she told Dad she was coming to see me. Wanting to see the ocean and lay on the beach was too much to pass up so she had decided to come too.

"So, what have you been up to Grandma," I inquired.

"Working on my tan and spending time at the gym," came her reply.

"How much time are you spending in the gym," Mom asked her.

"Enough time to stay in shape, and window shop all the hot young studs there," Elsie laughed.

"You're terrible Mom," my Mother said to her.

"You only live once Doris. Best to grab life by the balls while you can," she snickered.

We all cracked up with that. I asked how long they could stay and was told only for the weekend. When I asked if it was a problem for them to share the bedroom Mom said she wanted to sleep on the couch, and Grandma could take the bed. Both argued a little about who would sleep where until

Mom finally got her way. With that settled we made plans to stroll over to the beach later and have an impromptu picnic on the sand. We would get some fried chicken from the vendors near the beach, and a couple bottles of wine from the store down the street. I stayed on the couch while they went and put away their stuff. I was wondering if Mom had brought her power toy.

After they finished and came back into the front room we chatted some more, catching up on what was new with everyone and everything it seemed to me. Time wasn't going tick-tock, tick-tock anymore. If anything it was speeding up, something I definitely didn't want to happen. Mom wanted to stretch her legs so she volunteered to walk to the store for the wine since it was in the opposite direction as the beach. Grandma said she was going to change into her swimsuit and headed to the bedroom.

"Do you want me to come with you Mom," I asked.

"No sweetie, you stay and keep your Grandmother company. I won't be long," she said.

When Mom left I got up and seeing the bathroom door shut, I figured that Grandma was in there, so I went to the bedroom to get some beachwear. The door was ajar and I pushed it opened and stepped inside. Grandma Elsie was not in the bathroom. She was standing right in front of me by the bed, completely naked and holding the bottoms of her swimsuit. The first thing that ran through my head was, "Holy shit. This woman can't be sixty-six years old." Her bronze tan didn't cover her breast or hip area and the skin was white as snow. Her sizable tits had only a little sag to them, the dark brown areolas and pointy nipples in stark contrast to the white of her large globes. Lowering my eyes I saw her tummy had a small bulge but looked solid, and over her mound was a neatly trimmed bush of grey and brown pubic hair. She stared at my slag-jawed face but made no effort to cover herself. A sly smile played on what I saw were very full lips. With my face burning red hot I apologized profusely, while backing out and closing the door behind me. I ran to the couch and flopped down on it waiting for Grandma to come and ream my ass.

When she came out all she did was smile and then asked, "Well boy, what do you think of your old granny?"

"Very impressive Grandma," I managed to stammer, still waiting for her to come unglued.

She just walked into the kitchen and got some more coffee instead. My sigh of relief hung there in the air. The semi-transparent white cover-up she had on did nothing to hide her modest beige swimsuit from me prying eyes. The bottoms covered the swell of her ass quite nicely and her large breasts were completely encased in the cups of her top. It was while I watched her ass cheeks bounce with each step she took that the word juicy popped into my head. A smile crossed my lips. I now knew for sure that I hadn't outgrown my adolescent perv stage after all. Hell, I might have even started to drool if Mom hadn't chosen that moment to get back from the store.

After figuring out what we would need at our picnic I put it all in a large canvas tote that had been lying around unused in

my closet. We had paper cups, napkins, wine, suntan oil and towels in case anyone decided to swim. I knew it was going to be a bitch to get all the sand out of it, but I grabbed the comforter that Mom and I had started our incestuous relationship on. I found it oddly titillating that Grandma would be lounging on the spot were I had stuffed my cock into her daughter.

"Are you going to change into a swimsuit," I asked Mom.

"No. I think I'll just wear what I have on. Besides, I don't even own a one," she answered.

"They sell those butt floss thong ones by the beach. We can stop and get you one of those, I'll pay even," I teased her.

"Not on your life buster," she replied aghast. Her reaction caused both Grandma and I to bust out laughing.

"Oh you are a naughty boy aren't you," Grandma said when her laughter died down.

"Just trying to help," I said, trying to put a serious look on my face. I failed miserably and burst out laughing again when I saw the horrified look on Mom's face.

After I changed into cut-offs and a polo shirt we headed out. I did buy all three of us a wide-brimmed straw hat when we reached the beach. Mine was more of a cowboy style one, theirs was larger and floppy, like something you would wear to work in the garden. I took them to the same little hill I had been on yesterday and spread out the comforter. We had gotten a small container of chicken from one of the vendors, and since alcohol wasn't allowed on the beach, we sat in a circle to block anyone's view as the cups were filled. After we each had some chicken and a couple more cups of wine, Grandma said she was going to stroll through the waves. Mom and I watched her drop the cover-up and head to the water, her tanned and toned figure catching several guys' eyes.

"I'm sorry that Mom came along Tommy," she said when we were finally alone.

"That's okay. I understand," I told her.

"I couldn't just tell her no, without some reason why she couldn't come," Mom persisted.

Stretching out on the comforter I reached over and took her hand in mine, looking up into her eyes I said, "Don't worry, as long as I get to see you I don't mind."

"Yes, but I wanted us to be alone. I even got my doctor to give me birth control pills."

"You mean..." I asked hesitantly.

"That's right sweetie. No more condoms," she replied with a big smile.

Off in the distance we watched Grandma wading waist deep in the ocean, the floppy brim of her hat flapping in the cool breeze. Mom picked up the suntan oil and asked if I wanted her to put some on me. I told her no, but I would gladly spread some on her if she wanted.

"I would love to feel you doing that baby, but I don't think we should be too obvious with my Mother nearby," she said in a sad tone.

"Bummer," I said gazing longingly at her sitting there with her legs straight out and the sundress tucked in.

She started applying oil to her arms then moved to her legs. Working her way up, she raised her knees and began to oil her lower thighs, causing her dress to slide up on them. She quickly tucked the hem of her dress under her before I could get a peek of anything. I watched intently as her hands caressed the oil into her smooth creamy thighs. When she started rubbing it on the inner parts of her thighs, I felt that

familiar tingle deep in my groin and my cock began to inflate. Abruptly standing I removed my shirt and headed to the calming ocean water to deflate.

It took some time for my dick to shrink in the cool water. I swam around and out as far as I dared before finally feeling secure enough to return to our spot. When I got there Mom was lying on her stomach with her arms under her head, Grandma was on her back and she had the straw hat covering her face. The bottoms of Grandma's suit was soaking wet, and I could see the wet material had wedged itself into the cleft of her pussy giving her a perfect cameltoe. Back to the water I went.

The sun was just going down by the time we headed home. We had killed off the wine so I continued to the store while Mom and Grandma went inside my place. Mom was in the shower by the time I got back and Grandma was sitting on the couch waiting her turn. I went to the kitchen and got three tumblers then sat on the couch with Grandma. Turning on the boob tube I handed the remote to her and said to put it on anything she found interesting. A few minutes later Mom

emerged from the bathroom and Grandma went in to take her shower. Mom put her clothes in the bedroom and joined me on the couch. I was happy to see she had on the satiny black slip she'd worn on her last visit.

Grandma didn't take long and soon came into the room wearing an almost identical slip as Mom's. I now knew where Mom's penchant for slips came from. The swaying of her large breast as she moved let me know that she was braless, and the way the slip tucked itself into her butt crack made me think she wasn't wearing panties either. Yep, the return of that tingling feeling was my cue to take my own shower. I grabbed the only pair of pajama bottoms I owned from the dresser in the bedroom and went to the bathroom. How I reframed from stroking out a good one is something I'll never know.

Both of them were sitting on the couch at opposite ends slowly sipping wine and idly watching TV when I returned. I was struck by how much they seemed to be alike. Their feet were tucked under them and the black slips showed off an abundance of leg, Mom's a little pale compared to Grandma's. Seeing me in my thin cotton pajama bottoms and white t-

shirt they each patted the spot between them and told me to sit. I picked the glass of wine from the coffee table someone had poured for me and nestled myself between them on the soft couch.

"I had a lovely time today boy," Grandma said without looking away from the TV.

"So did I," Mom chimed in.

"Glad to hear that. What do you ladies want to do tomorrow?"

"Whatever you two want to do is fine with me," Grandma said, looking at us while placing her hand high on my thigh and patting me. When she turned back to the TV I was very aware she hadn't removed her hand.

Mom put her arm around my shoulders and snuggled up against me before saying, "Well I don't care what we do, I'm just glad to spend some time with my son."

My wine fogged mind was having difficulty trying to understand what was going on here. Was there some sort of signal that I missed? Maybe it was just the effects of the wine I told myself. Whatever it was I didn't want it to stop, the perv in me was having way too much fun.

It took almost awhile to finish the bottle of wine and by then the effects were showing on each of us. I knew that Mom and I weren't going to get any alone time tonight. When they were at the sink rinsing the empty glasses I scooted in-between them and gave both a sideways hug. My arms encircled them underneath theirs, and being daring, I allowed my fingertips to graze the sides of their breast briefly.

"Well ladies, I think I'll go to bed," I said, squeezing them to me before turning away.

"That sounds like a good idea. Think I will do the same," Mom said.

"Me too," Grandma added yawning.

"Goodnight Mom, goodnight Grandma."

"Goodnight son. Goodnight boy," I heard them say as I entered the office.

I left the door partially opened, stripped off my shirt and laid down on the couch. I could hear them putting things away and conversing in hushed tones as I lay there trying to will myself to sleep. Several times I heard the patter of bare feet coming and going from the bedroom. Must be Mom getting covers and a pillow for the front couch I thought as I nodded off.

I don't know how long I'd been asleep before waking suddenly. Getting up I quietly went into the front room on my way to get something to drink; my tongue felt like dry cotton. Some light from the streetlights filtered into the room but not enough to really see anything. As I passed close to the couch I was barely able to see the sleeping form on it. The

head area was in darkness, but as I strained to see I was able to tell that Mom's knees were up and were parted almost obscenely.

Straining to hear any noise coming from the bedroom I crept over until I was right next to the couch. It was too dark to make out any details as I slowly lowered myself to the floor on my knees. Thinking that Mom and I could have a little fun finally, I began to run my hand over the smooth flesh of her outside leg. Bending over I started kissing her ankle softly, working my way slowly up to the calf. A soft moan nearly scared the shit out of me before I realized it came from the couch. Encouraged I continued planting kisses till I was kissing the outside of her thigh.

"Mmmmm..." came another moan.

Not hearing any other sounds in the house I carefully positioned her outside leg over my shoulder with the back of her knee resting on it. Lovingly I let my lips work over the creamy softness on the inside of her thigh until I was almost

at my prize. I held her leg on my shoulder with one hand while the other stroked the supple softness of her other leg. I wanted desperately to see her but there was only darkness. Pubic hair tickled my nose just as I stuck my tongue out and licked the outer fringes of my Mother's cunt. A louder moan escaped her as soon as my tongue found the lips of her labia and pressed in-between the meaty sweetness of them. Her pungent odor was nectar to my nostrils as I licked up through her slit and reached an already engorged clitoris. It felt big enough to be sucked on like a nipple, so I clamped down on it with my lips and assaulted the hard nub vigorously.

"Yes. Yes. Yes," her soft moans echoed in my ears.

I had just started to wash her clit with my saliva-coated tongue when her thighs clamped together over my ears and her ass pushed up pressing her steaming pussy onto my mouth. Breathing through my nose I forced my tongue in her slit and straight up into her tightly contracting hole.

"OH YEEESSSSSS," she screamed into the blanket to muffle her cries.

"Oh Mom you taste so good," I softly whispered, as her juice flooded out onto my tongue.

Her thighs relaxed their hold on my head just in time for me to hear the bedroom door open. I froze with my tongue still probing her hot wet hole, until the sound of the bathroom door closing gave me the chance to silently run back to the office. I jumped on the couch and tried to get my racing heart to slow down. I heard the toilet flush followed by the opening of the bathroom door, and then I heard someone at my door breathing softly.

"Tommy. Are you awake," Mom whispered from just inside my room.

"Yeah Mom, I'm awake," I replied softly.

Mom quietly shut the office door and told me to watch my eyes before she turned on the light. She walked toward me

and I could see her face was slightly flushed, her hardened nipples poking out made points against the fabric of her slip.

"I couldn't sleep so I thought I'd see if you were up," she said.

"I couldn't sleep either," I told her.

"Since we're both up..." her smile finished the sentence.

Standing I embraced her running my eager hands all over her soft warm body. She returned the gesture with the same amount of enthusiasm. I guess she wanted me to finish what I had started in the front room. Before we really got hot and heavy she pushed me back some and held her hand up to signal for me to stay.

"Remember I told you I would have a surprise for you when I came back," she asked.

"Getting the birth control pills wasn't my surprise?"

"Noooo," she said and then reached down, grabbed the hem of her slip and lifted it up to her waist.

I was speechless. Staring back at me was the most perfectly shaved pussy you would ever hope to see. Her inner labia was snugly trapped between the smooth puffy outer lips and I could just see the clitoris peeking from its protective hood. There wasn't a single hair to be seen. I was pretty sure my mouth was hanging open at the sight of my Mother's bald pussy.

"Wow Mom," was all I could manage.

"You like?"

"Yeah, I like it very much. Did you just do that?" I immediately knew that was a stupid question. She wouldn't have had time since my mouth had been on it.

"No sweetie, I did this before I left home," she answered.

The realization of whose pussy I had just tongue fucked hit me like a ton of bricks. My knees got weak and I backed up against the couch and sat down on the edge. The frightened look on my face scared Mom and she rushed over and sat next to me.

"What's wrong Tommy," she asked with a puzzled expression.

"You didn't sleep on the couch," I asked, wanting to verify what I already knew.

"Uh... No, your Grandma said the bed was too hard for her so we switched places, why?"

"Oh my God!" I said burying my face in my hands.

"What? Tell my Tommy," she pleaded.

"Please don't hate me Mom," I whispered into my hands.

Mom put an arm around my shoulder and said, "I could never hate you son. Now tell me what's wrong."

"I thought you were on the couch and I..." I began, but stopped when I looked up at her concerned face.

"Tell me," she insisted while rubbing my back soothingly.

"Okay," I said.

Then I told her how I thought it was her on the couch, and when I saw her spread legs I wanted to wake her up in a pleasing way. Mom is no dummy so I could tell by her eyes that she understood exactly what I was saying.

"A pleasing way huh? What sort of pleasing way," she encouraged me to tell her.

"I..uh..sorta..kinda..." I was having trouble saying.

"Yes?"

"I ate Grandma out," I blurted. There, I said it. "I tongued my Grandmother."

Mom's eyebrows shot up and I couldn't figure out what she was thinking. Her hand had stopped rubbing my back. She placed both of them in her lap and sat there quietly digesting the news. It was a few minutes before she said anything.

"Well. That should give Mom some nice dreams tonight," she said, and then burst out in quiet laughter.

I didn't know what to think but it didn't matter. Mom put her arm back around me, placed her head on my shoulder and reached down and cupped my balls through my pajamas.

"Speaking of nice dreams," she whispered.

My cock sprang to attention with that remark. Mom had me stand in front of her then pulled my pajamas down around my ankles. One soft hand clasped my shaft and began to stroke while the other rubbed my ass.

She looked up into my face with twinkling eyes and softly said, "Let me do some pleasing."

I stood there looking down and watched as she moved her lips closer and closer to my now raging seven inches. I saw her tongue snake out and lick the tip right before her mouth opened and swallowed the bulbous head of my dick. She had given me head a couple of times on her last visit, but it was obvious that she was not very experienced at doing it. I wasn't complaining, instead I shut my eyes and concentrated on the

pleasure Mom's mouth was giving me. Neither of us noticed the office door silently swing open.

"Well, this is interesting," we heard Grandma say.

Mom froze with half my cock still in her mouth. My eyes flew open and turning my head I saw Grandma Elsie leaning against the doorframe. She had her arms folded under her breast pushing the white globes up and almost out the top of her black slip. I could see the lust in her eyes and a wicked looking smile plastered on her face as she lowered her arms and stepped toward us.

"Damn Doris, if you're going to do that, then at least do it right," she said.

Before Mom could spit my cock out, or I could react, Grandma was beside us. Mortified I watched as she tugged my dick out of Mom's mouth, then bent over and swallowed my entire length down her throat. With her nose in my pubic hair she began to hum. The feeling was unbelievable. When she

pulled back then repeated the deep throating of my cock I was sure I would lose it. Before I could blow my load though, she pulled her mouth away and knelt on the floor next to Mom on the couch.

"That, sweet daughter of mine, is how you eat man meat," Grandma said as her hand gently stroked my shaft.

"You knew about Tommy and me," Mom asked in a frightened voice.

"I knew from the moment I saw you at the farm you were getting it from somewhere. Lord knows it wasn't from your husband, but I sure didn't think it was from your own son," Grandma answered.

"You must think I'm disgusting," Mom told her.

Grandma let go of my rod and put her arms around Mom and began to stroke her hair gently.

"No baby girl, I don't think you're disgusting. I think you are a woman who has needs and found a way to fulfill them is all," Grandma told her before adding, "Now why don't we move this party into the bedroom."

I almost tripped over my pajamas bunched around my ankles when Grandma grabbed hold of my penis and began to pull me behind her.

"Come along boy. You've got unfinished business to take care of," Grandma chuckled as she led me to the bedroom using my dick as a leash.

When we reached the bedroom Grandma had me sit on the edge of the bed and made Mom stand in front of me. She left the room and returned with one of the dining room chairs and placed it near the foot of the bed. Mom and I just stared at each other in disbelief, neither of us knowing what was next. We watched as Grandma went over to one of their overnight bags, reached in and pulled out Mom's power toy

and a tube of lube. She gave Mom a look that said, "Yeah, I knew this was in there."

After placing the toy on the foot of the bed, Grandma stepped behind Mom and slid the straps of her slip off her freckled shoulders. I sat there in utter fascination as Mom's slip slowly glided down her torso and her small upturned tits came into view. The slip fell the rest of the way off and landed in a heap at her feet. Grandma put her arms around Mom's waist and slowly started running her hands over the flat smooth tummy, then changed direction and traveled up and cupped Mom's breast. When Grandma's fingers began to tweak the pointy nipples, I saw Mom close her eyes and lean her head back on her Mother's shoulder.

"Ummmmmmmm," a sigh of contentment escaped Mom's lips.

Watching the whole thing unfold I noticed Mom's nipples expand and grow harder by the second as Grandma worked them relentlessly. Mom moved one of her hands to her stomach then let it trail down until her fingers slid into the

puffiness of her folds. First one finger disappeared up in her, then two while her thumb rubbed hard against her clit in an up and down motion. Whenever Mom pulled her fingers partway out I could see they were wet and glistened from her womanly juices. My cock stood pointing out in her direction and throbbed with anticipation. Mom's fingers moved faster and my rod throbbed harder, almost painfully.

The whole time Grandma just stared at me as she drove Mom toward the brink. Then without saying anything she began to nudge Mom closer to where I sat on the edge of the bed. Grandma told me to slide back some but not to lie down. She reached down and pulled Mom's hand away from her mound, then gently indicated for her to straddle my thighs. Once Mom had her knees on the bed and was sitting on my upper thighs Grandma moved to the side of us. She then held my cock, pointing it straight out, and placing a hand on Mom's ass she pushed. Mom wiggled forward more and more, until my cock began to enter the outer lips of her slit. I watched in awe as more and more of my cock slid into my Mother's bald wet cunt, as her naked hard clit scraped against the top of my shaft. Mom shifted in my lap enough to put her legs out and

around my waist. Then using her feet for leverage against my ass she pulled herself forward on my lap until all of me was engulfed in the heat of her tunnel.

Our arms wrapped around each other and we stay in this position, the only movement coming from her contracting pussy and my throbbing pole. Looking over Mom's shoulder, I watched Grandma step back and push the straps of her slip from her shoulders and let it fall to the floor. The sight of her rich brown areolas and pointy nipples against the pure whiteness of her breast was mesmerizing and my cock grew even harder. I sat there holding Mom's body tightly to mine, her small soft tits pressing firmly into my chest as Grandma sat on the chair.

"You two won't mind if I just watch will you," Grandma asked, not expecting an answer nor getting one.

Mom began to rock back and forth on my lap and small moans of pleasure soon bounced off the bedroom walls. When Grandma took the vibrator, lubed it up, and in one

swift movement plunged it all the way inside her hairy cunt I started thrusting harder into Mom's smoldering pussy.

"Slow down boy. You need to please you Mother first," I heard my Grandmother say.

Twisting carefully so I didn't hurt her leg, I rolled Mom onto her back and pulled my rock hard penis from her. I could hear a sucking sound as my cock cleared her hole. Standing at the edge of the bed I pulled her to me by her upthrust thighs until her ass was almost off the bed. Sinking to my knees I hungrily began to lick the juices from her slit. My tongue sank deeper into her cleft, then into her hot tight hole as far as I could push it. With her feet on my shoulders and legs spread wide I bobbed my head up and down, driving my protruding tongue ever deeper into her slickness. The constant humming of the vibrator in the background spurred me to new heights of lust.

"That's it boy, make your Momma feel good," Grandma said as she stroked the toy into herself.

"OHHHHHHH SHIT!" Mom shouted when I moved my tongue onto her clit.

Grandma pulled the toy from her cunt, threw it on the bed and knelt behind me pressing her large warm tits against my back. One of her hands went around my waist and grabbed the base of my cock and squeezed.

"That's it boy. Eat that pussy," she kept whispering in my ear over and over.

"OH GOD YES. DON'T STOP! PLEASE DON'T STOP!" Mom shouted as she smashed her soaking cunt against my mouth.

Holding tightly to her thighs I plunged my face into her heat and drove my tongue into her hole. I could feel her orgasm building as I explored her depths with increasing force. Soon her ass lifted off the bed, her body stiffened briefly then began to shake and spasm.

"AAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!!!" she cried, as her juices coated my tongue.

Her body went limp but I wasn't anywhere near finished. Keeping her ankles on my shoulders I stood up then leaned forward, sinking my cock into her cunt till my balls slapped her ass. Grandma was still kneeling behind me and when I leaned into Mom I felt her hand cupping my balls and her wet tongue licking them. Mom's eyes stared at me adoringly as I pumped my raging tool deep into her extremely wet pussy. Faster and faster I slammed into her while Grandma somehow managed to continue to lick my balls. I felt the explosion coming from deep down inside me. Torrents of hot sticky spunk gushed into Mom's pulsating pussy, so much that it immediately overfilled her velvet canal and began to run down the crack of her ass.

"AAAAHHHHHH FUUCCCCCKKKKKKK!!!" I screamed as I emptied into her.

Unable to stand anymore I staggered back passed Grandma and managed to plop down on the dining chair. Mom's ass was still on the edge of the bed and her legs were up in the air splayed wide. I watched, still trembling from the force of my orgasm, as Grandma buried her face between her daughter's legs and began to lick up our juices. I found the scene in front of me highly erotic as I watched Grandma clean Mom's pussy with her tongue. Catching me completely by surprise my dick began to swell again. That has never happened so quickly before in my life. Stroking myself and watching Grandma eat Mom soon had me fully hard again. Getting up I went and stood behind Grandma.

"Mom, scoot back on the bed," I said.

When she had moved far enough, I told Grandma to climb onto the bed with her ass over the edge a little. She understood what I had in mind and placed her wide spread knees at the edge of the bed, then leaned forward and started licking Mom's pussy once more. With Grandma on her elbows and knees I stepped up and placed one hand on her snow-white butt. With my other hand I grabbed my shaft and

guided the head of my cock to Grandma 's trimmed furry slit and started running it up and down the length of it. Her inner lips were very meaty and the size of her erect clit was gigantic compared to a normal one. How I hadn't noticed when I had been licking her earlier was a mystery to me. Playfully I slapped the head of my dick against that big clit for several seconds, watching intrigued as it swelled even bigger. It was almost like a mini penis.

Grandma stopped licking long enough to look back at me and say, "Stop teasing me boy and shove that beef-stick in your granny's pussy."

That was all the encouragement I needed. Dragging the head through her hair-lined slit until I was at her hole, I slowly pushed all of my cock into my Grandmother. Since I had just cum I knew that it would be longer before I shot again. Grabbing her soft fleshy hips I started stroking into her at a comfortable pace, pulling almost out before sliding all the way back in. I could feel my hanging balls slap against her large clit with each forward stroke.

"Uh. Uh. Uh," I heard Grandma say each time my balls made contact with her clit.

Looking over Grandma's back I was able to see that Mom had her eyes locked on me and was smiling. I smiled back and watched her small tits bounce each time I slammed into Grandma's cunt. Grandma had her tongue in Mom and the force of my thrust caused her tongue to penetrate a little deeper each time. Mom's eyes suddenly rolled back in her head and she thrashed wildly against Grandma's face.

"OHHHH MY GOD!!!" Mom wailed as she went over the top again.

Her screams of ecstasy drove me into a frenzy of lust filled madness. I started to savagely pound my hard cock into Grandma's meaty cunt, slapping my balls against her clit with ever increasing force. Grandma got off her elbows and onto her hands and matched my ferocious pounding with equal force. Her ass cheeks rippled each time she slammed them against me.

"THAT'S RIGHT BOY! FUCK ME HARDER!" she shouted.

I punched my rock hard cock into her increasingly slicker cunt until I felt her muscles clamp around my shaft in violent spasms. It was all I could take, my balls drenched the inside of Grandma's slippery hole and I jerked uncontrollably with each spurt. I was too out of breath to utter a word.

"UUUUUUUGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHH SHIT YES!!!" she screamed, and then we both collapsed on top of Mom, my cock still in Grandma's pussy.

It didn't take long for my rapidly deflating cock to slip out of Grandma's saturated cunt. I rolled onto my back and stared at the ceiling wondering how in the hell this all got started. First I fucked my Mother, and now my Grandmother. Who's next? My Aunts? Looking over at the women I saw that Grandma had slid up and now they were holding each other in a tender embrace. Both had a huge smile on their face, and I knew that

come morning they would most likely fuck me to death. My smile was just as big as theirs.

Mom Cleans House for The Last Time

The next few days went by smoothly. Grandma spent most of her time at the beach or shopping, when she wasn't over at Mandy's place anyway. I was able to concentrate on work during the day and in the evenings I hung around the house watching TV. I figured that Grandma was getting her sexual needs taken care of by Mandy since she hadn't made any advances with me. I'm sad to have to admit it, but I was actually grateful she left me alone. I wasn't completely rested from the other day.

Wednesday morning she borrowed my car saying Mandy was going to show her some of her favorite stores in town. I told her to have a good time then got to work. Since the thought

of visiting Mom and Dad had popped into my head I was having trouble focusing on my assignments. Around noon I called and talked to my boss. Lying my ass off I told him there was a family emergency and wanted to take the rest of the week off. He said that wouldn't be a problem as long as I took my laptop, in case they had to send me something that needed fixed right away. I had already discussed going with Grandma and she said it would be fine with her, since most of her clothes were there anyway. With that settled I began looking forward to at least a long weekend at the parent's place.

With my back against the arm of the couch, my knees raised and my feet on the cushions, I was just about to bite into the pizza I had delivered when Grandma walked in the front door. Immediately I noticed that her hair had been done, it had more bounce to the wavy locks and the silver-blue color looked fresher. Sitting the two large shopping bags she held in her hands down, she walked over in front of me and asked what I thought of her new outfit. She was wearing a pale blue knee length dress that looked like it was made from pure silk, with a modest neckline that dipped just low enough to show

off the string of pearls around her neck. Her legs were covered in sheer black nylons with a seam running down the back, spiked four-inch black heels adorned her feet. She did a slow twirl letting me get the whole effect. My appreciative cock began to expand, so it was a good thing all I had on was my robe. Don't want any restrictions to get in the way.

"What do you think," she asked, obviously pleased with how the dress subtly showed off her figure.

"You look absolutely gorgeous Elsie," I complimented her.

"Wait till you see what else I got. Mandy took me to the most darling little shops," she gushed before grabbing the bags and rushing to the bedroom.

Taking a swig of the beer I had been nursing I glanced at the cable box and saw that it was six-thirty. I chugged the rest of the beer and got another, then sat down in the same position as before waiting for her to return, the pizza completely forgotten about.

The next outfit she modeled took my breath away. She had on a sheer black nightgown with a plunging neckline that showed off the top swell of her ample breast. The front had ties that held it together; her unencumbered white breast and dark nipples were clearly visible through the filmy material. Underneath she had on red bikini panties with black lace borders at the waist, leg openings and running in a line through the center of the crotch. I could see her large clit peeking through the slit in front. The seamed nylons were held up by a black and red garter belt strapped around her hips while the spiked heels made her leg muscles stand out proudly. I killed off my beer in several large gulps before saying anything.

"You...look...so... hot Grandma," I stammered.

"Why thank you boy. I thought you might like this little number," she purred.

"Oh, I like it very much," I said, absently reaching between my legs and fondling my dick.

"I guess you do," she chuckled, and then added, "You need another beer sweetie?"

I just nodded my head and watched her strut her stuff toward the fridge, her ass bouncing and swaying hypnotically. I popped the top of the beer she handed me, took a long pull on it while she sat on the opposite end of the couch, in the same position I was in. Her nylon clad knees parted as her free hand slowly crept down over her breast until it reached the junction between her thighs. With her index finger gently manipulating her hardening clitoris she sipped her beer and calmly stared into my face. I stared back as my hand rubbed lightly on my rapidly stiffening member.

"I'll let you watch if I can," she whispered.

"I would love that," I said, keeping my eyes on her face.

Untying my robe I folded the halves to each side so Grandma could look at all of me. My ball sack rested on the cushion and spread out under my now hard cock, my hand circled the shaft and casually stroked back and forth. Taking her fingers off her clit she undid the ties on her nightgown and pushed each front section over to the sides. Her dark brown areolas, sitting against the starkness of her milky white tits, stared at me as she dropped her hand back onto her mound. Once again her finger teased the engorged clit. We stayed in this position for some time calmly sipping our beers, playing with ourselves for the enjoyment of the other to witness.

When her hand moved further down on her crotch I was unable hold her gaze. Looking between her legs, I watched as her middle finger slid between the gap in the panties and sank into her cunt. Trapping her pussy lips with two fingers she pulled and stretched them out through the opening. Gently she brushed each meaty petal to the side with her fingertips until they lay over on the hair covering her puffy outer lips. This gave me a perfect view into the opening of her moist tunnel. The pink muscles at her entrance were clenching and

unclenching repeatedly, as if seeking something to suck on as her finger returned to rubbing her stiffened bud.

Sitting the beer on the floor and pushing my robe off, I knelt between Grandma's knees close enough to touch her. Reaching out with one hand I slid a finger gently into her contracting pussy, while my other hand worked furiously along the shaft of my cock. She took her thumb and forefinger and began to masturbate the nearly inch long clit like a dick. I stuck another finger into her well-lubricated snatch and started finger fucking her tunnel in rapid jabs, as the tempo of my own strokes increased. Pre-cum leaked from my penis while her juices thickly coated my plunging fingers. I looked up when I heard her beer slipped from her hand and hit the floor. Her eyes were tightly shut and a very long moan poured from her open mouth. I felt her pussy clamp down on my fingers and a flood of wet hot cream flowed past them. My first rope of sticky white spunk landed on her left nipple before I forced my rod down and pointed the head directly at her huge clit. I shot the rest of my load over her clit and finger until they were a gooey mess.

Spent, I sat back on my feet and watched Grandma take her free hand and scoop the jizz off her tit with her fingers. She opened her eyes and stared at me as she brought her fingers to her mouth and sucked the cream off them. Her other fingers continued to spread the rest of it around her clit while some trickled down into her slit and leaked into the crack of her ass.

"Mmm...tasty," she said as she licked her fingers clean.

Looking at the mess I'd made I told her not to move and got a warm washcloth from the bathroom. Using the damp cloth I cleaned off the spunk from her fingers and then wiped as much as I could from her sodden crotch. She began to undulate her hips forward slightly when the washcloth circled her still erect clit. Without thinking I dropped the cloth on the floor and smothered her cunt with my mouth, sucking both her labia and huge clit in at the same time. Feverishly I lapped and sucked, digging my tongue deep into her cleft before taking her clit and massaging it with my lips. I could taste the salty mixture of our juices on my tongue as her furry box bucked against my mouth faster and faster.

"That's it boy. Lick that pussy," Grandma whimpered.

Eagerly I punished her cunt with my lips and tongue as I reached up and pinched each of her nipples repeatedly. Taking my other hand I placed two fingers on her long clit and stroked up and down on it, at the same time plunging my tongue deep into her hot hole.

"OHHH...SHIIITTTT!" she screamed when her orgasm exploded.

My face rode her bucking and trembling center until she gradually brought herself under control. Scooting upwards I lay my head on her heaving chest between her soft breasts, the tip of my semi-hard penis gently touching the flaps of her juicy pussy. When the palm of my hand rolled her hard nipple she clasped it in hers and held it still.

"No...more...too sensitive," she whispered.

Content with just holding her in my arms listening to her heart thump in her chest, I savored her warmth radiating into me. The drumming of her heart slowed and she kissed the top of my head, before softly running her fingers through my hair.

"Goddamn boy. You sure know how to make this old lady feel good," she eventually said.

"I love making you feel good, Elsie," I whispered back.

We must have fallen asleep like that, because when I looked at the cable box it was showing almost 10pm. Careful not to wake her, I put the pizza in the fridge and the spilt beer in the sink. She was snoring softly when I returned. Not wanting to leave her out here I managed to carry her to the bedroom without waking her up. It was quite a struggle, but I removed her nightgown and damp crotchless panties, then somehow got her under the covers. As soon as she was covered she turned away from me and lay in a fetal position. Already

naked I crawled in and spooned up against her; my cock nestled under her ass and against the heat of her fur-lined pussy. Blood filled my rod and I knew that I wouldn't be able to sleep in this position. I thought about turning over to my other side but changed my mind. Instead I scooted down till the angle was right, worked the head of my dick up into her slick tunnel before scooting back up. With half of my rigid cock being held comfortably in the tight confines of my Grandmother's wet cunt, I put my arm over her and quickly fell asleep.

I woke up early but Grandma was already out of bed. Not finding my robe I padded naked to the front room, after a much-needed stop at the toilet to relieve my aching bladder. My robe was still on the couch so I put it on and fixed a cup of coffee. Grandma was at the table talking on her cell phone dressed in her short white slip. Taking my coffee I joined her there and ease-dropped on her conversation.

"So you understand what you have to do," she asked whomever she was talking to.

"Okay. The boy's up now, so we should be leaving shortly," she told the other person.

"Remember to charge the batteries in that fancy camera I got you," she said into the phone, before saying goodbye and hanging up.

"That was Doris, in case you're curious," she told me.

I was, but didn't want her thinking I was being nosey. What her and Mom had been talking about did have my curiosity up though. And what about this fancy camera Grandma was talking about? The only camera I remember Mom ever owning was an old instamatic that I'm sure has seen better days.

"What's this about a camera," I asked.

"I bought her one of those ones that records on a DVD for her birthday last year. But I don't think she has even taken it out of the box yet," she answered.

"Cool," was all I could come up.

Grandma made us a nice breakfast and then I helped clean the dishes, making sure to rub up against her soft ass whenever I stood behind her at the sink.

"We don't have time for any Tom-Foolery boy. We need to get ready and hit the road," she said, swatting my hands from her ripe tits.

With our bags packed, and some of Grandma's new purchases in my extra suitcase, we hit the road. My car, a 1969 Buick Wildcat complete with a big bench seat in front and lousy gas mileage, was an absolute joy to drive. It cruised down the road with ease, and being so big, most other drivers steered clear of it. Dressed in loose jeans and faded pocket t-shirt, Grandma wearing the white blouse and maroon long skirt she had

arrived in, we settled in for a comfortable trip. Just over three hours later, and one of Grandma's hummers that nearly got us killed at 70 miles an hour, we turned into the quarter-mile dirt road to my parent's house.

As we got closer to the house my heart sank. A large wonderful part of my childhood was no longer there shading the left side of my old home. Probably nothing left of the old oak but firewood I mused as we parked near the large maintenance shed on the right. Mom's car and Dad's beat up truck were parked there, so I knew they were home. Being a gentleman I went and opened Grandma's door for her. Reaching in to help her out I saw she had hiked the long skirt up to her waist. When she spread her legs to get out I was pleasantly surprised to see she was wearing the crotchless panties from last night.

"I like a cool breeze down there when I travel," she remarked smiling.

"You're such a tease old lady," I shot back with a big grin on my face.

"Get my bags boy," she said, then slapped my ass before saying, "I'll show you who's old later."

It took two trips to place our bags on the wide front porch before swinging the front door open.

"Mom? Dad?" I called out, but no one answered.

My parent's house had two huge bedrooms upstairs, a large living room, with the kitchen and laundry room off toward the back. Two armchairs sat across from the big leather couch with a hefty coffee table in front of it. I remember it taking two people to move that table because it had been built so sturdy. A large flat panel TV sat where every seat in the room could view what was playing on it. There were also two full bathrooms, one downstairs in the master bedroom and the other one separating the bedrooms upstairs. Each upstairs bedroom had a door leading into the bathroom, so if you wanted any privacy you had to lock both doors. I took our

bags and placed them in the bedrooms before hunting for my parents.

Grandma went to the kitchen to make us some coffee while I searched the house and back yard for Mom and Dad. Not finding them I headed to the maintenance shed. The big overhead door was closed so I let myself in through the side entrance. Once my eyes adjusted to the dimness I could make out all the equipment Dad used to keep things running on the farm. A quick search revealed no one there so I stepped outside and was headed back to the house when I spotted them. Coming out of the walnut orchard holding hands, their faces a little flushed, they didn't see me right away. When Mom did spot me she let out a squeal and ran the thirty yards to where I stood. It was a delight to watch her small boobs bouncing under her flapping housedress as she approached. Giving me a tight motherly hug and a peck on the cheek we waited for Dad to catch up. He shook my hand, clapped me on the back, and told me he was happy to see me.

"How did you and my Mother get along," Mom asked.

"Splendidly," I answered with a sly smile in her direction.

"She did come with you, didn't she?"

"Yeah. She was making some coffee when I left to find you two," I told her.

"Coffee sounds good," they said in unison.

We found Grandma sitting at the big dining table in the kitchen waiting patiently sipping on a cup of coffee. We joined her after fixing our own cup. Dad kissed her on the cheek before sitting down. They have always gotten along, so it was no surprise to see this kind of affection from my father.

"I put our stuff in the bedrooms upstairs," I informed no one in particular. Dad shot Mom a funny look, so I asked, "Something wrong?"

"Well honey, it's just that your Aunt Marcy is coming later today and there's only two bedrooms up there," Mom said apologetically.

"No problem. I can sleep down here on the couch," I assured her.

"Nonsense," Grandma chimed in. "If the boy doesn't mind bunking with an old woman, he can stay with me in my room."

"Wouldn't that be a little weird for you, Elsie," Dad asked.

"Of coarse not. He's my grandson for Pete sakes. Besides, those beds are big enough for three people to sleep comfortably so I don't see a problem," she answered with an air of finality to the matter.

"Well son? It's up to you," Dad looked at me.

"I don't mind, as long as Grandma promises not to hog all the blankets," I laughed.

"Then it's settled. You two can share, and Marcy can have the other one," Dad finally said.

"Is Bill coming with Aunt Marcy this time," I asked.

"No. He's off on one of those hunting trips with his buddies again," Dad answered sarcastically.

Aunt Marcy and Bill Rodgers have been married only eleven years but it seemed like forever. Dad was not fond of Bill at all. Since they had gotten hitched Bill took every spare moment he had running off with his pals, doing God knows what, always telling Marcy that it was a guy thing and she couldn't come. Why she hadn't dumped the bastard yet I couldn't figure out. After two failed marriages, maybe she just didn't want to be alone.

While Mom and Grandma set up the bedrooms, I helped Dad sort out and move a few things around in the shed. With harvest time behind him he had more time to relax and enjoy himself. The down time seemed to agree with him, he actually looked better than the last time I saw him. Finished in the shed Dad suggested we have a cold one on the porch, for which I readily agreed. Dad liked his beer and had an old fridge in the shed that was stocked at all times. We took our beers and settled into two of the four wicker chairs on the porch overlooking the main road and driveway.

"Your health doing okay Dad," I asked after a spell of sipping my beer.

"I'm good. Better than good actually," he replied.

"How so?"

"Doctor has me on some new medications. I'm back to my old self, if you know what I mean," he said with a wink in my direction.

'That's awesome news," I told him.

"You're Mother thinks so. Want another brew?"

"Sure," I said, fighting back a ping of jealousy.

I sat there and watched him stroll over to the shed for refills. I was struck by how much alike him and I were. He was just as tall as me but had a slimmer frame, and his short brown hair was a tad thinner than mine. Working hard all his life had kept him in reasonably good condition for a man of forty-nine years old. He returned with two more beers just as a bright red pick-up turned into the drive.

"Your Aunt's here," he told me.

The truck rolled to a stop next to my Wildcat with the cab in a direct line from us. The driver's side door swung open and a long bare leg stretched out toward the ground. This position

allowed Dad and I a quick look up the loose leg opening of a pair of white short shorts. A glimpse of pink cotton panties flashed us before the other long leg reached the ground and Aunt Marcy stepped from the truck. Smiling at us, she lifted her arms above her head and stretched the kinks from her nearly six-foot tall slender frame. I found it hard to believe that she was two years older than my Dad. Her sparkling baby-blue eyes radiated a certain vitality, and her flaming red hair didn't have a single gray strand to be seen. She took after Dad's Mom in the red hair aspect. Probably dyed it I thought. I could just make out the low-cut white bra encasing her apple-sized breasts through the white tank top she had on. I was at a loss why she would wear all white with her pale complexion, but I wasn't going to complain as she stepped onto the porch.

"Hey little brother," she said to Dad, giving him a hug and an affectionate kiss on the cheek.

"And look who we have here!" she exclaimed turning to face me. "Come give your Aunt a hug."

Standing, I moved into her outstretched arms and received a warm bear hug. Her perfume smelled like honeysuckle, one of my all-time favorite scents. Dad grabbed her suitcase from the truck and we went inside. Mom and Grandma were huddled on the couch looking like the cat that ate the canary. When all the hugs and kisses and hellos were finished, Dad said he would take Marcy's bag upstairs.

"I'll go with you Tom. I need to freshen up a bit," Marcy said, then followed Dad up to the bedrooms.

Both Mom and Grandma had smirks on their faces as they watched Marcy's tight ass climb the stairs. I sat on the couch next to Mom and asked what was going on with the two of them. Snickering, they told me not to worry about it. Knowing they weren't going to tell me what they were up to, I opted to broach the subject of Dad and Marcy.

"So you've known about Dad and Aunt Marcy all along Mom," I asked her in a hushed tone.

"Yes. I've known since right after your Father and I were married," she quietly answered.

"But..." I tried to get my thoughts together.

"Listen Tommy. I love your Dad and I know he loves me. So if something makes him happy, I can look the other way," she said, as if that was all the explanation I needed.

"But Mom! He's been cheating on you all this time. And with his own sister no less," I persisted.

"Yeah. And now I've done the same. With my own son no less," she countered.

When I said I was confused, she told me that in the twenty-five years they have been married Dad has always been a loving and supporting husband to her. A claim not too many women could make nowadays she stated. Just look at Marcy she reminded me. A smile appeared on Mom's face when I

changed the subject to what Dad had said about being back to his old self. With the new medications Dad was able to perform just as good as before she informed me. It wasn't something I wanted to hear, but her happiness was all that mattered to me. Besides, she could always come visit I told myself. As though she could read my mind, she reached over and gently rubbed my crotch.

"Don't worry baby, I can take care of my men," she said.

"If she can't, I know someone who can," Grandma said with a chuckle.

"Oh Mom, you're incorrigible," Mom laughed.

"Got that right sweetie," Grandma shot back.

Dad's footsteps let us know he was coming down; having been up there longer than I thought would have been necessary. Grandma excused herself, saying she forgot something in

Marcy's room and headed up the stairs. Mom said she would finish dinner and went into the kitchen. With the women busy Dad and I decided to have a couple more beers out front. A couple turned into a few and I was getting a nice buzz going.

"Dad?"

"Son?"

"I was just wondering why Aunt Marcy's marriages didn't last," I said, and then added, "She is a sweet and beautiful woman after all."

"Yeah, she is that," he stated in a far off voice.

"Her first two husbands wanted kids, but Marcy got sick when she was very young and can't have children. The dick she's married to now hates kids," he explained bitterly.

"Oh. Okay," I said.

Late afternoon swiftly turned into evening when Mom called us into dinner. Going inside, we found all three women at the dinning table waiting for us. After washing up, we had a nice meal of pot roast with all the trimmings. Talk around the table was genial, everyone wanting to catch up with everyone else. When we were done we all pitched in and cleaned up. The women said they were going to change into something comfortable and left Dad and I in the front room watching TV, him on the couch and me in one of the armchairs. Mom returned first, dressed in her white lace-topped slip and sat next to Dad on the couch. The creaking of the stairs made us look as Grandma and Marcy came down them. Grandma had on a dark blue slip that covered her modestly, while Marcy wore a mid-thigh length black one. Nothing tantalizing was visible on any of them, but it didn't stop me from imagining. Dad just smiled, as if this was an everyday occurrence around here.

"When in Rome, do as the Romans do," Marcy offered as an explanation for dressing like Mom and Grandma.

Since they had gotten comfortable I decided to do the same. Rushing upstairs I pulled my pajama bottoms out of my suitcase. With just them and my t-shirt on I went back downstairs. When I returned all four of them were on the couch. Marcy was on the end closest to the TV with Dad sandwiched between her and Mom. Taking my seat in the armchair I became aware that I had a good view up all three slips. Mom noticed too, and without hesitation she opened her legs and flashed me a look at her pussy, before quickly closing them again. When Grandma smiled broadly and did the same, I knew they had planned this. My cock twitched and began to slowly swell.

As usual Dad was completely engrossed in his favorite comedy, oblivious to what was going on right next to him. Marcy was a different story however. Each time Mom or Grandma flashed me; Marcy would look over at them with a puzzled look on her face. It didn't take long for her to figure out what was going on. I saw the flash of understanding cross her face as she glanced from them toward me. When her eyes landed on the tent in my pajama bottoms she blushed deeply, then glued her eyes to the TV without another glance in my

direction. I continued to receive pussy flashes for another forty-five minutes, until Grandma said she was tired and headed up the stairs after saying good night to everyone. I did the same; only I gave Dad a pat on the shoulder and Mom a kiss on the cheek. Dad didn't even turn in my direction, but Marcy took one long last look at my tent before I left.

When you open the door to the bedroom I was sharing, the first thing you see is the big bed. Grandma was on it with the blankets pulled up to her chin, her slip a crumpled heap on the floor. There was a soft yellow glow from the lamp on the nightstand casting enough light to see clearly, without being too bright. Closing the door behind me I walked to the side of the bed but was uncertain if I should get undressed or leave my pajamas on. Grandma answered that question by pushing the blankets down her naked body to her hips and turning her back to me.

"Spoon me boy," she said, patting the bed near her back.

Naked I crawled in and scooted up against her back, putting my arm over her after pulling the blankets up. She lifted her top thigh enough for mister stiffy to snuggle into the warm cleft of her hairy pussy, before relaxing her leg and trapping him in her warmth.

"Like the way you did last night," she whispered, and then pushed the blankets to one side of us. I guess she hadn't been asleep last night after all.

Sliding down I held the shaft of my cock and began rubbing the head into what was already a very wet slit. Apparently all that teasing downstairs hadn't just got me aroused. Pushing upwards my dick slid past the hairy outer lips and into Grandma's snug tunnel. I continued to push until the whole seven inches of hard cock was buried, then slowly began to move in and out in short strokes. Wanting to use both hands on her I held her waist and rolled onto my back. She rolled with me until she was lying on top of me with her legs spread to the outside of mine, my cock still embedded in her cunt. It was not a position for deep penetration, so I settled into a short rocking of my hips, moving my rod in and out mere

inches. Pinching her nipples with one hand I used the other to roll her big clit between my thumb and forefinger, alternating the tightness of my grip until it became fully erect.

Somehow we had not heard the door open but a soft moan drew our attention in that direction. Mom was leaning against the door jam. She had one hand rubbing her chest; the other one was under the hem of her slip as she watched our coupling with lust filled eyes. Stepping into the room she silently shut and locked the door, her eyes never wavering from where my dick pushed into her Mother. Moving Grandma's legs wider apart Mom climbed on the foot of the bed over my legs and leaned forward. I let out a little gasp when I felt her tongue run up the underside of my cock. She went lower and licked my balls briefly before her hot tongue traveled up my shaft before she latched onto Grandma's clit with her lips. Grandma's hips started bucking wildly, her cunt spasmed around my cock forcefully as Mom continued her relentless attack on her engorged clit. I could feel my seed bubbling toward the tip of my dick when Grandma's orgasm erupted. She thrashed about so violently my cock popped from her juicy hole and I had to cover her mouth with my

hand so no one would hear her screams. Mom immediately covered the head of my cock with her mouth and rapidly stroking my shaft with her hand. She gagged a little as I shot a mass amount of spunk down her throat, but she did manage to swallow all of it.

I lay panting with Grandma's trembling body still on top of me, the head of my shrinking cock nudged between her slick meaty cunt lips as Mom climb off the bed. She walked to the side of the bed, bent down and gave us both a kiss on the forehead.

"You kids try and get some sleep. Tomorrow might be an interesting day," she said, then unlocked the door and disappeared.

As usual, I awoke to an empty bed. Half asleep I stumbled to the bathroom and opened the door, the major piss hard-on I was sporting screaming for me to relieve myself. Sitting on the toilet, the sound of her urine trickling into the bowl was Aunt Marcy, her wide eyes staring at my bobbing penis. All

she had on was a pair of white cotton panties that were pulled down around her knees. The light brown areolas and pointy nipples sitting proudly on her remarkably firm breasts were crinkled and hard from the morning chill. Futilely I tried to cover myself, as I backed out of the room apologizing profusely. Her jaw hanging open as she sat there in stunned silence was the last sight I had of her before I shut the door. Forgetting about underwear I threw on some jeans and a t-shirt, bolted downstairs and straight out the front door. I still had to piss like a racehorse. When I was a couple yards deep in the orchard I yanked what could no longer be called a piss hard-on out and watered at least three trees for the week.

Not wanting to return to the house but desperately needing my morning coffee, not to mention a pair of shoes, I reluctantly went back. Everyone was at the dinner table except Marcy, who I imagined was still sitting on the toilet too shocked to move yet. Fixing myself a cup I joined the group and half-heartedly tried to listen to their banter. My mind was definitely somewhere else. Twenty or so minutes later Marcy came down and joined our little gathering. She was wearing blue silk-like jogging shorts and an oversized blue tank top

with large armholes that showed a good portion of the sides of her braless pale boobs.

"I'm so sorry Aunt Marcy. I should've knocked," I apologized again.

"It' okay. It was my fault really for not locking the door," she said as she sat next to me.

When everyone gave us a quizzical look I explained what had happened without going into any details. Both Mom and Grandma found it funny and Dad just gave me a shit-eating grin. Even Aunt Marcy said it was kinda funny so I figured she wasn't mad at me. After I finished a couple cups I went up and took a shower, changed back into what I had taken off and joined the group at the dinner table again. I was awake enough now to notice that Mom and Grandma had on drab looking brown housedresses that buttoned all the way down the front. Dad was wearing his usual work attire, jeans and snap-buttoned shirt with boots on his feet.

No one wanted breakfast so we just traded gossip for another hour, then Marcy said she wanted to walk around the place. Dad, all too eagerly I might add, volunteered to go with her. As soon as they were out the door Grandma went upstairs and came back down with a bulky cloth purse. Without asking if I wanted to go the two women shared a glance and went out the door too. With nothing to do I went and parked my ass on the porch, sipped more coffee and watched what little traffic zoomed by on the main road.

I had been sitting here for about thirty minutes when out of the corner of my eye I saw Dad and Marcy emerge from around the side of the maintenance shed. When they reached the house both gave me a cursory hello before going inside. A few minutes later Mom and Grandma came around the shed in the same place as the other two had, but instead of going inside they sat on the porch with me. Grandma reached into her bulky purse and pulled out a nice looking DVD camcorder, handed it to me and asked if I knew how to hook it to the TV. She told me that there were some cables and a remote control unit that had come with it, so I said sure I could hook it up. When she heard that Grandma went inside

saying she would get the cables. Looking over at Mom I noticed she had a gleam in her eyes.

"What are you two up to," I asked.

"Nothing sweetie, just thought we could watch a home movie is all," she answered.

"Home movies huh?"

"Sure. I also thought it would be nice to have a barbecue today," she continued.

"That actually sounds great Mom. Does Dad have any propane for the grill?"

"Come with me," she instructed, taking my hand and leading me around the side of the house toward the backyard.

I use the term backyard loosely. Mainly the yard consisted of more bare dirt just like the rest of the farm. When we got there I was surprised to see a new rock walled barbecue pit and large wooden picnic table, complete with sturdy benches on both sides of it.

"Your Dad built the table and benches with wood from the old oak tree," she said.

I told her he had done a fantastic job. The table had been sanded down to a very smooth finish and looked as if it had several layers of varnish covering it. Walking over to it I sat down; it felt like being with an old friend once more. Mom came up behind me and hugged me to her breast.

"I thought you would like it," she whispered in my ear.

We sat out back for a while then went inside and told Aunt Marcy and Dad about the barbecue. Both loved the idea and I could tell Dad was especially happy about it since it gave him an excuse to suck down brews all afternoon. I helped him set

up the pit and got it fired while the women prepared more food to go along with the chicken we would have. We also filled a couple coolers with ice and beer so we wouldn't have to make trips back and forth to the shed.

With Dad working his magic at the pit I popped the top on some beers, handed him one then sat at the table. The women soon joined me, each grabbing a beer before sitting down with me between Mom and Grandma. Aunt Marcy sat sideways on the bench across from us with her elbow resting on the table, giving us a good view of the side of her pale tit. When she leaned just right we would get a flash of her perky nipple too. We stayed outside long after we ate, drinking and chatting as if we hadn't seen each other for a long time. Dad and Marcy out drank the rest of us by quite a bit, their speech becoming more animated with the passing of time. I became a little worried when Mom and Grandma's free hands began to rub my thighs up and down, sometimes all the way to my crotch. I was pretty sure with Dad sitting next to Aunt Marcy he couldn't see anything, but that didn't lessen my anxiety any. About four o'clock Mom asked if we wanted to watch a movie.

"What kind of movie," Dad asked.

"A home movie. I'm sure you'll like it," Mom answered.

Dad and Marcy said that sounded like fun. With fresh beers all around, we piled back inside the house. While I set up the camera so it would play on the TV, Mom and Grandma closed all the curtains casting the front room into a slightly darker light. Grandma had Dad sit in the middle of the couch with Mom and Marcy at his sides; her and I sat in the armchairs across from them. After making sure everyone was ready Mom tuned the TV on then hit play on the camcorder's remote. A menu appeared on the screen and Mom scrolled down to where it said play disc and pressed the button.

It was a few seconds before the image on the screen showed Dad and Aunt Marcy entering the bedroom upstairs. I could tell it was recorded at the time that Marcy had arrived because she was dressed in her white tank top and short shorts. Not knowing what was on the disc I stared wide-eyed as they reached the center of the room. Marcy turned around and

Dad scooped her into his arms planting small kisses up and down her neck before locking his lips on hers. His hands cupped her firm ass and he ground his pelvis into hers, as their passionate kiss grew more intense.

"OH MY GOD!" Marcy shouted.

"What the FUCK is this," Dad hollered, starting to stand before Mom placed a hand on him and told him to stay seated.

"I think I'm gonna be sick," Marcy whimpered.

"You two just be still and enjoy the movie," Grandma told them.

For some reason that seemed to take the wind out of their sails and they leaned back on the couch with horrified expressions on their faces as the scene played on. It showed Marcy reach down and stuffed her hand into Dad's pants as we watched his fingers dig deeper into the cheeks of her butt. This went on

for several minutes before they broke their embrace and started talking. Unfortunately there was no audio so we were left in the dark as to what they were saying.

"Shit. I forgot to turn on the mic," Grandma uttered to herself.

Mom hit the pause button, then turned to look at the two mortified people next to her and bluntly asked, "So Marcy, how long have you and your brother been fucking each other?"

I was sure Aunt Marcy was going to faint. Her already pale complexion became a few shades paler as she sat there just stammering incoherent words. Dad didn't move. He kept his gaze pointed at the floor and in a low voice spewed out apology after apology. Reaching over and pulling Dad to her, Mom told him she had known about it for a long time. Both Marcy and Dad looked at her dumfounded.

"I don't know how you two got started, but I do know how some things can happen when you least expect it," she said looking directly into my eyes.

"I'm sorry Doris. It started when we were young, just messing around and somehow it escalated into what we found to be a highly enjoyable pass time," Dad tried to explain.

"We tried to stop but it just felt so right, even though it was incest. We've only done it a few times in the last couple of years," Marcy pleaded.

"Calm down, I'm not mad at you two. If anything your love for each other has made my marriage stronger," Mom told them.

"How is that possible," Marcy whined.

"Tom could have cheated on me with anyone, but he didn't. With you Marcy, it's like I'm sharing my husband with a sister. One I also love," Mom replied.

With tears streaming down her face Marcy said, "I don't know what to say."

"Don't say anything. Let's just watch the rest of the movie," Mom told her.

"There's more," Dad groaned.

"The best is yet to come," Grandma piped in as Mom hit the play button again.

The picture resumed with Marcy and Dad still talking for a short time before they both left the room. A minute later it showed Grandma enter and reach for the camera before the screen went blank. So that was what Grandma had left in the room I thought. Her and Mom must have set this whole thing

up. I had to give them credit for being so devious. The screen came back to life showing Dad and Marcy as they headed deep into the orchard. Now I understood the drab brown housedresses Mom and Grandma still had on, they would have blended into the orchard quite nicely in those colors. My admiration for their sneakiness grew.

In the orchard Dad and Marcy stopped walking and turned to face each other. He stroked her hair while her hands went down and undid his pants. Slowly she sank to her knees and pulled his jeans down as she went. His hard manhood swung free and she wasted no time capturing the head of it in her mouth while she fondled his hefty ball sack with one of her hands. I was starting to feel like a pervert spying on my father while his sister slurped up his dong, at least until Marcy inhale the whole thing into her mouth. As hard as it was to take my eyes off the TV, I wanted even harder to see Marcy's reaction to what we were watching.

"Is it getting hot in here," Mom asked, hitting the pause button once more.

Stunned, we watched as both her and Grandma stood up and started unbuttoning their dresses slowly. When the last button was freed, they casually pushed the dresses from their shoulders letting them flutter to the floor. All three of us gasped in unison. Mom and Grandma stood in front of us in sheer white negligees that left absolutely nothing to the imagination. Mom sat back down next to Dad, picked up his hand and placed it on her bare thigh, while Grandma slid in next to a startled Aunt Marcy. I just watched the whole thing in slack-jawed wonder, my cock making his presence known. The screen flickered again.

What I saw on the couch made me forget about the TV. Grandma had put one arm around Marcy's shoulder and she had put her other hand through the arm opening of the oversized tank top. I could see her fingers pinching and pulling on Marcy's nipple through the fabric. Unmoving, her hands in her lap, she watched herself suck Dad's cock down her throat. Glancing over I saw that Mom had gotten Dad's dick out and was gently tugging it up and down, while his middle finger massaged her clit between her spread legs.

They too had their eyes fixated on the TV. The sound of breathing getting heavier was all I could hear in the room.

Grandma nodded her head at me like she wanted me to come over there. When I got there she told me to kneel in front of Marcy. As I did she pushed the tank top over Marcy's tit, bent over enough to suck the nipple into her mouth and used her free hand to gently spread Marcy's legs. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Mom slide off the couch and kneel in front of Dad. Her mouth closed around his cock while she struggled and finally pulled his pants down to his ankles.

"Oh God Doris, that feels good," he said, leaning his head against the back of the couch and closing his eyes.

Marcy shifted her focus from the TV to watch Mom suck on Dad's tool. With a strange look on her face she placed a hand on Mom's head and gently stroked her hair. Her other hand found Grandma's naked thigh and began working its way up to her huge clit. Grandma increased the amount of tit she tried to suck into her mouth the closer Marcy's hand got to

her excited pussy. Everyone had forgotten the show on TV. I stood up and removed my clothes then grabbed the camera. I began recording the group action in front of me. First I filmed some close-ups of Mom swallowing Dad, then switched to Grandma arousing Aunt Marcy's hard little nipple with her tongue. I was pretty sure I would be jacking off to this video for years to come.

When Marcy noticed me standing there she stretched her hand out and snared my rod in her fist. A dreamy look came into her eyes as she worked her hand up and down my throbbing shaft. Grandma slid off the couch, wiggled in-between Marcy's legs and pulled one side of the jogging shorts over before plunging her tongue into her wet pink slit.

"UUUUGGGGHHHHHH..." Marcy moaned loudly when Grandma's tongue landed on her wet folds.

I couldn't take any more. Throwing caution to the wind, I dropped to my knees behind Mom's sweet ass and gently worked my dick into her slippery cunt. She met my forward

thrust with backward pushes of her own. The rocking of our movements caused Dad to lift his head and look down at us. Puzzlement filled his face when he saw me behind Mom. I had one hand on her bare hip, the other holding the camera as my steel hard pole burrowed deep into her juicy cunt. Mom pulled her lips from Dad's dick and looked up at him.

"Remember Tom. What's good for you is good for me," she said, before resuming the blowjob she was giving him.

The pleasure she was giving him made it impossible for him to argue. He closed his eyes and leaned his head back on the couch. Between watching Mom sucking Dad's cock, and the wet slurping sounds Grandma's tongue was making on Marcy's pussy I didn't last long. My spunk shot out of me forcefully, splashing deep into Mom's clinging cunt.

"OOOOHHHHH FUUCCCCCKKKK!!!" I cried loudly.

Spent, I pulled out and filmed my seed slowly drip from my Mother's gapping hole. Mom ripped Dad's shirt snaps open

and practically dragged him off the couch and onto the floor. Moving toward Grandma so they had more room, I filmed Mom stand over Dad before quickly lowering herself onto his burgeoning pole. Her cum filled cunt sank down and easily engulfed all of his stiffness until her small round ass was sitting on his balls. The fact that my Father was getting sloppy seconds from his own son perversely excited the hell out of me for some unknown reason. Whatever the reason was didn't matter; my cock lurched back to a full-blown woody as I watched my spooge leak out of Mom onto Dad's hairy sack.

"Trade places with me boy," I heard Grandma call out.

Gladly, I thought, as I replaced her between my Aunt's trembling legs. Grandma took the camera from me and placed it near the TV at an angle that would capture all of us at the same time. She then went and stood over Dad's face. His eyes grew large as he saw what was right above him.

"Ever see a clit this big Tom," Grandma asked as she sat on his face.

"That's beautiful Elsie," came his muffled reply.

The sounds of wet squishy sex had Marcy and I staring with rapt attention as Mom bounced up and down on Dad's dick, while Grandma assaulted his mouth with youthful vigor. Without taking her eyes off the action, Marcy lifted her legs together in the air and slipped the jogging shorts off. Turning I was greeted with the sight of a neatly trimmed firecrotch. When her top joined the shorts on the floor my hands automatically went to her firm round tits and began tweaking the already stiff nipples. She sank lower on the couch bringing her ass near the edge, with her long slender legs spread out on either side of my kneeling body.

"Fuck me Tommy. Fuck me right now," Marcy implored me.

Her eyes were locked onto the threesome as I moved close enough to slide my mushroom head into her slick wet cleft. The red-haired covered puffy outer folds expanded around me as I slowly pushed my way into her scorching hot cunt.

Her pussy tunnel massaged my hardness like a tight pair of gloves before opening up enough for my cock to fill her completely. Aunt Marcy was by far the tightest of the three women in this room. I found the grip she had on my cock was making it difficult for me to establish a rhythm of any kind. When she wrapped her legs high up on my back her pussy opened a little more, allowing me to start pumping in long deep strokes. My strokes stopped and I turned to watch as Grandma reached her peak.

"Yes...YES...YEEESSSS!!" she screeched, furiously mashing her box on Dad's red face.

As Marcy and I stared captivated by the sight, Mom increased her tempo and began to violently slam her pussy up and down on Dad's rigid shaft. His balls tightened and soon semen spewed down his shaft and mingled with what was left of mine. Mom tensed briefly, then went into a frenzy of forward and backward movements until she shuddered and let out an ear-piercing scream.

"OOOOHHHHH TOMMMMMMM!!!"

Dad's cries were muffled by Grandma's quivering cunt as the last of her orgasm rocked her twitching body.

"My God. I've never seen anything so erotic in all my life," Marcy said right before thrust her cunt harder on my raging prick.

Before I turned my attention back to my Aunt, I saw the three of them untangle and stare in my direction. Each had a look of satisfaction and amazement plastered on their faces.

"Fuck your Aunt son," Dad encouraged me.

"Do it baby," Mom added.

"Yeah Tommy, fuck me till I can't walk," Marcy joined in.

Grandma didn't say anything. Instead she put her head in Dad's lap and swiftly sucked his limp cock into her mouth while inserting two fingers deep into Mom's cum drenched pussy. Spurred on by that I started slamming into my Aunt's tight pink slit, bouncing my balls off her firm round ass with each stroke. Faster and faster I pistoned into her smoldering pussy, pushing her deeper and deeper into the cushions of the couch. Sweat began to drop off me as Marcy fought to keep up with the ruthless pounding I was inflicting on her. Her cunt milked my rod with an increasing tightness around my shaft and fluids flowed out in a wave as she bucked against me. The slickness eased the effort of penetrating into her steaming canal and I was moving in and out faster than I've ever done before.

"Don't stop! Don't stop! Please don't stop!" she whimpered.

My balls were coated with her juices and made splashing noises as they slapped against the supple flesh of her butt. I could feel myself reaching the threshold of my own orgasm when her eyes rolled back into her head and she shuddered violently.

"I'M

CUUUUUUMMMMMMMIIIIIIINNNNNNNGGGGGGGGG!!!"

she screamed, just as my balls emptied and saturated the inside of her pussy.

"FUUUCCCCCKKKKKK!!!" I groaned loudly, then fell onto Aunt Marcy's heaving chest.

My groans of pleasure were followed by Dad's softer ones as Grandma's hummer worked it's magic on his exploding dick. Mom's moans of delight swiftly echoed Dad's as she clamped her thighs tightly on Grandma's hand, stopping the plunging fingers in their tracks.

"OH MY GOD," they both uttered at the same time. Grandma was all smiles.

Reluctantly I backed my softening penis out of Marcy's still tight pussy. A loud sucking sound filled the still air when the

head freed itself from the tight confines of Aunt Marcy's well-fucked cunt. Her fire-red pubic hair was matted and covered in the slime from our combined fluids, which was slowly dripping onto the floor in a small puddle.

"What do we do now," Dad asked no one in particular, after we had rested for several long minutes.

"What do you mean," Mom asked him.

"What I mean is, we've all crossed a line. A very taboo line. So my question is, where do we go from here?"

"I can't speak for everyone. But as for myself, I like this new freedom to express my love with my family," Aunt Marcy said.

"I do to Tom. And yes, we crossed a line. But if everyone agrees, I don't see why we shouldn't embrace our love for each

other. Lord knows I'm tired of having to sneak around about it," Mom said softly.

"You're saying it wouldn't get you mad if Marcy and I, or even Elsie if she wants, decided to have sex here in the house," Dad asked uncertainly.

As an answer Mom crawled over to me and stuck her tongue down my throat while one hand fondled my worn out cock. Dad looked at each of us until we all agreed that we wanted to continue with what we started. Satisfied, he gazed at Grandma and told her he was in.

"And if you don't mind Elsie, I'd sure like to eat that meaty pussy of yours again," he added.

That brought the rest of us to tears from laughing so hard. Naked we headed out back and drank some more beer. After an hour or so of relaxing at the picnic table, talking candidly and drinking, Mom came up behind me and wrapped her arms around me. She whispered in my ear that I had been a

bad boy for making Dad take messy seconds. When I asked how I could make up for it, she whispered that I should take sloppy thirds. With everyone watching she lay on top of the table length-ways, spread her legs wide and beckoned me to get between them. For the next thirty or so minutes I gently and lovingly made love to my Mother on my old friend. Everyone else lovingly touched and kissed us everywhere until we peaked and came together.

We spent the rest of that weekend having sex without any hang-ups. Sometimes it was one on one while the others watched with loving eyes, and sometimes in a group. Dad couldn't get enough of sucking on Grandma's huge clit, and Mom seemed to like helping Aunt Marcy and I fuck while she sat on my face. We all knew that life was never going to be the same anymore. We had one last group session before Dad drove Grandma to the airport for her plane ride home. Aunt Marcy said she was dumping Bill, and with Mom's blessings, she was going to move to the farm. As for me, I packed my shit into my Buick Wildcat and headed back to my empty home. When the farm was a distant speck in the rearview

mirror a question popped into my head. I wonder if Mom, Dad and Aunt Marcy would like to meet Mandy?

Mom Cleans House Some More

My eyes blinked several times before adjusting to the brightness of a new day streaming in through the bedroom window. Craning my head on a stiff neck, I glanced toward the window and saw the blinds had been opened enough for the morning sunlight to enter. My whole body felt sore, as if I'd been rode hard and put away wet. I was puzzled as to why, until I remembered last night's activities. Oh yeah. I had been ridden hard, and yes, I was wet when I went to sleep. I remember being sandwiched between Mom and Grandma on the big bed when we finally decided to get some sleep. Both women had snuggled into my arms and quickly fell into a contented sleep with their heads resting on my shoulders. I remember the warmth of their breast pressed into the sides of my chest each with one of their legs thrown over one of mine. I must have fallen asleep in that position which explained at least some of my stiffness.

Sitting up I looked around the room. The dining chair was gone but I noticed my pajama bottoms were lying neatly at the foot of the bed. Mom must have brought them from the office I thought, as I slipped into them and headed to the kitchen without bothering with a shirt. Strong coffee and maybe a handful of aspirin was what I needed right now.

Both women were at the dining table sipping coffee and looked in my direction as I approached them. Grandma was wearing a plain white slip that showed an abundance of cleavage and Mom was in the clothes she had arrived in yesterday. Neither of them said anything to me until I had a cup of coffee in my hands and was leaning against the counter near the sink.

"You sleep okay," Mom asked.

"Yeah, but I'm a little stiff," I answered, before asking, "Why are you all dressed Mom?"

"I'm sorry sweetie, but your Dad called and I'm needed at home."

"When are you leaving," I hated asking.

"Now. I was just waiting for you to get up so I could give you a goodbye kiss." With that she rose, walked over and put her tongue down my throat before I knew what was happening.

"If it's alright with you, Grandma wants to stay a while longer," she told me when her lips finally left mine.

"Sure, no problem," I managed to say, still reeling from her passionate kiss.

"Great. I'm off then," she said, then turned toward the front door where I saw her bag was waiting.

"Is everything at home okay," I asked.

"Oh sure. Your Dad just needs my help with something is all. I'll call you," she said smiling before going out the door and shutting it behind her.

Slightly stunned I ambled over and sat opposite of Grandma Elsie who hadn't uttered a single word since I got up. Looking across the table my eyes were drawn to her chest. She was holding her cup in both hands with her elbows propped on the table; her upper arms were squeezing her large breast together and up, enough that a hint of dark-brown areolas peeked out the top of her slip. She just gazed over the rim of her cup at me with a soft smile on her face.

"Do you know what's going on Grandma?"

"Well boy, apparently you're not the only one who likes that your Mother shaved her bush," she snickered.

"Huh?"

"Your Mom said your father has taken a healthy interest in oral sex since she shaved," she said amused.

A tinge of jealousy raised its ugly head but I shook it off immediately. I know that Mom really does love Dad, and if he wants to please her then I was all for it. Good for them I thought, as I blatantly stared at the tops of Grandma's snow-white tits silently hoping that one, or both of her pointy nipples would slip out and say hi.

"Are you sure it's okay that I didn't go with Doris," Grandma asked breaking my concentration.

"Positive. Stay as long as you want Grandma," I answered, then reached over and gently ran my fingertips up and down one of her forearms. Her nipples started to harden when I touched her.

"Good. And boy..."

"Yeah Grandma?"

"Considering that you fucked me half silly last night, maybe you should call me Elsie from now on."

"Okay. Elsie it is, but you can call me anything you want," I said with a wink.

Her laughter was like music and I couldn't help but join in. She told me that Mom had explained the cooking oil incident and how things got started between us. What she was more curious about was why I had slipped her the tongue while she was on the couch in the first place. She seemed to understand after I let her know that I had thought it was Mom sleeping there. Maybe it was her thinking about my tongue on her pussy, or something else I don't know, but her nipples pushed the fabric of her slip out even further. The old tingle was back in full force. I didn't try to hide the tent in my pajamas as I took our cups and refilled them, and judging by the big smile on her face when I brought them back she liked what she saw.

"Grandma...I mean Elsie. I understand you're fine with what you caught Mom and I doing. But I really would like to know why you let me make love to you," I said a little hesitantly.

"The reason I'm okay with you and Doris is that her happiness means the world to me. If having you please her makes her happy, then it's better than her going to a stranger," she replied.

"As for why I let you do me, its because after you gave me that wonderful tonguing and I saw your Mother gobbling that lovely cock of yours, well, I just got caught up in the heat of it all," she continued, then added, "Besides I know what I like, and that's to fuck, so sue me."

"Wow Elsie, you're a fantastic woman," I said sincerely.

"Bet you didn't know your granny was such a nasty old slut did you," she laughed.

"You're no slut. But you are definitely one nasty granny," I also laughed.

She leaned back in her chair smiling, her large braless breast jiggled provocatively as her rock hard nipples stared me down. The longer I stared at her tits the more I could feel Mister Woody trying to make a new hole in my pajama bottoms. It wasn't until Grandma stood up that I saw how short her slip was. Aside from the ample amount of boob it showed, the hem only came down low enough to barely cover the cheeks of her ass. She had my undivided attention when she walked over to the step stool still against the counter. I started to worry as she climbed up the first two rungs.

"Careful Elsie, I don't know how steady that thing is," I warned.

"Then be a dear and come hold me so I don't fall," she replied without looking at me.

Mister Woody pointed the way as I walked up behind her and placed both hands on her hips. The silkiness of the slip made me think twice about holding on to the outside of it so I moved them inside and up on her ripe flesh. With my hands under the slip it rode up and over her ass and had me staring directly at her crack. She appeared to be reaching for something on one of the shelves and leaned forward, slightly pushing her round buns back toward my face. I could smell the scented aroma of her bath soap as her ass got closer to my nose. With a groan, and absolutely no self-control on my part, I buried my face into her crack and started licking. She let out a little squeal when my tongue danced over her anus and a loader moan as it found the beginning of her furry crevice. I was amazed by her agility as she turned on the stool, slid to the side and sat on the countertop. She scooted back and lifting her feet onto the countertop spread her legs as far as she could. Her meaty inner lips coated in her secretions parted and I could see the opening into her hot tunnel.

"Oh my. I forgot you haven't had breakfast yet. Well by all means dig in boy," she purred.

Instantly my tongue burrowed into her slick cleft, starting at the bottom and working its way up toward her enormous clit. By the time my tongue reached it her clit had expanded and grew until it was almost an inch in length. I have only seen one this big on some porn stars and often wondered what it would be like to nibble on one this size. My lips closed around it and I swirled my tongue in circles around the tip. My saliva coated the entire length and width of her clit before running down into her already wet slit. Her hands came up and gently grabbed the back of my head and pushed my face down harder onto her hot soaked cunt.

"That's it boy! Eat granny's pussy," she encouraged.

Spurred on by her words I sucked that clit into my mouth and batted it back and forth with my tongue, before lowering my mouth and capturing her fleshy pussy lips and sucking them outward. Her ass lifted off the countertop and she smashed her fur-lined slit against my hungry mouth. Faster and faster she moved her ass up and down on my mouth, her breathing ragged, and I could feel her body start to tense up.

"You're gonna make me cum boy," she whimpered.

"OH GOD! I'M
CUUUUUMMMMMMIIIIINN>NNNGGGGGGG!" she
screamed as soon as my tongue snaked its way deep into her
smoldering hole.

Fluids gushed past my tongue and coated my face and chin with her slickness. Pulling my face from her cunt I stood and mashed my lips to hers. My tongue darted into her mouth to play with hers as I smeared her juice from my face to hers. She raised her arms above her head as I pulled the slip up and off her body, freeing those wonderful white tits to my grasping hands. Lowering my head and pushing her breast together I was able to suck both nipples into my mouth at the same time.

"Ahhhh shit boy! I need you to fuck me now," she panted.

She threw her arms around my neck and her legs around my waist as I lifted her off the counter. With my hands under her

full round ass I carried her to the dining table and laid her on her back. Dropping my pajamas I pushed her spread legs gently towards her chest and guided the head of my cock to her dripping center. Not wanting to rush, I watched as her puffy outer lips circled my bulbous head, before it disappeared into her scorching hot tunnel. Fascinated, I stared as more and more of my stiff cock was swallowed inside her velvet smoothness until our pubic hairs were touching. I stayed unmoving for fear I would blow my load if I didn't calm down first.

"Oh my God Elsie, your pussy feels like it's on fire around my cock," I said.

"That dick of yours feels great too, Tom. Why don't you go slow and see if we can cum together," she replied. I was stunned that she had used my name.

"Thanks for calling me Tom," I told her, locking my eyes to hers.

"I sure can't call you "boy" while that cock of yours is stuffing me so full, now can I," she said her eyes staring into mine.

With my hands on the backs of her thighs, our eyes locked, as I slowly pushed and pulled my cock in and out of her. I wanted her to feel each stroke so I pulled almost out, then gently pushed all the way back in. The position of her thighs pressing down and flattening her luscious white globes caused her ass to rise slightly off the table, allowing my heavy balls to slap against her pucker hole with each inward stroke. Her wetness and muscle contractions increased on my rock hard cock with each plunge I made into her. We were two lovers gazing at each other as the gradual increase of my stroking soon turned into a frenzy of pure pounding. My cock began to ram into her molten heat while my balls bounced off her soft ass. Her wide brown eyes held mine in a steady gaze as her lips formed a small circle and fought for air. Groans from the table had me worried that it would collapse as sweat broke out on my straining body.

"Tom! Tom! TOMMMM!!" she repeated my name as our fucking reached a fever pitch.

"FUCK ME GRANDMA!!" I couldn't help shouting.

She pushed my hands from her thighs and spread her legs wider. Then using stomach muscles I didn't know she had, began slamming her cunt up against my thrusting rod.

The wet sloshing sounds coming from our joined union increased. Then I felt a flood of her juices wash over the sensitive head of my cock and run out into the crack of her ass, where my swinging balls splashed the sticky liquid all over her rippling butt cheeks. Load after load of my own spunk shot into her steaming cunt, then joined the fluids already oozing into her ass crack.

"AAAAHHHHHH SHIIITTTTT!!" she hollered in ecstasy, as her convulsing pussy clamped around my squirting cock.

"ELLLLSSSSIIIEEE!" I shouted as her pussy sucked me dry.

I stayed buried to the root in the sloppy wet mess of her saturated cunt as I tried to catch my breath. Sweat poured from my face and dripped onto her as I held her twitching legs in my hands and smiled down at her. Her chest heaved as she smiled back and placed one hand on my chest and gently rubbed. Occasionally her pussy would contract around my softening shaft and send a jolt of pleasure coursing into me. With a sucking sound I pulled from her pussy and watched as a flood of white sticky goo ran out between the hairy folds of her cleft. After I helped her off the table we could hear globs of spunk plop onto the floor before she placed a hand over her pussy and headed for the bathroom. I just sank down in one of the dining chairs and tried to regain my composure.

Grandma finished her shower then came into the kitchen wrapped in just a towel. She walked over to me and kissed my sweaty forehead.

"Thank you young Tom. That was the best fuck I've had in a long time," she said.

"You're welcome Elsie...Anytime," I told her.

"Mmmm... salty," she said while licking her lips. "Why don't you clean up while I make you some breakfast. Food that is."

Breakfast consisted of eggs, toast and sausage. I was famished and barely tasted the food as I wolfed it down. Grandma ate hers daintily, still wearing only the towel. Sipping my coffee I gazed over at her and felt strong emotions for a woman I hardly ever saw.

"I have to tell you Grandma. I mean Elsie. You are hotter than all the girls I've been with," I said.

"Hotter?"

"It's just that you have more fire and passion than I'm used to," I told her.

"You haven't been with an older woman before, have you," she asked.

"Just you and Mom," I sheepishly answered.

She fixed her eyes on me and seemed to ponder something for a short time before asking, "How did you feel when you fucked your Mom for the first time?"

Her question caught me off guard. I told her that I felt disgusted with myself at even getting aroused by Mom at first. But when the accident happened and Mom's heat wrapped around me I felt such an animal lust that I lost all control. After that all I wanted to do was make love to her. She sat there and listened without criticizing or judging me as I told her my newfound feelings about having sex with family. When I was done she informed me that Mom and her had discussed the situation. She told me that Mom was actually glad that we had become lovers. Mom was becoming desperate enough to contemplate screwing one of the neighbors. This information actually made some of my own guilt fade. We talked for what

seemed like hours before going into the bedroom to get dressed. I watched with rapt attention as Grandma changed into her beige swimsuit, her pendulous breast swinging as she bent to put on the bottoms. I slid out of the pajamas I had put back on after my shower and threw on a tank top and baggy swim trunks. I didn't bother with underwear.

With supplies tucked securely into the canvas tote, towels, suntan lotion, two bottles of wine and paper cups, Elsie and I headed to the beach. I felt bogged down carrying the tote and the comforter but didn't let that sour my mood. It was my last day off from work, and spending the day with Grandma sunning on the beach, seemed like an excellent way to cap the weekend. Our spot was open and after spreading out the comforter we made ourselves comfortable and watched the mass of people wandering about while sipping on our first glass of wine.

"Stretch out on your tummy and I'll put some lotion on your back," Grandma told me.

Doing as she asked I soon felt her strong hands working the lotion into my skin. After finishing my back she moved down and forced my legs apart and started rubbing the lotion onto them. Each time her hands rubbed the insides of my thighs she let her fingers sneak into the leg openings and tickled my ball sack teasingly.

"You're evil Elsie," I told her with a big smile on my face.

"You have no idea," she retorted.

It was while one of her hands was up my pants leg and she was fondling my sack that a shadow blocked the sun from my face. Glancing up my eyes followed the path of two slender legs, past the prominent mound covered by a patch of green material and up over a set of scantily clad enormous boobs. When I reached her face, shoulder length dirty blonde hair swirling around it, I realized that it was the same girl I had seen before. Her blue eyes sparkled as she smiled warmly at us.

"I don't mean to intrude, but I just had to come and tell you how much I love your hair," she said looking at Grandma.

"Why thank you dear. Would you care to join us for a little wine," Grandma shocked me by asking her.

Saying she would, she sat down near my head and crossed her long legs before accepting the cup of wine offered.

"I'm afraid we don't have an extra cup, but you wouldn't mind sharing mine would you," Grandma told the girl.

She told us her name was Amanda, but everyone called her Mandy, and that she lived only three doors down from my place. Imagine that I thought. I've been here two years and never knew she existed until now. I really must get out of the house more often I told myself. We also learned that she went to the local university, was twenty-one years old and her parents owned the house she lived in. Grandma and her bantered back and forth and seemed to have forgotten that I was even there. Trying not to be obvious I turned onto my

side, propped my head on my hand, and studied this Vixen that Grandma appeared to be enchanted with.

It was plain to see by her dark eyebrows that she wasn't a true blonde. She did have a wonderfully even tan covering her flawless skin and when she leaned over to take the cup, I found out I had been wrong. Those enormous tits, easily 38DD, jiggled and bounced enough to let me know they were the real deal. How she packed them around on what I guessed to be a slim, five-foot seven-inch frame, without having major back problems was beyond me. It was all I could do to not start drooling. The green bikini just barely covered her nipples. When my eyes wandered down to her crotch I saw that one of her outer lips had slipped from the material and was as smooth as a baby's butt. I could swear, but I'm not positive, that a string of drool did fall from my mouth.

"We're going to go play in the water," Grandma said as both of them sprang up and ran toward the waves.

Rolling back on my stomach I watched the two splash and jump around at the waters edge. It was like watching two kids play except for the lovely bouncing their boobs were doing. If I were keeping score on whose bounced better I would have to give the win to Mandy, based on sheer size alone. When she started running in spurts along the shore I worried that they would fly up and knock her blonde ass out. Fortunately that didn't happen. I sat up and watched in lecherous splendor as twenty minutes later they walked slowly back to where I was.

"Tom, you don't mind if I leave do you? Mandy has something she wants to show me," Grandma said as soon as they reached me.

"That's fine with me Elsie. Why don't you take that unopened bottle with you," I told her trying to keep the disappointment from my voice.

Wrapping the wine in her towel, they took off arm in arm giggling like little schoolgirls. As for me, I rolled back onto my

stomach trying to hide the hard-on their jiggling buttocks created as they walked away. I stayed there for about an hour, drank some more wine and waded in the surf a bit before heading home. As I passed what I now knew was Mandy's place I wondered what the two were doing. What I'd learned of my Grandmother lately, there was no telling, I reminded myself with a chuckle.

Placing the tote on the couch I removed what was left of the wine then went in the kitchen and poured a tall glass for myself. Thinking I was alone I was a little startled when I heard moans coming from the bedroom area. I walked cautiously to the open bedroom door and looked inside. Mandy's ass hung over the side of the bed and her ankles rested on Grandma's shoulders. Her eyes were shut with her arms above her head, fists tightly clutching the blankets, as I watched Grandma shove what clearly had to be eight inches of rubber cock deep into her pink pussy. The fake dick was attached to a strap-on harness that had a wide belt for the waist and straps that circled around Grandma's upper thighs, leaving her crotch open and exposed. I stood there sipping my wine enjoying the show for a few seconds before stepping further into the room.

They were too caught up in what they were doing to notice me at first. Mandy's huge breast rolled like waves toward her face then back down her ribcage with each ruthless thrust Grandma hammered into her. Something must have told them they weren't alone. Mandy's eyes fluttered open and stared at me standing almost behind Grandma. Too far gone, she just smiled and began to pant harder. Grandma was bent over between Mandy's wide spread legs with her hands on the bed, and she continued to slam the rubber dick into Mandy's snatch without saying anything to me.

"Well, this is interesting," I said, thinking turn about was fair play.

"I told you I liked to fuck. I didn't say it had to be with a man," Grandma said.

With my own cock threatening to rip a hole in my swim trunks, I placed my drink on the nightstand and peeled my clothes off in record time. Moving in behind Grandma's bent

over body I ran the tip of my rod through her damp slit. She stopped moving just long enough for me to sink into her before fucking Mandy with renewed gusto. With my spread knees resting against the side of the bed, my feet planted firmly, I just stood there and let Grandma's bucking hips fuck both Mandy and myself. Reaching under her I took both of Grandma's swinging tits in my hands and started tweaking the nipples. Mandy's half-inch hard pink nipples rode the waves of her huge globes as Grandma first slammed into her, before ramming her own pussy backwards on my stiff prick.

"Lets switch," Grandma said, then pulled out of Mandy's swollen gaping cunt.

I stepped back and my cock slipped out of Grandma's clasping hole. Turning she guided me between Mandy's spread legs and held my cock until it sank into her stretched pinkness. At first I thought Grandma planned to put the fake dick up my ass, something I'm here to say was definitely not going to happen. Instead she tore the strap-on off, climbed on the bed and straddled Mandy's face. I could hear muffled moans as Grandma rode Mandy's tongue while I pile drove my seven

inches of rock hardness deep into her wet bald pussy. My hands were nowhere near big enough to hold Mandy's bouncing tits but I managed to capture her nipples in my fingers and pinched and pulled on them. This got her motor roaring and she wrapped her legs around me with her feet pushing against my butt to make me go faster.

"OHHHH YEESSSS!" I heard Grandma shout as her ass twitched violently on Mandy's face.

"Uhhhhh...get it...Mmmmm...Elsie," Mandy could be heard between licks.

Suddenly Grandma shook all over and then became stiff as a board.

"AAAAAAGGGGGHHHHH," she screamed, and then fell off Mandy's face in slow motion.

I was so enthralled by the sight that I stopped pumping and just stared at Grandma's heaving white breast.

"God Grandma, that must have been a doozy," I said without thinking.

"You guys are related? That is soooo kinky!" Mandy said looking back and forth between us.

"He's my Grandson," Elsie managed to spit out.

Looking down at Mandy's juice smeared mouth and chin I figured she would put a stop to our fun, now that she knew the truth. She didn't. Instead I felt her press the heels of her feet firmly into my ass indicating I should start pumping again. Needing no more encouragement I began to smoothly work my cock in and out of her increasingly tight pussy in long steady strokes.

"Don't stop! Don't stop! Harder... FUCK ME HARDER!" she shouted.

Faster and faster I stroked until I was like a jackhammer pounding her as hard as I could. The heat and friction along my shaft built. I could feel her cunt sucking me deeper and deeper into her white-hot cavern, milking my cock tighter with each new stroke. I felt fluid bubbling near the head of my dick and looked down just in time to see her juices squirt out around my shaft in a flood of milky-clear wetness. She's a squirter I thought as my own climax boiled over.

"FUCK!! FUCK!! FUUUCCCCCKKKKK!!" she screamed as my own spunk shot into her sopping wet cunt.

Collapsing on top of her with my head between those enormous soft tits I reached over and gently stroked Grandma's warm ass. She scooted over and hugged us both. I moved to the opposite side of Mandy and she held Grandma and I in her arms tenderly. Shortly Grandma leaned over Mandy and took my cock into her mouth, cleaning and

licking all the sticky cream from me. Next she slid down between Mandy's legs and did the same to her before crawling back and nuzzling up against her.

"God you guys. That was the fantastic," Mandy rasped.

Grandma and I just lay there gently rubbing Mandy's giant tits until her nipples filled with blood and stuck straight up in the air.

"Oh my God. If you guys don't stop touching my tits you better be ready to go again," Mandy whispered.

Grandma and I just smiled at each other and tweaked the nipples harder.

"Well okay then. But it's my turn to wear Captain Funtastic," Mandy stated getting off the bed and picking up the strap-on.

It is amazing how many times you can get hard when you have two hot women willing to suck life back into your flaccid penis. Grandma and I shared Mandy's exquisite young body for a few more hours before she said she had to go. Putting the strap-on in a plastic bag she said she would see us later then left, leaving me holding my thoroughly fucked Grandmother in my arms.

"Want a hummer, boy," Grandma asked, as she slid down and slurped my limp noodle into her mouth.

So it was back to "boy" was it, I chuckled inwardly. How she thought she was going to resurrect my dead cock was a mystery to me. I was more than surprised when after only a few minutes of gently licking her tongue in circles around the spongy head, and lightly fingering my balls, life returned. Each time my head entered her throat she would hum, sending vibrations of immense pleasure to the sensitive underside. She continued her manipulations of my cock, coating it with a river of spit and drool until she felt my balls tighten. Pulling her lips up my shaft leaving just the head in her mouth she jammed a finger in my ass. I exploded like a

volcano and she swallowed the whole load without any of it leaking past her tightly clamped lips.

I knew I was going to be more than useless for at least the rest of the night. Probably most of tomorrow too I thought as I realized my crotch area was numb. Grandma seemed a little distracted when she slid back up and we embraced. She rubbed little circle patterns on my chest with her fingertips for a few minutes before looking deep into my eyes.

"You know Tom... there's a secret that I found out about a long time ago," she whispered.

"What kind of secret," I asked.

There was some hesitation before she answered, "Your father use to have sex with his sister."

"What!! No way...how do you know that," I stammered.

"Because I saw them fucking," she replied.

"But...but...that can't be true. When did you see them?"

"It was about five years ago, right before his heart attack," she stated.

"You mean he's been banging Aunt Marcy since he and Mom have been married?"

"Yep."

"Does Mom know," I asked.

"She hasn't said anything, but I think she does," she replied.

"Oh Elsie, you're just shitting me aren't you," I said, hoping I was right.

Grandma sat quietly for a minute then told me her story. She had been taking a stroll when she saw Dad and Marcy together way back in the orchard. Marcy had been on her knees sucking Dad's cock when Grandma first saw them. She said she had hidden behind a tree and watched, as Dad stood there while Marcy sucked his cock before standing her up, pulling down her jeans and bending her over. Grandma said she was too stunned to say anything when Dad got behind Marcy and shoved his dick all the way up her pussy.

"Your Dad's cock is almost as big as yours," she said with a dreamy look on her face.

So many questions raged in my head. If Mom knew, then why hadn't she said anything? Why hadn't she just filed for divorce? How could she stay with him knowing he'd fucked his sister? Well... she'd fucked her son so I guess they were even popped into my brain. My guilt trip faded completely. If Dad could be a Sister fucker, then certainly I could be a Motherfucker. Just because it was his wife I was fucking shouldn't matter. Should it? And now that I was a Grandmother fucker too, then what the hell was a boy to do.

Then another thought popped into my head. I wonder if Grandma would like to go on a road trip to Mom's?

Mom's No Spring Chicken

Once again, another tale of incestuous fantasy for your reading pleasure brought to you by the demented mind of Blaster666. All persons involved are of legal age and any similarities of persons living or dead is purely coincidental. It is your comments and feedback that fuels the fires of my imagination so please be generous and tell me what you think. But most importantly, enjoy the story.

Moonlight filtered in through the open curtains making it just light enough for me to watch as Becky's lips moved agonizingly slow up and down on my tingling shaft, her tongue occasionally running circles around the bulbous head.

I lay there with my hands behind my head and surrendered to her oral manipulations. She was good, so damn good. She knelt on the bed at my side without using her hands and slurped my tool in slow up and down strokes, the fingers of her left hand working her clit and cunt into a state of saturated readiness. That was something I really liked about her; she would get sloppy wet before I even had a chance to touch her smooth shaved box. Being rather endowed, don't get me wrong; I'm no John Holmes, her wetness helped when it came time for her to sink onto my cock. Another thing I liked about her was the fact that no matter how many times we've fucked, she always insisted on being on top. I didn't mind, Becky was as skinny as a beanpole with tits not much bigger than mine, and weighed maybe a hundred pounds soaking wet. Being realistic I knew that it appealed to my lazy side, and also to her need to dominate in everything she did.

Her mouth pulled off my pole with a pop and she threw her leg over my hips. Just as my cock bottomed out in her deep cavern of sloppy wetness I got the unmistakable feeling of being watched. The hairs on the back of my neck stood up. I tilted my head to look around Becky toward the foot of the

bed, then out the open door into the blackness of the hallway. I couldn't see anything; the old house I rented didn't even have a place for a light in the hallway. Still, the sensation of being watched persisted.

"Hey stud, you with me?"

Her question snapped my attention back to what was important; the feel of wet cunt wrapped around my rigid rod. What Becky lacked in tits she more than made up for in nipples. They stuck out from her chest about a half-inch and were extremely sensitive. Reaching up I pinched the light brown protuberances and felt them get hard enough to cut glass. That got Becky's motor revved up. In no time flat she was pounding herself down on all eight inches of my cock and smacking my balls with her skinny ass. Her fingers clawed into the skin of my chest muscles painfully as her humping increased in tempo. The squishy sounds of wet genitalia slapping together filled my bedroom and all thoughts of being watched fled as I felt the oncoming bliss of release. Grunts of pure pleasure poured out of her lips as she feverously hammered down on me. Faster and faster she

fucked me until suddenly, she sat straight up and squealed out her rapture as her gripping cunt milked my spurting penis.

"OHHHHHHH FUUUCCCCCCKKKKKKK!!!" she hollered and then collapsed onto my chest. Becky is a screamer.

I thought I heard the sound of shuffling feet but couldn't be sure; Becky's loud panting masking out the sounds of the house. After our breathing returned to normal Becky did what she always did after we fucked; she pecked me on the lips, got dressed and left. Not once had she ever stayed the night. She didn't want her husband to come looking for her. Neither did I. At close to six-feet tall, a hundred and seventy pounds of lean muscle I could hold my own. But her husband was a bull of a man with one of the worst tempers I'd ever seen. He was also my boss at the construction company I worked for. Was I crazy? Maybe. Anyone whose ever had as hot and wet of a pussy as Becky's would be crazy enough to chance his wrath too. At least they'd die with a smile on their face. The sound of the front door latching behind her was the last thing I heard before sweet dreams beckoned me into their loving embrace.

Early the next morning, after fighting my morning wood to empty my bladder, I followed my nose down the hall towards the front of the house. I noticed the bedroom across from the bathroom was empty, before entering the living room and continuing on into the adjoining kitchen, dining room combination. I stood in the doorway in my boxers and t-shirt letting the aroma of frying bacon and fresh coffee drift up my nostrils. My heart filled with love as I watched the woman, her back to me, pull slices of toast out of the toaster and lather them with butter. She was dressed in a whitish, threadbare terry-cloth robe that had long ago forgot that it used to be yellow. The robe drooped at her shoulders but hugged the full firm roundness of her ass before descending down to the backs of her knees. Two shapely toned calves stuck out from below the hem of the robe, her feet covered in fluffy pink house shoes. The woman's wavy shoulder length, grey streaked brown hair bounced slightly as she buttered the last piece of toast.

"Morning Mom," I said from the doorway as my greenish-grey eyes took her in.

Startled she spun around, one hand holding the butterknife while the other one darted up and clutched the top half of her robe closed. The same color eyes as mine fell on my face and her generous lips spread into a warm smile.

"Robby! Damn, you almost made me pee my pants. Don't sneak up on your old mother like that," she croaked, the hand holding her robe loosening.

"Sorry Mom. That sure smells good," I chuckled as I walked over next to her and fixed myself a cup of coffee, the top of her head barely reaching my shoulders.

She protested a little when I told her to sit and I'd bring us both some, but she did it anyway. I put the plate of bacon between us on the table to share. Neither of us wanted eggs, so we dined on toast and crispy bacon and washed it down with coffee. She wouldn't have it when I tried to take her cup to refill it; instead she took mine and filled both of them up. On her way back to the table the top half of her robe parted

some giving me a view of the top swell of her full breast. Creamy white skin sprinkled with freckles jiggled as she walked. At fifty-three years of age Mom was still a striking woman. I chastised myself for the lewd thoughts that were bouncing around my head. I sipped the hot coffee and thought back to how Mom had come to be staying with me.

Almost a year ago to the day, Dad had suffered a massive heart attack and passed away. It shook Mom to her very core. We were all surprised since Dad seemed to be in great shape for a man nearing his sixties. The doctors had said it was a blocked artery that had caused it. Mom tried to make a go at keeping the house, but the pitiful amount of life insurance Dad had didn't stretch very far. Mom had always been a housewife with no discernable jobs skills, which made it almost impossible for her to get a job that would cover the bills. I offered to move the seven hundred miles back home and take care of her, my being in construction, I was sure that I would find work. She wouldn't hear of me quitting the job I already had. A month ago I made her an offer she couldn't refuse, especially now that the house was being foreclosed on; a fact that I hadn't been aware of until it was too late. If she

came and stayed with me I'd get rid of my housekeeper, and she could work for me in exchange for room and board and some spending cash. She agreed to my terms, expressing regret for causing my non-existent housekeeper to lose her job. She cheered up when I told her that I'd found work for the woman elsewhere. She'd used the plane ticket I'd wired her the very next day, and now she was sitting in my kitchen enjoying a cup of joe and bacon. I was pleased with myself even though her presence did put a damper on my love life, somewhat.

Mom held her cup in both hands with her elbows on the table as she sipped her coffee. The top of her robe drooped open a ways and I could see parts of the round globes of her tits pressed together provocatively. The smattering of freckles made me want to ask if I could play connect the dots. I kept my mouth shut but felt a definite swelling in my boxers as I stared at the white creaminess. I looked away just as her head lifted.

"I've been meaning to ask you something," she began hesitantly.

"What's that Mom?"

"Do you always sleep with your door open?"

"Usually. Why, is my TV too loud at night? Because if it is, I'll turn it down or off," I said. The memory of feeling like I had been watched last night returned.

"Oh no, nothing like that. I was just wondering is all," she replied dipping her eyes to take another sip.

"Well, if it'll make you feel better I'll close it from now on," I told her, stealing another glance at her milky cleavage.

"Please don't...I feel safer knowing you're able to hear if I need you for something in the middle of the night." Her eyes caught mine and held them.

"You having trouble sleeping Mom," I asked returning her steady gaze.

"Sometimes I wake up and can't remember where I am. Just a foolish old woman scared of the dark," she chuckled.

"Don't worry, you'll get used to being here. By the way, you're neither foolish nor old," I told her, giving her my best smile.

Beaming, she rose and came around to my side of the dinning table. She bent down and hugged me before tousling my curly brown hair and taking our cups for a refill. My eyes followed her, greedily taking in the gentle swaying of her buttocks as she walked away. I also brazenly watched her walk back, the subtle bouncing of her chest making me wonder if she was wearing a bra. I got the answer when she leaned over and placed my cup on the table. The robe parted enough for me to see the valley between her breasts; there was no sign of a bra. Out of the corner of my eye I could tell she knew what I was looking at but she didn't say anything. She gave me a kiss on my forehead and went back to her seat. The hint of

jasmine lingered in the air around my head as the hint of an oncoming erection swelled in my shorts.

"So tell me Robby," she began, holding the cup with both hands and giving me another view of her boobs being squeezed together. "That girl that was here last night, are the two of you serious?"

"Becky? No Mom, we're just friends," I said.

"Well, judging by the sounds I heard, you two must be real good friends." Her eyes twinkled and I could see she was having trouble suppressing a smile.

"Oh God Mom, I'm sorry. Becky, umm, gets a little vocal sometimes," I stammered, the heat rising to my cheeks.

"Don't be sorry, there's nothing wrong with a person expressing themselves. Why, if your father hadn't clamped

his hand over my mouth on occasion..." her voice trailed off and sadness filled her eyes.

Getting up and going over to her I wrapped my arms around her shoulders and asked, "You miss him don't you Mom?"

Turning in her chair she wrapped her arms around my waist, lowered her head against my stomach and sobbed out, "Very much so. I get so lonely sometimes without him."

"You're not alone anymore Mom. You have me now," I told her softly.

She let out a funny laugh before saying, "Uh, sweetie, I didn't mean I felt alone. I meant that I get lonely sometimes." I really didn't see the difference.

"How bout I take you out to dinner tonight," I asked stroking her hair.

"Sweetie, you don't have to do that. I'll be fine, really," she replied her voice muffled since her mouth was pressed against me.

"I want to Mom. I think it'd do us both good to get out for a change. It's Friday, I don't have to work tomorrow so we can stay up as late as we want. What do you say?"

"If you really want to then okay," she whispered against my stomach.

I said it was a date, kissed her on the top of the head and went to get ready for work. Once dressed I went back out into the front room where Mom was waiting, holding the sack lunch she had made me. After giving me a tighter than usual hug she stood on tiptoes and gave me a soft peck on the lips before sending me on my way, an obvious bulge in my britches.

From the time I'd hit puberty I had found Mom alluring. I don't know why; it wasn't like she had run around the house naked or anything. Hell, I've never even seen her undressed.

No accidental nip slips, upskirts or any of the things fantasies are made of. When I had masturbated, I could only visualize her face. I had stood in the shower on many occasions seeing her face before me as I mauled my growing penis. As I grew older her image had been replaced by the real thing, but it always lingered in the back of my mind. I often thought that one of the reasons I'd never gotten married was because no girl could live up to Mom's standard. Even now, with her being as old as she was, I still got aroused by being near her. Call it what you will, I can't explain it. I'm sure the headshrinkers would have a field day with me.

On Fridays we worked a little later than the rest of the week. All the tools and equipment had to be put away for the weekend. I walked in the front door shortly after six pm to find Mom sitting on the couch skimming through a magazine. The 50-inch TV was tuned to the local news but the volume was so low that it couldn't be heard. She turned her head in my direction and smiled hugely as she stood to show off her outfit for our dinner date.

The vision in front of me took my breath away. Her hair was swept back in a French braid, she wore tiny ruby-red earrings that matched the shade of her lipstick and a delicate strand of pearls hung around her neck. What really caught my attention was the way the knee high black dress clung to the contours of her body, accentuating her slim waist and full hips. The modest plunge of the neckline was just enough to show off the top swell of her creamy breast to perfection. On her feet she wore low-heeled black pumps that pushed the muscles of her calves up, giving her bare legs and covered buttocks just the right touch of firmness. Before me stood the most erotic woman I'd ever seen, and all I could do was stand there and stare with my mouth hanging open.

"Well silly, tell me what you think," she giggled at the look on my face.

"You...you...look absolutely beautiful Mom," I finally managed to stammer.

I saw her eyes dart to the front of my straining jeans then back up before she said, "Thank you, now come and help zip me up the rest of the way."

She turned her back to me and I could see that she'd only managed to zip the dress up to not quite the middle of her back. Stepping around the couch I came up behind her and grasp the tiny zipper in my hand. I watched in fascination as the two halves of the dress came together and hid the black bra under it. The back of the dress was high, and I noticed that the zipper started where the beginning swell of Mom's ass was. By the time I had it completely zipped the front of my jeans were straining a lot harder. I excused myself and took off for the shower.

Dressed in the only suit I owned, a navy-blue pinstripe, and a crisp white shirt, I went into the front room with the maroon tie dangling around my neck. Mom took one look at me and whistled before coming up to me and knotting my tie. The sweet smell of jasmine floated off her and into my nostrils for the second time that day.

"Your father could never get this right either," she chuckled, patting my cheek softly after fixing the tie. I caught a glimpse of mist in her eyes before she turned away.

"So Millie, you ready to go turn heads," I gushed with pride.

"Aren't you the grown up now, calling me by name. Why yes Robert, I am, although I doubt if I'll turn too many heads," she replied her eyes sparkling with mischief.

"What are you talking about? I'll probably have to fight off a legion of smitten fellas," I chuckled taking her hand in mind.

"Oh baby, if that were only true. In case you haven't noticed, your Mom's no spring chicken anymore," she made a clucking sound to emphasize her point.

"Mildred Baxter, you're the sexiest woman on the planet and don't ever think otherwise," I barked; her hand tightened on mine as we walked to my car.

We had dinner at Armando's Fine Italian Foods, a restaurant with an attached lounge to it. The pasta was great, and by the time we finished eating we had almost killed off a bottle of red wine that I'd ordered. Mom drank most of it since I was driving. Soft music coming from the lounge drew our attention. She was having too good of a time for me to let it end too soon, so I suggested we go to the lounge to relax. A suggestion she apparently liked. We ordered a couple more glasses of wine then settled back to enjoy the music. Halfway through the glass a particularly slow song came on and Mom asked if I would dance with her.

I led her to the small platform the place called a dance floor and swelled with love as she glided into my arms. With her arms around my back, her hands up on my shoulders, she let her head rest on my chest. We went around in slow circles, my hands softly stroking up and down her spine as several of the male patrons shot envious glances our way. Once, my hand slid down a little further than I'd planned. I felt the swell of her backside before I could jerk my hand back up. Mom snickered and moved in closer to me. I was pretty sure that

she felt the bulge in my pants, but she didn't say anything. We stayed another hour, drank some more wine, and danced one more time before Mom wanted to go home.

My euphoria burst like a collapsing dam when we entered the house and found Becky sitting on the couch surfing through the TV channels. I'd forgotten that I'd given her a key so she could come over late at night and not have to knock to get in. A look of pure contempt on her face gave way to a small smile after I introduced Mom to her. She told Mom what a pleasure it was to meet her, and she told me that she'd see me in the bedroom.

With a timid look of embarrassment I said to Mom, "I'll shut the door."

"Please don't. I'll probably be out before you two even get started," she smiled widely at me.

"You sure?"

"I'm sure. Oh, before you go to bed I do need your help with something," she said softly.

"Okay. What do you need Mom?"

"I need your help in getting out of this dress," she said pointing toward her back.

"Right, the zipper. I forgot," I said following her to her bedroom.

Mom flipped on the light and walked over in front of a dresser with a large mirror. I stepped up behind her and felt my fingers start to shake as I lowered the zipper. I had only intended to pull it down low enough for her to finish the job, but the lower it went the more intrigued I became. First the strap and hooks of the black bra appeared and I continued to pull the zipper lower. When I'd pulled it down to just below her waist I could see the waistband of her panties. A little

lower and I could tell that they were made of a sheer black fabric. By the time I had the zipper all the way down I could see most of Mom's ass crack through the sheer material.

"That's good sweetie, thanks, I had a wonderful time. Goodnight," she whispered keeping her back to me.

"Night Mom," I croaked, tearing my eyes off her ass and heading for the door.

For some reason, when I reached the hallway I turned around and stood there watching my mother undress. She reached up and pushed the dress off her shoulders and let it glide down her legs where it bunched up around her ankles. All of her panty-covered ass was revealed to my leering eyes. As she bent over to step out of the dress I noticed the panties had a solid black strip of material that completely covered her crotch. I also noticed that her thighs were toned and muscular, much more than women her age usually were. When she straightened up she reached both hands behind her back and undid the hooks of her bra. With a shrug of her

shoulders the bra fell to the floor. Her reflection in the mirror stared at me as I tried to see her breasts in the glass. All I got was a brief glimpse of quarter-sized brown areolas before Mom's hands came up and cupped her tits. I wasn't sure, but I thought I saw that her nipples were stiff and aroused. I stared at Mom's face in the mirror as she stared back before she slowly turned to face me, her hands hiding her breast from view. She walked over and kissed me lightly on the lips.

"Goodnight baby, sweet dreams," she purred, then turned and went back to stand in front of the dresser leaving the door wide open.

My jacket, shirt, tie and shoes were scattered in the hall by the time I reached the threshold of my bedroom. On the bed in front of me Becky was kneeling with her ass at the edge of it, trying to pull back the covers. She had turned on the television and the blue glow glistened off the wetness of her hairless pussy. It was obvious to me that she'd started without me. She was so engrossed with her chore that she didn't hear me drop my pants and free my raging tube of flesh. She became acutely aware of it when I crept up behind her and jammed it all the way into her soaked cunt.

"OH FUCK!" she squealed as my cock slid roughly up her cunt and my pelvis rammed into her bony butt.

"A little warning next time, eh stud," she snickered as she began to push back against my frenzied thrust.

My balls battered her clit on each forward thrust, my hands holding her hips tightly as I pumped her viciously from behind muttering, "OH MOM, OH MOM, OH MOM."

"Oooogh, a little role-playing. Trey kinky, but I'll play along," Becky giggled.

"Who's your mama, who's your mama," she chanted each time her ass and my pelvis collided.

Each time she chanted 'mama' my cock would twitch and I'd try to go faster and deeper. The sloppy sounds of my balls bouncing off her wet clit rang in my ears as the vision of my

mother's ass danced in my head. I was pile driving into her so hard that she collapsed on the bed face first, where the bunched up covers muffled her screams of pleasure. Crawling up and over her I continued to feed all eight inches of my rigid cock into her drenched hole until I felt her cunt clamp down and begin to contract.

"OHHH MOMMMMM!!!" I wailed. I unleashed the biggest flood of hot, sticky spunk into her quivering cunt that I'd ever shot at any one time.

As I rolled off her back, my deflating penis making a wet plopping noise as it popped out of her hole, I caught something out of the corner of my eye in the hallway. A ghostly white figure moved out of my sight so fast that I wasn't even sure I'd seen it in the first place. The sound of shuffling feet I was sure about though. Becky's usual peck on the lips was followed by a dressing down.

"Listen stud, I'm all for role-playing, but next time let's pick something a little less creepy. Okay?"

With that she was gone and I was left wondering if I had seen and heard what I thought I had. I waited until I heard the front door close, then climbed out of bed and padded naked to Mom's bedroom door. I don't know what I expected to see. I could just make out the lump of her body under the blankets and her terry-cloth robe lying on the floor next to the bed.

"Mom, you still awake," I asked quietly.

There was no reply. I stared into the darkened room trying to make out more detail, but gave up and went back to my room. My dreams were filled with images of Mom watching me in her mirror as her hands barely covered the lush ripeness of her breasts. A warm sweet smile played on her ruby-red lips.

The next morning I found Mom at the dining table sipping her coffee. I felt her eyes follow me as I fixed myself a cup, but when I turned around she was looking out the kitchen window. I gazed out it myself and saw the dark clouds growing thicker and more menacing. Sometime today we

were going to be in for one hell of a storm I told myself. Thank God it was my day off. I joined Mom at the table, the crotch of my boxers sticking to my sweaty balls.

"How'd you sleep last night," I asked breaking the stillness of the morning.

"Like a rock. I think I drank too much wine; I practically passed out as soon as my head hit the pillow," she answered looking down into her cup.

"Becky and I didn't disturb you did we?"

"Not at all," she kinda whispered, still gazing into her coffee cup. Even with her head pointing down I was able to see the faint hint of color blush her cheeks.

"I don't think your little friend likes me very much," she said lifting her head up and gazing over at me.

"Don't worry about her, she was just jealous," I laughed.

"Jealous? Of what?"

"She didn't know you were my mother. She probably thought I'd picked you up and we were planning to...you know," I couldn't stop giggling.

"No, I don't," she replied, sounding genuinely unsure as to what I was saying.

"You know. The horizontal mamba...the beast with two backs..." I could feel my face flushing as I watched her eyes grow wide with understanding.

"Oh. Oooohhhh!" the color on her cheeks rose another shade.

Laughing I said, "Now you understand why she acted like she didn't like you?"

"Yeah, I get it. But for the life of me I don't know why she'd think that. She could clearly see that I'm old enough to be your mother," she said stone faced. Our laughter lasted a while.

"Nothing wrong with a mature woman, especially a hot mature woman," I told her trying to keep a straight face.

"So you like older women," she asked in a tiny voice, her eyes looking deep into mine.

"Woman. One very hot woman," I said reaching over and taking her hand loosely in mine.

"Oh my," she said pulling her hand from mine as she stood.

I watched her cheeks sway as she walked over to the counter near the coffee pot. When she turned around and leaned against the counter I noticed how loose the top folds of her

robe was. I could clearly see the top swell of her breasts and a small portion of the valley they lay between them.

"You think I'm hot," she asked, studying me with her eyes as she steadied the cup in both hands and brought it up to her lips.

"Smokin hot Mom," I cooed, disappointed by the way she held the cup in front of her blocked my view of her chest.

"Oh pooh, you're just like your father, always the sweet talker," she giggled, her eyes full of humor.

"Be that as it may, it doesn't change the fact that I have the hottest Mom on the block. Always have," I countered, getting up and going to get another cup.

She almost made me drop my cup when she sat hers down then turned and wrapped her arms around my middle,

hugging herself to my side. I could feel the softness of her boobs trapping my lower bicep between them.

"I know you're just saying that to make an old woman feel good, but thank you anyway," she said, her head resting on my shoulder.

"Mom," I blurted without thinking, "if you weren't my mother, I would have been on you like white on rice last night."

"Oh my," she said again, then picked up her cup and scurried off to her bedroom, closing the door behind her.

I felt like a complete jerk when I realized how uncomfortable I must have made her. I sat back down at the table to drink my coffee, and also to let the swelling in my boxers go down. Halfway through the cup I made myself get up and go apologize to her for being such a bad son. I knocked on her door, opening it only after she told me to come in. She was standing in front of the mirror brushing her hair, her eyes watching me in the glass.

"I'm sorry Mom, I shouldn't have said that," I said apologetically.

"Did you mean it...the part where if I wasn't your mother, you'd of been on me like white on rice," she asked, her voice neutral.

"Mom, I..." I was feeling my own discomfort now.

"Tell me the truth son. Would you have?"

Standing up straight I resolved to tell her the truth. "Yes, yes I would have."

"Well then I forgive you," she said, her reflection smiling brightly at me.

"Then you're not mad at me?"

"Quite the contrary. I'm rather flattered that a stud such as yourself would find me appealing enough to want to, how does it go? Oh yeah...jump my bones." Her use of the word 'stud' brought a brief memory of me pounding Becky's pussy from behind.

"MOM!" I cried, shocked to hear her speak this way.

"Oh relax Robby," she lightly laughed and came over and wrapped me in her arms. "I couldn't get mad at you for telling me that I'm still a desirable woman."

My love for her overflowed and I crushed her to my chest, messing up her freshly brushed hair as I ran my hand through it.

"You're suffocating me sweetheart," she mumbled against my chest before pushing herself away. "Now, what should we do today?"

"Anything you want to Mom," I answered fighting back tears of joy.

"With the way the weathers shaping up to be, how bout we just lay around on the couch in our pj's and watch movies. You do own a pair of pajamas," she inquired after letting her eyes dart down to the slight tent in my boxers.

"Sounds good to me, and yes, I think I have a pair somewhere in my room. They're probably pretty worn out though."

"As long as they're comfy who cares? It's just the two of us," she replied patting my chest with one hand signaling the end to our conversation.

I found a pair of pajama bottoms wadded up in the bottom drawer of my dresser. Upon examination I noticed the buttonholes that held the fly closed were really worn out. I told myself that I'd have to be careful or my dingus would

probably fall through the opening if I moved the wrong way. I could have just put on some sweats, but the soft worn flannel of the bottoms was too hard to resist. I went to the bathroom for a shower and saw that Mom's door was shut. I wondered if she was going to wear her robe since I'd never seen her in pajamas of any kind. The shower felt great, and as a precaution I rubbed one out to make sure that my hormones didn't start acting up anytime soon.

Mom's door was still closed when I emerged dressed in a black t-shirt and the flannel bottoms. I went into the front room, turned on the TV and pawed through my collection of DVD's hoping I had something she would like. Unless Mom had become interested in action flicks, I could only find two that she might like, *Sleepless In Seattle* and *You've Got Mail*. I put the last one in the player and waited for her to join me. My couch has built-in recliners on both ends, which makes it impossible to place a coffee table in front of it. Something I never worried about since I didn't have one anyway. I do have little tables on each end for drinks and such however. I sat on the left hand side, put the TV and DVD player remotes in the middle of the couch, and kicked the recliner back.

I had been sitting there almost twenty minutes before I heard Mom's fluffy slippers coming toward me. I craned my neck around and watched as she rounded the couch. She was wearing a soft pink slip with a fairly low cut neck that didn't quite reach her knees. Two thin straps held it up, and by the way I saw her breasts jiggling I knew she didn't have on a bra. I didn't know if she was aware of it, but another thing I noticed right away was I could see the faint brown of her areolas through the silky fabric. When she sat down the slip hiked up exposing a generous portion of her thighs. I just sat there like a fool admiring her legs before she brought me back to earth by asking what we were going to watch.

"I like those movies," she said happily, crossing one leg over the other and kicking her recliner back like mine.

"Before we start, can I ask you something Mom?"

"Sure," she replied.

Bringing my eyes back down to her legs I asked, "How have you kept your legs looking so good?"

"These old things," she said, lifting the leg closest to me in the air and running both her hands along the calf muscle. My eyes were glued to the inside whiteness of her other legs thigh.

"After your Dad died I started going to the gym to fill my day. I went every day up until the day I moved here with you," I could hear the pride in her voice as we both admired her shapely leg. I could also hear the loneliness in her voice when she'd mentioned Dad.

"The gym did you good, you have gorgeous legs," I softly said.

"There you go again, you sweet talker you. Stop ogling your mothers legs and start the movie," she giggled, placing her leg back over the other one.

Halfway through the first movie the rain came. At first it was just a light shower that fizzled out after fifteen minutes. We took that time to grab a couple of sodas from the fridge. I sat back in my seat and when Mom placed hers on the table next to me I gave her an inquiring look.

"I'm getting a little chilly. Do you mind if I grab a blanket and stretch out with my head on you," she asked.

What she was asking almost didn't register in my brain. She was leaning over with her hand still on her drink, the neck of her slip drooping down in front of her. The view I had went past the beautiful valley of her hanging tits all the way down to the sweet swell of her mature soft belly. I caught a brief glimpse of curly brown pubic hair below her tummy before she straightened up and asked me again.

"Yeah, uh, sure," I stammered. I put the remotes on my end table and waited.

I had to recline my seat all the way back when Mom returned from the bedroom with a small throw blanket. If I hadn't she would have had to put her head in my lap instead of on my stomach, an idea I wasn't keen on since my boner hadn't gone down yet. She lay on her side with her legs curled up, her head on my upper abdomen with one arm tucked under her and the other she hugged to her chest. I managed to throw the blanket over her and we settled down to finish the movie. Occasionally she would reach over me for her drink and mash her bottom-side breast into my ribcage. My boner remained defiant, refusing to deflate no matter how hard I willed it to. As long as we were lying there it wasn't a problem. But when the first movie ended I was relieved when Mom got up and put in the other one. This time when she lay back down she rested her hand in the middle of my thigh. Just as the warmth of her hand seeped through to my skin the heavens opened up and rain came pouring down in buckets.

I don't know about anyone else, but the sound of rain battering against the roof puts me in lalaland. Apparently it does it to my mother also; I heard tiny snores coming from her right before my eyes grew too heavy to keep open. Visions

of Mom's dangling tits played out in an endless loop in my head as the rain pounded the roof of the old house. Thunder roared in the distance but failed to wake me from the pleasant sleep I was experiencing. Even the feel of something warm and soft wrapped around the shaft of my cock failed to disturb my slumber.

The sound of Becky shrieking did wake me. My eyes snapped open and I saw her standing in front of the couch screaming at me. Her hair was plastered to her head and she looked pissed. Water rolled off her onto the floor and I wasn't sure if her trembling was from rage, or if it was because she was soaked to the bone. Mom's head shot up off my stomach just high enough for me to notice that my cock had slipped through the fly of my flannel bottoms. That wasn't the thing that shocked me however. The fact that my cock was so hard that pre-cum was dripping from the head, and that Mom's fingers were wrapped around my pulsing shaft did.

"You fucking pig! First you make me play that disgusting role-playing game last night, and now, I see it looks like you really

are fucking your mother! That's just sick, you fucking pervert," Becky rambled on.

All I heard was, "Blah, blah, blah." My mind was only registering the warm sensation of Mom's hand on my cock. Mom must have been in shock too, because she didn't move a muscle as Becky's tirade continued.

"After all the lovin I've given you, you go and throw it all away by humping your own mother! Well buster, you're not poking this pussy anymore," she spat, throwing the key to the house onto the floor and storming off.

The last thing I heard her say before the front door slammed shut was, "You two are freaks!"

"Wow, she sounded upset," I couldn't help but say.

My remark snapped Mom out of her trance, and when it dawned on her that she was clutching my cock she yanked her

hand off it like she'd been burnt by its touch. She bolted upright on the couch and swiveled around to stare into my eyes.

"Oh God Robby I'm so sorry. I didn't know I was...I was...touching you there. Please forgive me," she begged bring her trembling hands together in front of her mouth.

Sitting up I reached over and pulled Mom's head against my chest with her face pointing down to my lap.

"It was an accident Mom, don't worry about it," I soothingly repeated until she seemed to calm down some.

"Robby?"

"Yeah Mom?"

"Sweetie, I truly am impressed, but don't you think you should tuck that thing in now?"

She laughed all the way into the kitchen after she'd watched me frantically trying to stuff the beast back into its cage. She brought sandwiches and fresh soda and we curled back on the couch, me on one side and her on the other, and filled the rest of the day by watching some of the worst shit imaginable. Mom did ask about Becky once.

"What's going to happen between you and your little friend now?"

"Hopefully she'll find someone else to take care of her needs," I answered nonchalantly.

"I take it you weren't in love with her then," she asked.

"Oh God no! We just used each other to relieve tension is all. Besides, she's married," I said waiting for what I expected to come next.

Instead of a speech about the pit-falls of getting involved with a married woman she just snickered, "Well, a handsome guy like you shouldn't have any trouble finding someone else to help you with your tension problems."

"I'm taking volunteers," popped out of my mouth before I could stop it.

"Robert Baxter! Shame on you. Although, after what I saw today, if I wasn't your mother I'd be on you like the speed of light squared," she cackled mirthfully.

" $E=mc^2$, kudos for the brainiest reference Mom," I laughed back.

There was a lull in the storm later that evening, but when it returned Mom slid over and snuggled up to me. She covered us both with the blanket and propped herself against my side with my arm around her shoulder. Without realizing I was doing it I let my fingers draw little circles on her upper arm. The feel of her skin was warm and soft to the touch. As my

fingers rubbed they slowly slid forward, and before I knew it I was actually rubbing the tips of them against the side of Mom's boob. When she didn't say anything I became emboldened. Gradually I inched my fingertips forward until they were barely touching the crinkled flesh of her areola under her slip. A sudden shifting on her part brought her nipple directly under my fingertips. It was hard. As gently as I could muster, I rubbed the stiffness and felt it get even harder. This went on for a few minutes before she moaned softly, excused herself saying she was tired, and went into her bedroom. I didn't hear her door close.

I had to sit there for quite a spell before enough blood drained out of my dick to allow me to walk without it pointing the way. I shut everything off except a small light over the stove. It was just enough light for me to see down the hallway and not run into the wall. Mom's door was open and as I got next to it I peered in. A spark of lightning outside her window lit her room up enough for me to see her curled in a ball on top of the covers.

"Mom, you okay," I asked concern in my voice.

"I'm fine son, go on to bed. I'll see you in the morning," she said sounding far off.

"Okay. If you need me for anything holler," I told her not really wanting to go.

"I will. Goodnight Robby."

"Goodnight Mom," I said, then went into my room and crawled naked under the covers.

I had no idea what time it was when the repeated calling of my name finally woke me. Outside the storm raged on, loud booming crashes of thunder followed by dazzling displays of lightning that lit up my room for several seconds at a time. My eyes opened halfway just as another streak of lightning lit up my room, casting eerie shadows in every direction. Mom was standing by the side of my bed and it looked to me like

she was shaking all over. I sat straight up letting the covers bunch in my lap.

"What's wrong Mom," I asked worried that something bad had happened.

"I'm scared and I can't sleep." She sounded like a frightened schoolgirl.

The thought of how ironic this was almost made me laugh out loud. When I was little storms like this would terrify me, and I'd always go into my parent's bedroom and say just about the same thing Mom had just done. Mom would lift the covers and allow me to snuggle into her protective warmth. Turn about was fair play, so without thinking I held up the covers so she could crawl into bed. Just as she was about to, another streak of lightning lit up the room and she froze. I saw where she was looking and it dawned on me that I was naked; I dropped the covers enough to hide my privates.

"Sorry, I forgot," I stuttered. "My pajamas are on the floor somewhere, mind handing them to me?"

She had to wait for another bolt of lightning to light up the room before she was able to find them. After tossing them to me I lay back and struggled into the legs before lifting my hips and pulling them the rest of the way up. That done I once again held up the covers and felt her crawl in next to me. The sweet soft fragrance of jasmine filled my nostrils as she turned her back to me and settled in. I stretched out on my back with my hands behind my head, our bodies barely touching. I could feel her shiver every time the thunder boomed.

"Honey," I heard her whisper after about ten minutes later.

"Yeah Mom?"

"Would you hold me, baby," she asked in such a low voice that I barely heard her.

I immediately regretted not having at least tried to fasten the buttons on the pajama bottoms. As soon as I flipped onto my

side facing her, my soft cock flopped out the fly and pointed down at the mattress. I knew it would be useless to go ahead and button up; they would just pop back open anyway. The best thing I figured I could do was not get too close to Mom's back. I stretched my bottom arm under my pillow and lay the one on top over her waist with my hand just reaching the softness of her tummy, leaving a small gap between us.

"Tighter sweetie," I heard her softly say.

I grabbed the edge of my pillow and moved it so it was over the edge of hers, and then I inched towards her until her back and my front meshed in all the right places. She was in a fetal position with her knees up, and when I scooted over putting my knees behind hers my cock made contact with her slip-covered cheek. The silky fabric felt good on my skin and I snuggled even closer pressing my dick harder into the softness of her bun.

"Better," I asked, reaching up and combing my fingers through the hair on the side of her head.

"Ummm," she murmured.

Slipping my bottom arm back under both pillows I let my other hand fall onto the soft skin of her upper arm. I began drawing tiny circles just like I'd done earlier, my face resting next to the back of her neck. Without even thinking about what I was doing I reached up and swept her hair away from her neck, and then planted a couple of feathery kisses at the junction where her shoulder and neck met. A soft moan escaped her lips and I brought my hand back to resume drawing circles on her arm. I widened the loops of the circles toward the front of her until I was once again drawing them on the side of her breast.

"That feels nice," Mom whispered shifting her shoulder back and placing her hand flat on the topside of my thigh.

With her shoulder back I was able to reach the front edge of her slip where it started to cover her chest. I let my fingers linger there pushing the fabric further away on each pass. The

touch of her skin and the heat of her body pressed against me had the blood filling my cock in a hurry. Spooned up against her I rotated my hips until my hardness slid along the silk of her slip until it pushed the fabric into the crack between her cheeks.

"Baby...you shouldn't be doing that," she moaned, pressing her ass back against the heat of my cock at the same time.

Nuzzling her neck and raining tiny kisses along the top of her shoulder, I reached up and lightly pulled the strap of her slip down her arm to her elbow. Next I placed the palm of my hand on the top swell of her breast and slid it downward pushing the slip off her tit as I did. I felt the stiffness of her nipple scrape across my palm as my hand replaced the fabric that covered her left breast. Her nipple grew even stiffer as I ran my fingertips over the top of it. Cupping her shoulder and sliding away from her slightly, I gently urged her onto her back. With the flashes of lightning I was able to see that she was staring up at me as I propped my head up with my hand. I was also able to catch glimpses of the crinkled skin of her areola and pointed nipple. She let the arm closest to me fall

between us and I felt her hand land on my cock. Her other hand came up and cupped my cheek tenderly.

"Oh Robby, we can't do this. It's wrong, so wrong," she said, even as her grip on my dick tightened.

"I love you Mom. I just want to make you feel good. Is that so wrong," I whispered as my hand roamed over her chest then slid under her slip and cupped her other breast.

"Ahhh," she sighed as I pinched her nipple making it get as hard as the other one.

I played with her breasts one at a time, squeezing first one then the other before I leaned forward and captured the closest nipple in my mouth. My tongue drew more circles around the brown circle of her areola before I sucked her stiffened nipple into the heat of my mouth. Her hand began to rub up and down on my shaft in shaky jerks. The harder I sucked her nipple, the faster her hand moved on my cock. With her tit in my mouth I moved my hand down the front

of her, sliding it lower and lower until I reached the hem of her slip on her thigh. Thunder boomed making her jump just as my hand traveled back up her thigh and under the part of her slip that hid her mound. My fingers raked through the hair covering her sex and found the nub of her clit peeking from its protective hood.

"Oh baby stop...we can't... do this," she panted as I bore down on her clit with the tip of my index finger.

Pulling my mouth off her nipple I lowered my lips to hers. There was no use of tongue, just a soft passionate connecting of lips. She didn't respond for a second or two, and then her hand snaked around to the back of my head and pressed my lips harder onto hers. My finger left her clit and slid down between the slick lips of her pussy and burrowed into her moist tunnel. Her tongue shot out and forced its way into my mouth as she began to kiss me with greedy abandon. I worked my finger in and out of her increasingly wet pussy faster and faster.

"Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God," she chanted thrusting her hips upwards burying more of my finger into her heat.

"That's it Mom, let it go," I whispered encouragingly into her ear as I inserted a second finger.

"OHHH HONNNEEEYYYY!!!" she screamed as juice poured over my fingers and her thrusting hips slowed down and then stopped moving.

I slowly pulled my soaked fingers from her twitching pussy then brought them up to my mouth and sucked her juices from them. Lightning lit up the room and I saw her eyes watching as I licked the last drops of her tangy nectar from the insides of each finger. She still had a grip on my cock, but her hand had stopped stroking a while ago. Her hand slipped off as I rolled over onto my back and stared at the shadows on the ceiling, listening as she tried to bring her breathing under control.

"God, what have we done," she quietly asked.

"Nothing wrong, Mom," I told her reaching over and taking her limp hand in mine.

"How can what we just did, what I allowed us to do, not be wrong? You're my son for Christ sake," she countered.

"Come here Mom," I whispered coaxing her into my waiting arm. She snuggled up against my side and rested her head on my chest.

"You didn't do anything wrong Mom. All you did was allow yourself to enjoy the pleasures I offered. It's not like we had gone all the way, now is it?"

"But..." she sobbed.

"But what, Mom?"

"I feel so dirty," she moaned.

"Why," I asked.

"Because...because I would have gone all the way. I would have let you make love to me," she whispered into my chest.

"And I would gladly accepted your gift of unconditional love Mom, but only if and when you are ready to give it. For now, just let your boy take care of your needs, that's all I ask."

"You don't find the idea of having sex with your mother wrong, or disgusting as your little friend called us?"

"Can I tell you something Mom?"

"Of course," she answered.

"Ever since I was able to see you as a woman, not as just my mother, I've wanted to have sex with you. Even to this day when I'm with some woman I picture your face as we do the deed," I told her, expecting her to be shocked.

"I kind of figured that out when I heard you shouting 'Mom' while you damn near killed that skinny girl with your enthusiasm," she chuckled lightly.

"So, you were watching. I wasn't sure," I said smiling at the memory.

"Can I tell you something Robby?"

"Anything."

"I feel so naughty telling my son this. Anyway, I've watched you and that girl several times," she snickered.

I stroked her hair and asked, "Did you like what you saw?"

"Yes. I...I couldn't stop wishing it were me riding you instead of her. I'd get so wet that I had to go to my room and play with myself until I had an orgasm. But that's as far as I thought I'd take it, just harmless fantasizing."

"Now that it's gone beyond fantasizing how do you feel?"

"Confused. Part of me wants to die for what we just did, but another part of me wants to feel you deep inside. Does that make any sense to you," she asked, her hand inching down toward my semi-hard cock.

"I understand, and I'll never push you into something you're not ready for. Just know that if you need any stress relief, I'll gladly volunteer." We both got a chuckle out of that.

"Maybe we should get some more sleep. Do you mind if I hold you while we sleep?" I didn't understand that what she meant

was, she wanted to hold my cock, until her fingers wrapped around it.

"Sweetie, can I ask you one more thing?"

"What's that Mom?"

"Did you enjoy the taste of me on your fingers?"

"Very much so. But it'd been so much better if I could have gotten it directly from the source." I felt her quiver as her hand tightened a little more around my shaft.

Sometime during the night the storm had faded into a minor drizzle. My eyes fluttered open then squinted from the brightness. I was alone. I couldn't help but wonder if what had happened had just been a dream caused by my desire for my mother. Rolling over on my side I caught the scent of jasmine that lingered on the other pillow. My eyes opened completely and my dick twitched as I brought my hand up to my face and

sniffed. The musky smell of pussy, Mom's pussy, was still on my fingers. I had a hard time stuffing my cock back into my pajamas on the way to the bathroom. Even after my bladder was emptied I had to tuck myself back in twice before I reached the kitchen.

Mom was standing at the counter holding her cup of coffee in both hands as she stared out the window at the drizzling rain. She had a towel wrapped around her head and was wearing her worn out terry-cloth robe. She must have heard me approach, because she didn't flinch when I placed my hands on her shoulders and gently began to knead them. She smelled as fresh as the morning.

"Mmmmm," she murmured as my fingers worked her shoulder muscles.

"Just get out of the shower," I asked, gazing out at the rain.

"Uhuh," she said as she took a sip.

"You smell great Mom," I told her.

"Listen, Robby," she began before putting her cup down and turning around to face me. "What happened last night was a mistake. I was just being a foolish, lonely old woman that let things get out of hand."

Stepping in closer to her, I put my hands on her hips and said, "Were you?"

"I..." she started, her bottom lip quivering slightly as she gazed into my eyes.

Tilting my head I brought my lips down tenderly onto hers cutting off any further words of protest. I held my lips on hers and was rewarded with the feel of her arms going around my neck and the sweetness of her returning my kiss. Our kiss went on and grew more passionate; our tongues began to hunt for each other's. My hands slid around the front of her robe

and untied the sash that held the halves together. When we finally broke the kiss I stepped back slightly and parted her robe. Her hands slid down the front of my chest until they reached her sides and hung there unmoving.

My eyes feasted upon my mother's loveliness. Her breasts were ripe and full with just a hint of drooping, her areolas small crinkled circles of brown skin topped with erect dark-pink nipples. She didn't try to stop me as I placed my lips between their fullness and used my hands to squeeze them against my cheeks. Pulling my lips back, I squeezed the globes closer together until I was able to suck both nipples into my mouth at the same time. I heard her gasp and felt her fingers entangle themselves in my hair at the back of my head. The longer I sucked the harder she pressed my lips onto her.

"Oh Robby, oh son, what are you doing to me, " she whispered, her breathing growing erratic.

Releasing my hold on the sides of her tits, I kissed each nipple once more before making my way slowly down over the tiny

soft swell of her belly. I ran my tongue into her belly- button before sliding it lower, my hands holding her soft mature hips gently. My knees finally touched the floor and I came face to face with her essence. She had a neatly trimmed patch of brown hair covering her mound that slid up under her and covered the outer folds of her pussy lips. Her inner labia hung down past the folds just enough to be visible; their edges tinged a light brown. I could see her pinkish clit peeking out as I brought my mouth forward and captured it in my lips. Her hands pushed on the back of my head as I snaked my tongue out and parted the fur-lined outer folds and licked ravenously at the center of her being. Her breathing was becoming ragged and her hips were pushing her cunt into my mouth with ever increasing force.

"Not here baby," she whimpered pulling me to my feet by my hair.

When I reached my feet she grabbed my hand and pulled me toward the bedrooms. Halfway there she dropped my hand then reached up and pushed the robe off her shoulders. She flung the wet towel from her head over her shoulder at me. I

didn't know it could, but my cock got harder still when I watched her juicy ass jiggle down the hallway. I almost broke my neck shedding the pajama bottoms on the run. I reached my room in time to see her spin around and fling herself backwards into the middle of the bed. She was giggling like a schoolgirl and watching me with lust crazed eyes.

I reached the edge of the bed, my pulsing cock sticking straight out in front of me, and looked down at her. She stopped her nervous giggling, raised her knees and spread her legs as wide as she could. Next she took her hand and placed two fingers into the softness of her slit and scissored the fingers apart. Her inner and outer lips flowered open showing me the pink entrance to her wet, slick tunnel. I crawled up on the bed sliding between her firm creamy white thighs, my cock dangling at just the right angle for the head to slip between the folds of her moist cunt.

"Be gentle with me son," she moaned as her arms wrapped around me and pulled me down on top of her.

As my weight settled down on her, flattening her breasts between our bodies, I felt the head of my cock slip deep into her snugness. Pushing slowly forward I slid the rest of the way in until I felt my balls settle on the soft round cheeks of her ass. She pulled her lips from mine, grunted once, then raised her head to the side and sank her teeth gently into my shoulder. I pumped my hips backwards until I almost fell out of her, and then slowly pushed back in. I did this about ten times before she stretched her legs out and under, forcing my legs to the outside of hers. This increased the tightness around my shaft and also allowed her clit to ride the top of my cock at all times. I wasn't able to push my entire dick into her in this position, but the sensation running along my cock was like no other that I'd ever felt. The feel of her hard clit scraping the top of my cock, coupled with the tickle of her fur around the sides of it was fantastic. I latched onto the side of her neck with my mouth as we pushed and pulled against each other at a leisurely pace.

"So good, so good," she chanted as her upward thrusting began to become more forceful.

I matched her force, and in no time we were fucking faster and faster. She rained tiny kisses all over my face as her fingernails raked down my back. I slid my hands up under her until I could grasp her ass.

"Yeah baby, that's it, I'm so close," she cried into my ear.

Spurred on by the sounds of her throaty cries I forced my feet between her closed legs. As soon as she spread her legs wide open I propped myself up on my arms and began to hammer my cock into her cunt mercilessly. The sounds of my balls slapping against her butt increased my urge to piston faster and faster into her soaking wet hole.

"Uuuhhhhggggg shit! Oh God baby, now, do it now. Fill me son," she wailed her face contorted in ecstasy.

I jammed my cock into her cunt as far as I could get it and held it there, a flood of thick hot spunk shooting out of me in globs.

"I love you Mom," I groaned as Mom's pussy milked the last rope of sticky semen from my balls.

As we lay in each other's arms a short time later I couldn't remember a time when I'd ever been happier. Mom's head was resting on my shoulder and her warm soft tits were pressed against my side. She was lazily running her fingertips from my chest to my stomach in large gentle circles.

"Are you still lonely Mom," I finally asked.

"No honey, not anymore. I'm just worried," she replied in a low voice.

"About what," I asked.

"Now that you've tasted the forbidden fruit, and fulfilled your fantasy of having sex with me, I'm just worried that you won't want to keep eating the same old fruit."

Reaching down I placed my fingers under her chin and lifted her face to mine so she could see my eyes.

"I love you with all my heart Mom, and if you'll let me show you, I guarantee you'll never be lonely again," I whispered.

"You really mean that, don't you?"

"Just give me the chance to prove it, you'll see," I said. I could see the doubt in her face disappear.

She laid her head back on my chest and let out a happy sigh before asking, "How many times a day can you prove it?"

"As many times as you want," I chuckled reaching down and cupping one of her breasts.

"You know that things will never be the same as they used to be," she told me softly.

"No, no they won't. They'll be better from now on Mom."

"You know, I was thinking I'd like to eat something new for lunch today. Something I've never had before," she purred, as her fingers lightly trailed over my expanding cock.

Mom's Tan Lines

The sky all around was bright blue as my plane glided over California's San Joaquin Valley, heading smoothly toward the airport in Fresno. That's where my mother, Karen, was going to pick me up. My name is Mike Franks. I'm twenty-two years old, stand five-ten in my bare feet, and weigh in the one-sixty range. I just finished a four-year enlistment in the army. Having fun in the sun and sand in Afghanistan over most of that time. I never really saw any combat though, since I was a company clerk, and spent most of the time in the rear with the gear. Now I was going to spend the next three months with my mom, on her parents farm, and decide if I wanted to make a career out of the army or not.

After landing we were shuffled off the plane into the terminal to wait for our bags to be off-loaded. It has been a long time since I have been here, and the valley heat hit me full force. Of coarse, being in my dress uniform didn't help much either. I made my way to the luggage carousel and waited till I saw

my duffel bag come around, snatched it up and went looking for mom in the terminal lobby.

I spotted her immediately, standing by the doors that led out to the sun drenched parking area. She was wearing shorts and a white t-shirt. Now this is the part where you expect me to tell you that she has enormous tits, and an ass to die for. In truth, I can't. I can tell you that she is tiny; about five-two, and maybe a hundred and ten pounds soaking wet. She still has jet-black hair that goes down to the small of her back, and tits that are barely a handful. She also has the same piercing blue eyes that I have. By no standards is she a raving beauty, but she is pleasant to the eyes. The one quality that she does have is an infectious smile that can melt your heart. That is what was happening to me as I watched her running over. We through our arms around each other in a tight bear hug. Effortlessly I picked her off the floor and spun us around in a circle, all the while both of us telling the other how much we love and missed each other.

After we separated, she placed her palm on the side of my face and said, "I've missed you so much Mikey." That's what she like to call me.

"I've missed you too mom," I told her. "Shall we get started?"

The drive to my grandparents place took almost an hour and a half to complete, so we used that time to catch up on everything. I let her know that I had ninety days to decide about re-enlisting before losing rank. She informed me that her parents weren't at the farm. They had to go to a dear friends funeral on the other side of the country, and wanted her there just to protect the place. She said her parents didn't grow anything any more, so there really wasn't much to do around the place. The farm was actually only twenty or so acres with a large two-storied house and a man-made pond near it.

It was close to lunchtime when we finally got there, so mom said she would fix us some lunch while I put my things in the spare bedroom. The old place looked the same as it had the

last time I was here, making it easy to find the room I would use. After stowing my stuff away and changing into shorts and T-shirt I went down to the kitchen. Mom had some sandwiches and a couple of cold beers sitting on the table. I took a seat across from her and dug into the sandwiches.

On the ride here I couldn't help but notice that she hadn't mentioned anything about dad. This didn't surprise me all that much however. I knew that their relationship had soured a long time ago. Dad could be a real jerk at times, and was one of the reasons I had went into the military. I also knew that they stayed together because of me.

"So is dad coming out too," I hesitantly asked.

"No baby, he's not. Your father and I separated three months ago," she answered demurely.

"You've been here for three months?"

"Yes. Three months of peace and quite," she answered with a chuckle.

"Well that explains why your arms and legs have such a lovely tan," I said, with a chuckle of my own.

"Unfortunately," she began, " My tan only covers my arms and legs were my clothes didn't cover me."

"You could've fixed that," I stated.

"I would have loved to, but my father is kind of a stick in the mud. He would've come unglued if I sunbathed in my swimsuit. Your grandma not so much though," she explained.

I looked over at her and asked how long they would be gone.

"They think that they might spend at least three weeks back east," she told me.

"Hell, that's perfect then," I said.

"You can spend the next three weeks working on your tan, and I promise not to leer at you too much," I added.

"Why on earth would a young man want to look at this old lady," she replied with a gleam in her eyes.

Getting up, I went to the fridge and got us both another beer. Placing one in front of her, I bent down and kissed the top of her head.

"Because you are beautiful, mother dear," I stated matter-of-factly.

"Well aren't you the chivalrous one, you sweet talking devil," she laughed at me.

We talked some more, but the long flight and trip, plus the beer was taking its toll on me. I told her that I was going to take a nap and would see her later. Jokingly, I suggested that she get started on that tan while I was asleep so I wouldn't be able to leer at her. She smacked my shoulder and said that maybe she would. I saw an odd look in her eyes right before I turned and headed to my room.

I don't know how long I'd been asleep, but knowing me, it wasn't long. I've never been able to sleep too long in the middle of the day. I got up and stretched then went and peered out the window. On this side of the house I had a view of some gently rolling hills and the man-made pond grandpa had dug many years ago. The water in it looked clean and fresh, but that wasn't what caught my eye. What did, was mom laying there on a blanket in a black bikini. The suit itself was relatively conservative by today's standards, but left enough flesh exposed that I found it to be highly erotic. I think I should have slapped myself for such thoughts and looked away. But did I do that? Hell no. Instead, I pulled off my shirt, changed into baggy swim trunks and headed that way. The closer I got, the more I could see of her tan lines. The ones on

her arms stopped right where the sleeves of a shirt would have been, and on her legs where some shorts would have ended. Her shoulders, back, and what I could see of her ass cheeks were a stark white against the black of her swimwear. She was lying on her tummy with her hands being used as a pillow under her face. Her long black hair was thrust to the side of her head over on the blanket. Until now I had never noticed how fine an ass she had; small and round and soft looking. Should have gotten another slap for that, but once again, did I? Helllll no.

"Damn, I'm gonna have to break out my sunglasses just to leer at you," I half-jokingly said as I got almost to her.

I must have startled her, because she jumped a little before realizing it was me. Turning slightly onto her side, using one hand to shield her eyes from the sun she said in a mock serious tone, "So you're a funny man now, huh?"

When she asked why I wasn't sleeping, I explained that it was hard for me to sleep during the day. I also told her that since

she was out here, I thought I would join her and maybe take a dip in the pond. My hormones had started to act up as soon as I got close enough to get a good look at her, so I did the only thing possible. I jumped into the pond and started swimming around to give them time to cool off. What's wrong with you, that is your mother, I chastised myself. The water was chilly enough to dampen the heat in my nether region and I felt it was safe to return, but stayed a few minutes more just to be sure. After so much time spent in a desert climate the pond was like a little slice of heaven on my skin.

Once I was back on shore I stood near where her feet were and took all of her in. Not bad. Not bad at all for a forty-one year old I thought to myself.

"Knock it off you perv," I whispered to myself.

"What did you say sweetheart," she mumbled through her fingers.

"Uh...nothing mom," I answered sheepishly. Can't have her knowing what kind of perverted thoughts were running around in my noggin; now can I.

On the blanket near her towel was a bottle of sunscreen lotion, so I asked if she would like me to put some on her back. She gave me a sideways glance before saying that would be nice.

Kneeling beside her, I uncapped the lotion and put a glob between her shoulder blades and started massaging it into her skin. I made sure to cover all her shoulders and even down her arms where she had no tan. The more I rubbed, the more I felt her muscles relax and I even heard a small murmur escape her lips. With her shoulders done, I applied another glob to the small of her back and began working that in. I spread the lotion evenly on her back making sure to get the sides of her rib cages, then further down until my fingers were touching the top of her suit bottoms.

"Mmmmm...that feels good," she whispered dreamily.

"I'm going to do your legs now mom. Can you spread your feet a little wider so I can get the insides too?"

"Oh, that's not really necessary sweetie," she said.

"You don't want to burn there, now do you," I replied.

"No, I guess not," she answered, and spread her feet about ten inches apart.

The tan on her legs ended about six inches from the start of her butt cheeks. Applying some to the leg closest to me, I slowly worked the lotion into her thigh. She tensed up slightly at first, but seemed to loosen up the more I rubbed. I was careful not to get too close to her crotch area, but on each upward stroke my thumbs rubbed against the bottom of her suit. Up my hands went, each time my thumbs pushing the material of her suit higher on the swell of her ass cheek.

"Uh Mikey...what are you doing?"

"Just making sure that you don't burn, mom," I answered.

That seemed to satisfy her and she settled back down. I switched over to her other side and proceeded to do the same to this leg. As I rubbed the lotion on the inside of her thigh my hand went up a little further than I intended and briefly touched the edge of her crotch. I was shocked that she didn't say anything. Instead it almost looked like her legs opened a little wider. I now had an excellent view of her cloth-covered pussy. I could see little bits of pubic hair poking out the leg openings of her suit. Having not been with a woman in quite some time, my cock immediately grew hard as a rock. Emboldened, I continued to manipulate the bottom of her suit on her ass cheek, as my eyes drank in the sight of her crotch. As I stared, I noticed that the center of her crotch began to turn a darker black than the rest of the suit. I distinctly heard a soft moan coming from her. Suddenly, she stood up, thanked me for helping with her tan and practically ran back to the house.

I lingered on the blanket for fifteen or twenty minutes, giving my dick time to deflate, before gathering everything up and heading to the house. Leaving it all on the porch, I entered the house in time to see mom coming from the upstairs area. She had changed back into her shorts and shirt, but I could see that her face was flushed. I watched her go to the kitchen, then scrambled upstairs to get out of my wet trunks. While I was there, I went to the bathroom to relieve myself, but the image of mom's ass kept creeping into my head. My dick grew as I tried to go pee, so I choked my chicken like a man possessed. I spent the next few minutes cleaning my jism from the toilet; the wall behind the toilet; and any place else that it had splashed. I knew right then that I was going to go to hell.

The rest of the day was uneventful. Mom spent a lot of time sitting on the porch, while I watched an endless amount of television. After dinner I suggest we watch a movie together. Mom seemed to like this idea, so we picked one from the pay-per-view channels. I grabbed us a couple of beers and a blanket and sat on the couch. Putting the blanket over me, I held one side open and mom got under it and snuggled up

against me. It felt wonderful to have her leaning into me as we settled in to watch what turned out to be a fairly good film.

"Mom, I'm sorry if I did anything inappropriate today," I finally blurted out.

"You did nothing wrong honey. It's just been so long since a man has touched me that I got scared," she explained.

"So do you want to forget about working on your tan," I asked, hoping for a no.

"Oh no, buster. You 're stuck on lotion duty until I'm a bronze colored goddess," she replied laughing.

After the movie we went to our rooms. I don't know what she was thinking, but as for myself; I was hoping that she had a lot more sun tan lotion. Sleep gathered me up and took me to a sensuous dreamland filled with images of my lovely mother.

The next few days were spent about the same as the first. We got up in the mornings, had breakfast, and then I would help her with any chores around the place. After lunch she would put on her bikini and head to the pond with yours truly in tow. I stayed on the straight and narrow when it came time to apply lotion to her however. I didn't want to ruin my little fantasy world, or damage our relationship.

About the fifth day at the pond I noticed a subtle change in her. As I was working the lotion into her thighs, she spread her legs wider than ever before. Without thinking my hand roamed higher up the inside of the thigh I was working on until I was almost touching her pussy. The closer my hand got to her crotch, the lower she would scoot her pelvis. It was as if she wanted to feel my touch. By now I had gotten very adept at pushing her suit up over her cheeks with my thumbs, exposing most of her buns to my watchful eyes. Unfortunately, each session ended the same way. She would let out a little moan, then jump up and scamper back to the house.

The next day I had just finished her back, when she reached both hands to her suit bottoms and pulled the material into the crack of her ass. I could see that the suit was lodged firmly into the slit of her womanhood, leaving the puffy outer lips visible. I also saw that the hair had been neatly trimmed, leaving only a sparse covering.

"That should save you the trouble of trying to be sneaky," she whispered without looking at me.

Yes boys and girls; I was busted by my own mom.

Since they were out in the open, I put lotion on my hands and began rubbing it into her soft ass cheeks. I cannot describe the feelings coursing through me at this time. I can only say that the feel of those soft, round cheeks yielding to my hands was glorious. Leaving one hand on her ass, I used the other to stroke the inside of her thigh. Stroking slowly upward until I made contact with her naked outer lip. A deep moan escaped her as soon as my fingers touched her bare skin but she didn't stop me. With my index finger running through the center of

her cleft, my other fingers lightly tickling her outer lips; I could feel her getting hotter than I thought was possible. Her breathing became ragged as she pushed her pussy harder against my hand. I slid my finger down her slit toward the front while my thumb wormed its way under the fabric of her suit. My index finger found her clit, swollen and erect under the suit and I began to slowly massage it. My thumb was now completely inside her suit and I rubbed it up her very wet pussy until it found her opening. Gently I pushed it inside her until it was buried all the way in.

"Aaaagggghhh shit," she cried out.

I felt her cunt grip my thumb as she pushed back against my hand, whimpers of pleasure rushing from her mouth. No longer able to control myself, I climbed between her legs and grabbed her hips. I felt no resistance from her as I hoisted her ass up in the air and pulled her bottoms down to her knees. My swim trunks were at my knees in a flash as I positioned myself behind her smooth ass. Taking my raging cock in one hand and holding her with the other, I rubbed the mushroom head between her labia, coating it with the abundance of juice

pouring out of her. When I felt her entrance, I eased forward until the head of my cock sank into the moist canal of her heated cunt. With her head still on the blanket, her hair completely covering her face, I slowly pushed until I felt my balls up against her engorged clitoris.

I started with a slow rhythm, not going all the way in, or all the way out. Just enough movement to savor the feel of her muscles contracting on my shaft each time I sank in to her. It wasn't long before my tempo increased, until I was pounding into her smoldering heat with abandonment. She was slamming back against me with just as much enthusiasm, her ass cheeks rippling as our bodies collided. Our fucking didn't last long before I felt my swiftly approaching orgasm building deep in my balls. I knew it was only a matter of seconds before I would explode up inside her.

"Oh God, please forgive me...I'm cuuummmming," she wailed.

Just as she was screaming out her own orgasm, I grabbed her hips and held her still. I pushed my cock as far into her as I

could go and shot my spunk forcefully against the back of her quivering pussy.

"Ohhhh Shhiiiiittt," I growled.

I leaned slowly backwards, my cock pulling out of her with an audible plop. A mixture of our juices leaked out of her and landed partly on my knees and the blanket. I watched speechless, as she stood up on trembling legs, yanked her bottoms up and ran to the house.

It took a couple of minutes before I had enough energy to get up and chase after her. I searched the downstairs area before heading up the stairs where I figured she had gone. Her bedroom door was open so I went to it and found her sprawled crossways on the bed, her feet hanging over the side. She was quietly sobbing into her pillow.

"Mom..." I softly called to her as I approached the bed.

"Oh Mikey, please forgive me," she said between sobs.

Forgetting that I hadn't put my swim trunks back on, I sat on the edge of the bed, leaned forward and brushed the hair away from her back and face. With her face turned sideways on the pillow in my direction, I could see tears streaming from her closed eyes. I felt like the biggest jerk in the world at that moment.

"There is nothing to forgive you for, Mom," I began. "If anyone needs to be forgiven, it's me. I don't know what came over me."

Turning on her side, she opened her eyes and reached up to place the palm of her hand against the side of my face. I could feel her hand trembling as she lovingly stroked me. I don't think my nakedness even registered on her worried mind.

"What I did was so wrong. I've been so lonely, but when you touched me these last few days, I just couldn't control myself."

"I love you more than anything in this world Mom, and the last thing I would ever do is hurt you," I told her.

"I know sweetheart. But what we did is so wrong."

I stared deep into her blue eyes and without thinking, asked if she had enjoyed what we had done.

"God forgive me...I enjoyed it more than I can say," she said, a weak smile on her soft lips.

I couldn't help myself. Bending forward, I placed a tentative kiss on her lips. When she responded, I increased the pressure and pushed my tongue between her lips. Hers met mine with the same urgency. Lying down next to her I scooped her into my arms and half dragged her lithe body on to mine, our lips locked passionately. She maneuvered her thighs so that she was straddling my waist, her suit covered pussy dangerously close to my expanding cock.

Our embrace went on for what felt like forever. As she clung to my neck and our tongues did battle, I allowed my hands to roam all over her soft warm body. My hands traveled from her bare thighs, up her sides, and then to her back where I unhooked her top with surprising ease. When I reached down and tugged at the bottoms of her suit, she leaned far enough to one side and allowed me to remove it from one leg while our kiss remained unbroken.

She leaned up and propped herself with her hands on my chest. This movement caused her pelvis to slide further down my waist and I could feel my now hardened cock trapped in the folds of her still soaked cunt. I knew she felt it too when a moan slipped from her lips. With both her arms straightened, her top fell down revealing her small breast. They hung with the angle and I saw they had quarter sized brown areolas capped with nipples the size of erasers.

Staring deeply into my eyes, she slid the wet folds of herself along the length of my shaft, her hard clitoris and pubic hair tickling the underside of my glans. My cock was harder than it has ever been.

"Are you sure," she whispered.

"I have never wanted anything as much as I want this," I answered, careful not to call her Mom.

Sliding her pelvis forward off my cock allowed it to rise up a little, just enough so when she slid back down it penetrated between her lips and entered her. A sigh of ecstasy rushed from both our mouths at the same time. Gradually she lowered herself until all of my penis was buried deep in her tight hot pussy. Slowly she worked her hips up and down, rising high enough that just the head of my cock was in her, and then agonizingly slow, she lowered back down until I was once again completely engulfed in her heat.

I reached up and cupped her breast, tweaking the protruding nipples gently with my thumbs and forefingers. The tempo of her thrusts started to increase as I watched her face. Her eyes were tightly closed, a frown of concentration etched on her forehead and her mouth sucked in air through partially

opened lips. Faster and faster she pumped, so many moans escaping from her lips that they ran together into one continuous moan. I pushed up to meet her downward thrust, the pace of our coupling becoming frenzied, my balls rising up to smack against the soft globes of her ass. The sounds of our flesh slapping together reverberated throughout the room, as I felt my cum boil over.

"Aaaaaggggghhhhhh," I shouted through clenched teeth, as my seed erupted in a torrent, flooding my mother's already sopping pussy.

"Yesssss..yesssss..yesssssssss," she repeated, as I felt her cunt muscles clamp down on me.

She collapsed on my chest and I held her tightly to me, whispering how much I loved her in her ear. I'm not positive, but I swear she was purring.

When she finally rolled off me, we continued to hold each other for a very long time, neither of us wanting to let go. We

gazed into each other's eyes and lovingly touched each other's face as we let the afterglow of our lovemaking wash over us.

"There's something I haven't told you yet," she finally broke the silence.

"What's that," I asked dreamily.

She propped her head up with her hand before looking down at me with that magical smile on her face.

"My parents are giving me the farm. They want to travel around the world before they get too old to enjoy themselves. All they ask is that I let them rest here when they need to," she explained.

"They really want to do that," I asked.

"Yes. So I was wondering," she continued, " how would you feel about staying here with me instead of going back into the army."

Two weeks later I was stretched out on a blanket by the pond thinking how strange life can be sometimes. Splashing noises coming from the pond broke the spell. I turned to watch as my mother; her long black hair plastered to her naked body, came toward me with that enchanting smile on her lips. There wasn't a single tan line on any part of her golden skin.

Only Human

At ten thirty-five Saturday morning twenty-two year old Todd Brooks sat nervously watching his surroundings as the cab driver swung onto the street his mother's house was on, his pulse quickening with each passing second. Two years, four months and nineteen days. That was how long it had been since he'd last seen her. Technically that wasn't true; he'd skyped with both her and his father several times. But this would be the first time he'd see her in the flesh after so long a period. The war in Afghanistan had consumed those two years and four months, along with a good portion of his soul. Because of his Marine units specialize nature their deployment had been extended over and over. He'd had opportunities to come home for visits, but for some reason he just couldn't bring himself to leave his buddies there without him. Maybe it was some sort of big brother complex that had kept him there he reasoned, the desire to protect his comrades outweighing the desire to return home. Even with him being there his unit had lost men, but he knew of four that had made it home solely because he had stayed. That in itself had been worth it, at least to him anyway. Now, with his

four-year enlistment over, and his unit rotated back to the world, he felt an unbridled sense of relief that his military service was over.

Mid-way down the block he had the cabbie pull to the curb. He sat there for a few moments taking in the neighborhood. Other than newer cars in some of the driveways it didn't look like anything had changed. Glancing at his mother's house he saw her five-year-old Honda parked outside of the double-car garage, completely blocked in by a pick-up with the logo of some fencing company on the tailgate. Looking around he didn't see anyone that was having fence work done. Shrugging, he reached over to the passenger seat and grabbed the box of long-stemmed roses he'd bought for her and exited the car. After retrieving his duffel from the trunk he walked toward the front door, feeling a little guilty because he had told her that he wouldn't be in for two more days. He really wanted to surprise her. Once he reached the door he started to knock but thought better of it; he knew she was home because her car was there. Reaching out he gently tried the doorknob and happily found it unlocked. A smile played on

his lips as he envisioned the look on his mother's face when she saw him.

Forty-three year old Janet Brooks lay face down bent over the center island in the kitchen, the cold granite top feeling good on her stiff nipples. Her wrists were held loosely together at the small of her back by the young man who was rapidly sliding his cock in and out of her wet pussy. The look on her face conveyed the pleasure coursing through her. She was close to having an orgasm; so close she could almost taste it. She felt him speed up and knew that he was close too, maybe too close. Pressing her ass backwards she felt one of his hands trail downward from her wrists, the tip of his thumb coming to rest nestled against her asshole. She knew exactly what he was planning to do the instant she felt the pressure on her sphincter increase.

"No," she cried, bucking her hips trying to dislodge the guy's thumb.

Luther Greene couldn't believe his luck as he slammed his cock repeatedly into the hot cougar bent over in front of him. For three days she had come on to him while he installed the fencing around her back yard, and now he was fucking the shit out of her sweet hot cunt while pushing his thumb into her back door. When she squealed he took it as a sign that she liked what he was doing and sank more of his thumb into her butt. A few more strokes and he knew he'd bust his nut into this hot piece of ass.

"Stop! Take it out!" Janet screamed, her approaching orgasm derailed as the kid's thumb sank deeper into her rectum.

Leaving his duffel on the stoop Todd opened the door and quietly slipped inside. As he entered there was a foyer that opened into the front room, and also housed the stairs leading to the upstairs portion of the house, while the kitchen and dinning room were through the living room and off to the right. Todd had stopped in the foyer and was looking around, amazed that everything seemed the same as the last time he'd been there when he heard his mother's scream coming from the kitchen area. Dropping the box of roses he raced through

the living room then turned the corner toward the kitchen only to stop dead in his tracks, his eyes at first refusing to believe what he was seeing.

Stretched face down across the island, her thick auburn hair in large rollers, was his mother. She was completely naked, her breasts flattened out underneath her chest, her lower half hanging over the side while a young looking guy with sandy blonde hair held her arms pinned behind her back as he hammered his cock into her. The guy was wearing a sweat stained t-shirt with the logo of the fencing company on it, his jeans bunched around his ankles almost hiding his dirty work boots from view. Todd also noticed that the guy's thumb was jammed up his mother's ass. The first thought that flooded Todd's brain was his mother was being raped. He was consumed with a rage unlike any he'd ever felt.

Luther felt his body tense up as the rising tide of his orgasm peaked. With his eyes tightly shut, his lips compressed, he slammed his cock forward one last time. Before he had a chance to finish his final thrust he felt himself being violently

pulled away from his prize, his cock erupting, sending his sperm shooting out into space as he fell.

"What the..." he managed to yell before tripping over his bunched up jeans and sliding backwards on his bare ass, his head slamming into the wall.

"I'm gonna kill you!" Todd screamed as he advanced toward the stunned man.

Janet had caught the blur of movement, someone rushing forward, just before she felt Luther's thumb and cock being yanked from her body. Leaping to her feet and turning she saw her son, his face a mask of fury, step toward Luther. Fear clutched her heart. She began shouting, "Stop Todd! Stop!" over and over.

Just as Todd drew back his fist ready to pulverize the guy, somewhere in the back of his mind he thought he heard his mother frantically calling his name. Reluctantly, his body trembling with rage, he turned toward the sound of her voice.

Janet saw him turn and rushed up to him, placing her hand gently on his arm.

"Stop baby," she whispered soothingly, her soft brown eyes staring pleadingly into his.

"He was raping you Mom!" Todd growled, his face flush with anger.

"No honey, he wasn't," she softly said, reaching up and running her hand gently against his cheek.

"But..."

She watched his face go through a range of emotions as it began to dawn on him what was really going on, his sharp grey eyes gazing questioningly at her.

While the two were distracted Luther took the opportunity to scramble to his feet and pull up his pants. Several blobs of his cum trickled down one leg of his jeans but he didn't really notice; all he wanted to do was get the hell away from the guy in the uniform.

"I better finish up Mrs. Brooks," he mumbled as he slid past the two and headed through the sliding glass door off the dining room out into the back yard. Once outside he wasted no time in gathering up the rest of his tools and rushing to his truck. In his hast to get out of there he realized that he'd forgotten to leave an invoice.

"What the fuck just happened?" he muttered to himself as he slammed the truck in gear and sped down the road, tires squealing on the asphalt.

Mother and son didn't even know Luther had left. They stood together for several minutes just staring into each other's eyes, afraid to look away. Janet was the first to break the silence.

"What are you doing here honey? I thought you weren't due in until day after tomorrow," she inquired, still gazing lovingly into her son's eyes.

"I thought I'd surprise you," Todd replied, before adding an animated, "Surprise!"

Laughing and throwing herself against him, her arms around his neck, Janet squealed, "Oh God baby, it's so nice to have you home. I've missed you so much."

"It's nice to be home, Mom," he replied, his arms automatically enveloping her naked body.

So caught up in what had happened Janet was completely oblivious to the fact that she was nude. Todd however wasn't. As his hands touched his mother's hot flesh an unsettling feeling spread through him.

"Uh...Mom?" he whispered into her ear.

"Yes sweetheart?" she whispered back.

"You do know that you don't have anything on, right?"

"Oh shit! Oh fuck! I'm so sorry honey," Janet croaked as she quickly jumped back, awkwardly trying to use her hands to cover her nudity while her eyes darted frantically around the room.

"Where's my robe, where's my robe?" she chanted as her eyes searched for her discarded silk robe.

"Mom! Mom!" Todd hollered, trying to get her attention without bothering to tell her that her robe was over by the stove.

"What?" she snapped, her eyes still searching the floor.

"Here," Todd replied with a chuckle.

Janet glanced toward her son and her heart swelled with love. Todd stood a few feet away holding out his uniform jacket, his eyes averted upwards. Walking over to him she turned and slid her arms into the sleeves then gathered the front together to cover herself. The jacket was way too big for her, she felt lost in its confines, but she also felt warm and safe in it. Turning to face her son she couldn't help but smile; he was still staring up at the ceiling.

"You can look now," she told him.

Todd glanced toward his mother, a look of relief settling on his face. Knowing she was only two inches shorter than his five-ten, he'd worried that the jacket wouldn't be long enough to cover her lower region adequately. To his surprise it did, just barely. For a fleeting second he felt a sadness that it did, but at the same time he was thankful that the unsettling feeling he'd had was slowly going away.

"I'm so sorry you saw that," she stated, her face turning bright red.

"I guess I should've called first," he replied blushing himself.

"That's okay honey. Actually you probably did me a favor by showing up when you did," Janet said, remembering the guy's thumb up her butt.

"How so?" Todd asked, unsure why she'd said what she had.

"Never mind sweetie, it's not important. What's important is you're home," she replied, before stepping into him once more and wrapping her arms around his waist.

His heart swelled with love for this woman as he wrapped his arms around her and crushed her body to his, her hair tickling his nose. For several long minutes they stood that way, neither wanting to end their blissful embrace.

"I love you Mom," Todd whispered.

Janet stepped back and gazed up at her son, her eyes misty, and said, "I love you too honey."

Unable to figure out what to do with his hands he jammed them into his pants pockets and asked, "So, is my old room available?"

Smiling, Janet replied, "It'll always be available for you sweetheart."

"Well, I guess I'll take my stuff up and put it away," he said.

"Okay. I guess I'd better go put some clothes on," she said, a blush rising on her cheeks.

"I suppose," Todd said, unsure why he added, "But I wouldn't mind if you wanted to run around naked."

Janet gave him a quizzical look and said, "Oh really?"

"Really. It's been a while since I've seen a hot woman in the buff," he chuckled.

Knitting her eyebrows together she gazed into his eyes and asked, "You think I'm hot?"

"Speaking as an outside observer, not as a son, I'd have to say that you're about the hottest woman I've ever seen before," he told her.

"Well, thank you for the compliment, but you weren't suppose to see what you saw. Not as an outside observer or anything else," she chuckled before walking away, Todd following close behind.

As they entered the foyer Janet spotted the elongated box on the floor.

"I forgot about those," Todd said as he bent down and picked the box up. Opening it he took out the dozen roses and handed them to her and said, "I got these for you."

Janet could feel her eyes mist over again as she took the flowers from her son's hand. Once again she felt the love she had for him swell up inside. Glancing up at his beaming face she couldn't help herself. Spreading her arms wide, the flowers clutched tightly in one hand, she flung herself against him, wrapping her arms tightly around his neck while small sobs seeped from her throat.

"I missed you so much," she whispered between sobs.

Todd saw the jacket spread apart briefly as his mother flung herself toward him. Automatically his arms went around her waist and pulled her tight against his chest, his left hand accidentally sliding down enough to dip past the hem of the

jacket. With her arms reaching upwards the bottom of the jacket had risen enough to expose her ass. As soon as his fingers touched her bare skin the unsettling feeling returned. He felt the blood flowing into his cock and was powerless to stop it. As if the touch of her smooth warm flesh were a hot iron he jerked his hand away and placed it higher on her back, hoping desperately that she hadn't felt him touch her naked ass.

Janet had felt it. She also felt the bulge pressing into her lower abdomen as she clung to her son. For reasons she was helpless to understand, the idea that her son was getting aroused because of her caused her pussy to grow moist. Desperately she tried to convince herself that the wetness seeping into her pussy was the result of having just had sex. Her son's voice interrupted her train of thought just as her brain told her that that was a lie.

"Why are you crying Mom?" Todd asked, his arms pulling her even tighter against him.

"I've been so worried about you honey...and now that you're home I can't help it," she replied, resting her face against his broad chest.

Gently breaking away from her he stood straight up then reached out and pulled the jacket closed around her. He could see her watching as he did, a look of curiosity in her eyes.

Smiling, jamming his hands into his pants pockets, he said, "Well, I'm home now, so you can stop worrying."

"I'm your Mother baby, I'll never stop worrying about you," she replied, her free hand loosely holding the jacket closed while the other brought the roses up to her nose so she could smell them.

"I guess I should, um, get my stuff," he stammered, slowly turning toward the front door.

"Yeah, and I should get dressed," she replied, turning and slowly walking up the stairs, sniffing the flowers as she went.

Todd turned to say how happy he was to be home but the words died in his throat as he watched her climb the stairs. The higher she went, the more he could see of the bottom swell of her ass. Shame washed over him as he watched until she was out of sight, his swelling cock creating a huge bulge in the front of his pants. With a groan he stepped outside and snatched up his bag.

Janet entered her bedroom and softly closed the door behind her. She made her way over to the dresser and laid the flowers down on top of it, then slowly removed her son's uniform jacket. Naked, she stood there gazing at the cluster of ribbons that adorned the breast of it, then slowly brought it up to her nose and breathed in deeply. The scent of her son sparked something inside her. More moisture seeped into her already wet pussy. Without even realizing she was doing it, her left hand slid slowly down the front of her body until her fingertips were pressing against her clit. Taking another whiff of the jacket she pushed her middle finger between her pussy

lips and sank it up to the second knuckle into her dripping hole. A shudder coursed violently through her, shocking her to her very core.

"Oh my God! What the hell am I doing?" she thought, then gently laid the jacket on her bed.

Shaking her head in disbelief that she'd even entertain the idea of doing something with her son, she went into her bathroom and started the shower going. As she soaped her body, careful not to get her hair wet, her mind drifted back to the feeling of her son's bulge pressed into her. Before rationality could talk her out of it she began to masturbate furiously, her back pressed against the shower stall as her fingers plunged expertly into her quivering cunt. The sudden explosion of her orgasm caught her off-guard, buckling her knees causing her to slide down the stall wall until she was sitting on the floor, her eyes wide.

Todd stood staring blankly down at his bag on the full sized bed in his old room. Once again he felt like he'd stepped back

in time. The room was just the way he'd left it when he'd went into the Marines. His mind wasn't dwelling on that however. Instead, it was focused solely on how his mother had looked downstairs. Naked. He'd never seen her that way before. Growing up there had been the occasional time when he saw her in bra and panties, but never in the buff. Even her swimsuits had been on the conservative side. But now all he could see was an image of her standing there, hair in rollers, her c-cup sized breasts hanging slightly down on her chest, the small brown areolas crinkled, the eraser sized nipples hard. Further down, past the smooth flat tummy with just a hint of a swell, was her pubic bush, slightly reddish in color and neatly trimmed. Idly he began to run a hand over the bulge in the front of his pants, oblivious to the sound of his mother's door opening.

"Here's your jacket..." Janet started but stopped, her eyes gravitating down toward her son's hand rubbing his crotch.

Todd turned and saw her standing in the doorway holding out his jacket, her eyes clearly looking at his crotch, the rollers in her hair looking a little disheveled. Disgust flooded through

him for what he'd been thinking as he stepped forward and took the jacket from her outstretched hand, his face as red as her's.

"I'll uh...I'll see you downstairs. Do you want some coffee?" Janet stammered, turning before he could answer.

"That sounds good Mom. I'll be down in a minute, I want to change first," he managed to mumble.

By the time he got downstairs, dressed in jeans, a t-shirt and sneakers, there were two cups of coffee sitting on the dining table but his mother was nowhere in sight. Sitting he took a sip, his eyes looking out the sliding glass door at the new wooden fence. His mother had replaced the old chain-link one with what appeared to be cedar that was at least six feet high. He noticed the grass needed to be mowed.

"So, how do you like the fence?" he heard his mom ask as she came out of the laundry room just off the kitchen.

"It's certainly tall enough," he replied, turning in his chair and watching as she walked over and took a seat next to him. The outfit she was wearing had that unsettling feeling returning. Her white shorts were so tight it gave her a camel-toe and the soft yellow tube top did very little in hiding the brown circles of her areolas.

"That's to keep old man Oglethorpe from spying on me when I try to get some sun," she said after taking a sip of her coffee.

A smile crept to his lips as he recalled how Mr. Oglethorpe used to sit out in his back yard on a rickety lawn chair every time his mother would go out to take a dip in the pool, or catch some rays. After what he'd seen today he didn't blame the old pervert. The realization that his mom was a very sexy woman was something new to him, something he'd just have to come to terms with.

"Still being a perv, huh?" he asked unnecessarily.

"That's an understatement. The older that man gets, the more perverted he gets. I swear, I think I saw him drooling the last time I laid out there sunbathing," Janet chuckled.

"Well Mom, from what I've seen, I can't blame him," Todd laughed.

"Oh you! Don't remind me," she laughed nervously, swatting him on the upper arm.

Todd got a serious look on his face and said, "I was shocked to hear that you and Dad split. So what happened?"

Both his parents had written and told him about their decision to part ways, neither had explained why though.

Todd sat patiently and listened as his mother explained how his parents had just drifted apart over the years. Something that happened from time to time with couples she said. There was no one thing that had caused them to go their separate ways, just a bunch of little things that finally added up. When

she finished speaking she leaned back in her chair and waited for her son's reaction. What she wasn't aware of was how stiff her nipples had gotten while she had been talking. Todd was very aware of this fact however.

Clearing his throat and raising his eyes away from her chest he asked, "So it wasn't anything like Dad running off with his secretary, or something like that?"

Chuckling Janet replied, "No, nothing even remotely like that."

As she'd been talking she noticed her son's eyes kept drifting down toward her chest. Oddly she found it titillating that her son couldn't stop checking her out. Her nipples stiffened even more.

Nodding he tore his eyes away from the provocative sight then glanced down at the floor before asking, "Mom, can I ask you something?"

"Sure honey."

"I know it's none of my business, but how many times have you had guys over since you and Dad split? I only ask because that guy was kind of young."

"You're right, it isn't any of your business. But since you asked, I'll tell you. That was the first time I've had sex in nearly three years. And I will admit he was young. But seriously, did you see the ass on him? I mean...wow! Too bad his package wasn't a little bigger."

"Jeez Mom!" Todd exclaimed.

"What?" Janet replied laughingly.

"Nothing," Todd replied, shaking his head.

"I hate to break it to you honey, but your Mom has needs too. I'm only human after all."

Todd glanced over at his mother and before he could stop himself said, "Oh, there's no denying that."

"What's that suppose to mean?" she asked.

"Nothing bad, Mom. It's just I've never seen this side of you before," he replied sheepishly.

"Well, you certainly weren't supposed to see what you saw today. I guess next time I'm bent over I'll make sure the front door is locked first," she couldn't help but say.

"The next time..." he started to say until he saw the smirk on her face and the glint in her eyes.

"You're just screwing with me huh," he said, his lips spreading into a huge grin.

For reasons her mind couldn't grasp she blurted out, "I wouldn't mind that."

Todd's jaw dropped, his eyes opened wide as he swung his gaze up and stared into his mother's astonished eyes. She clamped her hands against her mouth as if to stop any further words from coming out. Slowly she lowered one hand and moved the other an inch from her mouth. For several seconds silence filled the air as mother and son stared into each other's eyes.

"Oh God! Todd honey, I'm so sorry, I don't know where that came from," she croaked, her bottom lip trembling.

"Forget it Mom, I say crazy stuff all the time," he replied, wondering at the same time whether the idea of having sex with his own mother was actually crazy, or something he'd be willing to try. With that thought the unsettling feeling he'd been feeling grew stronger and spread rapidly through him until his cock was almost fully erect.

Janet saw the strained look on her son's face and wondered what he was really thinking.

"So, uh, what would you like to do today Mom? We could go to a movie and then dinner somewhere if you'd like," Todd suggested, trying to break the awkwardness that clung like a mist around them.

Janet smiled warmly and replied, "Whatever you want to do honey."

Todd thought for a minute then said, "I'll leave it up to you. Maybe tomorrow we can take in the town or something if you'd like to."

"Oh hon, I'm sorry but I can't. I didn't know you would be here so I invited the girls from the office to come over tomorrow," she replied.

Janet Brooks had gotten her law degree about the time her son was ten. After working for a few different lawyers, all of which tried to bed her even though they knew she was happily married at the time, she decided to open her own practice. She specialized in real estate law and after only five years had built up a steady stream of clients. There were four employees that worked for her on a full-time basis. All four were women around the same age as her and were extremely loyal, so every once in a while she'd invite them over for a day of relaxation by the pool. Of course it always turned into a sort of hen fest with booze and gossip aplenty.

Smiling Todd said, "That's okay Mom," then, as if an afterthought he said, "If you're having people over then I think I should do something about that lawn."

Janet swung her head around and peered out the sliding glass door.

"Yeah, I haven't been able to get out there while the guys were putting in the fence," she absently said.

"Guys?" Todd asked teasingly.

Turning back she fixed her son with a glare and exclaimed, "Yes, there were guys! But I only hooked up with..." When Todd cut her off by laughing uncontrollably she realized he was just funning with her.

"Oh you," she squealed then fell into a fit of laughter herself.

After they got themselves under control, Todd wiped a tear that had rolled down his cheek from laughing so hard, and stood up and walked around the table to stand next to his mother.

"I'm assuming the yard tools are where they always are," he said while leaning over and gently wiping away a tear on Janet's cheek.

She caught his hand in hers before he had a chance to pull it away then brought it up to her lips and kissed the palm. Some unknown force, like an electrical charge, coursed through her as she gazed into his eyes and told him that everything was were it used to be. When he bent over and softly kissed her forehead the unknown force seemed to center itself in her pussy, she could literally feel the crotch of her shorts becoming soaked. It was only after her son had stepped outside did she allow her body to shudder.

For several minutes she sat there staring unblinking into space, her mind in turmoil. "Am I such a horny broad the touch of my own son can actually get me so aroused I cum in my pants?" she asked herself. It wasn't until she brought her hand up and slapped her forehead that she remembered she still had her hair in rollers. "Jeez, I must look a mess," she muttered then rose and headed back upstairs to fix her hair and change into dry pants.

Todd started the mower and began working it through the yard, the sun beating down getting warmer by the minute.

Janet came down, her hair brushed and wavy, and went into the kitchen to take inventory of how much booze was there. She knew from past experience the girls from work could get quite carried away, some even drinking so much they passed out. But it was all in good fun, a way to blow off steam, so Janet didn't mind if she woke up the next day to find someone crashed on her couch. As she passed the window above the sink she glanced out into the back yard, her breath catching in her throat. Her son was standing near the idling mower slowly tugging the sweat soaked t-shirt over his head. She couldn't help but admire his wide shoulders and broad chest covered with thick black hairs that tapered off and ran down his muscular abdomen in a narrow line and disappeared into the top of his jeans. As he began to push the mower again she likened his movements to those of a panther, subtle, but powerful, ready to pounce in a split seconds notice.

"Fuck me!" Janet groaned as she raced back up the stairs to her bedroom to change into another pair of dry panties and her last pair of clean short shorts. On her way back down she silently cursed the fence guy and her son. In her mind she was positive she wouldn't be having these unsettling feelings

about her son if she'd been allowed to climax in the first place. Unfortunately, the fence guy's dick had been small and he'd stuck his thumb in her butt, something she truly hated, plus her son had shown up at the most inopportune time. She was sure that fate had conspired against her, leaving her vulnerable to any stimulation that came along.

Once back in the kitchen she noticed the mower was no longer going anymore. Glancing out the window she saw Todd closing the door to the utility shed. When he turned and headed toward the glass door she turned her back and pretended to be busy looking for something in the fridge. She didn't know if she could trust herself to look at her son's sweaty body.

Todd entered, his sweat-soaked shirt in one hand, and saw his mother bent over at the fridge obviously hunting for something. His eyes automatically settled on her ass, the soft round globes half in and half out of her shorts. At first he didn't notice she'd changed her shorts, but when he did he didn't draw any conclusions. Hell, women changed five times more in a day than a guy did anyway, if any of his previous

girlfriends were any indication. Clearing his throat he told her back that he was going to shower. Her only response was a quick grunt of acknowledgement, but before he made it to the stairs he heard her calling him. Shrugging he went back into the kitchen and found her on the opposite side of the island, her hands flat on the granite surface. For the briefest of moments his mind envisioned how she had looked bent over it.

"Look honey, I really am sorry about tomorrow. But if you like I promise we'll spend all of next weekend together. Do you have anything in particular that you'd like to do first?" Janet asked, her fingers pressing firmly into the hard surface as her eyes once again took in the sight of her son's broad hairy chest.

Cocking his head to the side he responded, "Actually, what I've been looking forward to, dreaming about really, is I'd like to just hop in the car and head up into the mountains. I want to see nothing but lush green scenery, no desert sand anywhere. I want to just spread out a blanket and lie there and hear

nothing but the soft whistling of the wind as it blows through the trees."

Raising an eyebrow, her lips spreading into a smile Janet said, "I know just where to go. A client of mine has a place about sixty miles from here that's perfect for just getting away from it all."

"Think your client would mind if we trespassed on his property?" Todd asked, the thought of being surrounded by peace and quiet appealing.

"Not at all. He's looking to sell it so the more people that see it, the better."

"Great, looking forward to it Mom. Right now though I think I need a shower."

"Okay. When you're done come back down, I have a surprise for you."

"Should I be worried?" he chuckled then turned to leave.

Janet let out a gasp as her son turned his back to her. On his left shoulder blade was a cluster of several ugly scars, the longest about three inches long. Dashing forward she grabbed his upper arm and held him in place while the fingertips of her other hand lightly touched the scars. When she asked how he had gotten them he told her that he forgot to duck fast enough and basically left it at that. As he walked away the mother in her cried out in anguish at the thought of what her son had gone through.

While Todd showered Janet rushed back to her room and changed into a loose fitting sundress. It was white with small black polka dots almost making her look like a Dalmatian. The upper half had a low neckline and straps to hold it up while the skirt part flowed freely with the hem only reaching the middle of her thighs. To complete her outfit she put on a pair of sandals and a pair of sheer white panties, since they were the only dry pair she had left. On her way out of her

room she grabbed a pale pink silk scarf that she used to tie around her hair.

Todd's belief that a woman changed more than men was confirmed when he returned and found his mother in a different outfit. She was leaning against the kitchen island and for some reason he couldn't help but give a wolf-whistle. The smile that broadened her lips caused his pulse to quicken.

"You like?" she asked, slowly turning all the way around before stopping and gazing toward him.

"Oh yeah," he replied, unable to prevent his eyes from betraying his lustful urges.

Janet felt a tingle course through her as she watched her son leer at her.

"So is this the surprise? My Mother showing me how beautiful she is? Todd asked, openly staring at her body.

"Aww, that's so sweet of you baby, but no, that's not it, "she replied as she walked over and took his hand. "Come with me."

He allowed her to lead him into the laundry room, but when they reached the door leading into the garage she had him stop.

"Now, I want you to close your eyes," she said.

Giving her a perplexed look he did as she request.

"I'm going to take your hand and guide you, but I don't want you to look until I say so. Make sure you don't," she said authoritatively.

"Yes Ma'am," he chuckled as she led him out into the garage.

They only went a short distance before she had him stop.

"Okay honey, you can open them," Janet said.

Warily opening his eyes he couldn't believe what he was looking at. Parked in the middle of the spacious garage was a convertible 1959 Chevy. The black paint was flawless as was the red accent that went down the side where the shiny Impala emblem sat. All the chrome on the car was gleaming, looking brand new, just like the old style Craiger mags that were on it. The top was down showing off the beautifully done cloth red interior.

Turning to look at his mother he said in an almost breathless whisper, "This isn't what I think it is, is it?"

With a gleam in her eye she replied, "Yes sweetheart, it's your old car. Your Father and I have spent the last two years having it completely restored."

"Oh my God, I can't believe this," he cried happily as he walked the length of the huge car, his hand sliding over the cool metal as he walk.

Fond memories of when he'd first bought the car came flooding back to him. He'd been sixteen at the time and had spotted it in the back yard of one of his friends. It belong to his friend's dad and when he asked if it was for sale, the man gave him a puzzled look and asked why he'd want to buy an old rust bucket. There was something about the car that just called out to him, much like that character in the movie, Christine. When the man saw how lovingly Todd touched the car he agreed to sell it to him. It had taken everything Todd could earn but he had managed to keep the car running clear up until the day he had left for the Marines. The last time he'd seen it, it was sitting in front of the house under a tarp. Now here it was in all its refurbished glory, looking just like it would have when it was brand new. Todd turned to his mother but was completely speechless.

Janet walked up to him, cupped his face in her hands, and said, "Welcome home sweetheart."

Unable to control the joy racing through him he wrapped his arms around her and lifted her off the floor. Janet's arms went around his neck and she pulled herself tighter against her son reveling in the joy on his face. What neither really noticed at first was how he had lifted her up. Todd's hands were planted squarely on his mother's ass cheeks. When Janet suddenly realized where her son's hands were, she experienced something she would've never dreamed possible; an overpowering urge to rip his clothes off and fuck him right then and there. What she didn't know was Todd was feeling much the same desire. Reluctantly he slowly lowered her and placed his hands on her lower back. They continued to hug for several long moments before Todd finally spoke.

"I don't know what to say, Mom. It's beautiful."

Janet released her hold on him and gazed into his misty eyes and said, "You deserve it honey."

"It must have cost a fortune, I don't know how I'll be able to ever repay you guys," he said, once more turning and staring in awe at the car.

Reaching out she placed her hand on his shoulder while saying, "Don't worry about that, just be happy. But there is something you can do if you want."

Turning and wrapping his arms around her shoulders he pulled her against him and whispered, "Anything Mom, you name it and I'll do it."

Somewhere in the darkest reaches of her mind she heard, "Anything? How about you lay me on the hood of this car and fuck me silly!"

Shaking off the lurid thought she told him, "You could offer a lady a ride in your shiny new car."

Laughing he said, "Let's go!"

"You're on. Give me a few minutes to get some things first though," she replied and ran back into the house.

When she returned she was carrying a blanket and two bottles of Pepsi. He watched as she opened the passenger door, then kneeling on the seat she leaned over the back and placed the blanket and sodas on the rear seat making sure to wrap the bottles. The whole time she was doing this she was unaware that her dress had ridden up exposing a good portion of her ass to her gawking son. When she finally turned around the first thing that caught her eye was the way her son was staring at her. The second thing that caught her eye was the rather large bulge in his pants. Moisture seeped out of her causing the crotch of her panties to become quite wet. Once she was settled in her seat Todd closed the door for her then climbed behind the wheel. Janet pointed to his visor where he found the garage door remote.

As they waited for the door to open Todd leaned over and said, "You know Mom, those panties don't leave anything to the imagination."

Janet acted like she was mortified before jokingly saying, "Well, it certainly seems like you're getting more than your fair share of freebies. I guess I'll have to be more careful how I dress around you."

"Please don't do that, because frankly, I'm enjoying the hell out of it," Todd chuckled as he steered the car out of the garage, barely missing his mother's Honda.

With a chuckle of her own Janet remarked, "It's quite obvious you are."

A quick glance at his mom told him she was staring at the bulge still in his pants when she said that. For some reason the bulge grew even bigger.

Once they hit the highway, with Janet directing which way to go, they both sat back and enjoyed the wind whipping through the car. Talk was impossible so each was left with just

their thoughts to keep them company. The big heavy car drove like a dream as it ate up the miles. As they cruised along Janet had to constantly adjust the scarf on her head. Suddenly the wind whipped it off and flung it skyward, only to have a downdraft sling it straight down into the back seat. Unbuckling her seatbelt she scrambled to her knees and leaned over the back trying to reach it before it flew away.

Todd glanced over just in time to see his mother's dress fly up past her ass, leaving her near naked cheeks exposed to god and country. Reaching over with his free hand he grabbed the hem of her dress and tried to hold it down enough to cover her. In doing so his fingertips settled squarely into her soft yielding slit. Oncoming traffic must have thought that he was trying to finger her or something; horns honked and catcalls filled the air.

Janet finally settled back down in her seat and quickly tied the scarf in place. Once that was done she leaned over and whispered into his ear, "Was that as good for you as it was for me?"

All Todd could do was cast her a shit-eating grin.

A few miles more and she had him turn off onto a well-used dirt road. They followed that for about a quarter of a mile through a grove of pine trees until it opened up into a clearing. Off to their left was a serene meadow and to the right stood what appeared to be the framework for a house. It looked like someone had started building it but only got as far as erecting walls, flooring and the roof. Janet explained that the owner ran into health problems and now wanted to sell. At a very decent price she added. For several minutes after Todd shut off the car they sat and let the peaceful stillness envelope them. Each was lost in their own world. For Todd it was a world of peace and calm, far from the noises of a battlefield. But for Janet it was a world of rising shame as memories of how good her son's fingertips had felt digging into her pussy. "What the hell is wrong with me?" she wondered, as tiny little tingles tickled her most intimate part. Todd finally climbed out and gazed around briefly before turning and saying, "It's perfect here, thanks Mom."

Janet smiled warmly then got out and joined her son. For nearly an hour mother and son walked the land hand in hand. After exploring the unfinished house Janet retrieved the blanket from the car and spread it out on a patch of grass. Once she had the sodas she sat cross-legged on the blanket and patted the space across from her. Todd joined her and was immediately aware that the way his mother was sitting allowed for an un-obstructed view of her crotch. Whether she was aware of how exposed she was he couldn't tell, and since she seemed to be oblivious to it he decided not to say anything. The lure of his mother's sheer white panties with the soft patch of trimmed bush and beginning of her slit visible called to him. Desperately he fought to control the burgeoning cock growing in his cargo shorts as he took quick peeks between her creamy thighs. He could just make out the little nub of her clit through the hair; it appeared to swell slightly larger each time he looked.

"Jesus, get a hold of yourself you fucking perv, that's your Mother you're lusting after," his mind screamed at him. To avoid the temptation of looking, and getting caught looking, he stretched out on his back with his arms behind his head.

Janet removed her scarf and lay down with her head resting on her son's abdomen. She stared off into the distance disturbed by the knowledge that she had been deliberately flashing her son. After only a few minutes she felt Todd lightly stroking her hair. Reaching out she took his other hand in both of hers and held it to her chest between her breasts. For what seemed like hours they talked about things. She asking him what his plans for the future were; what he wanted out of life; how he felt about being home, and things of that nature. His answers were short and really didn't answer her questions. He asked pretty much the same things, all the while continuing to stroke her hair. It wasn't long before they both fell silent. Time passed as the wind whistled through the treetops, and birds sang off in the distance. Finally, after what felt like hours, Todd spoke.

"So, almost three years huh?" he idly asked.

Caught by surprise Janet asked, "Three years what?"

"Since you last got laid, except for today that is," he responded.

"Oh. Yeah, although I wouldn't classify what happened today as getting laid. It was more pathetic than anything," she softly replied.

"Putting today aside, three years is a long time for sure," he remarked.

Keeping his hand trapped with hers she rolled onto her side, her head still on his stomach and said, "Just out of curiosity, how long has it been for you?"

"Almost two and a half years," came his reply.

Startled by his answer Janet rose and propped herself up on her elbow and said, "How is that possible? You're a healthy young man, you shouldn't have any trouble finding a girl to help you out."

Laughingly he said, "Unfortunately, where I was at wasn't conducive to getting laid."

Chuckling she said, "I guess we're both pathetic, at least in the getting laid department."

"Yeah," he sighed as his mother lay back down.

Time slipped away and before they knew it darkness began to settle in. Hastily they gathered up their stuff and threw it in the car. As they drove away Janet tied the scarf over her head once more. Halfway home they spotted a diner and stopped for dinner. Once that was done they continued on, Janet fighting a losing battle to keep the scarf on her head. Frustrated she yanked it off and instead of putting it in the glove box or elsewhere she just tucked it deep between her legs and forgot about it. When they finally arrived home it was decided she should put her car in the garage before Todd put the huge convertible in. As Janet climbed out of the car she failed to notice the scarf until Todd reached over and grabbed it before it fell on the floor. While his mom

maneuvered her car into the garage Todd brought the scarf up and took a big whiff, instantly becoming aroused by the musky odor coming off it. Without thinking he tucked the scarf into his pocket and carefully pulled his car into the garage. After climbing out he lovingly ran his hand along the front of it, almost like he'd done when he first saw it. Janet watched as he drew closer to where she was standing.

"You really love this car huh?" she stated.

His face beaming he glanced at her and said, "Yeah. I can't thank you and Dad enough for doing what you did."

Janet walked up to him and placed her palm against his cheek. "It was our pleasure son. But I have to admit, your Father and I have never understood your fascination with it."

"I've never really understood it either, I just can't help but like it," he replied, and then fixed her with a goofy grin and said, "Want to know a secret?"

"Sure."

"I lost my virginity right there in the back seat. I'm surprised you guys didn't notice the stains," he revealed, turning to point inside the car.

Janet stared at the back seat and for a fleeting moment felt a twinge of jealousy. She couldn't help but envision her son sitting there while some girl had her way with him. As she stared her mental vision changed from being a girl riding her son to what appeared to be an older woman. When the woman in her vision turned her head and stared back Janet let out a gasp. In her mind's eye it was her sitting on her son's lap, his hard throbbing cock buried deep into her pussy.

She was snapped out of her reverie when Todd said, "Sorry Mom, I didn't mean to shock you."

"Oh...you didn't...I have to pee," Janet stammered before rushing into the house.

Todd just shook his head then went inside too.

Janet sat on the toilet, her legs spread wide; a grimace on her face as she used her fingers to massage her aroused clitoris. In no time at all a blissful feeling swept over her causing her to sigh heavily.

For the rest of the evening she barricaded herself in her room, fearful to be around her son. "You're sick! Sick! Sick! A voice screamed in her head.

Todd spent a while surfing through the channels on T.V. until he finally settled on the science channel. For another hour he listened to all manner of doomsday scenarios where the earth was totally obliterated by something coming from the cosmos. Although a passerby would think that he was engrossed in the program, in reality his mind was far far away. His thoughts were consumed by images of all that he'd seen

that day. The longer he sat and dwelled on his mother's nakedness, the harder his cock got. Before he blew a gasket, or a load in his pants, he went upstairs and slipped into bed. Wrapped tightly in his hand was Janet's musky smelling scarf.

Janet sat up in bed and looked at the clock on her nightstand. It read 11:03. Slipping out of bed she grabbed the oversized jersey she normally wore in the mornings and put it on. She felt bad about leaving her son alone downstairs without an explanation. Even though it was late she thought she'd see if he was still awake and apologize. Stepping into the hall she headed forward until she was standing outside of his room. Hesitating, her heart racing, she stared at the partially open door and wondered if this was a good idea or not. She almost talked herself out of it. Almost. Gingerly she pushed the door wider, the creak of the hinges seemed extremely loud.

War heightens the senses, especially hearing. As soon as the door swung open Todd was instantly awake. Staring toward the door, his body tense, he saw his mother standing there, the light from the hall illuminating her silhouette. He couldn't

really make out her face, but he could tell that she was dressed in a baggy shirt that barely reached the middle of her thighs.

"Mom? Is everything alright?" he inquired, turning on his side and propping himself up on one elbow.

"Yes sweetheart. I didn't wake you did I?" He could hear a little quiver in her voice.

"No," he lied.

Gathering her resolve she stepped closer to the bed while saying, "Good. I just came in to apologize for leaving you alone."

"No apology needed Mom," he replied.

Taking a deep breath she said, "Uh...would it be okay if I got in there with you? I just want to hold you for a bit."

Before he had a chance to answer, or let her know that he was naked, she drew back the covers and slid in next to him. Instinctively he lay on his back and stretched out his arm so she could rest her head on it. It felt strange, and wonderful at the same time to have her lying next to him. Without thinking he wrapped his arm around her shoulders and pulled her tighter against him.

Janet snuggled closer and placed her head on his shoulder while putting her upper leg across his thighs. The skin on skin contact sent a chill racing down her spine. Once she was settled she placed her palm on his chest and began to idly twirl her fingertips through his chest hair.

"Is everything okay with you Mom?" Todd asked, the tips of his fingers making small circles on her upper arm.

"Now that you're home safe it is. I've been worried out of my mind for so long about you. The hardest part was not knowing whether you were okay for months on in. And then when I'd

get a letter, or you'd skype with me, I'd breathe easy for a while. And then it would start all over," her voice broke and a small sob filled the air.

Reaching over with his other hand he used both to pull her even tighter against him.

"I'm home now Mom, and I promise I won't leave you again," he said as soothingly as he could. He felt her body relax and the leg resting on his thighs slid higher until it was lying right on his cock. The heat from her touch brought an instant stiffening of his penis.

At first Janet was stunned when she realized her son was naked, but the feel of his cock growing harder under her thigh quickly had her thinking very un-motherly thoughts. Judging by what Todd said next, she realized she wasn't the only one thinking wicked thoughts.

"Uh Mom...you might want to lower your leg a little. I'm starting to have thoughts that I shouldn't."

"It'll be okay, just hold me a little longer honey," she whispered, running her hand lightly over his chest and down across his abdomen.

Silence filled the air as mother and son lay in each other's arms, the heat between them increasing. By the time Janet finally said she was going to bed Todd's cock felt like an iron tube under her thigh.

As soon as she reached the safety of her own room she collapsed on the bed and masturbated furiously. In no time at all she was withering through one of the best orgasms of her life. What she didn't know was, while she was exploding in ecstasy her son was dumping load after load into his wadded up t-shirt while sniffing her silk scarf.

The next morning was a little awkward at first. Neither seemed to know what to say to the other. But as the morning wore on they slipped back into their normal relationship, chatting about this and that, but never once bringing up what

happened while they had been lying together in bed. By noon it was as if nothing had happened. They were just mother and son once more. Around two o'clock Janet started putting things together for her guests while Todd hung around calling old friends and getting the scoop on what was going on. He also called his dad to let him know that he was home. His father told him to come by the shop so they could catch up. After telling his mother he was going to spend the afternoon with his dad he headed up to his bedroom. It wasn't long before the sound of an arriving car and the cackle of female voices could be heard.

Todd showered and put on fresh clothes, a pale blue button down shirt and a pair of button-fly Levi jeans. On his feet he wore black canvas deck shoes without socks. As he walked down the stairs he could hear a chorus of female laughter coming from the patio area. Wanting to let his mom know that he was leaving he turned toward the sounds and stepped through the open patio door. The sight of all the eye candy gathered around the patio, that included his mother, put a smile on his face. God bless America, he thought as he studied the four new arrivals. One was a perky redhead, two were

bottled blondes, and the fourth was an ebony goddess that had an amazingly large set of tits that were trying to spill out in every direction from the bright orange bikini top she was wearing. All four women, only the redhead looked older than his mother, stared as he approached. Once he reached his mom standing by the side of the pool he slipped his arm around her waist and whispered in her ear that he was going. Turning she gazed up and smiled, pride evident in her eyes.

"So Jan, who's the hunk? You been holding out on us girl?" the ebony goddess huskily asked, eliciting giggles from the other women.

Whispering into his mother's ear to play along he turned to face the women and said, "Didn't Janet tell you, I'm her new boy toy."

With that he slipped his other arm around his mother and pulled her against him. He almost cracked up as he saw the stunned look on her face, right before he leaned in and placed his lips to hers and stuck his tongue down her throat.

Janet was completely surprised by her son's statement, but absolutely shocked when he pulled her in and French kissed her. Her shock turned even greater when she felt his hands go down and firmly clasp the cheeks of her ass. The kiss lasted for at least a minute before he backed off, looked into her eyes and winked. Before she had a chance to say anything he turned and walked away leaving her panting for breath, the crotch of her shorts soaking wet.

As he walked away, a shit-eating grin on his face, Todd heard hoots and hollers from the women. He also heard the ebony goddess speak in a high-pitched squeal.

"Dammmmmnnnnnn girl, he had his tongue so far down your throat I betcha you felt it in your cootchie! Hell, the tip of it was probably licking your little man in a boat!"

All Janet could think to do was say; "I need to cool off," then jumped feet first into the pool. She really didn't want anyone seeing the huge wet spot at her crotch.

When she got out she faced a barrage of questions about her new boy toy. For some reason she didn't tell them the truth. All she told them was he was someone she'd known for quite some time and had just recently re-connected with.

Paul Brooks sat at his desk with his hands clasped behind his head as he leaned back and gazed out the glass-enclosed office. It never ceased to amaze him how good his luck had been as he watched the hustle and bustle of his employees as they went about the task of selling cars. He had started with a used car lot and worked his way up to be one of the most lucrative Chevy dealerships in the county. But his pride and joy was his other lot next to this one. It catered to people looking for classic and muscle cars. Currently he had fifteen muscle cars ranging from the late sixties to the early seventies, and a few that were just older classics. Not bad for someone with just a junior college education he thought to himself. The sight of the young man headed toward his office interrupted his self-congratulatory musings. Clambering out of his chair he rushed out onto the showroom floor with his arms held

wide, and a huge smile plastered to his face as his son approached.

"I thought you weren't due in until Monday," he spoke after finally breaking the long embrace.

"As far as anyone knew I wasn't because I wanted to surprise you and Mom," Todd explained.

"So you've already seen your Mother?" Paul asked, a hint of nervousness in his voice.

"Yeah," Todd answered without elaborating.

"And? I bet she was real surprised," his father stated with raised eyebrows.

"You could say that," Todd chuckled, his thoughts swiftly drifting back to his arrival.

Todd's father didn't understand why his son had chuckled, but knowing his ex-wife's penchant to over dramatize things he conjured up an image that was completely opposite of what had really happened.

"Let's go in my office," Paul suggested.

Father and son sat for a while talking about what was new in each other's lives until Todd brought up the subject of why his parents had divorced. Paul's face clouded over a bit as he basically told Todd the same thing Janet had. He told Todd that just because he and Janet weren't together anymore it didn't mean he didn't love her, it just meant that he wasn't in love with her. He went on to say that since they had split it seemed like they were getting along much better. Not wanting to stay on the subject he asked what Todd had planned. Todd told him he hadn't really thought about it yet. When his dad asked about Afghanistan Todd told him he'd prefer not to talk about it. Paul understood and didn't press it, he'd been in the reserves during Desert Storm and had seen combat himself. Several times Todd thanked his dad for restoring his car only

to be told that he'd been happy to do it. They talked a while longer, with Todd mainly listening, as his dad went on and on about the business and how much of his time it took up. When he was finished he asked Todd to walk around with him.

"So what would you think about coming to work here? I sure would like it if the sign out front read Brooks and Son," Paul said as they left the office.

"I don't know Dad. I really haven't decided what I'm going to do yet," Todd replied.

"Well, just think about it okay," Paul told him.

For nearly two hours his father dragged him from one department to another. Once they finished in the sales department they went to the parts department and then to the office of the classic car operation. Todd was actually impressed when his father showed him the shop where some of the cars were restored. Workers were busy assembling a

freshly painted 1970 Hemi Cuda; the color was plum crazy purple.

"Fine looking car isn't it?" Paul asked his son.

"Yeah," was all Todd could say as he admired the car.

"That baby there will sell for over seventy grand," his father remarked proudly.

"Impressive," Todd replied, his mind drifting back to when he'd tongued his mother in front of her friends. He hoped she wasn't mad about what he'd done, but at the same time he couldn't shake how good it had felt to hold her firm cheeks in his hands.

Since it was getting late they decided to grab a bite to eat. Paul took him to a really expensive restaurant and treated him to the best steak he'd ever had. Once finished they went back to the car lot and said their goodbyes. With a father's pride

welling up inside he watched Todd drive away, proud of the man his son had become.

Not wanting to head home yet Todd decided to just cruise around and take in the sights. He hadn't planned on driving very far but as he neared the on ramp to the highway he couldn't resist the temptation to just hit the open road and taste the freedom that it offered. The big car handled like a dream, the hum of the powerful engine comforting as he sped into the darkening night. There were no IEDs to fear, no snipers around the next bend, just him and the wind whistling through the open windows as mile after mile slid past. Before he knew it he was over sixty miles from home and getting a little sleepy. Turning the car around he headed toward home. It was almost ten when he pulled to a stop outside his mother's house. With a self satisfied smile on his face he locked the car and headed inside, noting that the car his mother's friends had arrived in was still parked in the driveway.

Janet was puttering around in the kitchen doing nothing in particular, a drink in her hand, as she killed time until she knew her son was home and safe. Even in her rather

inebriated state her motherly instincts continued to function fully, but her better judgment wasn't. She knew she had drank too much today and was also wondering whether or not she should've let the girls stay over instead of getting a cab for them. The only one who hadn't gone home was the driver of the car; she was currently passed out on the couch. Something else she should've considered was how she was currently dressed. Although the silky blue robe covered her adequately, as long as she didn't bend over too far, the thought that maybe she should throw on some panties kept creeping into her brain. Dismissing the thought she lifted the glass to her lips and drained the remnants of scotch before sitting it down on the counter with a satisfying smack of her lips. So caught up in her thoughts she failed to hear the front door open and close as Todd entered.

The first thing Todd noticed once inside was the ebony goddess stretched out on the couch, one of her huge tits completely out of the orange top she still had on. With a sigh he walked forward then turned to enter the kitchen, stopping when he saw his mother bent over the dishwasher putting a glass away. The robe she wore was hiked up enough in back to expose a portion of her pussy to his astonished eyes. Immediately the disturbing lustful feelings for her returned

with a vengeance, only this time he didn't try to push it out of his mind. This time he let it wash over him until his cock was pushing the front of his jeans out obscenely. As if out of the blue the answer to a question he'd been struggling with all day suddenly became clear. If given the chance, would he make love to his mother? The answer was a resounding yes, but only if she were willing too.

As he feasted on the glorious sight before him he saw her straighten, closing the dishwasher as she rose. When she turned and saw him there she squealed in surprise and jumped back a bit.

"Oh crap, you scared the hell out of me," she said.

Before she had a chance to say anything else he blurted out, "You know Mom, if you keep flashing me then I'm gonna start flashing you back."

Tilting her head sideways Janet said, "You wouldn't dare."

"Wouldn't I?" Todd replied, noticing her eyes drift down toward his crotch.

Janet stared at her son as thoughts no mother should have for their son raced through her brain. The knowledge that her son was a virile young man who aroused her lust was a given, she'd already experienced his effect on her. She was experiencing it now. Wetness spread between her legs and her nipples tightened as she stared at the bulge in Todd's pants. The longer she looked the more her inhibitions flew out the window, along with the rest of her better judgment. Whether it was because of the alcohol, or just because she was horny as hell she wasn't sure. All she knew for sure was that if her son made a move on her right now she'd happily fuck his brains out.

"You'd flash your own Mother?" she asked huskily, slowly raising her eyes to his.

"Tit for tat, Mom." he nervously chuckled.

Janet clearly saw the lust in his eyes and wondered whether he was bluffing or not. She hoped not. There was only one way to find out she told herself.

"So, if I were to oh, I don't know...perhaps bend over right now..." Janet cooed as she turned her back to him and slowly bent over while gazing over her shoulder at him.

"You're pushing your luck, Mom," Todd groaned as he once again saw the beautiful folds of her pussy come into view.

Standing she turned to face him, her hands on her hips, her eyes locked on his crotch and whispered loudly, "I dare you."

Todd wasn't sure if his brain short-circuited or what. Before he knew what was happening he found himself undoing the buttons of his jeans and pushing them down enough to free his raging erection.

Janet's eyes widened and a tiny gasp escaped her lips as her son's cock popped into view. She marveled at how thick and hard it looked, the veins standing out along the shaft appeared to be pulsating. The mushroom shaped head was big and bulbous, much larger than any she'd ever seen before. Nervously she stepped forward enough to reach out and wrap her hand around the steel hard shaft, its thickness making it impossible to completely get her fingers around it. Tenderly she started to stroke its long smooth length as more and more fluids seeped into her already soaked pussy.

"It's so beautiful baby," she cooed, smearing the pre-cum leaking out around the purple knob. She heard a soft moan escape his lips.

The murmur of voices had woken Tomika Johnson. Struggling she sat up and got her bearings, unaware that one of her tits was hanging out. Slowly she rose. Her head was pounding and her throat felt like sandpaper as she made her way to the kitchen in dire need of some water. When she rounded the corner she froze. Her boss was giving a handjob to the guy she'd seen earlier.

"Oh shit...I'm so sorry," she involuntarily squawked.

What followed was almost comical. Tomika watched the young man step back exposing his big hard cock to her bleary eyes, and then frantically button up his jeans while Janet swiftly took several steps back. Tomika felt like she'd just caught two kids doing something they knew they weren't supposed to be doing. The guy made a hasty retreat past her, his face beet red, while Janet stood there staring glassy-eyed in her direction. Without saying anything Tomika went and grabbed a bottle of water from the fridge and drank half of it before stopping.

Janet stood staring into space as some semblance of sanity returned to her inebriated mind. It took another couple of minutes before she realized that Tomika was standing behind her. Without turning to face her she began to speak.

"I can explain..." Janet started to say before Tomika cut her off.

"Listen sugar, you don't need to explain anything to me. I have no problem with you having sex with your son."

Janet turned and stared into Tomika's big brown eyes and whispered, "I don't understand. You knew he was my son?"

"Of course I knew, I've met him before, remember," Tomika replied, stepping closer to Janet.

Burying her face in her hands Janet mumbled, "You must be repulsed by me."

Reaching out Tomika pulled Janet's hands away from her face and smiled warmly at her before saying, "Not at all girlfriend."

"How could you not be? I almost had sex with my own son," Janet whimpered.

Tomika raised an eyebrow and asked, "So you haven't fucked him yet?"

"N-No," Janet stammered.

"Then what the hell are you waiting for girl? From what I saw that boy could probably make you pleasure bent in no time at all. I mean, mmm, mmm, that boy's got a cock on him. And if he's willing to share it with you, then damn girl, you'd be a fool for not taking advantage of that."

"But its incest," Janet groaned.

"So what! Listen honey, since I know your little secret I'll let you in on one of mine. I've been fucking my son since he turned eighteen," Tomika stated proudly.

"Oh my god, Tomika! Seriously?" Janet almost shouted.

"Uh huh," Tomika snickered.

"I had no idea," Janet replied, gazing searchingly into her friend's face.

"Well it's not something I go around telling people. But I will tell you this, it's the best sex I've ever had. Hell, Jerome had me walking around bowlegged for the first two weeks after we started."

"Doesn't it bother you that he's your son?"

"At first it did. But after a while I realized that I had it made. I had a virile young man willing to take care of my sexual needs living right there in my home. I didn't have to go trolling the nightlife for heaven knows what I'd end up with. To make it even sweeter, I know my son loves me unconditionally, as I do him. Unlike that bastard ex of mine, Jerome treats me with respect, while at the same time giving me more orgasms than I can handle."

"That sounds good," Janet admitted, aware that the only orgasms she'd had for some time were self-induced.

While the two women chatted downstairs Todd sat on his bed feeling waves of shame wash over him. He'd rushed upstairs after his mother's friend had caught them, the shame of what he'd just done threatening to consume his very being. He knew the reason he was feeling such self-loathing; he'd taken advantage of his mother. It was obvious from the start that she was drunk, not to mention extremely horny, but that hadn't stopped him from exploiting the situation. Just because she'd egged him on didn't mean he had to take advantage of her. Now, all he could do was chastise himself and pledge to apologize to her for his actions. The thought that she might not accept his apology once she was sober had his nerves screaming and his stomach knotting up. Stripping down to his boxers he crawled into bed knowing that sleep would be a long time coming.

Downstairs the two women talked a little more before Janet finally pointed out to Tomika that her tit was hanging out.

Tomika glanced down and said, "Oh my, would you look at that."

Janet did look and was amazed how stiff her friend's nipple was.

Tomika tucked her tit back in the tiny top then glanced up smiling.

"I guess thinking about how good Jerome fucks me kind of got me stirred up. Listen sweetie, I'm sober now so I think I'll head home." The look on Tomika's face let Janet know why she wanted to leave.

"But what should I do?" Janet asked.

Placing her arm around Janet's shoulder Tomika said, "Hon, I can't tell you what to do, that's something you're going to have to figure out by yourself. What I will tell you though, if it were me in your shoes, I'd jump on your son's cock and ride it till I passed out."

After seeing her friend out she made it upstairs and for the briefest of moments paused in front of Todd's door. Noticing it was tightly shut she continued on and collapsed on her bed, tiny sobs pouring out of her. What have I done? Have I ruined our relationship by being a horny old slut? How can I ever make it right? These thoughts and more tumbled through her tortured mind until sleep finally came.

Todd slept until almost ten and when he went downstairs found the house empty. A sense of relief that he didn't have to face his mother washed over him until he spotted the note next to the coffee maker.

Dearest son, had to go to work but will be home around five-thirty. We need to talk. Love, Mom.

He was out in the backyard when she finally came home. At first he didn't know she was home until he happened to glance at the sliding glass door and saw her watching him. It looked like she had a drink in her hand. He also noticed the outfit she was wearing. The white sleeveless silk blouse was modestly

cut in the front, as was the length of the dark blue pinstriped skirt. Both pieces were tailored to a professional standard to insure the wearer looked great, yet not overly sexy. The black stockings covering her shapely legs, along with the black six-inch high-heels added a touch of class to her ensemble. Bowing his head he reluctantly headed her way.

Janet had been watching her son for a few minutes just admiring how lovely he looked in just a pair of baggy gym shorts before he spotted her. Before he could reach the door she took her drink and went into the living room and sat on the couch and waited nervously for him. She really had no idea what to say to him. In her mind it had been her fault that things had gotten out of hand. She couldn't blame him, not with all the things he'd seen since coming home. Her bent over the island while being fucked; not to mention the deliberate way she had let him see her crotch through her see-thru panties. A small shudder ran through her as she remembered the open lust on his face as he'd stared at her pussy.

"Damn it, knock that shit off!" she admonished herself just as Todd entered.

"Knock what off?" he sheepishly asked, thinking she'd caught him admiring her crossed legs.

"Nothing honey, I was talking to myself," she replied, before patting the couch next to her and saying, "Come sit here sweetie."

As he sat down she struggled to find the proper words to explain how sorry she was for what had happened. She needn't have worried, because before she could utter a word he fell to the floor on his knees in front of her and begged for her forgiveness. When she asked why he needed forgiven he babbled out how it was all his fault, how he had taken advantage of her drunken state. He went on and on about how he couldn't stop thinking about how gorgeous he thought she was, and how excited he'd gotten when he'd seen her naked. Finally running out of air he laid his head in her lap and said he was so ashamed of himself.

Her heart cried out with love for her son as she lightly stroked his head and thought back to the conversation she'd had with Tomika. It was at that moment she knew that she would give herself to him if he asked. No remorse, no regrets. Their love for each other was already stronger than most peoples, so why not allow the physical aspect to be just as strong.

Reaching under his chin she raised his head until he was looking into her eyes. As she gently wiped the tears from his cheek she said, "You have nothing to be ashamed of. If anything I should be the one to apologize to you. I wasn't so drunk last night that I couldn't have stopped myself from touching you. The truth of the matter is I wanted to touch your beautiful cock. And god help me, I still do."

Todd was stunned at first by his mother's admission.

"You do, even though we both know it would be wrong for us to do anything?" he asked in a low voice.

"Yes, it would be wrong. At least in most people's eyes. But if we put that aside it still comes down to the fact that I'm only human, and you truly do have a beautiful cock Son," she managed to voice before standing and going back into the kitchen for another shot of scotch.

Janet made it to the kitchen, her legs threatening to give out on her as she walked. When she reached the counter near the sink she poured some scotch into her glass and gulped it down in one swallow. After putting more in she sipped on it while staring out the window into the backyard praying that she hadn't just made the biggest mistake of her life. Now that she had told him her feelings of lust for him, would he be disgusted? Or worse yet, would he leave and never come back? Fear clutched at her heart as she pondered the future.

Todd had watched her go, her round swaying ass hypnotizing. By the time he stood up his cock was half hard. His brain wasn't really functioning as he walked silently into the kitchen and saw her standing with her back to him staring out the window. The only thing he could think of was how much he

wanted this beautiful woman in front of him. This beautiful woman that just happened to be his mother.

Janet sensed him behind her and the cold hand of fear clutched her heart tighter in its grip as she waited for him to speak. When he did she felt the weight of the world float from her shoulders, leaving a warm glowing feeling flowing throughout her body.

"I guess I'm only human too, Mom, because I want you so bad it hurts."

Janet sat her glass down then slowly turned to face her son. She watched silently as he tugged his shorts down to reveal his already hard manhood. When he was done he held out his hand. Shakily she stepped over and took it. They stared into each other's eyes as Todd slowly began to unbutton his mother's blouse. When he had it undone he slid it off her shoulders and let it fall to the floor. Next he reached out and found the zipper on the side of her skirt and pulled it down. With a shake of her hips the skirt joined the blouse on the

floor, leaving her standing in front of her son in just a matching black-laced bra and panty set, along with thigh high stockings and high heels. No words had been spoken. None were needed.

Todd reached out and undid the front clasp on his mother's bra, allowing it too to join the growing pile around her ankles. He couldn't help but usher a gasp as he looked upon the ripe full breasts before him. With just the tiniest of sag they stood proudly on her chest, the rock hard nipples slightly upturned, the small brownish areolas crinkled and tight. Keeping his eyes locked on hers he slowly knelt on one knee and gently peeled her panties down her legs, the crotch sticking to her soaking wet pussy briefly before pulling away dragging a string of her juices with them. He had to break eye contact long enough to untangle her feet from the pile of clothing, but as he rose his eyes beheld the wonder of her well manicured pussy. He could actually see her clit peeking from its protective hood. Once standing he reached out and gently cupped both breasts in his hands.

Janet felt herself trembling as her son ran his fingertips lightly over her sensitive nipples. She could also feel her juices dripping down the inside of her thighs. She felt no shame as she stood before him in just her stockings and high heels. All she felt was an unbridled lust for the man that was sending ever increasing jolts of pleasure coursing through her. With a whimpering, "Oh Todd," she flung herself against him and crushed her lips to his. Todd's arms encircled her waist and pulled her tighter against his hairy chest. Passion burned as their lust boiled over. Mother and son devoured each other with their lips and tongues.

It was only a matter of seconds before Janet found herself pressed up against the wall, her hands cupping her son's face, while their tongues battled for dominance. Seconds turned into minutes before she felt Todd break the kiss and lean his head down to nuzzle the nape of her neck. From there he continued down until he was raining soft kisses all across her breasts causing her already aroused nipples to grow almost painfully hard. Her breath caught in her throat as he kissed lower and lower on her tingling body. His tongue dipped into

her belly button before continuing its wet trail downward where it settled on her inflamed clitoris.

"Oh God...yes, yes...right there!!" she wailed as her orgasm exploded suddenly from deep inside her.

Todd felt her legs start to buckle and held her up until her trembling began to subside. As soon as he was sure she wouldn't fall he attacked her slit with his tongue, running it as deep into her folds as he could. With each pass of his tongue he drew more and more of her sweet nectar into his mouth and greedily drank it. He would have happily continued to lick her cunt until hell froze over, but when he felt her fingers entwine in his hair and pull upward he began to slowly work his way back up. This time he gave her nipples a little more attention, sucking one then the other into his mouth, only stopping when his mother's moans turned into groans of frustration. As he stood all the way up he realized that with her heels on she was actually taller than he was, a fact that worked out perfectly because his raging cock slipped directly into the gap between her thighs.

Janet took a sharp intake of air as she felt her son's thick, hard cock slide between her thighs, the head parting her inflamed outer lips and rubbing against her overly sensitive inner labia. Their eyes locked together while their hands cupped the other's face. Neither spoke as Todd's cock slid easily into the saturated folds of Janet's steaming pussy.

Todd's heart hammered in his chest, as he stood there unmoving, his cock throbbing against his mother's cunt, the heat radiating from her pussy around the bulbous head almost enough to make him explode.

Janet could feel her son's cock twitch against her saturated cunt causing involuntary shudders to course through her entire body. The sensation was so strong she knew she was only milliseconds away from cumming again.

"Now baby, I need to feel you inside me," Janet whined.

Gently he pushed his hips inward until he was sure that his cock was probing her opening. Leaning in, his hands still

cupping her face, he kissed her deeply while at the same time slamming his cock forward. It sank into her well-lubed cunt with so much force it actually lifted her up on her toes.

Janet almost passed out as she felt her son's cock plunge deep into her quivering pussy, its thickness stretching her while its length filled her completely. Her eyes rolled back in her head and her breathing stopped as wave after wave of intense pleasure rocketed through every nerve fiber of her being. When her son jammed up into her a second time and then a third her cunt began to spasm, clamping forcefully around his invading cock. A blinding white light filled her brain as she cried out in total ecstasy.

"I'mmmm cuuuuummmmmmming!!"

Her cry of total pleasure unleashed something in Todd, something primal. Raw lust boiled over inside him as he plunged over and over into her wet, hot cunt. Five, ten, fifteen times his rock hard cock jammed into his mother's cunt, filling the kitchen with the sounds of flesh hitting flesh. Just

when he thought his back would give out the glorious rush of an orgasm overtook him. With a guttural moan he buried himself in her and held still as wad after wad of boiling cum shot into her clinching cunt. Spent, he dropped his hands to her hips then leaned in to her, desperately trying to catch his breath.

Once he was able to breathe he pulled back enough to place his forehead against hers. As they looked into each other's eyes they began to laugh hysterically, Todd's cock still buried deep in his mother's pussy.

"Damn!" they said in unison, and then fell into another fit of nervous laughter.

It wasn't until they fell silent that they realized that Todd's cock was still hard. A smile spread across Janet's lips when Todd said, "Hold on to me Mom."

She barely had time to wrap her arms tightly around his neck before Todd reached down, clamped his hands to her ass, and lifted her off the floor. As he turned she wrapped her legs

around his hips and locked her ankles together on his ass. Four lovely, bouncy, steps later he gently sat her down on the edge of the center island. With his hands on her hips, and her legs still wrapped around him, he began to gently slide in and out of her cum filled cunt.

Releasing her ankles she spread her legs and said, "I want to watch."

Todd placed his arms under her legs behind her knees and held them as he took long, leisurely strokes, bringing his cock almost all the way out before slowly sliding back in. Both mother and son watched in awe as his thick, hard, cum-coated cock slipped in and out of her lightly furred puffy lips. The sight was one that neither would ever forget.

"It's so beautiful," Janet murmured as she watched the thick juice coated cock enter her over and over.

"You're beautiful, Mom," Todd whispered, the feel of his mother's pussy wrapped around his cock the most wondrous thing he'd ever experienced.

Janet looked up and asked, "Would you like to bend me over like I was when you came home?"

"No. I want to be able to see your face," he replied, a huge smile plastered to his face.

Once more Janet's heart swelled with love for him. "I love you so much Todd," she whispered.

Todd stopped moving and looked her in the face. "I love you too, Mom." with that he leaned forward and gently kissed her lips.

As soon as his lips pressed against hers she felt herself tipping over the edge. She broke the kiss and said, "I'm going to cum soon honey."

"Tell me when and I'll cum with you," he grunted, his strokes increasing in speed.

Janet lay back, the granite top cool on her back, as she strived to meet her son's thrusts with ones of her own. Her son took her legs and placed them on his shoulders, her ankles near his ears. In a matter of minutes she felt his thrusts grow more urgent. With each forward jab she heard a squelching sound coming from her pussy. Faster and faster her son plunged into her, causing ripples of pleasure to run from her toes clear up to her head. A smile spread across her lips as she felt her climax build and build until it finally erupted like a volcano.

"OH YES! NOW BABY...NOWWWWWWW!!" she screamed as her pussy juices gushed out around her son's pistoning cock and dribbled down the crack of her ass.

"YESSSSSSSSSS!!" Todd hollered as his cock exploded, sending jet after jet of cum deep into his mother's rippling pussy.

Drained, he fell forward, his head on her breasts, his body trembling uncontrollably from the force of his orgasm.

Forty minutes later they were on the couch, Todd sitting up with Janet stretched out, her head resting on his thigh. Both were still naked. The pungent odor of their combined fluids lingered in the air as cum leaked slowly out of Janet's well-fucked cunt and settled onto the fabric below her ass.

"That's probably going to stain the couch," she idly thought. Stain. Stain. The word played over and over in her head until a devilish idea began to form. Turning on her side toward her son put her lips just mere inches from his flaccid cock. With a twinkle in her eye she reached out and took his cock in her hand, then slid her head forward until she could wrap her lips around the bulbous head. As she'd hoped it began to respond to the warmth of her mouth. In no time at all his cock was almost completely hard. She heard him groan when she removed her lips and stood up. He shot her a puzzled look when she held out her hand. The look on his face grew even

more puzzled when she led him through the laundry room then out into the garage.

Tomika Johnson watched intently as Janet entered the building and headed straight for her office. There was something about the way her boss was walking that piqued her interest. Without hesitation she followed, and once inside Janet's office she closed the door behind her then turned and watched as Janet plopped down in her chair.

Stepping up to Janet's desk she fixed her with a soul-searching look and said, "You did it, didn't you?"

"Did what? I'm not sure what you're referring to," Janet replied lamely.

"Don't jive me sugar. You took my advice, didn't you?" Tomika persisted.

Unable to hold it in Janet responded by saying, "Well, I didn't pass out, but I will be walking funny for a while."

In the outer office the other girls were puzzled by the high pitched squeals coming from their boss's office.

At the same time that that was going on, Todd Brooks was standing in the garage staring at the back seat of his car. There in the center of the seat was a rather large whitish stain. As he stared at it a huge smile spread on his face. She had told him it was to replace the stain that had been there. She also told him to think of her every time he looked at it. She had said they would be the only ones that knew where it had come from. A mother and son secret if you will. When he turned to go back into the house he could feel his cock growing in anticipation of her return.

Take A Hike Mike

The persistent ringing of the phone scattered the fabulous dream I was having to the far reaches of my mind. Grumbling I rolled over and grabbed my cell phone from the nightstand while my half-opened eyes glanced at the lighted numbers on my alarm clock. Twelve thirty-eight. I was instantly pissed that someone would be calling me at this time of night, but also apprehensive since only a handful of people had my cell number. Looking at the caller ID I didn't recognize the number.

"Hello," I gruffly barked into the phone.

"Danny, I need your help," the caller whispered.

I recognize the voice instantly; it was my baby sister Jennifer.

"What's wrong Jen?" I asked, my mind going from groggy to instantly alarmed. She wouldn't call this late unless it was extremely important.

"My ex-boyfriend is stalking me. He's waiting in front of my place right now. Can you come over so I can go home?"

"Where are you right now," I asked.

"I'm in my friend Marci's car. We're parked down the street from my place and I can see Tom standing by his car out front."

"I'm on my way sis, just stay where you are until I get there," I said as I was climbing out of bed.

"Okay, but hurry please," she replied.

Since I sleep in the nude I didn't bother putting underwear on, I just threw on some loose fitting sweats, a t-shirt and running shoes.

During the drive over to my sister's I reflected on our life growing up. Our parents were killed in a traffic accident when I was ten and she was eight forcing us to live with our grandparents on our father's side. They were good decent people who welcomed us in and raised us as their own. The loss of our folks caused us to be uncommonly close, which was fine until we reached our late teens. Things got a little dicey between us when my girlfriends complained about her always being around. Of course things were just as bad for her because I wouldn't accept any of her boyfriends either. To me none of them were worthy of her. When she found out I had been scaring her suitors away she was furious. When I found out she'd been telling my girlfriends I had crabs I was just as pissed. When we finally confronted each other about what we'd been doing we both couldn't stop laughing about the absurdity of our actions. The day I told her I had enlisted in the army she cried and begged me not to go. We stayed up the entire night talking, as if we both were afraid to leave the

others side. I was eighteen then, and now at twenty-three we were still as close. The only difference between then and now was we didn't live together.

The drive over to her place took all of fifteen minutes. Fifteen minutes of my anger building for someone I'd never met. At five-ten and almost a hundred and seventy pounds of hardened muscle from working construction I wasn't afraid to confront this guy.

Knowing my sister I was expecting some guy that was tall and fit looking, but upon pulling into the curb just up from her apartment building I saw the joke was on me. Jen hadn't listened to my advice about staying where she was either. Instead she and who I assumed was Marci were standing on the sidewalk arguing with what had to be the guy she'd told me about. I wasn't sure if I'd die from laughter before I could even get out of the car. The guy wasn't even as tall as Jen's five-seven and was as skinny as a beanpole. I even doubted he weighed as much as she did; which I knew was right around one twenty-five.

Climbing out I made my way around the back of my car until I was standing on the sidewalk about twenty or so feet away from them. Judging by the way Jenny was dressed I assumed her and Marci had been out clubbing. She had on a tight form-fitting tank top the same dark blue in color as the way-too-short pleated skirt that just barely covered her firm round butt. Being an ordinary guy I couldn't help but notice how toned and shapely her bare legs were, any more than I could stop my eyes from watching her good-sized tits bounce up and down when she spotted me and came running over.

"Danny!" she squealed with delight, her arms outstretched and her long blond ponytail swishing side to side as she ran.

I wasn't prepared for what happened next. Just as she reached me she launched herself up and wrapped her arms around my neck and her legs around my middle. Reflex caused me to reach down and I ended up with my hands firmly cupping her ass. The feel of bare skin on my hands was something else I wasn't prepared for. Dumbfounded I stood there with her warm ass in my hands holding her up as she did something else that caught me completely off-guard.

"Play along," she whispered in my ear before planting a big wet kiss on my lips.

Too startled to say anything I just stood there staring into her baby-blue eyes as she released her leg hold on my waist and lowered her feet to the sidewalk. She kept her arms around my shoulders forcing me to bend forward slightly and whispered once more for me to play along. I could see the pleading in her eyes.

"Sure," I stuttered, too shocked to realize my hands were still cupping her ass.

"Who in the hell is he?" the skinny guy barked.

The rich baritone of his voice surprised me; I fully expected him to sound more whinny.

Turning but still leaning into me Jennifer shot back, "He's my boyfriend doofus!"

"I thought he was your brother..." Marci started to say before it dawned on her what Jenny was up to.

"So which is it? Is he your boyfriend or your brother?" the skinny guy inquired, his eyes clearly showing his suspicion.

I knew it was time to step in here. Going around my sister I casually walked over and stood right in front of him.

"I'm her boyfriend," I stated flatly, trying hard not to laugh as I stared menacingly into his eyes.

I had to give him credit; the little dude didn't back down one little inch. Instead he stared right back at me and said, "You sure look like the picture I saw in Jenny's place. She told me it was her brother."

Before I could respond Jen walked over and said, "If he were my brother would I do this?"

With that she grabbed my head, turned my face toward her and pulled my lips down on top of her's just as her hand cupped my crotch. I almost choked when her tongue darted into my mouth and halfway down my throat. I've always known my sister was a beautiful girl but I've never had any sexual feelings toward her that I knew of. After having felt her bare ass in my hands, and with her now grabbing my junk I couldn't deny that I was getting aroused. The sudden shift in my psyche had me bothered, confused and excited at the same time. I had to keep telling myself that she was my sister as her hand mauled my crotch. Before I got too hard I placed my hands on her shoulders and forced her back then glared at the skinny dude.

"That doesn't prove shit," he remarked, doubt clearly evident in his voice.

"What more do you need to see before it's obvious I'm her boyfriend?" I barked, my cock tingling from her touch.

Turning his head he gazed at Jennifer and said, "You know you want to be with me Jen. Why put on this charade?"

Frustrated with his unwillingness to take a hint I stepped right up to him and got in his face.

"Listen up. She told you she didn't want to see you anymore, so take a hike Mike!"

From the way he stepped back and began to tremble it was clear he thought I was going to pound on him. Slowly he backed away then swiftly got in his car and drove away leaving Marci, my sister and I standing there watching his taillights fade into the distance. As soon as he was out of sight Jen and Marci busted out laughing while I tried to understand why I was still a little hard.

"Oh my god! I can't believe you tongued your own brother, and grabbed his balls," Marci shrieked.

"I had to do something drastic thanks to you blabber mouth," Jen shot back.

"Yeah, I'm sorry bout that," replied Marci between giggles.

"Listen girls, as much as I like standing out here in the middle of the night, I really would prefer to wrap this up so I can go home and get some shuteye," I interjected.

"You can't go home! What if he comes back?" Jenny asked, a hint of fear in her tone.

"Shit sis, you could whip his ass, you don't need me for that," I told her.

"Oh please Danny, just stay the night. You don't know Tom, he's crazy."

"Fine," I grumbled, unable to resist her now, anymore than I had while we were growing up.

"Thank you, thank you!" she gleefully replied, throwing her arms around my neck once more and planting a delicate kiss on my cheek.

Being a gentleman I walked Marci to her car after the girls got through saying goodnight to each other. On the way there Marci said Jenny was lucky to have a brother like me. With the unsettling thoughts bouncing around in my head I wanted to tell her I doubted that, but kept my mouth shut. Once her taillights faded away I went back to where Jenny was waiting and we went into her first-floor apartment. She had just moved into this place less than a month ago and I hadn't had the chance to see it yet. I did know it was a one bedroom and as soon as I walked in the front door I realized there wasn't going to be any place for me to sleep. The front room had three overstuffed chairs and a loveseat for furniture, nothing near big enough for me to stretch out on. I groaned inwardly at the thought of sleeping on the floor.

"What's wrong?" Jenny asked, apparently hearing my groan.

"Don't you think we'd be more comfortable at my place? At least I'd have a place to sleep." I knew I would fit on my couch; I'd slept on it enough times.

"There's a place to sleep here," she replied.

"Where, the floor?" I asked, watching as she locked the door then turned to face me.

"Don't be silly, you can sleep in my bed."

Even being as small as she was I knew she wouldn't fit on the loveseat. "Then where are you going to sleep?"

"In my bed of course." The look in her eyes told me she wasn't kidding.

"So, we're both gonna sleep in your bed? I'm not sure that's such a good idea," I told her, still remembering how good her ass had felt in my hands.

"Why not? It's big enough for both of us." I could see her mind was made up.

"That's not the point sis," I said.

"Is it because you got hard when I touched you?" There was a twinkle in her eyes as she waited for my reply.

"What...? That didn't happen," I choked out.

"Oh please, I felt it and you know it. Your sister got you hot," she giggled.

"That's not funny Jen," I replied, trying but failing to sound stern.

"Well I happen to find it adorable," she snickered.

"Can we change the subject?" I asked, growing a little uncomfortable.

"I suppose," she answered, and then added, "But just so you know, I promise I won't molest you while you sleep. Unless of course you want me to."

"Geez Jen!"

"Lighten up Danny, I'm just funning with ya," she laughed.

I wasn't so sure about that. Sinking down onto the loveseat I gave her a half-hearted smile.

"So, on another subject, what in the hell made you even go out with that guy in the first place? He's definitely not your type."

"Truthfully?" she asked, now standing in the middle of the room.

"Yes truthfully. And since we're speaking truthfully, why are you going out in such a short skirt with no panties on?"

"What are you, my daddy? And for your information I have panties on." As she spoke she reached to the side of her skirt and tugged down the zipper, then let the skirt fall to the floor in a heap before stepping out of it.

"See," she said pointing to the tiny red patch of material that barely covered her mound. When she spun around to show me the backside I realized she was wearing a thong. My cock lurched at the sight of her smooth firm cheeks.

"What are you doing?" I stammered, sitting forward unable to look away from the almost transparent material.

"Getting comfortable," she replied while casually slipping her hands up the back of her top and unhooking her bra.

"As for why I went out with Tom," she tugged the bra's straps down her arms then pulled it out through an armhole and tossed it at me. "Someone lied and told me he had a big cock."

"Jenny!" I exclaimed.

"Oh don't look so shocked," she said, turning away giving me another view of her uncovered buttocks. "I've seen you go out with girls just because they had big tits, so don't judge me."

"I wasn't judging sis. I was just surprised to hear you say something like that."

"Like what? Cock?"

"Yeah..." I whispered, my eyes noticed the tag on her bra read 36C before I dropped it on the seat next to me.

"I'm a big girl now Danny. I can talk dirty if I want to," she said giggling.

Without warning she stepped closer and jumped into my lap pushing me back against the cushions, her thighs straddling mine as her hands tickled my ribs.

"Cock, cock, cock," she chanted, laughing hysterically.

"Stop! Stop!" I squealed, unable to control my own laughter as I squirmed under her.

"Say uncle!" she cried giddily, intensifying her tickle attack.

Tears welled up in my eyes from laughing so hard. "Uncle!" I cried.

She stopped tickling me and slid her hands up to cup my face. Leaning forward she pressed her forehead against mine and stared deeply into my eyes. For some reason I didn't stop her when she lowered her lips down onto mine and began softly kissing me. When I felt the tip of her tongue probe my lips I reached around her back and pulled her against me, kissing her back passionately. Her arms encircled my neck pulling her chest tighter into mine causing my heart to skip a beat. Caught up in her smoldering embrace I reached down and cupped the smooth round globes of her ass and pulled her crotch on top of mine. Sweat broke out on my forehead as I felt her pelvis inch even closer and her barely covered pussy grind down on my rapidly expanding penis. We dry humped each other for a few seconds before sanity returned to my addled brain. Releasing my death grip on her ass I brought my hands up to her shoulders and gently pushed her back enough to break our lip-lock.

"Whoa...what are we doing?" I croaked.

"I-I thought I saw Tom staring in the window," she replied, her face flushed. "I just thought if he saw us kissing he'd finally think you really are my boyfriend."

Glancing at the front window I saw that the curtains weren't completely closed making her explanation seem plausible.

"Well, if that didn't do the trick then I don't know what will," I laughed, hoping to ease the sexual tension flowing between us.

"Yeah, that should've done it," she agreed, gently climbing off me and stepping back.

"Maybe I should check outside, make sure the little creep isn't hanging around," I told her, my eyes briefly gliding over the two sharp points of her erect nipples jutting out the front of her shirt.

"Okay...uh...I'll go turn down the bed." As she walked away I glanced down and spotted a wet spot on the front of my grey sweats. I wasn't sure whether it was from the pre-cum that had leaked from me, or if it was from my sister.

I went outside and looked around finding no sign of the skinny dude. I didn't want to go back in until my cock had gone down. I really had no desire to go back in with the front of my sweats tented out. Taking a deep breath I went back in, locking the door behind me and headed toward the bedroom. Passing what I assumed was the bathroom I heard the shower going. A brief mental image of my sister soaping up her body invaded my thoughts causing a groan to slip past my lips. When I saw how small her bed was I groaned again; it wasn't even a queen. Pulling off my shoes I slipped under the covers with my sweats and t-shirt still on. Propping myself up on some of the pillows piled on the bed I placed my hands behind my head and told myself that this was not a good idea. The size of the bed assured that our bodies would be touching.

I was debating on whether or not to just leave when Jenny walked in. She had changed into a pink sleeveless t-shirt with

really baggy armholes, the hem not even reaching the middle of her thighs. When she stepped in front of her dresser mirror and began brushing her hair I realized I could see a great deal of her tit through the armhole. I couldn't see her nipple but what I could see of the side of her boob told me my little sister had grown up. Her breasts bounced and jiggled with each stroke of the brush through her shoulder length hair causing my hormones to act up. It took every ounce of willpower I possessed to keep my cock from tenting the covers. Thankfully the guilt that washed over me for desiring my sister in a sexual way helped keep the beast down.

I must have been staring too hard because I saw her eyes lock on to mine in the mirror and her lips curl into a smile. Dropping my eyes I noticed each time she raised her arms the hem of her shirt rose up revealing the bottom swell of her ass cheeks. Rolling on my side facing away from her to keep the demons at bay I closed my eyes and prayed sleep would come fast. A few minutes later I felt her slip into bed. Opening my eyes I saw that she still liked to sleep with a nite-light on; the room was bathed in a soft yellowish glow.

"Why are you sleeping in your clothes?" she asked, sliding up against my back and placing her arm over my middle before continuing. "Just sleep in your underwear."

"I'm not wearing any," I responded, all too aware of her firm tits pressing into me.

"Well at least lose the shirt." It was more of a command than a suggestion.

Rolling onto my back I sat up and pulled the shirt off then lay back down. Jenny wasted no time in cuddling up to me, trapping my upper arm between her breasts.

"That's much better," she purred, running her hand gently over my chest.

"Let me have my arm back," I whispered.

When I was able to free my arm I placed it under her head and danced my fingertips across her shoulder blades. A soft sigh escaped her lips as she snuggled into me and slid her upper leg over mine. Even with the pink shirt on I could feel her nipples scrape against my ribcage.

"Thank you for protecting me Danny. I feel so safe with you here," Jenny murmured as she molded her body to mine.

"I'll always protect you sis," I murmured back as her warmth seeped into me and my eyes grew heavy.

I wasn't sure what woke me. Startled I sat up in bed unsure where I was at first. When I looked to my left everything came rushing back. Jenny was lying on her back with one arm tucked under her head and the other flopped out to the side. The shirt she was wearing had somehow twisted enough that the boob closest to me was now out in the open, its small tan nipple stiff. As I stared she groaned once then reached with the hand out to the side and threw the covers off her lower body exposing her crotch to my gawking eyes. My breath

caught in my throat and my heart began to beat rapidly in my chest. I gulped as I gazed upon her beautiful mound; the blond pubic hair neatly shaved leaving just a strip covering it. With another soft groan she spread her outer leg toward the edge of the bed giving me an excellent view of her pink rose petals. Moisture glistened on her labia.

As gently as possible I covered her back up with trembling hands and climbed out of bed. After adjusting myself I went around the house and checked all the windows and doors. I didn't know what had woken me but the idea that the skinny guy could be lurking around bothered me quite a bit. Finishing my check I went back into the bedroom and found Jenny sitting up, her succulent breast still hanging out the armhole.

"What's wrong? Did Tom come back?" she whispered, glancing from me to the window as she spoke, her blue eyes wide.

"Everything's fine, go back to sleep sis," I tried to sound reassuring.

"But what if he did? He could be watching us right now."

"I'm sure he's not out there. Besides, he can't see in anyway," I said, pointing to the window so she could see the curtains were closed.

"I'm not so sure. I think we're gonna have to do something drastic to convince him you're my boyfriend."

"What do you mean 'drastic'? I asked, my gut churning.

"Get in bed and I'll tell you," she replied pulling the covers aside for me to slip in.

Crawling back in bed and pulling the covers over me I waited until she turned enough to look at me directly. Her boob slipped back into her shirt as she moved causing an involuntary moan to creep out of my mouth.

Touching my shoulder Jenny said, "Take off your sweats."

My eyebrows shot up and I stammered, "Excuse me?"

"Look, he saw us kissing and obviously didn't buy our act. But if he is watching now and saw me giving you a blow job, then I'm sure he'll be convinced that you aren't my brother." Her gaze never faltered as she stared into my astonished eyes.

"Your plan is to give me a blow job just to convince him I'm not your brother? Shit Jenny, you can't do that," I sputtered almost incoherently.

"Why not?"

"Oh geez, let me think. Because I am your brother, that's why!"

"I'm not going to really give you one," she giggled. "I'll just get under the covers and it'll look like I am."

"So a pretend blow job?"

"Exactly!"

"Then why do I have to take off my sweats?"

"It has to look real. If your sweats are lying on the floor then he'll think it is," she replied.

I knew this was a bad idea, especially after how I reacted to her kisses. But as always I gave in to her and slipped my sweats down then off. Holding them out for her to see I dropped them on the floor.

"Satisfied?" I asked.

"Thank you," she said happily.

"Now what?" I asked feeling very self-conscious about being naked.

"Now spread your legs so I can get between them." After some hesitation I did as she asked and she slid under the covers until her head was near my waist.

The sensation of having my sister crawl between my thighs was nothing compared to the feel of her hot breath floating across my abdomen. I tried to steady my own breathing but when I felt her fingers curl around my semi hard shaft I jumped. Lifting the covers I gazed down at her and asked, "What the hell are you doing?"

"There's going to be some touching, it's unavoidable," she replied her hand remaining on my cock. "Just relax."

Relax? How in the hell was I supposed to relax when my kid sister was holding on to my dick? Letting the covers fall I lay still as she began to raise and lower her head. If someone were watching it really would look like she was sucking my cock. Why she had to hang onto my cock while she pretended to suck me baffled me. It also began to have an adverse effect. Try as I might I couldn't help but get hard. The warmth of her hand and the feather-like touch of her breath blowing onto the head of my cock soon had me fully erect. As if that wasn't bad enough, I could actually feel her hand pumping me slightly. I was just about to put an end to this when I felt her tongue lick the underside of my knob.

"What the hell Jen!" I screeched, throwing the covers back just in time to see her mouth swallow the head of my cock.

"Relax," she mumbled as her tongue started dancing over the purple knob.

"You can't be doing this! Stop sis! Stop...Oh shit! Fuck!" I shouted as half of my cock slid into her wet, hot mouth.

The pleasure shooting through me was beyond any I'd experienced before. My whole being shook with rapture as my head flopped back onto my pillow and my hips began to rise and fall. I've had blowjobs before, but none compared to what my sister was doing. It felt like her tongue was everywhere at the same time. When she pulled up it felt like she'd suck my cock completely off my body. Not in a painful way either. Each time she went back down the deeper the head of my cock slipped into her throat. When she started humming I lost all sense of time and space.

"Jenny stop! Oh God...stop sis...I'm gonna cummmmmmm!" My pleading went unheard as she swallowed almost all of my throbbing cock.

My balls contracted and a rush of sperm shot forcefully out of me and into her mouth. Spurt after spurt shot down her throat leaving me quivering from head to toes. As Jenny sucked the last dregs of fluid from me I slumped on the bed completely spent. I was in such a state I didn't even notice

when she crawled back up and rested her head on my shoulder.

Placing her hand softly on my chest she whispered, "Are you mad at me Danny?"

Mad at her? How could I be? She had just given me the most exquisite blowjob I'd ever had.

"No Jen, I'm not mad at you." Sighing I placed one arm behind my head and snaked the other arm under her shoulders and pulled her closer to me. She snuggled in and drew her leg over my hips, the hot flesh of her inner thigh trapping my still tingling cock under it.

"You sure?" Her fingers began to lightly twirl the sparse hairs on my chest.

"Yeah." I said, and then added, "I'm just confused. Why did you do that?"

"I don't know, I guess I just got carried away. You were so hard...and big...I couldn't help myself." She shifted a little pressing her mound into my hip.

I lay there staring up at the ceiling thinking about what she had just said. It was true, I had been hard, and that was what had me so confused. You aren't supposed to get turned on by your sister; it was unnatural. Yet since my arrival that's exactly what had been happening. Even more troubling was I was still turned on. The feel of her inner thigh lying across my cock and the way her patch of pubic hair tickled my hip wasn't helping matters either. Pulling my arm from around her shoulders I sat up and swung my legs over the side of the bed.

"I better get dressed," I commented as I stood up.

"Why?" I heard her ask.

Turning to face the bed, not caring if she saw that I was semi erect I said, "Because I don't trust myself."

"Oh," she whispered, her eyes clearly focused on my cock. "You know, brother or no brother, you really do have a fantastic cock."

For some strange reason that seemed to snap me out of my confused state. When I saw her smirking I couldn't help but laugh. Pulling on my sweats I crawled back into bed and gently nudged her over to her side.

"Let's get some sleep," I said, kissing her on the cheek then turning so my back was to her, a small smile etched upon my lips.

"Goodnight brother dear," was the last thing I heard before slipping into a near coma-like sleep.

When I woke the first thing I noticed was how light it was. Panic set in and I jumped out of bed thinking I was late for work, until it dawned on me that today was Saturday. Fully dressed I made my way to the bathroom to relieve my straining bladder before heading out into the front room. Jenny's apartment had a galley kitchen with a tiny dinette next to it. That's where I found her. She was still in her sleep clothes and was idly flipping through a magazine while sipping a cup of coffee. When she spotted me she jumped up and told me to sit and she'd grab me a cup. Taking her chair I watched her go into the kitchen and reach up into a cabinet for another cup. Confusion sat in again as I stared at her smooth round butt when her shirt rode way up.

"Are you hungry? I could whip you up something to eat," she called out as she poured the coffee, snapping me back to reality.

"Coffee's fine sis," I replied lowering my eyes to the table.

Placing my coffee in front of me she took the only other chair and asked me what we were going to do today. I told her she should come and stay at my place, at least for a couple of days. That idea didn't go over too well. She said she wouldn't be intimidated by anyone. I suggested she call the cops, but she insisted the skinny dude would give up once it sank in that she was taken. I personally had my doubts, especially after seeing what he'd be giving up. I felt like I'd won a small victory when she did agree to go with me to my place so I could get some clothes. While she went into the bedroom to get changed I sipped my coffee and meandered around the place. I stopped in front of a bookcase when I saw a familiar photo. It was a picture of her and I taken when I first returned home from duty. I was in uniform and she was wearing the soft yellow sundress I loved seeing her in. I gazed at the beaming faces staring back at me and suddenly felt my heart flutter. That had been the best time of my life, coming home to my sister after being away for four years. The few times I had made it home on leave had flown by way too fast. I looked around some more and realized this was the only photo in her place. It had to have been the one the skinny guy had mentioned.

"I'm ready," I heard her say.

Turning toward the sound I felt a lump in my throat; Jenny was wearing the yellow sundress. There really wasn't anything special about the dress; she just looked fantastic in it. It had thin straps over the shoulders with a moderately plunging neckline. The top was just snug enough to give a hint of how nice her breasts were and the bottom half billowed out below her hips stopping at mid-thigh. I swallowed the lump and smiled.

"I know how much you like this dress," she said, doing a pirouette that caused the hem of the dress to rise enough for me to see she wasn't wearing panties, not even a thong.

The ride to my place was uncomfortable for a while; by the time my cock finally deflated we were almost there. While Jenny made herself at home I took the opportunity to jump into the shower. After I finished I pulled the shower curtain back to step out just as the door opened and Jenny walked in holding a towel out for me. Taking the towel I stood there

silently watching as her eyes appraised my body. With a smile and a wink she turned and slowly left me standing there dripping wet and semi hard once more. The ride back to her place was uncomfortable too. Not because my cock was cramped in the shorts I'd changed into, but because I kept getting the feeling we were being followed. I marked it down as a case of paranoia since I didn't see the same car twice in the rearview mirror.

When we reached her place and went in my paranoia set in again. Tucked under the door was a note from the skinny guy that said he was watching. About twenty minutes later he called begging for Jenny to take him back. She slammed the phone down on him and came over to sit next to me on the loveseat.

"I told you he was watching," she said, a hint of anger in her voice.

Taking her hands into mine I said, "Look, let's call the cops and have them put an end to this jerk harassing you."

"That won't work, he hasn't really done anything really," she replied.

That was true. Other than being an annoying turd he hadn't done anything wrong I told myself. Switching tactics I asked if she knew his address. When she asked why I said I would go over and have a man-to-man chat with him. I sure as hell wasn't going to tell her I planned on beating his ass into the ground; I knew she wouldn't go for that. Violence wasn't in her nature. With no other recourse I decided fuck it; his time would come. Instead of sitting around here I thought it would be better if we went out and did something.

"Listen Jen, why don't we get out of here and go have some fun," I suggested.

"What do you have in mind?" she asked, her perkiness returning.

"I don't know. Maybe a matinee and dinner."

"Sounds good to me," she said springing to her feet.

We spent the rest of the afternoon just having fun, forgetting all about the skinny dude. First we went to an early showing of some chick flick that nearly bored me to tears. I didn't mind though because Jenny held my hand in her lap the entire time. Next we had an early dinner followed by a long walk window-shopping downtown. To round out the time we stopped in a pub and had a few drinks, forcing me to leave my car and get us a cab back to her place. It was close to seven-thirty by the time we got there, both of us a little tipsy. There were four messages on her answering machine, all of them from the skinny guy.

As we listened each one sounded more desperate than the last. He harped on about how he knew I was her brother and how she really wasn't fooling him. The last message had me concerned. He stated in it how much he liked her yellow dress. The creep had to have been following us I reckoned. I

could feel my anger rising. Before I could voice it though Jenny grabbed me and steered me over to the loveseat and unceremoniously pushed me onto it.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Well it's obvious he didn't see us last night," she began while going over and parting the curtains a little. "So we'll make sure he does this time!"

"You can't be serious Jen," I hedged, unsure what she had in mind.

I found out soon enough when she came over and straddled one of my thighs and placed her hands against my chest.

"Just play along Danny. Maybe he didn't see us last night, it could have been too dark in the bedroom. Or maybe he wasn't even around then, I don't know. But I do know that he's

lurking around now, so we have to give him a show that will convince him you're not my brother."

"You can't mean what I think you mean. We can't repeat last night Jen," I whispered, very aware of her naked pussy against the bare flesh of my thigh.

"Why not? It's not like I haven't already sucked your cock," she said, sliding her pussy up and down on my thigh almost imperceptibly.

"That's not the point!" I insisted, the top of my thigh getting slick under her pussy.

Leaning in and whispering in my ear she asked, "Then why not do it again while we know he's probably watching?"

"Because...because I don't think I could stop with just that. I'd want more than a blowjob," I mumbled, flexing my thigh against her moistness.

"Then how about we do something that gives you control over how far it goes?" I felt her push down on my thigh.

"Such as?" My cock was getting cramped in my shorts.

Backing up and climbing off she held her hand out to me and told me to come with her. Scared, yet excited at the same time I let her lead me into the bedroom. Leaving me standing by the bed she flipped on the light and then went over and parted the curtains just like she'd done in the front room. With that done she pulled the covers off the bed leaving the top and bottom sheets on it. Next she pulled down the top sheet and slipped off her dress and stood there briefly while I drank in her beauty. With a flirtatious smile she climbed into bed and pulled the sheet up over her firm lovely breasts. I just stood there speechless, the front of my shorts starting to tent out.

"Don't just stand there, get naked and climb in here," she commanded.

Blindly I did as she said. Yanking my shirt up over my head I hesitated briefly before pulling down my shorts and boxers. My cock sprang out and bounced in front of me. A sudden case of shyness hit causing me to hastily climb under the sheet. I lay on my side at the edge of the bed afraid to move and waited for her to say something. The only thing I could think of was how bright it seemed in here.

"So here's my plan. We do like we did last night; only this time we make it look like you're eating me out," she said.

"I'm not sure I can do that," I told her, my voice cracking.

"Sure you can, it's easy. Remember it's just pretend."

"But..." I stuttered.

"No buts, it's simple. Just start kissing your way down until you're under the sheet. Once you get your head in position

just move it around a little, anyone watching will think you're actually eating me."

"I have to kiss my way down? You mean actually kiss your body?" I could feel my heart rate climbing at the idea of really kissing my sister's body.

"Yeah. We want it to look real don't we?" she said placing the palm of her hand against my burning cheek.

"God, I don't know about this sis," I said, my heart really pounding in my chest now.

"Here, start by kissing my breasts and work your way down," she said, pulling the sheet low enough to expose her tits.

When I hesitated she slid her hand to the back of my head and gently coaxed my face forward until my lips were on the upper swell of the closest breast. Instinct and lust took over from there. I began to softly kiss her along the top of her tit

then slowly worked my way lower until I could capture her stiffening nipple between my lips. When I gently nipped it with my teeth Jenny let out a soft moan. When I did it again she used the hand at the back of my head to press my face harder against her breast while rolling onto her side giving me access to her other nipple. Placing my arm around her waist I began to stroke the smooth skin of her back while pulling her closer so I kiss the valley between her firm globes.

"Mmmm, that feels so good," she whispered huskily.

I'm not sure how long I licked and kissed her tits before I felt her pressing my head downward encouraging me to go lower. Pushing against her shoulder until she rolled onto her back I began to work my way down. I spent a few minutes kissing the underside of each breast before running my lips along her ribcage. My tongue and lips left a trail of saliva on her ribs and sternum while I ran my fingertips lightly over her abdomen. My breathing grew heavy as my hand slid over the taut smooth skin of her tummy and brushed against the soft curls of her pubic hair. Struggling against my lust fueled inner demons I manage to slide my hand toward her hip instead of

letting my fingers work their way over her mound and into the vee between her spread thighs. I had to constantly remind myself that we were only pretending. As I inched downward the sheet followed.

Pulling the sheet up making sure my head was covered Jenny whispered, "Lower."

Sliding even lower I let my lips and tongue lightly caress her abdomen causing her to giggle and her tummy to flutter. Mine was fluttering for another reason; my cock was in contact with the smooth warm flesh of her outer thigh and it was as hard as steel. I prayed she couldn't feel each time it lurched against her skin. Turning onto my stomach I worked myself down until my feet were dangling over the foot of the bed. With the sheet pulled up hiding my head from view I knew I could get away with faking my kisses, but for some reason that message wasn't reaching my lips. As my lips continued to caress her hot flesh I felt her try to spread her legs but my body was blocking the one closest to me. I felt the top of the sheet lift and gazed up to see her looking at me. Her blue eyes looked glazed over and her face was flushed.

"Get between my legs," she said, her voice raspy.

After raising enough for her to spread her leg out under me I settled back down with the inside of her thighs pressing hotly against my ribs, and the small tuft of hair on her mound tickling my chest.

"Make it look real," Jenny said, then let the sheet fall back over my head.

As I began to kiss her tummy once more I kept telling myself that I could do that. I mean how hard would it be to make someone think I was actually eating her without actually doing the deed? With my head covered it was impossible for anyone to know what I was really doing under the sheet. The only problem I could think of was her tits weren't covered. If I were really her boyfriend I wouldn't be ignoring them. Would I? The answer was obvious, of course I wouldn't. With that in mind I slid my hands up her ribcage until they were high enough to reach her breasts. Cupping each perfect

mound I began to fondle and squeeze them while working myself even lower. My tongue traced over her hipbones and the tops of her thighs as more and more pre-cum leaked out onto the bottom sheet. I heard her moan when I ran my tongue over the flesh just above her mound.

I'm not sure how pretend turned into reality, nor why it did. I guess it could have been a combination of things that triggered the sudden change from pretending to eat my sister's pussy to actually doing it. Perhaps it was the feel of her warm soft flesh under my lips, the glorious feeling of her breasts filling my hands, or the pungent aroma of her sex drifting up my nostrils. Either way it didn't matter. All I knew was that one minute I'm kissing all around her mound, and the next minute my tongue had drifted through the small silky patch of pubic hair and landed on her bud.

"Ahhhhh yes," Jenny hissed, her hand landing on my sheet covered head and pushing my tongue harder against her engorged clit.

All thought of just pretending flew out the window as I assaulted her clit with my lips and tongue. Pinching her nub

between my lips I used my tongue to roll it back and forth causing an endless stream of moans to pour out of Jenny's mouth. Pulling my hands down to her hips I lowered myself some more allowing the tip of my tongue to slip off her clit and dip between the slick folds of her pussy. Her taste was intoxicating; I felt dizzy as my cock throbbed painfully under me. I was completely lost in my own burning lust as I licked and sucked her juices. The world as I knew it ceased to exist. I had found nirvana! I felt her pelvis rise to meet my invading tongue as I plunged the tip of it ever deeper into her hot, wet center. I couldn't stop myself; I greedily feasted on her pussy wanting only one thing, to make her cum.

"Ohhhh fuck!" Jenny screamed, raising her knees and spreading her thighs wider as my tongue speared as deep into her as I could get it.

Unable to hang onto her bucking hips I brought my hands down until they were holding the tops of her thighs tightly while my mouth sucked first one side of her puffy cunt then the other. Her bucking increased battering my mouth against her soaked pussy as I hungrily lapped her juices. Soon her up

and down movements became erratic, slowing then increasing then slowing again. Even with my ears trapped between her inner thighs I could hear her wails of pleasure. They increased in pitch until suddenly she slammed her cunt viciously against my mouth and held it there, her entire body shaking from the effort.

"Uggghhhhhh...God...Danneeeeeeeee...I'm cuuummmmmmmiiiiinnnnnnnnngggggggg!"

My sister's scream of rapture filled me with a warmth so deep I thought I'd burst with happiness. I continued to lick her gently as her orgasm subsided and her ass settled back on the bed. Once she went limp I rose up and pushed the sheet off the foot of the bed. Staying between her wide spread legs I crawled on hands and knees until I was above her staring down into her misty blue eyes, the head of my raging cock lightly touching the slick wet lips her pussy. We didn't say anything for a bit, we just stared into each other's eyes; her's filled with as much love for me as mine were for her.

"That was wonderful," she finally whispered, her voice hoarse.

"You're beautiful," I whispered back.

She brought her palms up to the sides of my face and softly said, "We're not through yet."

"I know," I told her as I pumped my hips forward enough for the head of my cock to slip past the slickened folds of her outer lips and sink gently into her opening.

"I love you Danny. I always have." Her eyes widened as I pressed forward slipping more of my cock into her tight hot channel.

"I've always loved you too sis," I murmured, slowly sinking more and more of my throbbing length into my sister's molten heat.

Sighing deeply she uttered, "I've wanted this for so long," as my balls finally settled against the firm fullness of her ass.

I couldn't stop staring at her as I slowly withdrew until just the head of my cock was in her. Just as slowly I pushed back in, causing her to sigh once more. Her lips stretched into a smile and her eyes lit up as I continued to slowly go in and out of her gripping pussy. There was no hurry; time had come to a standstill. We didn't fuck; we made love. There was no grunting or groaning, just the smooth meshing of our bodies as our tempo slowly increased. All thought of anyone watching was long forgotten. It didn't matter to us, because if anyone were watching they'd think we were long time lovers, our movements blended so well.

Sweat beaded on my back as I gently plunged into her over and over; the walls of her cunt clasp my length with each upward pull then relaxing as I slid back in. Her breathing grew more ragged with each passing minute, her chest rising and falling causing her breasts to jiggle slightly. Lowering my head I took one of her pebble hard nipples between my teeth and gave it a gentle nip. Jenny gasped and began to thrash her

hips up and down milking my cock while begging me to fuck her faster. Our timing was perfect. Faster and faster we bumped against each other until she threw her arms around my back and pulled me down on top of her.

"Cum with me Danny," she rasped, her fingernails raking up and down my back.

Latching my lips to the side of her neck I began to rapidly spear her pussy praying I wouldn't finish before she did.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" she chanted each time my balls bounced against her ass.

Through gritted teeth I whispered, "I'm almost there!"

"That's it...that's it...fuck me brother!" she hissed.

Rising up and locking my elbows I began to hammer into her, the sound of my balls bouncing off her ass filling the room as

the bed groaned underneath us. Our eyes locked once more as our bodies fought to stave off the inevitable. Neither wanted this to end. But end it must. I couldn't fight off the flood of ecstasy pouring through me any longer.

"Oh God...I'm gonna cum sis!" I groaned as the dam inside me burst.

"Yes Danny! Now!" Jenny hollered, wrapping her legs around my slick back and holding me deeply inside her as her pussy convulsed around my spurting cock.

My cock twitched and throbbed as I shot load after load of sperm into the deepest reaches of my sister's pussy. When I was finally done flooding her I collapsed, mashing her magnificent tits under my heaving chest, and tried desperately to catch my breath. Jenny's fingers danced lightly over my back and I could actually hear her purring as we clung to each other. We stayed that way for some time before I rolled to the side and gathered her up in my arms and pulled her against me. She wiggled around until her head was resting

on my chest and one leg was over my hips, my rapidly deflating cock trapped once more under her silky thigh.

"I can't believe we just did that," I said when I was able to speak.

"Are you sorry we did?" she softly asked, her fingers playing with the hair on my chest.

"No," I replied. "What about you?"

Tilting her head so she could look into my eyes she answered, "I've wanted this to happen for a long time Danny."

"You have? Why?"

"Because I love you. You're my soul mate big brother." The love I saw in her eyes filled my heart with joy.

Chuckling I said, "Well, if that skinny guy was watching he sure got an eyeful this time. I'll see if I can get him off your back tomorrow."

Lowering her eyes she said, "Uh...about that."

"Yes?" I inquired, gently stroking her hair.

"I have a confession to make." I could feel her tense up a little.

"I'm listening," I told her, letting my fingertips glide over her upper arm.

"Tom, the skinny guy as you call him, isn't really my ex-boyfriend."

"Then who is he?" I asked, confused.

"He's Marci's brother. I had him pretend to be my ex and act like he was stalking me so you'd come over and rescue me."

"Why? I don't understand. If it was all pretend then why'd we go through with the sex part. I could have just scared him off like I used to do to your other boyfriends."

"Because the sex part was what I was aiming for," she replied, a hint of fear in her voice.

"You're saying you did all this so you could have sex with me?"

"Yes," she replied, her voice trembling. "I couldn't just come out and ask you to fuck me. I wasn't sure how you'd react to that. I was afraid you'd think I was some sort of freak or something. So Marci, Tom and I put together this plan to get you into my bed."

"Whoa! They know you wanted to fuck your brother?"

"Yeah, but don't worry, it's cool."

"How can that be cool sis? What we did is against the law in this state," I exclaimed.

"It's cool because Tom and Marci have been fucking each other for almost two years now. They aren't going to say anything."

"Wow!" was all I could say.

"You're not mad at me for tricking you, are you? I wouldn't blame you if you were." Her fingers twirled my chest hair while I lay there digesting everything.

"No sis, I'm not mad at you. But you're right about one thing. I really don't know what would have happened if you'd just came out and asked me to fuck you."

As soon as I said that I knew I was lying. The flower of truth blossomed in my heart, because deep down inside me I realized that I wanted my sister in every possible way. I always had. Knowing my sister wanted me just as bad lifted the burden of guilt from my soul. I could feel my cock coming back to life. I wasn't sure but I think she felt it too.

Tilting her head back up she smiled hesitantly and asked, "Are you sure your not mad at me?"

"Does this answer your question?"

Gently rolling us over until she was on her back, I wedged myself between her thighs and guided the head of my cock to her soaked entrance. Rising above her like I'd done earlier I slid effortlessly into her saturated pussy. As my balls touched her fine ass I smiled down at her and said, "I guess the only thing left for us to do is figure out where we're going to live. Your place, my place, or we could just pick one out together."

A huge smile spread on her lips and her hips began to gently rock, sheathing my fully hard cock in her gripping heat.

Taking Liberties

My buddy Mike followed me into my apartment for one last brew before calling it a night. We were both a little unsteady, him more so, after hanging out at the bar unsuccessfully trying to score some tail. I went straight to the kitchen totally oblivious to anything around me in my quest for a couple of frosty ones. I should've paid more attention to my surroundings. I stepped back into the front room holding two long necks of Bud and stopped dead in my tracks, alarm bells blaring in my brain. He was standing by the couch with his eyes bugging out of his head, and he had the biggest shit-eating grin on his face that I've ever seen. Stepping over to him I absently handed over one of the beers while glancing down to see what he was staring at. There was no doubt in my mind that my eyes bugged out a little too. Sprawled out on the couch was my dear sweet, nearly naked, fifty-two year old

Mother Betty Thomas-Freeman. Thomas was her maiden name.

"Damn it, not again," I muttered under my breath.

I knew right away what was going on. Once again she'd taken her Ambien and judging by the empty wine glass thought it wasn't working, so she'd added a little alcohol to speed up the process. She had done this before, but tonight was different. Tonight she was lying there on her back with her thin pink cotton housecoat on, the buttons down the front completely undone. Now I will admit that my Mom is no super model by any stretch of the imagination, but she is a very attractive woman in her own right. Like the rest of the women in her family she's tall, almost five-nine in her bare feet. She has shoulder length black hair with just a hint of grey in it. As Mike and I were discovering she also has a very nice figure; slender waist, wide soft hips and some fairly firm breasts that were well over a handful. They were capped with small dark brown areolas and nipples that stuck out so far they begged to be sucked. She had on a pair of white cotton panties that didn't quite hide the thick triangle of black pubic hair lurking

underneath. Unable to control it I felt my dick start to swell in my pants.

"Dude, your Mom's totally wasted," Mike snickered before adding, "And fuckin hot too!"

"Watch your mouth fuck-nuts!" I snapped at him but didn't move to cover her up or anything.

"Be cool dude...I'm just saying is all," he replied never taking his eyes off her.

Snapping out of my trance I took his upper arm and told him it was time for him to go.

"Oh come on pal, can't we just look a little longer? She's so toasted she'll never know," he protested as I steered him to the door and practically threw him out into the hallway.

Since he lived right down the hall from me I wasn't worried if he'd get home okay. I was more worried about the erection growing in my pants as I went back over and stood looking down at Mom. "Damn, she is pretty hot," I told myself gazing down at her and sipping on the beer while my other hand absently rubbed the front of my jeans. She'd done this a couple of times now in the short week since her arrival, but she'd always been clothed. Tonight she was slumped on the couch almost obscenely with one arm flung above her head and the other one dangling over the side of it, her fingers still curled around the stem of the wine glass. I was amazed at how relaxed her face looked. As I stood there staring at her nakedness she groaned then spread her outer leg until the foot fell off the couch and landed on the floor. Her knee opened outward giving me an unobstructed view of her crotch. Tiny tufts of black hair curled out the leg openings of her panties. My cock continued to grow.

I have never seen my Mother naked before; sure, there were the times while I was growing up that I'd seen her in her bra and panties. But this, this was a whole other ball of wax altogether. I knew I should be feeling guilty and disgusted

with myself for staring at her, but oddly I didn't. Instead I found myself more aroused than I'd ever been before. The very fact that the nearly naked lady on my couch was my own Mom somehow made it all the more intoxicating. I'm not ashamed to admit that I've had a fascination for Mom ever since I can remember. In my heart I was sure most guys did, to some degree at least. I just wasn't sure how far I would be willing to take mine. A tiny evil thought crept into the back of my mind as I tried to figure out what to do about this situation. Should I wake her and have her find out that I'd seen her half naked? Or should I just cover her up and go to bed? Or, I could do what I was doing right now and stand here leering at her while all eight inches of my cock crept down my pants leg. Like Mike had said, she'll never know. The evil little thought came up with something else all together.

Placing my beer on the end table I knelt down in front of the couch and studied her sleeping face. I wanted to be sure that she was really out before doing what my little head was telling me to do. Her breathing was regular and steady so I turned my attention to those quarter-inch nipples poking out. Leaning closer to the nearest one I blew a warm soft breeze

over it. I wasn't sure if it was my imagination or not but it sure looked like it stiffened. I was sure however when I did it again and her areola crinkled pushing the nipple further out. The urge to suckle it was almost overpowering. I scooted back away not sure I could trust myself not to clamp my lips on the ripe nub. Another idea flashed through my head after I forced myself to stand. Sidestepping further down the front of the couch until I was even with her hips I leaned over placing my nose almost in her crotch. My legs grew weak as I inhaled her musky aroma. Reason and sanity flew out the window. Hesitantly I reached out and lightly placed the palm of my hand on her mound. I could feel her warmth flow into my hand and also the mass of her bush under the panties. Watching her face for any sign that she was waking up I slowly pushed my hand down until my fingers slid between her thighs. The feel of her pussy under my fingertips had me reeling with a desire so strong that I was afraid I might just rip her panties off and plunge my hard throbbing cock as far into her as I could. Fortunately for me she chose that moment to let out a soft moan. Yanking my hand off her sweet softness as if it were a branding iron I staggered back away from her and held my breath. The thought of my Mother waking up

and catching me fondling her snapped me back to reality. I went and grabbed a blanket then carefully covered her up.

Normally, since I live in a one-bedroom apartment, I would have been the one sleeping on the couch. When she first arrived I had had a hard time convincing her that she should take the bed, but after a lot of hee-hawing she had finally agreed. Tonight I had no intentions of doing what I'd done the previous times she'd zonked out in the front room. There was no way that I was going to wake her and help her stagger to the bedroom. No way in hell was that happening, not with my cock in the state of arousal that it was in. On my way to the bedroom I made a quick, and I do mean quick, detour into the bathroom where I hosed the toilet bowl down with the biggest wad of spunk I'd ever shot. After stripping down to my boxers I lay in bed staring up at the ceiling with visions of Mom's mouth-watering nipples prancing around my brain. One more trip to the bathroom allowed me to finally drift off to dreamland.

When I woke the next morning I wasn't surprised to find my dick a little sore after the mauling I'd given it. After a stop in

the bathroom, this time to relieve my bladder, I made my way to the small kitchen where the smell of coffee was coming from. Mom was standing at the sink rinsing a cup out still dressed in her pink robe. It was obvious by the way it hugged her hips and butt that it was fully buttoned, but that didn't stop me from visualizing the white cotton panties underneath. I had to remind myself to stop thinking like that since all I had on were my boxers. Stepping over beside her I ran my hand over her shoulder blades briefly and said good morning before pouring myself a cup.

"Good morning sweetie," she replied.

There was something in her voice that had me worried. I knew it wasn't because I was only wearing my underwear, she'd seen me dressed this way plenty of times. The thought that maybe she had been awake after all last night when I was taking liberties with her soared to the front of my brain. I dismissed that notion on the grounds that I was certain she would have jumped my shit the moment I'd walked into the kitchen. No, it wasn't that, but as she came over and sat down

it was obvious she wanted to say something. I didn't have long to wait to find out what it was.

"Gary?"

"Yeah Mom?"

"I'm not sure how to ask this," she hesitantly whispered.

"What Mom?" I asked, dreading her answer.

"Well...when I woke up this morning the buttons on my robe were undone. Honey, did you undo them?" I could see an odd look in her soft brown eyes as she gazed at me waiting for an answer.

"No, they were that way when I got home," I stated flatly, dipping my eyes downward and feeling the heat rise on my face.

"But you did see me, uh...?" she asked without finishing.

"Uh huh," I whispered finally looking back up at her.

"God, I'm so embarrassed," she said bringing her hands up to hide her face.

"Don't be Mom."

"Well I am."

"As I said, don't be. But if it'll make you feel better I will tell you this. Whatever you're doing to stay in shape is definitely working," I chuckled.

"Gary Allen Thomas!" she gasped, her face flushing a nice pink color.

"I'm sorry Mom, but it's not my fault that you have such a nice figure," I teased her.

"Thanks, I guess. Just remember I am your mother, and a married woman to boot," she laughed.

Yeah, you're married alright, but for how much longer I wondered. That was the reason she was here in the first place. She told me her and my step-dad had gotten in a fight over something, she wouldn't elaborate about what, and she needed some time away from him. My biological father had split before I was born leaving Mom to raise me on her own. She'd done the best she could with what she had, which wasn't much most of the time. There had been a spattering of "Uncles" over the years that kept us fed but none lasted more than six months at a time. That ended after she met Jack Freeman when I was fifteen. He was eighteen years her senior but he treated her good and seemed to tolerate me more than the other men in her life had. They married shortly after meeting and were still married twelve years later. Until she'd showed up at my door I had been under the impression that everything between them was peachy.

Interrupting my thoughts she said, "Speaking of married, when are you going to settle down?"

"Just as soon as I find a woman as pretty as you Mom, so probably never," I answered.

"I'm flattered. But seriously, you're twenty-seven years old, it's time for you to settle down," she persisted.

"So what's the deal with you and Jack, the old guy run out of viagra?" I off-handedly remarked hoping to change the subject.

"That wasn't very nice baby. But if you must know, you're not too far off," she replied with a soft chuckle.

"Oh really? So what's the problem, one of you isn't putting out?" I teased.

"Gary!" she squealed.

"Come on Mom, we're both adults here. I'd tell you if I needed help in the boudoir."

"I don't need any help in the boudoir thank you kindly, my boudoir is just fine," she replied haughtily.

"Then what's the problem?"

"The problem is my boudoir hasn't seen any action in well over two years," she confided softly.

"Two years! Damnnnn! I'm sorry Mom, I wish there was something I could do to help you," I blurted out before realizing the implications of what I'd just said.

"What are you suggesting Gary?" Mom asked while giving me the strangest look.

"Oh shit...I didn't...I mean I wasn't saying that you and I should..." I blubbered, my face hot.

"I know you weren't, although, if you weren't my son..." Her voice trailed off to a whisper.

"And just what are you suggesting Betty?" I asked, deliberately using her given name.

"I wasn't suggesting anything. I was just thinking is all," she said softly, blushing just a little.

"About?" I persisted, curious.

"I was just thinking that if I took a lover, the prospect of it being someone like you wouldn't be too bad."

"Like me?" I could see she was getting frustrated.

"You know what I mean. Oh hell, how did we even get on this conversation?" she stammered.

"It's okay Mom. But just for the record, if I were your lover you sure as hell wouldn't be going without." I flashed her my best lady-killer smile while I raised and lowered my eyebrows rapidly.

Laughing hard at my antics she said, "That's just the way life is honey, I've learned to adapt," I don't think it dawned on her what she'd just clued me in on.

Hmmmm, okay, Mom masturbates. At least that's what I thought she'd meant. No big deal, I do too when the need arises.

"Listen Mom, I'm sorry for prying, so how about I make it up to you and take you out to dinner tonight," I told her.

"You don't have to do that baby. Besides it's your last day off, wouldn't you rather spend it with your friends?" she asked, getting up and walking over to the sink.

Following her I took her by the shoulders and gently turned her till she was facing me. The look on her face was priceless when I told her there wasn't anyone else I'd rather spend my time with than the prettiest woman on the planet. She put her arms around my waist and pulled me into her in a warm embrace. The look on my face was probably priceless too as I felt her soft breasts under her thin robe press against my chest. Her and I were almost the same height so when I felt the bulge in my boxers rub up against her mound I awkwardly pushed away from her with a lame excuse of having to use the bathroom. The glint in her eyes told me she wasn't buying it but she didn't say anything as I walked away. Before I got too far I spun around.

"You know what Mom, how about we just make a day of it?" Her warm smile was all the answer I needed.

The day went great. We ate an early lunch followed by a matinee showing of the latest chick-flick to hit the screen. After that we spent some time window shopping and browsing through what passed as an art gallery. Around five we had a light dinner, a few drinks and arrived home just after seven. We finished the day off snuggled together on the couch watching reruns of reruns. When it was time to go to bed she kissed me on the cheek and said she hadn't had so much fun in a long time. As far as I could tell she hadn't taken any of her Ambien. The subtle smell of the perfume she'd worn lingered on the couch long after I fell into a deep restful sleep.

I woke the next morning to the sounds of humming coming from the kitchen. The smell of fresh coffee was in the air also. Dragging myself off the couch I went straight to the kitchen before I took care of my bladder, not realizing I was sporting some impressive morning wood. My morning wood grew a little thicker when I reached the kitchen and saw Mom at the sink. She had her back to me and it looked as if she were washing out something in the sink. She was humming some melancholy tune while she went about her task. I

remembered she use to hum that very same tune when I was younger. What she was wearing had my dick in an uproar.

For some reason she'd taken one of my white wife-beater undershirts out of my dresser and was now wearing it instead of her pink housecoat. Normally it wouldn't have been a problem, except somehow she'd managed to find the one shirt that was completely worn thin and totally stretched out of shape. The armholes drooped so low that I caught glimpses of the sides of her breasts each time she raised and lowered her hands out of the sink. The length of the shirt wasn't much better either. It stopped just short of reaching the tops of her panties. A pair of powder-blue bikini style ones that hugged her wide hips deliciously and were almost see-thru. I could clearly make out the crack of her ass through them. Until this moment I had no idea my mother had such a fine butt. Calling out good morning I stepped up behind her placing my hands on her hips and gently kissed her on top of her shoulder. I felt a little shiver run through her as I did.

"Oh good you're just in time to help me with this," she said, lifting her hands out of the soapy water and raising them up in the air. Grasped in her fingers was her pink housecoat.

"What do you need me to do?" I asked stepping to her side and getting a wonderful view of most of her right breast through the droopy armhole.

"See if you can wring most of the water out of this for me while I get a hanger."

"Okay." Taking the wet garment from her I began twisting it tightly from the neckline to the hemline.

She came back just as I finished getting as much water out as possible. Handing me the hanger she said that if I would hang it in the shower she'd fix a cup of coffee for both of us. With a big smile she also said that while I was in there I might want to take care of that. I wasn't sure what she meant until she looked down and nodded toward my crotch. I glanced down and nearly crapped myself. My dick had worked its way out

the slit in my boxers and was pointing straight out in front of me. Way out in front of me.

"Shit!" I coughed, making a hasty retreat from the kitchen. When I got back she was at the dinette sipping her coffee, another cup was across from her waiting for me.

"Sorry bout that," I mumbled taking a seat and avoiding eye contact.

"Things happen baby, don't beat yourself off...I mean up about it." Her laughter rang throughout the tiny kitchen.

"Very funny, ha ha," I grumbled and began drinking the coffee.

"Ahhh don't get mad, I was just funning with you," she giggled, then said teasingly, "And HOORAH to the lucky gal who snags you!"

"Mom!" I barked before breaking down and laughing too.

We finished our cup at the same time so she volunteered to get us some more. Don't get hard, don't get hard, don't get hard I mentally commanded my penis as my eyes watched Mom's butt swish back and forth all the way over to the counter. I really had to grit my teeth when she turned and headed back. Her tits swung freely with each step she took and the visible black triangle of pubic hair under her panties beckoned to my eyes.

"Excuse the way I'm dressed. I spilt my first cup of coffee down the front of me," she said apologetically as she retook her seat.

Since she'd screwed with me first I thought I'd see if I could get a little payback.

"You didn't burn yourself did you?" I asked, trying to sound alarmed.

"No, thank God," she replied.

"Are you sure? Because if you did I'm sure I have some lotion around here somewhere I could rub on it. I mean it's not like I haven't seen the girls before" I told her as straight faced as I could.

Mom was a fast learner.

"You'd like that wouldn't you?" she chuckled. She chuckled even harder when she saw the big smile on my face.

"No sweetie, if I need anything rubbed on "the girls" I can reach them myself. See!"

With that she reached down and cupped her hands under her tits and raised them up then squeezed them together. The dark brown nipples seemed to wink at me from under the

thin material of the white wife-beater. Awww shit, so much for not getting hard.

Halfway through my third cup it dawned on me that I was sitting here quietly gazing at her face. She was sitting there with her eyes glued to an old magazine she'd found lying around while sipping her coffee. She looked so peaceful right now. My heart filled with love for the woman who had always been there for me when I was growing up. Not only was she the person who had kissed my boo-boos and made them all better, she was also my confidant, my mentor, and most importantly, my best friend. There wasn't anything I wouldn't do for her and I hoped that she knew that. In my heart I was sure she did. The idea of how I could make her life more enjoyable had been stewing in my brain since we'd sat down.

"Mom, can I ask you something personal?"

She raised her soft brown eyes and stared across the tiny table at me.

"That depends. How personal are we talking here?" she asked with a questioning look in her eyes.

"Very," I responded.

"Uh, okay. But if it's too personal I can't promise to answer." I could see curiosity building in her eyes.

Stealing my nerve I went ahead and blurted it out. "Are you thinking about taking a lover?"

"Well, you certainly weren't kidding about it being personal," she slowly said.

"Before you get upset, hear me out first okay?" I implored her.

Sitting the magazine down she raised her hands and put them together then planted her elbows on the table. Leaning forward a little she rested her chin on top of her hands and said, "I'm listening."

"First off I want you to know that if you are considering something like that, I would be okay with it. I know what it's like to be, uh, frustrated. Sexually that is," I gulped.

"I knew what you meant," she said casually as she studied my face.

"Anyway," I continued. "I know that you can't fart where you live without the other side of town knowing about it three seconds after it happens. So I think I have a solution to that problem."

"Enlighten me," she whispered, an amused look coming over her face.

"It's simple really. Whenever you need some relief you could just come here."

Tilting her head slightly and fixing me with one of her odd looks she asked, "Where are you going with this Gary? Are you offering me your services?"

"What? No, that's not what I meant at all Mom," I stuttered. "I was just saying you could come here, find a fellow at a club or something and get your groove on. It's only a two-hour drive and Jack would think you're visiting me. You could even bring the guy back here if it came down to it, I could stay with friends until you were done."

"Interesting plan," she said, looking up and to the left as if she were thinking it over.

"I thought so," I stated proudly.

"To bad it wouldn't work," she said busting my bubble.

"Sure it would," I insisted. "Why wouldn't it? As a matter of fact you could do it while you're here now."

"Oh my sweet boy," she started, reaching one hand over and taking mine while her head remained propped on her other. "It wouldn't work because your Momma is so frustrated that your friends would probably want to charge you rent for the amount of time you'd be spending sleeping on their couches."

The twinkle in her eye told me she was just screwing with me again.

"Thank you for the generous offer sweetie, but I really have no desire to pick some stranger up just to get my groove on," she said before returning her attention back to the magazine.

"Just remember I offered, in case you change your mind," I told her, getting up and heading for the shower.

I work the swing shift at a warehouse down by the docks. Since I'd gotten up way too early it felt like the evening just dragged on and on. By the time my shift ended I was

exhausted. I don't know if it's true for everyone, but I have a routine I like to follow after coming home from work. I would strip down to my boxers as soon as I walked in the door, then I'd eat something while catching a little boob-tube time. Sometimes I'd get out my laptop and surf the net until I was sleepy enough to go to bed. Tonight all I got around to doing was stripping and heading off to bed so tired I completely forgot that I wasn't the only one in the apartment. I crawled into bed and was asleep almost before my head hit the pillow.

The dream I was having was fantastic. It was so vivid that I could actually feel the woman's breath against my face. I was lying on my side with one arm tucked under her head and the other one draped over her. The woman was on her side facing me with her soft warm breasts mashed against my chest. She had one arm under me and the other one wrapped around my shoulders with her leg thrown high over my hip. When I gently ran my fingertips across her shoulder blades she moaned softly and pushed her body tighter into mine. The leg on my hip rose until her knee was above my waist and her calf was hugging the small of my back. Gently I ran my fingers down the smooth soft skin of her back expecting to reach the

tops of her panties. There were none. My fingers glided further down unobstructed until I was cupping one of her soft firm cheeks in my hand. Moving my hand along her bun up toward the back of her thigh my fingertips ran through the crack of her ass before dipping between the outer folds of her pussy. She was wet. She was very wet. Stretching my arm downward I was able to slide my finger further into her wetness until I felt it sink into her opening. I pushed my finger in even deeper and felt her pussy spasm.

"Aaaaaaahhhhh!"

The moan was so realistic that I woke up. Opening my eyes the first thing I saw were Mom's wide-opened ones staring back at me. She had a look of utter bewilderment written all over her face.

"Gary?" she whispered, surprise evident in her voice.

"Mom?" I said with the same amount of surprise in my voice.

Confused we both craned our necks and looked around to see where we were. After getting our bearings a new problem became all too evident when my hand twitched. We both realized at the same time that my finger was deep inside her pussy. We stared at each other as the morning light filtered into the room, each lost in our own confusion. Mom was the first one to break the awkwardness.

Calmly she asked, "Gary honey...that's not your penis in me is it?"

"No Mom, it's my finger," I replied meekly.

Like an idiot, and for reasons I'll never understand even if I live to be one hundred years old, I wiggled my finger inside her pussy to emphasize that it was my finger.

"Oh baby don't mooooo..." she groaned loudly as her eyes squinted shut and she lowered her face against my shoulder.

The next thing I knew I could feel her teeth sink into my shoulder as the leg she had wrapped around my back tightened and pulled me even closer into her. Her hips began to buck causing her cunt to push back against my finger. The harder she bucked the deeper my finger penetrated her. Caught up in the moment I began to work my finger rapidly in and out of her pussy. When she pushed back I would swirl my finger around inside touching her walls. This made her buck even harder. Faster and faster she thrashed, the tempo reaching a fever pitch, when all of a sudden a deep sigh escaped her lips and her body went completely limp. She lay almost on top of me panting heavily as her heart beat rapidly in her chest. I lay there stunned my cock so hard it was painful.

A good two minutes passed before Mom moved. Using her leverage she gently rolled us both over until she was completely on top of me her legs outstretched alongside mine. Placing her hands to the sides of my neck just above my shoulders she raised her upper body until her elbows locked. In this position her breasts hung down only inches from my

mouth. Her nipples were rock hard. I could feel her mound pressing against my cock and was certain that she could feel it too. I could also feel her eyes on me, so I glanced away from her breasts and looked directly into them fearful of what I'd see. What I expected to see was not there. There was no malice, no disgust, nor hatred of any kind. What was there I couldn't decipher. It was that same odd look I'd seen her give me a few times over the last week.

Without saying a word Mom brought her knees up along side of me and sat the rest of the way up trapping my throbbing cock under her moist crotch. The blankets fell off her shoulders and piled on my thighs near her butt leaving her tits out in plain sight. My cock throbbed harder. Gently she ran the fingertips of one hand down across my cheek before gracefully climbing off the bed. I watched her as she went toward the door her asscheeks jiggling provocatively as she walked. Without looking back she grabbed her pink housecoat from the doorknob and turned down the hall toward the bathroom. Once she was out of sight I glanced down and saw how wet the front of my boxers were. The

insides of them weren't any drier; I'd leaked enough pre-cum to saturate a small washcloth.

I must have dozed off because when I opened my eyes the room was a lot brighter than it had been. For several minutes I lay there letting the fog of sleep disperse. Slowly I began to recall what had taken place between my Mother and I. That had to have been a dream I told myself. There was no way that something like that could have happened. Could it? Bringing my hand up to my face I took a whiff of my finger. The musky aroma of pussy filled my nostrils. Oh fuck I groaned, what have I done? Dreading it but knowing I needed to talk to her I threw the blankets that were over me off to the side. It struck me as odd that I even had blankets on; I didn't remember pulling them up after Mom had gotten out of bed. Something else I didn't remember doing was taking my soggy boxers off. Getting up I put on a pair of sweats and a t-shirt before heading out to face the music.

Mom was sitting on the couch thumbing through the same magazine she'd already looked at. She glanced up and told me good morning before saying there was a pot of reasonably

fresh coffee. Mumbling good morning back I stumbled into the kitchen without even glancing at her. Taking my cup I plopped down at the dinette and tried to sip it slowly. My hands were trembling a little. Halfway through the first cup Mom walked in and sat across from me. I couldn't avoid it any longer; I had to look at her. When she saw me look up she smiled tentatively and said we needed to talk. I just nodded agreement not ready to trust my voice yet. Nor was I prepared for the question she asked.

"Gary, do you think incest is wrong?"

I almost choked on the coffee. Was this a trick question? She sat there watching my face patiently waiting for me to answer. Gathering my wits about me I told her that if it were between two consenting adults, I emphasized that part, then I saw nothing wrong with it. I went on to tell her that just because society dictates that something is wrong doesn't mean it is. Mom should have been a professional poker player. I couldn't tell by looking at her whether or not I was giving her the answer she had hoped for. Inside I was sweating bullets waiting for the hammer to fall.

"So you're okay with what happened this morning?"

I started rambling on about how I had thought it was a dream but she stopped me and told me to just answer the question. Before answering I got up and made myself another cup of coffee. When I sat back down I calmly looked her in the eyes and told her that no, I wasn't okay with what had happened. I had messed up by getting in bed with her in the first place. I went on to say that if she were asking if I regretted it, then the answer was no, I didn't regret it at all. When I finished she sat there quietly for a spell just studying my face.

"Why don't you regret it?" she asked softly.

"Because holding you in my arms and watching you cum was the most beautiful and moving experience I've ever known." I prayed I hadn't overstepped my bounds by telling her that, but it was the truth.

"I see," was all she said.

"Mom, I really am sorry for what happened. Can you forgive me?" I asked humbly.

Smiling she got up and came over to me and stroked my face just like she'd done in bed, soft and lovingly. Then she told me there wasn't anything to forgive me for. As she was walking away I asked her how she felt about incest. She stopped and turned to look at me, that odd look once again on her face.

"I'm not sure," she replied. "Now, drink your coffee and I'll make you some breakfast."

Before I left for work she informed me, in no uncertain terms, that she was sleeping on the couch from now on. I took it as a sign that she really wasn't too happy about what had happened after all. Through my entire shift all I could think about was how good Mom's naked body had felt against me, and how her pussy had flooded with her juices when she

reached her orgasm. I went about my duties with my cock half stiff. When I got home and walked in the door the stiffness only got stiffer.

True to her word she was indeed on the couch. I could see her quite well since she'd left the kitchen light on. I could also see the empty wine glass and her bottle of Ambien sitting on the end table. She was lying on her side facing the back of the couch with her knees up near her stomach in the fetal position. The blanket she was using must have slid off because it was on the floor in front of the couch in a heap. She had on one of my baggy sports jerseys but it had ridden up until her butt was completely exposed. The way she was situated put her face close to the back of the couch while her ass was hanging slightly over the front of it. I should have been worried that she might roll off but my mind was focused on something else. The gauzy black panties did nothing to hide the luscious globes of white skin under them. I knew I should just cover her back up and get my ass away from there, and that's exactly what I resolved to do. I almost succeeded.

All my good intentions flew out the window because I made the mistake of having my face near her ass when I bent down to pick up the blanket. From the angle I was at I had an excellent view of the crotch of her panties. My eyes latched onto the lightly haired outer lips of her pussy that were clearly visible through the material. I could just make out her inner labia peeking out between them. The temptation was just too strong. Softly I cupped one round globe in my hand and gently kneaded the flesh. She felt hot to the touch. Sliding my trembling hand up near the small of her back I worked my fingertips under the waistband of the gauzy panties. My heart was thumping in my chest as my fingers slid over the crack of her ass and then into the furrow of her slit. It was damp and slick. I had no trouble curling one finger and sliding it into her moist pussy. A soft sigh escaped her lips but it didn't stop me from slipping another finger inside her. I worked the fingers in and out of her slow and gentle while my cock grew so rigid in my pants that it was becoming uncomfortable. Using my free hand I undid my pants and worked them and my boxers down over my hips. The relief was immediate when my cock sprang free from its material prison.

Mom's panties had rolled down slightly on her butt when I'd slid my hand under them and it gave me an idea. Slowly pulling my fingers out of her slick pussy I used both hands and worked the panties over her hips and ass. The panties didn't come down that easy, and I was concerned that she might wake up, but with a little tugging I managed to get them low enough that her pussy was in plain sight. I started to stick my fingers back in her when another idea came to me. With the way her ass was over the edge I knew there was room for me to get behind her and stick something other than my fingers inside.

Standing I kicked off my shoes and stepped out of my pants and boxers. Naked from the waist down I positioned myself behind her but quickly discovered that I couldn't get a good angle without something to kneel on. I went and grabbed two pillows out of the bedroom and dropped them in front of the couch. When I knelt on them the added height put my cock in a straight line with Mom's cunt. Propping myself with one hand on her hip I held my cock steady with the other and leaned my hips forward. As soon as the tip of my cock touched her puffy outer folds I felt a jolt of electricity flow

through me. Taking my cock I ran the tip of it back and forth smearing the pre-cum leaking out along the length of her slit. The soft silken hairs of her pussy tickled the head of my cock sending delightful tingles up and down my body.

Fascinated I watched as her outer lips parted and gave way to the head of my cock as I slid it through her slit from the back to just where her clit was peeking out of its hood. Sliding it back away from her clit I pushed a little deeper into her moistness until I felt the entrance to her velvety tunnel. Half of my cock's head was covered by the outer lips of her pussy and poised to plunge into the very depths of her womanhood when I suddenly knew that I couldn't go through with it. I loved my Mother with all my heart. To take liberties and fondle her was one thing, but to actually stick my cock into her while she was zonked out on sleeping pills was way beyond wrong; it was reprehensible. Backing away I gently pulled her panties back up and covered her with the discarded blanket. On shaky legs I stood there staring down at her whispering a silent apology. Grabbing the pillows I went to bed. Sleep took a very long time to come.

The next day I had trouble making eye contact with her. If she noticed she didn't let on that she had. My shame for what I'd almost done grew worse as the day went on. Each time I looked at her I wanted to confess my transgression but couldn't bring myself to do it. By the time I had to leave for work I couldn't wait to get out the door. After my shift ended I hooked up with Mike and we went to Duffy's Pub and knocked back a few. All he wanted to talk about was how hot he thought my Mother was. When he said he'd sure like to take a run at her I knocked him off his stool. Two beers later we were friends again, but he didn't bring Mom up in any more conversations. By the time we left the bar neither of us was feeling any pain.

I heard the moans as soon as I stepped through the door. Thinking that Mom was either sick or having a bad dream I rushed around to the front of the couch only to find that it was neither. Once again she had left the kitchen light on, and once again I could see her plain as day. The blanket she was using had been draped over the back of the couch leaving her vulnerable to my leering eyes. Tonight she had on my stretched out wife beater and her white cotton panties. She

was lying on her back with one arm slung over her eyes and her other arm stretched down her body with her hand buried inside her panties. Her knees were up and her legs were spread enough for me to see that she obviously had a finger or two stuck inside her pussy. I could see her hand moving under the material at the crotch. Even being a few sheets to the wind my cock swelled rapidly from the sight. The upper part of the shirt was askew and one of her tits was hanging out the armhole, the brown nipple hard and pointy. Disregarding my inner moral compass I dropped my pants and fished my hardening cock out of my boxers through the slit and began stroking it.

Soft moans poured out from deep inside her as her hand movements increased in speed. My hand gripped my cock tightly as I stroked it, matching her pace while guttural groans of my own floated past my lips and into the still air. Faster and faster her hand moved under the panties while my hand became a blur as it yanked my throbbing cock. Her hips began bucking up against her hand and my knees began to shake. Suddenly she let out a loud moan and her body stiffened with her ass up off the couch, her leg muscles taut and straining to

hold herself in that position. I shot my load all over the floor in front of the couch, my entire body trembling from the release. When my euphoria waned I pulled up my pants and gazed down at her. She'd settled back on the couch her hand no longer inside her panties. She appeared to be sound asleep. Two of her fingers were coated with slickness. I wanted desperately to suck the juice off them. I didn't. Instead I made my way on wobbly legs to the bedroom and fell into bed fully clothed, the thick blobs of my cum drying on the floor. Sleep found me in a heartbeat, but it was a troubled sleep.

My mouth felt like it was full of cotton the next morning. After shrugging out of my work clothes I went straight to the bathroom and jumped in the shower hoping it would at least ease my aching head. It didn't, but I did feel like I would at least survive afterwards. With a towel wrapped around me I headed to the kitchen for some coffee and some aspirin. Mom was sitting on the couch in her pink housecoat watching some newscast and drinking a cup of coffee. She saw me coming and gave me a small smile, a worried look on her face.

"Morning baby. Rough night?" she asked.

"Not really, why?" I responded.

"I noticed you slept in your clothes and was worried you weren't feeling good," she answered, carefully watching my face.

"Yeah, Mike and I kinda tied one on last night. I'm fine. So how did you sleep last night Mom?"

"Oh God, I slept like a baby sweetie. As a matter of fact, last night was the best sleep I've had in a long long time," she practically purred.

"Good for you," I told her then continued on into the kitchen.

I half expected her to join me in the kitchen but she didn't. I sat there and finished my first cup then decided to go get dressed. On my way to my bedroom I noticed the bathroom door was closed and I could hear the shower going. A mental image of her soaping up her body popped into my head and

by the time I reached my room the front of the towel was tenting out in front. Shortly before I had to take off for work Mom and I were sitting in the kitchen when out of the blue she made a startling announcement.

Reaching across the table and taking my hand in hers she said, "I've decided to take you up on your offer."

"What offer?" I asked, my brain still not functioning properly.

"To bring a guy back here and get my groove on silly. Did you forget already?"

"No. No, I haven't forgotten," I replied, a tiny spark of jealousy bubbling up in my heart. "So, are you going to do it today? Should I stay away tonight, or what?"

"I was hoping for tonight, and no, you don't have to stay away. The couch will be free," she said squeezing my hand a little.

"Okay. Well have fun, I gotta get to work," I told her, pulling my hand from hers and heading out the door.

The tiny spark of jealousy turned into a festering sore by the time my shift ended. All I could think about as I worked was that tonight some guy was touching Mom in places that I wanted to. Whether it was right or wrong didn't matter to me; I'd already admitted to myself that I wanted to make love to my own Mother. The thought of some other guy having his way with her wasn't sitting well with me. It wasn't sitting well at all. But what could I do? I sure as hell couldn't tell her that I wanted to be that guy. I was sure that wouldn't sit well with her. I resigned myself to the fact that there wasn't anything I could do except grit my teeth and keep my mouth shut. Mom deserved some happiness and I wasn't about to deny her that.

My heart was heavy as I opened my front door and stepped into my apartment. I wasn't sure what I expected to see but I was filled with dread anyway. The front room was empty. Glancing down the hallway I saw that my bedroom door was closed. It took every ounce of willpower I possessed to stop from barging into the bedroom and tossing whatever dude

was in there out into the hall. Instead I headed into the kitchen. I was shocked to see Mom standing by the kitchen counter in her pink housecoat pouring two glasses of wine. She turned and smiled at me as I approached. I said hello, my voice cracking slightly.

"Hi baby," she responded warmly.

"I see the bedroom door is closed. Did you meet a guy? Is he here right now?"

"Yes, and yes, he is here right now."

Once I was standing near her I saw her nose crinkle. She gave me this odd look and waved me back away from her.

"My God Gary, you positively reek. What did you do, fall into something nasty?" she asked taking a step backwards.

"Oh that, I spilled some shit at work. Sorry."

"Are we talking shit shit, or something else?" She took one more step back.

"No, not shit literally. It was some crap we use to clean the machines is all." I had been a little careless at work.

"Well please go hop in the shower before you stink up the place." It wasn't a request.

On my way to the bathroom I got a whiff of myself and almost gagged. Stuffing my clothes in a plastic bag I got under the water and took extra care to make sure that I smelt Irish Spring clean by the time I stepped back out. It wasn't until after I'd dried off with the only towel in the bathroom that I realized I didn't have anything to put on. Wrapping the damp towel around myself I went back out into the front room. Mom was standing in front of the couch and I could see that her housecoat was unbuttoned. She held it closed with one hand near her chest and was holding a half-full glass of wine in the other. She indicated another glass on the end table and

told me it was for me. I don't normally drink wine but I picked the glass up and took a healthy pull from it anyway. It was sweet. Mom waited until I'd swallowed before asking me to sit down. When I did she stepped in front of me and said she wanted to talk. She finished the wine in her glass and sat it on the end table before standing back up. She waited silently until I did the same. Why she wanted to chat with me when she had a guy in the bedroom puzzled me. I craned my neck around and noticed the bedroom door was open.

"Where's you guy friend, he leave already?" I asked, slowly bringing my head around and gazing up at her. That same odd look I'd seen before was on her face now.

Smiling sweetly she gazed down at me and said, "No he didn't leave, I'm looking at him right now."

"Huh? I don't understand," I sputtered, swiveling my head around to check if there was someone else in the room with us.

"Remember when you asked me how I felt about incest?" Mom asked in a whisper.

"Yes," I croaked nervously.

"Well, the idea of it has always fascinated me, so I was hoping that you would help me find out if I like it or not," she said, her smile faltering as she released her grip on the housecoat and let it slip down her arms to the floor.

My jaw dropped open and my eyes blinked rapidly. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. Here was my Mother, a picture of womanly perfection, standing before me completely naked. Speechless I drank in her beauty. Her soft black hair, the lovely globes of her breasts and dark brown nipples, the graceful waist that flared out to spacious hips, and the thick triangle of hair that had so tantalized me earlier. My eyes rolled down her body past her long tapered legs that seemed to go on forever and finally ended at her feet, the toenails painted a bright red. Yes, I took it all in. By the time my eyes reached her feet my cock was snaking out through the gap

where the two ends of the towel met. It reared its head and quickly made its way toward my belly button, all eight inches proudly on display for my Mother. From the way her eyes lit up, and the radiant smile on her face I could tell she'd gotten the answer she was hoping for.

Neither of us said a word. Mom slowly sank down in front of me and pushed my knees apart as our eyes locked together. With nimble fingers she unknotted the towel at my waist and spread the two halves out leaving my cock and heavy balls exposed. The fingers on one of her hands wrapped around my throbbing shaft and lifted my cock up until it was pointing toward the ceiling. Placing her other hand against my chest she gently nudged my upper body backwards until my head and back were against the back of the couch. I felt the whisper of her hot breath right before I felt the head of my cock being engulfed in an even hotter heat. I gazed in wonder as I watched Mom's mouth slowly slide down around my thickness. Her tongue danced along the underside of my penis as she swallowed me, her eyes still locked onto mine. My eyes screwed shut as I gave in to the wondrous pleasure coursing through me. Every fiber and nerve along my cock

screamed out in joy. In all my borne days I'd never felt such intensity before. She took her time, first licking up one side of my shaft then down the other over and over again. When she took me down her throat I couldn't hold back any longer.

"I love you Mom!" I wailed as I exploded in her mouth.

Wave after wave of exquisite pleasure rolled over me as Mom sucked every last drop of cum out of my balls. Opening my eyes I watched as she licked her lips and took a fingertip to get a drop near the corner of her mouth. She held her fingertip near her mouth and stared at me for a second before licking off the thick milky drop.

"You taste good baby," she purred.

Leaning forward I put my hands into her armpits and gently pulled her to me. With the gracefulness I'd seen when she'd climbed out of bed she slid up my body until her head rested on my shoulder and she was sitting astride my hips. I could feel the hairs on her pussy brushing against my deflating

shaft. Softly I stroked the smooth silken skin of her back and whispered "I Love You" in her ear. We held each other for some time before I rolled her over. Her ass landed at the edge of the couch and I slithered down her body to the floor where I ended up in the same position she'd just been in. Her eyes had a questioning look in them as I gently placed her knees over my shoulders.

"I want to taste you Mom," I told her, then lowered my mouth to her pussy.

"Oh God! It's been soooo long since anyone has done that to me," she panted as my tongue parted the hair covering her slit.

Gently I ran the tip of my tongue across the rubbery muscle on her asshole and down through the valley between her puffy outer folds. Her inner lips slid along the sides of my tongue as I worked it forward toward my prize. When my lips clamped onto the engorged nub of her clit she went wild. Tightening her legs she humped her cunt against my mouth,

her ass lifting clear off the couch. Her first orgasm hit her almost immediately.

"Ooooooooooooo shitttttttt!" she cried as I felt her fluids escape and seep into my mouth.

I've eaten my fair share of pussy, but I've never had one that tasted as good as my Mother's. I licked her clit with the flat of my tongue then sucked each of her inner lips into my mouth one at a time. Her thrashing grew urgent as another orgasm exploded. Encouraged by her enthusiasm I plunged my tongue deep in her hole and held onto the tops of her thighs tightly. The next orgasm she had was the most intense of all. Her thighs clamped against my ears so tightly I thought for a second my head was going to pop. Keeping my tongue moving inside her cunt I rode the last waves of her orgasm until finally her muscles seemed to relax a little.

"Oh my God baby stop...I can't take any more," she groaned slipping her legs off my shoulders and dropping her feet to the floor.

I gave her pussy one last complete lick before gazing happily up at her with her juices smeared on my face. I was smiling from ear to ear. Mom's face was flushed a deep scarlet and her nostrils flared each time she sucked in air. Her chest rose and fell erratically as she tried to catch her breath. Her nipples were hard enough to cut glass and my cock was once again as hard as steel.

"My God, where did you learn to do that?" she panted, her eyes sparkling as she tried to focus on my face.

As Mom lay there recovering I got up and ran into the bedroom and grabbed two pillows. Placing them on the floor in front of her I knelt down and scooted in. I wasn't sure if she was ready yet but I couldn't wait any longer. Slowly I rubbed the head of my cock up and down through her slit, digging it deeper into her wetness with each pass. Every time the head touched her clit I felt her shiver.

"Don't tease me baby...love me," she encouraged.

Feeling her entrance with my cock I slowly pushed forward. Her breath caught in her throat as the head of my cock slipped into the fiery furnace of her velvety glove. Gently I pushed more of my throbbing pole into her cunt feeling her walls expand around my girth. Once I had my cock buried all the way in I leaned forward and lay my head on her chest, my heart pounding in my own. I didn't move except to reach up and cup her tits in my hands. Another shiver ran through her as my fingers found her nipples. I felt her hand stroking my hair as we lay together as one.

"I love you so much baby," she whispered soothingly.

Lifting my head up off her chest I pushed her tits together forcing her nipples closer to each other. Her cunt clamped down around my cock as I sucked the ripe nipples into my mouth. We didn't rush anything, she let me suckle as long as I wanted, all the time stroking my hair and moaning softly. When I finally straightened up we stared into each other's eyes lovingly. Slowly I began pulling my cock back until just the head remained inside her. Just as slowly I pushed it back

in until my balls nestled up against her ass. I was in no hurry; I wanted this feeling to last forever. With long slow strokes I rocked into her as my hands gently kneaded her breasts, our eyes locked together. For a long time we did this dance, gentle and slow, the only thing changing was the pitch of our breathing. I could feel my own urgency approaching but fought it with all I had. No way was I going to cum before I gave Mom the most pleasure that I could.

"Mmmmmppppphhhh...babyyyyy," Mom finally groaned and started bucking against my invading cock.

"Oh Fuck Mommmm!" I growled as her pussy slid along my wet slippery shaft.

Grabbing her hips in my hands I began ramming my cock into her faster and faster, my balls bouncing off her ass. Her legs went around my waist and lock themselves together at the ankles.

"Oh God! Oh God! Oh yesssss...FUCK ME!" she screamed, thrusting her pussy onto my cock savagely.

I did what she wanted. I pumped my pole into her squishy cunt faster and harder than I'd ever fucked any one before. The sound of our bodies slapping together was music to my ears. Just as Mom's cunt began to contract around my cock I unleashed a tidal wave of cum deep into the recesses of her pussy. Between us there was so much fluid her pussy couldn't hold it all, it shot out around my shaft and dribble down her butt saturating my balls as they smacked against it. Even when I'd pumped the last dregs of my cum into her I didn't stop. I couldn't stop. I had found nirvana. I lay my head upon her heaving chest and listened to her heart thump rapidly while slowly sawing my cock in and out of her soaked pussy. It took a good five minutes or more before my cock deflated enough that it slipped out of her cunt with an audible plop. I glanced up at her as she lay there looking stunned, a smile stretched tightly across her lips. I laid my head back down and basked in the afterglow of our lovemaking.

"That...was...amazing," Mom whispered as she wrapped her arms around me and pulled me tighter into her warmth.

"Did I make you happy Mom?" I whispered back.

"Very."

"I'm glad," I told her.

"Do you have any regrets baby?" she asked softly after a few minutes.

Stroking her face tenderly I said, "The only regret I have is that we've never done this before now. What about you? Any regrets?"

"Oh God no. But I do have to say I'm a little shocked that my baby boy knows how to make a woman feel so damn good."

She was even more shocked when I stood and picked her up in my arms then carried her to the bedroom. When we got there I shocked her some more by dumping her on the bed, flipping her over and pulling her up by her hips until her ass was up in the air. Getting behind her I gently eased my hardening cock back into her sopping wet pussy. I didn't stop hammering into her cum slickened cunt until she came two more times. As we lay cuddled together in bed she broke the bad news to me.

"I hate to have to tell you this, but I have to go home day after tomorrow to sign some papers with Jack. But if you call me, say on a Thursday or Friday, I'll come up and spend the weekend with you."

I called in sick the next day so we could spend more time together before she had to leave. By the time she did go there wasn't a place left in my apartment where we hadn't made love. I reminded myself to replace the collapsed dinette before she returned. Sleep eluded me after she was gone. I moped around the place for days until by happy accident I looked inside the medicine cabinet in the bathroom and

found that Mom had left her sleeping pills. When I got off work that night I took a pill out of the bottle and popped it into my mouth. Since when do they make mint flavored sleeping pills I wondered. When I didn't get sleepy I drank a glass of wine like Mom had. Two hours later nothing. I chalked it up as my being just too wound up for the pills to work. Fantasizing about fucking Mom while jacking off helped some, at least it tired me out enough to finally fall asleep.

The very next day I got a letter from Mom in the mail. In it she told me that she had been awake each time I'd touched her. She said that the pills in the Ambien bottle weren't really sleeping pills and apologized profusely for deceiving me. She went on to say that she'd used the ruse to make me believe that she was really sleeping. She wanted to see if I would find her attractive enough to cross the line. She did say she was embarrassed about the time Mike had shown up. An unfortunate accident she called it. Another thing she hadn't planned for was the time I crawled into bed with her. She called that one a glorious accident. Furthermore she told me that the part about her having no action in the bedroom was

true, but it wasn't the reason she had come to see me. Well, at least not the only reason anyway. She explained that she has never had anything against incest, as long as it was a mutual thing between adults. Another thing she wrote was how she'd fantasized for some time about trying it with me. The thought of seducing me scared her because she was afraid that I would reject her advances, or worse yet, think she was disgusting for wanting to bed her own son. So to see how I would react she staged her little indiscretions as she called them. Anyway, she wrote, if I did start having regrets about things and never wanted to see her again she'd understand. But on the chance that I did she'd be patiently awaiting my call. She signed the letter, "With Love From A Grateful Mother."

After reading the letter I went and got the Ambien bottle out of the medicine cabinet. Popping the top off the bottle I shook one of the pills into my hand. It didn't look like any medicine I'd ever seen, but I'm no expert on what sleeping pills look like. However, after closer examination it did look familiar. I put it in my mouth and bit down on it. Sure as shit, it was a tic-tac. This could mean only one thing; Mom had played me. I couldn't help but bust out laughing.

"Kudos Mom," I chuckled.

Thursday night when my shift ended Mike caught up with me at the gate.

"Hey, what's the rush? Wanna go grab some brews at Duffy's?" he asked, a little out of breath from trying to catch me before I left.

"Can't," I answered.

"Why not? Got something better to do?"

"Yeah. I've got to call my mom," I answered. I couldn't wipe the smile from my face as I walked away.

The Amulet: A Blessing or A curse

Gravel crunched under my feet as I wandered around the front yard, my mind once again wondering why my parents had chosen this place to settle down in so long ago. It's a small one-horse town in the middle of nowhere, which is surrounded by miles and miles of more nowhere. If you stood at the edge of town and gazed off into the distance, all you would see would be endless miles of desert, scattered with sagebrush, juniper trees and the occasional Joshua tree. If your eyes were good enough you would be able to see where the flatness turned to rolling hills.

The main industry in this little slice of paradise is the rock quarry just a few miles north of town where my father and I both work, along with most of the menfolk in town. My mother and my older sister are both employed at the local beauty salon, mom being a hairdresser while my sister specializes in nails. The opportunities for employment around here are pretty limited.

My sister just recently moved back in with my parents and I after her marriage fell apart. As soon as she'd turned eighteen she married Brad Worthington, much to the disapproval of our parents. I later discovered that he'd promised to take her away from this dust-covered shithole; apparently a promise he had no intention of keeping. That wasn't the reason their marriage ended though. I guess after almost three years of hearing rumors about Brad sleeping around with anyone that wore a skirt finally took its toll.

"Let's go Bree," I hollered toward the house in hopes of getting my sister to hurry up. Her name is actually Brianna, but we all call her Bree, and at the ripe old age of twenty-one she thought she knew everything. Something that I chuckled about since she was only two years older than me.

"Don't get your panties in a bunch," I heard her shout back.

Shaking my head in exasperation I started to take inventory of the contents piled into the back of my old jeep. Toolbox, check. Five-gallon jerry can of gas strapped into mounts on

the back, check. My two-person sleeping bag, check. Actually, the sleeping bag was already in there, and has been since the last time my ex-girlfriend and I had gone off-roading. Shortly after that her family just up and left town, leaving me without an outlet for my over-active hormones. That had been almost a month ago. My hand has been getting quite the workout since then.

"Give me a hand with this Leroy," I heard my sister call out, knowing full well that I hated being called that. Although it was my given name, I preferred to go by Lee.

Placing my wallet and phone into the glove box I turned toward the house, a scowl on my face, and saw her pulling our family-sized ice chest through the front door by the handle out onto the porch. My eyes widened at the sight. She was bent over with her back to me wearing one of the shortest skirts I've ever seen her wear. I mean seriously, I could just about see the bottom swell of her ass cheeks. Instantly my cock showed its appreciation at the sight. I should have been repulsed by my body's reaction. I mean, who in their right mind gets aroused by their own sister? Instead, I just stood

there, my cock making an obscene bulge in my jeans. When she stood and turned toward me I saw her eyes drift down toward my crotch. They lingered there for a few seconds before she looked up, an odd smile on her face.

"Well perv, are you gonna help or not?" she asked, placing her hands on her hips and tapping her foot.

Stepping up on the porch I appraised her wardrobe choice once more. For a top she'd chosen to wear a dark green tube top, the stretchy material pressed snugly against her ample tits. I could see her nipples pushing against the fabric. The short green plaid skirt rode low on her hips and barely went six inches passed her crotch. I could see her well-defined abs between the top and the skirt. The only practical thing she was wearing was her hiking boots and thick green socks.

"That's what you're wearing?" I asked in my most disapproving tone.

The reason for my disapproval was because we were planning to go off-roading, and what she had on just didn't fit with that activity.

"Yeah," she said, her deep brown eyes shooting me a look that said I'd better not say anything bad about her outfit.

Shaking my head, I picked up the cooler with a grunt and headed toward the jeep while saying, "Jesus Bree, what do you have in this thing?" I heard her chuckling reply as I hoisted the cooler into the back of the jeep.

"Just something to drink, and lots of ice."

After situating the cooler, I turned to face her and said, "You're going to burn."

"I don't burn, you know that," she stated as she headed toward the passenger side of the jeep.

Begrudgingly I had to admit she was right. In all the years of growing up together I've never seen her get a sunburn. I on the other hand wasn't so fortunate. I guess it was because we were spitting images of our parents. My father and I are both tall, wiry, and fair-skinned. On the flip side our mother, whom Brianna mirrors, is quite statuesque, well endowed in the boob department, with a more Mediterranean complexion. Each have smoldering brown eyes, raven colored hair that drapes down past their shoulders, and stand nearly as tall as dad and me, which is impressive since we are both six feet tall. If you put my sister and mother side by side you'd swear that they were sisters, at least you would've a week ago. Now, thanks to mom, Brianna was sporting a new hairdo. Instead of her hair being straight, it was now a mass of tight curly ringlets flowing down to her shoulders. The urge to tease her by calling her Shirley Temple was strong, but I knew better. Bree really wasn't known for her sense of humor.

Recently my dad helped me put on a four-inch lift kit and as I watched Brianna climb into the jeep I took notice of things a brother shouldn't be noticing. Things like how long and toned her legs were, and how her breasts jiggled under the

tight tube top. Just as she slipped into place I got a quick glimpse of her right ass cheek. It too looked quite toned. With unbrotherly thoughts racing through my brain, I climbed in and fired up the jeep, my eyes taking a quick look at her legs again.

"Buckle up sis," I said, snapping my lap belt in place and throwing the jeep in gear.

For forty minutes we listened to the over-sized tires sing on the asphalt, conversation impossible with the wind whipping all around us. With each bump in the road I couldn't help but sneak glances at my sister's tits. The way they bounced had my cock staying in a semi-rigid state, while my mind continuously chastised the perverted side of me.

My intentions were to head for a place called Breakers Point, but as we rolled along something off to my left caught my eye. Bree let out a yelp when I slammed on the brakes a little harder than I intended. If it weren't for her lap belt she would've kissed the windshield.

"What the hell, Leroy?" she barked, shooting a confused, angry look my way.

"Hold on, I thought I saw something," I replied as I put the jeep in reverse and slowly started backing up, my eyes glued off into the distance.

"What?" she asked.

"I'm not sure. It was shiny. See if you can spot it," I answered as I scanned the far-off hills.

A few seconds later Bree shouted, "There, I see it!"

Braking, a little softer this time, I glanced to where she was pointing. At first I didn't see anything, but when I leaned forward slightly I spotted what had caught my attention. Off in the distance it looked as if something was gleaming in the sunlight. I could tell that it was quite a ways away since it was

up in the hills. I glanced at Bree with a cocked eyebrow as if to say, "What do you think?"

"Go for it!" she said enthusiastically.

Just before turning my eyes away from her she adjusted herself in her seat causing her tits to bounce once more. With an inward groan I shifted the jeep into four-wheel drive and swung off the road onto the dusty desert floor. After about an hour and a half of slowly driving toward our goal Bree screamed for me to stop. Turning to look at her I watched as she hastily undid her seatbelt and hopped out of the jeep.

"What's wrong?" I asked as she headed toward a rather large sagebrush.

"I have to pee!" she hollered without slowing down.

I couldn't help but chuckle because I knew why she had to go. I guess I had deliberately hit too many bumps. I told myself

that I'd try to be more careful, even if it meant less chances to see her tits bounce. Sacrifices had to be made sometimes, but that didn't stop me from watching her tits bounce as she came back though.

"Stop staring at my tits!" she said as she approached the jeep.

Opps, busted. I could feel my face turning red but couldn't turn away as she climbed in. Once seated she opened the glovebox and threw what looked like a balled-up piece of material inside before closing it.

Out of curiosity I asked, "What was that?"

Her answer stunned me.

"My panties."

"Your what?" I croaked.

With an exaggerated sigh she replied, "My panties. Since I had to drip-dry, I didn't want them to get pee stained, they're brand new."

Involuntarily I glanced down at her lap. She caught me looking.

"Jesus Leroy," she growled.

"Sorry," I stammered, raising my eyes and staring through the windshield.

"Let's just go perv," she said, snapping her seatbelt in place.

Distance out here in the land of nowhere can be quite deceiving. An object that looks relatively close can in fact be a long way off. That seemed to be what was happening in our case. It felt like we'd driven quite some distance but weren't getting any closer to where we wanted to go. Since neither of

us could see the shiny object anymore I just prayed we were going in the right direction. I was beginning to think we should turn around when suddenly we came upon what could only be an old road leading almost in the direction we wanted to go. Judging by the tracks I could tell the road hadn't been used in some time, probably decades by the looks of things. The only thing I could think was that it was an old service road that was no longer used. Without even thinking about it I turned the jeep onto the obsolete pathway and began to follow it. Gradually the road began to climb leading us into the foothills.

Another thirty-five minutes found us at a dead stop, in front of a dried-up stream bed about five feet deep and fifteen to twenty feet wide. Spanning the width was a rotted out wooden bridge; or what was left of it anyway. I wasn't worried about getting across since the embankments on both sides weren't very steep. Pulling off the road to avoid what was left of the bridge I carefully maneuvered the jeep over the edge of the dried-out stream. It was a little harder to climb the far side, but we made it easily.

Before resuming our trek along the road we decided another piss break was in order. Once Brianna scampered off to the nearest brush I whipped out my cock and relieved my jostled bladder. I was still peeing when Bree strode up and stared at my exposed manhood. Unable to stem the flow I just stood there and let her watch. After a few seconds she smiled then climbed back in the jeep, leaving me with a funny feeling. For some strange reason the idea of my sister checking out my cock sent a tingle down my spine.

Slowly we made our way forward, steadily climbing into the hills. The farther we climbed, the more worried I became. I could see the clouds moving in, turning darker by the minute. This part of the country was prone to flash flooding, something I definitely didn't want to get caught in.

I pointed toward the sky and shouted, "Maybe we should turn back."

Bree glanced up and shouted back, "It'll be fine. It will probably just pass right over us."

I wasn't so sure, but I shrugged my shoulders and kept driving forward anyway. About five miles from the stream we topped a small rise and found what we were looking for. Off to the right of the road stood an abandoned shack that wasn't much bigger than our front room. It appeared to be in fairly good shape. At least the roof and walls did. On the side facing us was a window with just a sliver of glass left in it. As we stared we could see what was left of the sun's rays glancing off the glass. After a few minutes Bree voiced what I was thinking.

"Wow, this is kind of a letdown."

"Yeah," I said, before adding, "So, should we head back?"

"Hell no, let's check it out first," came her enthusiastic reply.

Brianna's always had an adventurous side, so it didn't surprise me when she hopped out of the jeep and walked toward the shack. With another shrug I grabbed my phone from the

glove box, my fingertips briefly rubbing the balled-up panties, then followed. Stepping through the threshold, the first thing I noticed was there was no front door. The next thing I noticed was the place was completely empty except for a rusted-out metal bed against the far wall. The bed was more a cot than anything, and on top of it sat what used to be a mattress, it's material long gone leaving only the frame and sagging rusty springs. I was sure I'd need a tetanus shot if I touched it. Further inspection of the place showed where a wood burning stove must have sat. I could see where the metal chimney would have gone through the roof.

"So, have you seen enough?" I asked as Bree slowly walked around the room.

"Give me a minute. What's your hurry?" she asked, turning to face me.

Instead of saying anything I just pointed skyward and cocked one eyebrow.

"Yeah, yeah," she said, then turned back to inspect the room some more.

With a sigh I stepped outside and pulled out my iPhone. As I expected, there was no cell service out here in the boonies. The sound of distant thunder made me look up. What I saw didn't please me one bit. In the short time we'd been here the sky had turned a dark menacing grey-black color. Shoving my phone into my back pocket I went back inside only to find Bree trying to move the bed.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"There's something stuck between the far leg and the wall," she replied, pointing toward the leg in the corner.

Moving to where she stood, I gazed to where her finger was pointing and saw nothing other than what looked like a pile of dirt that had blown into the corner. I told her I didn't see anything, but she insisted something was there between the bed's leg and the wall.

"Well, don't just stand there, help me move this," Bree barked.

Shaking my head, I bent down and took hold of the rusty bedframe then lifted. Nothing happened, other than an excruciating pain shooting through my lower back. Gingerly standing I examined the feet of the bed and noticed they were bolted to the floor. I also noticed the rusty springs were wired to the bed's frame. That explained why it was still here. Of course, it gave me pause. Why would anyone bolt their bed to the floor?

Looking at Bree I shrugged and said, "Sorry Sis, but that ain't gonna budge."

"Damnit, I want to know what that is," she exclaimed, right before she did something that astonished me.

As I watched she stretched out on the dust-covered floor and began to inch her way toward her prize. My mind instantly

screamed, "You've got to get pictures of this!" Pulling out my cell phone I began to snap away.

Between clicks I said, "You're going to get filthy doing that Bree."

"I don't give a shit," came her muffled reply.

Once she was able to reach the object she squealed in triumph before starting to work her way back out from under the bed. That's when my jaw dropped, and my eyes widened. As she scooted back the hem of her skirt started to creep up her thighs. With each inch she moved the skirt continued to rise. Before long the bottom of her ass cheeks came into view causing an involuntary groan to escape my lips. As more and more of her ass came into view I began to feel the stirrings of an erection; a feeling I fought valiantly to stifle but knew it was a fight I had no hope of winning. My cock became a trapped pillar of throbbing steel when she finally scooted back far enough to place her knees under herself and raise her

ass in the air. Before my astonished eyes was a vision of loveliness that I knew would stay with me until the day I died.

Whether it was from some kind of brotherly love, or some sense of loyalty to help my sister preserve her dignity, I'll never know. All I knew was that I had to let her know that not only was she exposed, but she was really exposed!

"Um...Bree...", I squeaked, my throat as dry as the desert sands. "Did you forget you don't have underwear on?"

Bree stopped moving and asked, "What?"

"You're kinda flashing the goods there girl," I told her as I maneuvered directly behind her upturned ass and began to snap a few pictures.

"Are you taking pictures?" she asked, her voice a little tense.

"No," I lied as I snapped several more shots of her pussy.

"You're a lying sack of shit!" she snapped.

"Okay, I'll stop," I promised.

"And stop staring at my ass you perv," she said as she began to move again.

Under no circumstances was I going to be able to do that. The sight before me had me in a trance. All I could think about was how round and firm looking my sister's ass was, not to mention how lovely her pussy looked. Her outer lips had a light covering of black, down-looking fur, while her mound was covered with a thicker thatch of curls. Her inner labia extended just past the top of her outer lips, their tips a slight brown in color. The sight before me was enough to send my hormones into overdrive. My cock was getting painfully hard as I let my eyes soak in her womanly charms; that included the tight little pucker hole peeking out from between her smooth, round cheeks. With a groan I stepped back to allow her room to scoot out from under the bed.

The fantasy of just burying my face into her snatch evaporated when I heard her scream, "Ouch!"

Shaking my head to clear it I asked, "What's wrong?"

"I'm stuck, my hairs caught," she replied.

Glancing at her head I could see where some of her curls were snagged on the broken end of one of the springs. If she'd still had straight hair she probably wouldn't have gotten it snagged.

"Stop staring at my ass and help me out of here you jerk!" she screamed.

I took a couple more pictures before leaning over the side of the bed and reaching through the springs to untangle the curls. It didn't take but a few seconds to slide her hair off the jagged end and freeing her. Once she was out from under the

bed she stood and glared at me, her prize clutched tightly in her hand. Her glare grew more hostile when I couldn't help but bust out laughing. One side of her face was covered in dust, just like her entire front, from her neck clear down to her hiking boots. Before she could grow angry enough to knock me on my butt I snapped a picture and showed it to her. Her eyes widened, and then her laughter joined mine in the small shack.

"Jesus, I'm filthy," she giggled.

Still chuckling, and with no thought for my safety, I reached over and gently wiped the side of her face knocking most of the dust from it. For reasons I'll never understand I didn't stop there. Next I began to softly rub my hand across her tube top. All I was trying to do was get some of the dust off her, but in the back of my mind I did register the fact that her nipples were responding to my touch. As I dusted her off I looked at her face and saw how wide her eyes were. I also saw that her mouth was half open, as if she were about to ask me what the fuck I thought I was doing. With a sheepish look I stepped back and pulled my shirt off and handed it to her.

"Thank you," she breathed heavily.

She handed me the thing she'd retrieved from under the bed then began dusting herself off. I looked at the object and discovered it actually was a pouch of some kind, the material a soft leather, the top held closed by a strip of leather. Hefting it in my hand I heard a slight jingling sound, almost like coins. I also noticed it felt warm to the touch.

"Well, don't just stand there, open it," Bree said as she finished using my shirt to wipe the dirt off her face.

Handing my phone to her I untied the leather strip and pulled the top open. Taking a quick peek inside I told her to hold out her hand. When she did, I placed my free hand under hers and dumped the contents of the pouch into hers. What came out was some sort of necklace. It was hard to make out exactly what the centerpiece was due to the baked-on layer of dirt that covered most of it. All I could tell was it had a triangular shape, about two inches wide by three inches long. Each side of the triangle had an octangular shaped crystal shaft, with a

longer one hanging down from the bottom. The frame of the necklace was made of what I thought to be copper, as well as the chain that was hooked to the top through a rounded piece. Stuffing the leather pouch into my back pocket I reached up and held Bree's hand in mine. Next I used the thumb of my other to rub the center to see if I could clear some of the dirt off. As I rubbed I felt a tingle in my groin. Enough dirt came off that we could see it was some kind of gemstone, red in color.

"Holy shit! Is that a ruby?" Bree asked, a hint of hopefulness in her voice.

I stared at the part I could see, and for the briefest of moments I could've sworn it glowed. It happened so fast I marked it down as a trick of the light.

"I don't think so. I think it's just some cheap costume jewelry," I answered.

"Oh well, I like it anyway. It looks really old," she remarked.

I had to agree with that. It did look old, incredibly old. And definitely homemade.

Holding out her hand she told me to put it on her. Slipping the chain over her head I noticed the centerpiece fell just low enough to nestle against the upper swell of her breasts. Again, as I stared at it, I thought I saw it glow.

I was just about to mention it to Bree when a thunderous clap shook the shack, followed by a spattering of raindrops. Instantly I thought of my sleeping bag. If we were going to be stuck here, then we'd needed something comfortable to sit on. I ran out the door and sprinted to my jeep to grab the sleeping bag out of the back. Just as I reached the safety of the shack the heavens opened up and released a torrent of rain. Unrolling the sleeping bag, I placed it over the springs near the edge of the bed and sat down. It wasn't until then that I noticed Bree scrolling through the pictures on my phone.

"Damn, your phone takes better photos than that piece of crap I have," she stated, then added, "Jeez, I didn't know my puss was so hairy."

If I'd been drinking anything I'm positive it would have come spewing out and flying across the room.

"Don't look so shocked, I'm sure you've heard worse," she said as she sat next to me.

"Yeah, but not from my sister," I replied.

"Sister, smistser, get a grip Leroy," she told me as she stared at one of the photos that showed her crotch in glorious high definition.

I began to worry that she was going to delete them, so I asked, "You're not going to delete them, are you?"

She stopped looking at my phone and turned all her attention my way.

"Why not? Oh wait...you're going to jack off to them, aren't you?" she snickered.

"Noooo," I stammered.

With a wicked grin she said, "Yes you are! You want to whack off to pictures of your sister's pussy. What a perv, Leroy."

"Look, you can't even tell who it is," I lamely offered in defense.

That was true. In all the photos where she was under the bed, not one of them showed her face. The ones I'd taken after she was out did, but they didn't show anything bad, just her covered in dust. I watched anxiously as she scrolled through all of the pictures. When she was done she turned and looked me in the eyes.

"You do realize that I can't let you keep these. I mean seriously, what if someone gets hold of your phone and finds them. Someone like Mom or Dad for instance," she said.

"Yeah, I know," I told her, positive she heard the sadness in my voice.

"I'll tell you what, you can keep the ones that don't show my ass. They're kinda funny," she said.

With a glimmer of hope I pushed my luck by asking, "Can I keep at least one of the risky ones?"

"I'll think about it if you'll go get the cooler. I could use something cold to drink," she responded, her lips curled in a half grin.

The prospect of going outside didn't make me feel too good. Looking through the door I could see the sheets of rain

pouring down and knew that I'd be soaked to the bone before I made it halfway to the jeep. Another thing I was almost positive was, she'd delete the pictures while I was gone.

"Well?" I could hear a hint of impatience in her voice.

With a groan I stood and headed for the door. Once there I gave her a backwards glance, then darted for the jeep. Sure enough, I was completely drenched before I reached it. With a grunt I pulled the cooler out of the back and trudged through the mud back to the shack. Brianna was sitting on the bed, so I carried the cooler over and placed it about two feet in front of her. With another groan I straightened up and leaned backwards to stretch my aching back. As I stood there a large pool of water formed at my feet.

"Jesus Lee, you look like a drowned rat," Bree snickered.

"You think!" I shot back snidely.

Bree's face softened, then took on a worried expression.

"You should really get out of those wet clothes before you get sick," she said, the concern in her voice genuine.

"Well, I would, only I didn't bring a change of clothes with me," I retorted rather sarcastically.

"Just go naked, it's not cold in here," she stated matter-of-factly.

"Yeah, right," I snorted.

As I shook the water out of my hair Brianna got up and walked over to me. I wasn't sure what she wanted until she knelt down in front of me and began to untie my boots. Holding each leg, she helped me step out of them. Once that was done she reached up and started to undo the snap on my jeans.

Grabbing her hands, I shouted, "Whoa, whoa, what are you doing?"

"Stop being a wuss!" she exclaimed, as her fingers slid my zipper down.

Something in the way she'd said that got to me. I didn't get angry or anything like that. Instead, I felt comforted. My big sister wanted to help me, something she's done all my life, and all I was doing was making it harder for her to do it. So instead of fighting her I just stood there and kept my mouth shut.

Unfortunately, as soon as she started to pull my pants and boxers down something rather disturbing leapt to the front of my brain. Because I was soaking wet, and despite what she'd said about it not being cold in here, it was to me, I knew my cock would be a shriveled piece of meat trying to sink back into my body. For some odd reason, I found the idea of my sister seeing my dick in a diminished state completely unacceptable. Panicking, I tried desperately to conjure up images that would get the blood flowing down there. I even

pictured Bree bent over with her ass up in the air, her pussy on full display. It didn't work because only God can perform miracles. There simply wasn't enough time before my jeans and boxers were down around my ankles. I waited for her to comment on the size of my shrunken cock.

To my utter amazement all she said was, "Not bad Leroy."

Unsure why she'd said that I glanced down, fully expecting my dick to be a shriveled nub. I was completely stunned to find just the opposite. Instead of being shrunken, my cock actually stood out from my groin in a semi hard state. It started to grow a little more when I felt a puff of her hot breath hit it.

She knelt there for just a few seconds before standing and telling me to finish undressing, her voice sounding slightly ragged. I stepped out of my jeans and boxers but left my socks on. Fortunately, my hiking boots were waterproof and had kept them dry. As I undressed she moved over to the bed and sat down. Since I had my back to her I wasn't aware of what

she was doing until I heard the sound of the camera's shutter on my phone.

Without thinking I spun around to face her only to be met with her holding my phone and rapidly snapping pictures of me, an amused look on her face. Taking my boxers, I wrung out as much water as I could, then put them back on. Bree stood near the cooler, my dusty shirt in one hand and a smug look on her face. Without saying a word, I went over and sat on the bed.

"Here, put this on, it'll help keep you warmer," she said, reaching out to hand me the shirt.

"Thanks," I said meekly, touched by her tender tone.

Warmth did indeed start to flow into me, at least in the groin area, but it wasn't because of the shirt. Bree had turned and was bent over the cooler rummaging around in the ice, her skirt riding high on her thighs. I sat there feeling my balls start to relax as I studied her legs. I had to admit that my sister had

fantastic legs. I mean, truly fantastic legs. They were long and tight, and very toned. When my eyes settled on where the hem of her skirt lay, I couldn't help but wish it would ride up just a little higher. When she started to stand I averted my gaze and took in the open cooler. I wasn't sure what all she had in there, but from what I could see it was completely full of ice. That explained why it was so damn heavy.

When she turned around she was holding a bottle of our dad's Jim Beam. She unscrewed the top and handed the bottle to me.

"Take a couple of shots of that, it'll warm you up," she said, stepping over and holding out the dripping bottle.

"Dad's gonna be pissed when he finds out you raided his stash," I remarked as I took the bottle from her.

"Yeah, well, Dad and Mom aren't going to be back home for another week, so that gives us plenty of time to replace it, doesn't it," she shot back.

"Us?" I inquired as I took a pull on the bottle.

"You're drinking it too," came her reply.

She had a point. As for our parents, they were off on a much-needed vacation, the first they've had in over five years. Dad had borrowed a friend's motorhome and now he and mom were tooling down the highways and byways exploring the country, their only expense gas and food. Brianna and I had secretly saved enough to pay for their gas and had surprised them with it right before they left.

The liquor burned on its way down, but once it settled in my gut I could feel a warmth spread through me. I took another swig before capping the bottle and setting it on the floor. Before I could get too comfortable she had me stand while she unzipped the sleeping bag. I watched her work, her nose wrinkling.

"Jeez Leroy, you really should wash this every now and then," she remarked, her tone no longer motherly.

"What's wrong with it?" I asked, knowing full well what she was referring to.

"It smells like it came from a whorehouse or something," she answered gruffly.

"Yeah..." I answered with a laugh.

After she had it opened she turned and said, "Make yourself useful and get us something to drink."

I couldn't really see what was in the cooler because of all the ice, so I just plunged my hand in and rummaged around until I felt cans. Thinking she packed some sodas, I pulled two out at the same time and was surprised that they were Bud Lights instead. When I glanced questioningly at her she just shrugged her shoulders and smiled. She must have really

raided dad's supply. I handed one to her then made to sit back down on the bed. Before I could she stopped me.

"Lose the boxers first," she commanded.

"Excuse me?" came my stunned reply.

"They're still wet. If you sit you'll get the inside of the bag wet too."

Another point for Bree. I had no idea of how long we would be stuck here, so it didn't make any sense to get the inside of the sleeping bag wet. Hell, for all I knew, we just might have to spend the night here; something I wasn't too keen on doing.

"Turn around," I told her.

"I don't think so. Besides, I've already seen it," she replied, her hands on her hips as she stared at me defiantly.

The look on her face reminded me of the times she dared me to do something.

"You want to see it again, fine," I growled, secretly liking the idea of flashing my dick in front of her.

Hooking my thumbs in the waistband, I yanked my boxers down until I had them around my ankles. Once I stood up I placed my hands on my hips and stared back at her. Fortunately, all was right in the groin area, my cock was hanging down proudly, still in a state of semi arousal.

"Not bad, little brother. Not bad at all," she whispered, a blush rising on her face, the twin points pushing out from under her tube top evidence she liked what she saw.

I'm not hung like a horse, but I am slightly above average at nearly six and a half inches, with a healthy thickness too. As she stood there openly glaring at my cock I decided to give

her something to think about. Staring openly at her chest, I flexed the muscles in my cock making it bounce slightly. Her eyes widened a little at that. Grinning I picked my phone up and began scrolling through the pictures until I found the one I liked the most. As I stared at it the grin on my face took on a lecherous appearance. Apparently she noticed.

"What the hell Leroy? Are you looking at my ass again?" Bree asked, stepping over so she could see the picture too.

"Not just your ass, sister dearest," I chuckled.

Snatching the phone from my hand she stared at the photo, then as if talking to herself said, "Damn, I really need to trim that up."

"Yeah, you are a little bushy, but personally I like it," I stated matter-of-factly.

Without taking her eyes from the phone she asked, "You like hairy pussies?"

"What's not to like? There's nothing wrong with being natural. Truthfully though, I had you pegged as a shaver. But hey..." shrugging my shoulders and leaving it unfinished.

Bree handed the phone back to me and picked up the bottle of bourbon. She took several long pulls before returning it to the floor. She glanced at my cock then fixed me with an unusual stare and asked, "Does staring at my pussy get you hard?"

"Jesus Bree, I'm not gonna answer that," I told her.

"C'mon, humor me. Did you get hard when I was stuck under the bed while you were staring at my ass?" I could see the mischief in her eyes as she waited for me to answer.

"To tell you the truth, I did. I got so hard that if you weren't my sister I would've buried my face in your slit, right before I fucked the living shit out of you. Does that answer your question?"

Smiling wickedly, her eyes gleaming, she replied, "Yeah, but I have one more question."

"One more," I told her, wondering where all this was leading.

"Is that the picture you wanted to keep?" she asked, pointing to the phone in my hand.

"Yes," I answered truthfully.

"Why?"

"Boy, you won't let this go will you," I said.

"I just want to know why you'd want to keep that particular picture. Is it because it shows everything? It doesn't even show my face," she quizzed.

"That's what makes it so perfect. Everything about it is perfect sis. Hell, if this were a black and white photograph it'd be hanging in some French museum as a work of art," I told her.

"Thank you, that was sweet of you to say that. Tell you what, I'll make a deal with you," she quietly said.

"What kind of a deal?" I asked, my interest piqued.

Smiling broadly, she said, "I'll let you keep this one picture, but only if you let me keep one of you fully hard."

Completely flabbergasted by what she'd said, it took me several seconds before I stammered out, "You can't be serious?"

"I'm very serious. You get what you want, and I get what I want. It's a win win for both of us," she replied, her tone leaving no doubt about how serious she was.

"So how do you propose I get hard?" I asked.

"Can't you get hard looking at the picture?"

"Probably not," I lied. I knew full well that I could, I just wanted to see how far she was going to take this. It didn't take long for me to find out.

"How about if I showed you my tits. Would that get you hard?" she asked, her eyes twinkling.

Caught off guard all I could do was stand there with my mouth hanging open as she lowered the tube top and exposed what I would have to say was the most exquisite set of tits I'd ever seen. They sat perfectly on her chest without a hint of sag, the quarter sized areolas light tannish in color, the nipples

hard and pointing straight at me. If I had to guess I'd put their size in the c cup range, bordering on a d cup.

She stepped close enough to almost run into me and said, "Give me the phone, and take off your shirt."

I'd forgotten all about having my shirt on. I mean shit, if you're standing around with your dingleberries out in the wind, then you don't give much mind whether you have a shirt on or not. Handing the phone over I pulled off my shirt and let it drop to the floor. Before I had a chance to ask her what she was going to do I felt her hand wrap around my cock and slowly start to stroke it. Thankfully, the tiny gasp that escaped my lips was drowned out by the sound of the rain beating down on the roof. Wide-eyed I looked down and stared as her hand glided smoothly over my shaft, the sensation causing my heart to beat faster and faster in my chest. Just the knowledge that it was my sister's hand wrapped around my cock sent shivers of pleasure coursing through my body. I was at a loss to understand why. Hell, I was at a loss to understand anything that was happening, because so much

blood was pumping into my penis, my brain had become a ghost town.

Shortly she stopped pumping and began taking pics of my cock. It stuck out in front of me like a steel pole, harder and thicker than I'd ever seen it before. I thought she was done when she placed the phone on the ice chest and picked up my shirt. To my utter amazement she stepped behind me and pressed those glorious tits against my back before reaching around and grasping my throbbing cock in her hand once more. The feel of her tits mashed against my skin, her hard nipples pressing into me, and her hot breath tickling the hairs on the back of my neck sent chills racing up and down my spine. Knowing that it was my sister jacking me off should have caused me to feel some sort of disgust. Instead, I found myself more aroused than I'd ever been before. I was lost in a world of pleasure I didn't even know existed. She manipulated my cock like a pro, making sure to smear the pre-cum leaking out all along the shaft for easier stroking. The pounding of the rain against the roof didn't hide the moans floating endlessly from my mouth.

Bree leaned in and placed her lips near my ear, then said in a throaty whisper, "You know that if you ever tell anyone about this, I'll never speak to you again."

All I could do was nod my head as the pleasure coursing through me hit its zenith. My knees buckled slightly as the first shot of cum erupted violently from the tip of my cock. I felt something soft wrap around the head of my penis as more and more cum shot from my dick. The intensity of my orgasm was by far the best I'd ever experience in my life. It was like time stopped, and my whole being turned into jelly. I don't know how long my euphoria lasted. It felt like forever but was more like a couple of seconds. Once Brianna released herself from me I actually stumbled backwards and sank onto the bed, my entire body still quivering from the pleasure.

Bree hung my cum soaked shirt over the foot railing of the bed then picked up the bourbon and handed it to me telling me to drink. As I chugged a big swallow she pulled the sleeping bag up over my shoulders, and then tucked some of it over my lap. When she moved the sides over my lap I could've sworn she ran the back of one hand against my cock

on purpose. Stepping back, she surveyed her handiwork before saying, "There, snug as a bug in a rug."

"Thanks," I managed to mumble, my throat burning from the alcohol.

I had to admit; I was quite comfortable. It felt like I was wrapped in a cocoon. Warmth spread through my body as I watched her pick up my forgotten beer, pop the top, then casually hand it to me like nothing had happened. She opened one for herself then sat down across from me on the cooler. I couldn't help but look at her knees. Unfortunately for me she kept them pressed tightly together. I did notice the smirk on her face when she caught me looking.

"Why did you do that, Bree?" I asked once I was able to form a complete sentence.

An odd look came over her as she said, "I don't know. It just felt like something I had to do."

It was like there was something in the air. Something that had caused my sister and I to lose all of our inhibitions at the front door. Bree had yet to pull her tube top up, and I had no problem when the sleeping bag slipped from my shoulders exposing most of my body to her. We sat there and talked as if nothing was amiss, our nudity a natural thing. Even my cock seemed to be on its best behavior. At least it was until Brianna started squirming on the ice chest.

"Something wrong?" I asked, chugging the last of my beer.

Frowning, she replied, "I have to pee."

"Well, pee," I told her.

"I can't just go piss in here, it'll start stinking," she said, her eyes darting around the small room.

"You don't have too many options sis," I stated.

"I've got one option," she said, then stood up.

As I was swallowing some of my beer, Brianna unzipped the side of her skirt and let it fall to the floor. I choked on the beer as she bent over and picked her skirt up. A groan floated out of me when she pulled the tube top up and over her shoulders, causing her tits to bounce provocatively. My throat dried up when she stepped in front of me, totally naked, and held out the items.

"Hold on to these, I'll need them when I get back," she told me, before turning and heading out the door into the rain. Speechless, I watched her go, her ass jiggling slightly as she walked.

She was gone long enough for me to start worrying. I breathed a sigh of relief when she stepped into the doorway and began to wring water out of her hair. I couldn't help but admire her beauty as she stood there. Just as she finished up, she caught me staring and flashed me a wide smile before

coming over to stand in front of me. Reaching down she took her skirt from my limp hand and began using it like a towel to dry off, her bush practically in my face. It was at that moment that I realized I was wrong. Her bush wasn't nearly as thick and unkempt as I'd previously thought. It was actually trimmed enough that I could clearly see the hood of her clit, along with her rather long inner labia. As I stared I could feel the blood rushing back into my cock.

"Earth to Leroy," Bree said, snapping me back to reality.

"Huh?" I mouthed; my eyes still glued to her pussy.

"So, what do you think?" she replied.

"Sweet," I whispered.

"Not that shithead, this," she barked.

Reluctantly I raised my eyes to find her fingering the necklace, holding it out so I could see it. She must have washed it off while she was outside. The crystal shafts gleamed a pale bluish color, and the center stone looked as if she'd polished it. I could see what appeared to be veins of darker red running through it.

"Nice," I said, trying to keep from staring at her hardened nipples.

"Nice? I think it's gorgeous. And look, there's writing on the back," she said, turning it so I could see.

Each side of the copper triangle had a single word inscribed on it in what appeared to me to be Latin. The top part had the word 'Familia' on it, while the righthand side had the word 'Sexus' on it. The last side had the word 'Incestum' on it. I'm no brainiac, but it really wasn't hard to figure out what the words meant.

After a short time, she asked, "You see what it says?"

"Of course," I replied.

"And?"

"And what?" I inquired as she let the centerpiece settle back on her chest.

I heard her sharp intake of breath as I reached up and palmed the necklace. I also noticed another tingle in my groin but thought nothing of it, I was too entranced watching as her nipples got harder.

"I'm no expert," she began, "but this seems to be some sort of amulet that encourages incest among family members."

"Don't be silly, it's just some novelty item that probably came from some adult bookstore."

"Yeah, you're probably right. But..." The look on her face showed me she wasn't convinced.

"Seriously Bree?"

"Well, if it's not true, then why do you have a boner?" she shot back.

Glancing down I saw my dick was sticking up through the covering of the sleeping bag, the head a purple bloated bulb leaking pre-cum. The thought that if that truly was an amulet and did in fact induce sex amongst family members was true, then that would fit right into my wheelhouse. Because at this moment I couldn't stop thinking about how badly I'd love to shove my cock into my sister's furry box. Oddly, I didn't feel any remorse for having such a disturbing thought.

Chuckling I said, "You might be on to something there."

After a lengthy pause she laughed and said, "Keep dreaming little brother. Now scoot over, there's room in there for both of us."

With a little maneuvering we managed to arrange the sleeping bag so that both of us had some over our shoulders. The only problem was we had to sit pressed against each other. To allow more room I slipped my arm around her waist and rested my hand on her hip, the feel of her skin hot on my palm. Apparently she didn't mind because she snuggled even closer to me. We sat this way for a while just drinking our beer and occasionally taking a pull from the Jim Beam.

Bree finally broke the silence between us. "Do you find this weird?"

"What?" I asked idly as I stared out the doorway at the pouring rain.

"Us sitting here together, naked," she replied.

Instead of answering, I asked, "Do you?"

"Oddly, I don't. Somehow it feels natural, like when we were kids."

"I know what you mean. I like it too."

When it was my turn to get more beer, I heard her gasp as I stood up. I didn't need to look down to know why she'd gasped; I could feel it swinging mightily between my legs. Grabbing two more beers I slowly turned back to face her, my rock-hard cock swinging back and forth. Her eyes settled on it as I stepped toward her. When I stopped I was only inches away from having the head of my cock touching her tits. As I stood there I was overcome with urges that had my brain spinning. As if compelled to do so I took a step forward and pressed the tip of my dick against the hot flesh of her left tit. All Brianna did was stare as the head of my cock oozed precum over her taut nipple.

Another crack of thunder snapped us both out of our stupor.

I shook my head to clear away the fog of lust and sat down next to her, holding an ice-cold beer out to her. I noticed her hand shaking as she took it, her eyes still staring at the slime I'd left on her tit.

"Sorry about that," I offered, fighting back the urge to reach over and rub my pre-cum off her nipple.

"It's okay," she said, her voice a little ragged as she took her free hand and wiped it off herself.

I got a big charge out of that, but nothing compared to what I got when she turned to look at me and then slowly placed her fingertips between her full, pouty lips. I could see her cheeks hollow as she sucked my pre-cum from her fingers. All I could do was gulp as I watched. Once she finished, she pulled her fingers from her mouth and fixed me with a huge smile.

"Damn Leroy, if you weren't my brother, I'd fuck your brains out right now." The look on her face convinced me that she was serious.

Stunned, I blurted out, "Wow, where'd that come from?"

A startled look showed on her face as she exclaimed, "Jesus Lee, I didn't mean to say that, it just came out!"

Wrapping my arm around her shoulder I pulled her against me and said, "Relax Sis, I feel the same way."

She glanced down at the floor and whispered, "You feel the same way what?"

In a low voice I answered.

"If you weren't my sister, I'd do the same to you."

Bree leaned forward, her elbows on her knees, the amulet swinging slightly between her breasts. Idly she palmed it, rubbing it slowly, almost caressing it. Hesitantly she turned it over and stared at the writing on the back.

"You don't think..." she murmured.

"Nah," I whispered, not completely convinced.

Straightening up she looked into my eyes and said in a serious tone, "That would explain why I feel the urge to have sex with my brother though."

Chuckling to lighten the mood I replied, "Or, it could be because we're naked as jaybirds, and hornier than hell. Not to mention a little drunk."

Leaning away from me she jabbed my shoulder with her fist and called me lightweight. I was a lightweight. Not being much of a drinker, plus drinking on an empty stomach, the

alcohol was starting to hit me. A couple more cans of beer had my brain really starting to fog up. Or was it all the shots of bourbon? Either way, I was feeling no pain. Hell, I didn't even notice when the rain had stopped, nor when it had started getting dark outside. I did notice when I had to piss like a racehorse though. Standing, I staggered two steps forward and one step back before Brianna caught me.

"You better let me help you," she laughed as she guided me to the doorway.

"Kay," I slurred, the feel of her arm around my waist warm and comforting.

She got me to the entrance and pointed my body sideways. Giggling I just stood there with nothing happening at first. It wasn't until she jabbed me with her elbow did I let fly. And fly it did, all over the place.

"Jesus, Leroy!" she shouted, putting her arm around me and using her other hand to hold my penis steady.

"I love you Sis," I moaned as a gallon or two of piss left my bladder.

"I love you too," she told me as she led me back into the shack.

Instead of guiding me to the bed, she had me sit on the cooler. Through blurry eyes I watched as she took the sleeping bag and spread it out on the floor. Each time she bent over to straighten it I got a rush. By the time she finished I was once again hard as a rock. A smile played on her lips as she helped me over to the makeshift bed and had me lay down. The last thing I remember seeing before I passed out was Bree standing above me, her erect clitoris peeking out of its hood.

I'm not sure what woke me. It could have been the subtle light of dawn filtering into the shack, or the fact that my back and butt were freezing. Surprisingly, the front of me was almost too hot. As my eyes opened I realized why. I was lying on my side and Brianna was nestled up against me with her upper leg draped high over my hip. It took several seconds for me

to realize that she was a little higher than I was, which put my lips right on the top swell of her tit. If I'd wanted to I could've twisted my head a little and touched her nipple with my mouth. That wasn't the most stunning thing I was realizing though. When she shifted her pelvis, pressing into me, I felt the head of my cock, my very erect cock, slide along the cleft of her surprisingly wet pussy. From past experiences with my ex, I knew it was pushing at her entrance. Part of me, the decent part, wanted to pull away from her. The other part of me, the horny part, wanted to just push my hips the scant distance it would take to penetrate her. Before I could do anything Brianna decided for me. I felt her thigh tighten as she used the heel of her foot that was against my ass to push my pelvis forward. In a split second I felt the heat of my sister's pussy engulf the head of my cock.

"Bree...wake up..." I mumbled, trying desperately to hold a moan of pleasure from escaping.

"Sis wake up" I croaked, involuntarily pushing my cock just a little deeper into her glorious heat.

"I am awake," came her muffled reply.

Now that I knew she was awake I thought she'd realize what she was doing and roll away, but she did just the opposite. Tightening her grip with her arms and leg she rolled toward me until I was flat on my back with half of my cock up in her. I let out a squawk of shock but made no effort to dislodge her. Instead, I lay there just enjoying the pleasure as she slowly inched her body lower. Inch by inch she slid down until my entire cock was sheathed in her pulsating warmth. The pleasure was beyond anything I'd ever experienced. It was exquisite.

"What are you doing, Bree?" I managed to whisper as I ran my hands gently up and down her spine.

"Shh, don't talk Lee, just fuck me! I need to feel you inside me again," she whispered back.

Did I hear right? Did she just say, 'again'? I knew I'd drank way more than my limit last night, but I sure didn't remember having sex with my sister.

"Again?" I asked, my hands finding their way to Bree's ass.

"Shh," she said, and then began to slowly undulate her hips up and down.

With each agonizingly slow movement of her hips, I felt my cock bathed in her very essence. She was wetter than any girl I'd ever been with. A groan floated from my mouth when she bit down on my shoulder and began to hump me faster. Grasping her ass in my hands I too began to thrust. The feel of her breasts pressed into my chest, along with the tightness gripping my penis sent my passion spiraling out of control. All thoughts of how wrong this was flew out the window. Now all I could think about was how much I wanted to please her. With a heave I rolled us over until I was on top of her. She spread her legs and then wrapped them around my waist. We were still tightly clutched together preventing me from really

slamming into her, but I didn't mind. I wanted this to last as long as possible. It wasn't long before we found our rhythm. With long steady strokes I reveled in the euphoria of being inside my sister's velvety embrace. For five minutes I pumped gently into her wetness while listening to her moans of pleasure. Another five minutes found me increasing my thrusts to the point I had to prop myself up on my arms. With the better leverage I really began to increase the speed in which I rammed into her clinching cunt.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" she huffed each time my balls slapped against her ass.

Looking down upon her face I saw her eyes were wide open and staring into mine. She flashed me a half smile then reached up and cupped my face.

"Fuck me little brother! Fuck me hard! Make me cum," she cried, a tiny tear rolling down from the corner of her eye.

"I love you Bree," I exclaimed, my heart swelling in my chest.

As I stared down I noticed the amulet between her breasts, the red gem in the middle glowing brightly. I felt a surge of energy. My cock felt like it was harder and fatter than it has ever been before. Faster and faster I plowed into my sister's cunt, my balls making wet smacking sounds as they bounced off her upturned ass. I could see Bree's face scrunch up as she reached the pinnacle of her climax. I felt all powerful.

"Uuuunnnnnnnngggggggggghhhhhhhhhhh!" she screamed, her pussy walls clamping down forcefully around my throbbing shaft.

Slowing my thrusts so she could enjoy her orgasm I couldn't help but marvel at the way her pussy rippled along my length. Inwardly smiling I once again began to take long in and out strokes. With each forward thrust her tits would swing up, then down, as if in slow motion, the nipples hard pebbles against her crinkled areola. I lost track of time. It was as if the motion of her jiggling tits had me under some sort of spell.

"I'm gonna cum Bree," I finally groaned as my balls tightened.

I saw her eyes squint shut and her bottom lip begin to quiver.

"Leeeeeeeee!" she screamed my name as spasms wracked her body.

The force clamping down on my cock was stronger than before, sending me over the edge. Arching my back and raising my face toward the ceiling I plunged once more into the very depths of her pussy. My howl of rapture could probably be heard for miles as my throbbing cock unleashed torrents of cum into her quivering cunt. My head filled with a blinding white light as I shot load after load of hot thick cum deep into my sister's cunt. The force of my orgasm was beyond anything I'd ever experienced in my life. It left me shaking and totally drained. Collapsing onto Bree I just lay there, my breath ragged, my heart beating wildly in my chest.

Slowly our breathing returned to normal. Bree's legs slid gently from around me, but her hands continued to softly

caress my back. I could feel our juices flowing out of her onto my balls as my cock slowly deflated enough to fall out of her saturated cavern. As gently as possible I rolled off her and lay still staring blankly at the ceiling. A few seconds later I felt her hand land on my stomach.

"Oh my God! I've never been fucked like that before," she huffed.

"That was intense," I croaked back, unable to look at her.

As I lay there gathering my strength, for some unknown reason I felt a wave of shyness envelope me. As my strength returned I turned my head and took a look around. Our clothes were draped on the bed, obviously Bree had done that after I'd passed out, and the floor of the shack was littered with empty beer cans. Sitting near the cooler was the bottle of bourbon, its contents also gone, and my phone. A passing thought occurred to me as I stared at all the empties littering the floor. If we'd drank that much alcohol, then why didn't I have an outrageous hangover? Struggling to my feet I went

over to the bed, kicking beer cans out of my way, and began to get dressed. I cringed a little when I put on my crusty shirt. When I glanced at Bree I noticed she was having a bout of shyness herself. I saw the blush on her face when she caught me looking.

"I'll give you some privacy," I told her, picking up my phone and stuffing it in my back pocket. Grabbing the cooler, I took it outside to dump the melted ice.

When I returned Bree was already dressed, and on her knees rolling up the sleeping bag. From the angle I was at I could see up her skirt. The sight was lovely. The back of her skirt was high enough that her pussy was on display. As I watched a tiny drop of our fluids leaked out from between her lips, briefly clinging to her pubic hair before dropping to the floor. It was one of the most erotic sights I'd ever witnessed. I could feel my cock begin to harden so I tore my eyes off her and started putting all the empty cans into the cooler. I threw in the bourbon bottle then headed to the jeep. Once I had the cooler secured I jumped into the driver's seat but the phone in my back pocket was pushing into my buttock. Reaching back, I

pulled it out, along with the leather pouch then opened the glove box to throw them in. Brianna's panties stared back at me. I'd completely forgotten about them. A smile played on my lips as I placed the pouch and phone on top of them and shut the lid. That done I hopped out and went back inside to see if we were leaving anything.

Bree was finished with the sleeping bag and was standing in the center of the room looking around. I too took a look around but didn't see anything.

"Looks like we got everything," I remarked to no one in particular.

"Yeah," she replied in a slightly subdued tone.

Grabbing the sleeping bag, I followed Bree outside. While she climbed in I secured the bag then stood there for a few seconds just staring at the shack. The knowledge that my sister and I had sex inside it weighed on my mind. I couldn't help but wonder how our relationship would be changed by the

experience. Releasing a sigh, I climbed into the driver's seat and fired up the jeep.

Glancing at Bree, I asked, "Ready?"

Without looking at me she nodded.

The sun crested over the hills behind us by the time we reached the old bridge and dried-up stream. A quick survey of the stream bed showed signs of mud but no water. I knew the only way we were going to cross was to power through, so I drove along the edge until I found a spot where both banks had a gradual incline. Lining up the nose of the jeep I told Bree to hold on and floored it. With the oversized tires we made it across but both of us were covered in mud by the time we reached the other side. Once back on track I followed the old path. I was fairly sure our previous tracks were gone because of the rain, so I just drove along until the path we were on intersected with a larger road. It was graveled and well maintained. Pointing the jeep in the general direction of

the blacktop we'd come in on I drove at a steady pace until we hit the highway. The silence between us was unnerving.

It was nearing ten-thirty in the morning by the time we pulled into our driveway. Before the jeep came to a complete stop Bree hopped out and ran inside, leaving me sitting there wondering if she was feeling as confused as I was. The thought that my sister and I had sex, with each other, kept playing through my brain as I unloaded our stuff. Oddly, I found myself getting aroused by the thought. Another thought popped into my brain as I hosed the mud off the jeep. Would our relationship be changed, or damaged, by what had happened, or would we be able to salvage what we'd always had? The awkwardness between us this morning had me a little worried that Bree might not be able to handle the taboo aspect of our indiscretion. I on the other hand had no doubt that I could; simply because I wanted it to happen again. Rolling up the hose, I went inside.

Our house is one of those farmhouses built in the forties or so, with all the bedrooms upstairs. There is a fairly good-sized front room, a modest guest bathroom, and a huge

kitchen/dinning room downstairs. Dad had remolded the kitchen a while back, leaving only the large sturdy table as the only relic in the place. Upstairs were three bedrooms, there used to be four, but dad had combined his and another to form a master suite. He also remolded the upstairs bathroom adding twin sinks and a huge glassed-in shower for Bree and I to use.

I didn't see Bree anywhere, so I headed upstairs for a much-needed shower. After undressing in my room, I piled my filthy clothes, especially the cum stained t-shirt, into the hamper and walked down the hall to the bathroom with just a towel wrapped around my waist. Refreshed from my shower I stepped out of the bathroom only to have the wonderful smell of frying bacon assault my nostrils. Throwing on a pair of boxers, I headed downstairs, my stomach grumbling.

Entering the kitchen, I was immediately struck by how much Bree looked like mom standing at the stove. Pausing in the doorway, I just stood there and admired the view. She had her back to me and was wearing a man's white button-down shirt

with the long sleeves rolled up to her elbows, the shirt's tail hitting mid-thigh. If it weren't for her curls I would've thought it was mom for sure.

As if she sensed my presence she said, "Make yourself useful and butter the toast."

While we worked side by side I could still feel the awkwardness from earlier hanging in the air. I didn't know what to say to break it. I buttered the toast and placed it on the table just as Bree brought over two plates with bacon and eggs on both. I'm sure I broke my record for wolfing down my food; the loud ensuing belch testimony to how good it had tasted. Glancing at Bree I noticed she hadn't eaten much. Instead, she just stared at her plate and idly pushed her food around with her fork. Taking my plate to the sink I then returned to the table and pulled out the chair next to her. Once the chair was facing her I sat and reached over and placed the tips of my fingers gently on her forearm.

"Can we talk Sis?"

"Yeah...I think we should," she softly replied without looking up.

Sliding my hand down her arm I took her hand in mine and gave it a gentle squeeze.

"Listen...I know what happened between us is pretty weird, but it happened. We can't change that. But I don't want it to drive a wedge between us. I love you Bree, and I always will, no matter what."

Turning sideways in her chair, she stared deeply into my eyes for a few seconds, then got up and straddled my lap. She placed her arms over my shoulders and leaned into me. The feel of her warm breath against my neck, and her hot flesh touching my thighs had chills running up and down my spine. Embracing her I pulled her tighter against my chest. We stayed this way, without speaking, for some time.

"I love you too, Lee," she finally whispered.

"So, we're good?" I whispered back.

Chuckling, she said, "Yeah, we're good little brother."

Sighing with relief I said, "I'm glad. Now we can put this behind us and start fresh."

Leaning her upper body back and placing her hands on my shoulders, she gazed into my eyes and said, "Oh hell no. I don't want to put it behind us, I want us to do it again."

The sudden shifting of her weight made me very conscious that our crotches were touching. She was sitting directly on my cock, a fact that hadn't registered on my brain until now. It also registered on my cock at the same time. I could feel myself start to harden.

"B-But I thought you said it was weird?" I managed to croak out, my hands sliding down her sides to come to rest on the luscious curves of her hips.

"It was weird, and so very wrong. Brothers and sisters aren't supposed to fuck each other. But it was also fantastic. While you were in me I never felt so alive, it was like every fiber of my being was stimulated. And the orgasms...WOW! I didn't know I could cum that many times in a row. Didn't you feel it too?"

Her enthusiasm was contagious. I knew exactly what she was talking about because I'd felt it too.

Wide-eyed, I exclaimed, "I thought it was just me. I figured it was so good because it was forbidden, you being my sister and all."

Cocking her head as if in thought, she said, "Yeah, I suppose the taboo nature of it could have helped intensify the pleasure."

"Well personally, I don't care what made it so good. Having sex with you was the greatest experience I've ever had. But I do have one question," I told her.

"What's that?" she asked.

"Did we have sex more than once? I'm only asking because this morning you said you wanted to feel me in you again. So, am I missing something here? Did we fuck more than once?"

Her answer was, "Yes...and no."

Confused by her answer, I said, "I don't follow."

Blushing slightly, she replied, "I did...you didn't."

The blank look on my face must have told her I still didn't understand what she was talking about.

Her blush deepened as she sheepishly said, "I...sorta raped you last night."

"How do you sort of rape someone?"

"Um, after you laid down and passed out, I stayed up for a bit and finished off the bottle. While I was sitting there you rolled onto your back and kicked the covers off. You might have been passed out, but your cock wasn't, because you had the loveliest erection I've ever seen. I could actually see the veins in your penis throb. Before I knew what was happening I was straddling you with your cock inside me."

As she talked my hands slid from her hips onto the bare flesh of her outer thighs. Gently I began to caress her skin, my hands slowly creeping upwards until they rested back on her hips. She must have noticed the pleased look on my face as I discovered she wasn't wearing any panties. With a crooked smile she started unbuttoning her shirt, her eyes never leaving my face. As soon as the second button came undone I

could see the amulet nestled in her cleavage, the red eye at the center drawing my eyes to it. I saw the color darken with each new button being opened. By the time Bree had all of them undone, the center stone had turned a deep crimson in color, and my cock was a raging mass of rock-hard meat, throbbing with a life of its own.

"You're gorgeous, Bree," I stammered, my hands slowly traveling up to cup her firm, ripe tits.

Bree reached down, cupped my face in her hands, and tugged my vision away from her lovely, stiff nipples. Next she slowly lowered her face until her lips gently touched mine. We both shuddered from the contact. Our first real kiss was nothing short of amazing; tender, yet full of the promise of things to come. As our lips lingered I slid my hands upward and pushed her shirt from her shoulders. Straightening her arms, she allowed it to slip off and fall to the floor.

Leaning back and thrusting out her breasts, a warm smile on her face, she asked, "This better?"

Better? I couldn't imagine it getting any better. What could be better than having two lush, firm breasts right in front of your face? Just as I brought my lips to her right nipple I found out that things could get better. Bree started slowly rubbing her crotch against mine, trapping the length of my cock between her outer cunt lips. Placing my hands on her hips I began to help her slide along my boxer covered cock.

"Mmm, that's nice," Bree hissed as my tongue flicked across first one nipple, then the other.

The more I ran the tip of my tongue against her nipples, the harder they became. Soon her areolas were crinkled and tight. Capturing her left tit in my mouth I began to softly caress her nipple with the flat of my tongue, eliciting little squeals of delight from her. When I repeated this on her other breast, her movements with her crotch picked up. The more I sucked, the harder she ground her cunt against my cock. It wasn't long before I felt the moisture from her pussy begin to soak the front of my boxers.

"Fuck me, Leroy," she groaned as she pushed her tit harder against my lips.

Sliding my hands down until they were under her ass, I stood, my lips still clamped on her nipple. Once I was upright I turned and placed her on top of the table, sliding my hands under the back of her thighs and pulling them apart. With my foot I reached back and hooked the leg of the chair then drew it close enough for me to sit down. Bree leaned back and propped herself up on her elbows, her eyes following my every move. Once I sat down I gazed between her thighs and saw the most delicious looking, and wettest pussy I'd ever seen. Her lightly furred outer lips were puffy, and her inner labia were swollen and glistening with moisture. There was so much fluid leaking out of her it was running down the crack of her ass. I was so awestruck by the sight before me, I just sat there and stared. Until her scent hit my nostrils.

The rich, musky, intoxicating smell of her dripping pussy wafted up from between her legs and assaulted my senses, causing my cock to swell even more than it already was. I had

wanted to eat her with some degree of finesse, to pleasure her slowly, but the heady aroma pouring from her drew me in like a moth to a flame. All restraint on my part vanished into thin air. My nostrils flared as I ripped my eyes from her heavenly beauty and glanced upwards, while slowly lowering my mouth toward her soaked slit. She had a look of wonderment plastered on her face, her eyes wide, her lips pinched together, as she watched my face get closer and closer to her steaming cunt. Our eyes locked together just as the tip of my tongue slid past the puffy outer lips and parted the pink petals of her swollen labia.

Bree's eyelids fluttered rapidly, and she hissed, "Ohhhhhh Fuuuuuuccccccckkkkkk!"

I guided her thighs until they were resting on top of my shoulders as my tongue dipped between the slick petals of her slit. A tremor rippled through her inner thighs as she clamped them a little tighter against the sides of my head. The instant my tongue burrowed deeper into her hot hole I knew I was hooked. Her taste was unlike any I'd ever tasted before; sweet, yet tangy at the same time. I couldn't seem to get enough of

it. Pushing my whole face into her wet crotch I began to feast upon her succulent juices like a man starved. Bree's thighs pressed tighter around my head when I retracted my tongue from her velvety tunnel and used my lips to suck in both of her inner lips. I continued to watch her face as I gently bathed her lips, alternating between licking them and sucking them a little harder each time. Her face contorted this way and that, her forehead knotting, her lips pinched tightly together. A shudder caused her to jerk when I ran my tongue up through the entire length of her slit, starting at her rosebud and ending with the tip of my tongue nudged against her engorged clit. When the flat of my tongue drug over her sensitive bud she let out a gasp and stared wide-eyed at me, a look of astonishment on her face.

"If you keep that up, you're going to make me cum," she moaned.

I couldn't help but smile because that was exactly what I wanted to do. I wanted to make her explode in blissful ecstasy. To cum better than any orgasm she'd ever had before. Trapping her clitoris with my lips I clamped down on it and

began to run the tip of my tongue roughly all around the sensitive bud. Her thighs tightened even more around my head and her ass started to lift from the table as I manipulated her clit into a frenzy of arousal. When I reached up and began to tweak her stiff nipples, she let out a soft moan and lay back on the table. With a moan of my own I began to really ravage her pussy with my mouth, slurping up as much of her juices as I could. Bree's hips began to buck wildly when I started running my tongue deep into her slit, slowing only long enough to jab the tip of it deep into her entrance, before capturing her clit once more. I knew she was at the edge of exploding when her thighs clamped so forcefully on my head I thought it would pop. Inwardly smiling I sucked her clit up into my mouth while slipping two fingers into her steaming cunt.

"Oh shit! Fuck me Leroy...fuck me NOW!" she screamed as her juices lubricated my fingers.

Pushing her thighs off my shoulders I stood, the backs of my knees scooting the chair backwards, and frantically yanked my soaked boxers down. I was so hard my cock sprang free

and slapped against my stomach. Grasping it by the base with one hand I guided the bloated purple knob to my sister's cunt and found her saturated entrance. My mind was finding it hard to believe that the prick I was about to insert into Bree's wet pussy was actually mine. I'd never seen it as long and thick as it was now. In my lust addled mind I wasn't even sure it would fit inside her. I was wrong though, it slid into her soaking tunnel as if it had been sucked in. Before I had time to register that I was actually in, I was balls deep.

"Damn you're huge," she breathed out as her cunt walls clamped around my shaft so tightly I was barely able to move.

"God that feels so fucking good," I groaned, the muscles in her pussy pulsating around my shaft causing an endless wave of pleasure to course through me.

Propping herself back up on her elbows she said, "I want to watch."

Reaching out I took her by the hands and helped get her into a sitting position so she could look down and see my cock slide in and out of her pussy. Once she was ready I slowly withdrew until just the head was in her. This movement caused her to let out a small hiss. When I pushed back in she let out an even louder hiss. Placing her hands on my shoulders I then slid my hands under her knees and held her legs open so we could both watch. For several minutes I slowly slid in and out, amazed how wet my shaft was each time I pulled out.

"You feel bigger than last night. Go faster please," Bree said, her fingernails digging a little into my shoulders.

I did feel bigger. As I watched my cock going in her I had this weird thought that somehow my cock had grown. It didn't look like it was the same length as before. In the back of my mind I chalked that up to fantasy. Just wishful thinking. Putting those kinds of thoughts away I strove to fulfill Bree's request. If she wanted faster, then faster she would get. Gradually I increased the speed of my thrusts while still maintaining full strokes.

"Yeah, now you're getting it," she cooed.

Pleasure raced through me as my thrusts gradually grew more forceful. It wasn't long before I was hammering into her pussy like a mad man, each new thrust causing the table to slide a little on the floor. Pushing Bree down onto her back I raised her legs until her ankles were resting on my shoulders. Next I locked my hands on the top of her thighs and really began to slam my cock inside her, the sounds of my balls slapping against her wet ass echoing in the large room. Even with me holding her in place the table continued to slide on the floor. Faster, harder I plowed into her; my face dripping sweat like a leaking faucet. It was at this time I learned something about my sister.

Bree's hands were gripping the edge of the table as she raised her head and stared wide-eyed at me before snarling, "Fuck...shit...pound my pussy with that big fucking cock!"

I had no idea my sister was so vocal when getting fucked. I liked it! With a renewed vigor I slammed roughly into her

soaking hole, driving my cock as far into her as possible. Soon her ass began to flop up and down on the table and I could feel the walls of her cunt rippling around my shaft. I could also feel the tell-tale signs of my approaching orgasm.

"I'm gonna cum Bree," I huffed.

Bree still had her head raised, but her eyes were closed. I watched as her face turned red, the veins in her forehead and neck popping out.

"Do it! Do it now!" she screamed just as her cunt tightened around my shaft.

"Fuck!" I growled as wave after wave of cum squirted into Bree's claspng cunt. The force of my orgasm was so strong I almost blacked out. Unable to hold myself up I leaned forward and lay my head between her heaving breasts, her legs sliding from my sweaty shoulders to hang limply over the side of the table.

I don't know how long we lay like that, five minutes, ten minutes, or more, I just wasn't sure. I lost track of time as I listened to her heart pound wildly in her chest. I could also hear the occasional plop as a wad of our juices slipped from her overflowing cunt and dropped to the floor. A real large plop sounded when my cock finally deflated enough to slide out of her hot tunnel.

Bree finally broke the silence.

"My God...that was..."

"Amazing," I finished.

"Exactly," she breathed.

Once I felt I could trust my legs to hold me up I raised my head from her chest only to find the amulet was stuck to my forehead. Reaching up I peeled it from my skin and lay it

gently back between her still heaving breasts. Bree let out a series of giggles when I was finally upright.

"What's so funny?" I asked, unsure if her giggling had anything to do with what we'd just done.

Still giggling, she pointed at my face and said, "You're branded."

With my left hand I reached up and ran the tips of my fingers across my forehead. I could feel the indentation where the amulet had been. On shaky legs I walked over and sat in the chair I'd used earlier, noticing the table had moved at least five feet from its original resting place.

With a grunt Bree sat up causing more fluids to leak out of her saturated pussy and drop to the floor. I just sat there and stared at the growing pool of spooage, while my mind tried to comprehend how insane what we'd just done was. A brother and sister were not supposed to have sex together. It was wrong. But I didn't care about that. What I'd just had was by

far the best sex of my life. I had no idea that my sister was such a good fuck. Hell, she was more than a good fuck, she was a great fuck. Probably the best I'd ever have. My reverie was broken when she spoke.

"What ya thinking so hard about Lee?"

Glancing up I said, "Just how crazy it is that we're fucking."

She got a dreamy look on her face and replied, "Yeah, it's pretty crazy alright. Ain't it cool."

"So, does this make us boyfriend and girlfriend?" I inquired.

She acted like she was thinking about it for a few seconds before replying, "No...just fuck buddies."

I just smiled and watched her hop down from the table then walk away, rivulets of our cum running slowly down the insides of her thighs. I didn't take my eyes off her firm round ass, bouncing provocatively with each step, until she

disappeared out of sight. I sat there another five minutes and let the last of the pleasure that was still lingering in my body fade, before grabbing a wad of paper towels and cleaning up the mess we'd made. When I was done I headed upstairs for a shower but noticed that the bathroom door was closed. Bree was still in there, so I just went into my bedroom and collapsed face down on the bed. I was asleep in under a minute.

I woke with a start, bathed in a cold sweat. Bits and pieces of the strange dream I'd been having lingered in my brain. Shaking my head to clear the cobwebs, I glanced at my alarm clock and saw that it was almost six-thirty. I started to panic, thinking I was going to be late for work, until I noticed how light it was outside.

"Damn," I groaned as I crawled out of bed and stumbled across the hall to the bathroom.

With my bladder drained I went back to my room and threw on some sweats and a t-shirt then made my way downstairs.

The place was empty. The only sound in the house coming from the air conditioner as I made my way into the kitchen. After grabbing a soda from the fridge, I looked out the window and saw that my jeep was gone. Since Breanna's VW Beetle was still parked outside I figured she was using it, most likely so she didn't have to use her own gas. Shrugging, I went into the front room and plopped down on the couch.

I had just settled on something to watch on T.V. when I heard gravel crunch and the unmistakable rumble of my jeep. Watching out the front window I saw her drive past, heading toward the back of the house. We only parked out back when we had things to carry into the house. I heard the door open then close. I was just about to get up when Bree walked into the room and held up a bag with the logo from Sam's Burger Shack on it.

"I picked up some burgers and fries," she said, as she came over and sat next to me on the couch.

"Cool," I replied, a little surprised by how conservatively she was dressed. She had on jeans, sandals, and a dark blue blouse. I could even tell she was wearing a bra too.

After placing everything on the coffee table she told me to dig in. The smell of food made me realize just how hungry I was. We made small talk while we ate, never broaching the subject of what we'd done today.

When we finished eating she told me she needed help bringing in what she'd bought. Sighing, I followed her into the kitchen where I spotted my phone and wallet sitting on the table. Next to them sat her pair of panties. A smile played on my lips as I followed her out the door. In the jeep she had four cases of beer, and a brown paper bag on the passenger seat. She grabbed the bag, leaving me to carry in the beer. Once I had the beer put away in the pantry I went back into the front room where Brianna was lounging on the couch.

"Why'd you buy so much beer?" I asked, lifting her crossed ankles so I could sit down.

"Had to replace what we drank," came her reply, as her sandaled feet settled onto my lap.

"We didn't drink that much," I remarked, absently sliding her sandals off.

"Mmm," she cooed when I began to softly rub her feet.

"I didn't know you had that much money," I stated, my hands working freely on her left foot.

"Actually, I took forty dollars out of your wallet. Don't stop," she cried when I stopped rubbing and fixed her with a glare.

"Don't worry, I also filled your tank with gas. Now, please keep rubbing," she squeaked.

Just like it has been my whole life I couldn't stay mad at her, especially when she gave me her pouty look. I began to rub her other foot and stared blankly at the television. Time rolled on, and before I knew it evening had turned into night. Glancing at Bree I noticed she'd unbuttoned the top three buttons of her blouse, exposing a bit of cleavage along with the amulet. She idly fingered it for a bit, then pulled her feet off my lap and stood up, yawning hugely.

Leaning down she kissed my cheek and said, "Gotta work tomorrow, so, goodnight Lee."

"Goodnight Sis," I replied.

Just before she reached the stairs she turned and said, "Thanks."

"For?" I asked.

Smiling she replied, "For a great day."

With that she headed upstairs, my eyes following her progress until she was out of sight. A shiver coursed through me as I thought how good she looked in those jeans. Yawning myself, I switched off the TV and proceeded to lock up the place. I set the thermostat for the air conditioner to a comfortable setting then went in to turn the kitchen lights out. That's when I saw her panties lying next to my phone. Grabbing both, I switched off the lights and headed to my room. An hour later, after browsing through my pictures, I fell into a restful sleep, Brianna's cum coated panties wadded up on the floor.

The sound of my alarm going off woke me from a deep sleep. As if on autopilot I followed my normal routine. I stumbled across the hall to the bathroom, peed, then took a quick shower before returning to my room to get dressed in my work clothes. Once done I headed downstairs and straight to the smell of fresh-brewed coffee. As I entered the kitchen I spotted Bree standing at the stove just like I had yesterday. She was dressed in the same long-sleeved button-down shirt with the sleeves rolled up; she had her hair tucked into a towel leaving her long graceful neck exposed. Unable to resist I

walked up behind her and reached around to clamp my hands onto her tits while planting several soft kisses on the side of her neck.

"You keep that up and I guarantee you'll be late for work," she softly murmured.

"We could both call in sick," I countered, my hands caressing her firm globes through the shirt's fabric.

"As much as I'd like to do that, I can't. I'm booked solid for today. Now go sit down, I made some breakfast for you."

Grumbling, I poured a cup of coffee and did what she'd said. When she brought me a plate with french toast on it I noticed her shirt was unbuttoned almost to her navel. She made a show of leaning in as she placed the plate in front of me, allowing my eyes to see her tits hang down and swing back and forth. I also saw the amulet hanging between them, the center stone lightly twinkling.

"You sleep with that thing on too?" I asked between mouthfuls.

She had grabbed herself a cup of coffee and was sitting across from me. Glancing down she stared at the amulet and remarked, "I like it."

I didn't have a comeback for that, so I just finished eating. When I was done I grabbed my keys, and after giving her a kiss on the forehead, headed off to the daily grind of driving around the quarry in what amounted to a jumbo-sized Tonka truck. Knowing there was a good chance that I might get to have sex with my sister later on made the day drag worse than any in the past. By quitting time I couldn't have pried the smile off my face even if I'd wanted to. It wasn't until I got home that it dawned on me that on Mondays Brianna's schedule was two hours behind mine. I needed something to kill the time with, that's when I spotted my phone sitting on the coffee table where I had put it. The smile on my face returned as I slowly scrolled through the photos, my expanding cock making my jeans a little uncomfortable. A quick trip to my room fixed that. When I finished I took

Bree's super soggy panties, along with some other stuff, and started a load of laundry.

I still had another hour and forty-five minutes before Brianna got home, so I took a leisurely shower, then dressed in gym shorts and a tank top I headed to the kitchen. I had this overpowering urge to do something nice for her. In minutes I had gathered up everything I needed to make spaghetti, one of Bree's favorite dishes.

I was stirring my sauce when I heard Bree's VW pull up. Glancing out the kitchen window I watched as she climbed out and headed to the back door. She was wearing jeans and her work smock, the zipper on it low enough for me to see that she was still wearing the amulet. I was starting to think that she believed it did have some kind of mystic power over people. Personally, I thought it was just a piece of costume jewelry that someone lost at that shack.

"Something smells good," she called out as she approached.

"I'm making it just for you," I told her.

I had to slap her hand when she tried to stick her finger in the pot. Taking some of the sauce onto the spoon, then blowing on it to cool it down, I held it out so she could taste it.

"Damn Leroy, that's good. You're gonna make somebody a fine wife someday," she snickered.

"Very funny," I responded.

"How long before dinner?"

"Bout thirty minutes," I answered, continuing to stir the sauce.

"Good, that gives me time to take a shower."

I listened as her footsteps receded, images of her lathering up in the shower slowly working their way into my brain. She

still hadn't returned by the time the pasta was done, so I fixed us both a plate and placed them on the table. Once that was done I went to the bottom of the stairs and shouted up that dinner was ready.

"Be right down," she shouted back.

Just as I was about to turn away she appeared at the top of the stairs. My jaw dropped as I stared blatantly up at her. She stood there briefly, a huge smile on her face, allowing me to take her all in. From my vantage point the loose-fitting crop-top she wore allowed me to see the underside of her boobs, while the sliver of denim material she called a skirt did nothing to hide her uncovered pussy from view. What had my heart racing was what she'd done. Instead of having a bush she'd shaved everything except for a small landing strip just above her slit.

She took a few steps toward me before asking, "You like?"

"Uhhh," was the only thing that came out of my mouth.

"I thought it would be better this way, in case you wanted to eat dessert after dinner," she cooed, before climbing the rest of the way down and walking past me.

Trance-like I followed her into the kitchen and took my place at the table. For thirty minutes I listened to her prattle on about her day, and how good the food was, while all I could think about was how hot she'd looked coming down those stairs. What little conversation I contributed probably sounded like gibberish, considering the state of mind I was in. All I could think about was burying my face into her muff.

She broke my train of thought when she said, "Oh, I forgot to tell you, Mom called after you left for work."

"So how are they doing?" I inquired, unable to raise my eyes from her chest.

"They're fine, having a ball, meeting new people, shit like that. She says they should be home sometime this weekend."

"Good, good," I mumbled.

"You know Leroy, if you want to see my tits, all you have to do is ask," she snickered.

Caught off-guard by her remark, I glanced up at her face and stammered, "Huh?"

With a sly smile on her lips, she reached down and lifted the hem of her shirt just high enough that I could see a hint of her areolas. As soon as my eyes locked on her chest she chuckled and lowered her shirt.

"Uggghhh...that's cruel," I groaned.

She didn't respond, but her eyes were ablaze with mischief as she rose and gathered our empty plates.

"To show you how much I appreciated the meal, I'll clean up while you go make yourself comfortable. See if there's anything on the idiot box."

I watched her carry the dishes to the sink, my mind willing her to bend over just a little. As short as her skirt was, a little would've been enough for me to see her ass. Unfortunately, the force wasn't with me, because all she did was stand at the sink and began to rinse the plates off. With another groan I stood and made my way to the front room and sank onto the couch. With my feet on the coffee table, and my head resting on the back of the couch I began the fruitless search for something worthwhile to watch.

I was still flipping through channels when Brianna walked in, grabbed the remote out of my hand and threw it to the other end of the couch.

"You won't be needing that for a while," she said, right before she hopped up on the couch and planted her feet to either side of my hips, her crotch right in front of my face.

Before I could register my surprise, she raised the hem of her skirt and smiled broadly down at me. Staring me in the face was the vision of loveliness that was her pussy. She had shaved everything clean except for a small strip that ran upwards from the tip of her slit, to about halfway to her belly button. It didn't take an epiphany for me to figure out what to do next. With a hungry growl I reached behind her and clasped her butt cheeks in my hands while pulling her pussy to my waiting tongue. A shrill whimper escaped her lips as soon as my tongue slid into the smooth, slick folds of her cunt. I could feel her cheeks tighten in my hands as I began to ravage her delicious pussy with gusto.

Her fingers curled into my hair as she screamed out, "Yeessss! Eat that pussy Leroy!"

My fingers dug into her ass while I pulled her cunt tighter into my face, my tongue trying to lick everywhere at once. The taste of her juices had my entire being swirling with a lust I'd never felt before. My cock was so hard it actually hurt. With each passing minute my hunger to devour more of her succulent fluids grew. I was lost in a world beyond my comprehension.

Before I could be consumed by my lust Bree pulled her hips away and stepped off the couch. Straddling my legs, she reached down and grabbed my shorts by the waist and began to frantically yank them down over my hips.

"Get these off! Hurry," she panted, as she clawed at my shorts.

Lifting my ass I watched as she pulled my shorts to my knees. Once free from its prison my cock sprung up and pointed skyward, the veins along the shaft bloated and pulsating. Without missing a beat, Bree climbed up and positioned her feet to the sides of my hips with her crotch above my throbbing cock. Lifting herself she reached down between us

and steadied my cock until it was in the right position for her to slide down onto it. Once she had herself lowered enough that the head of my cock was nestled in her outer lips she reached forward and cupped my face. Staring into my eyes she slowly lowered her crotch until the head of my cock slipped inside.

"Get ready little brother, because I'm going to fuck your brains out," she cried, just as she relaxed her body and swallowed my entire length inside her molten heat.

"Oh, shit Bree!" I cried, the pleasure coursing through my nerve-endings almost more than I could bear.

"God, and I thought my ex had a big cock," Bree gasped, as she sat there impaled on my raging hardness.

The idea that my sister thought my cock was bigger than her ex-husbands filled me with pride. I could actually feel myself grow thicker inside her. When that happened I felt her shudder, and her pussy tighten around my cock.

"Whoa..." she exhaled.

"Did you just cum?" I asked, surprise evident in my voice.

"Yeah," she sighed.

Before I could comment she slowly raised her hips until just the head of my cock was in her. Just as slowly she lowered back down until her ass was resting on my balls. She repeated this several times. Each time her ass settled onto my balls she'd let out a small whimper, and more of her fluids would leak out onto my sac. Soon I could hear the sound of wet flesh hitting wet flesh. All I could do in this position was gently rub her thighs while she took charge of how fast she wanted to go.

Laying my head onto the back of the couch I wallowed in the pleasure my sister was giving me. Faster and faster she rode my throbbing rod, the sounds of grunting filling the air. I must've counted four or five times I felt her walls clamp

around my cock before I realized I too was close to shooting my load.

"Oh God, sooooo goooooood. I'm gonna cum soon," I moaned, opening my eyes and watching her face.

She placed her hands on my shoulders and began to really pound down on my cock.

"Not yet Leroy...cum with me," she croaked, her voice breaking.

I watched in awe as her face scrunched up and her eyes rolled back in her head. The force of her thrusting increased to a fever pitch, drawing me into a whirlwind of never-ending pleasure. I could feel the cum boiling in my balls.

Bree's fingertips dug into my shoulders as she screamed, "Now Lee...do it NOW!"

As soon as she said that she slammed down on me one last time, her pussy walls contracting like a machine gun along the entire length of my shaft, her body shuddering uncontrollably as she fell forward onto my chest. All my nerve endings screamed as my cum shot up into her convulsing cunt, a kaleidoscope of colors dancing in front of my eyes. The force of my orgasm was so powerful I think I might have passed out for a second or two.

Leaning my head back against the couch I closed my eyes and just enjoyed the feel of my sister snuggled into me. Each little movement she made let me know that my cock was still inside her wet cavern, and still fairly hard. Softly I began to rub my hands up and down the outside of her thighs, going higher and higher, until I was rubbing her firm round ass cheeks.

"Mmmm," she sighed, snuggling even tighter against me.

I let out a contented sigh of my own.

Some time passed before Bree finally sat up, then climbed off my now deflated member. Leaning in she placed a delicate kiss on my cheek, then pranced out of the room and headed upstairs. I stayed there for another thirty minutes before I too headed upstairs. I slept like a baby.

Waking before my alarm clock had a chance to go off, I went through my morning routine and headed downstairs to grab something to eat before heading to work. At the foot of the stairs I noticed an overnight bag. When I reached the kitchen, I saw Bree sitting at the table drinking coffee, across from her sat a plate of eggs, toast, and a freshly poured cup of coffee. Saying thanks, I sat and began to eat. It wasn't until I'd finished before I asked her about the overnight bag.

"Oh, that. I'm spending the night at Abby's place. We're going to have a girl's night," she replied.

"Kinda sudden, isn't it?" I inquired.

Her eyes twinkled as she stared at me briefly, before saying, "Not really, we planned it two weeks ago. What's the matter, you can't live without me for one night?"

"It's not that, it's just Mom and Dad will be home soon, and I was hoping to sneak in as much fun as possible before then," I replied.

"And you're worried that when they get home, we won't be able to do anything?"

"That's my thinking, yeah. I don't think they'd be too pleased to find out their kids are having sex with each other, do you?"

"I see what you're saying but stop worrying about it because I'm working on a plan."

The far-off tone of her voice made me glance up from my plate. She was sitting there staring out into space as her fingers idly caressed the amulet.

"Seriously, Bree? You're not thinking that thing will turn our parents into sex-crazed animals like us, are you?"

For several seconds she didn't respond. When she did I almost wanted to laugh.

She gazed at me then cocked an eyebrow and said, "If it worked on us, then it will work on them."

"Jesus, you've lost it sister dear. That's just a piece of costume jewelry that has no power what-so-ever," I stated, a little more forcefully than I'd intended.

Unfazed, she said, "Answer me this. Before we found this, did you ever have any thoughts of fucking me?"

"No," I replied truthfully.

"And I've never had any thoughts about fucking you either. But since we found it, that seems to be all we think about. How do you explain that?"

I couldn't. But I gave it a try anyway.

"I think what happened is we got drunk and somehow ended up fucking. I also think we both enjoyed it so much we don't want to stop. How's that for an explanation?"

There was fire in her eyes as she barked, "Mark my words Leroy, there's forces at play here that we can't even phantom! This thing could turn out to be a blessing."

"Or maybe that thing is cursed. That's why it was abandoned out in the middle of nowhere," I jokingly remarked

Bree stared at me wide-eyed. I could see the wheels in her head turning as she pondered what I'd said. I couldn't help but wonder if I'd opened another can of worms? Was she really

thinking the amulet was cursed now? I had to nip that in the butt.

"Seriously, Bree?" The tone of my voice implied that I thought she was being an idiot.

Her face turned red as she abruptly stood up. Pointing a finger at me she growled, "You'll see," before stomping out of the kitchen.

"Can I have some of whatever you've been smoking?" I shot back sarcastically.

I was rinsing off my plate when I heard the front door slam shut, followed by the sound of Bree's car.

All day long I kicked myself for pissing her off. When night came I kicked myself a little harder. For hours I mopped around the empty house unable to find anything that would take my mind off of Bree. The only thing that saved me from

being completely miserable were the pictures on my phone. After a good wank I slept, but not peacefully. I was plagued by dreams telling my subconscious mind that something wasn't right. I knew what it was, because it was something that has been bothering me since we first found the amulet. I couldn't explain it, but my cock was actually getting bigger. I'd measured it earlier and found that I was now almost a full seven inches long when hard, which was almost always lately.

Quitting time could not have arrived soon enough. Not only did I drive the big Tonka truck, but I'd also had to do several hours of manual labor during my shift, something I wasn't used to doing. Bone tired I climbed into my jeep and just sat there, thankful that today was hump day. Two more days before the weekend. That thought brought me back to the realization that Mom and Dad would also be home in two more days.

I knew I didn't want to cook tonight, and I wasn't sure whether Bree would be home or not, so I decided to pick up a pizza. Out of curiosity I texted Bree and asked if pizza was okay for dinner. I was pleased when she texted me back and said that

sounded good. It let me know two things. First, she would be home, and secondly, if she were still mad at me she wouldn't have answered my text in the first place. That's just how she was.

It was a little after six by the time I left Phil's Pizza Emporium, AKA the only pizza joint in town. Another ten minutes and I pulled into our driveway intending to park in the back, only to be blocked by Bree's beetle. Parking behind her car I climbed out and headed for the back door. I could see a bucket of soapy water and the garden hose next to the car. Apparently she was planning on washing it, a complete waste of time around here in my opinion. I knew from past experience that it would be caked with a layer of dust in a matter of minutes once she finished. Shrugging my shoulders, I stepped into the kitchen and placed the pizza on the table, I didn't see Bree anywhere. After snagging a cold Pepsi from the fridge I sat down and grabbed a piece of pie and began to eat.

Halfway through my second piece Brianna came strutting in, a coy smile on her face. She grabbed a piece for herself and

stood near the table to eat it, all the time shooting sideways glances my way. I think she was waiting for me to say something about what she was wearing. She had on flip-flops, a very skimpy red bikini bottom, and a white t-shirt, of which I was sure was one of mine. The shirt barely reached her crotch.

"Gonna wash the car?" I asked, unnecessarily, while letting my eyes roam up and down her body.

Between bites she replied, "Yeah. Want to help?"

I've seen her wash that car before and knew that by the time she was finished her shirt would be completely soaked, and probably quite transparent, so as nonchalantly as possible I replied, "Why not."

"Good," she said, then turned and headed for the door, giving me a delightful view of her round, firm ass cheeks.

Mmmm, a string bikini, I mused as I headed upstairs to change. Wearing just a worn-out pair of gym shorts and my own flip-flops I stepped out the back door where I was greeted with another delicious sight. Bree was washing the roof of the car while standing on her tiptoes, causing the muscles in her long legs to be taut and her butt muscles to clinch. Instantly I felt my cock lurch in my shorts. It lurched even harder when she backed away and turned toward me. The front of her shirt was soaked, and very see-thru. The twin brown circles of her tits contrasted starkly against the white fabric. I'm not sure, but I think I groaned aloud.

Fixing me with a huge grin, she said, "You can rinse if you want to."

While I hosed off the roof and tail-end of the car, Bree started washing the front hood and windshield. I went and stood behind her, watching with rapt attention as she leaned over the hood, her chest rubbing against the metal, while her ass protruded outward in my direction. It didn't take long before my cock was straining against my shorts, and I told her so.

"If you keep standing like that, I might have to sneak over there and shove my cock into you."

Without changing position other than to twist her head around to look at me, she said, "You wouldn't dare. Not out here anyway."

The look in her eyes gave me the feeling that that's exactly what she was hoping I'd do. Making a show of looking around, as if checking to see if anyone was watching, I slowly peeled my shorts off and kicked them to the side.

"Wouldn't I?" I told her.

She let her eyes latch onto my erect cock and said, "I dare you," before turning back to the car and resting her entire upper body on the hood, while pushing her ass further out toward me.

That's all it took. With the hose still in one hand I rushed forward and grabbed one of her ass cheeks with the other, soaking us both before having the sense to flip the hose away. She shrieked as I yanked her bottoms down, then shrieked even louder as I guided the head of my cock to her slippery slit and jammed it deeply into her clinching cunt with one mighty thrust.

"Yeeeeaaaahhhhh!!!" she hollered as she pushed herself back against my invading meat.

In a frenzy of lust, I pounded into her, marveling at how her buns rippled from the force of my attack. Faster and faster I drove my cock into her pussy, the sound of my pelvis bouncing off her wet ass echoing off into the void.

"Harder fucker!" she cried, her knuckles turning white as she clung to the car's windshield wipers.

My fingertips dug into the flesh of her hips as I ramped up my efforts. Sweat poured off me as I plunged over and over

into the smoldering heat of her tight cunt. I lost track of time. Five minutes, ten minutes, twenty minutes, I just wasn't sure. All I was sure about was I was getting close to blowing a load into my sister. Just as I felt the first tremors in my balls Brianna reached her peak.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" she screamed, her body shaking uncontrollable underneath me.

Her orgasm triggered mine.

"Breeeeeeee!" I hollered, as wad after wad of cum shot out of my cock, filling Bree's quivering pussy to overflowing.

Exhausted, I slumped down upon her back, my slowly deflating cock still lodged in her sopping cunt. Sliding my hands off her hips, I reached up under her shirt and held onto her breasts, the nipples hard as little pebbles.

"Damn Leroy, you're getting good at this fucking thing," she huffed, neither of us trying to extract ourselves from this position.

"It's easy with someone as hot as you sis," I murmured against her back.

I would have loved to stay in this position forever, but once my cock slipped out, I knew it was over. Standing on wobbly legs I backed up enough for her to stand too.

She slowly turned, the glow of the amulet and her breasts visible through her soaked shirt, then exclaimed, "Wow! I didn't think you'd really do it, not out here anyway."

I hadn't given much thought to us being out in the open when this started. But now that our lust had run its course, I took some time to glance around. The road out front wasn't a main drag, few cars passed by at any given time, and the closest neighbor that had any chance to witness our incestuous fucking was well over three football fields away. From that

distance, and with Bree's car blocking most of what we'd been doing, I felt quite confident that no one had seen.

"The risk was worth it," I informed her, as my eyes drank in her partially clad body.

Just as I felt a stirring in my groin she walked over and picked up the still running hose. After rinsing the mud off her feet, she brought the tip of the hose down to her crotch and rinsed off the blobs of semen running down her thighs. Once she'd finished, she held out the hose and asked if I'd be a dear and rinse her car off. Reaching out I took the hose and watched as she picked up her bottoms and casually walked to the house, her feet once more coated with dust. I stood there staring at the back door for some time before I turned and rinsed the soap suds off her bug, as well as the mud sticking to my own feet. When I finished I headed inside, making a mental note to mop the floor, then went to my room to change. Even though it was way too early the lure of my bed called out to me. I figured I could take a quick catnap then go down and spend a little time with Bree. That didn't happen. As soon as my head hit the pillow I was in dreamland.

Thursday morning arrived way before I wanted it to. Slowly opening my eyes, I glanced at the clock on my nightstand and realized it was almost time for me to get up. With a huge yawn I stretched once, then climbed out of bed and began to go through my morning routine. I was actually surprised that I'd slept as long as I had, considering how early I'd gone to bed. I was even more surprised to smell fresh coffee when I emerged from my room fully dressed for the day. I hadn't expected Bree to be up yet. With a smile on my face, I made my way downstairs.

When I reached the kitchen I stopped, the smile on my face growing larger. Bree stood in front of the stove obviously cooking something. She was wearing the same white shirt, the sleeves rolled up, with her hair wrapped up in a towel. She must've just gotten out of the shower I surmised as I quietly stepped up behind her. I slid my hands around under her arms and latched onto her tits while I nuzzled her neck and whispered, "Good morning."

It took maybe ten seconds or so of my fingers squishing her supple breast before my brain registered that something wasn't quite right. The breasts in my hands felt different, fuller, more pliable somehow. Softer maybe?

My heart almost stopped when I heard a very familiar voice softly say, "And good morning to you too."

Yanking my hands away from those soft, full breasts, I staggered back a couple of steps, sure that I was about to die.

"M-Mom...when...how..." I stuttered; positive my eyes were as big as saucers. I knew for a fact my mouth was hanging open.

When she turned and faced me she had an odd look on her face.

"You look surprised to see me. Didn't your sister tell you we would be home last night?" she asked.

Regaining some composure, I replied, "No, no she didn't."

"That's odd. I told her we'd be home by last night, or this morning at the latest," she half whispered to herself.

"When was that, Mom?" I asked as my eyes slowly lowered from her face to her chest.

What I saw had my pulse racing. Her shirt had the top three buttons undone, allowing an ample amount of cleavage to be on display. It also allowed me to see Brianna's amulet laying snug against the top swell of mom's breast. The red center gleamed brightly. But what really captured my attention were the two dark circles just visible through the shirt's thin fabric. I could feel my dick begin to swell. Even when mom said she had told Bree on Monday about coming home my eyes remained locked on those dark quarter-sized circles.

"Oh, you like the necklace your sister gave me?" mom asked, oblivious to where I was actually looking.

"Yeah," I muttered softly, my eyes still on her chest.

As if my hand had a mind of its own, I reached up and gently slid my fingers underneath the amulet. I felt something course through me, centered in my groin, as the backs of my fingers rested against the soft, smooth flesh of my mother's upper chest. Mom let out a soft gasp and her nipples swiftly began to harden, their twin peaks protruding out toward me. I don't know how long we stood like that, it felt like minutes, but I'm sure it was only a few seconds before mom gave a slight shudder and turned back to the stove.

"Why don't you sit, and I'll bring you some coffee," I heard her say.

It wasn't until I was seated at the table that I noticed a plate stacked high with pancakes, and another filled with bacon. How had I missed that I wondered? I'm sure that if I had noticed a pile of food on the table, then I would have known that the person I had molested wasn't Brianna. She wouldn't

have made so much for just the two of us. As I pondered this mom walked toward me with a cup of coffee, her tits swaying gently with each step, the nipples still pushing the front of her shirt out. When she placed the cup in front of me I got an eyeful of creamy cleavage, and a full-blown hard-on. Before heading away, she asked if I wanted eggs, but I declined. My cock grew painfully hard as I watched her walk away, her ass swishing back and forth with a hypnotic rhythm. Shaking my head to clear away some of the fog, I placed some pancakes and bacon on an empty plate. Just when I finished putting butter and syrup on Bree walked in and stood next to mom at the counter. They exchanged good mornings while I took a double take. Bree's hair was wrapped in a towel just like mom's, and she was wearing the same kind of button-down shirt, only hers was a light blue. It was easily apparent how I could have mistaken them; they were virtually identical from behind.

I was chewing on some bacon, my eyes drifting back and forth between my plate and mom and Bree's ass, when dad walked in. He slapped me gently on the back and said good morning, then casually walked over and stood between my mother and

sister. I barely had time to notice that he was only wearing boxers and a wife beater before his hands reached out and cupped one of mom's ass cheeks and one of Bree's.

"How are my girls?" he jovially asked, each one of his hands gently squeezing a cheek.

This brought a sigh from mom and a giggle from Bree. As for myself, I just sat there staring in disbelief, my jaw hanging down as dad continued to paw their butts for a bit before he broke away and poured a cup of coffee.

By the time he reached the table and sat down I managed to tear my eyes from Bree and mom. Soon they sat down too and started fixing their own plates. For the longest time the only sounds drifting in the air was the clinking of silverware on plates, and an occasional belch.

Mom finally broke the silence by saying, "I can't believe you forgot to tell Lee we'd be home early."

"It just slipped my mind," Bree replied, shooting me a coy look.

I wanted to give her a dirty look, but my eyes kept glancing in mom's direction. I couldn't seem to stop looking as her every movement caused her breasts to jiggle delightfully inside her shirt. When I finally gazed toward Bree I noticed she was watching me with an intensity that meant she had something on her mind. I gave her a brief smile then went back to eating breakfast, keeping my eyes focused on my plate until I was done.

As I stood my fork slid off my plate and fell to the floor with a loud clatter. Sitting my plate down, I knelt down to pick it up only to be stunned by what I saw. Mom was sitting at the other end of the table with her thighs parted widely, her hairy slit visible to my eyes. As I watched, her hand came down and covered her pussy, the middle finger slipping between her folds and into her. When I stood I glanced over at her only to find her chatting away without a care in the world, as if frigging herself at the table was a natural thing to do. On

wobbly legs I made my way to the sink and rinsed off my plate.

"See you guys later," I said without turning.

Just before I climbed into my Jeep I heard Bree call out to me.

"Lee, wait."

Turning I watched her approach, her breasts provocatively bouncing with each step she took. Once she reached me she grabbed my forearm and stared softly into my eyes before speaking.

"Listen, I'm really sorry I didn't tell you Mom and Dad were gonna be here. I guess it just slipped my mind."

"Don't worry about it," I replied then climbed into the driver's seat.

Just as I inserted the key into the ignition she stepped closer and rested her hand on my crotch.

"I do feel bad about it," she said, her hand squeezing my cock through my jeans. "Maybe I can make it up to you."

Glancing down at her I asked, "What do you have in mind?"

An evil looking smile spread across her lips as she replied, "Well...how about I sneak into your room after everyone has gone to bed and give you a blowjob?"

"I guess I'd forgive you then," I laughed.

"It's a deal, just make sure to leave your door open a little," she said while removing her hand from my bulge.

"So, tell me something Bree."

"What?"

"What's the deal with Dad grabbing your ass this morning?"

She fixed me with a questioning look and asked, "You haven't figured it out yet?"

"Figured what out?" I asked, puzzled.

"It's the amulet, Lee."

"You're still on that, Bree? Jesus, you can't really believe that thing has some mystical powers."

"I can, and I do," she replied with conviction.

"Okay, just for the sake of argument, say I believe it has some power to make people commit incest. Why is it so important to you?"

"Do you like what we've been doing this week?" she threw back at me.

"You mean us having sex?"

"Yeah, duh." The look she shot me was one I've seen my whole life. It was the same one she'd given every time she thought I was being a moron.

"What does that have to do with Mom and Dad?" I was still puzzled.

There was that look again. "If we're going to continue fucking then we need to get them involved, otherwise we'll have to sneak behind their backs. How long do you think we could get away with it before they caught on?"

Her answer made a lot of sense.

"So, you're saying we have to have sex with them so we can continue to have sex? Would you really have sex with Dad?" It was intriguing to know just how far she was willing to go.

"Why not. I fucked you, and he's just an older version of you. Besides, you can't tell me you haven't thought about poking Mom. All boys dream about fucking their mothers."

In all honestly, I've never thought about fucking Mom. At least not until this morning. I could feel my cock start to swell with the thought of slipping my meat into mom's furry beaver.

Laughing, Bree said, "I'm right! You'd do Mom in a heartbeat!"

"Welllll..." I whispered.

"I knew it, you guys are all the same," she chuckled.

"Yeah, yeah," I countered, before adding, "If you're so sure this amulet works, why don't you tell me how it does."

"Okay but let me ask you something first. Did you touch the amulet while Mom was wearing it?"

"Yeah, this morning," I answered. I went on to tell her about fondling mom's tits and about what I saw under the table.

"That's how it works," came her reply.

Shaking my head, I told her I wasn't following her train of thought.

"I've been giving this a lot of thought. It's actually quite simple. Remember when we first found it. You touched it after I had it on, and shortly after that I started having uncontrollable urges to fuck you. Last night, before I took it off and gave it to Mom, Dad touched it. Now that you've touched it while Mom

was wearing it she's got the hots for you. At least that's my theory anyway." She had a satisfied look on her face by the time she finished.

"Wow. That's your theory?" I said as I started up the jeep.

"Just think what a blessing it would be if they were okay with us fucking. We wouldn't have to hide it. Hell, we could probably do it right in front of them," she said dreamily, her eyes staring off into space.

"I worry about you Bree," I told her as I applied some gas.

She had to shout over the rumble of the jeep, but I acted like I hadn't heard. She repeated herself a couple of times before giving up and storming back to the house.

As I maneuvered around the motorhome in the driveway I couldn't help but wonder if she was right. Her last words to me had been, "You'll see."

Work moved along at a snail's pace as thoughts of what Bree had said danced endlessly through my mind. Could Bree be right? After-all, Mom hadn't said anything about me groping her tits. That in itself didn't mean she'd fuck me though, it just meant she didn't want to get me in trouble with dad. More than likely, she'd wait until she got me alone, then rip me a new asshole for doing it. Yea, something to look forward to I told myself as I turned toward town and hit the gas.

Just after five-twenty I pulled into our driveway and parked near the motorhome. As I walked by it to get to the front door I heard the springs squeaking and noticed it rocking slightly. Someone was inside. A smile played on my lips when I heard several moans drift through the thin walls. It sounded like mom. I stopped and listened some more. My smile grew as more squeals of pleasure and several grunts filled the air.

Shaking my head, I started walking toward the house. When I was on the porch I glanced back and said, "You go Dad."

Once inside I went straight to the fridge and helped myself to a cold one of dad's beers. I didn't think he'd mind. Idle curiosity drew me to the kitchen window with its view of the front yard. I watched the motorhome rock and sipped the beer, all the while images of mom getting fucked by dad drifting in and out of my brain. It didn't take long before I was sporting a rather fine chubby. I was halfway through with my beer when I saw the side door of the motorhome open and out stepped dad. All he was wearing were his boxers. That didn't surprise me any. What did surprise me however was when mom stepped out, followed shortly by Bree. Both Bree and mom's hair looked slightly disheveled in appearance, and both were in the process of buttoning their shirts as they approached the front door. A spark of jealousy flared up and my chubby took a nosedive as I put one and one together. The only conclusion I could come up with was my sister and parents had just had a three-way. I stood there, dumbfounded, as I listened to the front door open, followed by the sounds of footsteps going up the stairs. I turned and leaned against the counter, the beer in my hand all but forgotten.

A few seconds later dad walked into the kitchen, sweat pouring off his body. He saw me standing there, hesitated a little, then smiled and nodded toward the beer in my hand.

"That looks like a plan," he said, heading to the fridge to snag one for himself.

I heard him pop the top and waited long enough for him to swallow a swig or two before speaking.

"Where's Mom and Bree?" I asked.

"They're in the shower, where I'm headed as soon as they are done. Got hot in that RV."

"What were you guys doing in there?" I nonchalantly asked, already knowing the answer.

"They helped me clean it so I can take it back," came his reply.

His answer threw a monkey wrench into my hypothesis. If they had been in there moving around and cleaning that would explain why the thing had been rocking on its springs. It wouldn't explain the grunts and groans I'd heard, but then again, I could've just imagined those since my brain had been full of nothing but sex all day long. An awkward silence filled the air until dad started asking about work. I told him everything was the same and then asked why him and mom had cut their vacation short. He didn't get the chance to answer before mom stepped through the door and answered for him.

"So we could spend a few days with you and your sister before we have to return to work silly," she chimed in.

As she sauntered over to where I stood, I couldn't tear my eyes off her. She had on a knee-length, yellowish sundress with a rather plunging neckline. The tops of her breasts jiggle provocatively with each step she took, the amulet around her neck riding the waves of her tit-flesh like a surfer. My chubby

started to return. Out of the corner of my eye I could see dad was having the same reaction as I was to mom's attire.

"Wow honey, you look great. That dress suits you," he remarked, his eyes glued to her too.

"Why thank you kind sir," she replied before turning to me and asking, "What about you Lee. Do you think this dress suits me too?"

I was tongue-tied. I tried to form words but all that came out was some sort of gibberish.

Mom chuckled and said, "Well, I'll take that as a yes."

Dad's smile grew when mom opened the fridge and bent over to get a beer from the bottom shelf. Glancing over I saw why he was smiling. Mom's dress had molded itself to her ass, giving both of us a nice shot of her rounded butt through the

fabric. My chubby threatened to become a full-on erection as I stared.

It felt like an eternity, but in reality was only a short while, before dad stood and announced he was going to take a shower. Once he left mom went over and sat at the table. She had chosen a chair that was directly in my line of sight. I think a small moan escaped my lips when she fluffed up the front of her dress and crossed one long leg over the other. There was no question as to whether she was wearing panties or not. It was just a flash, but I could've sworn I had seen her clit peeking from beneath the hair on her pussy.

"So, what have you and your sister been up to while we were gone?" Mom's question snapped me out of my daze.

"Uh...not much," I managed to reply while hastily turning back to stare out the window so she wouldn't see the huge bulge in my jeans. If I'd been thinking rationally, I would have realized that it was probably too late to hide it. But I wasn't thinking rationally. Not even close. Visions of mom's bush kept

dancing through my head, causing my cock to become painfully hard. Thankfully I was spared any further embarrassment by the arrival of Bree.

"What's up guys," she chirped, heading straight for the fridge to get herself a beer too.

As I turned to glance at her I knew my erection wasn't going to go down anytime soon. She was wearing the same crop top she had on the other day, along with the plaid skirt she'd worn on our little trip into the desert. As she bent down I had the perfect angle to see her tits hanging down under her top and the bottom swell of her ass cheeks peeking out from under the hem of her skirt. An involuntary groan escaped my lips as I jerked my eyes away from the enticing sight. Unfortunately, mom had heard my groan.

"Something wrong honey?" she asked in a motherly voice.

"No," I replied, unable to control the quiver in my voice.

"Are you sure sweetie?" she asked again.

"He's fine Mom, he just likes my outfit," Bree chuckled.

Mom laughed before saying, "There's not much there to like. It looks like you got carried away with the scissors honey, I can see part of your boobs."

"Well, you shouldn't talk. That dress is cut low enough it's a wonder your tits haven't bounced right out," Bree retorted.

Both mom and I glanced at her chest. What Bree had said was true. Mom's dress had slender straps coming over her shoulders to hold it up, and the front was cut square, almost low enough to see the beginnings of her areolas. One good bounce would probably send her globes up and over the top. I knew that if they continued to talk about each other's tits, then my dick was going to stay in a state of arousal, which was already becoming uncomfortable.

"If you two are going to keep talking about your boobs, then I'm outta here," I said, and then made a hasty retreat before they could say any more.

I could hear their laughter all the way to my room. Once behind closed doors I undressed and came face to face with a sight that startled me. Looking at my engorged cock my eyes registered what my brain refused to. I was definitely bigger than I was this morning. Hastily, before my boner waned, I reached into my nightstand and grabbed the ruler I'd used earlier. Placing one end against my pubes and laying the ruler along my shaft I read off the measurement. "Damn!" I uttered in total disbelief. My cock was now seven and a half inches long, and a bit thicker than before. I tried to rationalize my sudden growth spurt but could only think of one thing: the amulet. Maybe I had been right, maybe that thing was cursed. No sooner had I thought that when another idea formed in my head. Instead of it being cursed, maybe it was blessed. Blessed with the power to make my cock a pussy pleaser. That thought brought a smile to my face as I threw the ruler on my bed and slipped on my robe then headed for the shower.

As I dried off I watched the last dregs of my cum slowly circle the shower drain, then disappear without a trace. With the pressure relieved I quickly dressed in t-shirt and sweatpants, then headed downstairs.

Dad was sitting in the front room on the loveseat sipping on a beer while flipping through the channels on the tv, so I plopped down on one end of the vacant couch. He was dressed in almost identical clothing as I was, grey sweats, white t-shirt and no shoes. Before I could get comfortable Bree stuck her head around the corner of the kitchen doorway and said dinner was ready. I followed dad into the kitchen and discovered dinner consisted of cold cuts and cheese sandwiches.

"It's nothing fancy, but it'll fill you up," mom said, looking directly at dad.

"No problem dear," dad replied while grabbing a beer from the fridge. Turning his head in my direction he asked if I wanted one too.

"Sure," I answered while placing two sandwiches on a plate.

Taking the offered beer from dad I headed back to the front room leaving mom, Bree and dad sitting at the table. I returned and claimed my spot on the couch just in time to see the start of Stephen King's "It" coming on tv. I settled in and began to eat, catching a bit of laughter from the kitchen every now and then. I'd just finished the last sandwich when all three strolled in, dad reclaiming his spot on the loveseat, joined by Bree. Mom sat on the other end of the couch and tucked her feet up under herself.

Glancing at me she asked, "Mind if I sit with you?"

Before I could respond Bree squealed, "Alright, a scary movie." She then proceeded to scoot over and snuggle up to dad, who didn't seem to mind one bit. He placed his free arm

around her shoulder pulling her tighter against him while taking a swig from his beer with the other hand. Bree looked at me quickly, a smug smile plastered on her face, then inched even tighter against dad. Mom apparently saw this too.

"I'm jealous," she pouted.

I knew she was only kidding but before I could stop myself, I blurted out, "You can cuddle with me Mom, if you want to."

The smile on her face was heart-warming when she turned to look at me.

"I'd like that very much sweetheart," she practically cooed.

Standing, she sidestepped until she was near me then sat down, the heat radiating from her as she settled against me startling. When she rested her head on my shoulder, I was treated to the most intoxicating aroma I'd ever smelled. I wasn't sure if it was from her shampoo, or if it was just some

natural odor she let off. Either way I felt like I was going to swoon. That feeling lingered for the next thirty minutes until she said she had to go tinkle.

"Anyone need a refill?" I asked as I stood.

Both Bree and dad said yes. I took their empties and went into the kitchen. After placing the empty bottles on the back porch, I went and started to retrieve three more full ones from the fridge. As I was bent over to grab them someone come up behind me and placed a hand on my hip. At first I thought it was Bree, especially when the hand slid around to the front of my sweats and grabbed my cock through the fabric. As I stood the hand began to massage my cock, the grip getting tighter and tighter. I almost dropped the beers in my hands when the person behind me spoke.

"Mmmm, that feels nice. Maybe you'd like it better if I did this." With that mom slid her hand inside my sweats and wrapped her hand around my thickening shaft.

I should have said something then, but I was frozen in place. All I could think about was how good her hand felt on my rapidly growing cock.

"Oooo, someone likes that," she snickered, her hand starting to slide up and down my shaft.

"Uh...Mom," I croaked, slowly turning in her direction.

The look on her face was priceless. A combination of pure surprise and mortification.

Snatching her hand back she stammered, "Oh shit Leroy, I thought it was your dad standing there. I'm so sorry honey."

It only took me a few seconds to figure out why she'd think I was dad. We both had on almost identical clothing, which would make it an honest mistake. Sitting the beers on the counter I reached out and cupped her face between my palms, unable to control the chuckles that rolled past my lips.

"It's okay Mom, think of it as payback for me groping you this morning," I told her.

A smile grew on her lips as the recollection of this morning dawned on her. She placed her hands on top of mine and said, "I forgot about that."

For some reason I glanced down at the abundant cleavage on display and noticed how rich the color of the amulet had become. It seemed to twinkle a deep, almost blood red. Something else I noticed while staring at her chest was how hard her nipples appeared to be. They poked marvelously through the thin material of her dress. Blood rushed to my cock like a tsunami causing the front of my sweats to tent obscenely in front. It didn't go unnoticed by mom either.

"Well, I guess we can call it even then," she stated, her eyes clearly glued to the huge bulge in my pants.

Accidentally, on purpose, I lowered my hands down the front of her, making sure the back of my knuckles trailed over her nipples before bringing them down to my sides. A shudder shook her briefly, before she turned and raced out of the room. With an evil grin on my face I picked up the beers and followed, not caring that my cock was pointing the way. When I gave dad and Bree their beers, I saw a look of triumph wash across my sister's face as she blatantly stared at my crotch. Returning to my spot on the couch I saw that mom had settled back into her original place at the other end. For the next hour I kept stealing glances at her only to see her eyes glued to the tv, her face a blank mask, as if she were lost in her own little world. Not once did she look my way.

The movie turned out to be really long, so by the time the credits started to roll the room was almost in total darkness. Just as I stood dad reached over and flipped on the lamp near his seat, flooding the room in bright light. Instinctively I glanced toward him, just in time to see Bree pull her hand from the waistband of his sweats. I shot a curious look her way, but she chose to act like nothing was out of the ordinary. Shrugging, I told everyone goodnight and headed off to my

room. As I trudged up the stairs, I could hear faint whispering coming from the front room.

Bree hadn't said anything about what she'd promised me this morning, so I chalked it up to her spacing it out. A blowjob would've been nice though, I thought, as I undressed and slipped under the cool sheets. I lay there for only a few moments before I got up and cracked my door open a little.

"What the hell, she might surprise me," I said aloud after settling back in bed.

I must have fallen asleep because the next thing I knew I was awakened by the sound of creaking floorboards. Through bleary eyes I watched as someone slipped inside my room then silently closed the door behind them. All I saw was a silhouette of a female form in the faint light from the hallway, but I was sure it was Bree. Once the door was closed my room was pitch black, leaving me blind and anxiously waiting for what was about to happen. If Bree was here to live up to her word then I planned to fully enjoy every minute of it. I sensed

the person get closer and closer to my bed, anticipation coursing through me in waves. When the sheets were pulled down past my feet, I let out a small moan. Quickly a hand covered my mouth stifling any more sound that might pour from my lips. I tried to reach out and touch her, but my hands were swatted away. Well, if this was how she wanted it, then I'd play along. Placing my hands behind my head I settled in. I heard more movement, then felt hands grasping my ankles and spreading my legs apart. I felt the bed sink from her weight as she climbed between my ankles, her bare knees spreading my feet farther apart. The warm feel of hands slowly caressing my thighs had my cock rock hard in seconds. It began to throb when I felt her fingertips lightly tickle my balls. I was almost in agony by the time I felt her wrap her hand around my steel shaft and lift my cock upwards. I couldn't stop the groan that slipped from my lips as I felt the warmth of her breath on the head of my cock.

More moans poured from me as the head of my cock was suddenly engulfed in a wet, hot heat. Lower and lower the warmth crept down my shaft until I felt the head of my cock slip into the tight confines of her throat. When my cock

continued to slip further down her throat, I was lost in a world of pleasure I didn't know even existed.

I almost shot my load when her nose pressed against my pubic hair. She must have sensed I was close because she slowly withdrew until just the head was in her mouth, and she clamped her fingers tightly around the base, effectively blocking me from erupting. Slowly she loosened her grip and began to softly stroke my shaft while running her tongue around the bulbous head. I wanted so desperately to reach over and turn on my bedside lamp so I could watch her, but I didn't want to take the chance that she'd stop. Instead, I reached down near my hips and gripped the bottom sheets tightly in my hands as she continued her glorious torture of my throbbing rod. When she changed from licking to finally sucking, I knew I couldn't hold back any longer.

"Oh shit...I'm gonna cum," I whimpered.

Her mouth lowered until my entire dick was being swallowed once more. I trembled violently, lifting my hips upward at the

same time as my cock exploded, sending spurt after spurt of cum directly down her throat. I was wracked with intense pleasure as my orgasm went on and on, until finally I was completely spent. Slowly I lowered my hips and just lay there in a daze as I felt her mouth pull from my rapidly deflating cock. I felt one last kiss on my shaft before I felt her climb off the bed and pad almost silently to the door. Through dazed eyes I watched as she slipped silently out of my room, leaving the door slightly ajar. I wasn't sure, but I thought I saw a red glow near her chest area right before she disappeared. I chalked it off as post orgasmic bliss and surrendered to the comforting arms of deep sleep.

The sound of my alarm clock pulled me out of a deep sleep. I swatted at it twice before my fingers finally found the off button and silenced it. Fifteen minutes later the alarm went off again. Shit, I must have hit the snooze button instead of the off one. Groggily I sat up, placing my feet on the floor and rubbing the sleep out of my eyes. Once I was able to focus, I glanced down and noticed that my cock was rock hard and sticking prominently out in front of me. Even accounting for morning wood, I knew instantly that it was bigger than it had been yesterday. Quickly grabbing the ruler from my nightstand I measured myself once more. "Fuck me!" I

groaned. My cock was now a full eight inches long and so thick I had trouble reaching my fingers all the way around it's girth. I slowly gave it a few strokes, amazed at how good it felt. When thoughts of last night's blowjob filtered into my mind, I began to stroke a little faster. It didn't take long before pleasure began to take over as my hand went faster and faster on my shaft. Shutting my eyes, I surrendered to the blissful feeling, knowing that I would shoot my wad soon. Just as I was about to explode my door crashed open and in stepped Bree.

"You're running late Lero..." she started to say, but stopped dead in her tracks when she saw what I was doing.

"Shit Bree, I was almost there!" I growled out my frustration.

"Oops, my bad. Here, let me help you little bro," she said as she stepped over and sank to her knees between my feet.

Before I had a chance to react, she pushed my hand away and gripped my shaft with hers. She squeezed me several times then gazed up at me, a questioning look on her face.

"Jeez Leroy, you are getting bigger, I can barely get my fingers all the way around it," she proclaimed.

All I could do was shrug my shoulders as I watched her lower her head and engulf the head of my cock in her hot, wet mouth. I was already on the verge of cumming before she started so I wasn't surprised when I felt my balls tighten.

"Oh god Bree! Deep throat it like you did last night!" I urged, taking my hand and placing it on the back of her head.

When she didn't go down any further, I pressed down on her head and raised my hips at the same time. As soon as the head of my cock slipped into her throat I began to ejaculate. I was so lost in the intense pleasure shooting through me that I failed to notice her struggling to lift her mouth off my pulsing meat. It wasn't until she slugged me in the gut that I released my hold on her head. She pulled up and off me, coughing and spitting cum all over my floor.

When she was able to breathe properly, she fixed me with an angry glare and shouted, "What the fuck! You almost suffocated me you asshole!"

"God Bree, I'm so sorry. I just wanted you to do it like you did last night," I tried to explain.

"That wasn't me dumbass, that was Mom. I've never been able to deep throat anyone, let alone someone as big as you are," she shot back angrily.

I really couldn't say anything, I just sat there stunned by what she'd said. My mind refused to believe that mom had come into my room and sucked my cock. I knew Bree was capable of pulling some outrageous stunts, but I've never known her to lie to me. A few minutes passed before I realized Bree was still standing there.

Standing, I took her in my arms and said, "I'm really sorry sis, I didn't mean to hurt you."

"I forgive you asshole. But don't you ever try that shit on me again," she whispered in my ear.

She hugged me once then stepped back and told me to hurry if I wanted to be on time for work. With that she was gone leaving me to try and wrap my head around what she had told me. For the life of me, I just couldn't get the thought that mom would sneak into my room and give me a blowjob to settle into my head. It just didn't make sense. Of course, what had been happening between Bree and I didn't make sense either. One glance at my clock snapped me out of my stupor. I was dressed and out the front door in record time, lunch and breakfast completely forgotten.

It was the longest day I've ever spent at work, time just seemed to drag by. All I could think about, other than trying not to run over any of my co-workers, was mom. Questions plagued me all day long, things like whether or not Bree has been right about that amulet all along. Was it really the genuine article, with the power to corrupt entire families? If given the chance to have sex with my own mother, would I, could I? Having sex

with my sister just sort of happened, but with mom it wouldn't be so spontaneous. By quitting time I was a nervous wreck, albeit a very horny nervous wreck.

As I pulled into our drive, I noticed that the RV and mom and dad's car was gone, but Bree's bug was there. I figured mom and dad must have taken the motorhome back to dad's friend. A smile played on my lips as I parked and went inside. Maybe, just maybe, Bree and I could squeeze in a little fucking before the parents got back. That, I was sure, would take the edge off. I could feel my cock twitch as I climbed from the jeep and headed to the house.

Once inside I discovered the house was eerily quiet, no one seemed to be home. A quick search of the downstairs left me wondering if Bree had gone with them. My mood shifted from being elated too just plain bummed. Crestfallen, I trudged up the stairs. When I was halfway up, I could hear the shower Bree and I shared going. My spirits perked right up, so did my cock, as I hurriedly went to my room and got naked. With any luck I could slip into the shower with Bree

and bust a nut into her hot wet pussy without our parents ever being the wiser.

My smile spread as I neared the bathroom and saw the door wasn't even closed. Stepping quietly inside I glanced toward the glassed-in oversized shower, the glass steamed enough to prevent me from getting a good look. Stealthily, I eased the door open and slipped inside. Bree stood with her back to me, her hair piled on top of her head covered in a thick foam of shampoo. I gazed upon her naked body for a few seconds before making my presence known. I just hoped I didn't scare the crap out of her.

In a husky voice I asked, "Want me to wash your back?"

At the sound of my voice, she stiffened slightly, her hands, which had been rubbing the shampoo into her hair stopped moving. I thought for a second she was going to scream at me to get the hell out. Instead, I watched as she used one hand and reached to the shower caddy and grabbed a bar of soap, then raised it past her shoulder and held it out for me to take.

My hands shook with anticipation as I took the soap and worked up a rich lather on my palms. Reaching past her I placed the bar back in the caddy then slowly began to run my hands all over her shoulders and upper back. I heard a soft purr as I worked the soap in, going lower and lower.

"Mmmm," she murmured once my hands reached the delicious swell of her buns.

Emboldened by her sighs of pleasure I decided to take things a little further. She still had her arms up and her hands tangled in her hair, although they had ceased massaging the shampoo in. With a small step forward, I slid my own hands around her waist, then up until her full supple breasts were filling the palms of my slippery hands. My rampant cock slid into the soapy crevice of her ass, the head going downward instead of up her back. It dawned on me that if I bent my knees slightly, I would be able to slip my dick between her thighs and rub it against her cunt. That's exactly what I did. The feeling of my cockhead sliding along her slit was incredible, enough so that I almost blew a load right then and there. Pushing a little more

brought the head of my cock past her clit and out the other side.

"Oh yeah," I sighed, pulling her body tighter against my chest.

I continued to maul her tits and slide my cock through the gap in her thighs, totally lost in the pleasures coursing through me. I had to close my eyes against the spray when she reached out and adjusted the showerhead. For some reason having my eyes closed only intensified the pleasure aspect of it all. I let my hands roam over her soapy breasts until my fingers brushed against something hard nestled between the top swell of her wet tits. Instantly my brain told me what it was. It was the amulet. My eyes flew open, and my hands squeezed her tits one more time, recollections of yesterday morning flooding through my mind. I recalled the subtle difference in the feel of them as opposed to Bree's. As I gazed upon the back of her head I watched in utter terror as the spray from the shower washed away the shampoo. There wasn't a single curl in sight, the head of hair in front of me was as straight as could be.

"Not again," I groaned as I stepped back and awaited my fate.

Mom turned around and fixed me with the weirdest look on her face. Her eyes were beaming, almost as bright as the amulet hanging between her magnificent breasts. A small smile formed on her lips as she slid to her knees in front of me and inhaled my entire cock down her throat. Shock turned to ecstasy as I watched my cock disappeared from view. With her nose planted in my pubic hair she began to hum. Before I could stop myself I was unloading rope after rope of thick cum down her throat. She didn't even slow down until my knees gave out and I started sliding down the shower stall, ending with my butt on the floor and my knees up against my chest. Mom stood, ruffled my hair once then without so much as a howdy-do she left me sitting there almost in a coma.

My mind was a tortured wreck as I hastily threw on some baggy gym shorts and a worn-out t-shirt before heading downstairs to search for mom. I half expected her to be in the front room, instead I found her in the kitchen standing near the sink staring out the window, the only thing covering her

was a bath towel wrapped around her torso. I felt something in the air, something primal, allusive, yet very familiar at the same time. The closer I got to her the more I realized exactly what it was. Sexual tension. The air was thick with it. At that very moment I knew I had to have her, regardless of the consequences.

Once I was directly behind her I softly asked, "That was you last night?"

Her back stiffened slightly before she answered. "Yes."

"Mom, look at me," I whispered.

Slowly she turned until she was facing me. Her eyes were filled with fear, and lust at the same time. Her bottom lip quivered as I reached out and untucked the towel, letting it drop to the floor between us. She did nothing to stop me, she just stared into my eyes as if searching my soul.

My jaw dropped at the sight before me. I gawked like a smitten schoolboy seeing his first naked woman. Standing before me was the epitome of perfection, the perfect woman. Flawless except for the scar above her bush where she'd delivered Bree and I through cesarean birth. Her breasts stood majestically on her chest; the amulet nestled between the beginning swell of them. Without a word I pulled my shirt over my head and tossed it aside, then quickly pulled my shorts down until they were at my ankles. With a swift kick I had them flying across the room leaving me standing in front of my mother naked, my thick swollen cock visibly throbbing.

Mom's eyes finally looked away from mine and began to travel down my body until she was staring directly at my rigid pole. Her eyes grew wide as she took it in, and her nipples began to harden. In just a matter of seconds the light brown, quarter-sized areolas, were tightly crinkled and her nipples were super stiff and pointing directly at my chest. A tremor ran down my spine and pre-cum began to drip from the tip of my cock. Reaching out I gently ran my fingertips across her cheek, then down over the side of her neck until they finally traveled over the beginning swell of her breast coming to rest

on the amulet. The amulet glowed even brighter as a jolt of pleasure coursed through my entire body.

"Oh Lee," she moaned, her hands shaking as she cupped my face in her palms.

"You're so beautiful, Mom," I whispered hoarsely as my hand finally slid low enough to cup her left breast in my palm.

Her voice trembled as she said, "Oh god baby, I've been trying to resist my urges. I was fine with your father and sister doing it, but I couldn't bring myself to fuck you."

"And now, Mom?" I asked, my palm rubbing softly against her protruding nipple.

Then she did something I never expected, she leaned forward and tenderly kissed me on the lips. Not a mother's kiss, but a lover's kiss, passionate yet gentle. The kiss lasted for several

moments and when we finally parted I was breathless, the feel of her lips still lingering on mine.

"And now it's all I can think of," she finally answered.

With an inward grin I lowered my lips onto her ripe nipple and gently sucked it into my mouth. This caused her to shudder. Next I used both hands and pushed her tits together then sucked both nipples at the same time.

"Fuuccckkkk!" mom screamed as her body convulsed so badly she had to brace herself against the counter to keep from collapsing.

Placing my hands on her hips to steady myself, I kissed my way down her body until her glorious bush was eye level with my face. Kneeling on her discarded towel I leaned forward and immediately smelt a wonderfully intoxicating aroma. There was no question in my mind, mom was sexually aroused. Leaving one hand on her hip I slowly brought the

other one down over her tummy until my fingers were lightly brushing through her thick, soft pubes.

"Sorry it's such a jungle down there," she said, her embarrassment evident in her voice.

"Don't be sorry, I love it just the way it is," I told her as I continued to stroke the lush fur on her mound.

With that she lowered her hands and parted the hair covering her slit. As soon as my eyes fell upon her exposed womanhood I was overcome with lust. My heart raced as I gazed upon the delicacy that awaited my salivating tongue. Her outer folds were lightly covered in hair, and her inner labia hung low enough for my eyes to see they were coated with her fluids. At the top of her slit I could see her rather large clitoris peeking from its protective hood. The heady aroma pouring off her seemed to grow more intense and muskier as I leaned forward. A shudder ran through her when my tongue slid out and ran between the two lips. When I did it again with a little more force she actually pushed her pelvis

forward causing my tongue to penetrate her opening. Her hands clamped on the back of my head and pushed my tongue even deeper into her sacred place.

"Oh Yesssss!" she wailed as another; more violent shudder coursed through her.

Hearing my own mother cry out with pleasure because of me stirred something deep inside me. A primal urge to ravage her overtook all my senses. Like some sort of wild beast had been unleashed, I began to devour her cunt, pulling her inner lips into my mouth, bathing them over and over with my lips and tongue. I did this for several minutes, the sound of mom's breathing growing ragged spurring me on. When my tongue found her large, engorged clit she started shaking uncontrollably.

"Yes baby! Right there!" she practically screamed.

She did scream when I clamped my lips around her clit while shoving two fingers into her sopping wet hole.

"Oh God! Shit, shit, shit! Yesssss...I'm cummingggggg!" she screamed, her pussy muscles squeezing tightly around my invading fingers.

My heart swelled with pride when she spasmed and coated my fingers and hand with her cream. I continued to suck her clit softly, my fingers not moving while she rode out her orgasm. When she finally stopped shaking I withdrew my fingers from her drenched pussy then started lightly kissing my way up her body. When I reached her chest I took both hands and pressed her tits together until I could get both nipples in my mouth at the same time. This caused her to shudder some more before she gently grabbed my head and pulled me the rest of the way up. Once I was standing she cupped my face in her hands and stared deeply into my eyes.

"God baby, that was amazing," she whispered.

"It gets better," I told her, then pushing my hips forward while holding my throbbing shaft, I ran the slick head of my cock against mom's clit causing both of us to shudder.

"Please don't tease me. I want... no...I need you in me," mom moaned as she reached around and grabbed my ass.

Pressing even closer to her I began to run the head through the length of her slit until we were both coated with slickness. Then bending my knees and holding my cock at the base I pushed until the head of my cock slipped into her opening. Both of us let out a sigh. Once I knew I was in I cupped mom's face and looked deep into her eyes while slowly pushing more and more of my rock-hard shaft into her moulton heat. Pleasure beyond my wildest dreams coursed through me once our pubic hairs met.

"Damn you're big," she moaned, her fingertips digging into my buttocks.

I couldn't believe how tight her cunt was. Every little twitch her pussy walls made against my shaft sent tingles running down my length and straight to my balls. I was sure I wasn't going to last long. Slowly I began to work my cock in and out of her, never going very long on my strokes for fear that I'd blow my load and leave her hanging. Being in a standing missionary position had the advantage of rubbing the topside of my shaft against mom's clit with each stroke, something that greatly enhanced the pleasure for her. Soon her breathing grew ragged, her movements erratic as she pushed her pelvis against my thrusts.

"Oh God Mom...I don't think I can hold it much longer," I groaned.

"Just...a...little...longer," she implored, her cunt squeezing my cock tightly now.

With a force of will I didn't know I possessed I placed my hands on her hips and began to gradually increase the tempo

until I was pumping into her sloshy cunt so hard I was literally lifting her feet off the floor.

"Oh fuck, fuck, fuck!" she wailed, her eyes rolling back in her head as her orgasm tore through her very being.

That's all it took to send me over the edge. "Moooooooooooooooooom!" I growled as I unleashed a tidal wave of thick, creamy cum into her contracting pussy.

Somehow I managed to stay upright, my cock still lodged firmly in my mother's cunt. Mom hung onto me by my shoulders as we both tried desperately to catch our breaths. We stay this way for what felt like forever, locked together at the hips, each involuntary twitch of my cock sending spasms racing through mom. It was during one of those twitches that I realized I was still rock hard.

"Mmmm, that was fantastic Lee," mom cooed while raining little kisses on my neck and face.

Happily, I reached down and cupped mom's ass in my hands and said, "We're not done yet, Mom.

"What?" she replied, her voice shaky.

"Wrap your legs around me," I said while lifting her upwards by her ass.

With her legs around me and locked at the heels I carried her into the front room and over to the couch. With each step I took my cock would push into her causing little mewling sounds to float from her mouth. Once I reached the couch I turned and as gently as possible sat down, our groins still connected. Mom moved her legs until she was able to place her knees on either side of my hips. She had a dreamy look on her face.

She sat there with my cock buried to the hilt in her cunt for several minutes just staring down at me. I reached up and

caressed her nipples, causing them to harden even more than they were. It was while I was doing this that I noticed the amulet had turned a solid crimson in color, a richer hue than I'd ever seen it. Reaching up I took it in my hand and turned it around once before turning it back the right way. Her hand came up and touched mine sending shivers through both of us. Our eyes met, and I could tell she wanted to say something.

"What's wrong Mom?" I asked.

"This is so weird...but it feels so good," she whispered as her hips slowly started to rise.

Lowering my eyes, I watched eagerly as my cock came gradually into view. The first thing I noticed was how wet my shaft was. It was coated in both our fluids. Just when I thought the head of my cock was going to come out of her clenching hole, she reversed course and lowered herself back down, the sensation of her tight pussy enveloping my throbbing shaft again caused me to moan with pleasure. Mom leaned slightly forward and placed her hands flat on my chest.

With a huge smile on her quivering lips she huskily asked,
"You like that hon?"

"Oh god, yes," I groaned in reply.

"Do you want me to go faster?" came her next question.

Sliding my hands to her waist and staring into her eyes I replied, "Not yet Mom, I want this to last as long as possible."

For the next ten-or fifteen-minutes mom slid slowly up and down my pole, her eyes never leaving mine. Wet, squishy sounds filled the air, along with our moans. Every once in a while I felt juices flow down my shaft and roll across my balls. It wasn't until my hands drifted down and cupped mom's ass cheeks did the pace of our fucking increase. The more I squeezed her ass the faster she started to pump herself on my rigid cock, her pussy gripping me with each uptake while relaxing on the down stroke.

"Ohhhhhh fuckkkkk...yes!" mom wailed as an orgasm shot through her trembling body.

Wrapping my arms around her I pulled her down until her tits were mashed against my chest. Using the strength in my legs, my arms holding her tightly to me I flipped her over onto her back. She landed with her ass on the edge of the couch, her legs widening as I slid between her thighs. Once she was where I wanted her I planted my feet on the floor, my legs stretched out, my arms locked at the elbows as my hands grabbed the back of the couch. Now that I was basically in a push-up stance I wasted no time getting up to speed. With each forceful lunge of my cock mom's tits rolled up and down on her chest in waves, the amulet sparkling brightly as it rode the ripples of mom's creamy tit flesh. She stared at me with glassy eyes as I pounded her into the cushion, the smile stretched across her lips a beautiful sight to behold.

"Yes...Yes...Yes," she chanted over and over as I slammed into her sopping wetness.

Sweat rolled off my face and dripped onto her chest. My breath came in ragged gasps as I pummeled her pussy, my balls bouncing loudly off her sweet, upturned ass.

"Unnnnggggghhhhhh shit...Leroy! You're gonna make mama cum again," she gasped out.

"Do it Mom!" I urged, hammering into even harder.

Mom's eyes rolled back in her head as her body spasmed under me. Unable to hold back the tidal wave of pleasure washing over every nerve fiber in my squirting cock, I shut my eyes and howled, "Yeeeeessssssssssss!"

As soon as the last blast of cum shot up mom's cunt my arms gave out and I rolled sideways, landing on the couch with my ass near the edge and my legs sprawled out in front of me, pretty much in the same position as mom. The sound of our labored breathing the only noise in the room for several long

minutes. I glanced at mom and saw she was just staring vacantly at the ceiling, her hair a mess, and her legs stretched out like mine. She had a contented smile etched on her full lips.

"I don't think I can move," mom finally chuckled.

"Me neither," I whispered back.

Just as my breathing got almost back to normal I heard the sound of gravel in the driveway signaling the return of dad and Bree. Instinctively my body tensed. Mom noticed and reached out her hand and patted my stomach. Glancing over at her I saw her mouth the words, "Don't worry."

Bree came in through the back door first, shouting "Hey guys, we're home."

When we didn't reply she drew closer.

Just as she rounded the door into the front room, dad right behind her, she called out, "We got pizza..."

Her sentence went unfinished as her eyes spotted us sprawled out on the couch. She stopped dead in her tracks causing dad to run into her. I could only imagine how obscene mom and I must've looked. Me with my legs spread and my limp wet cock hanging over my deflated balls pointing to the floor, while mom's spread legs showed off her stretched pussy, the hair all matted with my cum oozing out from her just fucked cunt. All we could do was stare back at them.

After a few moments of silence Bree spoke. "Well, looks like the dress code is casual Friday."

After gawking at mom and I for a bit dad nudged Bree in the side with his elbow then said, "Looks like our little plan worked."

With a huge smile on her face, Bree responded, "Looks that way."

"What plan?" mom asked, scooting up until she was sitting on the edge of the couch.

I was still too exhausted to move, but my ears were wide open.

Dad and Bree glanced at each other then dad began to speak. "It was quite simple really. We weren't even sure it would work."

Bree broke in and continued where dad left off. "Instead of taking my car we took yours hoping that Lee would think you and dad were gone. Now, knowing my horndog brother like I do, we were fairly sure that if we placed you two here all alone something might just finally happen."

"Apparently we were right," dad added, a satisfied look on his face.

"So, tell us what happened to get you two hooked-up Mom, and don't spare the details" Bree asked excitedly.

Mom explained how she had run out of shampoo and decided to use Bree's, and since she was already naked just went ahead and used the other shower. When she came to the part where I came in I saw both Bree and dad glance my way. By the time mom finished telling them everything, in very graphic detail, I noticed dad had a hard on bulging in his pants, and Bree's nipples were so hard I thought they were going to tear through her tank top.

"Oh fuck, that was sooooo hot," Bree groaned while tearing her shirt off and pushing her shorts to her ankles.

Dad growled long and hard as he pushed his jeans to his knees, then grabbed Bree and bent her over the coffee table. Mom and I watched in stunned silence as dad sidled up behind Bree and rammed his cock into her squelchy pussy.

"Ohhhh yeah! Fuck me Daddy!" Bree screamed.

Encouraged by her enthusiasm dad grabbed her by the hips and really started to pound his cock into her making her tits swing back and forth while her ass cheeks rippled each time he slammed forward.

I was in a trance as I watched my father ravage my sister, the sight so stimulating that my cock began to stiffen. By the time I realized I was getting hard mom had slid off the couch and was kneeling between my legs. My eyes bugged out as she brought her mouth to my throbbing cock and slid the whole thing down her throat in one movement.

"Uuuuggggggghhhhhhhh!" I squealed loudly causing both dad and Bree to glance over at us.

"God Mom, you're gonna have to teach me how to do that," Bree huffed as she pushed back to meet dad's onslaught.

When mom took her mouth off me to tell Bree okay I reached down under her armpits and roughly drug her up my torso until her face was level with mine. Hungrily I mashed my lips to hers while at the same time I reached between us and lined the head of my cock up with the sloppy entrance to her leaking pussy. She was so wet from my earlier loads I slid effortlessly all the way up her velvet embrace. Mom became a wildcat in seconds, thrashing her cunt up and down on my cock while slapping her tits against my face. Frantically I tried to catch a nipple with my lips, but she was moving too rapidly for me to do anything other than grab her hips and hang on.

The sounds of flesh hitting flesh filled the room as dad slammed into Bree while mom rode me with abandon. I could hear the squishy sounds of wet pussy being pumped with cock, causing my arousal to intensify. Gazing past mom I watched dad plow into Bree, his face getting red from exertion. Maybe ten minutes went by before I heard Bree squeal out her orgasm.

"Aaaaaaaaagggggghhhhhh shit! I'm cumming
Daddyyyyyyyyyy!"

"Yes! Here it comes baby girl," dad yelled, then stepped back, pulled his cock from Bree's pussy and shot his load on her back and ass.

The sight sent me over the edge. I shoved up into mom as hard as I could and bellowed out, "Oh fuck Mom, I'm cuummmiiiiinnnnnnngggggggg!"

"Shit, shit, shit! So fucking gooooodddddd!" mom cried out.

Mom's back arched backwards grinding her cunt on my squirting cock as her juices flooded my cock and balls. I watched transfixed as her eyes rolled back in her head and her body shook violently just before she went limp and fell against my chest. Wrapping my arms around her I held her snugly against me while she came down from her orgasm, her body trembling every now and then.

While I lay there with mom in my arms dad pulled up his pants, leaving his junk hanging out, then removed his shirt and cleaned his spunk from Bree. Once he was done he slumped on the couch, and Bree followed suit. Silence filled the air for what was quickly becoming an uncomfortable amount of time. I breathed a sigh of relief when dad finally spoke.

"Well, and I'm pretty sure I can speak for your mother too, this certainly wasn't the welcome home that we expected."

"Are you guys mad?" Bree asked.

Before dad could speak mom sat up, my cock still buried deep in her pussy, and reached out for Bree's hand.

"Oh sweetheart, and this time I'm sure I can speak for your father too, this has been the best homecoming gift ever. Granted, having sex with our kids is a little weird, but I for one wouldn't mind exploring our newfound love a little further. That is, as long as everyone wants to."

Three sets of, "Hell yes!" rang out simultaneously as Bree and dad leaned into mom and I for a family hug. Just as we broke apart the amulet began to shine with a brightness that bathed all of us in its radiant glow. As fast as it started the glow lessened, until the center stone returned to the original dull red color it had been on the day Bree and I had found it.

"You don't think we broke it, do you?" Bree asked no one in particular.

Mom palmed the amulet, and holding it away from her chest replied, "No honey, I think its job is done is all."

"What makes you say that hon?" dad asked.

"If the writing on the back is true, and we are all the family we have, then it stands to reason that it has accomplished what it was meant to do," mom explained.

"I hope that's true," Bree chimed in.

Laughing, mom said, "We'll know for sure in the morning. When we get up tomorrow and nobody wants to jump each other's bones, then we broke it."

"God, I hope not," Bree voiced what we were all thinking.

"Well no sense in worrying about it now," dad added.

"Your fathers right. Who's hungry, because I'm famished," mom stated then stood, leaving me with a gooey mess in my lap.

"Lee and I will be right there, I just need to talk with him a minute," dad said to mom and Bree's back.

We watched them walk away, our eyes glued to their swishing hips and jiggling butts. I was a little apprehensive about what

dad wanted to talk to me about, but quickly realized I had nothing to fear when he began speaking.

"Listen, I wanted to ask you something. It might sound weird but hear me out."

"Sure thing, Dad," I replied.

"Uh, have you experienced any unusual growth, you know, down there," he asked, nodding toward my crotch.

When I didn't immediately answer he continued, "The only reason I ask is because since your mother and I have been home, my dick has gotten bigger when I'm hard. Hell, I feel like a teenager again."

Automatically my eyes drifted down to stare at his cock. It was still semi-hard and wet looking.

"I've grown too, but I think it's because of the amulet," I told him.

"That would make sense. I'm not complaining mind ya. Shit son, I'm up to seven inches, so anything that helps please the ladies can't be bad. Can it?"

"I don't think there's anything to worry about Dad," I said, not wanting to mention that I was a full inch bigger in the dick department.

Dad stood, then slapped me on the shoulder and said, "Love you boy, let's eat."

Before he could leave I asked, "Dad, you're not upset about what Mom and I did, are you?"

"Son, I'm forty-four, your mom is forty and in the prime of her sexual peak, so any help you can provide is greatly appreciated. Frankly, she can be quite a handful when she gets

her motor going. So to answer your question, no, I'm not mad."

When he rounded the corner into the kitchen I stood and picked his shirt off the floor and used it to clean the gunk from my crotch. Once done I joined my family.

I had a very hard time trying to figure out where to look as I started in on my second slice of pizza. The fact that my family was naked while we ate dinner struck me as more than a little weird. My eyes refused to obey my command to keep staring at my food. Instead I found myself drawn to stare at my mother and sister's tits. Both sets equally perfect. Apparently dad was having the same problem, because when he went to the fridge to get another round of beers his cock led the way. Mom and Bree's nipples hardened at the sight. By the time we finished eating I too was sporting some serious wood.

The rest of the evening was spent like most, in front of the television, the only difference was we were naked. Mom and dad took the couch while Bree shared the loveseat with me.

Things almost felt normal after a while, as if being nude was a normal thing for a family to be doing on a Friday evening. Later, when mom started slowly stroking dad's cock right there on the couch things didn't feel very normal. It got even less normal when Bree started doing the same thing to me, although I was pretty sure that I could get used to this new normal real fast.

As the last of our sit-coms ended mom and dad stood, dad's cock once more leading the way, and prepared to head upstairs. Bree chose that moment to throw out a bombshell.

"Mom, Dad, would it be alright if I slept in Lee's room tonight?" she asked.

Mom gazed over at her, then at me before saying in a sultry voice, "As long as you two don't stay up too late. Tomorrow is going to be a great day and you'll both need your energy."

I watched my naked parents climb the stairs as Bree began to stroke my cock with a little more enthusiasm. By the time she

had my cock a throbbing mass of nerves I was ready to head upstairs too. Standing, I turned and held my hand out to my sister, my swinging cock almost hitting her on the chin when she sat up.

Bree's hand trembled as she took mine and followed me up the stairs. Once we reached the threshold to my bedroom we could hear grunts and moans coming from our parent's open bedroom door.

Bree playfully slugged me in the arm and said haughtily, "Told you so."

I was on my bed in record time. A smile stretched my lips as I reclined on my back and watched my throbbing cock slowly disappear into my sister's wet, tight pussy.

"Oh Jesus Leroy, if you get any bigger you're not going to fit anymore," Bree groaned as her ass slowly settled upon my balls.

As I lay there balls deep in my sister's pussy, my mind kept thinking about the amulet. I couldn't help but wonder if finding it was a blessing or a curse. On one hand between mom and Bree I now had more pussy than I could possibly handle. That in my book was definitely a blessing. On the other hand Bree had said something that had me quite worried. Would my cock continue growing to the point I could no longer fit it in either her or mom? That would surely fall under the heading of curse.

Pushing all thought aside I reached up and cupped my sister's breasts in my hands as she continued her slow ride up and down my rigid pole. Just as my cum boiled over and flooded Bree's pussy, I knew with certainty that regardless of what was to come I was going to ride this fantasy for as long as it would allow.

The Bachelorette Party

Jason Moore stood in front of the bathroom mirror and looked at the reflection staring back at him. Condensation on the glass made it difficult to really see himself, but that didn't matter. In his mind he knew what was looking back at him. A freak of nature. That is how Jason thought of himself. At 6 foot 4 inches tall with a lean muscular physique, short black hair and piercing blue eyes, one would think that he would be overjoyed with his looks. But it was not his physical appearance that bothered him. It was the size of his cock. It was huge. When it was fully aroused it stood out at 10 ½ inches long and was fairly thick. The size of his manhood had been a source of embarrassment since the beginning of high school. He had been teased in the locker rooms and found it very difficult to maintain a relationship with females, once they discovered the size of it. All of his relationships had failed because none of his female friends wanted to try and take his manhood. Not more than once anyway.

He shook himself out of his thoughts and proceeded to finish what he was doing. He shaved, brushed his teeth, combed his hair and headed for the bedroom to get dressed. It was almost time for him to leave for work.

Because of the size of his penis he found that he could make very good money working as a male stripper. Since he was in his last year of college he was sure he would not be doing this much longer. He worked at a club downtown on the weekends and took an occasional gig at private parties. He enjoyed the private parties best, because they were the most fun. Women were less inhibited in the privacy of their own homes. They also tipped a lot better. The club he worked for made the bookings for the private ones and took a small fee for arranging them. It was a private one that he was heading to now. Because he did not want to be recognized, his gimmick was to wear a clown outfit. This worked great since his face and hair were covered with clown makeup. He also put on shaded contact lenses to change the color of his eyes. He had been doing this for close to three years now. The clown outfit put off most of his clients at first, but once things got started and they saw the size of his equipment, everything worked

out just fine. When he was ready, he made sure he had the address and headed out the door. The one he was going to today was a bachelorette party which was always fun.

The address turned out to be a large ranch- style house that sat back from the road a short distance. Unfortunately, there do not seem to be ample parking, so Jason was forced to park half a block away. There must have been about 15 cars parked in the driveway and on the street. Grabbing his portable CD player and a small bag of balloons he made his way to the house. He was positive that he was at the right address. The closer he got to the house he could hear loud laughter and music coming from inside. It was 7 PM and he was right on time. He rang the doorbell.

Several minutes passed before the door opened and Jason got his first shock of the night. Standing there looking up at him was his aunt Carol. Jason's jaw dropped and he felt kind of lightheaded as he stared back at her. Aunt Carol stood there staring up at him with a puzzled expression on her face, before asking if she could help him. That was when Jason realized that she did not know who he was because of the

clown makeup. Snapping out of his startled state he handed her a business card from the club. She took one look at it and a big smile crossed her lips.

"You're a clown. I thought we ordered a stripper," she said.

"I am exactly what you ordered," Jason replied softly.

"Well, in that case please come in. We have a whole bunch of horny women in here waiting for some real good entertainment." Carol laughed.

As he followed his aunt Carol down the hall he could not help but admire her shapely ass. She was wearing a pale blue summer dress that barely reached mid thigh. Jason could not help comparing his aunt Carol to his own mom. Except for aunt Carol's red hair, she was the spitting image of his own mother. She was about 5'4" tall and probably weighed no more than 130 pounds. He could see that her legs and ass were toned just like his mom's. He also knew that she was 47 years old. He knew this because she was two years younger than his

mom. He estimated that her breast were about a 36D. He also knew that she had never gotten married nor had any children.

When they got to the front room he could see there were about 15 middle-aged women. Some were standing and others were sitting, but all of them were definitely intoxicated. As soon as he walked into the room all of the laughter stopped. He could feel 15 pairs of eyes staring at him. Someone shouted " Holy shit! Who ordered a giant clown?" With that remark, everyone in the room busted out laughing. With a smile on her full lips, aunt Carol shouted, "The entertainment has arrived girls!" This was met with more laughter and snide comments. Jason asked Carol who the party was for. She pointed to a small Asian woman sitting on the couch. Carol told him that her name was Suzy Nakamura.

Jason found a place to plug in his CD player and then went into the dining room and grabbed a chair and placed it in the center of the living room. He walked over to Suzy Nakamura and held his hands out to her. She just sat there staring at him for the longest time before taking his hands and letting him guide her over to the chair. Everyone in the room just

watched, wondering what was going to happen. He then went over and hit the play button on the CD player and grabbed a couple balloons out of his bag. Calliope music started playing as he walked over and stood in front of Suzy. He then started blowing up one of the balloons. After he had more than one balloon inflated he started making balloon animals. This really got the crowd laughing. Suzy just sat there in stunned silence wondering what the hell was going on. Wasn't this supposed to be her bachelorette party she wondered?

Suddenly the music shifted from Calliope to bump and grind. This got the women to hooting and hollering. Someone shouted, "Take it off!" There were a chorus of OH YEAH, and SHAKE IT BABY. With that Jason reached up around the neck of his outfit and pulled down sharply. The outfit parted effortlessly since it was only held on by Velcro. Underneath he had on what appeared to be black silk boxers. Jason stood in front of Suzy and started gyrating and swaying right near her face. All the women were going crazy and shouting encouragement at Suzy. Since Jason was so tall, his crotch was right in Suzy's face, but she didn't seem to mind at all. She sat there with her eyes glued to his crotch and her face was

turning a nice shade of crimson. He turned around and thrust his ass toward her and told her to spank it. Hesitantly she reached out and gave him a slight smack on his ass. This really got the girls going, so she did it again, this time a little bit harder. All the women were laughing and drinking even faster than they had before. Turning back around, Jason reached down and took Suzy's hands. He placed them on the waistband of his silk boxers and told her to pull real hard. When Suzy did, the sides of the boxers parted and fell away, leaving Jason standing in front of her with only a bulging G-string on. The G-string had been modified so that his cock was in a tube-like extension. Even with the modification, it was clear to all that he was packing some hefty meat. It stuck out like a banana wrapped in cloth, and swung free from side to side.

All the laughter died suddenly. The women could not believe what they were looking at. Suzy's eyes were as big as saucers as she stared at his manhood, which was only an inch or so away from her face. Shouts of " OH MY GOD!!!" and "WOW" were whispered among the women. One woman stated, " that can't be real" while another said she wanted that.

Suzy was wearing a low cut top that showed off her ample bosom, so Jason leaned down and rubbed himself between her cleavage. This brought the noise level right back to where it had been, if not louder. Everyone was laughing and clapping, shouting for Suzy to get it. Jason placed his hands on Suzy's shoulders and continued to rub himself up and down between her breasts. Suzy reached behind him and cupped his buttocks, and then she pulled him in tighter to her chest. This brought a new round of cheers from all the women including aunt Carol. By now most of the women had gathered around the chair that Suzy was sitting in. Jason backed away and started making his way around the room. He made sure that he stopped at each woman and rubbed up against them. Every one of them would reach out and grab his ass or some would even grab his cock through the G- string. When he got to his aunt Carol he went behind her and started rubbing himself against her ass. He placed his hands on her shoulders and would rub up and down her butt crack. He was not sure but he could swear that he had heard a soft moan escape from her. Once he got back to Suzy he continued to dance in front of her. She reached out and grabbed his G-string and pulled. Once it was stretched out away from him,

with no support to hold them in, his balls slid out the side. He did not try to put them back. Instead, he straddled Suzy's chair and brought his balls up against her chest. The feel of her skin on his naked sack felt great and judging by the change in her breathing, it was having an even larger effect on Suzy.

Before he could do anything else, someone behind him reached around and grabbed his covered cock. They started to stroke it through the material. Someone else was rubbing his ass cheeks. Suzy reached up and cupped his balls in her tiny hands and pulled them toward her. When she had them up high enough, she stuck her tongue out and started to lick them. The sensation of a warm wet tongue on his balls was fantastic and his cock started to enlarge. The person stroking it became aware of that and yanked the G- string away from his rapidly expanding penis. This caused the head to be right in Suzy's face. She stopped licking his balls, opened her mouth as wide as she could and wrapped her lips around the head. His cock was not so thick that she couldn't get it in her mouth. She had just the head in and started running her tongue all around it. Whoever was stroking his cock increased their grip and stroked a little faster. Looking around, Jason

could see the lust in most of the women's eyes. He turned enough so he could see who was behind him. The person stroking him was his aunt Carol. She had a glazed look in her eyes and was breathing heavy. Meanwhile, Suzy had stop sucking his cock and was now just licking the head. Jason reached down and started squeezing Suzy's breast through her shirt. With one hand he reached back behind himself and felt Carol's thigh below the hemline of her dress. He started rubbing up and down in little circles on her outer thigh. He heard a gasp escape from her as soon as his hand had touched the silky smooth skin. She shifted to his right a ways, which allowed him to touch the inside of her thighs. He knew it was wrong to be touching his own aunt, but her skin was so hot and smooth that he was unwilling to stop.

Someone had pulled Suzy's shirt down over her large breast. Her nipples were rock hard and poking out from her quarter sized dark brown areoles. Jason took one of the nipples between his thumb and forefinger and started lightly twisting it. This got an immediate reaction from Suzy. She started to lick the head of Jason's cock with renewed vigor. Jason was fully hard now and he knew that if they continued to stroke

and lick him, he would surely cum all over Suzy's tits. He started running his other hand up the inside of Carol's thighs, going higher and higher each time. He could tell that his hand was now up under aunt Carol's dress. She leaned forward and he felt her breast against his back. He could hear her breathing become more ragged the higher his hand went. What the hell, he thought, as he inched his hand up until it finally reached her panties. The heat coming off her pussy was incredible. He turned his hand palm up and started to press against her softness. She pressed back and spread her legs a little wider than they were. He could now get his fingers completely on her cunt. It took little effort to push the panty leg over and place his fingers directly on her very wet pussy. Using his middle finger he slid it up and down her slit, making sure to rub her clit with each stroke. After a short time of this he curled his finger and slid it up into her smoldering cunt. She was so wet that he was certain that everyone could hear the sloshing sound coming from her overheated pussy.

As Jason finger fucked aunt Carol and worked over Suzy's nipples he looked around the room to see what everyone else was doing. He was shocked to see that most of the women had

taken their clothes off. There was a couple that was still dressed and staring at the goings on as if it were a movie that they couldn't escape from. The majority had paired off and were fondling each other or eating each other's cunts. One even had a double-headed dildo that she was using on two of the women while she sat on another's face having her pussy licked. Looking down, he saw that Suzy had removed her pants and was shoving three fingers deeply inside herself. She had stopped licking on his cock and her head was back with her eyes closed, a smile on her lips.

Jason could feel he was getting close. He removed his fingers from his aunt's wet pussy and spun around. He took her by the shoulders and turned her so she was facing away from him. He then pushed her toward the couch. When she was in front of it, he put his hand on her stomach and the other on her upper back and lightly pushed. She knew immediately what he wanted, so she bent over and rested her hands on the couch leaving her ass pointed right at him. Jason wasted no time in lifting her dress over her tight ass and yanking her panties down. Standing behind her, he had to bend down some, he lined his cock up with her slit and started rubbing it

the full length of her. Her juices were dripping out all over his penis making it quite slick. Slowly he slid it between her hot cunt lips until he was at her entrance.

Carefully, he pushed until the head of his cock was inside her. The heat was almost unbearable, but oh so good. Aunt Carol started to wiggle her ass and pushed back at the same time. Another inch slid up her. She started making mewling sounds and continued to push backward on his hard shaft. After he had about six inches stuffed into her tight hole, he pulled it almost completely out then slowly pushed it back in. Each time he did this, he would push in a little further until he had about eight inches inside her. He wasn't sure whether it was the fact that he was fucking his aunt, or if it was because she didn't know it was her nephew, but he was harder than he had ever been before. It didn't really matter at the moment though. All he could think about was the sensations his cock was feeling. Slowly he picked up the pace until he was seesawing back and forth inside his aunt Carol's pussy. He could feel her cunt muscles quivering with each stroke gripping him tighter and tighter. He could also feel the tingling sensation coming from his balls letting him know that

it was very close. Placing both his hands on her hips he started pistoning his cock into her harder and harder. He still made sure that he did not slam all of it into her though. He had no desire to inflict any pain on her.

"Oh shit. Oh shit. Fuck me!" she cried. "I'm cuuuuuuummmmming!!!!"

Jason could feel her cunt contracting around his cock and feel her juices shooting out of her pussy. He could no longer hold it in and was soon squirting stream after stream of spunk deep inside her. When she felt his hot cum splashing into her cunt she began to shake and felt the most intense orgasm overtake her. She felt light headed and just collapsed on the couch with his cock still buried up her drenched cunt. God that was the best orgasm she had ever experienced she thought. She knew then and there that she was going to get some more of this, even if it killed her.

When Carol had collapsed Jason went down with her, staying lodge firmly in her pussy. Now he rolled slowly off, pulling

his deflating penis out of her with a sucking plop. A mixture of sperm and pussy cream came running out and dripped to the floor. What had got into him, he wondered? Now that it was over, he wasn't sure how he would ever be able to look his aunt in the face again. Guilt was starting to set in until it dawned on him that she didn't know it was him. She would only think it was a stripper from the club. With that realization the guilt started to evaporate.

Looking around the room Jason realized that most of the other women were either passed out or just lying around. Suzy was curled up in a ball on the other end of the couch. She still had a smile on her face. Well, I would say that this had been a total success thought Jason.

Jason gathered up his clothes and got dressed. As he was doing this Carol had stood up and smoothed her dress down. She went over and reached inside a purse and pulled out a white envelope, which she handed to Jason.

"Take this. You earned every penny of it," she said.

Jason did not bother to look in the envelope, instead he just bend down and kissed his aunt on the cheek. He took one last look around then headed to the door. As he stepped outside, he noticed two women coming up the walkway. His last shock of the day was when he realized that the two women coming his way were his mother and 21-year-old sister. He practically ran to his car before looking back. There on the front stoop his mother was staring back at him. There is no way that she could tell it was her son, he told himself as he drove off. Could she?

The Bachelorette Party - After the Party

One week after the party Jason Moore was still having trouble coming to grips with what had transpired. Everything had happened so quickly. One moment he was doing his normal routine, the next he had his cock buried up his Aunt Carol's pussy. Her very wet, hot pussy.

Just sitting there on the couch in his boxers reliving that moment was causing his cock to expand. With his eyes closed and his head back on the cushion he was able to visualize the event as if it were a movie he was watching. He could see his hands on her hips and his cock sliding in and out of her. His cock glistening from all the juices her cunt was secreting. The feel of her vaginal muscles squeezing his shaft each time he was pulling back was beyond incredible. And when her orgasm hit, her pussy had clamped down on him like a vice, forcing him to fall forward with her. That was all it had taken

for him to explode, shooting his hot sticky cum deep inside her.

Not fully aware of what he was doing he reached into his boxers and pulled his now rock hard cock out. Pre-cum leaked steadily from the tip of it. He used his fingers and smeared it over the entire head of his cock and began to slowly stroke up and down the length of his shaft. He became aware of what he was doing as soon as the tingling spread from his balls up to his cock's head. He barely got his eyes opened before his cum came rushing out, sending rope after rope of spunk shooting out on the floor several inches from the couch. Damn, that's the third time this week he was going to have to clean the floor, Jason mused.

Jason was repulsed that he had screwed his own aunt, but oddly, aroused at the same time. He wasn't sure what to do. Should he confess to his aunt? Or should he just leave well enough alone? These thoughts plagued him day and night. If he had it to do over again, would he? The answer that came rushing to his mind was a total shock. Of course he would! That by far was one of the best fucks of his entire life. He was

completely disgusted with himself. He had never had any incestuous thoughts about any of his family. Now, it seemed that was about all he could think of.

From the age of fourteen Jason had been the man of the house. His father had been killed when a drunk driver ran a red light. The driver, a teenager from a very wealthy family, had survived. Instead of going through a messy lawsuit the family had settled out of court. This, on top of his father's life insurance, had left Jason's family with no financial worries. His mother had taken some of the money and opened up a small dress boutique. Within two years she had opened up two more. All of the shops flourished and allowed his mother more time to spend with him and his sister. She guided them in their everyday lives and also helped with their schooling. As a result, Jason excelled in academics and was awarded a scholarship to the local university. His mother offered to pay some of the expenses on the condition that he got a job. She wanted to instill a good work ethic in him. He had accepted her offer. However, the stripper job was the only one he found that would work with his academic schedule. He hadn't told his mother what he was doing to earn extra money, nor

had she asked. He was content to leave it that way. If she were to ask, he would come up with something that was more appealing than being a male stripper.

Later that evening his boss phoned and asked if he would be available for a private party the next day. Being that today was Friday and he had no classes on Saturday, he said that he would. Then his boss explained that it was a repeat at the same address from a week ago. He also informed Jason that he had been asked for specifically. Without waiting for any reply, thinking everything was taken care of, his boss hung up. Jason sat there in stunned silence, knowing that his boss would be highly upset if he did not accept the assignment. Since the club he worked for made a commission on his private parties he was sure that if he failed to show up for this one, he would probably not receive any more private bookings. His boss could be quite vindictive when he wanted to be. So this left Jason very little choice in the matter. Maybe he could explain everything to his Aunt Carol when he saw her tomorrow, provided he could find the courage to do so. He leaned back on the couch and started to tremble slightly. Mostly from fear of what would happen once he revealed himself to his aunt,

but also from the anticipation of seeing her again. His cock twitched slightly with that thought.

Wearing the clown outfit that he had worn the last time he was there, he arrived at his Aunt Carol's house just before noon. Unlike last time, there were no cars in the driveway or parked along the street. He decided to park on the street right past her driveway instead of parking in front of the house. He exited the car but left his CD player and bag of balloons behind. He was pretty sure that he would not need them. He was filled with dread as he slowly made his way up the walk to the house. He was just about to ring the doorbell when he noticed a note taped to the door that read: "Out back by the pool-come on back." Leaving the note there, he walked around the side of the house and came to an eight-foot tall wooden fence that surrounded the back yard. A heavy looking wrought-iron gate was installed in the fence but seeing no lock he opened it and stepped through into the backyard.

Standing just inside he noticed that the fence completely surrounded the entire yard, and was so tall it afforded complete privacy to the entire area. At the back of the house

was a covered patio with outdoor furniture and a small table set up on. He could see on the table what appeared to be a pitcher of margaritas and only one glass. There was a sliding glass door that led into the house. The pool itself was set a short distance away from the patio toward the far corner of the yard. He let his eyes roam around the entire yard but saw no one anywhere. Small splashing sounds coming from the pool forced him to look in that direction. What he saw caused his jaw to drop and his eyes to bulge in their sockets.

Aunt Carol stood slowly up in the shallow end of the pool, water cascading down her body in little torrents, her thick red hair plastered to her head. Jason could only stare slack-jawed as she lifted her hands and pushed the mane of red locks back behind her ears. This caused her breast to lift prominently on her chest. The white string bikini she wore was almost transparent, her light brown areolas clearly visible through the material. Eraser sized nipples stained the fabric, as if trying to escape their captivity in the bikini's top. Taking all of her in, Jason allowed his eyes to roam further down her amazing body, coming to rest at the junction where her thighs met her hips. Strings on each side held the bottom part of the

suit together. What greeted his eyes had to be the most perfect camel-toe he had ever seen. He could just make out the landing strip of pubic hair through the thin material of her bikini. She had just enough of a tan to contrast nicely with the white of the suit. His cock was rapidly expanding, threatening to burst out of the confines of the modified G-string he was wearing under the clown costume.

Carol stood up out of the water feeling it run down from her head, between her breasts before making its way to her crotch. She felt the snugness of her bikini bottoms riding up into the cleft of her pussy. She immediately felt the sensation of eyes boring holes through her. Opening her eyes she saw the guy in the clown costume standing about fifteen feet away with the look of a frightened deer caught in the headlights of an oncoming car.

"Well, hello there Mr. Clown. Glad you could make it," she purred as she walked toward him.

Jason stood there speechless not knowing what to do. All he could do was gaze in awe at this amazing creature coming his way.

"Cat got your tongue?" she laughed softly.

"Glad to see you again," he finally stammered. His throat dry and his tongue felt like it had doubled in size.

Carol stood directly in front of him by this time. She reached up with both hands and grabbed his outfit where the seams with Velcro held the shoulders together. In one strong downward motion she yanked the outfit from him. He had not bothered to wear the silk boxers this time she noticed, so he was left standing there in just his shoes and modified G-string. This brought a sparkle to her hazel eyes, and a wide smile to her full lips.

"Now, that is so much better," she whispered as she lustfully drank in his nakedness. The bulge growing larger in the G-string almost caused her to drool with anticipation. She let her

hands slide down his torso, past his abdomen, till she had one hand wrapped around his cloth-encased cock. Without taking her eyes from his, she began to softly stroke his manhood while her other hand reached under to firmly cup his balls.

As soon as Aunt Carol grabbed his cock Jason knew he was lost. The feeling of pure lust that overtook him was too powerful to fight. Bending down toward her upturned face he brought his lips to hers. His tongue snaked its way inside her mouth and collided with hers, while his hands wound their way around her to grasp her supple ass. He squeezed both cheeks roughly, feeling the soft flesh conform to the pressure his fingers applied. Taking his left hand off her ass, he reached to her hip and found the strings that held the suit on and tugged them loose. He did the same to the other side and felt the bottom of her bikini fall away. His hands were now roaming over the bare skin of her round ass cheeks, pulling them apart and then pushing them back together again. He slid his right hand down the between the crack of her ass until his fingers came to rest between her legs. Extending the middle finger, he slid it into her slit and let it trace a line from her anus to her clit. He repeated this several times, her

wetness coating his finger until it was completely slick. Each time his finger hit her clit she would shudder slightly and a low moan would escape between their clinched lips. Slowly Jason pushed his finger deeper into her sopping slit until he finally found her entrance. He pushed his long finger up inside her cunt just enough for him to feel her muscles start to suck it in, then pulled it back out. Slowly Jason pushed more of his finger up inside until he had most of it in her. After a minute or so he felt her body go rigid and begin to shudder.

She felt his finger rubbing smoothly along her vaginal slit, digging deeper with each pass, until it finally pressed up and entered her. Barely inside, then slowly feeling more being steadily inserted. The pleasure coursing through her body was overwhelming; her cunt began to pulsate with each upward thrust of his finger. She could feel the fluid flowing copiously from her pussy, causing a squishy sound to be heard in the silence. Her orgasm hit in rippling waves, shooting throughout her entire body like a jolt of electricity. Carol pulled away from the kiss and gasped for much needed air.

"OH MY GOG! FUCK! Yeeesssss," she rasped, as tremors ran up and down the length of her body.

Jason was astonished by the intensity of her orgasm. Reaching with both hands, he grabbed the globes of her ass and lifted her off the ground. Without any hesitation, he carried her to one of the lounge chairs and gently laid her on her back. He ripped the modified G-string off himself, freeing the beast trapped within. His cock stood straight out from his body, pre-cum oozing freely from its swollen head. He had never had an erection this hard before; it was almost painful. He watched as Aunt Carol sat up on the lounger, then reached out and circled his manhood with her right hand. Gently her hand began to stroke back and forth along the length of his cock. He could feel the pressure building inside his balls, knowing that he would not last very long at this rate. Glancing down at her, he became aware that her top was still on. He reached behind her and tugged the strings holding her top together until they came undone; her top fell away, revealing her magnificent breast to his wide-eyed gaze. There was no hint of sag in them as they stood out proudly from her chest, the

nipples erect and hard. The sight of them was all it took. Jason's cock exploded. The first strand of semen landed on her right nipple; the next few landing in various spots on her chest and stomach. She continued to stroke him, milking his balls empty. His knees buckled from the release and he sat down on the ground, his deflating cock still clasped in her smooth hand.

"God, that was amazing," he told her.

"You haven't seen anything yet, Mister Clown. Come lay up here and we will see if you can raise that pole back up," she said with a smirk.

Jason climbed on the lounge that his aunt had vacated and rolled onto his back. His head was pointed in the direction of the pool with his feet facing the sliding glass door. He watched as his aunt stood beside the chair staring down at him. This was the first real good look he had of her naked figure. He was very impressed with what he saw. Her breasts were firm and her stomach was flat. The small patch of hair above her pussy

was auburn in color, proving that she was indeed a red head. He watched as she came and stood by his head, then slowly she lifted her left leg over until she was straddling his face. Looking directly between her legs, he saw she was clean-shaven except for the landing strip. Her inner labium was prominent, extending slightly past her outer lips and he could see the clit peeking out from its' protective hood.

Lifting his head a few inches, his tongue made contact with her soaking wet slit. He started licking it from one end to the other, savoring the musky smell and tangy taste of her. She lowered herself down fully onto his mouth and leaned forward. He felt her tongue start to lick the head of his penis while her hands rested on his thighs. Her breath was hot on his cock and he could feel it start to grow again. He sucked her clit between his lips and held it there, batting it gently with his tongue. A loud moan escaped her, right before her mouth swallowed about four inches of his rapidly expanding cock. Her head began to bob up and down on the end of his rod, while he shoved his tongue as deep as he could up her smoldering cunt. Neither of them was aware of the woman standing inside the glass door staring at this carnal display.

Nancy Moore arrived at her sister Carol's house at around twelve-twenty and parked in the driveway. Saturdays were usually spent with her younger sister. They would get together for lunch and exchange the gossip of the day, or just hang out with each other. She enjoyed her baby sister's company and relished listening to her exploits from the previous week. The two had always been very close growing up and were still that way.

She saw the note attached to the front door right away, so she tried the door and found it unlocked. Without hesitation she let herself in and headed toward the back patio expecting to see Carol lounging in the sun drinking some form of alcohol. What she saw when she got to the sliding glass door and peered out left her speechless. There was Carol sitting on someone's face while she inhaled what had to be the longest cock that Nancy had ever seen in her forty-nine years of life. She could see that her sister was only able to take about half of the hefty member down her throat without choking. A twinge of jealousy slipped quietly into the back of her mind as she watched the spectacle play out in front of her. It has

been so long since she felt a real cock up her pussy that she couldn't really remember how it felt, Nancy thought to herself. Sure, her little eight-inch buddy tucked away in her nightstand took the edge off, but this magnificent specimen of man-meat was light years ahead of that.

Before she realized what she was doing her hand slid down the front of her loose fitting summer dress and cupped her mound. Her fingers pressed inward against her blood-engorged clit, causing a shudder to course through her body. Without a conscious thought, her hands reached under the dress and pushed the blue satin panties she wore down her trembling legs, until they were in a pile at her feet. Her right hand moved, as if on autopilot, to her hair covered sex. Heat radiated from between her legs as her fingers worked their way through the thick bush of black hair covering her drenched slit. First one finger slid up inside, quickly followed by two more. She began to masturbate in total abandonment, never taking her eyes off the two people on the patio.

Carol removed her mouth from Jason's cock and glance over at the glass door. She knew that Nancy was supposed to come

over; and there she was, standing at the door with three fingers rapidly plunging into her cunt. Carol was amazed at how hairy her older sister was. Placing a finger to her lips to indicate silence, she motioned for Nancy to come over to where she was. She had to gesture several times before getting a reaction from her sister. She watched as Nancy silently opened the glass door and headed in her direction, removing the summer dress as she approached. It looked to Carol as if her sister were in some sort of trance the closer she got. Carol continued to stroke Jason's saliva coated cock while holding it straight up in the air and smiling at her big sister.

Jason eagerly lapped at his Aunt Carol's slippery pussy, trying to get as much of her cunt cream in his mouth as he could. He let his tongue roam everywhere, even over her tiny rosebud. When his tongue traveled over her puckered asshole she let out a squeal of delight and ground her crotch harder on his face. He could feel the warm hotness of her mouth pull away from his cock, but was immediately replaced with a new sensation. What felt like soft feathers tickled the tip of his cock briefly, followed by a hot, wet feeling that slowly engulfed his entire cock head. At first he thought that his Aunt Carol had

begun to suck again, but the heat and the slickness of the new sensation was much greater than it had been. He knew it was something else when his aunt stood up and moved away from him. Glancing down his body the sight that greeted him was incomprehensible. His mind raced, and his heart started beating rapidly in his chest. There, slowly lowering herself onto his cock was his mother, his very beautiful mother.

He watched in near horror as his cock was slowly disappearing inside his mother's extremely wet and very hairy pussy. She was so wet that he could see little trickles of her juice sliding down his shaft. Lower and lower she slid, until almost all of him had disappeared up inside of her. The heat radiating from her was almost too much to bear. He could feel the walls of her vagina contracting against his shaft as if to make room for his invading manhood. He wanted to shout and tell her to stop, but all that came out was a ragged gasp. He was experiencing sensations that he had never felt before. No one had ever taken this much of his cock up inside before. But it was wrong, his mind cried out to him. This was his mother that was sitting on him with his cock stuffed up inside of her. For some reason that he could not understand,

the thought that it was his mother seemed to make his cock get harder. How could this be, he wondered. How could his own mom possibly be arousing him? What he saw when he took her all in was a very beautiful woman. Her shoulder length black hair had small streaks of gray in it. Although her eyes were closed he knew that they were a sparkling blue-green color. Her breasts were large with just a slight hint of sagging, the silver dollar sized areolas a dark brown with small nipples protruding from them. Her stomach had a very slight bulge to it and he could just make out a few very faint stretch marks. From her waist, hips flared out moderately, and her legs were toned and long for her height. He couldn't help notice that her areolas were crinkled and the nipples erect, as if they had ice cubes touching them. The whole scene before him was so surreal. While he was trying to wrap his head around what was happening, Aunt Carol had moved behind his mother and was lightly rubbing her shoulders.

He was powerless to do anything as he felt his mom start to rotate her hips in small circles, before she lifted up about an inch then lowered back down. He could see the determination in her face as each time she would let a little more of his raging cock slip from her pulsating cunt, before slowly lowering back down on him. His aunt had maneuvered

behind his mom and her hands were busy kneading the soft flesh of her sister's breast. She was sitting on his thighs with her body pressed tightly up against his mother's back, all the time staring wide-eyed at his make-up smeared face. His mother increased her up and down motion and was leaning forward with her hands on his stomach. He reached down and placed his hands on her hips and started pulling her back and forth on his rock hard cock. Her breathing came in ragged gasps as she increased the tempo of her undulating hips, rocking back and forth faster and faster. Moans of pure ecstasy were coming from her wide opened mouth. Jason felt the friction of her walls pulling at his manhood, the heat getting hotter and hotter with each passing moment. The pressure in his balls was becoming too much for him to stand. He knew that he was on the verge of flooding his own mother with the biggest load of spunk that he had ever shot. This knowledge, for some unknown reason, had the effect of intensifying the pleasure running through him. Tightening his grip on her hips he began to thrust upward to meet her downward ones. With his aunt sitting on his thighs however, it was hard for him to generate much power behind each push.

"Aaaaaaargh! Yes, uuuuuunnngh!" Nancy screamed, then collapsed onto her lover's chest.

Jason wrapped his arms tightly around his mother and pushed up into her as far as he could. He felt her pussy quiver uncontrollably all along the length of his cock, the sensation causing his load of cum to rush out to blast against the deepest recesses of her pussy.

"Oh shit! Holy fucking shit!" he cried. "That was the best sex ever, Mo..." he started to blurt out before clamping his mouth tightly shut.

Everything was fine, he thought, as his mom just lay upon his chest with little shivers rippling through her. He started slowly caressing her back and whispering what a lovely woman he thought she was in her ear. His penis start to get soft but was still lodged up inside her drenched pussy. He didn't want to move. All he wanted was to hold her in his arms and feel the warmth radiating from all parts of her magnificent being.

Without saying anything, Nancy pushed herself into a sitting position. She could feel the cock deflating inside her well stretched hole, letting her know that she would be sore for at least a couple of days. She stared down at the man's face under her, seeing the smeared make-up around his nose, mouth and chin. This would be comical at any other time, she thought to herself as her eyes found his. There was something that she couldn't put her finger on about the guy. But she didn't ponder what it could be for long. Instead, she stood slowly up feeling the cock slip out of her along with several large globs of their mixed juices. She turned to her sister and whispered, "I'll see you later Carol." With that, she ran over and picked up her discarded dress and panties, hurriedly putting them on, before rushing from the house.

Jason watched as his mom fled, the image of her soft ass forever etched into his mind. He stood up and glanced in Aunt Carol's direction. She was at the end of the lounge chair staring back at him with a mischievous looking smile on her face.

"I have to go," he told her as he headed for the open glass door struggling to get his costume back on.

"Don't you want to get paid?" she asked.

"I already have," he replied.

It took him no time to reach his car, get it started, and pointed in the direction of his home. He was awash with feelings of shame and guilt for what he had done to his own mother, even if she didn't know it was her son. There was another feeling clawing at the back of his tortured mind. Way back where all the dark urges hide, until they could find a way into the daylight.

The Bachelorette Party Finale

Please read the Bachelorette Party and After The Party before this one, as this is the third installment. I apologize for changing the title on the second installment and not informing you, the readers. I will not make that mistake in the future. Please feel free to leave comments and feedback, either good or bad. Thank you and I hope you enjoy the story.

*

Jason did not even remember the drive home. His mind had been a swirling vortex of emotional turmoil. He really couldn't believe that he hadn't run off the road, or worse, gotten into an accident. All he had been able to think about was how good it had felt to have his mother laying on his chest, his cock stuffed firmly up her pussy. Part of his mind had screamed at him how wrong it was. While another part, the dark part, had been telling him how great it felt. Never in his life had he felt such a deep-seated love for her than at that moment. He had always loved her. But this was different. This was the kind of love meant to be shared by lovers.

After he had washed the smeared make-up from his face, he had taken a hot, calming shower and change into a t-shirt and jeans. Once done he had fixed himself a tall glass of Bacardi and coke, then plopped down on the couch to think of what to do.

An hour later found him still on the couch. The glass was long empty by now but he made no effort to refill it. How could any of this have happened, he kept wondering. It was like his life was taking a nosedive, and there was no reverse switch to pull. He knew that he hadn't done anything to cause his mother to have sex with him. This thought eased his mind a little, but didn't erase the fear he felt. If she were to find out it had been him under her, how would he be able to ever look her in the face again. A soft knocking at the front door interrupted his thoughts. Weakly, he got up and answered it.

Swinging the door open, he was greeted with the sight of Aunt Carol standing there with a warm smile on her full lips. She was dressed in a conservative tan pants suit, her hair pulled back in a ponytail.

"We need to talk," she stated, as she pushed past him into the front room and took a seat on the couch.

"Would you care for a drink?" was all he could think to say.

"No thanks. Some other time maybe, but you go ahead," she answered, seeing the empty glass in his hand.

He closed the door and went to the side table that held his meager collection of booze bottles. Once there he proceeded to fix another rum and coke. A stiff one. His hands trembled as he tried to pour the drink.

"So Jason...or should I call you Mister Clown?"

Jason almost dropped the bottle when she said that. He kept his back to her, hoping to buy enough time to get his wits about him, but failing miserably.

"Excuse me?" he asked in a strained voice.

"Oh sweetie," she started. "I know everything, so don't be afraid. I'm not angry with you."

Turning slowly around to face her, Jason could feel the heat on his blushing face. He wondered if he might pass out even.

"How did you find out, Aunt Carol?"

"I think we are well past the 'Aunt' stage, so why don't you just call me Carol."

"Okay. Carol it is," he replied sheepishly.

"Finding out was quite easy," she began. "I'm the one that booked you for the first party, so I knew where you worked. All I had to do was to persuade your boss to tell me who you were. Believe me it didn't take much persuading, if you know what I mean."

"But why did you?" Jason asked.

"Oh honey, you can't be serious," she laughed. "When I saw how big that tool of yours was, and how good it felt inside me, there was no way that I wasn't going to get some more of that."

"Even after you found out I was your nephew?"

"I have to admit; I was quite shocked at first. But I really have no qualms about that. All I know is that I wanted some more of that big cock, regardless of who you were." she answered.

Jason was taken aback by her statement, but also relieved that she wasn't upset by the whole affair. Taking a long pull on his drink, he began to relax a little. After all, she was a very beautiful woman. And he had to admit that he had enjoyed it, no matter how taboo it might be.

"I am so relieved to hear you say that. I have been so scared that you would find out and hate me forever," he told her.

"Well stop worrying about it. Besides, you are a man and I'm a woman, not just relatives. We both have urges, and I for one don't like to deny myself pleasure in this ole world. Remember Jason; you only live once, so be good to yourself. Which brings me to the reason I am here."

Was she here to finish what had gotten started today, he wondered? Or was there some other motive for showing up at his door. He was unable to tell by looking at her, but alarm bells were going off in the back of his mind.

"Were you surprised when your mom showed up?" There was a slight glint in her eyes as she awaited his answer.

"Surprised doesn't come close to how I felt when I saw who was there. Never in a million years would I have believed that would happen."

"You did look pretty stunned," she chuckled.

Something began to nag at him. There was more to this than he knew, and he was afraid that he was about to find out. Jason stared into her eyes, trying to figure out the right thing to say.

"Did you have any idea that mom was going to come over today?" he asked, sure he already knew the answer.

"Yes," came her reply.

"But why would you set me up like that Aunt Carol?" he practically demanded.

"It wasn't to set you up. It was to give my sister some much needed, and very deserved pleasure."

"But with her own son?" he asked quickly.

"Let me explain something to you," she began. "Your mom has sacrificed a large portion of her life to give you and your sister Kelly everything that she could. That includes her giving up a very healthy sex drive."

"Nancy and I get together and talk," she continued. "She told me that she hasn't had proper sex since your father died. She said that it wouldn't be right to bring a strange man to her bed. It wouldn't be the same for her."

Jason sat and thought about this. Now that he recalled, he really hadn't seen his mother go out on dates. Sure, she went out to dinner with friends, but not out with single men. Growing up he had been too preoccupied with his own life to really notice what his mother was, or wasn't doing, as far as the opposite sex was concerned. He couldn't imagine going that long without having some kind of fling at least.

"So mom has not had sex in all that time?" he asked, a little uncomfortable talking about his mom's sex life.

"Not in the conventional way. But there are other ways for a woman to enjoy herself," Carol answered.

"Let me see if I can explain," she added.

He sat down on the couch and quietly listened to what she was telling him. She told him that when his mom and her were growing up, they had experimented on each other. Both had enjoyed the things they had done, and on occasion still did. Although his mother had to be semi drunk before she could participate, those times seemed to help her unwind. She also explained that Nancy needed more than just a roll in the sack. She needed to know that she was loved.

Hearing that his mother and Aunt had a sexual relation was a blow to his already tortured mind. He had no idea that his own mother was such a sexual being. After all, she was just mom. Not someone you would think of in that way. At least, not until now anyway. Dark thoughts began to creep into his subconscious. Vivid images of his naked mother sliding down his cock filled his head. Without him noticing, his cock began

to slowly inflate and move in his jeans. Carol noticed however, a knowing smile spreading on her full lips.

His revelry was broken when he became aware of her talking to him. He also became acutely aware of his stiffening condition. It was actually becoming quite uncomfortable in his jeans.

"Listen Jason," he heard her saying, "Why don't you take Nancy out to dinner tonight and spend some time with her."

"I don't know if I can do that. Not by myself anyway," he told her flatly.

"Sure you can. And I know it would do Nancy a world of good to get out and let her hair down for a change."

With that, she stood and headed toward the door. Taking a large pull from his drink, he stood and followed. At the door he asked if maybe she could come too. She turned and faced

him, then reached up and pulled his face down to hers. She leaned up and planted a soft, wet kiss on his lips, while one of her hands rubbed the bulge crawling down his pants leg.

"I can't sweetie," she smiled, "I promised Kelly that we would go shopping and maybe take a swim back at my place later."

The look she gave him right before she left had him wondering. In his mind's eye, it had been the look of a predator. God, he had to get his shit under control he thought, as he picked up the phone and dialed his mom's number.

Nancy had been completely surprised by her son's call. She couldn't remember the last time they had spent any time together. Maybe a night out with her son was just the ticket to take her mind off the events of earlier. How she could have acted like such a whore at the first sight of a hard penis was upsetting to her. Even if it has been in like forever since she had seen one, that was no excuse, she admonished herself. A little shiver ran up her spine as she remembered how good it had felt to have that big cock pushed so far up her cunt.

Suddenly her knees buckled slightly, and she could swear that she'd had a small orgasm. Get a hold of yourself girl, you're going out with your son in a bit and don't need him wondering what's going on with you, she told herself. She spent the next two hours getting ready. A long hot bath and then picking out what to wear took most of that time.

They had agreed to meet at the Roxy, a club that had good food and a dance floor for those that wanted to shake their stuff. Another benefit, it was only a block from Jason's apartment, so he could walk there.

Jason had arrived early and took a seat at a table not far from the small dance floor. He was facing the entrance when he saw Nancy arrive. His heart gave a flutter as he watched her approach their table. She was wearing a simple denim dress that hugged her curves with just the right amount of snugness. It had only a moderate plunge at the neckline and ended just above her knees. The one thing that stood out was the gold colored zipper that ran down the entire front of the dress. That would be easy to get off, he absently thought. Whoa,

where did that come from he asked himself, shaking his head trying to dislodge the offending thought.

The evening progressed quite nicely for both of them. They ate a light meal and chatted endlessly the entire time. It had been a couple months since they had been together so they spent most of the time catching up. After they ate Jason ordered a small pitcher of margaritas. Nancy declined at first saying that she had to drive home, but after Jason told her that he would get her a cab or she could spend the night at his place, she relented. Jason knew that his mother was not much of a drinker, but was a little surprised when he noticed how fast she was actually finishing her drinks. It appeared to him that something was on her mind, and he thought he knew what it was. No matter how hard he tried to entice her onto the dance floor, she wouldn't budge. She would laugh it off saying that he didn't want to be seen dancing with his old mom in public. He protested, but got nowhere on the subject of a dance.

Nancy started feeling the effects of the drinks by the time the pitcher was half empty. She could tell that there wasn't going

to be any driving herself home tonight. That was fine with her. Now she could relax and enjoy her time with her handsome son, and catch a cab later. She knew that Jason's apartment was small, with one bed and you had to go through the bedroom to get to the bathroom. So staying there didn't seem like an option to her. At times, she would sneak a glance at him when she thought he wouldn't notice. She was so proud of how he had turned out; it filled her heart with pride. But there was also something about him that tickled the far recesses of her mind. Something she just couldn't quite grasp. Maybe she was just being silly because of the drinks. When Jason suggested they go back to his place for a while, she readily agreed. The evening was still early and she really was having a good time.

Once they were at his place, Jason went over to his stereo and put on some soft jazz. He knew his mom liked that kind of music. He fixed them both drinks and told her to kick her shoes off and relax while he put on something more comfortable. He went to the bedroom and put on a pair of old sweat pants and a t-shirt. Much better, he thought as he

returned to the front room and took a seat on the opposite side of the couch as his mom.

Nancy was leaning back with her eyes closed, listening to the mellow tunes, when she felt eyes staring at her. Looking over at Jason, she noticed that he was watching her closely. He had a smile on his face and a twinkle in his eyes.

"What are you smiling about," she asked with a laugh.

"Just love to see you relaxed is all," came his soft reply.

"Are you happy, mom?"

"Right this minute, I'm very happy. Why do you ask?"

"Just want to make sure," he said.

They settled in comfortably and let the music and peace wash over them. He refilled their drinks, but other than that, neither moved.

"Would you still like to dance with your old mom," she suddenly asked. Catching him completely off guard.

He stood up, held out his hand, and then pulled her gently to him when she took it. She snuggled in to his body and wrapped her arms around him. He had to lean way down to take her in his arms. He caught the scent of her perfume immediately. It smelled like honeysuckles; one of his favorites. Without thinking about what he was doing, his hands began to caress her entire back, dipping low enough to feel the swell of her ass cheeks.

Nancy savored the feel of his strong arms around her. Resting her head on his chest, she let his warmth and smell envelope her. She could feel his hands roaming over her back and the top of her buttocks. She was lost in the moment, her mind in a far off place of peace and serenity. When his hands moved

further down on her buttocks she felt herself becoming wet. Before she realized what was happening, the music ended. Breaking their embrace, she staggered back a little and looked him in the eyes. She could see something there. Something oddly familiar.

"Damn, I forgot how tall you are," she chuckled, trying to lighten the atmosphere. "Next dance, I think we need a chair for me to stand on. But for now, I have to go to the lady's room."

Jason watched her head toward the bathroom. He could see she was a little unsteady as she disappeared through the bedroom door. He was also very much aware that his cock was trying to escape the confines of his sweat pants. He sat back down and tried to get his hormones in check.

Nancy made it the bathroom, shut the door, then just stood there thinking. Has it been so long without being in a man's arms that my own son would arouse me, she asked herself. Maybe it was just a by-product of today's episode at Carol's

house that she was feeling. Her son had just caressed her in the same way that the clown had. Sure, that is all it is she told herself. Gathering herself, she flushed the unused toilet and step out into the bedroom. Instinctively she took a quick look around the room. The bed was neatly made, but near one wall she saw a clothes hamper had been knocked over. Her motherly habits kicked in and she went over to straighten out the mess. Picking the hamper up, something inside caught her eye. Stuffed partway down inside was an outfit with bright yellow and red colors. She knew right away what it was, as her trembling hands reached in and pulled it out. Holding it up, she saw that it was a clown costume. She felt faint as she headed to the front room, clutching the outfit tightly to her chest.

Jason heard her coming and glanced in her direction. All the blood rushed from his face when he realized what she was holding. He sat there in stunned silence as she came closer and closer. Her eyes darted back and forth from him to the costume in her hands. She stopped right in front of him.

"Jason..." she managed to say.

"It's not what you think, mom," he croaked.

Nancy could no longer stand; she sank down on the edge of the couch, her eyes welling up with tears.

"My God. I fucked my own son," she cried.

Jason dropped to his knees in front of her and pulled the costume out of her hands. He threw it behind the couch, before cupping her tear-streaked face in his palms. Forcing her to look him in the face, he proceeded to tell her everything that he could. He explained about his job, and how he ended up at Carol's place the first time. Then he told her that he had only gone over the second time to let Carol know the truth before anything else happened. But he had been weak. When she had come out of the pool he was lost, his lust had swallowed him whole. Looking deeply into her eyes, he told her that when he saw her on top of him, it was the most beautiful and erotic thing he'd ever witnessed.

Listening to her son try to explain things, Nancy could feel the love pouring out of him. Her tears started to dry up, and her heart reached out to him.

"But I'm your mother, Jason," she began. "How could it have been beautiful to you?"

"It was like going home," he told her.

Nancy didn't know what to say. Reaching out, she wrapped her arms around his shoulders and pulled him into her, not realizing this forced her knees apart. She hugged him tightly as he scooted closer to her. This caused her to have to spread her legs wider to accommodate his body. She felt his arms encircle her as he buried his face into her neck. Her love for him overwhelmed her as she crushed him to her breast. She could feel his warm breath on her neck, sending little chills of pleasure throughout her body. When his lips started planting soft kisses on her neck and behind her ear her body betrayed her. Her nipples became rock hard and there was a definite dampness spreading in her crotch.

He nuzzled her neck, then for some unknown reason, began to place tiny kisses up and down it. When he put one behind her ear he felt a shiver run through her. His hands had a mind of their own as they slid down and started rubbing her sides up and down gently. Jason moved his kisses to her jaw, then under, to the front of her neck. He heard a small moan escape from her parted lips, as his continued to explore her. Neither of them was aware that her legs had been opened widely and her dress had ridden up enough to expose the lacy black panties she was wearing.

She could feel her pussy getting wetter and wetter by the second. Moving her hands between them, she held his face and started to kiss it all over, smothering him in light pecks until suddenly their lips met. With a hunger born of frustration she mashed her lips to his, pushing her tongue deeply into his mouth. Her mind screamed for her to stop this madness, but her lust would not be denied.

With his tongue doing battle with hers, he moved his right hand around and cupped her breast, his other one resting on

her hip. He could feel his cock straining to be free as he slowly reached up and began to lower the zipper of her dress. The heat coming off of her was unlike any he'd experienced before. Pulling his face away, he stared at her chest as the zipper went lower until her chest came into view. He was happily surprised to see that she wasn't wearing a bra. He gently pushed her back until she was half lying on the couch, while his hand pulled the zipper the rest of the way down.

With her head resting on the couch back, she felt the dress part completely. She felt no shame as she was completely exposed to her son. All she wanted to do was lay there and feel the wonderful tingling coursing through her. She watched as he used both hands to press her breast together before lowering his mouth and capturing both nipples at the same time. She didn't think it was possible, but her nipples seem to get even harder than they were already.

Jason was mesmerized as her nakedness came into view. First her breast, then the panty covered area of her crotch. He stared at her as if looking through someone else's eyes. Her big breast, capped with dark brown areoles, leaning slightly to each side of her rib cage while small tufts of black hair peeked

from the sides of her lacy panties. Placing his hands on the outsides of each breast, he brought them together until the nipples were almost touching before his mouth envelope them both. He let his tongue swirl around each protruding bud before nipping them lightly with his teeth, eliciting a deep low moan from his mother. Keeping his hands on her breast he slowly licked his way down her torso. His fingers pinched the nipples softly, while his tongue traveled over her stomach and traced lines on the barely visible stretch marks left over from giving him birth. He reached the top of her panties and was immediately intoxicated by the musky smell coming off her. His tongue slid over her panties until it was pushing them into the hot cleft of her sex.

Nancy was powerless to stop what was happening. With her head bent against the couch, she was able to watch as her son's head went agonizingly slow toward her pussy. Her approaching orgasm was building to the boiling point as his tongue finally reached her panty-clad cunt. As soon he drove his tongue between her lips she exploded. Immense ripples of pure pleasure ran through every part of her body.

"Oh shit! Oh shit! Oh my god," she screamed, pushing her soaking crotch hard against his mouth.

"Fuck me, Jason. Fuck me now," she whispered, just loud enough for him to hear.

Jason was caught up in a frenzy of sexual excitement as he roughly pushed his sweat pants down around his knees. With one hand he reached down and pulled one side of her panties over, exposing his mother's hair covered pussy to his lust filled gaze. With his free hand he grab his shaft and started to rub the bulbous head of his cock between her outer lips. The combination of his pre-cum and her overflowing juices quickly lubricated both of them. His mushroom head nudged deeper into her hairy cleft, until he was able to feel the over heated entrance to her womanhood. Without pushing any further, he took one last look at her face. He wanted this more than anything he'd ever wanted before, but not if it wasn't what she wanted too.

Seeing him watching her, as if to ask if it was okay, brought a smile to her face.

"Yes baby. Push it in," she told him softly.

Slowly, Jason pushed his cock into his mother until about four inches was up inside her. He could feel her walls expanding around his cock as he slowly pulled back then pushed a little more of himself in. With his hands holding her hips, he began to rhythmically fuck her gently, pushing deeper with each thrust. He was amazed when she was able to take almost all of his cock up inside her. He was sheathed in a cocoon of hot, wet pussy, unlike any he'd ever had before. It was both tight and yielding at the same time. Her muscles rolled up and down his shaft like tiny fingers milking his cock for all they could get. His speed increased along with her breathing. He felt the beginnings of his orgasm growing stronger with each thrust into her smoldering tunnel.

"I'm going to come. I'm going to come, mom," he shouted.

No longer able to control himself, he pounded his cock up his mother's pussy relentlessly, until his load came rocketing from his balls, through his shaft and out the head of his cock. Jet after jet of spunk shot out, filling her pussy to overflowing. He collapsed with his head between her heaving breast while he felt their mingled juices trickle out, coating her ass and his balls before dripping to the floor.

After Nancy told him to go ahead, she felt her cunt opening being stretched to fit the monster of his cock. With each passing second, she felt it borrow deeper and deeper until she was filled more than ever before. At first it was uncomfortable, but as her pussy became wetter and more relaxed with his size, she felt the pleasure it produced on her nerve endings. Shortly she was able to push back against Jason's throbbing cock as it invaded her completely. Sensations like never before ran rampant through her stretched pussy. Using her fingers she pinched her nipples and shut her eyes, as wave after wave of intense pleasure rocked her endlessly. She felt it as soon as Jason began to really ram his cock into her, causing an orgasm of unreal proportions to quickly build. Her breath was coming in

ragged gasps as he hammered her. Then it happened. When she felt his cum blast up into her, the most mind-numbing orgasm she has ever felt exploded deep inside her.

"Uuuuuuuugggghhh," she wailed, right before she passed out.

Nancy awoke with a start, not knowing where she was at first. She could see that she was on a bed with a blanket over her. Then things started coming back to her. The dinner with Jason, then the walk back to his place. She also recalled that they had danced a little. Something else tugged at the back of her mind as she lay there trying to remember everything. She finally realized that she was in her son's bed. But how did she get here, she wondered. All her questions were answered as she watched her son approach the bed carrying a glass of water. He was as naked as the day he was born. Her hand moved down under the blanket and touched the saturated crotch of her panties while her eyes were glued to the large cock and balls swinging between her son's legs.

"Hi sweetie, did I miss anything," she asked, a huge smile plastered to her face.

The Mix-Up

Just a little tale to kill a few minutes of your day. Fair warning, this is a big dickey story, so if you're not into that please move on. Hope you enjoy, and as always comments welcome, both good and bad.

Yolanda Green's mind was on other things as she picked up the two identical looking packages from her boss' desk. Her boss, Miranda Mitchell, had wanted them shipped out today. What Yolanda failed to notice were the mailing labels on top of each package weren't secured yet. It wasn't until she reached her own desk that she noticed them missing. With a huff she rose and went back into her boss' office where she found the labels on the floor. Once back at her desk she realized that she wasn't sure which label went to which box. With a shrug she peeled off one label and attached it to the closest box, then she placed the other label on the other one.

Satisfied, she carried the two boxes down to the mailing room and sent them on their way.

Three days later Richard Burman, Miranda's boyfriend, sat on the edge of his bed and opened the newly arrived package. He loved getting things from her when he was off on one of his business trips, mainly because it was usually something sexual in nature. This time it wasn't. Inside the box was a pack of crew-cut socks. Sitting on top of the socks was a note. Pulling it out he read, 'Thought you could use these to keep you warm.'

"What the fuck," he grumbled, wadding up the note and tossing it on the floor.

"What's wrong sugar?" a feminine voice asked.

Turning he glanced down at the naked dark-skinned hooker lying provocatively in his bed. Instantly he forgot all about the box as his cock started to quickly harden at the sight before

him. Pushing the box to the floor he slowly crawled between the hooker's splayed legs.

"Everything okay, sugar?" she purred.

"Yeah, all's good," Richard replied, just as he sank all five inches into the loose, sloppy cunt of the hooker.

At the same time Richard was opening his package, Miranda Mitchell's son, Anthony was returning to his apartment after a grueling workout at the gym. At twenty-four he was in great shape. Standing just over six-feet, and weighing one-seventy, his body lean and ripped from hours at the gym made him a chick magnet. Something he took advantage of every chance he could. He loved sex.

As he approached his door he noticed a package leaning against it, which puzzled him since he wasn't expecting anything. A smile played on his lips as he picked it up and saw the return address. His mother loved sending gifts in the mail even though they lived only twenty minutes from each other.

Knowing his birthday wasn't for another couple months he just assumed she had seen something she thought he might like. She was always doing things like that. Clutching the box he went inside and closed the door behind him. Placing the box on the coffee table he went and showered, then returned to the front room in only his bathrobe. He decided against opening the box until he ate.

With his hunger satisfied he sat on the couch and flipped on the television. Several minutes of scanning through the channels proved fruitless. Friday nights usually found him out clubbing with friends, but he had decided to have a night in for a change. Leaving the television tuned into some lame game show his eyes roamed about the room briefly before settling on the box on the coffee table. Reaching forward he brought the box to his lap and began to open it.

"Let's see what mom sent," he chuckled to himself.

As soon as the package was open his chuckles died in his throat, and his eyes grew wide with disbelief at what he was seeing sitting in the box.

"What the..." his voice trailed off as he stared into the box.

Inside the box was an un-opened sex toy. A fleshlight to be precise. Also in the box was a note. Taking the note he unfolded it and read, 'Think of me when you use it.'

Anthony slumped back on the couch, his trembling fingers still clutching the note, his mind lost in a whirlwind of thoughts. He knew his mother had a sense of humor, but this, this was way beyond anything he imagined her doing. And what about the note saying think of her when using it? That in itself wasn't a problem. She had been a big part of his masturbation fantasies since he turned eighteen, but to have her encourage him to picture her while he pleased himself. There had to be some mistake here.

Placing the note on the seat next to him, he lifted the toy out of the box and removed it from its packaging. It felt odd in his hand. Turning it this way and that he examined it from all angles. At the top he saw what looked like a silicone shaped vagina. Out of curiosity he wet the end of one of his fingers and slid it into the opening. It was a snug fit. Slowly he began to finger the opening.

"Hmmm," he murmured, as a thought crossed his mind.

Holding the fleshlight in one hand he used his other hand to reach into his robe and lightly began to touch his flaccid penis. The more he played with himself, the more he thought of his mom. It wasn't long before his cock began to swell. Closing his eyes he leaned back and pictured his mother. She was tall, nearly five-ten in stocking feet, with a thick mane of bottled blonde hair that cascaded over her shoulders when she wore it down. Her blue-green eyes sparkled with life when she was in a good mood, but when she wasn't you could see them turn a darker shade of green. Body wise, the only thing he could think to say was, wow. She had large breasts, at least a D cup, a trim waist, and toned legs that went on forever.

Yeah, he could definitely say, for being closer to forty-six than her current forty-five, she was a real knockout.

It didn't take long before his cock was fully erect. His hand slowly pumped all nine inches of his fat cock as more and more images of his mother danced through his brain. Soon he felt pre-cum ooze out the head. Using his thumb he smeared it around the bulbous knob making it easier to slide his palm over it. For several minutes he continued to stroke his cock, until idle curiosity got the better of him. Bringing the fleshlight up he placed the head of his cock at the opening, then began to smear some of the pre-cum around the hole. Once he had it lubricated to his satisfaction he tried to push his dick inside. It wasn't easy, but after a brief struggle he was able to get the head to penetrate into the fake vagina. Twisting the fleshlight left and right around his knob seemed to loosen the opening a little, but it was apparent to him that the thing was just too tight to allow his cock to go any deeper. After a short spell he pulled his cock out and placed the fleshlight on the couch.

"Damn, it's too small," he grumbled to the empty room.

Another thought popped into his head as he sat there slowly stroking his cock. Could this be some sort of gag gift? He found that idea highly unlikely, since his mother wasn't known for pulling pranks on people. But still, there's always a first time for everything he reasoned. The only way he was going to find out for sure was to ask her. Leaning forward he grabbed his phone off the coffee table, but instead of dialing her number he just stared at the blank screen. Nearly fifteen minutes passed before he finally decided what to do. Instead of calling her, he'd text her and let her know he received the gift. Once the ball was in her court he'd just follow her lead.

He wrote: Got your gift. Thanks.

It only took a minute before his mother replied.

UR welcome sweetie, hope you like.

Anthony stared at her reply for a minute. He gave his cock another stroke before sending her another text.

Mom, is this a gag gift, or what?

Oh no, you don't like it. Read her reply.

It's not that I don't like it. It just seems... he wrote back, unable to finish his thought on the weird nature of the gift.

Miranda didn't know what to make of her son's text. It was just a pack of socks. Maybe she got their size wrong, she thought. Texting: Did I get the size wrong or something?

Anthony couldn't help but laugh as he read her text. God Mom, if you only knew, he mused as he glanced at the flashlight. He was still chuckling when he texted: you could say that, it's too tight.

That can't be right, it said one size fits all. Send me a pic so I can see.

"Say what? Surely she can't be serious," Anthony groaned.

You want a pic? You can't be serious. He texted back.

Frustrated by her son's words she shot back: Stop being a baby and send me a picture.

"She wants a picture, I'll send her a picture," Anthony growl, a little ticked at being called a baby.

Picking up the fleshlight he slipped the head of his still hard cock into it as far as he could get it, which wasn't any further than he had before. Using his free hand he raised his phone and snapped a picture, then sent it to his mother with the text: See, told you, too tight!

Fortunately Miranda was sitting on the couch when she received her son's reply. At first her brain refused to acknowledge what her eyes were seeing. Right on her screen was a picture of what had to be the biggest cock she'd ever seen, the head hidden from view inside the fleshlight she remembered buying for Richard. Her jaw dropped open, and her fingers lost their grip on her phone, letting it fall to the carpeted floor near her feet. Her hand trembled as she reached down and picked it up. Once more she gazed at the picture on her phone, a small drop of drool escaping from the corner of her mouth. She couldn't take her eyes off the screen, nor could she stop the moisture dampening the crotch of her silk panties. For what felt like forever she gazed at the cock that seemed to fill her screen as her heart thudded in her chest. Even in her trance-like state her analytical mind put two and two together. Somehow she had gotten the two packages mixed up, putting the wrong address label on her son's gift.

With a tearful moan she shouted out, "No, no, no. How did I make such a mistake?"

Her mind shifted gears as she continued to stare at the gorgeous hunk of man meat on her phone. In no time at all she rationalized that her son was playing some sort of trick on her. Surely her son's cock wasn't that big. Was it? By the time she had her breathing under control she had convinced herself that Anthony had indeed received the wrong gift. But, she also convinced herself that he must have sent her a picture that he'd pulled off some porn site. It would be like him to do something like that, if only to get back at her for the inappropriate gift. She realized that she needed to apologize, but not through a text message. No, what she needed to say would be better in person. Picking up her phone she sent him one last text. Once she had that done she went into the kitchen and fixed herself a stiff Bacardi and coke. Taking her drink she once more settled back on her couch. With a sigh she opened up her phone and gazed longingly at the picture again.

'I'll be over around noon tomorrow. Maybe we can grab some lunch and talk. Love, Mom.'

"Crap!" Anthony growled as he read the message for a second time. He couldn't help wondering if his mom was pissed. In retrospect, he figured sending his mother a dick pic hadn't been the greatest idea in the world. Now she was coming over, probably to rip him a new asshole. Shrugging he picked up the fleshlight and whispered, "It's all your fault." As he went to place it back in the package he noticed something else in the box. It was a small tube of water-based lube. His eyebrows rose as he studied the tube of lube and the fleshlight.

"I wonder..." he mused just before applying a few drops of lube to the hole of the toy.

Using his fingertip he spread the lube around the opening, then gently slipped his finger inside. It went in effortlessly all the way to the knuckle. Seeing how easy his finger slid in gave him an idea. Pouring a little more lube into the hole, then smearing some on his half-hard cockhead, he proceeded to press the fleshlight down onto his cock. Unlike earlier he was able to slip the head in with ease. Encouraged, he pressed even harder. Soon he had almost four inches inside the fake vagina. Holding his cock at the base he began to slowly slide the toy

up and down on his shaft. Although still uncomfortably tight, the feelings along his cock were quite pleasant.

While Anthony was pleasuring himself, his mother was sitting cross-legged on her bed completely naked, her laptop open in front of her. Looking at the photo had made her extremely horny, and like her son, she too loved sex. Her intention, since she couldn't have the real thing, was to zoom call Richard so they could get off together. It wasn't something they did often, but Miranda figured under the circumstance it would be better than nothing. Moisture began to flow freely from her snatch as she waited for the connection to be made. Idly she lowered one hand down and began to rub softly at her swollen labia. A smile spread on her full lips as she watched the screen change indicating that Richard was answering her call.

"Hello," a voice answered just as the screen focused on Richard's end.

The smile on Miranda's face disappeared as she stared at the dark-skinned naked woman on the other end of the call. Once more the woman said hello, only to be interrupted by Richard pushing her out of view, as he took her place on the chair.

"Miranda, what a surprise," Richard stated, his eyes giving away the fear he felt.

"What the fuck, Richard! Who the hell is that woman?" Miranda yelled, anger and hurt written all over her face.

"It's...it's...not what you think honey," he stammered.

Miranda Mitchell was nothing if not pragmatic. She had tolerated Richard's lack of discretion in the past, things like flirting with other women while out with her, but this was beyond the pale. She knew it was over between them.

"I'm sorry Richard, but it's exactly what I think, and now you can just fuck off!" With that she slammed her laptop closed and slowly sank onto her back.

Unfortunately she was still quite horny. Looking to her left she saw her phone lying on the bed. With trembling fingers she picked it up and opened the picture her son had sent. There in front of her face was the photo of the most beautiful cock she'd ever seen. Without hesitation she let her free hand caress over her ample tit before making its way past her smooth tummy, the fingertips grazing through the neatly trimmed pubic hair before finally reaching her engorged clitoris.

"Oh yessssss!" she hissed as her fingers began to strum her sensitive bud.

Pussy juice oozed from her cunt as she slipped two fingers inside while her thumb continued to tease her clit. Her tongue stuck out enough to lick her bottom lip as her eyes devoured the photo on her phone. Somewhere in the back of her mind

she knew the photo wasn't of her son's cock, but she pushed that aside and whispered up at the ceiling, "Oh Anthony, Anthony, Anthony." Before she knew what was happening, her body began to thrash on the bed as one of the most powerful orgasms ever tore through her. For several minutes wave after wave of intense pleasure coursed through her, until finally spent, she lay limp, the phone pressed tightly to her lips.

"Holy shit," she murmured before slipping into a deep sleep.

Just as Miranda was succumbing to the afterglow of her best orgasm ever, her son was pumping his cock for all he was worth. He had abandoned the fleshlight, because even with lube it was still uncomfortable. So with visions of his mother prancing naked through his brain he spanked his monkey like a man possessed. Although he'd never actually seen her naked, he had seen her in bikinis, so it didn't take much imagination for him to visualize her nude. His balls tightened and his cock swelled even more than it was as his orgasm reached its pinnacle. Wad after wad of thick white cum shot from his cock and splashed down onto his chest and stomach.

Utterly drained he lay sprawled on the couch just staring blankly at the ceiling for several long minutes before finally forcing himself to get up and go to bed.

Saturday morning arrived a lot sooner than either Anthony or Miranda wanted. Both crawled out of bed and showered while coffee brewed in their respective kitchens. After showering Anthony ate a small breakfast and sipped his coffee still in his robe, while Miranda skipped breakfast altogether. She sat at her breakfast nook sipping her coffee as memories of the recurring dream plagued her mind. Several times during the night she had dreamed of her son. In the dream he stood naked by her bed, the huge tube of man flesh pointing straight out from his groin. Each time her hand would reach out and try to grasp the large appendage, and each time she would fail. By the time she woke she was in a state of sexual frustration. As she brought her cup up for another sip she noticed her hand was shaking slightly. Trying to psychoanalyze the dream, she concluded the only reason her hand hadn't been able to reach its target was because it belonged to her son. The forbidden fruit as it were, off limits for a mother. But that didn't stop her from wanting to know

if the photo was real or not. Even if it was off limits, there were no rules saying she couldn't at least take a look at it she reasoned. Purely for curiosity's sake she told herself. Once more moisture gathered between her folds as she picked up her phone and opened the picture. As she stared at her phone a thought popped into her head. She didn't really need to see it, all she had to do was get Anthony aroused and the truth would reveal itself. No one with a cock that big could hide the bulge it would make in their pants. A smile played on her lips as her mind went to work on devising a plan of action.

Closing the photo she scrolled through the text messages on her phone. Two were work related, but eleven were from Richard, all begging her to forgive him. As she was about to put her phone down another text message appeared. It was from Richard. Ignoring it, she sipped her coffee and pondered what to wear.

At eleven-thirty Anthony started getting dressed. He wanted to wear jeans and a t-shirt, but he knew his mother would be impeccably dressed like always, so he settled for black slacks, a freshly ironed white dress shirt and loafers. The same

clothes he wore every day for his job at the bank. Checking in the full-length mirror he nodded his approval then went back to the kitchen to wait. At exactly noon a knock came at his door.

"Punctual as usual, Mother dear," he said as he went to answer the door.

His jaw dropped when he opened the door and took in the sight of his mother standing there. Her hair was in a French braid, and she had a hint of blue eyeshadow over her twinkling eyes. Her pouty lips were glossy with a deep, rich, red lipstick that matched her perfectly polished fingernails. Raking his eyes lower he took in the silky blue, buttoned-down blouse, the top three buttons undone revealing the upper swell of her creamy white breasts. The black lacy bra under her blouse was just barely visible. Lower still she had on a mid-thigh length leather skirt and sheer black nylons that encased her shapely legs perfectly. The black four-inch heels on her feet made her almost as tall as him. All he could do was stand there and stare.

"What?" Miranda inquired, secretly loving the astonished look on her son's face.

"Nothing Mom, you look...uh...gorgeous," he replied after several awkward seconds.

"Oh. Well thank you," Miranda said laughingly, her eyes taking a quick gander at his crotch.

"So where we headed?" he asked after locking his door.

Putting her arm around his she said, "How's Flannagan's sound?"

"Expensive," he replied.

"Not to worry dear, my treat," she chuckled, linking her arm in his as they headed toward the elevator, making sure her boob was pressed against his bicep as they walked.

It wasn't until they separated that he noticed her nylons had a seam running up the back of them. He felt a rush of blood to his groin as his eyes followed the perfectly straight seam as it slipped out of sight under the leather skirt.

Flannagan's was a thirty minute, white-knuckled ride from Anthony's. Forty minutes if someone other than his mother was driving. It always amazed him how his mom would whiz in and out of traffic without seeming to have a care in the world. By the time he climbed out of her Beemer he was just grateful that he hadn't crapped his pants.

Being a Saturday they pretty much had the place to themselves, unlike on weekdays when the place would have been packed even at lunch time. Miranda asked for a table on the veranda. After the waiter had seated them and took off with their drink orders, a beer for Anthony and a glass of wine for Miranda, did the subject of the toy come up.

"I just want to say how sorry I am that you got the wrong gift. It was meant for Richard," Miranda began.

"Not to worry, Mom. Although it was a shock to get something like that from you, I actually got a kick out of it," Anthony replied with a wink.

"Never the less, I do apologize," came Miranda's response.

"Well, I guess I should apologize too. I mean, it wasn't cool to send my own Mother a picture of my dick." The look she returned puzzled him.

Smiling, and leaning forward to pat his hand, Miranda said, "It wouldn't be cool, but we both know what you did, don't we."

By leaning forward Miranda was well aware of how much of her cleavage was on display, and by the look on Anthony's face, she knew he was too. Unfortunately the table blocked her view of his crotch. She determined to up the ante when they got back to his place.

"I'm not sure I understand," Anthony replied, his eyes locked onto the creamy swells of her breasts.

Settling back in her chair she chuckled, then said, "Oh baby, we both know that picture wasn't really you. I will admit, it shocked the shit out of me at first. But once I figured out what you did, I was quite amused. So kudos for the prank".

"Uh, I'm still not following you. What prank?" he asked.

Miranda stared at the blank look on her son's face, then answered, "It's obvious you pulled that photo off some porn site. Most likely to see how much you could shock me, right?"

With a chuckle he started to talk. "I hate to tell you this, Mom, but..."

Before he could finish the sound of an incoming text on Miranda's phone chirped. Taking her phone from her purse, she glanced at the message, a frown furrowing her forehead.

"Something wrong?" Anthony asked.

"No dear," his mother answered, then put her phone away before looking across the table at her son.

Another chirp came from her purse, followed quickly by two more. Frustrated by the interruptions she pulled her phone out and switched it off. Seeing the concerned look on Anthony's face she said, "It's Richard."

"Everything okay? He obviously wants to reach you," Anthony remarked.

With a shrug she proceeded to fill him in on her failed zoom call to Richard. By the time she finished Anthony was smiling broadly. For some reason this caused her to bust out laughing.

"So I take it you're not too disappointed with breaking it off with him."

"Not really. But it would have been fun to see the look on his face when he opened the gift I accidentally sent him," Miranda said, an amused twinkle in her eyes.

"What was in it?" he enquired.

Chuckling, she said, "Socks."

"Ouch," he snickered.

"One size fits all," she laughed.

Before they could continue their conversation the waiter brought their order; a salad for both. The rest of their lunch together consisted of small talk, each quietly sifting through

their thoughts. The ride back to Anthony's was another white-knuckle experience for him. As he climbed out of her car he was surprised to see her get out too.

"You're coming up?" he asked, the surprise evident in his voice.

Linking her arm in his, once more pressing the side of her tit against his arm, she said, "Just for a bit, if that's alright with you."

A smile played on his lips as he pressed the button to fetch the elevator. He wasn't sure what she was up to, but he had a pretty good idea. Once they were inside Miranda went over and sat on the couch, while Anthony fixed them a drink. Taking the armchair across from her he had an excellent view when she leaned back and slowly crossed one leg over the other. He felt like he was watching that Sharon Stone movie, Basic Instinct, the only difference was, his mother was wearing panties.

"So tell me, Mom, what's the real reason you wanted to have lunch with me? If all you wanted to do was apologize for the gift mix-up, you could have done that over the phone."

"Truthfully, I just wanted to ask you in person if the picture you sent me was real or not." When she finished she couldn't help but glance at his crotch.

Arching his eyebrows, he asked in a hurt voice, "You don't believe me?"

She gave a small sigh, then replied, "Normally I would, but we lived together for a long time, so, I think I would have noticed if my son was sporting such a large package."

"Possibly, under normal circumstances that would've been true, but normal wasn't the case with us. I was just starting to fill out down there when that bastard took off with that floozy. You cried for nearly two weeks before you threw yourself into your work. From then on you hardly paid any attention to me."

He could see that she was about to reject that, so he continued with his story.

"Now don't get me wrong. You did spend time with me, but only in the physical sense. Your mind was always miles away. I'm actually grateful that you had an outlet for your anger."

Her eyes grew misty as she remembered when her husband had told her he was leaving. She also recalled those few weeks of crying herself to sleep, before finally snapping out of it and charging full steam ahead. She had poured herself into her work, never looking back as she rose through the ranks to her current position. Now she was the CFO of a fortune 100 company. But she couldn't recall ever neglecting her son. She had made sure he had a roof over his head, food on the table, and even took him for several trips to the beach. Because she hadn't smothered him with affection didn't make her a bad mother she told herself. She rationalized that he had grown up to be a strongly independent young man. She was quite proud of him.

"Oh honey, I'm sorry if I ever made you feel unloved."

Soothingly he said, "I always felt loved Mom."

This brought a hesitant smile to her lips. Just before she could say anything her phone chirped with an incoming text. Both looked at it and saw it was from Richard.

"Damn, he won't give up," Miranda groaned.

"Well, you could always send him that photo of my dick and tell him you already moved on to something bigger and better," Anthony suggested in jest.

At first Miranda was startled by his suggestion. But when she saw the mischievous grin on his face she couldn't help but laugh. Then she got to thinking something else.

"That's a good idea, too bad it wouldn't work," she sighed heavily.

"Why not?" he immediately asked.

"Because if I can't believe it's real, then I'm positive he wouldn't either," she replied, moisture coating the gusset of her panties.

"Still don't think it's real, huh? How do I prove it?" he asked her, knowing what she was going to say.

Miranda couldn't believe where this conversation was going. She knew that what she was thinking was so wrong, but she was always one to take advantage of a situation if it arose. Could she really act on her desire? The mother in her told her no, but the growing moisture in her panties told her yes.

Taking a deep breath, she steeled herself and said, "You could show me."

Inwardly smiling he decided to see how far he could push her.

"I could, but it wouldn't look the same. It doesn't just get hard for no reason at all," he told her.

"Then how did it get this hard in the first place?" she asked, turning her phone so he could see the screen.

"You want the truth?" he asked, a tingle starting to grow in his groin.

"You should always tell the truth," came her answer.

Settling back in the chair, he fixed her with a steady gaze and said, "I thought about you."

"M-Me!" she stammered; shock evident on her face.

"Of course you. Why not?" he told her.

"Because I'm your Mother, that's why not," she replied back.

"Yeah, but that doesn't change the fact that you are one beautiful woman. Plus, I actually find the taboo aspect a little titillating." He tried to keep a serious look on his face.

"You find me attractive?" she asked, a new and strange feeling creeping between her thighs.

"Not just attractive, but sexy as hell too," he replied, his eyes roving over her body to prove his point.

As she watched his eyes scan her, a question leapt to the front of her brain. Had he ever seen her naked? She didn't think so. At least she couldn't recall any times were he might have gotten a peek at her undressed. But how could he get hard thinking about her, unless he had seen her naked? She found herself wanting to know.

Bluntly, she asked, "Have you ever seen me naked?"

"No, but it wasn't from a lack of trying," he chuckled.

"Then why would you get aroused thinking about me? Do you have some sort of Oedipus complex?"

"No, nothing like that. I just thought of you in your bikini. But if you're wondering if I've ever thought about having sex with you, well..." He left that unfinished, just to get her reaction.

His revelation had a profound effect on her. At first she was repulsed by the idea that her son had fantasized about having sex with her, but that soon turned to wondering what it would feel like. The tingle in her pussy told her it would be wonderful, especially if his cock was as big as the one in the photo. She tried to rein in her wandering mind, but that only made her think about it more. It was time to get the answer to her burning question. Was the photo real or not?

"Okay, enough of this. Tell me truthfully, is that really your co...err, penis in the picture, or just some random photo off the internet." Once again her eyes were drawn to her son's crotch.

"Alright, I'll prove it to you," he said.

Standing, he stepped in front of her and held out his hands. When she took them he pulled her to her feet and began to slowly unbutton her blouse. Automatically her hands came up and grabbed his.

Cocking her head, she shakily asked, "What are you doing?"

"If you want it to look like the picture on your phone, then I'll need a little inspiration from you," he told her.

For some reason Miranda found herself lowering her hands, allowing her son to continue. The more buttons he opened,

the harder her nipples became. When he had her blouse undone he separated the two halves and pushed her blouse from her shoulders. It fluttered down and landed softly on the floor near the couch. Miranda started to protest when her son's fingers unclasped the snap on the side of her skirt, but once again the wetness between her legs won out. She heard the zipper come down, then cool air caressed her buttocks as her skirt slid down her legs to pool at her feet.

"Honey, I think we need to stop," she feebly protested, still making no move to stop her son.

Once her skirt was around her ankles Anthony stepped back and gazed upon the heavenly body of his mother. The bra she wore had lace upper cups that allowed part of her brown areolas to show through, and to his utter surprise, the nylons she had on were actually stockings that were held up by a black garter belt. The skimpy black panties she was wearing didn't even go high enough to cover all of her dark bush. As he devoured her with his eyes, blood surged to his cock.

Miranda's breath caught in her throat as she saw the bulge in his pants begin to expand. She watched as he kicked off his shoes and practically ripped off his shirt. By the time his hands began to undo his pants she felt like she couldn't breathe. Her chest heaved as she watched both his slacks and boxers come down, revealing to her lust crazed eyes the answer to all her questions. She wanted to squeal in delight at discovering his cock was indeed as big as the one in the picture, but all she was able to do was slump down onto the couch and stare in wide-eyed wonder at the one-eyed monster pointing straight at her. Just like in her dream she reached out, and just like in her dream, she wasn't able to reach the object of her unholy desire.

Anthony knew something was happening here, something wonderful, yet totally unexpected. The look of lust plastered on his mother's face was evidence of that. A surge of adrenalin rushed through his veins causing his already turgid cock to swell even bigger.

"OH MY GOD!" Miranda choked out as she saw her son's cock expand to its full potential.

Unsure of what he was doing, Anthony dis-entangled himself from his clothes and took a step closer to the couch. When he saw her hand reach out even further he took another step, then another, until finally he felt her fingers curl around his thick, throbbing shaft.

Miranda's heart fluttered, and her pussy clinched, as her fingers wrapped around the thick cock just inches from her face. She had never experienced anything like this in her life. She was astonished that her fingers couldn't quite encircle the girth of this magnificent specimen. A drop of drool escaped out of the corner of her mouth as she leaned forward. She knew what she was about to do was so wrong, on so many levels, but she felt compelled to do it anyway. Slowly she stretched her lips over the bulbous head and tasted her son.

"C-Careful Mom...it's locked and loaded," Anthony stammered as he watched in total awe as his mother's mouth engulfed his inflamed cockhead.

Pulling her mouth off, she gazed up into his eyes and throatily whispered, "It's so beautiful."

Before Anthony could reply, Miranda once again wrapped her lips around his cock, this time taking more than four inches into her mouth. With one hand she stroked the shaft, while gurgling noises came from her throat as she swallowed as much of his cock as she could. Her mouth was so full she was barely able to run her tongue around the shaft before she had to pull back in order to breathe. She could hear her son's moans as she began to bob her head onto his cock, speeding up when his moans increased in pitch. She was driven by a lust she'd never known. She could feel her juices flooding her panties as she strove to bring her son to completion. All thoughts of how right or wrong this was were banished to the deepest recesses of her mind, replaced with the overpowering urge to swallow her son's cum. Faster and faster she sucked until after several minutes she felt her son's hands grab her head and push her mouth off his saliva covered cock. Fear clutched at her. Had she gone too far? Did her son find her actions beyond contemptable? Was he so repulsed by what

she had done that he would no longer be able to love her? The answers to her questions were answered by his next move.

Anthony didn't want to cum in her mouth, at least not yet. He wanted the holy grail. Reaching under her armpits he pulled her to her feet and looked lovingly into her frightened eyes.

"I want you Mom," he huskily said, right before he leaned in and planted his lips on hers.

"Oh baby," Miranda groaned, returning her son's kiss with equal passion.

Their lips locked, their tongues battled, as their hands explored each other's body. By the time they pulled apart Miranda was astonished to find her bra was no longer covering her tits. Anthony took two steps back and gazed in wonder at his mother's full, heavy breasts. Their weight caused them to droop slightly, but her nipples still pointed straight out. Her areolas were a pale brown in color, the

aroused nipples centered perfectly within the half-dollar sized circles.

"Take off your panties, Mom. I want to see all of you," he said, reaching down and tugging at his rock-hard flesh.

Miranda couldn't take her eyes off the bulbous head of her son's cock. She almost swooned when the first drop of pre-cum dripped out and fell to the floor. Even in her trance-like state she heard her son's request. Slowly she placed her thumbs in the waistband of her panties and gently pulled them down until they were against her thighs. When she let go of them they fell to her ankles, the gusset clearly showing a sheen of her juices. Her eyes widened more as she saw her son's cock respond to her near total nakedness. A fresh batch of cunt cream oozed from her pussy as she stood before her son in just a garter belt, stockings and heels.

Anthony's breath caught in his throat, and his cock expanded even more, as he took in the sight before him. His eyes locked onto her brunette bush as he took a step closer. When he was

within arm's reach he took his left hand and cupped it between her legs, her fluids coating his palm.

"Oh God," Miranda hissed as she felt his middle finger slip between her folds and enter her slick hole. Her body convulsed when he stepped closer and wrapped his free arm around her waist.

When he added a second finger she screamed out, "UUUUUGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHH!"

Leaving his fingers in her clenching cunt, Anthony pulled her against him and mashed his lips to hers. In seconds they were devouring each other with their mouths, their tongues locked in battle for dominance. As their passion fueled kiss went on and on, Anthony continued to finger fuck his mother with enthusiasm. She felt her legs give out when another orgasm shot through her. Slowly, as if in slow motion, she sank onto the couch, her ass at the very edge.

Anthony followed her down until he was kneeling between her thighs. Lovingly he placed a hand on her chest and gently pushed her upper body back. Once she had her back and shoulders pressing against the back of the couch he reached behind her knees and lifted her legs. Effortlessly he raised her legs and spread her thighs exposing her pussy to his lecherous gaze. A low, animalistic growl escaped his lips as he leaned downward and ran his tongue from her asshole to her surprisingly large clitoris. He felt her twitch as his tongue swiped over the sensitive bud.

Miranda was swiftly lost in the throes of sexual delirium as her son used his tongue in ways that no man had done before. One second he was lavishing attention to her clit, then the next second his tongue was exploring her rosebud. With each passing minute she was driven closer and closer to what she knew would be the ultimate bliss. Once more she moaned deeply as her son's tongue traveled the length of her saturated slit, this time much deeper into her folds. Unable to control her boiling lust she grabbed his head and pushed it away from her quivering cunt.

"Fuck me baby. Please fuck me," she pleaded.

Anthony straightened up, adjusted his mother's legs until they rested in the crook of his arms, then inched his body forward until the tip of his cock was nestled against her opening.

"Are you sure, Mom?" he asked, his entire body shacking with anticipation.

Miranda gazed at his slickened face, smiled warmly, then reached down and held his rampant cock at her entrance. To answer his question she used her free hand and grabbed the edge of the couch and pulled her body downward until the head of his cock pushed into her soaked pussy. Two loud moans filled the air at the same time.

Needing no further encouragement he slowly began to push more of his throbbing cock into his mother's tight, wet pussy. Reaching up he grabbed her ankles and spread her legs wider so he could watch as his dick entered the most holy of holies. He could tell by the grimace on her face she wasn't used to

having such a large cock in her. Gently he nudged another inch in, then pulled back, before pushing forward once more. With each forward thrust he managed to add another inch.

Miranda's eyes were shut tight as she felt herself being stretched beyond anything she'd ever felt before. The discomfort of him pushing in was replaced with an intense pleasure each time he pulled back. It felt like an eternity, but before she knew it, the head of his cock bumped against her cervix and his balls rested on her ass. She released the breath she was holding and opened her eyes. The first thing she saw was her son's smiling face beaming at her, followed by something that almost made her giggle. Hanging off the spike of her left shoe were her panties.

Anthony slid his hands down her thighs then up her torso as he leaned forward, his head coming to rest in the valley between her breasts. A contented sigh escaped his lips as he pressed her tits to the sides of his face.

"I'm home, Mom," he whispered.

A wave of affection bloomed in her heart. Circling his shoulder with one arm, she placed her other hand against the back of his head and pressed his face deeper into the soft warm flesh of her tits.

"My sweet, sweet boy," she cooed.

They stayed this way for several minutes, just marveling at the feeling of their joined bodies. Finally Anthony lifted his head up enough so his lips could capture one of her stiff nipples. This brought a deep moan from her. When he used his hands to push her breasts together and sucked both nipples at the same time he felt her pussy tighten around his shaft. Gently he pulled his hips back about an inch, then just as gently he pushed back in, eliciting more moans from her. Soon he was moving a little faster, taking longer strokes.

Miranda cupped his face in her hands and stared deeply into his eyes. Each stroke of his powerful cock brought new sensations of pleasure coursing through her very being. Wrapping her legs around his waist she used the newfound

leverage to thrust back at his invading penis. Each time he plunged in she felt his balls slap against her ass. She wanted more.

"Fuck me, baby," she encouraged him, thrusting herself harder against his onslaught.

Raising himself up, he moved his hands down to her hips, pulled his cream-coated cock almost out, then slammed forward, lodging his entire cock into her. He repeated this over and over, causing her tits to bounce up and down on her heaving chest. The sound of his heavy balls slapping against her ass reverberated around the room, interrupted only by the squeals pouring from her wide opened mouth. The feel of her clinching cunt wrapped around his steel shaft was well beyond anything he had ever imagined while masturbating with her in mind. Soon he felt the stirring in his balls warning him that he was getting close. Steeling himself against the approaching orgasm he concentrated on bringing his mother to climax.

"I'm getting close," he warned her.

Just as she heard his warning a blinding white light exploded inside her head. Her eyes rolled back in her head as her pussy spasmed endlessly, squeezing her son's cock so tightly he had trouble keeping his rhythm.

At first the sight of his mother's eyes rolling back in her head scared him, until he felt her cunt clamp down on his cock. He stared in awe as he watched her forehead knot, her mouth opening and closing like a fish out of water. He'd never seen anything like it. He was so enthralled by her reaction he didn't even feel her claws raking the sides of his ribs. It didn't even occur to him to finish fucking her until her wails snapped him out of his trance.

"Don't stop!" she screamed, forcefully bucking against his rigid rod.

With renewed vigor he grabbed her hips and hammered his cock deep into her sopping wetness. Faster and faster he

pummeled her pussy, his tightening balls slapping her ass mercilessly on each downward thrust. The air was filled with the sounds of labored breathing and flesh hitting wet flesh. Just as his balls constricted he felt her entire body stiffen.

"UUUUUUUUUUUGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH
FUCKKKKKK!" she yelled, as her orgasm rocked her to her very core.

"OH SHITTTTT!" Anthony growled as he unleashed a tidal wave of thick white cum deep into his mother's quivering cunt.

As soon as his cock stopped twitching he fell backwards onto his ass, pulling his deflating cock from Miranda's stretched pussy with an audible sucking noise. His eyes locked onto the junction between her legs and watched as glob after glob of cum leaked from her gaping hole.

Miranda, meanwhile, lay sprawled on the couch trying desperately to catch her breath. Her cunt continued clinching even after she felt her son's cock pull out.

"Oh my God," she said to no one in particular, her eyes staring up at the ceiling as her mind tried to process the amazing fuck she'd just received.

Anthony grinned as he lay back onto the floor, his sweaty body devoid of any energy. Never in his wildest dreams did he think he'd be lying here while his mom dribbled cum from her pussy on his couch. His cum. Glancing back up he watched a smaller drop of fluid drip from her, confirmation that he had indeed just fucked his mother. The grin on his face swiftly became a full-blown smile as he propped his head on his hands and stared off into space.

Minutes passed before Miranda was able to struggle to a sitting position. She placed her elbows on her knees and stared at her son on the floor. She had mixed feelings about what just happened. Having sex with her son would have been

the last thing she would've expected to come out of the little mix up with the gifts. Finding out he had such a big cock, and knew how to use it, was something else that would've never entered her mind. She knew she should feel some sort of remorse for committing incest, but oddly, all she felt was a yearning to do it again. As her eyes roved over her son's body, they came to rest on his semi-hard penis. Her pulse began to quicken, and not trusting her legs to hold her, she slid off the couch and crawled over and lay next to her son, placing her head on his chest and her right hand on his abdomen.

"Mmm," he murmured, slipping one hand down and softly stroking her sweaty back.

"I have to know. Do you have any regrets about what just happened?" she asked, a knot forming in the pit of her stomach as she waited for his answer.

Lifting his head enough to plant a kiss on the top of hers, he said, "That was by far the greatest thing that's ever happened

to me. I just hope it hasn't weirded you out, because truthfully, I'd love to do it again."

Miranda rose up onto her elbow and gazed into his eyes. All she saw was the love he had always shown her. At that very moment she knew that no matter what, she wasn't about to stop what they had started. Slowly she let her hand slide along his stomach until her fingertips grazed his cock. When it twitched and began to grow, so did the smile that stretched across her lips.

As nimble as a cat she threw her leg over his waist, reached between them and lifted his newly hard cock up until it was pointed right at her dripping entrance. Their sighs echoed in the room as she lowered her juicy pussy down, engulfing all of his rod in her needy hole.

Anthony reached up and cupped his mother's breast as he said, "Maybe we should get your phone and take some pictures."

Smiling down at her son, Miranda replied, "Not to worry, there'll be plenty of opportunities for pictures."

Later that night Richard Burman received a text message. Glancing at his phone he was overjoyed to see it was from Miranda. His hopes that she had forgiven him quickly died, along with his hard on, as he read the text and stared at the attached photo. The dark-skinned hooker pulled her lips from his softening cock and asked, "Something wrong, sugar?"

She didn't get an answer, instead Richard tossed his phone onto the bed where she could see it. On the phone the text read: As you can see, I've moved on to BIGGER AND BETTER, so don't contact me again. The hooker's eyes widened as she stared at the attached photo. It was a picture of Miranda lying on her back with her voluptuous tits wrapped around a huge penis, the head almost reaching her smiling lips.

The hooker looked at Richards flaccid cock, then at the picture, and whispered, "Lucky girl."

Monday morning found Miranda sitting at her desk unable to get any work done. All she could think about was how many times her son had pumped her pussy full of spunk over the weekend. A smile played on her lips as she thought back to all the positions they had tried. Doggy, missionary, sideways, and some that probably didn't even have a name. She could feel her panties dampen at the memories. Her musings were short lived when her personal secretary, Yolanda Green, walked into her office and stood on the other side of her desk looking quite worried.

"Something wrong?" Miranda asked.

With a nervous stutter Yolanda proceeded to tell her about how the labels on the packages hadn't been attached, and how she had just slapped them on without really knowing which was which. When she finished she gazed at her boss but was unable to tell if she was about to get fired or not. All her boss did was sit there with a goofy smile on her face.

"Anyway, I was wondering if they reached the right person," Yolanda concluded.

"I'm glad you told me, and rest assured, they definitely went to the right people," Miranda replied, unable to prevent the huge smile that stretched her full lips.

After Yolanda left, Miranda stared at the closed door and said out loud, "Note to self, give that girl a raise."

The Widow Henderson

This is a work of fiction created solely in my mind. Any resemblance to actual people is purely coincidental. I hope you enjoy it and feel free to leave feedback and comments, both good and bad.

Life certainly has its ups and downs as everyone can attest to. It just feels like my life has had more downs than ups over the past few years. For instance, my parents had been killed in an auto accident three years ago when I was twenty-three. A semi-truck had veered into their lane when the overworked driver fell asleep at the wheel hitting my parent's car head-on. The doctors assured me that they had died instantly, which was a blessing I guess. There was an upside however, if I wanted to think of it that way. I inherited the house that I grew up in. It is a modest three bedroom located in a very quiet neighborhood.

One year ago I had gotten married to Cynthia Palmer, my high school sweetheart. That lasted a whole five months. Right up till the time I came home early from work and found her lying flat on her stomach with Adam Brooks' dick firmly

pushed up her asshole. Something she never allowed me to do I might add. I found out later that they had been seeing each other long before her and I started dating. Why she had married me remains a mystery, but I suspect that she had planned to divorce me to get her hands on the house. Since I had caught her being bung holed though, she hadn't contested anything in the divorce settlement.

It was nearly 6pm by the time I arrived home from my construction job; I had stopped by the market to pick up some much needed supplies. Mainly the supplies consisted of beer and dinners that I could just put in the microwave. I can cook, but choose not to. After putting everything away I grabbed one of the beers and went to the deck my father and I had built onto the back of the house. As was my daily habit, I sat in the ratty armchair I had rescued from a yard sale, popped the top on the beer and lit the one cigarette a day I allowed myself. I leaned back in the chair and let the cool spring evening caress me gently.

"Those things will kill you, Bradley," my next-door neighbor, Mrs. Henderson, scolded me.

"Not before I make an honest woman out of you," I jokingly replied.

Mrs. Henderson has called me Bradley since I was sixteen and doing her yard work. I prefer Brad, but would never dream of correcting her. I started helping her with the yard after her husband Bill, a policeman, had been shot breaking up a domestic dispute ten years ago. Bill had been a great guy and I know his death had torn her up. When I first asked if I could help with the upkeep of the yard, a chore Bill always took care of, it must have touched her. Since then we have remained good friends and neighbors.

I stood and strolled over to the row of bushes that acted as a fence between our properties. Standing on the other side Mrs. Henderson smiled warmly at me as she gazed up and down my six-foot frame. Openly admiring my physique was something I have noticed her doing more of lately. Mostly when she didn't think I was aware of it, but I didn't mind, since I was doing the same to her.

Standing around five-nine she was a striking woman in her mid-fifties. Light brown wavy hair down to her shoulders framed a slim face with green eyes, a small upturned nose and full soft lips. Even with a baggy sweatshirt on I could tell her breast were rather large for her slender frame. Her shapely legs poking from the bottom of her cut-off denim shorts seemed to go on for miles.

"How are you doing Mrs. Henderson," I asked.

"Just fine thank you. Got another one of those beers, Bradley?"

"You know I always have one for you," I laughed.

I watched her struggle through the waist high bushes, and then she followed me to the deck and sat on the lounge chair next to my chair. I returned with two beers from the fridge, handed one to her, and got comfortable in my ratty armchair. We sipped our beers in silence listening to the sounds of the

approaching night. The two of us sitting peacefully on my deck had become a ritual we shared two or three times a week since my parents had died. I actually found myself looking forward to these times. Mrs. Henderson, I never called her anything else, was good company and I enjoyed her visits even when we didn't talk much.

During these visits I learned that she used to be a schoolteacher but quit that after her husband was killed. She told me it was too much for her to handle at the time, but she had planned on going back to teaching, she just never did though. With Bill's pension she could afford to stay at home and do whatever she felt like doing. When I had asked why they didn't have any kids her face clouded over before telling me that she had in fact gotten pregnant. Something had gone wrong however and she miscarried, leaving them childless and her unable to conceive again. I never brought this subject up again after that.

Glancing out the corner of my eye I saw she was stretched out on the lounge with her ankles crossed and her eyes shut. I

took this time to openly admire those long legs and somehow I must have zoned out.

"Bradley..." I suddenly realized she was talking to me.

"Uh...what," I managed to stammer. I could feel my face turning red from embarrassment at having been caught.

"I was saying that I want to plant some flowers along my back patio, and was wondering if you might help me," she said.

"Sure, no problem. When do you plan on doing it?"

"This weekend if you can spare the time," she answered.

"All my weekends are free for the foreseeable future," I replied with a chuckle.

"Still not seeing anyone huh," she stated, a slight lift in her voice.

"Just waiting for my beautiful neighbor to come around to the dark side," I replied without thinking.

Laughing, she said, "Be careful what you wish for."

I went inside and got us another beer. We spent the next forty-five minutes making small talk about nothing of importance. It was just starting to get dark out when she let me know she was heading home. I stood up quickly and held out my hands to help her up. Taking them in hers, she allowed me to pull her off the lounge until she stood directly in front of me, one of her hands came up and cupped my cheek tenderly as she leaned forward and kissed the other side.

"Thank you. You've always been a gentleman, Bradley," she whispered in my ear.

I watched her walk toward her house, her tight round ass hypnotizing me as she disappeared out of sight. A small shudder ran through me as I stood there thinking evil thoughts. I reminded myself that today was Thursday and I wouldn't have long before I saw her again.

Friday came and went without even a sign of Mrs. Henderson. Saturday I rolled out of bed about nine in the morning, started the coffee pot and took a shower while it brewed. In just my robe, with a hot cup of coffee in my hands, I went out to the deck to enjoy the morning. Mother nature must be in a good mood I thought. The day was starting out with a deep blue sky and lots of bright sunshine, the birds singing in the surrounding trees. I managed to sip half of my coffee without burning my lips, before I became aware of Mrs. Henderson pattering around her yard. It looked like she had been gathering yard tools from her shed. I saw a shovel and rake, and what appeared to be smaller versions of the shovel.

Before she noticed me, I took the time to study her attire. She was wearing very baggy tan shorts; a loose fitting green tank

top and she had a wide brimmed straw hat on her head. She also had pink running shoes with pink ankle high socks on.

Without realizing I had forgot to tie the belt on my robe, I stood up and shouted good morning to her. She peered in my direction and I watched, puzzled, as her eyes grew big and a hand shot up to cover her mouth.

"Oh my. Yes it is a good morning..." she said, her eyes still big.

Looking down, I understood what was causing her reaction. I quickly turned away from her and cinched the belt tightly.

"Oh god, I'm so, so sorry," I repeated over and over.

When I turned back to face her she had moved to the border of our yards and was quietly laughing into her hand. All I could see on her face was amusement and I'm sure all she could see on mine was the burning red of shame and embarrassment. How I could have been so careless was

beyond me, especially since I've been coming out here for my morning coffee for a while now. Another one of them up and down things I figured.

"I'm so sorry for that Mrs. Henderson," I repeated.

"Don't be Bradley, I'm not," she said with a smile.

Gathering myself together, I mumbled something about being over to help in a little while then retreated back into my house. Oddly I found the fact that I had just flashed her my junk a little titillating. I drank another cup of coffee before changing into jeans, work boots and a white t-shirt.

Mrs. Henderson was sitting at the picnic table that has been a fixture on her patio since I was in my early teens. It was made of wood planks and two-by-fours, with attached benches on either side. She had to lift her leg up and over the bench to stand and I was rewarded with a brief glimpse of thin white cotton panties through the baggy leg hole of her shorts.

The patio was actually a concrete slab about eight feet by ten feet with the roof extended out to provide shade. I noticed several large bags of potting soil stacked next to a couple of small flats of multi-colored flowers in one corner of the patio. There were six small bundles of flowers in each of the flats, twelve bundles in all, so I was sure that this wouldn't be an all day job. Handing me a shovel, Mrs. Henderson explained that all she wanted to do was dig out enough of the sod on one side of the patio to make a small flowerbed along the length of it. Easy work compared to my normal job, so I jumped right in.

Once I had the section dug out to her satisfaction she had me spread the potting soil evenly along the whole length of it. After I finished that chore she told me to take a break and relax. I went over and sat at the picnic table while she got on her hands and knees and began to plant the bundles in a single line. Sitting there watching her work I noticed that her breasts, the size of large grapefruits, swung freely side to side each time she used the garden trowel to dig another hole for one of the bundles. The position she was in placed her head and shoulders facing my direction, the wide brim of her hat

blocked her face from my view. It did not block my view down the top of her loose tank top however. With my elbows on the table and my chin resting in my hands the swaying of her unfettered breast mesmerized me. How did I not notice she was braless I wondered. The top was loose enough for me to see completely past her hanging tits, but not enough to see her nipples. What a pity I thought to myself.

"All done," I heard her say, breaking into my subconscious mind.

Focusing, I notice that she was staring at me with a knowing look on her face.

"Maybe you would be a gentleman and help an old lady up," she said.

Getting quickly to my feet I rushed to her and helped pull her up. The first thing I noticed, was the points of her nipples poking through her tank top as she stood in front of me; my penis starting to grow in my jeans was the second thing.

Together we cleaned up the area and put the tools away, giving me time to get my dick under control. It was close to noon by the time we finished so I asked if she wanted to come and have a cold beer to celebrate a job well done.

"I think a cold beer right now would be just what the doctor ordered," she replied.

She led the way back to my house and took her customary place on the lounge while I fetched the beers. After she took hers, I moved the ratty armchair so that it was facing her instead of the yard and sank into it. She lay back on the lounge with a satisfied look on her face and slowly drank her beer. One beer turned into three before we knew it as we relaxed on the deck. I thought she was getting ready to leave when she uncrossed her long legs and planted her feet on each side of the lounge, but she just sighed and stayed in that position. I didn't know if she was aware of it or not, but the way she was sitting caused her knees to be higher than her hips and her legs to be spread wide enough to give me an unrestricted view up the inside of her baggy shorts. Her cotton panties were thin enough for me to see the patch of

brown pubic hair through the fabric, and there was a discernable line where her panties had ridden up into the cleft of her pussy. My cock grew until I could feel it crawling down the leg of my jeans.

"Bradley...are you having naughty thoughts?"

Hearing her question, I raised my eyes to her face and saw her staring at me through half-closed eyes with a smile playing on her lips.

Acting as innocently as I could manage I said, "Who, me?"

She laughed, swung her legs to one side then stood up and stepped off the deck. She took a few steps toward her house before slowly turning back to face me.

"For all your help today I have decided to cook dinner for you. Come over tomorrow at around six-thirty," she said.

"That's not necessary," I told her. "I was happy to do it."

"I won't take no for an answer," she replied before leaving.

That night dreams of those long legs and white panties invaded my sleep to the point I had to go into the bathroom and relieve the pressure in my aching balls. Once I had accomplished that I had no trouble falling back into a satisfying, deep sleep.

The next morning I had my coffee on the deck in my robe but only after I'd made sure it was belted properly. There was no sign of Mrs. Henderson. I spent most of the day tidying up my house and watching sports on television. Before it got too late I drove to the market and picked up a couple bottles of wine, one red and one white since I didn't know what she would be cooking. Wanting to show my appreciation for the dinner and for her company, I decided to treat this like a date. Freshly showered and shaved I donned black slacks, a button down shirt and loafers. I didn't want to show up dressed in my

everyday clothes. At six twenty-five I went to her front door, knocked and waited for her to answer it.

When she opened the door I was stunned by the vision of mature eloquence that stood before me. Her soft brown hair was swept back in a French braid leaving her long slender neck exposed. Light blue eye shadow had been applied on her eyelids and she was wearing a subtle shade of red lipstick that gave her lips a fullness. Thin spaghetti straps that tied at the shoulders held up the teal dress that contoured nicely to her slender frame and ended just above her knees. A plunging neckline revealed the tops of her breasts without being vulgar. Her tan sandals allowed me to see her toenails had been painted the same shade of red as her lips.

Reaching one hand forward, her fingernails red also, she closed my jaw.

"Wow," was all that I could say.

"Thank you Bradley," she breathed, a slight blush coloring her high cheekbones.

"You look absolutely fantastic Mrs. Henderson," I blurted out.

Still in awe I stepped inside and waited while she shut the door. I have only been inside her home on about four occasions, but it appeared as if nothing had changed. There was a dark brown sofa with an oval coffee table in front of it, and two leather wing backed chairs separated by an end table sat across facing the sofa. Against one wall was a flat screen TV while soft music played on the console stereo next to it. Oddly there were no personal pictures hanging on the walls, just landscapes and flowers. There was a hall that led off in one direction that I assumed would lead to the bedrooms and bathroom. The kitchen and dining room combination was located at the back near the patio doors. That's where she headed so I followed. The table was set up with two place settings, and two large wine glasses had been placed next to each plate. One was empty but the other had lipstick on the rim and was half empty of what looked like white wine. I sat the wine bottles on the counter near the sink and watched her

busy herself in the kitchen. When I offered to help she declined, and told me that dinner would be ready in a minute so I should take a seat.

The meal turned out to be Chicken Alfredo with penne pasta and a tossed green salad. It was cooked to perfection. We chatted effortlessly through the entire meal but it seemed as if she was a little subdued compared to her normal self. I also noticed that she drank the wine faster than I would have expected her to. When we finished I helped her clear the table and rinse the dishes before loading them into the dishwasher. The kitchen area was narrow and we bumped into each other frequently. One time she bent over to put something in the dishwasher and I was behind her a little too close. Her ass made contact with my groin and we both let out a soft yelp, before we cracked up laughing at each other. Once we had everything put away I refilled our glasses and she suggested we go in the front room and relax. I sat on the sofa and she took one of the chairs after turning the stereo up just a little. After sitting down she crossed one leg over the other causing her dress to ride higher on her thighs and giving me a nice view of those wonderful legs.

"So why do you always call me Mrs. Henderson, Bradley," she asked, while peering over the rim of her glass.

The question caught me off-guard. I apologetically told her that I really didn't know her first name. In all the time we have lived next to each other I had never heard anyone call her other than what I did. When my parents had referred to her they always called her Mrs. Henderson. I further explained that even Bill had only called her the wife, or, my wife when I was around. Growing up I had never really thought about it, but in retrospect, I can see how unlikely it was to have lived next door to someone without ever knowing their given name. She appeared to ponder my explanation for a short time.

"My name is Abigail. But you can call me Abby if you like," she finally stated.

"I would like that very much, Abby," I replied.

Watching, I could tell that something was bothering her, but had no idea what it was. I only hoped that it was not something I may have said or did. Bravely I went to her, got down on one knee and took her free hand into mine, asking what was wrong. Her eyes misted and I could see her lips tremble slightly.

"I'm sorry, Bradley," she began. "It's just that today would have been mine and Bill's thirtieth anniversary."

My heart broke for her. Up until now I hadn't realized exactly how much I cared for her. She had been there, comforting me with her visits, while all this time I had not thought that she might be suffering also. I reached up and gently stroked her face, trying to think of something to say. A slow romantic ballad began pouring from the radio as we gazed into each other's eyes.

Standing, I held out my hand and asked, "Would you dance with me, Abby?"

She placed her wine glass on the end table, took my hand and glided effortlessly into my waiting arms. With my arms around her waist and hers encircling my neck we melted into each other. I could smell a hint of jasmine coming off her as I held her with one hand and caressed her back tenderly with the other. It was apparent both of us were out of practice when it came to dancing as we just slowly rotated in a circle. We were not even aware when the first song was followed by another. Her head came down and softly rested on my shoulder as her arms pulled us closer together. Gently I began to place small kisses on her exposed neck, feeling her body tremble with each one.

"You are a remarkable woman, Abby," I whispered in her ear.

We remained loosely embraced when the radio announcer started running through his ads. Abby tilted her face up to look me in the eyes and smiled. Without thinking about what I was doing, I brought my lips down to hers and kissed her passionately. The intensity in which she kissed me back took my breath away. Both of her hands held my head, as mine drifted lower until they were filled with the soft roundness of her ass cheeks. Our kiss seemed to go on forever before she

gently broke away and staggered back a couple of steps. Her eyes held mine and I could see an almost pleading look in them. Without saying a word she stepped forward, took my hand and led me down the hallway.

Her bedroom was large enough for a full sized dresser, an old-fashion vanity with mirror and bench, and against the farthest wall from the door, a queen size bed. I stopped just inside the door and watched her go to the foot of the bed and turn around. She gazed steadily at me as her hands untied the straps of her dress, then one hand lowered the zipper on the side that went from the armhole to her hip. I had not even been aware of it. Slowly the dress slid down her body and lay in a heap at her feet. My jaw dropped open again.

With the dress on the floor, she was standing in front of me wearing a sheer black strapless bra that unhooked in the front. Her light brown areolas and rock hard nipples were clearly visible through the gauzy fabric. The matching panties were high cut with the outside leg openings almost as high as the waistband, revealing slender hips and a neatly trimmed brown bush at her crotch.

In the few strides it took for me to reach her, I had kicked my loafers off and almost had my shirt unbuttoned. She slapped my fumbling fingers away and carefully finished undoing the buttons. I just stood there, my arms at my sides, as she pushed the shirt off me and began undoing my pants. I am not a porn star, but when she leaned over and tugged my pants and boxers down my legs, my cock jutted straight out from my body. When fully aroused it is about seven inches long and has a decent girth to it, but I have never felt it as hard as it was at that moment. As she straightened up her hand slid under my balls, then softly pushed my cock flat against my stomach before she stepped into me, placing her lips over mine.

After kicking our clothes from around our feet, I gently pushed her back until her legs hit the end of the bed forcing her to sit on the edge, with me wedged between her parted knees. Her hands ran through my hair as I kissed my way down her neck until I was kissing the tops of her breasts while my hands found the clasp of her bra and unhooked it. Leaning back slightly, I watched as the two halves separated and her breasts spilled free with just a slight sag to them. Her

nipples protruded out about a quarter inch and she let out a whimper when my lips made contact with them. I was amazed at how firm they were, as my hands cupped them and my thumbs danced lightly over her sensitive nipples.

On my knees between her legs, I took one hand and gently pushed on her chest until she lay down on her back with her ass cheeks barely on the edge of the bed. Bending over I removed her sandals one at a time, before lifting her left leg up enough for me to run kisses from her ankle to her knee. I repeated this with the right leg but continued kissing up the insides of both her thighs until I reached the junction of her womanhood. When she felt me reach for the waistband of her panties she raised her hips and legs enough for me to pull them off. With my head between her thighs, I grabbed each of her ankles and placed her feet to my shoulders. Her knees parted wide, giving me a full view of her neatly trimmed pussy. Her outer lips were lightly covered with brown hair and her inner labium was prominent, her clit larger than most. Slowly I began to run the tip of my tongue along the crease between her thighs and pussy, working my way down to the crack of her ass, then back up over her mound.

At first my tongue avoided any contact with her cunt, but gradually I worked it over her hair covered outer lips, until I finally slid it between the folds and into her slit. Looking over her mound I saw her hands busily caressing her breasts and her fingers pinching the nipples. I sucked her inner lips into my mouth and lathered them in my saliva before moving my tongue up over her engorged clitoris. Deep moans escaped as her breathing became ragged. She grabbed handfuls of my hair forcing my mouth harder against her clit as her hips rose up to meet my face. I licked and sucked on her for all I was worth.

"OHHHHHHH...MYYYYYY...GOD," she wailed, as her body began to spasm.

I could taste her juice on my tongue as her orgasm reached its peak and her hips slowed their bucking on my battered face. Pulling my face from her smoldering cunt I watched as a trickle of her fluids ran down between her ass. Quickly, I slid my tongue between her cheeks and licked from her ass all the way up to her mound, before continuing up her tummy

towards her chest. My cock felt like steel and was oozing precum in copious amounts. By the time I had risen enough that we could look each other in the face; me supporting myself on outstretched arms, and her long legs wrapped around my waist, my cock was slipping between the wet folds of her pussy.

"Are you sure, Abby," I asked, uncertain if this was what she really wanted to happen.

"Please, Bradley...Make me feel like a woman again," she whispered.

Our eyes locked as she reached between us and guided the mushroomed head of my penis to her opening, her feet on my buttocks pushing me gently forward. Slowly I was engulfed in a heat like never before as my cock buried itself into her tight channel. Movement was impossible, her legs held me pressed into her with surprising strength while my balls rested firmly on her upturned ass. Her mouth was open but no sounds came out as we watched each other. She

loosened her leg's grip when she felt me pulling back, and I was able to move. I pulled almost all the way out before slowly sliding all the way back in, repeating this for several minutes. Soft moans of pleasure escaped from both our lips as we increased the tempo of our lovemaking. Faster and faster I pumped my rigid cock into her molten pussy as she thrust up to meet me. Wet flesh on flesh sounds bounced off the walls, as we slammed into each other with increased urgency, heading toward the ultimate bliss. She reached hers first.

"OHHHHH...SHIIIIIT...don't stop...don't stop...don't stop," she repeated over and over.

I watched her head roll from side to side; her wide opened eyes had a wild look in them as her mouth sucked in great gulps of air. The pressure from her feet on my ass increased and forced me into her harder and harder.

"BRAAAAAAADDLEEEY," she screamed.

Her legs tightened around me, pushing my cock in as far as it would go and her vaginal muscles clamped around my shaft with a vise-like grip. Unable to control myself, jet after jet of my seed erupted forcefully from the head of my cock and flooded the inside of her convulsing pussy. Spent, my arms no longer able to support me, I collapsed on top of her as gently as possible. We stayed in this position for some time, her legs loosely wrapped around me with my slowly deflating penis still buried in her.

Grudgingly, I eased myself up until I was standing, my softened cock slid out of her saturated slickness with a small sucking noise. Weakly I sat on the bed next to her still reclining body and stared down at her lovingly. Her feet were on the floor and half of her ass was off the edge of the bed, but somehow she looked completely relaxed. I looked deep into her eyes, expecting to see signs of regret, but only saw happiness in them as she stared back at me. Stretching out on my side facing her, my legs dangling off the bed, I lightly drew small circles on her skin starting at her navel, and working steadily up to her chest, careful to avoid touching her over sensitive nipples.

"Mmmmm..That feels good," she murmured.

"Welcome to the dark side," I jokingly said.

Struggling, she turned on her side to face me and began running her fingers lightly through my hair.

"I told you to be careful what you wished for," she said, a glint of mischief in her eyes.

"I want to wake up next to you in the morning, Abby," I blurted out.

"Silly boy. You didn't think I was just going to let you wham bam, thank you ma'am me did you," she laughed.

For the first time in my adult life I knew exactly what I wanted. Now all I had to do was figure out how to get it.

"I'm sorry, but the shower isn't big enough for both of us, so you will have to wait your turn," she told me as she got up and rushed to the bathroom, a hand held over her pussy preventing our fluids from dripping out.

I lay there listening to the shower running and felt contentment wash over me. I must have dozed off, because the next thing I felt was Abby waking me and telling me that the shower was all mine. She was wearing a large towel wrapped around her torso that hid all of her body from my wandering eyes. Her hair had been combed out and fell to her shoulders; her makeup was gone too. She moved to one side of the bed and started pulling the covers down as I headed to the bathroom.

The shower felt great, but was nothing compared to when I slipped between the sheets and Abby snuggled up against me. The room was bathed in a warm glow from the moonlight shining in through an open window, as I lay on my back with her at my side. She had one arm across my chest and a leg

over my thighs touching my balls. With her head resting on my shoulder I absently started stroking her hair.

"Abby, do you remember my parent's motor home," I quietly asked.

"Vaguely. Why do you ask," she answered.

"I still have it in storage and was wondering something," I said.

Propping her head up on one elbow and glancing down at me, she asked, "What?"

I told her my plan. We could rent our houses out and spend a year or longer traveling across the country. The income from the rentals would be way more than the expenses we would use. And, I added, if we get tired of that we still had our homes to come back to. I sensed her hesitation as she lowered herself back on my shoulder.

"Let me think about it," was all she said.

I woke the next morning startled before realizing where I was. What surprised me even more was the warm, wet feeling coming from my cock. Looking down I saw the covers had been pulled away and Abby was expertly sucking my fully erect cock into her mouth, her tongue running circles around the swollen head. Leaning over me from the side, I watched amazed as her soft lips slid down my shaft until my entire member was in her mouth. She must have noticed I was awake because she looked up at my face and sucked harder on my cock. She continued for a few more minutes, her tongue doing things that I have never felt before, then she began kissing her way up my body. When her lips met mine I felt her slide herself on top of me and straddle my hips. Reaching between us, she grabbed my shaft and pointed my cock straight up in the air. Raising to a squatting position over my throbbing pole she ever so slowly lowered herself down until her soft ass cheeks settled on my balls.

"Don't move baby," she softly said, her brown eyes fixed on my face.

I desperately wanted to move. I wanted to pound up into her with all my might, but I didn't. Instead I lay there and felt her muscles start to contract and loosen repeatedly along the length of my hardness. When I felt like I was going to explode, she reached one hand down and squeezed the base of my cock with her fingers until the moment had passed.

"Have you ever been with an older woman, Bradley," she asked in a sultry tone.

"No..." was all I managed to say.

Her smile lit up her face as she said, "I can show you things, Bradley."

And show me she did. Her hips began to undulate back and forth before she switched to a sideward movement that caused the head of my cock to touch places I'm sure I've never touched before. For several minutes she manipulated my

rock hard cock this way. Each time I thought I was close; she would squeeze the base and slow her movements until I could go on. Placing both her hands on my chest and lowering her knees to the bed she change her movement to an up and down one. She would lift up until I was almost completely out of her, and then slowly lower back down until I was completely swallowed in her heated tightness. Gradually her speed increased until she was riding my cock at a comfortable pace.

"Unh...unh...unh," she muttered, each time her ass came down to smack against my balls.

Faster and faster she drove down on me, my own hips leaping up to meet her. As the sensation in my balls become too much to hold back I felt my juice shoot out in a tidal wave. Load after load of hot sticky cum flooded into her then rolled down my shaft until my balls were soaked.

"OHHHHHH SHIIIIIT...FUCK...ABBBBBBYYYY..." I hollered, just as I felt her start to shudder with her own orgasm.

"AAAARGH! YES, YES, YES,YEEESSSSSS..." she screamed, before crashing onto my chest, panting hard.

I wrapped my arms tightly around her; our hearts beat wildly in our chest as we tried to get our breathing back to normal. I could feel more of our juices leaking from her opening and sliding down my still impaled rod. I uttered a sigh of contentment, as we held each other; thinking this had to be the ultimate "up" in my life.

"When do we start our new adventure, Brad," she whispered against my chest.

It took us three weeks to get ready. The motor home was in excellent condition, so all I had to do was get it checked and serviced. Finding the right rental agency to handle our properties took a little longer. But as we sat in the motor home watching our new tenants move in, a feeling of freedom overtook us. Abby still calls me Bradley sometimes, but I don't mind. I looked over at her and waited till she nodded, before starting the motor home and putting it in gear.

Tom Drake's Descent into Damnation

Normally I don't like reading stories that are more than a few pages. This one ended up being longer than I expected, so for the people like me I apologize if it is too long. I do hope you will read it and enjoy it. Please feel free to leave comments and feedback.

The shaggy looking young man leaned against the side of the doorway leading into the rundown looking apartment building, carefully eyeing each person heading in his direction. Arthur Bowen, his friends called him Mutt because of his unruly brown hair, fidgeted from one foot to the other one as he surveyed his surroundings. It was six-thirty in the afternoon and he needed to score some cash. He figured the people living in this dump would be easy pickings. The monkey on his back made him antsy while the switchblade knife in his palm made him feel powerful. Most of the people in the area were elderly, but there were a few that looked as if they could have some money. Not a fortune, he surmised, but

surely enough to fix him right up for the rest of the day. His eyes focused on the man coming his way.

The approaching man spotted Arthur way before he reached the stoop to his building. Another piece of trash he thought to himself. It seemed to him that there was an abundant supply of scum in the city. His sharp gray eyes watched the shaggy guy intently as he drew closer to the stoop.

That's right old man; just a little closer Arthur chuckled under his breath. His streetwise eyes took all of the man in. The closer the man got, the more Arthur realized that he wasn't as old as he'd first thought. The man was wearing work boots and faded jeans with a black t-shirt almost covered by the threadbare trench coat hanging off his slumping shoulders. He also walked with a slight limp. The man's salt and pepper hair was short under the black ball cap that sat upon his head. With the baggy long coat on it was hard to tell if the man was in good or bad shape. He guessed the man to be about six-foot tall; just a shade under his own six-foot two-inch frame. Yep, easy pickings Arthur told himself as he stood up and approached the man as he reached the stoop.

"Spare a smoke," Arthur asked as he blocked the man's path.

The man stopped and gazed at Arthur's face before saying, "Don't smoke."

"Then how about just giving me your wallet and I'll go buy some," Arthur barked, as he brandished the knife in plain sight.

"How about you lick the shit out of my ass instead," the man said calmly.

"What the fuck! Give me your fucking money motherfucker," Arthur yelled as he stepped closer to the man.

The man had an evil looking smile on his face as he said, "Not today dickhead."

There was something in the man's eyes that sent a chill of fear down Arthur's spine, but the monkey on his back wouldn't be denied. He lunged forward with the knife pointed at the man's mid-riff. He heard the clatter of the knife hitting the concrete before he felt the pain shooting up his arm. He had just enough time to look at his shattered wrist before the toe of the man's work boot crushed his balls. Screaming and retching at the same time he doubled over and fell to the ground. Going in and out of consciousness he felt someone shaking his shoulder. Bleary-eyed he managed to look up at the man squatting next to him.

"Hey butt wad, can you hear me?"

"Huh?" Arthur wasn't sure where the question was coming from until the man shook him again.

"Can you hear me," the man calmly asked once more.

"Yeah, I hear you man," Arthur stammered between the pain.

"Good, because I'm only going to say this once. Stay the fuck out of this neighborhood."

"Whatever you say mister," Arthur sputtered, groaning as the man helped him to his feet.

"Just so we're clear. If I see you around here again I won't be as gentle as I was this time."

Tom Drake watched the shaggy guy painfully shuffle off down the sidewalk until he reached the end of the block and disappeared around the corner. Unknown to Tom, Miranda Waters had watched the whole scene play out from her second floor window. A shiver ran down her spine and she became aware of the dampness in her panties as she watched her neighbor turn and enter the building.

"For Christ sake Miranda, get a grip girl. He's old enough to be your father," she rebuked herself.

Unfortunately, older guys were Miranda's weakness. Growing up not knowing who, or where her father was, had caused her to seek out the company of mature men. Now at twenty-three years old and being a registered nurse, she was sure she had daddy issues. All her friends kidded her when they went out clubbing and Miranda flirted with the older men. Her friends called her the geezer getter. To them anyone over thirty was well passed their prime and were to be avoided at all cost. She had a different take on older guys. She found them more sensitive and caring, and a hell-of-a-lot more appreciative of her than guys her own age. She owed her nursing career to the generosity of an older man. He had put her through school, fed and clothed her and paid her rent. All she had had to do was let him push his tiny penis into her a couple times a month. It had been a sad day when he had passed away a little over a year and a half ago.

Tom Drake entered the run-down looking building through the heavy glass door after using his key to unlock it. On the outside the building was as shabby as the rest of the block. The entire block's ground floor was comprised of small shops, a

mom and pop grocery store, a couple of stores selling cheap knock-offs and at the end of the block a neighborhood bar. On the second and third floors the owners had transferred the space into nice one and two bedroom walk-up apartments. There were four apartments per floor. Unfortunately for Tom, his was on the third floor. By the time he reached the second floor his bad knee was giving him fits. He stopped just at the top of the stairs and bent over to rub the stiffness. The sound of a door opening made him look to his left.

"Are you alright Tom," Miranda asked, concern written on her face.

Tom stood up and studied the girl. She was wearing a pale blue floor length robe with one hand clutching the upper half closed. He guessed her height to be somewhere around five-eight, and she couldn't have weighed more than one-thirty. She had piercing blue eyes and thick, waist length, straight ebony hair. As with most people in the city she had a pale complexion, but when she smiled her whole face lit up. Her full lips spread in a smile as she watched him study her. Her smile was infectious and he couldn't help but smile back.

"Yeah, I'm fine Miranda. Knees acting up is all," he muttered while drinking in her beauty.

"That's what happens when you kick someone in the balls," she snickered.

"Oh, you saw that huh?"

"Yeah."

"Sorry about that," Tom apologized.

"Wait here a minute," Miranda said before retreating back into her apartment. She returned holding a tube of some sort of ointment in her hand, along with her keys.

After locking her door she handed Tom the tube and took his elbow in her hand saying, "Let's get you upstairs and I'll put this on your knee."

When he tried to protest she told him to shush and guided him toward the stairs. He could walk on his own, easily, but the feel of her closeness and the sweet aroma floating off of her made him give in to her demands. As they climbed the stairs Tom thought back to the encounters he'd had with her. They had talked several times in the six weeks that he had been living here. Mostly when each went down to check their mail, or when they passed in the stairwell. They had even drank a few beers together at the local bar. It seemed to Tom that she must have seen him going into the bar on those occasions, because each time he had just gotten seated when she showed up. He wasn't much of a talker, but he had enjoyed her company.

They reached his door and she helped him inside where he took off the cap and trench coat and placed them on the coffee table. Her first impression of the place was that it lacked any personal touches. There were no photographs of

loved ones anywhere, and the only things hanging on the walls were framed certificates. There was one large framed panel that appeared to hold a rather big collection of military ribbons. On closer inspection she noticed that all the framed certificates were from the military also. She realized that she had told him her life's story in the bar those couple times, but he hadn't really told her anything about his.

"You were in the service I take it," she stated the obvious.

"Yeah," he replied as he plopped down on an overstuffed brown sofa near the front window.

"So, how long were you in? Judging by the dates on these certificates, I'd say a long time," Miranda commented while gazing at them.

"When I look back on it, it seems like forever."

Turning to face him she said, "And how long is forever?"

"Twenty-seven years," he replied returning her gaze.

"You can't be old enough to have served that long, can you?"

"I'm forty-six. I joined when I was nineteen."

"Wow! Except for the salt and pepper hair, you don't look a day older than forty," she chuckled.

She was actually impressed. His face was lined somewhat, but his body didn't seem to have an ounce of fat on it from what she could tell. His eyes were bright and held the glint of intelligence. The dampness returned to her panties. Picking up the tube of ointment where he'd laid it on the coffee table, she sat next to him and told him to remove his pants.

His eyes grew wide and he said, "Excuse me?"

"Tom, I'm a nurse, you don't have anything I haven't seen before," she stated, then added, "I can't put this on over your clothes."

He thought about it for a minute then unlaced his boots and kicked them off. Hesitantly he stood and started to undo his pants. He could see she was amused by his shyness. Pushing his pants down past his knees he sat back down and removed them the rest of the way. He felt funny sitting there in just a t-shirt and tight boxer-briefs. He preferred the snugness of the brief style boxers for their comfort and support over the conventional baggy boxers. He heard her sharp intake of breath when the jagged scar that ran down over his knee was visible. She could tell that it wasn't that old of an injury.

"This happen in the service," she asked, running her fingertip lightly over the pinkish flesh.

"Yep. Ended my career. I was shooting for thirty years, but shit happens."

"The certificates are all from the Department of the Navy. What did you do, fall down a flight of stairs onboard a ship," she asked half heartedly, still entranced by the jagged scar.

"Booby trap," came his reluctant answer.

"Booby trap? Just what did you do in the Navy," she asked, finally looking up into his eyes.

"Things that no one else wanted to do. Can we leave it at that?"

"Sure," she replied as she uncapped the ointment.

Pushing the coffee table out of the way, she sank to her knees in front of him and began rubbing in the ointment. He flinched slightly at her first contact with his skin but settled down quickly. She was acutely aware of the bulge in the front of his underwear. She was also aware that in her position the top of her robe was opened enough to give him more than just glimpses of her naked breasts. She was sure he had

noticed when his cock started to expand in the tight confines of the briefs. The dampness in her panties was spreading.

Tom watched her hands apply the ointment until he noticed her robe opening wider. He couldn't help but look. Nestled inside the fabric, and looking quite firm, were two of the finest looking globes he'd ever seen. The angle wasn't good enough to see her nipples, but he could tell that her breasts had to be in the 36C range. His cock began to show its appreciation for the view, making him very uncomfortable. The last thing he wanted to do was cause her to think he was some sort of pervert.

Miranda was growing bolder in her manipulations, running her hands higher on Tom's thigh than necessary. She wasn't sure how he felt, although the growing bulge in his boxer-briefs should have been a good indication, but the dampness in her panties was threatening to become a flood.

"That should do it, don't you think," Tom grunted, taking her hands in his to stop them from going any higher.

"Oh. Uh... sure. Help me up," she whispered.

Without thinking, Tom stood up in front of her and reached down to help her to her feet. At first he was unaware that his expanded cock was readily outlined in the cotton fabric of his briefs and was stretching down toward the leg opening. When he had sat down the leg of his underwear had ridden up, and now that he was standing the tip of his cock was just peeking out the leg opening enough for Miranda to get a decent look at it.

Miranda's gaze was on Tom's crotch as he stood and she saw the outline of his cock in his shorts. When the tip of his cock popped out of the leg opening she swore she orgasmed slightly at the sight of its bulbous head mere centimeters from her face. The urge to reach up and run her fingers over it was almost overpowering. Unfortunately or fortunately, she wasn't sure which one she wanted, Tom was faster than she thought a man could be. He pushed his cock back up into his shorts in a split second, but not before she got a good look at it. She was amazed at how beautiful it was. Judging by the

shape of the outline it had to be close to seven inches long and fairly thick.

"I'm so sorry Miranda," Tom repeated profusely as he helped her to her feet.

"Don't worry about it. Shit happens," she chuckled, as she stood in front of him watching his face turn all sorts of red.

Quickly scooping up his pants and struggling into them he couldn't help but chuckle himself. Miranda capped the ointment, placed it on the table then started for the door. Halfway there she turned and smiled at him.

"I guess I haven't seen it all before," she said with a twinkle in her eyes.

"Oh God," Tom said bowing his head in embarrassment.

Laughing Miranda turned back to the door. Just as she opened it Tom called out to her.

"Miranda..."

"Yes Tom," she replied, half in and half out of the door.

"Would you at least let me buy you dinner for your help?"

"I would like that. How about this Friday?"

"Sounds good. I'll come down and get you around seven."

"Seven it is," and with that she was gone.

As soon as the door shut behind her, Tom wasted no time dropping his pants and sitting back on the sofa. With practiced hand he began stroking his still hard cock while visions of Miranda's breasts danced in his head. No, he wasn't

a pervert he told himself as his hand moved faster up and down his shaft. He was just a man who needed release. And release came quicker than he expected, sending jets of hot cum up and out of his throbbing manhood, only to make a mess on the floor.

Just about the time Tom's spunk was hitting his floor, Miranda had two fingers stuffed inside her furry pussy seeking to bring release to her quivering cunt. The fingers dug into her opening while the palm of her hand raked across her engorged clit sending jolts of pleasure along her nervous system. With her other hand she reached up and pinched her stiff nipples, giving each turns as she neared her climax. With visions of Tom's blood-filled cock in her head she began to shudder. Faster and faster she plunged her fingers into herself until she crested the peak of her intense orgasm and plunged over the cliff of pure pleasure. Wave after wave of shudders racked her body as a gush of pussy cream trickled out and ran down between her butt cheeks. Totally spent she lay on her bed and let the feelings of euphoria wash over her. Her sleep was filled with erotic dreams of Tom making passionate love to her in every conceivable position.

Friday took forever to arrive. Tom spent his days thinking, and re-thinking what he knew about Miranda. Her mom had had a brief fling and had gotten pregnant. The man had left without even knowing that he was a daddy. Miranda's mother raised her by herself, making sure that she grew up never really knowing anything about her father. Her mom had been very closed mouthed about the subject. Miranda had also told him about the sugar daddy that had put her through nursing school. He didn't hold that against her. They both had gotten what they wanted out of that relationship. He kind of envied the guy actually. He also knew that he was way too old for her, but that didn't mean he couldn't enjoy her company. With that thought in mind he started getting ready for his dinner date with her.

Miranda watched the time tick down on the clock. She had been dressed and ready for almost an hour. Dressed in a slinky black dress that only reached the middle of her thighs, her long ebony hair pulled back into a ponytail, she was a vision of loveliness. She hoped she wasn't over doing it with the short dress, but she didn't really care. She wanted to turn

Tom on to the point of no return. With that thought in mind she had skipped putting panties on. Instead she had taken some light black panty hose and cut the crotch out of them before putting them on. If she got a chance to flash her twat at Tom she would, and if she had to pee she wouldn't have to pull down her panties to do it. As far as she was concerned it was a win win situation. Miranda knew she wasn't a slut. Hell, she hardly ever went to bed with anyone. There was just something about Tom that she couldn't resist. She hoped the feeling was mutual.

At precisely 7pm she heard a knock on her door. She wasn't surprised by Tom's precision; he was ex-military after all. She would even bet that if she looked into his dresser drawers everything would be put away with careful planning. Opening the door she was momentarily taken aback. Tom was dressed in charcoal gray slacks, brown loafers and a crisp white shirt with maroon tie. He wasn't wearing a jacket since it was still summer and quite warm outside. The white shirt fit him snug enough for her to tell that he was extremely fit and trim for a man of his age. His face was freshly shaved and the smell of a subtle aftershave filled her nostrils. When he smiled at her she

felt a tingle in her pussy. Got to watch that she reminded herself, not wearing any panties does have its downside.

They walked down to the ground floor where another surprise waited for Miranda. Tom had hired a car service for the evening. He gave her a warm smile as he opened the back door to the black towncar for her. She returned the smile and slowly slid into the seat making sure to open her legs wide enough for Tom's twinkling eyes to get a brief flash of her crotch. The bulging of his eyes was all the confirmation she needed to be sure he had seen what she had wanted him to. Her smile spread wider as he went around and got in on the other side, a bulge visible in his slacks.

The place he'd chosen to take her turned out to be one of her favorite places to eat. LaFontaine was situated near the heart of the city and catered to a select clientele. All the tables were sat in such a way with partitions around them that the diners had a modicum of privacy. The place was intimate and pricey, that's why she'd only eaten here on two occasions. The hostess led them to a table sat back in a dim corner and left after taking their drink orders. Tom ordered coffee and she asked

for a long island iced tea. After their drinks arrived they sat back and enjoyed the soft music being piped into the room. Miranda decided to have a little fun with Tom before the waiter took their order. She scooted her chair back a little and gazed down at her lap with a frown etching her face. Tom noticed the frown.

"Oh darn," she whispered just loud enough for him to hear.

"What's wrong," Tom asked, concern evident in his voice.

"I'm not sure, but I think I have a run in my nylons. Could you look under the table at my ankle and see if I do?"

The first word that came to his mind as he leaned over and glanced under the table was "gullible." Miranda didn't have a run in her nylons. What she did have were her legs spread and her fur covered pussy exposed to Tom's wide-opened eyes. He bumped his head on the underside of the table in his haste to sit back up. So, she wants to play he thought. Okay, I'll play along. Out of the corner of his eye Tom saw their waiter approaching.

"Nope, no run. It does look like you sat in some gum though. There's definitely something stuck to the hem of your dress," he said as straight-faced as possible.

A small look of shock came over her face as she twisted to the side in her chair; her legs still spread, and began to paw at the hem of her dress. When she couldn't find anything wrong she glanced up and almost screamed. Standing slack-jawed right in front of her was their waiter, his eyes firmly glued to the crotch of her pantyhose.

"May I...uh...take your order," he stammered, unable to look away until Miranda closed her legs.

It took awhile for her to compose herself but after she did, and they'd both ordered, she glanced over into Tom's face and saw the mischief and amusement in his eyes. Their laughter could be heard as far away as the kitchen.

"That was cold-blooded," she snickered after their laughter faded.

"Turn about is fair play young lady," Tom replied with a grin.

Their meal was excellent, his rib-eye steak and her lobster tail were done to perfection. When he asked what they should do next since it was still early, Miranda suggested they go to the corner bar near home.

Arthur Bowen felt the stirring in his pants the minute he saw the girl in the black dress come through the door. His growing chubby wilted instantly, and he almost shit himself when he saw the salt and pepper haired guy follow her in. He held back the scream of agony when his cast-covered wrist slammed into the doorframe as he made a hasty exit from the bar. Two blocks away he let it out.

The evening progressed nicely for them. They drank several beers, talked and even had another laugh about their dinner exploits. Miranda talked him into playing pool, but after only

one game they stopped. Every time that she leaned over the table to make a shot her dress rose dangerously high on her shapely legs. By the time the game ended every male in the place was sporting wood. They were both tipsy by the time they reached Miranda's door.

"I had a wonderful time Tom," Miranda said as she unlocked her door.

"Same here kiddo," he replied turning to head for the stairs.

"Tom..." he heard her whisper.

When he turned back toward her she flung herself into his arms and mashed her lips against his. Startled at first, his hormones soon took control and he was kissing her back with just as much passion as she was. Without realizing it, his hand found its way up under her dress while the other held her close to his body. His fingertips brushed the fringes of her pubic hair sending shockwaves of pleasure to her brain. She reached down and grasped his swollen member through his

pants and squeezed. A low guttural moan escaped his lips and his middle finger nudged apart the slickened slit of her cunt then entered her wet tunnel. She shuddered and clamped her muscles around his invading finger trapping it into place. Their tongues battled as she rode his finger and he bucked his pelvis against her grasping hand. Miranda was startled when Tom stepped back and held her at arms length by her shoulders.

"This is wrong Miranda, I'm way too old for you," Tom croaked.

"Shouldn't I be the one to say whether you're too old for me or not," she shot back.

"You are a vibrant, beautiful young woman. You deserve better than a broken down old man who's old enough to be your father," Tom insisted.

"I know what I want," Miranda told him, tears welling up in her eyes.

"You'll thank me later when you find yourself a nice man your own age," he said with an air of finality.

Miranda watched in stunned silence as Tom climbed the stairs without looking back. She went inside, poured herself a stiff drink from her emergency bottle of vodka and plopped down on her couch. Flutters of pleasure still tingling inside her very wet pussy. She downed the first drink but sipped the next one. Her mind was racing a mile a minute.

Tom had shed his clothes as soon as he'd gotten home. Now in just his underwear he sat on his sofa drinking his first beer from the six-pack in the fridge. He still had the remnants of a major hard-on and his nerves were a complete mess. He had wanted to accept what Miranda had offered. Desperately wanted to accept it. But to his old fashioned way of thinking it just wasn't right. His brain screamed that he was too old for her, while his cock screamed bullshit! Tomorrow he would go and talk to her and try to explain his feelings on the matter. He just couldn't bring himself to the point where he felt like he was robbing the cradle. Even if it was with one of the

sexiest women he'd ever met. A soft hesitant knock on his door registered in his tormented mind. Not bothering to cover himself he went over and opened it. As soon as he had the door open far enough Miranda, still dressed as before, place a hand on his chest and pushed him back into the room. She pushed the door shut with her other hand.

Silently they stood in front of each other staring into each other's eyes. Without a word being said their bodies collided in a passion fueled embrace each seeking the others lips. Before Tom could react Miranda had pushed him so far back into the room that the backs of his calves were pressed up against the sofa. Miranda held him with one arm around his neck and shoulders as her other hand snaked down under the waistband of his briefs and circled his throbbing cock with clenching fingers. Tom's hands found the firm round globes of her ass and held them in the palms of his hand as he felt his tool expand to its maximum length. He was lost to her smoldering kisses and the warmth of her stroking hand. Removing his hands from her ass he reached to his waist and tugged his underwear down his thighs freeing his raging meat to her loving touch.

Miranda gasped at the heat pouring off Tom's erect penis. She pushed one more time, knocking Tom off his feet and onto the sofa. Wasting no time she hiked her dress up to her hips, held his cock up with one hand and sank down upon him until he was buried all the way inside her molten tunnel. With her hands on his shoulders she began to bounce up and down on his stiffness with abandon. This was not making love. This was fucking. Pure, unadulterated fucking. Every nerve ending in her pussy screamed in ecstasy. Faster and harder she rode his pole shooting for the glory and bliss of her approaching orgasm. Moans of intense pleasure from both their mouths filled the stillness of the room. Sweat coated Miranda's face as her up and down motions increased to a fever pitch. Her cunt cream coated Tom's cock in a thick layer before running down his shaft and onto his tightening nut sack.

All Tom could do was allow Miranda to have her way with him. As soon as her pussy wrapped around the head of his cock he knew he couldn't stop. She was so tight it almost hurt at first. Once her lubricant began seeping out the pleasure grew and grew. He tried to help but was in the wrong position

to do much except push his hips up as much as possible to meet her thrust. He could actually feel her cunt expand and contract around his shaft. The heat was too much to bear; his seed boiled over in his balls and shot up and out in a geyser of white gooey ropes of spunk. The sounds of squish, squish, squish joined the sounds of moaning in the air as Tom filled Miranda's pussy to overflowing.

Miranda felt the first blast of Tom's seed hit the very depths of her cunt with hotter than hot liquid heat. The first blast was followed swiftly by several more. She felt her pussy fill completely causing her to reach her peak. Her entire body went rigid as her cunt exploded sending her over the abyss and into the waters of her own rapture. Ripple after ripple ran up and down the walls of her cunt milking all the nectar from Tom's balls. She collapsed onto his hairy chest with his rod still firmly planted in her sweet wetness.

Minutes passed as Miranda fought to bring her labored breathing under control while Tom held her gently rubbing his hands up and down her back soothingly. They stayed this way for some time before Tom, bad knee and all, tightened

his arms around her and stood up. Kicking his briefs off his ankles he started walking. Miranda's ankles locked around his back and her arms encircled his neck as he carried her toward the bedroom, his semi-erect cock still lodged inside her. With each step he took his cock pushed slightly inward causing Miranda to murmur moans of delight. By the time they reached the bed Miranda's pussy was beginning to tingle with excitement and Tom's cock was starting to inflate.

Lovingly he laid her down on the edge of the bed. She kept her ankles locked behind his back preventing him from pulling out of her. Leaning over her, he placed his hands on the bed next to her shoulders and began to slowly push in and out of her pussy in short gentle strokes. Her eyes grew wider as his cock grew harder. They still hadn't said a word. Only their eyes conveyed the pleasure they felt to each other. This time they made love. There was no urgency, just soft sweet bliss. They came together in a slow moving dance of thrusts, their pleasure reaching new heights. Tom's seed burst forth at the exact same time Miranda's juices oozed out.

Several minutes passed before Tom pulled out and crawled onto the bed exhausted. Their mixed fluids spilled out leaving a huge wet spot on the blanket as Miranda sat up then went to the bathroom. As she sat on the toilet she marveled at the amount of spunk that dripped out of her saturated pussy. She felt good. More than good, she told herself. Her nerves still tingled from their lovemaking. So much for being too old Tom Drake, she snickered to herself. Hell, she hadn't had sex like that in...well, forever. Finished, she wiped herself and returned to the bedroom.

Something foreign tugged at her heart when she saw Tom stretched out on the bed naked and sound to sleep. He really is a beautiful man she thought as she stared at his resting form. With sleep, the worry lines on his face had softened and she noticed that his body showed the signs of a rough existence. There were a few elongated scars about an inch long near his right shoulder and two puckered scars on his abdomen that she knew from her nursing experience were bullet wounds. All of the scars looked quite old except for the one on his knee. Another thing she noticed, aside from being well muscled, was the color of his body hair. Unlike the salt

and pepper on his head, the mat of chest hair and the fine trail of hair running from his belly-button to his groin was as black as night. Pulling the blanket from the other side of the bed she did her best to cover him before slipping out and heading back to her place.

Tom woke with a start. The bedroom had no windows and was still fairly dark as he rose and stumbled to the bathroom wondering why his cock and balls felt so sticky. By the time he finished pissing the events of last night returned with a clarity that caused him to start getting hard. Throwing on a robe he went to the tiny kitchen and turned on the coffee pot and waited. He couldn't stop thinking about Miranda and with a fresh cup of coffee he sank down on the sofa, his erection almost complete. For the first time in, he couldn't even remember, he felt alive and vigorous. He still wasn't thrilled with the idea of going with such a young woman. Questions plagued his mind. Could he keep up with her? Would she eventually grow tired of being with someone so much older than herself? Would he be preventing her from finding a man her own age to love and settle down with? It wasn't as if he had set out to have sex with her. Hell, she'd practically raped him.

A smile crossed his lips as that memory of her climbing onto his cock surfaced and his erection finished growing. Six minutes later he returned from the bathroom, much more relaxed, and sipped his coffee and planned out his day.

It wasn't until he was headed out the door to run some errands that he noticed the note tucked under it. It was from Miranda and said: "Got called in to take a shift. Loved last night. Would love to make you a home cooked meal tonight if you're up for it. Around eight? Call me." Her phone number was scrawled at the bottom. When he called it he got her voicemail and left her a message saying he'd love to.

Miranda checked her messages around noon and was overjoyed to hear Tom say yes to dinner. She hadn't mentioned anything about him to her co-workers and when they asked if she wanted to go out with them, they were puzzled when she said she couldn't. The rest of the day seemed to drag on and on for her.

Eight o'clock sharp Tom rapped on her door. When she opened it he saw that she was dressed in the same floor length robe as before. He was in faded jeans, canvas boat shoes with no socks, and a black Led Zeppelin t-shirt.

"I love that band," she squealed when she saw his shirt.

"If I'd known this was come as comfortable as you want, I would have worn my robe too," he chuckled as she led him inside.

"I just like to be comfy when I'm at home. Most of the time I run around here naked as a jay bird," she laughed.

"That would have to be one beautiful jay bird," he remarked, realizing that he hasn't even seen her naked.

"Aren't you the sweet-talker? You like spaghetti I hope."

They dined at the little dinette table near the kitchen area. She had chilled a bottle of red wine that went great with the excellent pasta she had cooked. Their conversation ran the gamut from politics to how each other's day had gone. Not once did they discuss what had happened between them. After dinner she showed him around and explained some of the photos hanging on her walls. Most were of friends and classmates from her nursing school days. Several were of an older woman who looked a lot like she did. She told him they were pictures of her mom. Something nagged at the back of Tom's brain as he studied the photos of her mom. She seemed familiar to him somehow, although he was sure he'd never met her before. His train of thought was interrupted when she stepped close to him and the light sweet fragrance of honeysuckle caught his attention.

"You smell wonderful," he said turning to watch her stare at her mother's photo.

"Thank you," she said, turning to look up into his eyes with a big smile on her face.

Before he could say anything else she turned and started walking toward what he presumed was the bedroom. Halfway there she let the robe slide off her shoulders and fall to the floor while looking over her shoulder in his direction.

"Ready for dessert," she purred as she continued walking toward the room.

He stood there staring in awe at the sight before him. Perfect round buns swayed back and forth as she walked. The curvature of her back and the flair of her hips were also perfect, and her ponytail almost touched the crack of her ass. When he reached the room his penis was straining to be released from the confines of his suddenly tight jeans. She stood beside the turned down bed and let him drink in all her wonders. Light from a lamp on one of the nightstands showed him what he hadn't seen yet. Her breasts were flawless and firm, capped with small brown areolas and pointed stiff nipples. His eyes traveled down over her smooth flat stomach and took in the sight of her neatly trimmed thatch of black pubic hair. He could just make out the swell of her excited clitoris peeking through the puffy outer lips of her pussy. He

wasn't sure if he'd set a record or not, but he got out of his clothes faster than he'd ever done before.

"Make love to me Tom Drake," she whispered, then laid down on the sheets with her legs slightly parted.

Miranda watched with anticipation as Tom gently climbed onto the bed near her feet and took one of her ankles in his hands. She felt the soft caress of his lips as he kissed one, then the other ankle, before slowly working his lips higher up her legs. Goose bumps popped out all over her body by the time he reached her knees. When he reached mid-way up the inside of her thighs her nipples became rock hard and her juices flowed freely from her pussy. As he reached the juncture of her thighs his hot breath floated over the sensitive skin of her pulsating clit.

"Please...please," she groaned, lifting her hips off the bed hoping to push her pussy onto his hovering mouth.

It worked. His lips trapped her bud between them and she felt his tongue snake out and lick the very tip of her engorged clit.

"OH GOD!" she screamed as the floodgates opened and her climax took her to paradise and beyond.

Thrashing her hips upward she felt his mouth open and cover her entire slit. When she felt his tongue probing the inside of her tunnel she exploded again.

Tom drank from the fountain of her cunt like a man dying of thirst. Her shudders and wildly bucking hips made it hard to keep his mouth on her juice filled pussy. Only by grabbing her hips in his hands and slowing her bucking down was he able to maintain contact. As her ass slowly sank back to the bed he began running his tongue through the warm, wet, slickness of her cleft. Gently, back and forth his tongue traveled, from the base of her clit to the puckered ring of her anus. He continued this until her chest quit heaving and her breath returned to almost normal. His mouth and chin were covered in her juices as he kissed his way over her stomach

and reached the hills of her firm, ripe tits. There he spent some time licking and sucking each nipple until she reached down and urged his face higher. Their lips met and parted, allowing their tongues to explore the others. As they kissed she spread her legs wide, reached between them and took his cock and guided it to her opening. Tom felt the furry outer lips separate and engulf his head in sweet heat. A slight forward push of his hips allowed more of his cock to sink into her tight confines. Another push and he was in all the way, his heavy full balls resting on the swell of her round ass. He didn't move. He stayed buried in her pussy while their tongues danced with each other.

She felt her pussy open and the head of his cock push past her outer lips. A small grunt escaped her mouth, followed by a bigger grunt as the rest of his cock buried itself into her eager cunt. When he didn't move she began squeezing his shaft with the walls of her tunnel.

Breaking their kiss she whispered, "Fuck me lover."

Slowly at first, he began pushing in and out of her in short steady strokes. When her hips started coming up to meet his jabs he began pulling further back and pushing forward a little harder. Soon he was pulling almost completely out then hammering back into her causing his balls to bounce off the firm round cheeks of her ass. Faster and faster their pelvises collided, filling the room with the sounds of wet, sloppy sex. He pushed and pulled his rock hard cock deep into her quivering hole feeling the stirrings in his balls as his cum boiled.

"Oh shiiit!!!" he grunted as he released his load into her contracting cunt.

"Yes! Oh yes! Oh fuck... TOM," she cried as her orgasm spilled out and her juices bathed his cock in cream.

They fell asleep in each other's arms. Tom only woke once during the night. He felt something warm wrapped around his penis as his eyes opened halfway. Looking down he saw

his cock disappear into Miranda's mouth before she lifted her head off and glanced up at his face.

"My turn to have dessert," was all she said, before she bent forward and engulfed his flaccid cock back into her mouth.

It didn't stay limp for very long; Miranda was very talented. Putting his hands behind his head, Tom succumbed to the expert manipulations of her mouth. Without using her hands Miranda swallowed his growing length over and over, circling his head with her tongue on each upward rise of her mouth. Once, she let his cock plop out of her mouth so she could suck each of his balls into it and bath them with her tongue. With that done she once again sucked his cock back up into her mouth. She didn't stop pleasing him until his grunts of pleasure increased and a torrent of spunk blasted down her throat. She didn't spill a single drop. Licking her lips, she scooted back up and snuggled her body into his. The smile on Tom's face didn't leave even after sleep overtook him.

The next seven weeks saw the weather change, but not their hunger to be together. Miranda's girlfriends took their relationship in stride, although they didn't invite her out near

as often as they used to. She didn't care. Tom's company was all she craved. They were practically inseparable as they went about the business of being happy. At the start of the eighth week her mother called to say she was coming for a short visit. Miranda had told her she was seeing someone named Tom, but hadn't told her any details such as age or last name. Or what he did for that matter. She knew her mom was curious, but she was also respectful of Miranda's privacy. When she told Tom about the upcoming visit he grew a little nervous. Miranda assured him that everything would be fine.

Carol Waters climbed out of the cab in front of Miranda's place a day earlier than she had planned. She had taken it upon herself to grab a cab from the airport without calling first. It was three in the afternoon and she hoped that her daughter was home. She didn't want to roll her suitcase around all over the place. Thank God she'd gotten one with wheels on it. After lugging it up the stairs she cursed her luck when no one answered at Miranda's door. Wondering what to do she remembered seeing a bar on the corner of the block. She could wait there, and maybe have a few beers to steady her anxiety about meeting Miranda's new boyfriend. Lugging

the suitcase down the stairs was easier than up them. She reached the bar and pushed open the door and stepped inside.

Tom sat on his stool nursing a beer waiting for Miranda to get there. She had a staff meeting she had to go to but they planned to meet here and drink a couple after she was through. Out of habit Tom watched the door through the large mirror behind the bar. The door opened and a woman in a yellow pants suit pulling a suitcase behind her stepped in. There was something familiar about her face. It only took a couple of seconds to hit him. Miranda's mom. Shit, he grumbled, she wasn't supposed to be here until tomorrow. He watched as she parked her bag near an empty table, strode up to the bar and ordered a beer. Beer in hand she went back over and sat at the table. After two sips she pulled out a pack of cigarettes and lit one. Inhaling deeply, then blowing out a large plume of smoke into the air, she began to look around the place. Tom quietly studied her. She was rather good looking, with short dyed blonde hair, slim figure and strong facial features. As far as he was concerned, there wasn't much of a resemblance to Miranda. Downing his beer he ordered another and drank half of it in one gulp. He was working up

his nerve to go over and introduce himself. It really wasn't something he wanted to do, but if Miranda walked in and saw him ignoring her mother he wasn't sure how that would go over. One more sip, then he stood up.

Carol smoked and sipped her beer while taking in the joint. Her first impression was it looked just like any neighborhood bar she'd been in. You had your hard-core day drinkers, mostly old men, and you had the stray guy looking to score some tail. The guy sitting up at the bar, the only one close to her age, fit into the second category. Just as I thought she said to herself as she watched the guy her age stand and turn in her direction. Pigs, all of them. She hadn't had anything to do with a man since getting knocked up with Miranda and the bastard who'd done it had split town. She didn't need a man; she had a couple items in her bag that rocked her world just fine. As the guy got closer she gave him The Look.

Tom's step faltered when she flashed him the look. The look that all women know how to give a guy. The one that says, kick rocks meatstick. The closer he got, the more his stomach knotted up. If looks could kill he was sure he'd be dead by the

time he stopped at her table. She had the same piercing blue eyes that Miranda had, and they were boring holes into his skull as she waited for him to say something.

"You're Miranda's mom," Tom said, more a statement than a question.

Her face showed puzzlement and a touch of concern when she said, "Yes."

"Hi, I'm Tom," he said holding out his hand in vain.

"Miranda's Tom?"

"Afraid so. May I join you?"

"Uh, sure. Where's Miranda," she asked.

Tom explained where she was, adding that she hadn't expected her until tomorrow. After telling him that she'd decided to come early, she sat back in her chair and fixed her gaze on his face. Something twitched in the back of her mind, but for the life of her she couldn't pull it to the front.

"Why do you look so familiar? Have we ever met before," she asked, still staring at his face.

"I don't think so. Maybe I just have one of those faces," he said, giving her his best smile.

"Maybe..." she replied in a whisper.

They killed time by drinking a couple more beers and talking about everything except Miranda. Tom learned that she lived in Florida, had all her life, and that she had her own boutique of women's apparel. She had started it shortly after Miranda had been born and now had several more outlets throughout her state. Just as she asked him what his story was, Miranda walked in. The two women squealed with delight as they

hugged and kissed each other. Tom just sat there. Two more beers later they all headed to Miranda's. When they reached her door, Tom excused himself saying he would give them some time alone. Miranda thanked him, but reminded him that they were taking her mom out to dinner.

Dinner; they'd opted for a simple meal at Denny's, turned out to be awkward. Carol seemed to be preoccupied and Tom grew uneasy with the amount of looks she kept shooting his way. She appeared to be trying to place him from somewhere. At least, that's what it seemed to him. He was sure however that he'd never met her before.

"So Tom, what exactly do you do," Carol asked out of the blue.

"I'm retired military," he answered.

"Oh, that's nice. What branch are you retired from," she quizzed.

"Navy," he said flatly, puzzled by her reaction to his answer.

"Miranda hasn't told me your last name. May I ask what it is," Carol asked almost glaring at him.

When he told her, the change that came over her was drastic. Her face got pale and her hands trembled uncontrollably. When Miranda asked what was wrong, all Carol said was that they had to go home. Actually, she insisted that they go home. The cab ride was spent in silence, both Tom and Miranda wondering what the hell had gotten into Carol. At Miranda's, Tom sat on the pink and white floral sofa while Carol ran into the bedroom, leaving Miranda pacing outside the closed door asking in vain what was wrong. Some minutes later the door opened and Carol emerged holding what looked like an old photograph. She walked over to Tom and handed him the picture. Miranda watched as the blood drain from his face as he studied the photograph. Not understanding what was happening, she went over and snatched the photo from his hand and looked at it. In the picture two people stood with their arms around each other and it was obvious they were on a small boat of some sort. Another thing that was obvious to

Miranda was the identities of the two people. Although they looked much different then, she could tell it was her mom and a young Tom.

"What is this," Miranda asked with a tremor in her voice.

"That picture was taken nine months before you were born," Carol said glaring at Tom, then adding, "Meet your father Miranda."

Miranda's eyes darted from the picture of her young mother and a smiling Tom in Navy dress blues, back to the two people in the room. Her knees buckled. Tom caught her just before she hit the floor and helped her over to the sofa. She sat there staring at the photo shaking her head no.

"This doesn't mean that Tom is my dad," she was finally able to say after a few minutes.

"Baby, I hadn't been with a man for six months before I met Tom, and I haven't been with one since," Carol spit out angrily.

"But..." Miranda stared at Tom, her eyes pleading with him to make sense of all this.

"Tampa. I had a three-day liberty and somehow hooked up with a wonderfully funny and sexy woman. What she didn't know was that I was called back to duty and flew out of the country that very same day. It was over a year before I was stateside again," Tom explained as that far away memory returned.

"So it's true? You're really...my father," Miranda cried out.

Tom didn't know how to answer. There was no denying that the picture was of him and some woman from his past. Although he wasn't sure how it could be the woman standing next to Miranda. She didn't look anything like the one in the picture. Well, almost nothing like the one in the picture. He

guessed if he added twenty-some years to her photo, she could be the same woman. He just wasn't sure. He felt torn. Torn between the fact that he might have a daughter, and disgusted with the thought that if it were true, a daughter that he'd had sex with. Even more disgusting to his tortured soul, was the knowledge that he still desired her in an intimate way. Tom's stomach lurched and he bolted out of the apartment and barely made it to his bathroom before the contents of his belly spewed out into the bowl. The sound of Carol shouting, "That's right bastard, run away again," echoed in his head.

Carol sank down on the sofa next to her daughter and put her arms around her shaking shoulders. Her words of soothing seemed to fall on deaf ears. It took over an hour of holding Miranda to finally get her to stop sobbing. Miranda told her that she was going to sleep and stretched out on the sofa fully clothed. Carol went into the bedroom, grabbed a blanket and came back and covered her daughter before going back into the bedroom and closing the door. She figured the best thing to do was to give her kid time to come to grips with what she'd found out. After slipping out of her clothes and getting into bed, a question she'd failed to even consider popped into her

head. Had Tom and Miranda been intimate with each other? For reasons she couldn't explain, the thought of them having sex didn't repulse her as much as she would have expected it to. She actually found the idea that her daughter and herself had fucked the same guy oddly titillating. She lay there staring up at the ceiling wondering if she was turning into some sick, twisted pervert in her old age. Maybe it was true what all her girlfriends constantly told her. Lack of cock can make you crazy.

"What the hell do they know, they're all nymphos anyway," she mumbled to herself.

Tom stepped out of the cold shower, threw on his bathrobe and snagged a beer from the fridge. Sleep wasn't coming soon he was sure of that, but maybe a couple beers would help. The revelation of having a child still hadn't fully sunk in yet. However, if Miranda was his kid, the realization that he'd committed incest on a grand scale had.

Miranda tossed and turned for a long time before giving up the hope of getting some sleep. There was only one way she knew how to prove, or dis-prove, her mother's story. Getting up she listened for sounds coming from the bedroom before quietly opening the front door and heading up the stairs.

Carol had fallen asleep, but her slumber had been filled with strange dreams. Erotic dreams of the older Tom. It was wrong she knew, but he was even better looking now. But to be having dreams about him, especially ones where he was fucking her, was as wrong as she could get. Half awake and without really being aware of it her hand had slipped under the waistband of her white cotton panties. Her fingers traveled through the dense forest of her pubic hair and found her erect clit. Dampness filled her slit as two of her fingers stopped rubbing her bud in a circular motion and slid between the folds of her outer lips. Reaching the entrance she plunged the two fingers as deep into her wet tunnel as she could. Faster and faster her fingers dug into her hole as the palm of her hand spanked her engorged clitoris. Her breathing became erratic and it wasn't long before she

plunged over the precipice and into the sweet comfort of a mind-numbing orgasm.

"Oh my God," she mumbled as she pulled her drenched fingers from the tightness of her throbbing pussy. Two minutes later she was sound asleep.

Tom was surprised to see Miranda standing outside his door when he answered the soft knock. Truthfully, he expected Carol to be there wanting a chance to tell him how despicable she thought he was. He stepped aside to let her enter but she didn't.

"I think it best if I don't come in. I just wanted to ask if you'd be willing to take a test to see if you really are my father," she said.

"I'd do anything for you Miranda," he told her, his heart breaking from the sad look on her face.

"I'll come up in the morning before I head off to work," she said then turned and went down the stairs.

Her knock came early the next morning. When he opened the door she was standing there holding two sterile wrapped wooden handled cotton swabs. Unwrapping one she told him to open his mouth. After swabbing the inside of his cheeks she sealed it back in the wrapper and did the same thing to herself with the other swab.

"I have a friend in the lab at the hospital that owes me a favor," she explained.

"How long before you get the results," he asked.

"It shouldn't take more than a couple of days."

"What do we do until then," he asked, dreading her answer.

"The same as we always do...only without, you know," she smiled finally.

Relieved, he smiled warmly back at her. She leaned forward and planted a kiss on his cheek before turning to go. After taking a few steps she turned back.

"No matter what the results of this test is Tom, I'll always have you in my life. Whether it's as my lover, or as my father remains to be seen."

"If it turns out that I am your father, won't that be kind of weird? I mean..." he stuttered.

"Yeah, but a little kinky too. How many girls can say they fell in love with their own father?"

Her revelation that she was in love with him almost knocked him off his feet.

"Oh, and another thing you could do for me. Go down and talk to mom some time today and help her understand why you didn't come back to her. I know you didn't know about her being pregnant, but I don't think she ever got over you." With that she bounded down the stairs and out of sight.

Speechless, he shut the door and went over to the window. He loved to watch as Miranda waited for her co-worker to pick her up. She was standing there as usual, only today she didn't bother to look up and see if he was watching. Her ride arrived and she was off. Sitting on the sofa Tom debated doing what she'd asked him to do. He sat there sipping coffee for several hours desperately trying to figure out what to say to Carol. Once in a while he'd get up and pace the floor, but he knew deep down that he was only stalling. No longer able to stall, around noon he went into the bedroom and changed. Dressing in old sweatpants, a ragged black t-shirt and his canvas boat shoes he headed out the door. It wasn't until he was about to knock on Miranda's door that he realized that he'd been so nervous he'd forgotten to put on any underwear. Too late now he mused as he rapped twice. Carol answered the door wearing a knee length dark blue cotton housecoat

that was held together by a row of snaps that ran down the entire front of it. It was clear to Tom, by the way the fabric draped her chest, that she wasn't wearing a bra. The two points her nipples were making in the material seemed to grow when she saw who was there.

"Can we talk," he asked hesitantly.

She stood there wide-eyed for a second or two before saying, "Come in. Miranda said you might stop by."

When he entered he watched as she walked over to the dinette table and picked up a half full tumbler with an amber liquid in it. The way the material clung to her full round cheeks without any lines made him acutely aware that she wasn't wearing panties either. Setting on the table was an almost full bottle of Jack Daniels. For some reason he remembered that she had been partial to the Jack. How he couldn't remember more about her than that puzzled him.

"I like to travel with the essentials, care for some," she said pointing to the bottle.

"No thanks. If you don't mind, I'd like to tell you why I never called or came back," he said, his voice filled with nervousness.

Miranda didn't have a coffee table, but she did have end tables on each side of the sofa. When Carol wanted to put her glass down she had to turn to do so. This caused the fabric of her housecoat to pull taut against her breast. Tom couldn't help but notice that they were a little fuller than Miranda's.

"So tell me why Tom," she said, turning back toward him just in time to notice his eyes lingering on her breast. Without warning she felt herself getting damp in the crotch.

"I think I'll take that drink after all," he croaked, trying to clear his throat.

He watched her go and get a glass out of the cupboard, her ass swaying provocatively as she walked. On her way back she grabbed the bottle and brought it with her. Pouring him a drink, she refilled hers and placed the open bottle on her end table. After taking a swig, he spent the next twenty minutes explaining the secrecy that surrounded the special Naval unit he had spent his entire career in. No calls to anyone after a mission came in. No letting anyone know their whereabouts. And ten times out of ten, he'd be assigned a different duty station after each mission was completed. He also told her that since they'd just met back then, he figured each of them had passed it off as three days of good company and great times. She seemed to understand what he was saying, although he was concerned that she'd refilled her glass two more times in the short time he'd been talking. Each time she had reached for the bottle her breast was on display, although not exposed, it was enough for his cock to show its appreciation. Her frequent downward glances told him that she was aware of his admiration too. His unease grew with each glance she took at his crotch, and he hoped that his discomfort caused by her lingering eyes would make his dick settle down. It didn't.

Carol could see what she was doing to him by stretching the fabric over her tits. She'd caught him looking too many times at them not to be aware of the effect she was having on him. The rising bulge in his pants was also a dead giveaway. She felt the increase in her pulse and the growing spread of lubricant flowing in her pussy. If she stood up now she was sure the back of her housecoat would have a big wet spot on it. Refilling her glass slowly, giving him another chance to see her charms, she realized that over half the bottle was gone. Turning back to face him she had trouble concentrating on what he was saying. All she could think about was the burning desire building in her wet cunt. It had been so long since that familiar desire had been quenched. As he finished explaining his side to her, dark thoughts raced through her brain.

"So you just marked our time together as a couple days of good times? Did you even consider coming back," she asked, breathing heavy.

"I just told you what happened. I didn't have a choice in whether or not I could come back to you," Tom said, worried by the wild look in her eyes.

"You could come back to me now. I think I'm still pretty enough to keep you interested."

"That wouldn't be a good idea Carol. You are a beautiful woman, but my interest lays somewhere else," he stammered.

"Miranda is your daughter! You can't have the kind of relationship with her that you and I can have," she hissed, her voice slurred.

"I think I'd better go," Tom said, scooting forward and getting ready to stand up.

"Tell me something first," Carol asked, getting to her feet and standing right in front of him.

His path blocked he asked, "What?"

"Do you like what you see?"

Without warning her hands grabbed her housecoat in the middle and pulled. The snaps came open exposing her body to Tom's shocked eyes. She shrugged once and the housecoat floated to the floor. Full ripe breasts, with just a hint of sag to them, capped with crinkled, dark brown areolas and large stiff nipples dangled right in front of his face. Unable to look away, he watched as she stepped back enough for his eyes to take in all of her. Automatically his eyes went lower, but his cock went up, as he gazed at the thick patch of brown pubic hair that covered her mound. He could see the moisture hanging from some of her inner hairs. Shaking his head trying desperately to clear it, he started to stand.

When he rose to his feet, Carol stepped in, grabbed the waistband of his sweat pants and tugged them down to his knees. She was completely out of control; the sight of the bulge in his pants had caused her to act. When his turgid meat sprang into view the hunger in her loins boiled over. She could feel herself almost drooling with lust. Wrapping a hand tightly around his shaft, she pushed against his chest with her other one.

Caught completely off-guard, Tom's reaction time was way off. He was trying to tug up his pants with one hand while reaching up to push her away with his other when she stiff-armed his chest. He felt the sofa against the back of his calves and he twisted to the side so he wouldn't fall where she could jump on him. To his horror his bad knee gave out from the maneuver and he fell over. The floor rushed up and before he could raise a hand to break his fall his head struck it. Stars danced in his vision as he drifted in and out of consciousness. He felt himself being rolled onto his back, and then the feeling of wetness surrounded his penis. The wetness turned into a hot tight warmth sliding up and down his shaft. His eyes fluttered open and he saw a blurry figure of Carol sitting on top of him. Her hands were on his chest and her breasts swung from side to side as she gyrated on his manhood. She had a crazed look on her face, and her eyes were squeezed tightly shut. She was muttering, "Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck," as she worked his cock in a swirling motion inside her saturated cunt.

At noon Miranda had decided to take the rest of the day off. Her boss reluctantly agreed to her request after hearing that Miranda's mother was visiting. With the way the transit busses ran, it took her over forty-five minutes before she stood in front of her door.

Carol felt Tom's cock start to soften almost as soon as she had stuffed it into her wet slippery pussy. Can't have that she muttered to herself as her hips started rotating in circles around the base of it. She could feel his balls rolling along her ass as she increased the speed of her gyrations. She could also feel the hardness returning to his shaft. Faster and faster she rotated until his pole was hard enough for her to start going up and down on it. Twenty odd years without a real cock inside her had made her cunt tight. She could feel the invading meat stretching places that hadn't been stretched in all that time. Touching places that hadn't been touched in what felt like forever. It only took a few moments before her first orgasm exploded deep inside, sending a waterfall of pent up cunt cream cascading down Tom's shaft and coating his balls.

"OHHHH SHIIIIITTTTTTT!!!" she bellowed as she relentlessly pounded her ass against the softness of his full sack.

Tom's weak cries for her to stop fell on deaf ears. He watched bleary-eyed as her face contorted and she cried out her pleasure. He tried to will his cock to deflate, but the wet, hot snugness gripped his rod in a vise of nerve tingling sensations. He could feel his balls tighten and feared the worse. Thrusting his hips upward hoping to dislodge her only made matters worse. Her cunt clamped harder around his dick and sucked the river of sperm from his bruised balls.

"NOOOOO!" he screamed in frustration, as spurt after spurt of molten spunk flooded her pussy.

Miranda heard Tom's cry and swung open the door. Her eyes fell on a sight her brain refused to acknowledge. Her mom was bouncing on top of Tom's pelvis with her back to the door. Miranda could see her mother's hair covered outer lips wrapped around Tom's twitching shaft as her ass rose and fell

in rapid succession. The sounds of squishy wetness filled her ears each time her mother's ass slapped against Tom's cream soaked balls. Miranda stood paralyzed as she watched the sight before her, her panties undeniable getting wetter by the second.

"Carol stop," Tom grunted as he weakly tried to push her off him.

"Almost there...almost there," Carol chanted, her ass cheeks rippling with the force of her downward thrust.

"MOM, STOP!" Miranda shouted as the trance broke and she rushed forward.

Carol's body began to shake and shutter as the wave of orgasmic pleasure took her to places she'd only dreamed about for twenty-four years. Gushers of pussy juice flowed out from the union of her cunt and Tom's deflating penis. She felt hands on her shoulders and was startled when she was violently pulled back and off the cock that was pushed up

inside her. A loud sloppy plop resonated off the walls as her cunt and Tom's cock broke contact. She rolled to the side and passed out.

After she dragged her mother off Tom, Miranda saw the bleeding cut on his forehead. With practiced skill she cleaned and dressed the wound with the first-aid kit she kept in the bathroom. When she saw the gooey mess of juices on his groin, she cleaned that off with a washcloth. The smell of sex penetrated her nostrils and the dampness in her panties grew as she cleaned him. Carol was slumped in a fetal position and Miranda was able to see globs of thick white cream oozing from between the hair covered lips of her puffed up pussy. She shivered slightly as her own juices spread in her cotton panties.

Tom's focus returned just in time to see Miranda shiver and quickly run a hand over her crotch. When she looked his way he saw a sad smile cross her lips before she turned her attention to her naked mother. Struggling, he managed to stand and pull up his pants. Against her objections, he helped Miranda get her mother up on the sofa. With a blanket

covering her nudity, Carol began to snore daintily. The only thing that Miranda said to him before he left was he should get checked for a concussion. The only thing he could think of to say to her was sorry. Stiffly he climbed the stairs and let himself into his apartment, shame and humiliation running through every fiber of his being.

Four days went by without him even venturing out of his place. All he did was watch television, drink a few beers, and lay about in his robe. He didn't want to face the world just yet; at least that's what he told himself. The truth of the matter was he didn't want to run into Miranda. He couldn't bear the thought of seeing the hurt that was probably in her eyes. He was in love with her, and now he'd surely lost her forever. The revelation that he was in love with her had struck him like a ton of bricks the same day as he'd squirted his spunk up her mother's pussy. He knew there wasn't anything he could say that would redeem him in Miranda's eyes. Even if he could convince her to take him back, things just couldn't be the same. Although he wasn't totally convinced that Carol had told the truth, if it turned out that Miranda was his daughter,

then things definitely couldn't go back to the way they were. His heart ached from the loss.

The blaring of a car horn snapped him out of his reverie. Glancing out the window he saw Miranda climb out of her co-workers car, a manila envelope in her hand. She glanced up at his window before disappearing into the building. He sank back down on the sofa, not even bothering to pull the robe over his exposed genitalia, and took another swig from his fifth beer of the afternoon. He whispered a thanks to Bill from the bar for being willing to make deliveries as he took another pull on the long neck bottle. A soft knock on his door caused most of that swig to end up on his chin. He got up, adjusted the robe and went over and opened the door, his heart beating wildly in his chest.

Miranda stood there staring at his disheveled hair and ratty robe for a minute. Even in this state she couldn't help but think he was gorgeous. Warmth flooded her heart as his smile widened on his face.

"Can I come in," she asked, already pushing past him.

He shut the door and watched her walk over to the sofa. She was wearing her work clothes, a knee length snow-white dress that zipped up the front. She also had on white nylons and white nurses shoes. The dress hugged her bottom and showed off the curvature of her waist. He could just see the white bra through the fabric. He didn't see any panty lines so he figured she was wearing pantyhose. Disgusted with himself for staring at her rear, and the fact that his dick was reacting to her presence, he followed her to the sofa. When she turned to face him she held out the manila envelope he'd seen, a hint of fear was in her eyes. The envelope was still sealed. He gingerly placed it on the coffee table.

"I thought we could find out the truth together," she said with a quiver on her bottom lip.

She went over to the fridge and brought back two full beers. They sat down together, took a long pull each on the beers and just stared at the envelope on the coffee table.

"Before we open that, I just want to tell you how sorry I am for what happened between your mother and I," Tom said blushing.

"I'm not. Mom explained what she'd done to you. It wasn't your fault. She went home by the way."

"Is she going to be okay," he asked.

"I think so. She wanted me to tell you thanks, and I also want to thank you," Miranda answered in a sly tone that had him wondering.

"Thank me for what," he asked puzzled.

"She wanted me to tell you that she hadn't cum so much in a very, very long time. She also said she was sorry for forcing herself on you, but she just couldn't help it."

"Glad I could be of service...I guess," he remarked, before asking, "And why do you want to thank me?"

"Because you made mom happier than I've seen her in a long time. She didn't stop smiling the rest of the time she was here."

"Wow," was all he could blurt out.

"Can I tell you something sorta kinky," she asked, continuing before he could answer, "When I saw your cock in mom's pussy, I got really aroused."

Another "Wow" slipped from his lips.

"This is going to sound crazy, and I wouldn't blame you if you say no, but would you do me a favor," Miranda asked with a pleading look on her face.

"If I can," he answered, unsure where this was going, but also knowing full well that he wouldn't refuse her anything she asked of him.

"The next time mom comes to visit, would you be willing to have sex with her," she asked in a hushed tone.

Flabbergasted, all he could say was, "HUH?"

"I know it's a strange request Tom. But if it can make her as happy as it did this time, imagine what it would do if you were a willing participant."

He studied her face trying to see if she was screwing with him or not. There was no indication that she was funning with him, quite the contrary, her face was a mask of pure seriousness.

"There is one other thing..." her voice trailed off.

"And what would that be," he asked, trying to keep the edginess out of his voice.

"I want to watch."

"Are you serious? You want me to have sex with your mom, while you watch?" Tom's eyes had grown as round as saucers.

"Yes. I know it's kinky, but I'm a kinky girl. At least say you'll think about it," Miranda asked, reaching up and stroking the side of his face tenderly.

He was already thinking about it. A vision of Carol had drifted into his subconsciousness. She stood before his mind's eye totally nude, her breasts smooth and full; the dense forest of hair covering her pussy glistened from her moisture. A naked Miranda sat in the background whispering words of encouragement. Tom felt the rush of blood flood into his inflating cock. Miranda saw the tent forming in his robe and knew what his answer was.

Pointing a shaky finger at the envelope he asked, "Well... you ready?"

'Before we do, can I ask you something? I want the truth too," she said staring into his eyes.

"Another favor," he asked, his throat dry.

"If it turns out that you are my father, then what happens to us? I mean, can we see each other like before, or do you want to just be my dad," her eyes implored him for an answer.

Tom felt the barriers of social conviction fade into oblivion. He knew what he wanted. If it turned out that Miranda was his daughter he didn't care. He wanted her in the same way that a man wants a woman. He knew he always would.

"If I am your father the world would damn us for having an intimate relationship. But, I do want you to know that I love you, and not in a fatherly way either."

"You love me?"

"With all my heart," he admitted.

"Then, to hell with what the world thinks," she said with finality.

Miranda picked up the envelope and stood up right in front of Tom. He watched as she pulled the zipper down the front of her dress exposing the swell of her cleavage to his gaze. Bending over she undid the ties that held his robe closed and then spread the halves aside, exposing his entire front to her lustful gaze. Telling him to scoot forward some, he watched in awe as she hiked her dress up to her waist. She did have pantyhose on he noticed. He also noticed that the crotch had been cut out of them. Turning her back to him, she spread her legs to the sides of his and stepped back far enough to sit on

his lap. With one hand holding the envelope, she used her other one to reach between her legs and hold his rigid cock up in the air.

With agonizing slowness Tom felt the tip of his cock part her outer folds as she slowly worked him up into the velvety smoothness of her tight tunnel. Once she had his cock completely sheathed in the cocoon of her soaking wet, steamy pussy, she leaned back against his chest. His arms wrapped around her and his hands came to rest on the bra-covered mounds of her young, firm tits. They didn't move. Neither wanted to break the immense pleasure that their union was giving them. Kissing the side of her neck, he didn't become aware of her opening the envelope until it was too late.

Turning her face to his she gently asked, "Shall we?"

Nodding, he watched her reach in and pull out a single page. His eyes stared at the words on it and for reasons he couldn't figure out his cock grew harder than it's ever been before. Miranda finished reading and turned her gaze back to his.

"Does this mean I can call you Daddy," she asked gleefully, as her pussy began to convulse around her father's stiff rod.

Turn The Page

Once more into the breach dear friends, once more. I bring you another tale of incestuous love between a mother and her son for your reading pleasure. I hope you enjoy it, and as always, comments, both good and bad are welcome.

February 1968

"Dust to dust, ashes to ashes..."

Mark Turner tuned out the preacher as he stood at the gravesite, a steady drizzle of rain turning everything wet. His mother, Lauren Turner, sobbed quietly next to him as his father's remains were slowly lowered into the rectangular hole. Placing an arm around her shoulders he watched with

misty eyes as the coffin dipped out of sight while the police honor guard gave a final salute to one of their fallen comrades. His arm pulled his mother even closer, protectively, acutely aware that at the ripe old age of sixteen he was now the man of the house, and as such was charged with the responsibility of taking care of his thirty-eight-year-old mother. A responsibility that he had every intention of fulfilling.

June 1973

Amy Fowler was growing frustrated as she sucked on Mark's cock with nothing to show for her efforts. She'd been at it for nearly ten minutes before she finally looked up at his face and saw his eyes staring blankly at the ceiling. Twisting in the bed she crawled up and lay next to him.

"Still thinking about what to do about your Mom?" she asked, her fingers caressing the dense hair on his chest.

Turning to look at her, he replied, "Yeah."

"She'll come around sweetie," Amy said, something she'd told him more than once lately.

"It's been five years, and I've only been able to get her to date twice, so I seriously doubt it," he proclaimed.

"She just needs to find her own way, and you worrying about whether or not she will ever take the next step isn't good for her or you. So why don't you stop thinking about her and start thinking about getting hard so I can ride that big cock of yours."

Mark knew she was right. Instead of feeling depressed he should be concentrating on the here and now. Slipping an arm under her he pulled her on top of him, feeling her large tits mash against his chest as her thighs spread and hugged his hips. When she sat up he reached out and palmed her huge melons, the globes still fairly firm for her age. At forty-six, and slightly chubby, although he preferred to think of her as cushiony, she was still a hot piece of ass. His cock seemed to

think so too as it started to grow the more he fondled her breasts.

"Mmm, that's more like it," Amy cooed as she felt his cock stiffen against her crotch.

It always pleased her when his youthful cock hardened for her. Reaching down and between them she positioned him so she could maneuver enough to sink down on his rigid pole.

"That's what I'm talking about," she managed to croak out as she slowly lowered herself. Inch after inch slid into her sodden cunt until she had all seven and a half inches buried in her hungry pussy.

It never failed to amazed him how sloppy wet her cunt would get when she was turned on, not to mention how well she could use her inner muscles to coax huge loads out of him. They had been seeing each other for nearly a year, strictly as fuck buddies, and neither of them grew tired of the other. Each romp in the hay was always exciting, and oh so

pleasurable. A groan escaped his lips as she started to slowly ride up and down on his rock-hard cock. Placing his hands on her hips he allowed her to set the pace, something she always insisted on. She loved being in control, and he just loved to fuck. It didn't take long before she was speeding up, her plump round ass bouncing off his thighs with a slap, slap, slap, of flesh on flesh. Gazing down he watched his cock going in and out of her, her inner labia clinging to his glistening shaft with each upward thrust of her hips.

"Oh yeah...that's it...um fuck," she repeated over and over as her movements started to become erratic.

"Yeah baby, get you some of that cock," he encouraged, knowing she was about to climax.

His words sparked something animalistic in her. Harder and harder she pounded down on his thick hard prick as the waves of pleasure built in both of them. Sweat covered her tits as she drove them both to the edge and beyond. With one final

downward lunge her cunt muscles clamped around his cock, and her eyes rolled back in her head.

"AAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH SHIT!" she screamed her release.

All he could do was grunt as he shot his load deep into her quivering quim, her pussy contracting endlessly around his shaft as she milked him dry. With a final shudder Amy fell softly forward, her sweaty breasts mashing flat against his chest.

"You know, all your mom needs is to get laid," she whispered once she caught her breath.

Laughing he replied, "Well that's all well and good, but until she starts meeting new men I'm afraid that's not gonna happen."

"You could do it," she suggested.

Shocked, he pulled his head back until he could look into her eyes. "Are you really suggesting I have sex with my own Mother?"

"That's exactly what I'm suggesting," she replied as she sat up, his semi-hard cock still buried snugly in her soaked pussy.

"That's...disgusting," he choked out, his cock twitching slightly.

"Is it? Think about it. Your Mom is still very attractive, and at her sexual prime. I bet she'd be dynamite in the sack."

"Even so, what you're telling me to do is sick. She's my Mother for God's sake," he exclaimed.

Amy stared down at him for several seconds before saying, "Did I ever tell you about my son?"

"You have a son?" Shaun asked, his surprise evident on his face.

Amy's face clouded over briefly before she said, "Had. He passed a couple years ago in a car wreck. After that is when I packed up and moved here."

Reaching a hand up he stroked the side of her face and whispered, "I'm sorry, I had no idea."

Capturing his hand with hers she said, "Thanks. But the reason I brought him up is to let you know that him and I were intimate. As intimate as you and I are. And not once did either of us think it was sick."

Once the shock wore off he managed to say, "Wow...um...how did that happen?"

"A few months after my husband left us, Shaun, my son, crawled into bed with me because I'd been crying myself to

sleep. I knew he just wanted to comfort me, but somehow things got out of control and before we knew it we were making love. It was beautiful. He was everything my husband hadn't been, caring, comforting, and most importantly, loving. Not to mention that kid could go at it all night long," she sighed.

As she finished talking Mark was surprised to find his cock had returned to full mast. The gleam in her eyes told him that she was well aware of it too. Without a word he pushed her off to the side, an audible sucking noise echoed off the walls as his cock slide from her sopping cunt.

"I want to fuck you doggystyle," he growled as he clambered to his knees.

A smile played on her lips as she positioned herself on all fours, then let her chest settle on the bed leaving her thick ass sticking up in the air. The smile grew when she felt him position himself behind her, the swollen head of his cock just touching the entrance to her dripping pussy.

"OHHH SHIT!" she screamed in ecstasy as he slammed his thick hard cock all the way in with one huge lunge.

Mark loved fucking her this way. The way her meaty cheeks rippled with each forward thrust never stopped amazing him. With each new thrust he delighted at the sight before him.

Just as her son was pummeling his hips against Amy's prodigious ass, Lauren Turner was sitting in the front room, a glass of red wine in her hand, reminiscing about the past five years. It never failed to fill her with both sorrow and love. Sorrow for the loss of her husband, and love for how her son had taken charge after the funeral. When they had returned to the small two-bedroom bungalow after the service he had announced that he was going to quit school and get a job so he could take care of her. Somehow she had managed to get him to promise to graduate first, but that hadn't stopped him from going out and getting a weekend job. She still remembered the pride on his face as he handed over his first paycheck and told her to use it for whatever they needed. A

tear slowly rolled down her cheek, even as she smiled at the memory.

Mark was close, he could feel it in his balls each time they swung forward against Amy's sensitive clit. With his hands gripping her fleshy hips he closed his eyes and hammered into her with all his might. Each thrust brought a squeal to her lips and a grunt from him. Just before he exploded Amy reached the pinnacle of her climax.

"AAAAAAUUUUUUUUGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHH
FUUUCCCCCKKKKKK!" she yelled as her pussy convulsed around the thick invading tube of flesh mercilessly battering her very depths.

Her yell caused Mark to gaze down at the rippling ass, and as if in a dream, just for the briefest moment, he saw not Amy taking his glistening cock but his mother receiving his mighty thrusts. The vision was enough to shake him to his very core, but also enough to produce the greatest orgasm of his young life.

"OH FUCK! OH FUCK! OH FUCK!" he screamed with each jet of cum that shot up into Amy's claspings cunt.

Exhausted, Amy collapsed on the bed with Mark on top of her, his still twitching cock buried in her flooded pussy. They lay this way for some time, both fighting hard to regain their breath.

Once she could speak Amy managed to mutter, "Damn that was good!"

Mark's reply was just as weak. "Yes it was."

It was nearing ten-thirty by the time they said their goodbyes and Mark had driven the short distance to his home. He parked the old Ford pickup that he inherited from his father behind his mother's Buick at the curb, then walked the short distance to the front door. There were no lights on in the house, so he tried to be as quiet as possible when he entered.

He figured his mom had already gone to bed and didn't want to wake her. To his surprise though, once his eyes adjusted to the dimness, he spotted her stretched out on the couch sound asleep.

Going into the kitchen he turned on the light above the stove which cast just enough light into the front room to see clearly without being overly bright. Retracing his steps he returned and headed over toward where she lay. He planned on waking her, but when his eyes saw how she was sprawled out he stopped dead in his tracks. Her hands rested on her stomach, but lower, one leg had slipped off the couch while the one against the back of it was raised and bent at the knee. This had caused the hem of her dress to ride up and expose her pubic region, allowing him a clear view of her mound. Unfortunately for him she was only wearing flesh-toned pantyhose with no panties underneath, her lush dark triangle of pubic hair clearly visible to his astonished gaze. Instantly his cock began to swell. Disgusted that he'd get hard while looking at his mother he returned to the relative safety of the kitchen.

Once there he got a glass of water and pondered what to do next. He knew he couldn't leave her there; she'd be stiff for days if he did. But if he woke her up she might notice how exposed she was and think that maybe he had taken some sort of liberties with her. He dismissed that idea as fast as he'd thought it. He knew she wouldn't think something like that. Would she?

"Oh stop being a wuss, and go wake her up," he chided himself.

Just as he was making up his mind about what to do he heard her stirring. Breathing a sigh of relief he headed back into the front room. By the time he got there she was sitting on the couch, her hazel eyes watching him approach.

"Guess I fell asleep," she said, her voice sounding a little dry.

"Hard day in Black Rock?" he chuckled as he sat next to her.

"Just long is all. We had staff meetings that ran a little longer than expected," she sighed.

Her job as secretary to the principal of the high school was one she'd had for the past sixteen years, and though she loved it, there were times she wished she'd gone into another career.

"You want something to eat? I make a mean fried egg sandwich," he told her.

"That's sweet dear, but we had pizza delivered at the school. I think I'll just turn in instead," she replied, then stood and headed toward the hall to the bedrooms.

Mark watched her go, his eyes slowly lowering until they settled on her hips as they swayed back and forth. His first thought was how nice her ass looked; his second thought was to reprimand himself for being such a pervert. As she disappeared he turned and leaned back into the couch, absently rearranging his semi-hard cock to a more comfortable position in his jeans. When he realized what he

was doing he chastised himself once more, then stood and headed toward his own bedroom. The marathon fuck session with Amy caught up to him as soon as his head hit the pillow.

The following morning he woke at his usual time of 6am, slipped on his bathrobe and headed to the kitchen where the smell of breakfast cooking filled the air. His mother was in front of the stove scrambling some eggs dressed as usual in her dark blue sleeveless cotton shift that buttoned down the front. Like every morning he slipped behind her and leaned down to peck her on the cheek. Unlike previous occasions however, this time he placed one hand on her hip, used the other to brush her hair out of the way and softly kissed the side of her neck. He felt her stiffen as soon as his lips touched her skin.

Lauren felt a shiver run up her spine when her son's kiss landed on her neck. A feeling she hadn't felt in five long years. Her husband used to do that to her, and it always made her pussy tingle. What she found disconcerting was her son's touch had the same effect. She breathed a sigh of relief when he said good morning and then backed away. As she placed

the food on the table she was sure he could see the blush on her face. They ate in silence for a bit, each seemingly lost in their own thoughts.

Finally speaking, Mark asked, "Have any plans for tonight?"

Without looking at him she replied, "No, why?"

"Well, it's Friday, not to mention payday, and I was wondering if I could take my favorite girl out to dinner and a movie," he answered, his eyes rising to look across the table.

"That would be nice. So who's your favorite girl this week?" she joked.

Without skipping a beat he said, "I was thinking Ms. Richmond from down the block. I hear she's always looking for a good time."

Pouting she whined, "All this time I thought I was your favorite, now the truth comes out."

Laughing he took his empty plate and as he passed by her chair he leaned over and kissed her on the top of the head. Once he placed his dishes in the sink he returned and leaned down and wrapped his arms around her shoulders.

"You have always been my favorite girl Mom, and always will be," he whispered into her ear.

"I'm going to hold you to that," she chuckled as she watched him head to his room to get ready for work.

Once he left she sat quietly sipping her coffee and thought about her reaction to his kiss on the neck. He had never done that before, so she doubted he knew that it was something her late husband used to do to get her juices flowing. What puzzled her was the reaction she had to her son doing it. It was as if her body responded to his kiss just the same as it did

with her husband. Shaking her head she finished her cup and went to get ready for the work day.

Mark pulled into the Les Schwab Tire Center exactly ten minutes before it opened; something he'd been doing since he first started working there five years ago. He had been lucky when he asked the manager for a job so long ago. Turned out that the manager, Bill Martin, was close friends with his dad. At first Bill was hesitant to hire a sixteen-year-old, even if it was just part time, but knowing Marks father had died while protecting their community swayed his better judgement. Mark worked weekends cleaning up, and any other odd job that needed doing, until he turned eighteen. Bill then offered him a training position that would turn into a fulltime job if things worked out. It was one of the best choices he could've made he later confided to Mark's mother on their one and only date.

Just as her son was walking into the tire shop, Lauren was standing in front of the full-length mirror on her door slowly unbuttoning her shift. Once she was naked she ran her eyes up and down her body. The reflection staring back at her

showed a woman who stood five foot six inches tall and weighed just a shade under one-thirty. Soft, thick black hair hung down to just past her shoulders, usually worn in a ponytail. Further examination revealed small b-cup breasts that hung proudly on her chest with brownish areolas the size of quarters, the nipples in the center decent sized. A flat tummy and slim waist gave way to flared hips and long, toned legs. Sitting between the upper thighs was a triangle of black pubes that contrasted nicely with the creamy white skin around it. Not bad, she thought to herself as she gazed at her reflection. Running a hand through her pubic hair she allowed the tip of her middle finger to drag across her clitoris briefly, savoring the exquisite tingle that shot through her. A quick glance at her bedside clock told her that she needed to stop daydreaming and get ready for work.

Mark arrived home about thirty minutes before his mom was due. Usually he got home closer to an hour before her but having to stop at the bank to deposit his paycheck and keep out enough money for their date had eaten up some time. Having only one bathroom caused problems sometimes and wanting to be ready before she got home he quickly showered

and changed into a pale denim shirt and his favorite button-fly Levi's.

Lauren walked through the front door a few minutes later and saw her son sitting on the couch already dressed for their night on the town. Her heart swelled with pride knowing that he had grown up to be such a responsible young man. So much like his father, she thought to herself.

"Hey honey, how was your day?" she asked as she placed her purse on the coffee table.

"It was Tired...some," he replied with a grin.

"Clever," she chuckled, even though he'd used that pun before.

"Yeah, I know. I need to come up with something new huh?" he responded.

"While you think about it, I'll go get ready. Don't want to miss the beginning of the movie," she said, then headed toward her bedroom.

After she left Mark thought of something he needed to ask her, so he walked down to her room and found her door partly open. Without thinking he pushed the door open and stepped inside.

"Mom, I was wondering which movie you want..." his voice trailing off as he stared at the vision before him.

Lauren had just let her dress fall to the floor when she was startled by his entrance into her room. Spinning around to face him she stuttered out a squawk of surprise.

"God, I'm sorry, Mom," he stammered out before making a hasty retreat back to the front room, leaving her standing there staring at the open door.

Shakely he sat back down on the couch; the image of her near nude body burned deeply into the recesses of his mind. He replayed what he had seen. She had been standing there wearing only a frilly cupped white bra and her flesh-colored pantyhose. He hadn't been able to see much of her breast, just the smooth white skin above her bra, but below he once again saw she wore no panties, leaving her pubic hair on full display. The stirring of his cock filled him with disgust but did not stop him from reliving the scene over and over in his head. The sound of the shower starting snapped him out of his reverie and by the time the shower stopped he had his cock under control. Once she appeared he jumped to his feet and began to stammer another apology, but she stopped him.

"Don't worry about it sweetie, it was my fault for not shutting the door all the way. So, shall we head out?"

Weakly he replied, "Sure."

Being a small town didn't afford very many options for dining out, so they settled for Dottie's Fine Dining. While they were checking out the menus a shadow fell across the table. When they looked up Lauren smiled warmly, while Mark almost

had a stroke. Standing there was Amy Fowler, a huge smile plastered on her face.

"Hi Lauren, it's so nice to see you out and about," she said, before shifting her gaze to Mark. "And you too, Mark."

"Hi," he managed to croak out.

His mother had no problem speaking.

"Hey Amy, it's good to see you too," she cheerfully said.

"You two know each other?" Amy inquired, her eyes lingering on Mark long enough to make him uncomfortable.

"This is my son," Lauren happily replied.

"I knew you had a son, but I didn't know it was Mark here," came Amy's response.

"You know my son?" Lauren asked.

"Why yes. We met at the tire shop," Amy confided, much to Mark's relief.

To change the subject he asked, "And how do you two know each other?"

"Oh, your Mom and I both work for the school," Amy answered.

"Amy is one of the student guidance counselors," Lauren clarified.

"I see," he nonchalantly replied, realizing how little he knew about Amy.

Amy and Lauren chatted for a few minutes more before Amy said she had to get back to her table. Mark's eyes followed her progress until she sat at a table occupied by an older couple.

"So how long have you known Mrs. Fowler?" his mom asked.

Without looking up he replied, "Not that long, I've rotated her tires a time or two."

"That's nice. She's a sweet lady so you make sure to take special care of her when she comes in for service," Lauren said before turning her attention back to her menu.

He almost choked with her statement. He couldn't help wondering what his mother would think of the nice lady if she knew that said lady had incestuous sex with her son. He also wondered what she would say if she found out that he was fucking her too. It was best not to dwell on that fact he told himself.

Once they finished their meal he left a nice tip, paid their tab and headed out the door with Lauren in the lead. This gave Mark a chance to admire his mother. The dress she wore was a simple brown number with a flower design that hugged her frame just enough to show her curves without being too snug. The hem ended just below mid-thigh giving him an excellent view of her shapely legs. It was while he was looking at them he realized that she wasn't wearing any stockings or pantyhose. Just as they reached the car he jumped ahead and opened her door for her.

"Allow me to be a gentleman," he said, executing an exaggerated bow which caused her to laugh out loud.

"Why thank you, kind Sir," she giggled as she climbed into the seat.

Just as he'd hoped, the hem of her dress rose as she put first one foot in, followed swiftly by the other one. Unfortunately it didn't rise far enough to satisfy his curiosity about whether she only went without panties when she wore pantyhose, or if

she went without them all the time. As he rounded the car to get into the passenger seat he had to adjust his crotch area. As he settled into the seat a wave of shame washed over him for his impure thoughts.

It turned out the film playing at the only movie house in town was The Godfather part2, something that neither had any interest in watching. After a short discussion they decided to just call it a night and head home. For the rest of the evening they lounged around the house watching television before both headed off to their rooms. As they walked down the hall Lauren turned suddenly causing Mark to collide with her. Surprised, he wrapped his arms around her waist which caused their torsos to mesh together. Both stood there for a few seconds just staring into the other's eyes, the silence growing in the small hallway. Finally she pushed against his chest and stepped back a bit.

With a slight blush on her cheeks, she said, "I just wanted to thank you for tonight sweetheart."

Stepping closer he leaned forward and kissed her on the cheek before saying, "It was my pleasure, Mom."

Once again the silence in the hall grew until they both said goodnight and went to their rooms, sleep eluding both for some time.

The next morning Lauren wandered into the kitchen dressed as usual where she found Mark fixing two cups of coffee dressed in his robe too. As if he sensed her presence he turned, smiled, and pointed to the dinner table. She took a seat and watched as he continued to pour the coffee. A smile played on her lips as she thought about how much he looked like his father. At five-ten he was just a tad bit taller, but his soft brown hair, striking blue eyes and wide shoulders were definitely a trait he'd gotten from his dad. When he turned and brought the cups to the table she saw the beautiful smile he always sported, something he got from her. He placed his cup down first then stepped over to her. Just before he reached where she was sitting the sash of his robe snagged on the chair next to her causing it to fall open. What greeted her eyes was something she knew he hadn't inherited from his

father. His broad chest had a thick thatch of curly hair, but as her eyes involuntarily lowered, she noticed that his pubic hair looked as if he kept it trimmed short. Another thing he hadn't gotten from his father was the thick cock swinging freely between his legs. Lauren felt her throat constrict and her heart race in her chest.

Swiftly placing her cup down, Mark spun around and shakily retied his robe before taking his own seat. He was fully aware that his morning wood had only partially gone down, so he knew his mother had gotten a good look at his junk.

"Sorry about that, Mom," he stammered, his face a bright crimson in color.

Forcing the laughter down she responded, "Don't be. Who doesn't want a show with their morning coffee?"

"Oh God," he groaned, burying his face in his hands.

She lost her battle to stifle the laughter. This only caused him to groan louder. After she got herself composed she glanced over at him and said, "It's fine honey. We'll just call this payback for you seeing me. Okay?"

"I guess that's fair," he replied, his face still red as a beet when he looked up.

For several minutes they remained silent, sipping their coffee, each filled with thoughts that neither should have. For him it was the memory of seeing her half undressed. This brought a twitch to his cock. For her she couldn't get the image of her son's cock out of her head. Even only partially hard she had been impressed by its size and girth. She could feel the moisture growing between her thighs.

Her thoughts were interrupted when he asked, "Ready for more coffee?"

"Yeah, but maybe I should get it this time," she answered, a wide smile plastered to her face as she picked up their cups and walked over to the counter.

He watched her pour the coffee and decided it was time to bring up his concerns about her future. He waited until she was sitting.

"Mom, can I ask you something?"

"Sure," she replied.

"I was just wondering if you are ever going to start dating again," he said, fully aware they'd gone over this before.

With a groan she replied, "Not this again."

"Yes, this again."

Glancing over at him she asked, "Why do you keep harping on this? I told you I have no desire to start dating."

"I know, but I worry that you're missing out on so much. Dad's been gone five years now, it's time to turn the page and get on with your life," came his reply.

"I'm well aware of how long it's been," she said with an edge to her voice.

"So you can see where I'm coming from, can't you?" he asked.

"I appreciate your concern, but I'm fine sweetie. I don't need to look for another man, I'm perfectly happy the way things are."

"Don't you want to experience all that comes with having a relationship? And yes, by that I mean sexually too," he softly said.

Instead of saying anything she just stared at him with her eyebrows raised in a questioning manner.

Mark registered the look on her face but continued anyway.

"You are obviously a very healthy woman, at least from what I've seen. So you should still have desires in that area. It might be you've repressed those desire so long there's a need to re-ignite your pilot light. Do you think that is why you avoid dating?"

"So, what am I now, a furnace?" she asked, her forehead furrowing.

"That's not what I meant. I just wonder if you've lost the urge to enjoy the pleasures of the flesh."

Taking a sip of her coffee she glared at him for a bit before talking.

"This isn't the kind of conversation a Mother has with her Son. But just so you know, I have the same urges as any woman my age. Do I miss sex? Oh course I do. But that's no reason to get involved with some man that I hardly know. Now if you don't mind I'd appreciate it if we could change the subject."

Mark knew when to shut up. So instead of pestering her further he started talking about things that had nothing to do with sex. But truth be told, his cock was quite rigid from their previous conversation. What he didn't know was his mother's slit was soaking wet as well.

When she rose and took her cup to the sink he watched her. She just stood there staring out the window into the back yard. Slowly he stood and walked over to her. Standing behind her he slid his hands around her waist and placed them on her stomach, while lowering his chin onto her shoulder, something he'd done in the past.

"I really didn't mean to upset you, Mom," he whispered into her ear.

Lauren felt his chest press into her back and savored the feel of his strong arms around her. Placing one hand over his, she reached up and cupped the side of his face with the other one.

"I know honey," she whispered back.

"I just want you to be as happy as possible," he said, then turned his face and planted tiny little kisses on the side of her neck.

A moan floated from her mouth as butterflies fluttered in her stomach. Closing her eyes she allowed the pleasurable sensations coursing through her to take hold. Before she could fully succumb to the affects her son's kisses were having on her he stopped, whispered he loved her, then left her standing there. If it hadn't been for the counter to lean on she was sure she would've slid to the floor in a crumpled heap.

Mark had heard her soft moan and felt the way her body had seemed to melt against his. It scared him. He hadn't expected her to react the way she had. Swiftly he ran to his room, put on some clothes, and in less than five minutes he was pulling away from the house with no particular destination in mind. All he knew was he had to get away from there before his body betrayed him. Before he did something that he couldn't take back.

Lauren heard the front door close, and Mark's truck roar off. She was surprised he hadn't told her where he was going. She made her way to the table and sat heavily into her chair, her mind going a mile a minute with questions that she had no idea how to answer. The biggest one was would she have stopped things from getting out of hand if her son had continued. Fear clutched at her heart as she realized that she didn't know the answer to that.

He drove around aimlessly for a spell before finding himself outside Amy's place. Normally he never came over on Saturdays, preferring to spend that day with his mom. But here he was, confused, and quite horny.

Amy answered the door in just her robe since she'd just gotten out of the shower. She was a little surprised to see Mark standing there but beckoned him in when she noticed the troubled look on his face.

"Something wrong baby?" she asked after shutting the door.

Mark eyed her up and down for several seconds before saying, "I'll tell you in a little while, but if you're up for it I'd love to fuck the shit out of you first."

"When have you known me not to be up for that?" she replied, her lips stretched into a huge smile.

An hour later she still had that smile as she lay on her stomach, her legs spread apart revealing her gaping pussy as cum oozed from it. Her large, rounded buttocks were red from Mark savagely slamming his hips into them, as well as a

few well-placed slaps. Turning her head she saw him lying next to her staring at the ceiling.

"Well, someone was pretty enthusiastic there. Mind telling me what brought that on," she inquired, pulling her legs together and turning on her side to face him.

Mark's bottom lip quivered briefly before he told her everything that had happened. He told her about seeing his mother nearly naked, not once, but twice. He also told her about kissing her on the neck and how she had responded. He also confessed to having lewd dreams about her that he found both disgusting and highly erotic at the same time. When he finally finished blurting out his story he lay there breathless, and to both their astonishment, fully erect once more.

Amy reached over and squeezed his cock.

"Did you enjoy how she reacted to your touch?" she asked as her hand slid up and down on his pulsating shaft.

"Honestly, yes. And that's what scares me, because I'm not sure if I could stop myself from doing something that could ruin our relationship forever," he told her, the pleasure in his cock building.

"What made you kiss her neck in the first place?" she inquired, increasing the speed of her stroking hand.

"Dad used to do that to her, and it seemed to make her happy. I remember how she smiled on those occasions." He knew that talking about his mother was somehow heightening the sensation running through his shaft.

"I can't tell you what to do, that would be your choice to make. My personal opinion is nothing ventured, nothing gained." The cock in her hand began to really throb.

"You really ought to stop or it's going to get messy really quick," he moaned.

"Mmm...I like messy. Just close your eyes and picture your Mom taking this big, hard cock in her pussy. I'm sure she'd love to feel it sliding deep inside, giving her the pleasure that she truly needs," Amy whispered.

Mark's body went rigid as cum erupted out of his cock and shot straight up into the air before coming back down and coating Amy's hand and his stomach. She continued to milk him until she was sure there was nothing left, then she leaned over and sucked his deflating penis into her mouth. Once she had his cock clean she devoured the cum that had splattered on her hand.

With a sigh she stretched out next to him and said, "That was tasty."

After catching his breath he rolled onto his side and said, "Mom deserves to be happy doesn't she?"

"Yes," came her reply.

"Okay, say I do this, and she doesn't kill me, how do you suggest I go about getting her to see what she's missing?"

"My advice would be to go slowly; see how she responds."

"That doesn't help me much. I mean how do I get the ball rolling?" he asked.

Propping herself on her elbow and gazing into his eyes she said, "Listen, all women have a trigger that gets them hot. From what you've told me I'd say you already found your Moms'."

"Seemed that way to me," he replied.

"Okay, if you really want to do this, then here's what you should do," Amy said.

For the next twenty minutes she tutored him on how to proceed. Once she finished he got up and headed to the door, a troubled look in his eyes. Amy watched from her front window as he drove away, positive that if he succeeded she'd never have him in her bed again. She was okay with that, if it helped another lonely mother blossom.

When he arrived home he didn't see his mother anywhere. A quick search led him to the back yard where she was tending to her flower bed. She hadn't heard him so for several minutes he stood there and just admired her as she labored at one of her favorite pastimes. She was wearing a wide, floppy-brimmed hat, a pale-yellow tank top and white baggy shorts. He found the shorts too baggy to be flattering, but the top fit her snugly across her back with no hint of a bra underneath. He found that quite unusual. She had never worked in her garden without one to his knowledge. Before she had a chance to notice him he slipped back inside and headed for the bathroom, acutely aware of the aroma of sex that was pouring off him. Closing the door, but not locking it, he stripped then stepped into the shower.

Lauren finished what she was doing, rose, then headed inside, the front of her tank top saturated with perspiration making it almost transparent. Just as she entered the hall to go to her room the bathroom door opened and out stepped her son. A tiny squeal escaped her lips causing him to stop and look in her direction. As if in slow motion they each took in the sight of the other. Mark's eyes automatically homed in on the twin points of her chest, her areola clearly visible through the wet fabric. As he stared he noticed the nipples grow hard and point out. As for his mom she had a much better view. Her son stood there buck naked holding his bundled clothing in one arm while his cock and balls swung freely. As she stared his cock seemed to begin swelling right before her very eyes. The encounter only lasted a couple of seconds before he dashed into his room and shut the door, leaving her standing there with her jaw hanging open.

Once she regained her composure she went to her room and softly closed her door. Questions rattled around in her brain as if on an endless loop. Why had his cock started getting hard? Why was her crotch so wet? What the hell was

happening here? Her first question was answered when she glanced into her mirror and saw how visible her nipples were. She didn't even question why they were so hard. The sight of a man's cock always had that effect on her, apparently even her sons. Throwing her hat on the bed she undressed and put on her bathrobe, then headed for a much-needed shower.

Mark heard the shower start as he hastily dressed in gym shorts and a white t-shirt. Knowing his mother was in the shower gave him the opportunity to slip out of his room unseen and sit on the couch. He couldn't believe he'd flashed his mom twice now. He expected an awkward few minutes when she was done. What he got instead was an awkward several hours. Neither knew what to say to the other, so they basically didn't say anything at all for some time. By dinner time the awkwardness had given way to light banter, and by the time the dishes were done, and they had settled on the couch it seemed like nothing out of the ordinary had happened at all.

They settled for watching an old John Wayne movie, and as was their habit, Lauren sat next to him with his arm wrapped

protectively around her shoulder. She always felt so safe when he did that. For him, it was just the comfort of hearing her purr once in a while as she snuggled closer and closer to him during these times. Once the movie ended she stood and said goodnight. As was his custom he stood, leaned in and kissed her on the cheek. Nothing about the incident in the hall had been spoken, but as they lay in bed both thought about it.

Sunday started out like usual. Lauren woke first and began fixing breakfast. As she flipped the pancakes Mark walked in, said good morning, grabbed a cup of coffee and sat at the table. This time he didn't even give her a hug. For some reason Lauren couldn't understand why she felt disappointed.

"What, no hugs and kisses this morning?" she asked keeping her back to him.

A smile crept on his face as he stood and walked up to her. Slipping his hands around to her tummy he bent forward and planted several kisses on her neck. When he felt her shudder he let his hands drift lower until they were almost touching

her pubic mound. He kept them there for just a scant second before returning to the table.

"That's more like it," she said without turning. She didn't want him to see the way her bottom lip was quivering.

When she did turn around she noticed that he was fully dressed.

"No robe this morning?" she questioned.

Chuckling he replied, "Didn't want what happened yesterday to happen again."

"That's disappointing," she said as she sat. "I was hoping for another show."

He wasn't sure if she was serious or not until he saw the twinkle in her eyes.

"Twice in one day wasn't good enough?" he laughed.

"Us old gals like a thrill just as much as the next guy," came her reply.

"Well, if you play your cards right you might catch me coming out of the shower again. Something I really do apologize for, Mom. I didn't expect you in so soon."

The rest of the day went by smoothly. Lauren did notice that he seemed to be more helpful than normal, even going grocery shopping with her. As the week went by she noticed that he had become a little more touchy-feely. Nothing outrageous, just light touches on her arms, sometimes brushing against her even though there was plenty of room to get by her. She also noticed that he watched her more often than usual, she could feel his eyes on her whenever he was around. At first she found that a little disconcerting, but by Thursday she found herself doing the same thing to him. One thing that had changed was he no longer kissed her on the

neck. He went back to giving her light hugs and pecks on the cheek instead. Oddly, she missed it.

By Friday Mark was quite pleased how things were going. Amy had told him to take his time, so that's what he was doing. His mom seemed more relaxed, even teasing him about when he was going to flash her again. He did miss feeling her tremble when he kissed her neck but knew if he was going to succeed he had to go slow.

The weekend flew by. He helped her in her flower garden on Saturday and on Sunday they made cookies together. If anyone had been watching they would've sworn it was like watching two teenagers play, because a lot of flour was wasted as they kept bumping into each other. Sunday evening found them on the couch watching a romance movie, Lauren snuggled up tight against her son. During a commercial break Mark turned to her and asked why she didn't wear panties with her pantyhose.

Stunned, she leaned away from him and asked, "Where did that come from?"

With a shrug of his shoulder he said, "Just curious."

"That's a strange thing for you to be wondering about, don't you think?"

"It is, but each time I've seen you in your pantyhose I noticed you didn't wear panties, and I was just wondering why," he answered, his face slightly red.

Lauren's brow furrowed as she registered his use of the words 'each time'. How many times had he seen her in just her pantyhose she wondered. She knew of only that one time a week ago, but he had implied that he had seen her dressed that way on more than one occasion. She couldn't help but wonder if he'd been spying on her.

"Each time?" she asked.

Relief washed over her when he told her about coming home and finding her on the couch with her dress hiked up. She remembered that night. Snuggling back into him she couldn't stop wondering what had gone through his mind as he gazed down on her sleeping form. Probably had a boner for days she found herself hoping.

He heard her soft giggle and asked, "What's so funny?"

Patting his arm she replied, "Nothing sweetie. But to put your mind at ease, I find wearing panties with them is a little too uncomfortable."

Mark draped his arm back over her shoulders and pulled her closer.

Monday morning Mark decided to resume kissing her on the neck, but unfortunately she was already sitting at the table when he stepped into the kitchen. There was a cup waiting for

him on the counter. They exchanged their normal banter until it was time for him to go to work. The day dragged by.

Tuesday he got lucky and caught her just getting ready to pour her first cup of the day. Stealthily he slid in behind her and encircled her waist with his arms, his hands pressed just above her mound. When his lips met her neck she stiffened.

"Honey, you really shouldn't be doing that," she whispered even as her hand came up and cupped the back of his head.

"You like it, don't you?" he whispered back.

"Yes," she answered with a tremor in her voice.

"Good, because I forgot to give you a hug yesterday," he proclaimed, once more raining soft kisses up and down the side of her neck.

Lauren melted into him until it dawned on her that one of his hands had slid down and was resting squarely on her mound. Before she could protest he backed away, but not before the hand on her mound pressed harder. She couldn't stop the tiny moan from coming out. The rest of the morning she sat there in a half daze with her pussy on fire and her mind a jumbled mess of outrageous thoughts. Even after Mark left for work she sat there staring into her luke-warm cup of coffee. She was troubled by the knowledge that if her son had kept his hand on her mound much longer she would have surely orgasmed.

Thursday she did have an orgasm. She was waiting, half asleep, for the coffee to brew, her hair already in a ponytail, when Mark stepped up behind her. His hands came snaking around her waist, one landing close enough to touch the bottom of her right breast, while the other landed squarely on her pubic mound. Before she had a chance to ask him what he thought he was doing his lips went to work on the sensitive flesh on her neck.

"Mark...sweetie...you really should stop," she moaned, unable to control what was happening to her body.

Mark didn't stop. As soon as he'd seen her standing there he knew he had to push the envelope. So instead of stopping he began to press his hand harder into her mound until he felt his middle finger at the top of her slit. Slowly he began to rotate his whole hand on her mound making sure that the tip of his middle finger stayed in contact with what he suspected was her clitoris.

"Honey..." Lauren moaned, swiftly losing all sense of reality as her pussy flooded with her secretions.

Maybe if her shift had been thicker she would have had a fighting chance to fend off the waves of pleasure coursing through her. Maybe. But it wasn't thick. If anything it felt like she wasn't wearing anything at all.

What she hadn't become aware of yet was how Mark had slipped his finger through the fabric between the buttonholes, his middle finger actually rubbing her clit freely now, her juices coating its tip.

"I love you, Mom," he whispered.

She heard his whisper of love, then almost fainted when his finger slid lower and plunged into her sodden hole.

"OH GOD!" she screamed as her pussy clenched around his invading finger.

Mark felt her stiffen briefly before her body began to shake violently in his grasp causing the hand beneath her breast to slip and land directly on her tit. Without thinking his fingers sought out the erect nipple and gave it a pinch.

"OH...Fuck!" she shrieked as a kaleidoscope of multi-colored flashes erupted inside her brain reminding her of the July fourth fireworks they had watched.

Her orgasm hit her like a runaway freight train, derailing any thought of telling her son to stop this madness. Her eyes

slammed shut and her legs turned to jelly as wave after glorious wave of pleasure rocked her very being. Huffing for air she sagged against him, thankful that he still had his arms wrapped around her waist, otherwise she knew without a doubt that she would have dropped to the floor.

Mark knew he had gone too far. All he had planned to do was lightly caress her mound, but somehow his finger had found a way through her clothes. Once he felt her stiff clit with his fingertip it was game on. But now that it was over fear raised its' ugly head. He had no idea how to explain his actions but was pretty sure that she was going to freak out when she gathered her thoughts. While waiting for his mother to finally regained some strength in her legs he continued to support her weight. Slowly he felt her brace herself against the counter, allowing him to relax his hold on her.

"I'm sorry, Mom. I got carried away, please forgive me," he pleaded.

Standing on her own, her head bowed down, she whispered,
"Go, leave me be."

"Mom, I really am sorry," he almost sobbed.

"Mark please...just go," she almost groaned.

Relief washed over her when she felt him pull away, but she still stood there with her head down, afraid that if she turned around he would be there. It wasn't fear of him being there. No, it was fear that he would see the lust in her eyes. Her willpower was gone, he had awakened the beast of desire within her that she had spent five long years trying to keep caged. She could still feel his finger buried in her and his hard length pressed into her ass. More tingles spread out from her still twitching twat as her mind relived what had happened. Once her composure returned she knew she had to confront her son. Squaring her shoulders she headed to his room.

Mark heard the soft knock on his door and before he could say anything his mother came in.

"You want to explain to me just what the HELL you were thinking," she said, trying desperately to keep her voice level.

"I...I got carried away," he replied.

"You think? I'm your Mother, Mark, you can't be doing stuff like that with me," she said, the edge in her voice noticeably gone.

"I didn't mean for it to go that far, Mom. I really am sorry," he said, unable to look her in the eyes.

She had never been able to stay mad at him for long, and now was no exception. If truth be told, she had enjoyed what he had done. Immensely. But she sure wasn't about to admit it out loud. No, that was something she would keep to herself. Maybe even use it late at night. While she was thinking these thoughts her eyes roamed about the room as any mother's would. That's when she noticed the open suitcase lying on his

bed. When she turned her gaze back to him she also noticed that he was fully dressed. A chill ran down her spine as she pointed toward the bed.

"What's this?" she asked.

"I thought you wanted me to go away," he answered weakly.

"All I meant was give me some space, not for you to move out," she softly said, stepping forward and slipped her arms around his waist.

Tentatively he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her even tighter against his chest.

"Are you mad at me for what I did?" he asked, his voice so low she barely heard him.

Tightening her arms around him she whispered, "No. I'm just confused about why you did it."

"Because I love you," he simply said, as if that answered everything.

"I love you, too," she replied before breaking their embrace. "Now put that away and come into the kitchen, you can't go to work on an empty stomach."

Once Mark had left for work she remained sitting at the table mulling over what had transpired. Try as she might, she couldn't deny that her son had given her the best orgasm of her life. She could still feel remnants of her fluids leaking from her pussy. Her husband had been a caring lover, but damn, she'd never shot off like that before. That thought caused a shudder to creep up her spine. With a heavy sigh she rose and proceeded to go about her normal routine. All through her workday her mind would recall the feel of her son's finger in her cunt and the stiffness of his cock pressed against her ass. When this happened another shudder would shoot through her causing a huge smile to spread on her lips.

Mark wasn't fairing any better with his own thoughts. He recalled how drenched his finger had been when he removed it from his mother's pussy. He also remembered sucking his finger clean when he had gone back to his room, the taste of her juices still lingering on his tastebuds. He spent most of the day just trying to keep his dick from tenting out the front of his jeans. By the time he got home he had no choice. He went into the bathroom and stroked himself into a frenzy of unbridled euphoria. It took three times before he was finally sated.

When Lauren returned home she found him sitting on the couch still in his work clothes. She said hi, shot him a brilliant smile and walked to her bedroom. Deliberately leaving her door partially open she proceeded to remove her clothes. Once she had all but her pantyhose off she turned and looked at the open door. For reasons she didn't understand she secretly hoped to see him standing there watching, but the doorway was empty. A slight twinge of disappointment flittered through her. She finished undressing then opted to just put on the same thing she was wearing that morning. A sense of expectation filled her as she made her way back to

the front room, only to find it empty when she got there. Turning on the television she settled on the couch, one foot under her, and waited for Mark to come out of his room. She was quite surprised when twenty minutes later her son walked in the front door carrying a bag from McDonalds.

"Got you a fillet of fish," he stated as he placed the bag on the coffee table.

"Thank you honey," she said as she slid her leg out from under her and scooted to the edge of her seat.

It was only a brief glimpse, but as she situated herself Mark had an unobstructed view of her crotch. A small smile played on her lips as she watched his eyes go wide. She really wasn't sure why she was teasing him, but the look on his face made her feel a little giddy.

"Nothing to drink?" she inquired.

"Their soda machine was broken, so I thought I'd have a beer and maybe you'd want a glass of wine," he answered as he headed to the kitchen.

"Ooh, wine and McDonalds, how fancy," she chuckled.

When he returned he sat a full glass of white wine in front of her and took a seat on the other end of the couch. They both began to eat, making small talk between bites. She was at a loss to where the wine had come from, as far as she knew they didn't have any white wine. When she asked about it he told her that he had picked it up on his way home. He figured she might like a glass to unwind with. One glass turned into three by the time they were snuggled on the couch watching the eight o'clock movie. By the end of the movie the bottle would be empty.

Completely out of the blue she asked, "So, and I'm not mad, could you tell me what possessed you to do what you did this morning?"

Swallowing the last of his second beer he turned to look directly into her eyes. "I just wanted to remind you of what you were missing out on. But in all honesty, I really hadn't meant for it to go as far as it did, and for that I'm truly sorry," he told her.

With a light chuckle she said, "So your objective was to, how did you put it?"

Chuckling himself he said, "Re-light your pilot light."

"I see," she whispered.

"Did it work?" he asked.

"There was definitely a spark, but I'm not sure if it lit all the way," she giggled.

Mark didn't know how to respond to that. Was she suggesting that he should do more to restart her libido, or was it just the

wine talking? He was torn with indecision as he turned his attention back to the television.

When the movie ended she told him she was going to bed, but when she stood it was apparent to both of them that she was really unsteady on her feet. Standing he offered to help her down the hall, an offer she readily accepted. As he helped guide her toward her bedroom somehow the hand he had on her ribs slid up and pressed against the side of her tit. He marveled at the feel, and since she didn't object he kept it there until they reached her door. Kissing her cheek he said goodnight and waited till she softly closed her door. He stayed outside her room listening for anything out of the ordinary, such as her falling before reaching her bed. When nothing happened and he noticed a light under the door he started to walk away but stopped after only a few steps. Turning he gazed at her door. Out of an abundance of caution he went over and opened it just enough so that he would hear if anything happened.

For the longest time sleep eluded him. He lay there staring up at the ceiling wondering what to do. Not about helping her

open up, that was the least of his worries. No, what he needed to know was whether to tell her that he was falling in love with her.

While Mark was mulling over his dilemma Lauren lay naked on her bed, legs spread, the fingers of her right-hand dancing lightly over her stiff clit. Rarely did she masturbate, but her son's hand touching her breast had awoken the urge. Slowly she let one finger slide between her wet folds and sink knuckle deep into her heat.

"OH God! Mark!" she hollered as a second finger joined the first.

Mark couldn't help but hear her. Thinking she was calling out for help he rushed to her room completely oblivious to his own nakedness. Once he reached her door he pushed it open the rest of the way and was greeted by the most erotic sight he had ever seen. His mother lay there spread-eagled, head back, eyes tightly shut with one hand mauling her tits while the other stuffed two fingers deep into her cunt. The sound of

her wetness filled the room as the glow from the bedside lamp left nothing to the imagination. Before he knew what he was doing he found himself at the foot of her bed savoring the sight of her fingers parting her hairy slit. Primal urges sprang up causing him to lose all rational thought. Slowly he placed his knees on the bed and proceeded to crawl between her legs, his eyes glued to her pussy.

Lauren felt the bed shift. Pulling her fingers from her heated depths she propped herself up on her elbows and gazed toward the foot of her bed. Even though her vision was fuzzy she could clearly see her son climbing onto the bed. At first speechless, she watched him crawl between her still open thighs, but her voice returned when his hands landed on the inside of her thighs and pushed them further apart.

"Mark? Honey? What are
you...ARRRGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!" she wailed as his
lips clamped around her throbbing clit, his tongue swirling
circles around the sensitive flesh.

Feebly she reached down with one hand meaning to push his head away from her pussy, but only managed to curl her fingers into his hair and pull his face tighter against her steaming box. Another wail erupted from her mouth as a wave of pleasure, more exquisite than anything she had ever felt before, sent shockwaves cascading through every nerve fiber in her body. In no time at all her breathing became ragged, and her eyelids began to flutter.

Mark savored the sweet taste of his mother as his tongue worked tirelessly on her engorged clitoris, her juices flowing freely onto his chin. Lowering his upper body between her thighs he slid his hands up past her hips until they cupped both breasts. Deftly his fingers found her erect nipples and began to gently pinch and twist them.

"MARRRKKKKKKKK!" she screamed as the first orgasm shot through her.

With a smile on his face he lowered his tongue until it was slithering between her saturated folds, eagerly drinking in the

abundance of fluid pouring from his mother's twitching twat. Underneath him his rock-hard cock throbbed endlessly, soaking the bed with his pre-cum.

Fireworks exploded in her brain and her eyes rolled back into her head when she felt her son stuff two fingers deep into her smoldering depths.

As soon as his fingers were fully inserted into her wet hole he felt her body go rigid, then suddenly limp. Pulling his mouth from her cunt he glanced up her body and saw that her eyes were closed. Releasing his hands from her tits he shifted around until his ass was resting on his calves. Panic started to set in until he saw the gentle rise and fall of her chest. Carefully he crawled off the bed and stared down at his mother's dripping pussy, his rampant rod sticking obscenely out in front of him. He knew it would be so easy to just crawl back onto the bed and guide his cock into her soaked pussy. But he also knew that that would be the ultimate betrayal of her trust. Gently he pulled a blanket over her, turned off her lamp and left. He did leave her bedroom door open just in case.

Lauren's internal clock woke her about the same time as her alarm would have, if she had actually set it. Swinging her legs over the side she sat up, instantly aware that her head was throbbing. As she sat there the memories of last night slowly filtered into her brain. She remembered the wine and the movie, at least some of it. But the thing that was vividly etched into her mind was seeing her son with his face buried in her muff, his tongue doing things to her that she had never experienced. How far they had gone she wasn't sure. Slowly she reached between her legs and ran her fingers through her slit. She was wetter than normal.

"Oh God," she groaned, holding her aching head in her hands.

Fighting off the hangover she dressed and headed to the kitchen in desperate need of coffee and aspirin. By the time her son walked in she was feeling a little better, at least her head was no longer pounding.

Mark stepped into the kitchen and did a doubletake as he spotted his mom at the table. Her hair was a frizzy mess and

her eyes looked bloodshot. Fixing himself a cup, he sat down, his stomach tied up in a knot of nerves as he waited for her to unleash her wrath on him. What she did instead threw him for a loop.

"Can I ask you something?" she asked, her red-rimmed eyes staring into his.

"Sure Mom," he replied, dipping his eyes to the table, unable to hold her gaze.

"Did we have sex last night?" came her question.

"Um, not completely," he mumbled.

"Not completely? What in the hell does that mean? Either we did, or we didn't," she stated.

Glancing up at her he asked, "How much of last night do you remember?"

"Pretty much everything, especially the part where you climbed into my bed. What I'm sketchy on is how far did we go," she told him.

Taking a deep breath he began to explain the events of last night. He told her about hearing her call out his name, and thinking something was wrong, had gone into her room and seeing her pleasuring herself. He told her that seeing her like that had caused him to lose control. When he finally got to the part where she had passed out he could see a small smile begin to play at the corners of her mouth.

"So we never actually fucked?" she asked.

Her use of profanity shocked and aroused him at the same time.

"No, we didn't get that far," he half chuckled.

"I see," she mumbled, a far off look in her eyes.

"I would have, Mom," he said.

Snapped out of her thoughts she asked, "Would have what dear?"

"Made love to you," he softly replied.

She sat there quietly for what seemed like forever causing him to think that maybe he had said the wrong thing.

Finally she spoke. "You do remember that I'm your Mother, don't you?"

For Mark it was time to unburden his soul. Rising he walked over and dropped to one knee by her chair, then took one of her hands in his.

"I know you're my Mother, but that's beside the point considering how I feel about you."

Squeezing his hand she asked, "And how do you feel about me?"

"I'm in love with you."

His words had a profound effect on her. Her heart skipped a beat, and her respiration grew shallow as she gazed deeply into his unblinking eyes. Her mind tried to formulate a response, but for the life of her, she couldn't find the right words. So instead of telling him anything now she opted to continue this conversation when her head wasn't all muddled. Rising from her chair, pulling him with her, she whispered, "Let's talk about this tonight when I get home."

Nodding his consent he did something that took her breath away. He cupped her chin, lifted her face up, and brought his lips to hers'. Her eyes grew wide with surprise. Just as she felt her body responding to his kiss he pulled away and headed

out of the kitchen, leaving her with stiffened nipples and a tingle in her pussy. As she watched him walk away she slowly lowered herself in her chair, afraid that her legs would give out at any second. Once he was gone she raised a hand up and pressed the tips of her fingers to her lips, as if this gesture would recapture the feel of his lips on hers'.

Her work suffered as she tried to wrap her head around his admission. Her own thoughts didn't help either. He had been her whole world the last five years, and she did love him more than life itself. But she had to ask herself whether it was the love of a mother for her son, or the love of a woman for a man. By quitting time she was totally confused.

On his way home from work Mark swung by and picked up Chinese food for dinner. He stuck it in the oven at a low temperature to keep it warm, then went and took a shower. Once done he dressed in jeans and a t-shirt, then settled down on the couch to wait for Lauren to get home. It was an agonizing wait; his nerves were on edge as he wondered what she would say about him revealing his love for her. Someone had once told him not to sweat the small stuff, but this was far

from being small. His admission had been a huge gamble, one that could go horribly wrong. But on the other hand it could be the start of something wonderful, at least that's what he kept telling himself. Time ticked on.

Lauren pulled up to the curb, hesitated a bit, then opened her door and went into the house. As she stepped inside she saw him sitting on the couch, his eyes following her every move. Sitting her purse down she told him she was going to take a shower before starting dinner. He said okay and watched her walk away without telling her that he already had dinner covered. Once she was out of sight he took the food out of the oven, gathered plates and silverware, then waited some more.

After her shower Lauren decided to just wear her bathrobe, something she did from time to time. May as well be comfortable was her motto. Slowly she made her way to the kitchen, stopping briefly to adjust the towel wrapped around her wet hair. When she entered she saw her son sitting there smiling, dinner already waiting.

"You never cease to amaze me," she told him, then took a seat across from him.

They ate in silence for the most part, the air filled with unsaid things. Once they finished, and before his mother could escape, he spoke up.

"I want to apologize for what I did last night. It was wrong of me to take advantage of the situation, so I'm truly sorry," he said.

Lauren squirmed in her chair for a bit before saying, "Don't be sorry, because I'm not."

"I don't understand," he told her.

"What you did to me...what you made me feel, was incredible. Was it wrong? Sure. But I've never experienced that level of pleasure in my life, so I should be thanking you," she said, a slight smile on her lips.

Stunned by this he asked, "You mean no one has ever done that to you before?"

"Honey, I've only been with one man, and your Father, God bless his heart, wasn't what you'd call very adventurous in the bedroom. Don't get me wrong, he was a wonderful lover. It's just he considered things like what you did, well, unsanitary."

Mark couldn't believe that his dad had never gone down on his mother. From the moment he had seen her bush that was just about all he could think of doing. Of course, now that he had tasted her, there were other things he'd love to do with her but didn't dare tell her that. So instead of saying anything he pushed his chair back, gathered their empty plates and took them to the sink. Before he could do anything else she interrupted him.

"Why don't we leave the dishes for tomorrow," she called out.

It was unlike her to do that, so he turned and asked, "Are you sure?"

"Yeah, why not. I was thinking, since it's Friday, we could just get comfortable and see if there's anything to watch on TV instead. That sound good to you?"

"Sounds great," he replied.

Rising she glanced at him and said, "Why don't you slip into something comfortable while I see what's on the box."

He followed her out and headed toward his room while she made herself comfortable on the couch and began scanning through the TV guide. Before he made it too far she called out and told him to grab her brush off her dresser. Once in his room he struggled to decide what to wear. She had said wear something comfortable, and seeing how she was in her bathrobe, he finally settled on just wearing his too. He just had to remember to watch how he sat. Dressed he headed back toward the front room, then remembered her brush. He

made a quick dash into her room and grabbed it off her dresser. Once he made it to the couch she was sitting in the middle, the damp towel from her head draped across the back.

"Thanks," she said, taking the brush from him and slowly running the bristles through her hair.

He waited for her to finish before asking if she'd found anything worth watching. Scooting up against him she held out the guide, open to the days listing, and told him to pick. Only having three channels limited their selection, so they settled for a few game shows that were followed by Friday night at the movies. Tonight's movie was a cheesy science fiction flick from the fifties.

A third of the way through the movie Lauren slid her hand onto his thigh and gave it a squeeze before saying, "These movies used to scare the hell out of me when I was a kid."

With a laugh he said, "Don't worry, Mom, I'll protect you."

"You always have, sweetheart," she whispered as she stretched out and lay her head in his lap.

"Mom?" he said as he felt her hand dip between the folds of his robe and slowly slide upwards toward his rapidly expanding cock.

"Shhh, just relax baby," she cooed as her fingers touched the hot flesh of his thick shaft.

When her fingers wrapped around his throbbing piece of meat he let out a moan of pleasure. As his mother's hand began to slowly stroke up and down the turgid shaft he settled back and surrendered to her heavenly touch. Pleasure coursed through his body as he felt her tighten her grip and begin to stroke him faster. All too soon he felt her stop. Opening his eyes he watched silently as she slid off the couch and repositioned herself between his knees.

When they made eye contact Lauren whispered, "Don't say anything."

Mark watched in stunned disbelief as his mother untied the sash of his robe and slowly peeled the halves away from his crotch. Even with just the glow from the television he could see pre-cum oozing from the tip and running down his shaft.

Lauren marveled at the sight of her son's cock as she held it upright. It was so thick she was barely able to wrap her fingers around it. A little bit of fear crept into her mind as she studied the fat, bulbous head. Would that even fit in her mouth, she wondered. Gently she began to once more stroke his length, his pre-cum coating her hands making the long shaft slick. Endless moans poured from her son as she worked up the courage to do what she wanted to do.

Looking up into his astonished eyes she said, "I've never down this before, so if I hurt you let me know."

Before he had a chance to reply he watched her open her mouth and wrap her lips around the head of his cock. A jolt of pleasure raced down his penis, through his balls, then up into his brain.

"OH GOD!" he groaned.

Lauren worked slowly at first, inching her mouth farther down on the spit-covered shaft, until she was able to comfortably take about half its length. Using her mouth she bobbed up and down for a spell before experimenting. She found that when she used the tip of her tongue under the ridge of his cockhead his penis would twitch and swell even bigger. With an inner smile she wrapped one hand around the shaft and began to stroke while letting her other hand gently roll his balls together. She knew she'd found something her son liked, so she increased her tempo until her mouth was swallowing the upper half of his cock while her hand rapidly stroked the lower half. Soon she had him bucking on the couch.

"Oh fuck, Mom, I'm going to cum," he growled, his fingers tightly clenched as he fought to hold off for just a little longer.

"Mmmmmm," Lauren hummed when she heard those words.

The vibration from his mother's humming on his throbbing cock sent him over the edge.

"UUUUGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!" he shouted as his balls emptied

Lauren felt his cock expand just before his semen erupted from the tip, almost choking her. Swiftly she swallowed as much as she could but couldn't keep up with the volume shooting out of him. When his cum stopped flowing, and he began to soften, she pulled her stretched lips from his cock and glanced up, a pleased look on her face. Her son stared back at her, a bewildered look on his face. She could tell he wanted to say something, but she never gave him the chance. Standing, she grabbed the damp towel from the back of the

couch, wiped the small trail of cum from her chin, then walked toward her bedroom.

He sat there staring at the hallway for close to a minute before getting up and rushing after her, his open robe blowing behind him like a cape. Just before he reached her room light softly filtered out of her open doorway. Stepping through the threshold he stopped in his tracks as he watched her robe slide from her shoulders and land in a heap at her feet. The sight before him caused his breath to catch in his throat, and his cock to harden. His eyes traveled the length of her back until they settled on the firm, round cheeks of her ass. Moving up behind her, his fully erect cock making contact with the smooth flesh of her buttocks, he reached up and placed his hands gently on her shoulders. He could feel her body tremble at his touch.

"Why did you do that, Mom?" he whispered.

Without turning she replied, "It was the least I could do to repay you for the pleasure you gave me last night."

"You didn't have to repay me. Believe me, it was my pleasure," he said, letting his hands roam down her arms until they settled on her hips.

Slowly turning around and looking up into his eyes, she said, "I know I didn't have to. I wanted to."

Taking her hands in his he stepped back a pace and said, "Let me look at you, Mom."

Butterflies danced in the pit of her stomach, and goosebumps appeared on her arms, as she watched her son's eyes roam over her naked flesh. She wasn't sure if he approved of what he saw until he spoke.

"You're so beautiful," he whispered.

"Did you mean what you said, about being in love with me?" she asked, a tremor in her voice.

"Every word of it," he replied, his eyes finally going back to hers.

"Good. Because I think I've fallen in love with you too," she stated.

A huge smile appeared on his face. Shrugging off his robe he closed the gap between them, then cupped her face in his hands.

"I love you so much," he said just as he brought his lips softly to hers.

"Ummm," she moaned as her body pressed against his.

The kiss was gentle, not hurried. As their lips lingered together he slid his hands down her back and cupped both her cheeks. This elicited another soft moan from her. Both felt his cock throb as it pressed against her abdomen.

Pulling her head back and breaking the kiss, she gazed into his eyes and said, "Show me how much you love me."

Using his body he nudged her backwards until her legs hit the side of the bed. Then with a final nudge he pushed her back until she sat down. Immediately he dropped to his knees, spread her thighs apart and lowered his face to her crotch. Her upper body fell onto the bed as he maneuvered her legs onto his shoulders. Ever so slowly he began to drag his tongue through her slit making no attempt to touch her clit. She squealed in surprise when the tip of his tongue slide across her rosebud then reversed and plunged deeply into her entrance. Immediately her hips began to buck, forcing him to grab onto the tops of her thighs or get bucked off. Faster and faster he stabbed his tongue into her drenched hole.

"SO GOOD! SO GOOD!" she chanted as wave after wave of pleasure coursed through her body.

When her son clamped his lips around her engorged clit she exploded.

"OOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHH FUCKKKKKK!" she screamed, her hands clawing at the edge of the bed, as her pussy spasmed endlessly.

Slowly Mark lowered her legs and began kissing his way up her body. When he reached her breasts he took first one nipple into his mouth and ran his tongue around the stiffened bud, then repeated this on the other one. Lauren was becoming delirious as every nerve fiber in her body tingled with excitement.

"Baby please...I need you inside me," she groaned, her hands clutching the side of his head and trying to pull him further up her shaking body.

At first he resisted, but when he looked at her face he knew it was time. Her eyes were ablaze with lust as he slid up enough that the tip of his cock brushed against the slick lips of her

labia. Reaching down between them he grabbed his shaft and ran the head of his cock the full length of her slit.

"Oh God, honey, stop teasing and fuck me," she implored, the feel of his bulbous head so close to her entrance driving her mad.

Steadying himself in a one-armed pushup position, his feet firmly planted on the floor, he gazed down to where his dick met his mother's pussy. Gently he slipped the head between her inner lips and sank into her glorious heat. She was tighter than anyone he'd ever been with. With only the head nestled inside her cunt he glanced up at her face to see if he was hurting her. When she didn't protest he pushed another inch into her wetness, then waited.

Lightly stroking the side of his face she whispered, "I want all of it."

"You're awfully tight, Mom, so tell me if I hurt you," he replied.

"It's been awhile since anything's been in there. Just go slow and let me get used to you," she told him.

Propping himself with both arms he began to slowly pull back, then push forward. With each forward thrust he sank a little deeper. It took several minutes before he finally felt his balls touch her ass. With his feet still on the floor he gently lowered his upper body until he was laying on her, his eyes gazing into hers.

"Damn that feels good," she whispered, wrapping her legs around his hips and tightening her inner muscles around his shaft.

"Oooo, you might not want to do that, unless you want me to blow," he half groaned, half chuckled.

With a small chuckle of her own she said, "We wouldn't want that. At least not yet."

"No, we wouldn't," he said, slowly pulling his cock backwards until just the head remained inside.

He watched her eyes grow wide as he gently pushed back in.

"Oh God, that feels so good," she moaned, running her hands up and down his back.

Slowly he felt her pussy loosen up, her fluids coating her walls making penetration much easier. In no time at all they found their rhythm. As he pulled back she would push down, and just before his cock could slip from her grip they'd reverse the move, causing their pubic bones to clash and his balls to bounce off her ass.

Raking her finger nails down his back she growled, "Fuck me like you mean it,"

Grunting he raised up until he was once more on his feet, then reached behind his back and unclasped her locked ankles. Bringing her feet around he held her ankles out, forcing her legs to open wider. Glancing down he watched as he pulled his cock back, the shaft slick with her juices. Then savagely he thrust forward burying the entire length inside her dripping cunt. Repeatedly he slammed into her, the force of his penetrations causing her small tits to bounce up and down on her chest.

"YES! YES! YES! FUCK YOUR MOTHER!" she wailed as her son's cock touched places she'd never had touched before.

"Oh God, Mom, I don't think I can last much longer," he groaned through clenched teeth.

"Almost there baby," she cried out, almost pleading with him to keep going.

Faster and faster he plowed into her sopping wet pussy, the sound of his balls slapping against her upturned ass filling the

room. Sweat poured from his brow as he worked to take her over the edge. With his breath coming in ragged gulps, he released one of her ankles and reached down until his thumb was on her clit. Instantly her pussy clamped down around his slick shaft and her bucking grew erratic.

"UUUUUUGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!" she let out an earth-shattering scream as the most powerful orgasm of her life rocked her very soul.

Releasing her other ankle he grabbed her by the hips and slammed his cock in as deep as he could get it then just held it there.

"OH SHIT! OH MY GOD! MOOOOMMMMMMMMM!" he roared as his balls unleashed a tidal wave of cum into her contracting cunt.

The force of his orgasm caused his legs to wobble. Once his cock quit twitching he used the last of his strength to pull out, then sat on the bed next to her, his upper body falling back onto the bed. Both lay there with their legs hanging over the

side of the bed, staring blankly at the ceiling, desperately trying to catch their breath. It was several minutes before either could speak.

"My God, that was unbelievable," Lauren huffed.

"I've never felt anything that good," Mark chimed in.

The room went silent for a bit until Mark looked over at his mother and said, "How messed up is this, Mom."

She looked at him and replied, "So messed up."

Both went back to staring at the ceiling, each caught up in their own thoughts. Several minutes passed then Lauren scooted up onto the bed, so her legs weren't dangling over. Mark followed her lead, but instead of lying on his back he lay on his side facing her. Reaching out he let his fingertips glide over her breasts then down to the thatch of pubic hair on her mound.

Finally he asked, "So what do we do now?"

"We turn the page and get on with our lives. You've freed me from myself, but now I have a bigger problem," she told him.

"What sort of problem?" he asked, his fingertips slowly drawing circles near her bellybutton.

Turning her head so she could look into his eyes, she replied, "You've spoiled me for other men."

"Does that mean you want to be with me?" he asked, a devilish gleam in his eyes.

"If you'll have me," she answered, her smile so bright it almost lit up the room.

"I was hoping you would say that," flashing her an equally brilliant smile.

The kiss that followed was tender, as was the way his fingers danced over her diamond hard nipples.

"Keep that up and you're gonna be in trouble," she moaned.

"Promise?" he snickered.

Instead of answering she reached down and grabbed his wet cock. To her surprise, and delight, she discovered he was hard again. "Promise," she said, pushing him onto his back then rolling over on top of him. Raising herself into a sitting position she reached between them and took his cock and pointed it upward. All he could do was watch in wonderment as she lifted her hips and then slowly empaled herself. Once she was fully seated she noticed a funny look on his face.

"Something wrong?" she asked.

Reaching up and cupping her breasts, he said, "No, it's just when you told me Dad never went down on you, I've only been able to picture the two of you in the missionary position."

With a laugh she told him, "Just because he didn't do that is no reason to think we didn't enjoy a healthy sex life. Hell, I probably know some positions you've never even thought of yet."

To prove her point she sat all the way down on him then swiveled around until her back was to him. Placing her knees firmly on the bed she reached down until her hands were on his knees then slowly began to lift her ass. He watched, fascinated, as more and more of his cock came into view between her thighs. Just when he thought his cock would slip out, she reversed course and gently slid down his pole until her ass was on his pubic bone. With each downward pass more and more of his spunk was pushed from her pussy where it pooled at the base of his cock. It wasn't long before she really began to pump up and down, the sensation of

feeling her stiff clit rubbing the underside of his cock a new experience for him.

"I'm gonna cum again," she proclaimed, her movements starting to get erratic.

Grabbing her hips he guided her movements, forcing her down onto his rigid rod over and over again.

"MARK...BABY...I"MMMMMM
CUMMMIIIINNNNGGGGGG!" she cried, her cunt muscles tightening around his shaft.

"Cum on my cock, Mom," he growled, his hips thrusting up to meet her downward jabs.

Just as her body began to twitch violently he pulled her ass down onto his cum soaked pubic hair, then held her there as he exploded deep inside. Lauren felt her son's cock swell right before she felt his cum shoot into her, setting off another,

although smaller, orgasm. Just as her body stopped shaking she felt her son reach up and pull her backwards. Kicking her legs out and down she settled back onto his chest, his slowly deflating cock still in her flooded pussy.

As his mother lay on his chest he pushed her disheveled hair away from her neck and began to softly kiss it. He felt her shiver then watched as she quickly rolled away from him, an audible sucking noise echoing off the walls as his cock was freed from her leaking hole.

"Oh God baby, no more. You've worn this lady out," she pleaded.

"Okay, no more...for now," he chuckled, then rolled onto his side, threw one arm over her sweaty back and pulled her into him.

"I hope you know what you've done," she murmured.

"What have I done?" he asked, half asleep.

"You've unleashed my inner sex demon," she lazily replied.

"Well then, it was a good day after all," he laughed.

"Uh huh," she agreed, snuggling even closer to him.

In seconds both were asleep.

The weekend flew by. Between making plans for the future, but mostly fucking like rabbits, nothing got done. When Lauren returned to work Monday morning Amy Fowler immediately noticed the change in Mark's mom. She was positively glowing.

"You lucky shit," she grumbled, a twinge of envy shooting through her.

Over the next four years they kept an outward appearance of just being mother and son. At least in public. Nighttime's and weekends were spent making the beast with two backs. It had been decided that she would continue to work until her pension from the school district kicked in, which allowed Mark to work his way up the ladder into a management position. At the end of the four years he requested a transfer and was offered the general manager position at a new tire center being built in Idaho. A position he readily accepted. They sold the house and moved a few weeks later.

2003

Mark and Lauren sat in their rockers on the porch sipping cups of hot chocolate. The mornings were starting to turn brisk as fall approached. Soon they would be forced to stay indoors.

"We've had a good long run, haven't we," she remarked absently, as she watched the leaves fall from the trees.

Turning to look at her, he replied, "It's not over yet, Mom."

She glanced his way and said, "Mmmm, I love it when you call me that. Especially when you have that big cock in me."

His eyebrows shot up and he smiled that brilliant smile she loved so much.

"You know...I wouldn't complain if you wanted to go inside and ravage me," she softly said, her eyes twinkling with mischief.

"Really?" he asked.

"Really. Only this time you can't bend me like a pretzel, I'm not as flexible as I used to be." With that she sprang from her chair with a youthful vigor that belied her age and headed inside.

Mark was close behind her, his cock already expanding under his pajama bottoms. As they crossed the front room she slipped out of her fluffy robe and let it fall behind her. The soft groan from her son was music to her ears. As for Mark, his cock grew fully hard as he gazed upon his mother's still firm ass. Damn! Not bad for a seventy-three-year-old woman, he thought, the smile on his face so wide it almost hurt.

Two Peas in A Pod

Warning, big dick ahead. This is just a little story I had fun writing. It's not meant to be realistic. Hope you have fun reading it, and as always comments welcome, both good and bad.

My name is Richard Donaldson, and I have a problem. Well, two problems to be exact. My older sister Sherri, and my mother Anne. The problem I have with them is they love to play practical jokes on me. Let me give you an example or two.

When I was fourteen I'd come home from school after football practice and was totally zonked. I went to my room and fell asleep. Unknown to me, my mother and sister were in a frisky mood, so while I slept they crept into my room and filled the palm of my hand with shaving cream. Then when one of them, I never did find out who, used a feather to tickle the end of my nose, I slapped my face. Of course you can imagine my surprise when shaving cream splattered

everywhere. When I opened my eyes there they were, both doubling over with laughter. All I could do was stare in disbelief.

Another time, I think I was seventeen at the time, I'd fallen asleep sitting up on the couch. Apparently my sister thought it would be a good idea to tie my shoelaces together, then have mom scream for help. Jumping from the couch to see what was wrong I took one step and fell flat on my face. That little stunt got me a busted nose. After it healed I actually grew to like the effects it had on my face. It gave my features a rugged look, which I used to great effect against opposing teams. I never did tell them thanks.

Maybe I should tell you a little about me. I'm twenty now and play middle linebacker for our state college. That's right, I'm one big dude. I stand nearly six-four and weigh two hundred and twenty-nine pounds. All of it pure muscle. I have reddish-blond hair which I keep short, and blue eyes. I know most of you guys will groan about this, but I was gifted with a rather impressive cock too. Nine thick inches of pussy pleasing meat. You like that ladies?

Well,that's enough about me, let's move on to mom and sis. Both have shoulder length fiery red hair, and slightly bluer eyes than mine. They're both tall for being girls. Sherri stands about five-foot eight, while mom is just a tad bit taller at around five-nine. I not sure about their weight, but if I had to guess I'd say they couldn't be much over a hundred and twenty-five pounds. Each have nice round bubble-butts and B, bordering on C-cup tits. Age wise, mom is forty-one and Sherri is twenty.

Now don't get me wrong. I didn't sit still for their shenanigans without striking back. But my pranks were more of a juvenile nature. Loosening of the lid on the salt shaker, itching powder in the talcum powder they both used, and things like that. Nothing serious.

There was this one time, shortly after my eighteenth birthday that will forever remain burned into my memory, however. I had slipped a fake spider onto Sherri's pillow right before her alarm was set to go off and was waiting in the hallway outside her door ready to bust a gut. I never got to laugh at all, because

she came running out of her room, screaming at the top of her lungs, completely naked. To say I was shocked is an understatement. All I could do was stand there with my jaw hanging open as my eyes took in every detail. Her breasts were high and firm, the pink nipples hard as pebbles. Lower, past one of the firmest tummy's I'd ever seen, her pussy was totally bald. I don't mean just hairless, no, it was as smooth as a baby's butt. I was speechless, ready to start blubbering like a total idiot, and probably would have if the situation hadn't gotten even worse. Mom had come running to see what was going on and she was naked too.

There I was, drool dripping down my chin, as mom and Sherri stood not three feet away from me completely naked. As dumbstruck as I was I didn't miss the opportunity to compare the two. Mom's pussy wasn't bald, it had a trimmed thatch of red bush covering the mound, and although her tits weren't as firm as Sherri's, were still better than fine. I think that's the first time my trouser snake ever got aroused by my family members, but it wasn't the last.

About two weeks later they paid me back. I had just come in from the pool where I had been laying in the sun fantasizing about Debra Cahill, a cheerleader at school, and yes, I was sporting some serious wood. Just as I started down the hall toward my room mom stepped out from hers and blocked my path, while Sherri snuck up behind me and yanked my swim trunks down to my knees. I don't know who was more surprised, me or them. I'm going to go with them. Mom let out a gasp as my cock sprang out and pointed right at her. Sherri didn't know what was going on until I turned to face her, my cock swinging and bobbing between my legs. Her face went ashen, and her eyes damn near popped out as she gawked at my pleasure stick. Before either could catch their breaths I pulled up my trunks, slid past mom and went into my room.

After that incident things changed, because it was around this time that Sherri decided less was more. Clothes that is. She started running around the house in thong underwear and tiny cropped tank tops. No bra of course. Now having one chick running around the house almost naked was bad enough, but when mom joined the 'Let's Tease Richard Club'

I almost lost my mind. As you can imagine this drove me crazy trying to hide my erections from them. From the way they'd gasp every once and a while I don't think I was very successful.

So what about my father you ask. Where is he while this was going on? Well that bastard went out the door one day when I was six and never looked back. Too bad for him. If he would've stuck around for nine more months he would have found out that mom's parents were loaded. Apparently my grandfather was a shrewd investor and had bought stock in both Intel and Microsoft when they first went public. Anyway, after they died in a freak plane crash everything was left to their only child, my mother. And that's why we lived in one of the ritziest neighborhoods in town, and mom doesn't need to work.

Anyway, enough background, let's get to the present. I was home for the summer break, looking forward to just relaxing by the pool, and basically lazing around. Unfortunately Sherri had decided instead of spending her summer off traveling with friends, she'd come home and spend time with her

family. It only took three days before mom, and I learned the reason why. It seems her boyfriend had dumped her for her bestie, an unforgivable sin in Sherri's eyes. So here she was, licking her wounds, and prancing around the house damn near naked most of the time. This of course had the usual effect on my cock. Only this time I decided I wasn't going to hid my erections anymore. If anything I'd flaunt it and see which way the wind blew. Little did I know that it would light a spark in not just Sherri, but my own mother as well.

It was about ten in the morning, I was stretched out on a lounge chair near the pool, taking in some rays and sipping on a tall glass of iced tea when Sherri made an appearance. And what an appearance it was. She was decked out in a snow-white string bikini that left little to nothing to the imagination. The tiny triangles that were supposed to cover her tits barely hid her areola from view, while the bottoms hardly covered her mound. When she turned around I saw that the back of her bottoms consisted of a string that disappeared between her round cheeks and tied at her hips.

"So, dress much sis?" I teased. Yes, under my sunglasses my eyes were drinking in the heavenly sight.

"Oh please, you like it, and you know it," she shot back in her usual flippant style.

I was just about to say I'd love it, if it were on anyone but her, but didn't get the chance. Because at that very moment mom decided to join us. My cock went from semi-hard to rocket ready for launch in a split second. Mom was wearing an exact duplicate of my sister's outfit. Talk about double jeopardy! They must have conspired to see which one could give me a heart attack first. Both almost did after they dove into the water, swam around a bit then come out. The water must have been a might chilly, because each of their nipples were as hard as diamonds, but that wasn't the worst of it. The water had turned their suits transparent. My cock grew painfully hard in my swim trunks as I eyed both of them like some lecherous old man at a nude beach. Sherri's areola were still the pink I remembered, but mom's seemed to have gotten a little darker with time. They were a pale brown color that contrasted starkly with the white of her top. Further examination

revealed that mom still maintained a nicely trimmed bush, the red hairs clearly visible. Sherri however showed no such growth, so I assumed she still waxed her's.

I guess I had been staring too long because Sherri tapped mom's shoulder, pointed at me and squealed, "Look, he's got a boner!"

Their raucous laughter followed me all the way to my room. Of course we all know what I did after I slammed the door shut. That's right, I went into my en-suite and spanked my monkey half silly. Did I feel guilty, or remorseful for whacking my pud with thoughts of mom and Sherri swirling around in my head? Fuck no! I figured since I wasn't actually poking them, then no harm, no foul. Let them feed my fantasy, it was going to be a long summer anyway, may as well enjoy it. I slept like a rock that night.

The next morning I came downstairs for breakfast dressed in just my boxers. Mom and Sherri were already there seated on stools around the kitchen island and grinning at me when I

entered. Sitting open next to a vacant stool was what appeared to be my laptop.

With a chuckle mom pointed at the laptop and said, "You might want to check your Facebook page."

I pulled the stool out and sat down then turned the laptop so I could see the screen. It was already loaded onto my home page, and right there in living color was a recent photo that had been added. It showed me lying in bed, obviously asleep, with my arm draped over a life-sized blow-up doll. The photo was captioned, 'My Girlfriend' in bold print. I could feel the anger welling up inside me. Turning I glared at them.

"What the fuck! You have any idea as to what you two have done?" I growled.

"Relax dear, you can always delete it," mom calmly said.

"I plan to, but by now half my team has seen it. I'm gonna be the laughing stock of the locker room now, thanks a lot!"

"Come on, Richie, it was just a harmless prank," Sherri said.

"Harmless? Maybe to you guys, but not to me," I told them.

Mom stood and came over and hugged me around the shoulders. It wasn't until she stood that I saw what she was wearing. She had on one of Sherri's tank tops that didn't even cover her ass and a black lace thong. She casually stepped up to me and placed an arm around my shoulder, her left boob real close to my face.

"Honey, we were just having a little fun," mom cooed.

Sherri stood and gave me a view of her outfit. It was a plain white t-shirt that barely covered her ass.

"You guys are like two peas in a pod. Both juvenile," I barked, pushing mom away and standing up.

"Come on sweetie, don't be this way," mom said, using her sexy voice.

I stood there glaring at both of them for a bit, then said, "You know what, I've half a mind to treat you two like kids and turn you both over my knee and spank your asses."

"You better bring your lunch when you try that, butthead," my sister laughed.

Mom didn't laugh, instead she slowly backed away, then made a break for the front room. That left Sherri and I glaring at each other. Just to test the waters I took a quick step in her direction. As I figured, she too bolted from the room. After deleting the photo I grabbed my laptop and went back to my room, where I promptly changed the password to my Facebook page.

I guess I had scared them, because a week went by without any further shenanigans from them. Did they still wear provocative clothing around me? Yes. Did I still get hard looking at them? What do you think? Of course I did. But I'd actually grown to like that. Hell, who wouldn't like two scantily clad women running around in front of them. The only sad part, from my perspective anyway, was they were related. Closely related. If it weren't for that one fact, I would have bent both of them over the back of the couch and fucked the shit out of them.

I guess I let my guard down. Sunday evening, after basking in the sun for most of the day, I went to my room and hopped in the shower. After thoroughly washing the chlorine off my body I used my favorite shampoo to get it out of my hair. Stepping out I dried my face first, then when I pulled the towel from my face it was smeared green.

"What the..." I squawked.

Stepping over to the sink I looked into the mirror and almost passed out. My entire head and shoulders were the same green as the towel. Now I'm no genius, but it didn't take me long to figure out what had caused this hideous transformation. Grabbing my shampoo bottle I pour a little out into the sink and just as I suspected the fluid that came out was green also.

"Fuck!" I bellowed, then wrapped the smeared towel around my waist and went looking for payback.

Mom and Sherri were in the front room sitting on the couch, both dressed in those tiny white bikinis of theirs, when I barged in. Their eyes got as big as saucers when they saw me standing there looking like the fucking Hulk, water still dripping from my body.

"You!" I shouted, first pointing at Sherri, then mom.

They looked at each other, then looked back at me and busted out laughing. Adrenaline rushed through me as I dove over

the back of the couch and basically tackled them. We rolled off the couch and onto the floor in a tangled heap, with me not even knowing the towel I had wrapped around my waist had fallen off in the melee. When we stopped rolling I was on top of mom, her legs almost wrapped around me, while Sherri clung to my back with one arm around my neck. It didn't take long for me to realize that my towel was no longer covering my cock, the feel of soft flesh rubbing against it a dead giveaway. To make matters worse, the heat radiating from mom's crotch was causing my cock to become hard. The more we struggled the harder I got. Using my considerable strength I placed my hands on the floor and lifted until I was kneeling between mom's splayed thighs and Sherri had fallen off my back.

Staring down at mom, I barked, "Remember what I told you two I'd do the next time you pulled some shit on me?"

Both started giggling like little school girls.

"Think this is funny?" I growled, grabbing mom by the hips and lifting her ass off the floor.

"Oh please, Richie, we all know you don't have the balls to carry out your pathetic threats," Sherri giggled even harder.

I guess two years of being pranked and teased by them had finally taken its toll on my psyche. Add on the fact that I had been flogging my hog all that time because of how they dressed around me finally tipped me over the edge. I glanced down at mom and let my eyes roam over her body before coming to rest on the tiny strip of cloth that covered her pussy. Faster than she could react I reached down and tore the suit bottoms from between her legs.

"No balls, huh?" I said, grabbing my stiff shaft and running the bloated head of my cock up through mom's slit.

"Richard?" mom whispered, a quiver in her voice.

I could feel mom was wet. Extremely wet. The feel of her labia caressing the tip of my penis sent shockwaves of pleasure up and down my spine. I continued to slide the head of my cock through her slit for several long seconds.

"See, told you so, no balls," Sherri teased from somewhere behind me.

I'll never know if I had planned to go through with what I was threatening them with. At the exact same moment that the head of my penis was perfectly lined up with mom's entrance, Sherri slammed herself against my back. Her weight forced me forward causing my dick to plunge six inches into one of the hottest cunts I'd ever encountered.

"Oh fuck!" mom and I cried out in unison.

Stunned, I looked down to where we were joined, the sight of my cock sticking in my own mother releasing something primal in me. Pushing my hips forward I watched as the rest of my cock disappeared into her velvety tunnel.

"Aaaeeeeeeeeiiiiiii," mom wailed, her hands coming up and grabbing my forearms.

At first I thought she was going to try and push me off. Imagine my surprise when she used the hold on my arms for leverage so she could actually buck against my invading meat. The way she rotated her hips caused my cock to twirl inside her cunt like a swizzle stick in a cold cocktail. All sense of morality on my part flew out the door as mom worked her magic on my pulsing cock. Soon I was pulling back then pushing forward, stuffing all nine inches deep into her slippery slit. Sherri appeared at the side of us and watched wide-eyed as my cock plundered our mother's cunt.

"It's about fucking time," she remarked as her hands came up and pushed mom's top from her tits revealing those luscious stiff nipples. Watching Sherri fondle mom's tits drove me crazy.

"Suck em, Sherri. Suck Mom's tits," I almost pleaded.

Sherri looked me in the eyes, and I could see the glee in hers. Slowly, almost as if she wanted to tease me some more, she leaned over and latched her lips on mom's left nipple. As my sister suckled I noticed the bottom of her suit was missing. Reaching out I placed my hand on her hip and nudged her. She knew right off what I wanted her to do. Keeping her lips glued to mom's tit she shuffled sideways until her hip was even with me. Wasting no time I slid my hand over the smooth firm flesh of her ass cheek and squeezed. This garnered a soft moan from her. When I moved my hand between her legs and stuffed a finger into her sopping wet pussy she squealed, lifted her head and glanced up at me.

"Roll Mom over so you're on the bottom," she snarled.

Lying fully on mom I rolled us both over. Mom immediately sat up and continued to ride my cock, while Sherri moved up and straddled my head. I watched as she slowly lowered her smooth bald snatch onto my face, the intoxicating aroma of aroused pussy almost overwhelming. The first tentative licks from my tongue caused her to shiver.

"Ohhhh fuck!" she screamed when I jammed my tongue as far up her twat as I could get it.

For several more minutes Sherri rode my plunging tongue while mom slammed her pussy up and down on my stiff cock. Mom had a way of squeezing her cunt around my shaft that left me almost delirious with pleasure. Add to that the sweet tangy taste of my sister's pussy and I knew I had died and gone to heaven.

"Want a turn on this big cock, baby girl," mom asked.

"Oh hell yes!" Sherri exclaimed, quickly raising her dripping cunt from my face. I forced back a laugh when I saw her crotch was just as green as my face.

I watched, almost in a stupor, as mom rose off my cream-coated cock and Sherri placed one foot on each side of my hips and slowly began to lower herself toward my throbbing

piece of meat. A shiver ran through me as mom held my pole pointing up while my sister lowered the outer lips of her pussy onto the head. Gently, as if afraid to go too fast, Sherri sank lower and lower until a good six inches was buried in her extremely tight tunnel.

"Ugghhhh shit, it's so fucking big!" she cried, placing her hands on my abdomen for balance as another inch slipped inside.

"Don't force it, sweetie, just let your pussy adjust to the size first," mom advised.

What I was witnessing was so surreal. Mom was kneeling next to Sherri, her left hand cupping my sister's tit, while her right hand was kneading my balls. Electrical currents flowed through me as I watched the determined look on my sister's face as she tried to take all of my cock up her cunt. Fascinated I watched her pussy slide up and down my slick shaft, her inner labia sinking in then clutching my shaft on the upward stroke. I knew that if I kept watching I'd shot off like a roman

candle. I had to distract my mind if I wanted to prolong the inevitable. Reaching out I slid my hand along mom's flank then over the round cheek of her ass that I was able to reach.

"Mom, sit on my face," I whimpered when she looked at me.

A huge smile appeared on her lips as she maneuvered into position. I thought she would just sit on my lips but instead she turned so she was facing Sherri and stayed on her knees. This left her pussy about an inch from my mouth forcing me to lift my head enough to run my tongue through her wet slit.

"Oh yessssss!" she hissed as I made the first pass.

Satisfied that eating mom would take my mind off the sensation of having my sister ride my cock I began to tongue her in earnest. I couldn't tell what they were doing, mom's succulent ass blocked my view, but if I had to guess judging by the sounds I was hearing I'd say they were kissing. Grabbing mom's cheeks I parted them and ran the tip of my tongue over her rosebud. This garnered another moan from her. Mom must have been pretty primed, because in less than

five minutes she was mashing her cunt on my lips and yelling for me to chew on her clit. When I did she began to shake and grind against my mouth erratically. Without warning I felt fluids gush from her cunt and cover my chin.

"I'mmmm cummmiiiiinnnnnnnnngggggggg!" she screamed, then with one final quiver she rolled to the side and lay in a fetal position.

I didn't have time to savor the view of mom's leaking pussy just inches from my head because Sherri began to really pound down on my cock. Looking to where her cunt met my rod I saw that she had finally been able to take all of me inside her stretched twat. The look on her face was one of pure triumph. Unable to resist the temptation of fucking her silly I placed my arms around her and pulled her down on top of me. With her body resting on mine I lifted my knees, then planted my feet for leverage and began to hammer into her.

"Oh Shit! Oh Shit! Fuck me you bastard!" she screamed, her teeth sinking into my shoulder stifling her screams.

Faster and faster I plowed into her, her tits scraping against my chest as the force of my thrusts rocked her body. Sliding both hands down I cupped her ass and squeezed.

"Uuuuuggggggghhhhhhhhhh fuck!" Sherri squealed as her orgasm exploded.

The feel of her cunt muscles rippling up and down the shaft of my throbbing cock, along with the sensations of her juices trickling onto my balls sent me over the edge. With a roar I jammed my cock as deep into her pussy as I could get it and flooded her love tunnel with spurt after spurt of my thick creamy spunk. When my cock finally stopped twitching my hands slipped from her sweaty ass and dropped to the floor. Sherri just lay limp on top of me as we both tried to catch our breaths.

"That was absolutely beautiful," mom sighed, still lying on her side with her pussy pointed toward my face.

After a bit Sherri rolled off me and lay on her back staring blankly at the ceiling. It was a good two minutes before anyone talked.

"Oh my God, I've never been fucked like that before," Sherri said to no one in particular.

"What the hell just happened?" I managed to croak when my senses came back to me.

Finally mom sat up and looking at Sherri asked, "So was it as good as I said it would be?"

"Better. His cock touched places I didn't even know existed," my sister breathed.

"Yeah..." mom sighed.

My curiosity piqued I sat up and stared at them.

"Am I missing something here? Did you two plan for this to happen?" I asked.

"Damn Richie, did you get hit in the head too many times on the football field?"

Mom followed by saying, "Of course we planned it. It just took a hell of a lot longer than we expected it to."

"I don't follow," I told them.

Mom looked directly into my eyes, and said, "We've been trying to get you to fuck us for two years now. Why do you think we ran around with hardly anything on? It was to get you all hot and bothered, but for some reason you wouldn't take the hint."

"You what? But why?" I asked totally clueless.

"God, you really are a dumb jock." Sherri snickered.

"It was because of the size of your dick, Richard. When we first saw what you were packing we've done everything but rape you to try and get you to give us some," mom answered.

"But you're my Mother and Sister," I stated.

"And that's why we couldn't just come out and ask you to fuck us. We knew it had to be your choice to cross that line," mom explained.

"But you're my Mother and sister," I stated once more.

"Richard, sweetie, my mama once told me, that just like the heart wants what the heart wants, so does the pussy, and when we saw that beautiful cock of yours our pussies wanted it. Your sister and I don't have any quims about who it belongs to," mom said.

"Damn, I wish I would've known that two years ago," I replied.

"Why, what difference would that have made?" Sherri asked.

"Because, if I would've known you guys didn't have a problem with incest, I would've fucked the shit out of both of you a long time ago," I answered, my cock starting to show signs of life.

Mom and Sherri both stood up, and mom said, "Well it's never too late to try and make up for lost time. But first I think we all need a shower."

Sherri then reached out a hand and helped me to my feet while saying, "Don't worry about the green shit, it's only body paint, it'll wash right out."

And it did, with a little help from mom and sis. They took turns scrubbing the paint off while the other demonstrated their oral skills on my cock. When it was my turn to get the

paint off their pussies I returned the oral favors, only I didn't stop licking until they came into my mouth. By the time we stepped out of the shower my cock was once again hard as a rock. When I pointed it out to them Sherri said her pussy was too sore so mom, being the good mother she is, told us she'd take care of both of us. And that's how I found myself behind mom, my rampant rod sawing in and out of her clenching cunt, while Sherri lay on the bed on her back with mom's tongue soothing the hurt away.

My name is Richard Donaldson, and I have a problem. Well, two to be precise. My mother and sister are both insatiable nymphos that are dead set on fucking me to death. It's only been three weeks since we started or little foray into the world of incest, but in that time I haven't had a moment to myself. If my sister isn't riding my cock, then my mother is. I guess my only solace, if they succeed, is knowing I'll die with a smile on my face.

THE END