



Closer Encounters of a Motherly Kind

Changes can be a good thing

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Incest | Mature

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At a few minutes past two in the afternoon the cab pulled up in front of my parent's house and I climbed out. After paying the driver I hoisted my duffle bag onto my shoulder and walked steadily to the front door. The last time I'd been here was over eighteen months ago and everything looked just like it had when I'd shipped out to South Korea. Little did I know at that moment that looks could be deceiving. Things had changed in my absence; a lot of things I was soon to find out. Sitting my duffle down I straightened up my uniform and hesitantly reached out to press the doorbell. No one knew I was coming in today, I'd told them I wouldn't be here until tomorrow. A harmless white lie so I could surprise them. Just as my fingertip was about to touch the doorbell the door flew open and my mother Angela stood there with the most surprised look on her face that I'd ever seen. Her hands trembled as she held them in front of her mouth and her baby blue eyes were as wide as saucers. Looking at her I was sure mine were just as wide.

The woman standing before me couldn't possibly be my mother, because this woman was smoking hot and exuding an

air of raw sexuality that caused me to involuntarily step back. Blinking several times I realized that it was indeed my loving mother, only different now. Her shoulder length brown hair was now short with streaks of blonde running through it allowing her long graceful neck to be completely visible. Her eyes seemed to be the only thing about her that hadn't changed. All five foot seven inches of her stood before me looking twenty pounds lighter and ten years younger than her forty-six years. She was wearing a pale blue halter-top that did little in concealing her firm full breast, the nipples threatening to burst through the fabric at any time. As my eyes drank her in I let them wander lower on her body. She had on a pair of dark blue skintight short shorts made of some sort of stretchy material that had wedged itself into the cleft between her legs. My jaw dropped as I stared at the most perfect cameltoe that I'd ever seen in my twenty-five years of life. Her feet were bare. My cock swelled in my pants before I knew what was happening. I saw her glance down at my crotch. She acknowledged the bulge with a sly smile right before she threw herself in my arms with enough force that she almost knocked us both to the ground.

"Andy!" she shrieked as she crushed herself against my six-foot frame. The bulge in my pants swelled even more as I felt her body press into me. For several long moments we held each other until with a will I didn't know I possessed I finally reached up and untangled her arms from around my neck. With a gentle nudge on her bare shoulders I pushed her back far enough to be able to look into her misty eyes.

"Alright, who are you and what have you done with my Mother?" I asked in mock seriousness.

"You like?" she asked her face beaming with pride.

"Yeah...uh...you look fantastic," I managed to stammer unable to prevent myself from giving her body one more leering glance.

Giggling she grabbed my hand and pulled me into the house. Before shutting the door I went back out and retrieved my duffle and dropped it by the couch. Mom asked if I was hungry I told her no but I could use some coffee. Following

her into the kitchen proved to be a bigger task than it should have been. I couldn't stop staring at her firm round ass, the cheeks bouncing provocatively as the blood flowed down to my penis. By the time I sat at the dinning table I had a full-blown erection and a serious case of self-loathing. Mom set up the coffee and leaned back against the counter as it brewed. The way she stood there with her arms folded under her breast only emphasized their presence by pushing them upwards. Another thing I noticed was how the way she had her ankles crossed caused her cameltoe to be exaggerated making her pussy lips all the more pronounced. I began to feel very uncomfortable. Not because she was making me nervous, but because I couldn't stop looking and I was afraid that I might start drooling at any time. For some reason I got the feeling that she didn't mind me checking her out, if the smile on her face was any indication.

After the coffee finished brewing she poured me a cup and brought it over. Instead of taking a seat she stood behind me and started rubbing my shoulders and jabbering on about how things were. I found out my younger sister Ann no longer lived at home. She had her own apartment near where she

worked as an office manager for some snooty lawyer. When I asked about dad her hands stopped rubbing and she paused for a spell before answering.

"He's fine. Still a workaholic, always staying late at the office or having dinner meetings to go to on the weekends."

I could tell from the sound of her voice that there was more she wanted to say, but I learned a long time ago you didn't push her if you wanted answers. When she felt like telling me she would. The thought of asking how dad and her were doing never even crossed my mind. Most likely because my mind was still trying to process the radical change in her appearance, and fight the unholy thoughts that were lingering in the back of my head. On the one hand I was thoroughly disgusted with myself for having carnal thoughts about my own mother, but on the other hand the transformation had turned my previously demure mom into a hot sexy woman that could make any man's dick get hard. I was all too aware that also included me.

"So Mom, what's with the change?"

"Let me get a cup of coffee and I'll explain," she replied before heading toward the counter.

As she walked away I found myself once again checking her out. There were definitely no panty lines that I could see as I watched her firm round ass swish back and forth. Another thing that had the blood staying in my groin area was the fact that as she walked I could see the very bottom of her cheeks peeking out from the hem of her shorts. Try as hard as I might I couldn't tear my eyes off her backside. Even when she looked back over her shoulder at me my eyes stayed glued to her butt. I felt sure that my jaw was hanging open and drool was running down my chin, but I just couldn't take my eyes off her. I got another shock when she added some Bailey's Irish cream to her cup of coffee. Since when did she even drink? Not once in my life had I ever seen her take a drink of alcohol. Yes, things had changed in my absence. When she finally sat across from me at the table she noticed the perplexed look on my face.

"Yes, I like to take a nip or two once in a while. It helps to relax me," she stated as if I'd asked.

"No problem Mom. Now, fill me in on what's been happening since I left."

We talked for some time, Mom telling me that she'd become restless since Ann had moved out and dad always seemed to be gone somewhere. She took to exercising as a way to fill her time. Once she'd dropped a few pounds she noticed that she felt so much better, and as an added benefit dad seemed to be paying her more attention too. Unfortunately that hadn't lasted very long she told me. He started working longer days and more time was spent on the weekends entertaining future clients. Even Ann stayed away for long spells at a time. So with all the time on her hands she threw herself into her workouts, even converting part of the basement into her own personal gym complete with a treadmill, a stationary bike and a weight bench. When I asked how dad liked that she informed me that he never went down there unless he absolutely had to.

"So you have your own little fortress of solitude huh?"

"Yes, and I like it. I can workout and not be disturbed. Oh, and just to let you know, I sometimes workout in the nude so you might want to call out before you come down." Her blue eyes twinkled mischievously as she told me this.

"Why would you workout naked?" I asked, my voice breaking.

"I like the freedom and the feel of the sweat rolling off me. Besides, I don't have to wash smelly gym clothes that way."

"Makes sense to me," I replied, my dick rising once more as my mind conjured up a vision of her all sweaty and naked as she worked out. God, what was wrong with me I chastised myself. A little voice in my head screamed laughingly, "Pervert!"

She asked again if I was hungry. I told her what I really wanted was a shower and to get out of this uniform. She told me that

my room was still the same and I was to make myself at home. I did. After lugging my duffle up the stairs and dropping it on my bed I stripped down to my boxers and made my way to the bathroom. I had just gotten the water to the right temperature and was about to climb in when mom opened the door.

"Honey I brought you some clean towels..." She had been looking at the towels in her arms when she entered but as her eyes came up her words trailed off.

My dick was dangling down between my legs in a semi-erect state because I was still thinking about her naked in the basement gym. Stunned I just stood there making no effort to cover my exposed cock and balls. Mom stared at my penis for what felt like an eternity before her eyes finally came up and met mine. There was a look in hers that I couldn't quite make out at first.

"Oh God baby, I'm so sorry," she muttered before hastily putting the bundle of towels on the sink and rushing from the room.

For several moments I didn't move. I just stood there staring at the door, my cock growing stiffer by the second as it dawned on me that I'd seen that look in a woman's eyes before. It was the look of sexual hunger. I had no other choice; I pounded my pud for all it was worth as I let the vision of her I'd conjured flood my brain. I was racked with more self-loathing after I blew my balls all over the shower walls.

It was nearly four-thirty by the time I'd squared my room around, emptying my duffle and putting everything away. Dressed in jeans, sneakers and a faded Jethro Tull t-shirt I made my way downstairs. I found mom in the kitchen preparing to make dinner. She was so intent on seasoning the chicken she was preparing that she didn't hear me come in. I stood in the doorway for a few seconds and watched as she worked. Each time she used the salt or peppershaker her buns would jiggle enticingly. Stealthily I crept up behind her and

wrapped my arms around her waist and gave her a kiss on her cheek. She dropped the saltshaker.

"You scared the shit out of me," she croaked. I could feel her body trembling slightly.

"It's good to be home Mom," I whispered into her ear.

"It's good having you home son, and I'm sorry for barging in on you. I should've knocked first."

"Don't worry about it. I'll just pay you back by not telling you I'm coming down the next time you're working out downstairs," I chuckled releasing my hold on her and stepping to the side.

"You wouldn't dare!" she exclaimed in a fake shocked voice.

"Oh, wouldn't I?" I replied.

"Trust me, you wouldn't want to see me naked and sweaty," she laughed before adding, "Besides, I'm sure there are younger girls you can gawk at that would be so much prettier."

"News flash lady, you're gorgeous. And just between us, I prefer mature women over ones my own age anyway." I hadn't meant to tell my own mother about my penchant for mature women, it just slipped out.

"Really? Why?" she asked turning to face me.

"It's simple really. They're better conversationalist, they're not into head games, and they know what they want out of life. Plus they're better..." I could feel my face getting hot.

"Better what?"

Now that the cat was out of the bag I went ahead and answered her. "Lovers."

"How so?" She was like a pit bull that didn't want to let go.

Turning around I leaned against the counter with my arms crossed on my chest. I was about to count off the ways that I felt older women were better lovers when we heard the front door open. A second later Ann came running in, saw me against the counter, squealed my name and rushed over and flung herself into my arms. I glanced at mom and saw her mouth the words; "We'll finish our talk later."

After Ann got through crushing my ribcage she stepped back and gave me a chance to look her over. At twenty-three she was a striking girl. Her soft brown hair matched her eyes and stretched clear down to her waist in a ponytail. She must have come straight from work since she was wearing a starched white blouse with a navy blue skirt that dipped just below her knees. On her feet she wore black four-inch heels. Her strong shapely legs were encased in a gauzy black pair of nylons. From the looks of things I'd say that she'd gained a few pounds since I last saw her. She was by no means fat, but she was definitely heavier than she used to be. I liked it; it gave

her a softer look. When she moved things jiggled very nicely. God dude, now you're perving on your own sister the voice in my head screamed at me. I pulled my eyes off Ann's rather large chest and went over to the table and sat down.

Ann gave mom a hug and kiss then came over and joined me. I spent the next twenty minutes listening to her say how great it was to be on her own. A great job, a cool apartment and a newish car; everything was great according to her. When I asked if she had a great new boyfriend she just turned red and told me to mind my own business. Yeah, I could tell. My baby sister was getting poked on a regular basis. There you go again perv the voice screamed once more. Before I could become nauseated from hearing any more greatness spew out of her mouth mom asked if I'd put the roaster in the oven for her. While bending over to slip the pan into the oven I felt mom's hand lightly slide across my ass briefly. When I stood back up I saw her and Ann staring at each other. Both had shit-eating grins on their faces.

Dad showed up just as the chicken was being taken out of the oven. He gave me a firm handshake and a pat on the back

while complementing the army for working wonders with his son. Yeah, before I enlisted I'd pretty much been a screw-up.

The dinner went well if you didn't notice the fact that my parents hardly said two words to each other. On the other hand, dad and Ann yacked constantly to each other. Another thing that struck me as odd was how many times mom felt it was necessary to touch me. Whenever she'd walk by me she'd reach out and stroke my hair or pat me on the cheek or something. This continued on even after dinner. It was almost like she was flirting with me. Maybe she was I thought. Could she be doing it to make dad jealous or something? I was pretty sure it wasn't going to work if that's what she was trying to do. Seriously, why would dad get jealous of his own son?

It didn't take long after the meal before Ann said she had some work she needed to finish and took off. Dad went up and took a shower before coming down and announcing he had to go back to the office for a little bit. Mom acted like she hadn't even heard him. After the door shut behind him mom said she was going to take a shower and would be back down in a little while. I was kicked back on the couch watching TV when

she came back down. Instead of coming over she went straight into the kitchen before I had a chance to see what she was wearing. She was in there just a few minutes before she called out and asked if I wanted anything.

"Got any beer in there?" I hollered back.

I heard the clink of bottles then the pitter-patter of bare feet headed back my way. I honestly didn't know what I expected her to have changed into after her shower. With all the other changes she'd made I really didn't expect her to be wearing the same old flannel nightgowns she used to favor. The voice yelled pervert, because truthfully I was hoping that she had made a change in her night attire as well. When she came into view I wasn't disappointed. No flannel nightie tonight, no siree. Tonight she had on a lavender gown that resembled a slip. The satiny material hugged her in all the right places as it draped her body clear down to just above her knees. As she walked toward me with a bottle of beer in each hand I couldn't help but notice how her breasts bounced ever so slightly with each step she took. And with a stretch of my imagination I swear I could make out the color and size of her areolas. Light

brown and modestly sized. The closer she got the more I was convinced that it was indeed my imagination; at least it was until the light from the lamps on the end tables hit her chest just right. Yep, light brown and modestly sized! Pervert! Pervert! Pervert! The voice screamed as my eyes glued themselves to the dainty ruffled collar that dipped open and afforded me a flash of freckled cleavage as she leaned forward and handed me one of the bottles.

"What ya watching?" she asked as she sat down and tucked one leg under herself.

"Something about whales. Sperm whales I think."

Mom glanced at the TV then back at me. When I tore my eyes off her chest and glanced at the TV I noticed the show had nothing to do with whales, sperm or otherwise. It was about sea turtles.

"Sperm whales huh?" Her laughter was music to my ears.

"Oops, my bad," I chuckled.

Actually the show was pretty good. It was very informative and consisted of excellent underwater photography. We both got fairly involved with watching it as we drank our beer. When mom asked if I'd like another I told her to relax and I'd get both of us one. As I was bringing them back I saw mom rubbing her leg leisurely while her other hand drew tiny circles around the exposed flesh just above her collar. When she took the beer I was positive she'd noticed the bulge in my jeans before I had a chance to conceal it from her. A dainty smile spread across her lips as she brought the bottle up for a sip. Hastily I sat down and held the cold bottle over my crotch hoping my hormones would settle down fast. Mom turned in her seat so she could look directly at me. When she did her leg parted off the other one enough for me to see up her nightie. Not enough for me to tell if she was wearing panties, but far enough for me to get an eyeful of smooth creamy inner thigh skin. So much for my hormones settling down.

"So, why do older women make better lovers?" She practically purred when she asked.

"What...?" I sputtered almost choking on the drink of beer I had just started to swallow.

"You said that older women make better lovers. I was just curious why you think that. I'm also curious as to how you'd know that."

"Mom! We are not going to have a conversation about my love life," I blubbered.

"Well if you're not gonna answer that, at least tell me why you think they do," she persisted.

"Okay, okay, I'll tell you why. Geez, you're like a dog with a bone aren't you?"

"You know what they say. Curiosity killed the cat..."

"Yeah, yeah, I know. Satisfaction brought him back" I finished for her.

"Well, satisfy me then." I almost lost another mouthful of beer with that remark.

"The simple truth about older women is they know what they want. There's no pretense or silly games. They're also more sensual, tender, and caring. When they make love its not with just their body but with their whole being. There, satisfied?" I asked getting up and heading back into the kitchen to grab two more beers.

When I returned and got situated mom picked up right where we'd left off.

"So you're saying that older women are more Motherly?" she asked staring at me intensely.

"I've never thought about it much, but yeah, I guess you could put it that way," I answered.

Mom shifted in her seat then reached out her free hand and placed it on my shoulder before asking, "What's the oldest woman you've ever been with?"

I don't know if it was because the beer had loosened me up, or whether it was just the soft way she'd asked. Either way I found myself wanting to tell her the truth.

"Remember Mrs. Harmon who used to run the donut shop on Rosemont Street?" I asked.

"Ruth? Sure I remember..." Mom's eyes widened as it dawned on her what I was saying.

"God Andy, she has to be well into her sixties."

"She is now, but she wasn't the day after my eighteenth birthday," I laughed.

"Wow! Ruth Harmon, who knew. Tell me everything and don't skip on the details," she pleaded.

I didn't skip on the details, no way Jose. If my mother was so intent on finding out about my sex life then I was going to do my best to shock her enough so she wouldn't want to know any more about her baby boy's lecherous ways.

Around five-thirty the day after I'd turned eighteen I was headed over to a friends house when I happened to stop in at the donut shop to treat my sweet tooth. Mrs. Harmon was just about to lock up for the day when she saw me looking into the big glass window. She opened the door and told me that if I wanted something I'd have to hurry and pick it out. As I stepped across the threshold she locked the door saying that she didn't want anymore last minute costumers. That was cool with me; I was going to get what I wanted. The place smelled so good. Pastries, donuts, and an assortment of cakes were everywhere. I was in sweet tooth heaven. Mrs. Harmon stood behind the glass counter and told me to choose. I picked out the plumpest maple bar I could find and told her I'd take that

one. She smiled sweetly and asked if I'd like a dozen of them. I told her I only had enough money for the one. Her smile increased in size and she said she'd make me a deal. If I helped her move a few things she'd give me an entire dozen for my time. It was the deal of a lifetime I thought. Little did I know that what she wanted help in moving would change my outlook of older women forever.

Now at the time this took place Mrs. Harmon had been a widow for more than six years. She was in her late fifties but was still a fetching woman. She was quite tall and had wavy shoulder length salt and pepper hair, a smooth pale complexion and was just now starting to get a little chubby. She also had enormous honkers that she tried to hide by wearing loose fitting dresses that buttoned all the way down the front. On this day she had on a dark brown floral print, one with big round buttons that went from the high neckline clear to the hem at mid-calf.

"Grab this and follow me into the office," she said, indicating a small pan of what looked like some kind of syrupy stuff.

Picking up the pan I followed her as we made our way to the back of the shop. Just as we entered what passed as an office she suddenly stopped and turned around. Unfortunately for me my eyes had been glued to her swaying butt and I didn't react in time to prevent myself from running right into her. The pan I was holding rammed into her big soft boobs and tilted inward. The contents sloshed out and ran down the front of her dress and spilled to the floor.

"Oh god, I'm so sorry Mrs. Harmon," I stammered watching as the syrupy mess dripped down the front of her.

At first I thought I was doomed, but to my surprise she didn't seem upset at all. She pointed at a door off to the side of the office and softly told me to get some paper towels. I ran over and opened the door to what turned out to be a small restroom. Sitting on a shelf near the sink were several rolls of paper towels. Grabbing a roll I rushed back over to where she was standing. It didn't dawn on me at first what she was in the process of doing, but when it did I felt my cock rapidly swelling in my pants. Slowly Mrs. Harmon was undoing each of those large round buttons on her dress. By the time she'd

uncovered the top half of herself my cock was painfully hard. Peeking beyond the gooey dress I could see her chest, her massive boobs barely held in check by what looked like the heaviest duty bra I'd ever seen. It was black and contrasted starkly with the milky white skin of her massive boob flesh spilling out of it. She continued to unbutton her dress and told me to see if I could wipe up the stuff that fell to the floor.

Getting on my knees I tried to wipe the gooey substance up but basically all I was able to do was smear it around. When I glance up to tell her that I wasn't having any luck I almost blasted a wad into my pants. She'd pulled her dress up to reach the last few buttons and in doing so exposed everything to my bulging eyes. She was wearing dark thigh high stockings that had some sort of clips attached to them and was supported by a white belt that went around her waist. I later learned it was called a garter belt. The clips were situated under the pair of black full sized panties that covered her privates. I don't know how long it was before her calling my name finally registered on my shocked brain.

"It's starting to drip down toward my panties. Be a dear and pull them down so they don't get ruined," she said in a husky voice.

"You want me to pull down your panties?" I stuttered. I could feel copious amounts of pre-cum leaking out of my cock and getting my boxers all slick in front.

"Yes please. I really don't want them ruined; they're my favorite pair. I'd do it myself but as you can see my fingers are all sticky," she told me holding out one hand so I could see the sticky on it.

"Okay," I stuttered some more while reaching up and taking hold of the waistband at each hip.

With shaking hands I slowly began to pull her panties down. While I was doing that she'd managed to remove her dress and stood there staring down at me with an odd look on her face. Slowly her panties came down until her pubic hair started to show. I expected it to be salt and pepper too but

instead it was dark black and bushy as hell. When they finally dropped past her crotch I found myself kneeling in front of her with my face only inches away from the first real pussy that I'd ever seen. I kept my eyes glued to something peeking through the hair as I lowered her panties to the floor. For some reason she reached down with a sticky hand and ran a finger through the hair until it dipped between her legs. When she pulled her hand away I could see that the thing peeking out at me had gotten puffier and was now covered in the syrupy mess.

"Oh my, now look what I've done. Could you be a dear and see if you can wipe that off me?" she asked pointing at the puffy thing with a sticky finger.

Taking one of the paper towels I began to tenderly dab at the area but all I succeeded in doing was smear it. I thought I was hurting her because she began moaning under her breath each time I wiped at the sticky area. I looked up at her face and noticed she had her eyes closed and her tongue was sticking out and wetting her lips. I told her it wasn't working and maybe I should get something wet to try and remove the

syrupy stuff. She opened her eyes and stared right into mine. There was something in the way that she was looking at me that both frightened me and aroused me at the same time.

"Why don't you just lick it off," she said in a throaty whisper.

Lick it off? Did she really want me to lick it off her pussy? I had never even been with a girl in a sexual manner, but I was aware of most of the ways a guy could please a woman. Licking their pussy was supposed to be high on the list from what I'd heard. Hesitantly I leaned my face forward and stuck out my tongue. The first thing I noticed was how her hair tickled my nose. The next thing I noticed was that whatever this sticky stuff was, it was good. Sweet and tasty. I began to lick my tongue up over the effected area marveling at how the nub of flesh kept getting larger and larger. I also noticed that she wasn't moaning under her breath anymore. Now it sounded like she was having trouble catching her breath.

"Lick a little harder dear, make sure you get it all off," she rasped as she spread her feet a little further apart.

With her feet apart I found I could get my tongue further between her legs. I also found that the sweetness was being replaced by something a little tangier. I like it immediately. I doubled the force I was applying with my tongue and noticed that the area was getting wetter by the second. Reaching up and behind her I grabbed hold of her soft ass cheeks to help steady myself. When I did that she reached down with one sticky hand and placed it on the back of my head and pushed my face deeper into her hairy cunt.

"That's it, that's it baby, clean my pussy," she groaned pushing my face harder and harder into her hairy mound.

Completely lost in what I was doing I lapped at her with a newfound gusto. The slicker her pussy got the more I wanted to make it even wetter. I got my wish a few seconds later. Suddenly she started bucking herself against my face and moaning loudly. I could feel her body trembling violently just before she froze as stiff as a board and howled out. My tongue became coated with a slick wet substance that I'd never tasted before.

"Yeaaaaahhhhhh!" she screamed, her fingers locked into my hair with a death grip.

As suddenly as it had started her moans died down and she released her grip on my head. My face smeared with her juice I glanced up and asked if I'd gotten it all.

"Not yet," she replied and pulled me to my feet.

Once I was standing she took my hand and pulled me over to where a desk sat in one corner of the tiny office. She backed up until her ass was against the desk. Without so much as a word she reached out and undid my pants, lowering them and my boxers down to my thighs as soon as the zipper had been pulled down. My cock sprang free and slapped against my stomach before settling into a position where it pointed straight at her. Nimble she hopped up on the edge of the desk and spread her legs wide open. Before I could get a good look at her splayed cunt she pulled me into her with so much force that my raging rigid pole slipped up along one creamy thigh

before wedging itself balls deep into her saturated cunt. I came immediately, blowing wad after wad of spunk up into her already sopping hole. My knees buckled and she wrapped her arms and legs around me to hold me up. My shaft was all the way in her, the heat pouring around it almost more than I could bear. I feebly tried to apologize for popping my cork so quickly. She just chuckled and held me tighter to those amazing bra encased boobs.

"Was this your first time?" she asked softly as her hands stroked my back lovingly.

"Yes," I mumbled afraid that she would laugh at me for being a virgin.

"Well don't worry, just stay inside me for a bit and I'm sure we'll get you going in no time. You young ones don't take long before you're ready to go again."

The tone of her soothing voice quelled the fear I felt allowing me to relax enough to take notice of how her pussy was

opening and closing around my semi-hard penis. It felt like she was milking my cock with her cunt muscles. Before I knew it my dick had swelled back to the point where I was able to gently slide back and forth inside her well-lubricated tunnel. Releasing her legs from around my thighs she told me to unhook her bra. After fumbling for a minute or so I was able to free her glorious tits. When she pulled the bra away from them they were so big and heavy they drooped a ways toward her stomach. I was too amazed just by the sheer size that I didn't even notice how much they were sagging. Her tits had huge dark brown areolas and stiff nipples that poked out about a quarter-inch. The sight of them finished getting me completely hard. She told me to hold her thighs and when I did she laid back on the desk, those magnificent tits slipping to the sides of her ribcage. Each small thrust I made caused them to jiggle and jiggle. Unable to control my youthful lust it wasn't long before I was pounding into her so hard my balls smacking off her ass filled the office with the sound of flesh hitting flesh. This time I felt no urgency in shooting my load. All I wanted to do was savor the feeling of my cock going in and out of my first pussy.

"Gently tiger, you're a little bigger than most of the boys I fuck," she whispered as her head rolled from side to side on the desk.

I had never thought of myself as having a big dick, I mean I knew it wasn't small, but her words filled me with pride. Slowing my thrusts down I discovered that I liked the sensation along my shaft better than when I was just hammering it to her. Using a slow easy rhythm and long strokes enhanced the pleasure I felt along the nerve endings in my cock. Apparently it pleased her a lot too if the increase in her moans were any indication. Reaching up with both hands I managed to trap her wobbling nipples in my fingers. As soon as I pinched down on them I felt her cunt contract around my shaft and she let out a stifled scream. At first I thought I'd pinched them too hard until I heard her tell me to pinch them harder. I did. Her legs flew around my waist and her ass lifted off the desk as she used her legs to pull me in deeper. I wasn't sure what was happening when I felt fluids rush around my cock and she yelled out.

"Oh my god, I'm cuummmiiiiinnnnnngggggggg!"

With that she started bucking up into me frantically. I went back to hammering myself into her smoldering wet pussy, my balls bouncing off her soft ass sounding wet and juicy as they splattered her leaking fluids. Faster and faster I pumped my cock into her as I tried to hold onto her stiff nipples. My balls tightened and instinctively I knew I was about to unleash a flood of cum.

"Fill me baby, fill me," she chanted over and over, her head tossing and turning on the desk.

"Uuuuggggghhhhhhhh!" I roared as I felt my cream run through my shaft and shoot forcefully into the depths of her quivering cunt. Spent I slumped onto her with my face buried between those magnificent mounds of tit flesh, my cock still twitching in her drenched hole as the sound of our mixed juices dripped onto the office floor.

When I left that shop I was no longer a boy. I left that shop a man; a man with a dozen maple bars in a box tucked under his arm.

"Holy shit," Mom squealed and broke out into laughter.

"What's so funny? You didn't believe my story?" I asked dumfounded by her laughter.

"Oh I believed it. I was laughing because I remember when you came home with that box of maple bars. Your hair was all matted and you had the oddest grin on your face. I think you had that grin on your face for at least three days. Now I know why."

"Yeah, good times, good times," I mused.

"So did you go back for more pastries," she snickered.

"A few times, until I found out that there were quite a few guys leaving that shop with a box of donuts," I laughed.

Chuckling Mom said, "Well honey I think I'm going to turn in. I want to thank you for sharing and I'm sure I'll have some pretty strange dreams about pastries tonight,"

I stood up too so I could give her a hug goodnight. When I stepped toward her I noticed her nipples were poking through her nightie as if she were either cold or really aroused. My pervert self wanted to believe it was because she found my tale stimulating. Mom wrapped her arms around my neck and pressed herself against me. I let my arms encircle her waist and squeezed her gently. Without thinking one of my hands slid down the small of her back and before I knew it I was cupping one of the firmest ass cheeks I'd ever felt. She didn't pull away. If anything she seemed to be trying to press herself tighter into my body. The hug didn't last very long but by the time we separated she had a flushed look on her face and I was sporting a raging hard-on. She looked down at my crotch before turning and heading to the stairs with an exaggerated walk that had her ass swaying back and forth.

Right as she reached the stairs she looked over her shoulder at me and shot me a brilliant smile. Sleep didn't come easy, and when it did I was plagued with vivid dreams of my mother straddling my hips and lowering herself down on my cock. When I woke the next morning my sheets were stained with dried cum.

Slipping on a pair of clean boxers I wadded the sheets up and headed to the basement where the laundry room was. I hadn't been down here in some time but I knew the washer and dryer were at the foot of the stairs. The rest of the basement curved around behind the stairs and filled out into a fairly large room. As I opened the door I noticed the basement light was already on so I went on down. Just as I remembered the washer and dryer were where they'd always been. There was a gentle humming noise coming from the other side of the stairs so I dropped the sheets on the floor and went around the stairs to see what was causing it. I almost shit myself when the larger area came into view.

The noise was coming from the treadmill that mom was using. All of the exercise equipment was situated in a way that

whoever was using them had their back toward the stairs. I was so very thankful for that because she was walking on the treadmill without a stitch of clothes on. She was also wearing earbuds attached to an ipod sitting in the cup holder of the machine. That explained why she hadn't heard me come down I figured. I knew I should get my ass out of there but I was rooted in place. I couldn't pry my eyes off the vision of loveliness in front of me.

Sweat rolled down from her shoulders and back like she'd just ran a marathon or something. Her naked body glistened under the florescent lighting that had been installed after I had left. The brightness left nothing to the imagination. I watched in awe as mom's ass clinched and unclenched with each step she took. Her legs showed the well-defined muscle that comes only when someone works out on a regular basis. Her back was straight and totally toned as well. Absently my hand slid down to the front of my boxers and pulled my stiffening cock out through the slit. I wasn't even aware that I was rubbing myself. I was so engrossed in watching her walk at a leisurely pace that I didn't even hear the sound as the

treadmill slowed down then stopped. Pre-cum coated the tip of my cock as my fingers rubbed the bulbous head.

Frozen in place I just stood there as mom slowly turned around. The first thing I noticed were her tits. They had to be at least 36C and showed very little sag at all. Her areolas were light brown and her nipples a soft pinkish color. The other things I noticed was that her tummy was flat and firm and she sported a neatly trimmed patch of brown pubic hair on her pronounced mound. She had removed the earbuds and left them on the machine. As soon as she saw me there her eyes grew wide and her mouth opened in a big circle but nothing came out. I was sure she was going to scream at me to get out. She didn't. Instead she stood there and let her eyes roam lower and lower on my body until she was looking directly at my crotch. My hand continued on its own to slowly stroke my cock. My dick swelled even more as I watched her nipples begin to stiffen. My eyes followed as one of her hands slid over her stomach and down to the junction between her muscular thighs.

Mom extended her middle finger and dipped it up under her mound and slipped it between her pussy lips. Slowly she worked the tip of her finger deeper into her slit until it disappeared up to the first knuckle. I took two steps forward and began to increase the length of my strokes on my cock. Mom sank her finger deeper into her cunt until it was almost completely out of sight. With her free hand she reached up and took one ripe nipple between her fingertips and began to pinch it. Small gasps poured from her mouth as she began working her finger in and out of her pussy. I could see moisture on it each time she pulled it out. I groaned as the pressure in my balls built up and my knees started to wobble. Mom's finger moved faster and faster and her eyes grew into slits as her pleasure built.

"Oh yes, come for me baby. Let me watch you come," she hissed, finger-fucking herself into a state of rapture.

"I'm...so...sorry Mom," I groaned through clenched teeth as I felt the floodgates open and release my load.

Rope after thick rope of milky white sperm shot from the end of my dick and landed about three feet away. Mom's eyes

rolled back in her head as she sank to the tread of the machine with her finger firmly lodged up her cunt. I thought she'd passed out. Panic stricken I rushed over and pulled her up to her feet. As soon as she was standing her eyes opened and she threw her arms around my neck. My cock was trapped between us and was still leaking cum out. Mom kissed me on the cheek then stepped back and held me at arms length. I could see my spooge on her firm tight tummy start to drip down toward her mound. She looked down and we both watched it slide lower and lower. Before it reached her pubic bush she did something that caught me completely by surprise. She took the finger that had been in her pussy and scooped up the small amount of cum on her tummy. When she stuck her finger in her mouth my cock twitched as if it were coming back to life.

"I guess we're even for me walking in on you in the shower," she said, and then she ran up the stairs leaving me wondering what the hell had just happened.

Trance-like I made my way back upstairs the soiled sheets all but forgotten in a pile on the floor. Mom was nowhere in

sight. I headed to my room and grabbed some clothes to put on. I needed a shower but passed on it, my mind too pre-occupied to do anything other than get dressed. Plopping down on the edge of my bed I sat there and could literally feel the guilt of what I'd done set in. How could I stand there and beat my meat while watching my own mother? And what about her. Why would she finger fuck herself in front of me? How come she hadn't screamed at me for being such a pervert? Nothing was making any sense to my confused brain. A soft knocking on my door snapped me out of my funk. Standing I walked over to the door knowing who it was before I opened it.

"Can we talk?" Mom asked clutching the robe she was wearing tightly closed with both hands as her eyes gazed into mine.

"Come in," I said stepping aside to let her enter. Hesitantly she walked over and sat on the edge of my bed.

"I can't tell you how sorry I am for what I did downstairs," she began. "I don't know what came over me."

Nervously I went over and sat next to her and took her limp hands into mine. "It wasn't your fault Mom. I'm the one who should be sorry."

"From what I saw you have nothing to be sorry for," she chuckled lessening the tension in the room.

"Seriously Mom, I really don't know what possessed me to start... you know," I blabbered.

"Stop worrying about it, what's done is done. Besides, I was a little flattered that you'd even find me pretty enough to get aroused."

"I think you're more than pretty Mom. In case you haven't noticed you're smoking hot, and I doubt there's a man alive who wouldn't get aroused if he saw what I saw." I could feel my face getting red as the image of her on the treadmill came rushing back to my mind.

"I'm glad at least one male in this family thinks that," she whispered, almost too low for me to hear. Almost.

When I asked what she meant by that she got a clouded look on her face. She told me that it had been a while since Dad had paid her any attention in the romance department. And after hearing my story yesterday she'd gotten kind of worked up. She said that was why she'd been downstairs working out; so she could blow off some steam. She went on to say that when she saw me watching her and stroking myself something snapped. She was unable to stop herself from trying to get some relief.

"Did you?" I asked feeling the blood starting to slowly fill my cock.

"Did I what?" she asked, her eyes lowering until I was sure she saw the front of my pants start to bulge.

"Get relief," I replied as my tube steak started to creep down my pants leg.

Laughing softly she jumped to her feet, put her arms around my neck and kissed me on the cheek.

"Wouldn't you like to know," she whispered in my ear before releasing me and heading for the door.

When she reached it she turned around and asked, "Honey, where are your sheets?"

I glanced at the bed and saw the bare mattress. My face crimson I told her I'd had an accident and they were downstairs. The questioning look on her face gave way as it dawned on her what kind of accident I was referring to.

"Good dream? Was it about anyone I know?" She didn't wait for an answer.

After staring at the empty doorway for what felt like an hour I went to the linen closet in the hall and grabbed some clean sheets. Once the bed was made I ventured on down to the basement, my ears straining to hear if anyone was there, and discovered that mom had already put my soiled sheets in the washer. I couldn't help but wonder if she'd checked out the size of the stains I'd made.

Over the next few days things seemed to be normal around the house. Dad came home from work and actually stayed home. We even spent some time together as a family. Knowing that my enlistment was up in a couple of months dad offered me a fairly lucrative position with his company. I wasn't sure if I would accept it or not but it was nice of him to offer. We went out to dinner one night and then tonight Ann came over and her and Mom fixed a nice meal. I was totally surprised when dad fixed a pitcher of margaritas and told us to help ourselves. I was even more surprised when Ann announced since it was Friday she would just stay over instead of driving home after drinking. I don't know if it was because of the booze or what, but for some reason mom was extra touchy-feely. It seemed like she took every opportunity she

could to rub up against me. I caught dad watching a couple of times, but instead of looking upset about it he actually smiled a little bit. Maybe he was getting a kick out of mom making me feel a little uncomfortable.

After dinner mom told dad and I to order something scary from pay-per-view while her and Ann went up to change into something comfortable. I wasn't sure what she meant by comfortable. Both dad and I were dressed in baggy sweats and t-shirts so I was sure that we were comfortable. Dad mixed up another batch of margaritas while I scanned the options for a movie. Just as he was bringing in the pitcher of booze I saw him stop in his tracks and heard him let out a wolf-whistle.

"There's my girls," he said, pride evident in his voice.

The back of the couch faced the stairs so I had to crane my neck around to see what dad was whistling about. Mom and Ann were coming down the stairs with mom in the lead. Mom was wearing the same lavender gown she'd had on before, but what blew my mind was what my sister was wearing. The

crimson colored baby-doll nightie hugged her full figure and stopped just below her crotch area. The neckline was modest and did a good job of concealing her large tits but I could tell by the way they jiggled like jello that she wasn't wearing any kind of bra underneath. There you go again pervert the voice in my head taunted me as my cock started to inflate. Both women filled their glasses from the frosty pitcher of margaritas that dad had placed on the coffee table. When Ann leaned over slightly to fill her glass I learned that she was wearing matching silk panties that had slid into her ass-crack leaving her plump buns out in the open. More blood flowed into my boner and more taunting came from the voice in my head.

Mom settled in next to dad and Ann sank down next to me. As soon as the movie started I saw mom take dad's hand and drag his arm around her shoulders. She snuggled herself into him and began taking tiny sips from her glass. Ann saw what mom had done and gave me a pouty look that said, "What about me?" She wasted no time in sliding up next to me after I placed my arm on the back of the couch. I could feel the heat from her body and the softness of her boob as she leaned into

my side. My cock finished its rise to full-blown hard-on. Personally I thought the movie was hokey, but everytime a scary part came on mom and Ann screamed like little schoolgirls. Ann went so far as to grab my wrist and pull my hand around in front of her where she pinned it against her chest. The tips of my fingers were resting right on top of her nipple. Absently I began to rub my fingertips across the nub feeling it stiffen and poke out. Out of the corner of my eye I saw she had a tiny grin on her lips.

By the time the movie ended the pitcher of margaritas was long gone. We all stood and stretched before heading upstairs to bed. Mom and dad went first followed by Ann with me in the tail position of our little caravan. I stumbled once or twice but not because I'd been drinking. No not because of the booze, but because as we climbed the stairs I was able to see up Ann's nightie. Her panties were so bunched into her slit that it looked like her pussy was eating them. One of the many happy thoughts that plowed through my brain was the knowledge that I now knew my sister shaved her pussy. The puffy outer folds of her cunt were as bald as Telly Savalas' head. Once in my room more happy thoughts surged through

me as I jerked my cock until it exploded into the tissue I held in my hand. With that done I collapsed on the bed and was dead to the world for the next twelve hours.

Puffy-eyed I stood in front of the porcelain throne for ages as my bladder emptied the next morning. I think I pissed enough to help solve California's drought problem. It must have been pushing eleven o'clock by the time I stumbled downstairs in my boxers and t-shirt. Thank god there was still some hot coffee in the pot. With a cup in my hand I leaned against the counter sipping the hot liquid and wondering where everyone was. The house was eerily quiet. On a whim I decided to look in the basement, the voice in my head telling me it knew why. The downstairs light was on so I made my way slowly down the basement stairs trying to be as quiet as possible. If mom was down here naked and working out I planned on leaving before she noticed me, truly I did. Yeah right pervert the voice in my head snickered. I didn't hear the whirl of the treadmill or exercise bike so I continued around the stairs thinking that I was alone. Boy was I wrong.

Mom was at the weights once again naked as a jaybird, bench-pressing what I thought looked like way too much weight for her. She had the barbell on her chest and it seemed to me like she was struggling to raise it back up. Putting my cup on the floor I rushed over to the head of the bench and grabbed the barbell helping her raise it into position on the holders. She was sweating profusely and her bare breasts rose and fell as I stood there looking down at her. Where I was standing placed my crotch almost directly above her face. Our hands remained on the barbell and she slid hers over until they were touching mine.

"I was fine honey," she stated looking up at me with a smile on her face.

"It didn't look that way to me," I replied, my eyes slowly leaving her face to travel down her body.

"Our little encounters down here must be rough on you," she said in a sultry voice.

Pulling my eyes away from her trimmed bush I glanced into her eyes and asked, "What makes you say that?"

"Well, judging by this..."

And with that she let go of the barbell with one hand and shoved it up the leg of my boxers. Her warm hand wrapped around the shaft of my swelling cock and began to slowly stroke. Caught completely off-guard I just stood there with my mouth ajar and my cock growing rapidly. I've had women stroke my dick before, but there was something about my Mother's touch that had me tingling in places I never knew could tingle. Unable to, or unwilling to if truth be told, I was powerless to protest or stop her from touching me. Instead I just stood there and reveled in the wonderful sensations that were coursing through my being. My grip on the barbell tightened as mom lowered her other hand then used both to grab my boxers by the legs and drag them down over my hips. Unencumbered my rigid cock sprang free and pointed slightly downward toward her face.

"We can't have you running around all tense, now can we?" she whispered, her voice slightly husky.

Stunned I watched as her hand wrapped around my cock and pulled it gently down toward her rising face. I almost fainted from the raw pleasure as her mouth closed around the head and sucked me inside. Once she had half my cock in her mouth she used one hand to roll my ball sack around while her other hand snaked down her body and went between her spread legs. I closed my eyes and surrendered to the fabulous feelings her mouth and tongue were causing. Even with her mouth full of cock she was able to moan loud enough for me to hear. The sound of her enjoying herself caused my dick to swell harder than it's ever been before. Carefully I bent my knees and lowered myself slightly so she wouldn't have to keep using her neck muscles to lift her head. The squashy sound coming from her pussy made me open my eyes and look to where her hand was pumping two fingers rapidly into her cunt. Mom pulled my cock from her mouth and used her hand to rapidly stroke me as she squealed out her orgasm.

"Oh sweet Jesus!" she screamed as her hand furiously slammed her fingers into her cunt.

Without warning jets of hot sticky spunk shot out of me with so much force that some of it landed almost on her pubic mound. By the time I finished squirting my load mom's chest and stomach were covered in jizz. The realization of what we'd just done hit me like a slap in the face. Yanking my boxers up I dashed up the stairs and didn't stop until I was safely in my room. A couple minutes later mom strolled into my room without knocking. She'd taken the time to throw a short silk robe on that tied around the waist. She sat next to me on the bed and took my trembling hands into hers. I couldn't even look her in the eyes.

"Andy what's wrong?" she asked softly. "You didn't do anything wrong."

"Anything wrong? Mom, I just let you suck my dick. I didn't even try and stop you. I feel so ashamed that I, we, betrayed Dad."

"Betrayed Dad? Shit! If anything baby your father betrayed me," she said.

Puzzled by that I looked up into her eyes and asked, "How so?"

"For over a year now your father has been having an affair," she softly replied gazing into my eyes.

"No way!" I retorted.

"Yes way. I know for a fact he's fucking someone else."

"But why Mom? Look at you... you're gorgeous. Why would Dad want someone else?"

"Well honey, your father has desires that I don't share. Sexual desires anyway," she replied, calmly squeezing my hands as she told me this.

"That doesn't excuse what we did. I mean I'm your son for God's sake; I shouldn't have sexual feelings about my own Mother. And you shouldn't have them about me either," I said.

Mom let go of my hands and stood up. Gazing down at me she said, "And therein lies the rub. Take a shower and get dressed, I want to show you something."

After I showered I threw on a pair of baggy sweat pants, a dark blue pocket t-shirt and flip-flops. I thought I was considerably underdressed when I went downstairs and saw what Mom was wearing. The skintight dress was a rich red and made of the same kind of material as my t-shirt. It was like she was wearing a tube top that covered her from just above the tops of her breasts and ended just a few inches below the swell of her fabulous ass. I was sure if she bent over I'd have no problem in seeing her crotch. On her feet she had on a pair of six-inch heels that were the same shade of red as the so-called dress. The heels made the muscles in her legs stand out. She also had on large round sunglasses that made it impossible for

me to tell if she was looking at the bulge in my sweats or not. The wicked smile on her face should have been a clue.

"Are we going clubbing at two o'clock in the afternoon?"

"No silly, I just thought I'd dress up a little. Why, you don't like my dress?" she feigned a hurt look and stuck out her bottom lip.

"Hell yes I like it," I blurted out running my eyes up and down her once more, the bulge in my sweats getting bigger.

She noticed the way I was appraising her and walked over and put her hand gently on my chest. Smiling broadly she said, "Wanna know something?"

"Uh...sure," I stammered my heartbeat increasing.

"If you like my dress, then you'll love what I'm wearing under it," she snickered.

"And what would that be?" I played along.

"Nothing at all," she laughed, patted my chest and spun around to head for the door.

I had a hell of a time getting comfortable in her Buick as we headed toward the center of town. The bulge grew larger when I noticed how her dress had hiked up as she climbed in, almost letting me know if she'd been telling the truth about not having anything on under her dress. Turning onto Rosemont Street I felt a stab of nostalgia as we passed the donut shop. My nostalgia turned to sadness as I spotted the going out of business sign in the window. Maybe Mrs. Harmon had given away too much of her profits to stay in business I mused. When Mom pulled over and parked near a two-storied brick building on West Street I shot her an inquiring glance. The place looked well maintained and even had a security door.

"So what's here?" I asked studying the outside of the building for any hint as to what it housed.

"You'll see, come on," was all she said as she climbed out and headed for the security door.

When I caught up with her she produced a key and unlocked the door. Once inside we were standing in a marble-floored foyer that had a hall leading toward the back of the building and a set of stairs that led to the second floor. Glancing down the hallway I saw a couple of doors that looked as if they were to storage rooms of some kind. Mom told me to follow her and began going slowly up the stairs. As we went up I became acutely aware that she had been telling me the truth. I could clearly see her ass and the lightly furred outer lips of her pussy as she steadily climbed. I wanted desperately to shove my face into her ass crack and lick her from one end of that lovely slit to the other.

When we reached the top there were two formidable looking oak doors, one on the right and one on the left. It wasn't hard

for me to figure out that these were apartments; I just didn't know whose. Mom produced another key, slid it into the lock and opened the door on the right. She took my hand and coaxed me into what turned out to be an expensively furnished living room. Off to our left I could see a tidy kitchen and next to that stood an open door leading into what was obviously the bathroom. The place wasn't large, but it wasn't small either. I could see myself living here quite comfortably. There was one more open door off to our right. Mom turned and looked me in the eye. Softly she ran her fingers across my cheek then indicated for me to be quiet by placing a finger in front of her lips. When I nodded my understanding she turned toward the open door, reached back and grabbed my hands and placed them on her hips. I had a little trouble walking behind her but she held my hands on her hips firmly. The closer we got to the door the more I could hear what was definitely the sound of people fucking. Low grunts and soft moans poured out but mom didn't stop, she pulled me along until we were standing in the doorway of a spacious bedroom. In the center of the room stood a king-sized bed.

I was horrified and thoroughly aroused at the same time. There was a man and a woman on the bed having sex in the doggy position. The man was half standing on the bed with his knees splayed out to either side of the woman's wide hips. He had one hand propped on the small of her back and the other hand held her long brown ponytail like it was the reins of a horse; his cock was balls deep inside her anus. The woman was on her hands and knees and her pendulous breasts hung under her swinging back and forth as the man slowly sawed in and out of her ass. The man was my father and the woman he was fucking was my sweet sister Ann. Both of them stared at us but made no effort to even slow down. Ann's eyes had a dreamy look in them and Dad's were filled with what looked to me like triumph. My eyes were glued to the sight as mom pushed back into me and brought my hands up in front of her and placed them on her breasts. She leaned her head back against my chest and pressed my fingers harder into her tits. As soon as she felt my fingers start to knead them on their own she lowered her hands and reached behind her. I felt her fingers find the huge bulge in my sweats and clamp down on my cock. Without taking my eyes off the lovers on the bed I bent down enough to plant tiny kisses on the side of Mom's graceful neck. She purred her approval.

"Faster Daddy," Ann moaned her eyes never leaving Mom and I.

Dad started pumping faster into her making her ass cheeks ripple from the force. Ann squealed in delight and pushed back against his invading cock. Their rhythm was so in sync I had no problem believing that they had been having sex for some time.

"That's it. Yeah, just like that," Ann panted.

Consumed by overpowering lust I lowered the front of Mom's dress and freed her tits to my groping fingers. When I started tweaking her nipples she shuddered and took one of my hands and pulled it lower in front of her. I wasted no time in lifting her short dress up high enough that I could slip a finger into her moist slit. Gently I began to massage her growing clit as my other hand worked her nipples into a state of hardness. My blood boiled with desire for the goddess in my arms; my own Mother. Taking her by the shoulders I swung her around and gently nudged her backwards against the door's frame.

Hungrily I brought my lips to hers and kissed her as passionately as I'd ever kissed another woman. She returned the kiss with a fire of her own, her tongue forcing its way into my mouth as her fingers clawed at my ass. The lovers on the bed disappeared and all that remained was the hunger I felt for Mom.

Cupping Mom's face in my hands I rained kisses all over it before slowly working my lips down under her chin and along the front of her long slender neck. Lower my lips traveled, over her collarbone then down into the valley between her soft warm breasts. When my tongue rolled across one ripe nipple she moaned so loud that I knew she'd had her first orgasm. I nibbled on her nipples for a while longer before sliding my tongue down and over her stomach while pulling her dress down as I went to my knees. Her dress bunched at her feet and she stepped out of it parting her legs as she did. Leaning in I stuck the tip of my tongue on her sensitive clit and pressed. Her moan was just as loud as the last. Spurred on by her moans of pleasure I slipped my tongue deeper between her legs and sank it up into the delicious wetness that was pouring out of her. Harder and harder I licked trying in

vain to lap up all her flowing juices. Her fingers entwined themselves into my hair as she let out a howl and started thrashing her pussy against my mouth.

When she settled down some I began to stand lowering my sweats as I went. Just before I stood fully up her arms encircled my neck and she wrapped her legs around the small of my back and locked her ankles together. I picked her off the floor with my hands under her ass and her back against the doorframe, my cock so hard it was pointing upward. I felt the wetness of her pussy touch the tip of my penis and knew that I was aimed just right. With a slight roll of my hips forward and upward I felt her outer lips part and accept my cock into her heat. I pushed a little more and heard her gasp as my cock sank past the inner lips and wedge itself in her smoldering tunnel. Slowly I pushed even more until I was buried in her juicy hot tightness. Mom's arms tightened around me as her teeth sank into the side of my neck. Her cunt was sopping wet, which was good since she was tighter than I expected. I could feel her walls clamp snugly around my pole as I pushed in and out of her in long easy strokes.

"Oh my god, oh my god," she chanted as the speed of my cock sliding smoothly up her lubricated cunt increased.

"I love you Mom," I groaned and planted my lips firmly to hers.

We held the kiss as our lovemaking turned into a frenzy of fucking. Faster and faster I pumped my cock up into her quivering cunt, and tighter and tighter her pussy gripped me. She made every effort to meet me thrust for thrust as her legs were slowly losing their hold on my sweating back.

"Carry me to the bed baby. Carry me to the bed and fuck my brains out," she managed to whisper in my ear between moans.

Filled with the strength borne of raw lust I stepped out of my sweats and carried her over to the bed with my dick firmly lodged up her pussy. Gently I leaned over and placed her softly on the edge of the bed. Her legs released their hold on my back while her arms flopped to the mattress. Taking her

ankles in my hands I stood up and held her legs apart so I could watch as my cock slid in and out of her clinching cunt. I marveled at the way her lightly furred lips spread out and around my shaft. When I pulled my cock backwards I saw that it was saturated with her cream. The sight was burned into my memory never to be forgotten. The pace of my thrusting increased until I was hammering into her so hard my balls were bouncing off her ass with a smack, smack, smack sound.

"Yes...yes...yes," poured out of her mouth as her head rolled from side to side on the bed.

Sweat poured off me as I felt the telltale signs that I was about to explode.

"Come with me Mom," I grunted pounding into her with all my might.

"Oh yes baby, oh my god yes...NOOOOWWWWWW!" she screamed as her cunt clamped down around my shaft forcefully.

The jets of cum that shot out of me slammed into the very depths of her pussy and oozed out around my cock and dribbled down the crack of her ass. Unmoving I stood there with my eyes clinch shut and savored the pleasure I felt as Mom used her inner muscles and milked my rod for every last drop.

"Holy shit, that was the most beautiful thing I've ever seen," Ann cooed in a far-off voice.

The sound of her voice broke whatever spell I was under. Slowly I turned my head and saw her and dad sitting up next to each other staring at mom and me. The look in Ann's eyes clearly showed the awe she was feeling and Dad's were filled with what I could only describe as complete approval. Turning my head back I stared down at Mom's face and saw how she was looking up at me, her eyes filled with the love only a mother could give. Glancing lower I realized that I still had my cock stuffed inside of her, the lips of her cunt all puffy and soaking wet with our fluids. I didn't want to pull it out but my legs were giving out on me. As slow as I could manage I

pulled back watching the whole time as my shaft slid past the furry swollen lips and the head of my cock plopped out releasing a flood of cum. My energy gone I slid to the side of mom and fell on the bed between her and my sister. I lay there on my back staring up at the ceiling.

"Damn boy, you made me proud there," Dad's voice broke the silence in the room.

Blinking rapidly I asked no one in particular, "Can someone please tell me what the hell is going on?"

Mom rolled onto her side and began stroking my face tenderly. "I think I'll let your father explain. Jack?"

"Well Son, it's like this..." he began.

Shortly after I had shipped out to Korea mom and him had gotten into a big blow-up because he wanted anal sex. Mom was adamant that that was never going to happen. Unknown

to either of them Ann had heard their fight. Not overjoyed with the idea of dad not getting the kind of loving that he wanted she decided to take it upon herself to take care of his needs. One day while mom was out and dad was in the shower she put her plan to fix his problem into motion. Sneaking into the bathroom she waited until dad had shampoo in his hair and his eyes were closed before she climbed in with him.

"You should have seen how high he jumped when I grabbed his soapy cock," Ann giggled.

"I thought it was your mother," Dad countered.

"Anyway..." Mom chimed in.

Anyway dad thought it was mom trying to soothe things over. He stood there with his eyes closed as the hand stroking him got him rock hard. The next thing he knew he could feel the tight sphincter of someone's ass pressing against the slippery head of his cock. Thinking that mom had changed her mind he went with the flow and pushed until his cock slipped into

the willing asshole. By the time the spray from the shower had washed the shampoo out of his eyes and he was able to see who he was fucking in the ass, it was too late. As it turned out Ann discovered she really liked it. Dad said he tried to fight the urge to do it to her again but the desire was just too strong. They started getting together once or twice a week but got careless and mom caught them in the act.

Mom sat up cross-legged in bed next to me and said, "I was so angry and hurt, I didn't know what to do."

"She didn't know what to do until Ann and I made her a deal," Dad stated.

The deal was that if mom wanted she could take a lover of her own. In return her and dad would go on as if nothing out of the ordinary was going on. They still loved each other and neither of them wanted to get a divorce. After thinking it over for a few weeks she decided to take the deal. However mom threw them a curve ball when she told them who she wanted as her lover. All three of them set about making it happen.

Mom poured herself into making herself more appealing while Ann moved into this apartment. The apartment was owned by Dad's company and was used to host out of town clients. All that was left was to convince the person mom was interested in to go along with their plan.

"What does all this have to do with me?" I asked enjoying the way Mom's hand was gently stroking my chest and stomach.

"Well brother dear, it seems that Mom wanted you," Ann said then leaned over to stroke my stomach too.

"Is that true Mom?" I asked gazing up into her blue eyes.

"Yes. I figured that if I was going to make love to somebody other than my husband, then it had to be with someone I loved. You're not angry at me are you?" Mom's hand slipped down and began to softly caress my limp cock.

"Angry at you? How can I be angry at you for giving me the best gift a Mother can give her Son?" I felt a second hand cup my balls and gently squeeze.

"Ask him Mom," Ann said shyly.

"Ask me what?" I asked as my penis started to show signs of life.

"I sort of promised your sister that I'd ask you if you would..." Mom leaned down and whispered in my ear.

"Really!" I exclaimed looking over at Ann.

"Uh huh," she nodded enthusiastically, a look of hope on her face. I also saw the same look of hope on Dad's face.

Reaching out my hand and placing it gently on her cheek I said, "You know I'd do anything for you sis."

"Thank you," she gleefully replied before leaning over and sucking my stiffening cock into her mouth.

"Oh fuck yeah," I mumbled as her mouth took all of my cock down her throat.

Mom stretched out beside me with her head near my hips and before I knew it both her and my sister were taking turns on bringing my overjoyed cock back to it's full glory. What mom had asked of me was not to let my sister suck my cock. No, what Ann wanted was something I'd never done before. Once I was hard enough for their liking mom had me scoot down until my legs were hanging over the side of the bed. Once I was comfortable she moved away from me while Ann slowly crawled up my body. When her soft pillows of sister tit slid over my saliva coated dick I thought I was in heaven. She trapped my pole between them and stroked me for a minute before continuing to climb all the way up. Once she was lying on top of me she spread her legs then reached between us and guided the head of my cock to her opening. Slowly she scooted down impaling herself on my shaft. The heat coming

off her pussy and surrounding my cock was almost as hot as Mom's. Grunting Ann forced the rest of me inside her tight channel before lifting her upper body enough to look into my eyes.

"Damn you have a big cock brother," she whispered, slowly beginning to rock herself on it while her soft plump tits scraped across my chest.

Mom leaned down and kissed me passionately then asked, "You ready?"

Taking Ann's soft hips in my hands I replied, "Yes"

I felt the bed move and looked over as dad climbed off. I hadn't really noticed but my father was actually in pretty good shape. He was as tall as I was and wasn't packing too much extra weight either. I watched him come around and get behind Ann, his cock jutting out in front of him the head coated with pre-cum. His dick wasn't as big as mine but he was by no means a slouch in the man-meat department.

Spreading my legs wide so he could get closer I saw him step up and reach down to Ann's ass. The next thing I knew I could feel his cock slowly going into her ass. It was a weird feeling having another man's cock next to mine separated only by a thin membrane of skin. When he was all the way in his balls rested against mine filling me with mixed emotions. I lay still until dad started pumping into Ann's ass. Once I figured out his rhythm I began to saw up into my sister's pussy.

"Oh shit baby girl that's tight," Dad said between clinched teeth.

As dad and I pumped into Ann mom knelt on the bed near me and placed my hand between her legs. Gazing up at her I smiled knowingly and slipped a finger into her still soaked cunt. The look on her face was priceless when I slipped another one in. She closed her eyes and started tweaking her nipples as she drew in ragged breaths through her open mouth. Spurred on by the look of rapture on Mom's face I began to really jam my cock up my sister's pussy. Dad's face turned beet-red but like a trooper he managed to go with my

increased tempo. Soon we had Ann squealing and fighting for air.

"Shit, shit, shit," she panted digging her fingernails into my shoulders as her head slumped down to rest against me.

"Yeeesssssss!" Mom hollered as her cunt clamped down on my fingers and flooded my hand with her warm sweet pussy juice.

"Daammnnnnn!" Dad cried out and I felt his cock start throbbing as he unloaded his spunk into his daughter's tight rectum.

Mom slid over and fell on her side, her body shaking from her orgasm. Dad sighed deep down in his chest and staggered backwards after his softening cock was squirted out by the tightness of Ann's ass. Me, I was nowhere near ready to pop yet. The thrill of having my sister's cunt taking my cock and making my mother squirt on my hand at the same time was too stimulating.

"You ready to cum sis?" I whispered into Ann's ear.

"Oh God yes," she whispered back.

"Good," I said.

Wrapping my arms around her back I rolled us over until I was on top with my feet on the floor. Taking her legs I placed her ankles on my shoulders and leaned over forcing her knees into her big soft titties. Her eyes stared into mine as I began hammering my hardness savagely into her squashy cunt. Each time my balls battered her upturned butt it caused the spunk leaking from her ass to splatter. Her eyes grew round and her claws raked my back as I pounded my sister into the mattress. She took after mom when it came to how wet her cunt could get. I had no trouble pile-driving my dick into her sopping pussy. Faster and faster I plowed into her, driving her closer and closer to the edge. She reached the edge a fraction of a second before I did.

"So good! So good! So good!" she rambled bucking her hips up frantically to meet my downward thrusts.

"Oh shit sis I'm cuummmiiiiinnnnnggggg!" I yelled as I released a torrent of gooey thick cum into my baby sister's spasming pussy.

It felt like I was never going to stop squirting into her, my cock kept twitching releasing more goo into her already flooded cunt. When I finally did I flopped down on the bed exhausted next to where Mom and Dad were huddled together with astonished looks on their faces. Mom caressed my hair and Dad told me he was proud of me. As for me I couldn't wipe the smile off my face if my life depended on it.

"Wow! So that's what it's like to have two dicks in you at one time," Ann said as she lay there breathing heavily and staring blankly at the ceiling.

"Was it what you'd hoped it would be sweetie?" Mom asked, reaching forward and brushing Ann's wet hair off her face.

"Oh God yes, and then some," she chuckled as she rolled over, placed her chin in her hands and stared at the three of us.

"I just have two questions," Ann said with an innocent look on her face.

"What's that honey?" Dad asked.

"Since we now know that my big brother doesn't have a problem with incest, can we do this again? And secondly, now that we're all in this together, can I please move back home so we can share this as a family?"

Mom Dad and I glanced at each other and smiled.

"Hell yes!" we shouted in unison.

I guess the old adage of a family that cums together...

I'll leave it up to you dear readers to finish that sentence. I hope you enjoyed the story.

THE END