

LOVING MOMS CH. 05: PRIVATE EYES

bob03567

A Mother and son both deal with their sexual urges.

Incest/Taboo

4.74

11.5k words

All characters are purely fictional. All parties in the story are 18 years or older.

I would like to greatly thank Todger65 for taking the time to review my story.

"Oh Yes! Oh Yes! Mmmm Mmmm Ahhh!" I could hear her voice coming from my parents' bedroom.

Fuck! They're at it again! I thought.

Over the last couple of weeks, those sounds had been carrying down the hall and into my room. It was driving me crazy. I was sinfully picturing my beautiful mother lying on her back. Her long black hair draped over the bedspread. I imagined my father between her legs admiring her marvelous c size breast. In my mind's eye I saw how they bounced to the tempo as he fucked the shit out of her.

I know. I must be sick to be thinking about my mother in such away. I'd tried to grasp why I had such filthy thoughts. But I didn't have a clue. The only certain thing was that I'd become sexually obsessed with her.

"Mmm... Ohhh. Ahhh!"

Ok, I can't take it anymore! I slipped out of my bed. I tiptoed down the hallway and stood next to my parents' door to hear them.

The grunting and moaning sounds that came from their room had flooded my brain and made my cock to stiffen.

"Stop teasing me." I heard my mother express.

I closed my eyes and tried to picture what might take place behind this closed door. Envisioning my father between her widespread legs. Her hands clutching to his head as he flickered his tongue over her clit.

My hand slipped into my pajamas and took hold of my swollen tool while I rested my shoulder on the doorjamb.

"Please... OH! Please fuck me. I need to feel your cock inside me now!" She whined.

I now visualized Mother thrashing around on the bed. Begging for Dad to fulfill her sexual request, while I jerked feverishly up and down my shaft.

I was close to cumming. Hearing my mother squealing and begging to be fucked lit something primal from inside me. I whispered to myself, "I'll fuck you mom. I bet I can make you cum." I couldn't believe those words came out of my mouth. But knew deep down I meant every word.

"Oh fuck, I'm going to cum. You're making me cum!" She wailed.

I lost all control and exploded under weakened knees. Grunting out in the hallway.

I braced myself against the wall as my dick pumped loads of cum inside my pajamas.

While I Huffed the room fell quiet and listened next to the door. I heard my father say in a low tone, "I'm sorry honey it won't get stiff."

Fuck, Dad is impotent,

Not wanting to get caught, I tiptoed back to my room to reflect on this revelation.

I lay on my bed and pondered what I had heard. This only added to my wicked rationalization.

How can I take his place in Mom's bed? I thought, but nothing came to mind. At least nothing that would work.

Come the next morning a light rap on my door awakened me, followed by my mother asking if she could enter.

"Sure Mom." I said as I rolled over in my bed.

The door opened. And I drank in her figure as she sashayed into the room.

At forty-five, my mother was still a very attractive woman. Her five foot four inch height and slim waist just did something to me.

Mom approached my bed, and as she did, I could feel my dick hardening.

By the time she was standing next to the bed, I was fully erect. I admired how her dark blue jeans hugged her body so nicely. Then how her yellowish tight-knit shirt showed off her ample breast. My eyes glanced upward until they were looking into her beautiful baby blues and I said, "What's up Mom?"

"You tell me?" She huffed resting her hand palm down onto her bent waist.

Oh shit! I thought and replied, "What do you mean?"

"Why you were outside my door last night?"

I swallowed hard as my brain scrambled to find some kind of excuse.

"Um... Um... Um..."

"Enough with the um's. I want to know right now."

"Well. You see. I..." *Shit! Think stupid. Think!*

Mom crossed her arms and tapped her foot. I could see her face was turning red.

Hesitantly, I blurted out, "I'm sorry, Mom. It's just that. Well..."

"Well, what!"

"Well, I got curious when I heard you two. Since I've never done that before figured I might see what it looks like."

"I'm not buying it," She said. "Our door was closed."

"Yeah, I know. But I didn't know that until I was next to it. Before I could turn away I heard you moaning and stuff and I just couldn't leave."

"What do you mean you couldn't leave?"

My eyes fell to the floor as I mumbled, "It sounded so hot I jerked off."

"My God, Travis!"

I saw a look of astonishment plastered on her face and said, "I'm sorry mom."

Mom stayed frozen and didn't speak. I wasn't sure what her thoughts were. But figured they weren't good. Then she just turned and exited my room.

What the fuck? A chill ran through me as I induced she must be going to tell dad what I had done. Unwillingly, I got dressed for the day and made my way into the kitchen.

This is it. The lecture of lectures. But as I sat down for breakfast, nothing was said.

To say it perplexed me was an understatement. Did they talk or did she keep it to herself? I just didn't have a clue.

Afterwards Mom was quieter towards me. She only acknowledged me when needed. It stayed like that over the next following weeks. Along with no more lovemaking sounds coming from their room.

She must've told him. I ponder. But guessed this was better than being scolded for jerking off to them.

However, I found out I was way off base. For the following night when I got out of bed to take a leak. I noticed their door was slightly cracked. Not by much. About only an inch. It caused me to stop and ponder.

With my eyes fixated on the door, I found myself in another dilemma. Should I just ignore this revelation like a good son or give in to my wicked notions of what I might see?

I couldn't help it. Being able to see inside the room had gotten the better of me. I heard soft moans coming from inside as I moved closer to take a peek.

Easing my head next to the crack. My right eye centered over it and noticed the room was darker than the hallway. But after my eye adjusted, I could make out my mother lying on her back with her eyes closed. Her hand was vigorously moving under the covers. Tucked between her legs.

Fuck, she's masturbating! I stood there mesmerized by the magnificent sight before me.

Her light whimpers filled my ears with wicked thoughts. I couldn't deny the sexy urge that built. Rubbing my hand over my stiff wood.

"Mmm. Mmm. Ohh..." She so softly expressed as her legs quivered under the sheets.

My hand encompassed my cock, and I tried to match her masturbating tempo.

Faster and faster we both went. This was the most thrilling thing that I'd ever experienced in my life, and it was bringing me to climax in recorded time.

I felt my legs weaken. My sperm raced up my swollen shaft. Enjoying the pleasure, I close my eyes and softly grunt.

When my eyes opened they were greeted with my Mother's looking back at me. I was horrified and stopped stroking.

Fuck, I'm so dead.

However, that notion quickly left my mind. My mother never stopped playing with herself. With our eyes glued to each other, I heard her let out a long low moan. That put me at ease. Slowly stroking myself once more. Building my rhythm back up to hers.

"Mmm. Mmm. Mmm." Mom's moans got louder, and her legs spread wider under the covers.

I grunted louder as my cum reach my bubblehead.

Then it hit. The first wave of bliss. I had to rest a hand on the doorjamb. I would blow any second, as would Mom. Her body was stiffening. She was huffing with both her hands rubbing wildly over her pussy.

"FFFFucckkkk!!" I groaned as my cum shot outward. Hitting the wall and floor in the hallway. While mom's body thrashed under the sheets.

It was incredible. I never came so hard, and I didn't think it would ever stop. I could hear my mother making all kinds of sounds. Sounds I never heard before. But relished in their tone as we came down from our sexual high.

With my breath racing, I tried to wipe the cum off the wall with my hand. Then Made my way back to my bedroom.

As I lay in bed, I couldn't help but wonder what would happen the next day. Would she be upset with me for intruding on her privacy? Would she confront me about jerking off in the hallway once again? I didn't know. But felt whatever would happen was worth it.

However, nothing happened. In fact, she only smiled when she said, "Good morning, honey."

"Morning Mom." I responded. Shocked by her pleasantness.

I sure would not question why. But felt what we did had affected her. I know it affected me. So much so that after school when I saw mom cleaning the living room I blurted out, "Hey, Mom, you want me to give you a hand?"

Mom turned around and smiled. "You're offering to help?"

"Yeah. I am."

"Well, that's a surprise. If you're serious about it, you could take the clothes out of the drier and fold them for me."

"Oh ok, Mom. I'm on it." But as I removed the clothes and put them in a basket, it hit me. I didn't have the knowledge to fold half this shit.

I sat on the sofa while Mom cleaned nearby. A light chuckle filled the air as I attempted to fold the stuff.

"Here, let me show you," She said and sat next to me. Mom folded the clothes, and I pretended to be paying attention. But in reality, I was sneaking glances down her white button-down shirt every time she bent over to pick up an item.

I could feel my dick hardening. My mind went to a wicked place when I noticed she was braless. Glaring at her chest, I caught a glimpse of her large light pink areolas.

"So Travis, have you got a girlfriend?" Her words shook me out of my lustful state.

"Huh?" I said.

Mom giggled, "I said have you got a girlfriend?"

"Um... No. I don't. At least not yet."

"My God, honey, why not? You're not shy, are you?"

"Kind of, I guess. It's just. Well, I kind of have this thing for an older woman."

Mom froze and then said, "Does this older woman have a name?"

"Yea but I'd like to keep it to myself."

Mom started folding the clothes once more than she replied, "I won't pry then. But try to date some girls your age before trying to sweet talk an older woman."

"Okay, I'll try but they can't hold a candle to her."

Mom smirked and said, "Sounds like you got the hots for this woman."

I don't know why but I felt compelled to put my hand on her knee and replied, "I do Mom. I do."

Mom once again stopped folding the clothes and looked at me and said, "Okay, I showed you how to do this enough now. I'll let you finish the rest." With that, she stood up and walked out of the room.

Shit, I think I just fucked up.

I finished folding the clothes and set them back in the basket. Then found Mom standing by the stove cooking and said, "I finished Mom, you need help with anything else?"

"No." She replied, never raising her head. "I can handle the rest."

It was obvious my actions earlier had a negative affected, so I tried to see if I could change it and replied, "You sure, Mom. I don't mind."

"Thanks, but I'm good honey. Supper will be ready shortly."

I walked away a little depressed. Mom even seemed a little distracted at the dinner table and I tried to think of a way I could fix what I fucked up. But nothing came to mind. I had to realize it would take some time to get back on her good side again.

So time is what I gave her and little by little I felt I was winning her back. She even went as far as letting me help her more around the house. Which to be truthful I kind of enjoyed it. Especially the time she let me dry the dishes as she washed them.

It was on one of those occasions when we were doing the dishes mom said, "So Travis. How is getting a girlfriend going?"

I knew I better play it cool and not pull a stupid stunt like before and lied, "Oh. Okay, I guess."

"What do you mean by okay?"

I pushed the lie further and said, "I asked two girls, but they didn't seem interested in me."

"Hard to believe that Travis. I mean, you're a handsome man."

Man? She called me a man!

This was the first time my mother had ever referred to me as a man and it got my hope up.

I thought hard before speaking. Realizing this was a very critical moment and said, "Thanks, Mom. But I'm not sure the other girls think I am. Most of the guys my age are way more experienced in... Well, you know and I think the girls know it. So they don't want to waste their time with me."

"Hogwash! That's foolish to say!" Mom fired back. "They'd be lucky to have such a sweet and caring person as yourself. If they can't see that, then they weren't worth your time. And as for having experienced. I wouldn't worry about that. To tell you the truth, I bet most girls would find it kind of hot to know they were the first to teach you."

My dick hardened when she said that.

Did my mother admit she thinks it's hot for me to be inexperienced?

I fought the urge to push her on the issue and said, "I wish I knew a little more than I do, I guess. I mean, I hear my friends always talking about how great it is and everything."

Mom paused. Holding the washed glass in her hand replied, "I'm sure the right girl will come along and make it worth your wait."

"Thanks, Mom," I said as she handed the glass over to dry.

"For what?"

"For taking the time to listen to me. You do not understand how happy it makes me feel knowing we can talk like this."

Mom smiled and kissed my forehead and said, "I am too."

I couldn't help but hug her. Not a quick nice to meet you hug but a true deep embracing I fucking love you hug.

I felt surprised when mom hugged me back with the same enthusiasm. Like lovers we stood embraced as I relished her breast smashing into my chest. So hard I could feel her heart beating.

Mom inched away, and I looked into her eyes and softly said, "I love you, mom."

Mom smiled again before saying those words back to me.

The air felt distinct as we stood looking at each other. I wanted to pull her close and kiss her passionately but fought the urge to do so. No fucking way did I want to fuck this up again? So with what strength I had, I started to walk away.

That moment we shared stayed with me for the rest of the day and into the night. And as I laid awake on my bed, I contemplated how I could tell her how she made me feel. Frustrated with myself, I got out of bed to go take a piss.

I paused for a second as I reached my parents' closed door and thought back to how mom never had said anything. That had to mean something. I didn't know what it was. Proceeding to the bathroom, I took my leak. Once finished I washed my hands and was making my way back to my room when I noticed her door was once again cracked open. Only this time it wasn't just a small little crack but almost open a foot wide. Slowly, I approached and glanced inside.

Holy Fuck! My mouth dropped. My eyes met Mom's as she lay on her back with her legs spread wide on top of the covers and was once again masturbating. Only this time there was more light flowing into the room and I could see something different in her face. Something I never saw before and then it hit me. It was lust.

My cock hardened immediately as I watched my mother toying with her pussy. Wasting no time, I released my swollen wood from its hiding place. Mom's eyes shifted downward as I took hold and stroked it long and hard.

"Mmm. Mmm." I heard filling the night air. Which I in return softly grunted back at her.

Once again we masturbated together only this time, it was even more exciting. I was seeing my mother's hot naked body while she was exposing her trimmed pussy to me.

I wanted this to go further. Further, then I would have ever thought. Sinful or not. I knew I wanted to fuck her.

Oh... Oh... OH!! Mom moaned, and I replied with grunts.

I could tell we both were close and without thinking gave out a brief whisper, "You're so fucking hot, Mom."

"Mmm... Ohhh. OH FUCK!" Mom squealed as her body lifted off the bed. She was cumming, I was watching my mother cum right before my eyes and it caused me to explode.

"Fuck!!" I groaned as my cum went flying everywhere. I couldn't stop and groaned with every spurt.

Then I notice my dad moving around. He then rolled over.

"Holy shit!" I whispered to myself as I made a mad dash towards my room.

With my heart pounding in my chest, I lay on top of my bedspread and listened in the distance. I could hear someone walking outside in the hallway. Then heard the bathroom door open and close and sighed in relief.

At morning when I went down for breakfast. Like before, nothing about the naughty things came up. In fact, when Mom saw me enter the room, she gave me an enormous smile before telling me

to take a seat. Then as I announced I would be late for school, she quickly kissed me before I headed out. Not just any kiss, but a kiss right on the lips. Surprised, I acted as if she had done this many times before. Even though it was first of hopefully more to come.

I spent the rest of the day in the school lost in thought. I couldn't wait to get home to see what might happen in that brief window I had alone with Mom.

I raced home when the bell rang and searched the house for my mother. But the only thing I found was a note on the table saying she had to run out to the store and would be home later. She also said there was some food already prepared in the refrigerator.

Fuck... I thought as I looked inside the fridge and saw two plates of spaghetti and meatballs. Dad came home and also read the note before we heated the plates in the microwave and ate together. We didn't talk much, but that was nothing unusual, we never talked much at all.

It wasn't until around eight that night that Mom came home. After putting the groceries and other shopping bags away, she plopped on the right side of the sofa next to me.

"What are you watching?" I heard her ask. Dad didn't answer from his La-Z-Boy. I guess it engrossed him, so I said, "Nothing special, just a cop show."

Mom replied with a simple, "Oh" as she tossed her shoes off and nestled her bare feet to the right side of her ass. I couldn't help but notice how Mom's short black skirt had ridden higher up her thigh when she bent her legs to the side. Along with how her white thin shirt had the three top buttons undone. With her body twisted from sitting like that I could explore much of her ample cleavage.

Unfortunately, that wasn't all. My gawking hadn't gone unnoticed, and I noticed my mother looking back at me.

Busted! Surprisingly, she only smiled at me. I turned my attention back to the television, making it look like I was interested in what was playing.

However, I caught mom fidgeting around some and tried to steal a glance out of the corner of my eye.

Mom was rubbing her thigh with one hand while her other was playing with the top of her shirt. Teasing the crease where the material met the next button. Gingerly, she traced her hand up and down her thigh. Right where the material met bare skin. Lifting the material higher up her leg in the process.

I swallowed hard as my pecker rose. Intensely watching as her finger fumbled with her shirt. Then it happened. The fourth button had come undone. When it did, Mom moved the material strategically away from her chest. Just enough for me to see her bare breast.

Fuck, she's not wearing a bra! My hand brushed over my hard dick as it strained under my jeans.

I couldn't believe Mom was doing this with my father being so close. But she was, and when she finished. Tilted herself even more to the left. I watched as her hand in a swift motion lifted the skirt even higher. Giving me an unobstructed view of her bare pussy.

Fuck, no panties either! This was hot. So fucking hot. My tiny brain couldn't comprehend what the fuck I should do.

What I wanted to do was bend down and lick that luscious pussy. Lick it like never before. But knew I couldn't risk it. What could I do then with Dad was right there?

I couldn't take it, rubbing my hand harder over my jeans. I would bust a nut soon if she kept this up.

However, before that could happen. Dad sat up from his chair while Mom fixed her skirt. Turning his head Dad yawned, "Well I'm getting tired I'm heading to bed."

Mom answered back that she was tired as well. I watched as they both walked away leaving me with this massive swollen cock.

I wanted to sleep myself, but there would not be any sleep for a while. I couldn't wait to jerk this puppy off to what happened.

So jerk it off I did. Only I also added a little imagination to it. Like me eating her out on the couch while my dad sat right next to us, oblivious to what was taking place next to him.

Happy and content, I went to sleep with that idea plastered in my mind. But in the night my door woke me by opening up and saw my mother walking towards me. Wearing some kind of black silky baby doll that barely covered her crotch.

I rolled over onto my back as she sat on my bed and whispered, "I think we need to talk about what's going on."

"Okay, Mom," I said.

"First, I want to apologize for before. It was wrong for me to have teased you like that."

"Shit, Mom, that was hot as hell."

"Let me finish Travis. That's not the only thing. It was wrong for us to have done the other stuff."

"But Mom. I've enjoyed doing that with you."

"Yes, I know. I did too, and that's what makes this so hard."

I took Mom's hand in mine and blurted out, "Mom, I know about Dad's problem. I can understand why you did it. It was exciting and If you say we should stop doing stuff like this. You're wrong."

"I'm saying I want you to find an actual girlfriend, honey. Someone you can truly explore all your sexual desires with."

I leaned closer to Mom and squeezed her hand and whispered, "I found her Mom. It's you. It's always been you."

"Honey... I can't it's wrong. It's so wrong."

"I don't care, Mom." I said and lingered a kiss on her nape."

Mom cooed, "Ohhh... Travis."

"I love you, Mom," I said. Kissing her nape again. "You... Only you. I want you to be that person."

Again Mom sighed but then shifted herself towards me more and said, "Do I make you that excited?"

"You do not understand, Mom. You're the sexist woman in the world."

Mom gradually rose and faced me. She looked lost in thought as her hands dangled by her side. But then took hold of the bottom of the baby doll and as she gently lifted it whispered, "Does seeing me naked turn you on?"

I nodded as the material lifted to her waist, exposing her pussy to my eyes once more.

Again Mom paused and stared at me. Then pulled her baby doll over her head and seductively worded, "Then show me."

Quickly I removed the cover that was hiding my already stick dick.

Mom's hand ventured down to her slit. Tenderly running a finger over it teased, "You like watching me do this don't you?"

"Oh, Yesss. I love seeing you do that."

"Then show me how much you love it. Stroke your big hard cock for me."

I never heard my mother talk like that, which only made this hotter.

Nimbly, I worked up and down my shaft. Watching as my Mom spread her legs a little wider, allowing her other fingers to join in.

Our tempo increased along with our breathing. Both of us moaning and grunting. Longer and louder.

But as Mom's hips bucked. She moved to the middle of the bed. Sitting herself right in front of me. Spreading her legs wide, I watched her jab three fingers deep inside her snatch.

"Oh... Oh fuck. Yes. Mmm. Your making mommy wet. Keep jerking your cock for me." She moaned as I stroked myself even faster.

"You like seeing me fuck myself, don't you?" Mom hissed as her fingers plunged in and out of her wet pussy.

Again, I nodded.

"Am I going to make you cum?"

"Yes, Mom."

"Oh... Nnnn. I'm going to cum to." She moaned and followed with, "Oh... I can feel it. I'm so close. Cum with me baby. Cum with Mommy, I want to see you spray your hot sperm."

"Christ, Mom!!" I said behind grinding teeth.

Mom's back arched as her hips thrust forward while her fingers sank deep inside her cunt. She was cumming and cumming hard. I felt the first signs of my release and sat up on my knees.

With my cock aimed right at her. I let loose as she spasmed before me. Watching as my juices splattered all over her breast.

"Oh, fuck... Oh, fuck..." I groaned as my dick kept spurting. Mom was huffing herself. I lost my mind at the moment and lunged forward, knocking Mom back on the bed as I rested on top of her. With my spent cock resting on top of her wet slit, I kissed her hard.

I felt mom resisting at first. But her mouth opened and our tongues met. For the first time I was kissing her, not as her son. But as a lover. Long and hard we kissed, and I moved my hips ever so slightly causing my dick to soar over her slit. I could feel it getting hard once more as our tongues sexually danced inside each other's mouth.

Fuck... She's going to let me go all the way.

With my now hard dick resting over her folds, I poked it forward, rubbing it over her clit.

Mmm... Ohhh. Mmm... I heard escape between our lips as mom's pelvis rose ever so scarcely. Meeting my little nudges over her mound.

My heart pounded faster as I reached for Mom's ass. Lifting it somewhat off the bed.

This is it. I'm going to fuck her. I'm going to fuck Mom!

But before I could pull back to line up my dick to her entrance. Mom broke our kiss and shuttered. Touching my chest she huffed under batted breath, "I think that's enough Travis."

"But Mom." I panted.

Mom pushed a little harder on my pecs and replied, "I'm sorry honey but that's a boundary I'm not willing to cross."

A little depressed, I said, "Okay Mom" and watched as she slipped out from under me and put on her baby doll.

Mom, with a pouting smile, said, "I really am sorry."

"I understand."

Mom bent over and gave me one last hard kiss before turning and walking away.

Sleep escaped me most of that night as I thought over what happened. I was so close. So close to feeling my dick inside my mother.

How could I get her to change her mind? I pondered.

Unfortunately, I couldn't find the answer and fell asleep.

Morning came and as usual, I headed down for breakfast. Mom stood next to the doorway as I entered the room. With an enormous smile she said, "Morning Travis."

"Morning Mom," I replied but was shocked when she kissed me hard right on the lips. I glanced over at my dad who was sitting at the table engrossed in his paper. Putting a finger up to her lips, Mom made a shhh. gesture.

I nodded as I headed to my seat.

Mom leaned over to some degree as she placed a plate in front of me that had two eggs over easy and two pieces of bacon. But as she did, her left hand rested on my shoulder. Then lovingly rubbed it up to my neck before straightening upright and walking away.

I looked at Dad once more with his head still in the paper while Mom took her seat at the table.

Mom and I made some small talk as we ate while Dad stayed quiet. I was the first to finish and noticed I would be late if I didn't hurry and said as much before rushing off.

It was another one of those days that time seemed to drag by. Probably because I so desperately wanted to get back home and spend more time with Mom.

So as you can guess, I wasted no time getting home when the bell finally rang.

Racing into the house, I found Mom in the living room. Standing in the doorway, I admired her sexy figure as she ran the sweeper. I was getting hard watching her ass move back and forth under the blue long breezy skirt she wore. It almost looked as if she was slow dancing with the vacuum.

Mom turned around and gave a brief squeal as she jumped and said, Travis! You scared me. What are you doing standing there?"

"Just admiring how sexy you look, Mom."

She chuckled, and replied, "You're becoming a little sweet talker, aren't you?"

"No, really Mom. I'm serious. You look so hot."

Mom turned off the sweeper and said, "Come here."

I walked up to her as her arms spread outward, welcoming me in. We embraced one another as I kissed her lips. The kiss lasted for about a minute before Mom broke it and said, "OK, that's enough of that. I need to finish cleaning before your father gets home."

"Okay, I understand." I said, but then what happened in the morning hit me and I said, "Mom. About this morning? Why did you kiss me like that with Dad right there?"

"Surprised you did it?" She chuckled. "I guess I wanted to be a little daring."

"Oh... So you like taking risks?"

Mom replied, "I thought you would have figured that out by what I did on the sofa."

"Oh right," I said and then remembered the idea I had afterward when I went to my room.

"Hey, Mom can I tell you something."

"Sure. You can tell me anything Travis."

"Well... That night when I went to sleep I kind of had a brief fantasy about that."

I could tell I had Mom's full attention and said, "I kind of pictured us doing stuff on the sofa while Dad was right there."

"Oh?" Mom replied. But then said, "And if something was to happen what would you do?"

"Mom?" I replied, not understanding what she was asking me.

"Never mind. Forget I said that. Now listen, onto another subject. Did you ask any girls out lately?"

Confused, I said, "No. I thought you understood how I felt about that."

Mom sighed and said, "I do Travis. But I still want you to try. What we're doing isn't proper. It can't keep going on. Can you at least try for me?"

I huffed, "Okay, Mom. I'll try."

"Good. Now let me finish my work."

I went to my room and thought over what we talked about. Mom had me so confused. I didn't know what she expected.

Dinner that night was uneventful. Besides some small talk, that we shared as I helped her do the dishes.

However, before we all settled into our normal spots to watch some television. Mom had changed out of her blue skirt and into a pair of sweats. Never had she done this before, so I was a little surprised by it. But what shocked me was how close she sat by me. I wasn't sure what that was about. But after an hour later as the last show ended. Mom turned to me and said, "Travis, why don't you reach over and turn off the light."

I did as she asked, which put the room into darkness. Then as I went back to my spot next to her, she scooted closer until her thigh touched mine.

Dad moved about as this took place. Getting himself more comfortable by reclining his chair back.

We were about a half-hour into the next show when I heard soft snoring coming from Dad's direction. That's when Mom's hand rested on my thigh. In return, I placed my hand on hers.

We stayed like that for about thirty seconds and then I felt her hand nudge upward. Not by much, only an inch or so, and then it stopped. But not for long. She shifted it again, only this time downward. Again it stopped.

Slowly and gentle, she kept this up, and I did the same until we both were caressing each other's legs to some degree.

Being able to touch her sensually next to Dad was having a villainous effect on me and my dick hardened. I think Mom was aware of what was happening because her hand moved higher on my thigh. Not by much, but enough for me to notice. My breathing got heavy when I felt it move higher again. And then again. Ever so slowly, Mom's hand was rising until it brushed right over my groin.

I clutched her thigh as she did that and then glanced over at Dad. His head had tilted away from us and he was snoring a little louder.

Mom noticed and whispered, "I gave your Father something to help him sleep."

Hearing that made me brazen and slithered my hand up her thigh.

Mom cooed, "Is this what your fantasy was about?"

I nodded as I inched my hand upward while Mom unbuttoned my jeans.

Fuck, this is happening. Throwing caution in the wind, I twisted my body towards her and rested on my knees while leaning over to kiss her. Mom welcomed it with no hesitation, and I took that as a sign and pushed my luck by dipping my hand between her legs.

Mom's only reaction to that was to moan softly, so I rubbed my hand up and down over her sweatpants.

I could feel our passion growing as we kissed harder while my breathing increased.

Mom expeditiously broke the kiss as she looked down at my groin. Frantically, her fingers fumbled around until they were inside my shorts. I wheezed when they connected with my stiff cock. In one swift motion, she freed it from its hiding place and gave it a stiff squeeze in her palm.

I huffed as her hand scarcely rubbed up and down my swollen shaft for the first time, sending shivers down my spine. Words can't explain how wonderful it feels to have your mother jerking you off.

In return, I slid my hand up to the top of her sweats and scratched at the waistband.

One finger. Then two. Then three digits eased under the elastic material. Twisting, turning. Wiggling my wrist until all my fingers under her waistband. Then with a nudge my entire hand was inside her shorts.

Mom's breathing quickened as I slithered my digits lazily downward. Inching my way to their ultimate goal.

Ohhh! Mom expressed as my index finger touched her slit for the first time.

Mom's hand grasped my shaft harder as I wiggled three fingers past her folds and rubbed them over her little bud.

"Mmm. Mmm. Ohhh." I heard as her hip twitched to my toying. It didn't take long before I could feel her wetness dripping down my fingertips and onto my knuckle.

I kissed her hard and sank all three of my fingers deep inside her moist slit for the first time and she gasped in my mouth.

Mom jerked me harder. Waves of pleasure raced throughout my body as my fingers plunged and pried deep inside her pussy.

Our kiss broke as she huffed and puffed. I could feel Mom's juices flowing down my hand as my orgasm hastened.

"Oh... Fuck Travis. I'm going to cum!" Mom murmured whilst her hips thrust forward and back.

I couldn't even talk. I was so far gone I could only let out two connective grunts acknowledging my pleasure.

Then it happened Mom's body tightened up and with her free hand grasped my wrist and held it deep inside her.

OHH! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! I heard grumbling out of her. I watched as her body thrashed about while her pussy tightened around my fingertips.

She was cumming and so was I. Exploding my hot jizz all over her sweatpants.

Gasping for air we both eased our hands away from each other and I watched as mom licked her fingers. I looked into her eyes and did the same. That was the first time I've ever tasted a woman before and to tell you the truth. I liked it.

But then Dad made some kind of weird snoring sound and stirred a little.

"Hurry go to your room before he wakes up," Mom whispered as Dad muddled around again.

Hastily I fixed my pants and fled. Once inside my room, I crashed on the bed and thought. *Holy fuck, that just happened.*

Mom might tell me to find a girlfriend, but tonight made it clear. She's more open and willing when taking risks.

Breakfast was uneventful except for the occasional glance we gave one another. Along with one of Mom's quick, devious smile.

But at school that day I thought over everything. *Maybe getting her into taking risks was the answer?*

But then remember how she made me promise to keep asking girls out. I knew I had to address that issue. So when I got home and found Mom cleaning, I lied, "Hey Mom. I tried asking another girl out today."

"You did? How did it go?"

"Not so good. She laughed at me." I replied and put on a pretend pout.

Mom walked up to me and hugged me as she replied, "I'm sorry Travis. I'm sure one will say yes."

I held her back as I felt her globes pushing into my chest. I so badly wanted to take hold of her firm ass and thrust forward. But resisted the urge and pulled away.

"I'm sure you're right, Mom. But at least until one does, I still have you."

Mom smirked, "Yes. I guess you do."

I quickly replied, "And what happened last night was incredible."

"So you enjoyed being precarious?"

"Enjoyed it? It was the hottest, sexiest thing in the world. I just can't believe you drugged Dad like that."

Mom tilted her head to one side as she rested her hand on her hip.

"Travis! I didn't drug your father! I only added a sleeping pill to his drink."

"Oh... So he could have woken up anytime?" I said with a puzzled look.

"More or less. Your Dad's a deep sleeper and even worse to wake when he takes one of those pills."

So Dad's a deep sleeper, huh? I thought and left it at that.

I think Mom was expecting me to say more about the subject but I didn't and said, "You need any help?"

"I do. Can you put the clothes in the washer for me?"

"Sure thing, Mom," I said and did as she asked. Along with helping her do the dishes that night.

However, when it came time to watch television, I didn't partake. Instead, I fibbed, and I went to my room telling them I had a lot of homework to do. I sat quietly and waited a good two hours after hearing them go to sleep before making my move.

Tiptoeing down the hallway, I put my ear next to my parents' door and listened. Sure enough, I could make out my Dad snoring inside. Gradually I turned the door handle. Cautiously, I opened the door and slipped inside.

I could see my parents as they slept. With my heart racing, I walked closer to my mother. Then once by her side I eased the covers back revealing her naked figure. Mom was sleeping on her right side facing dad with her left leg in a bent position.

My dick was already stiff as I dropped my pajama bottoms to the floor. Stroking it with my right hand, I eased my left hand over Mom's ass.

Mom shifted around as I glided my palm up her ass cheek and then back down.

I saw Mom's head turn towards me as her eyes opened. But before she could say a word, I leaned over and covered her mouth.

"Shh we don't want to wake Dad." I whispered.

Mom's eyes shifted in my father's direction as I kept playing with my tool. Gradually I removed my hand from her mouth as she casually rolled onto her back.

"Are you crazy?" She whispered, but I said nothing. Instead, I looked at her and kept stroking my dick long and hard.

Mom looked down as I worked on my tool and I watched as her right hand ventured down to her mound.

"Rub it, Mom. Rub your pussy for me." I said and was happy when I saw her legs part as her fingers glided over her slit.

"You're so fucking hot, Mom," I whispered and then took her other hand and placed it on my tool.

"Fuck..." I groaned as Mom's hand raced over my shaft. I was in heaven again, but I wanted more. So as Mom was stroking me while playing with her clit. I moved closer to her. Reaching down, I placed my hand on top of hers as she played with herself and set the pace of her rubbing.

Mom bucked upward as I had her increase her toying. Brief moans escaped her lips as her legs spread wider and I said, "Are you going to cum Mom?"

Which she gave a quick nod along with a long soft moan.

Mom's breath was racing as her body twisted around. I saw her toes curl up as I made her hand vigorously rub over her clit.

"Oh... Oh... Oh!" Mom moaned and knew any second she was going to cum. But just as her body tightened and her back arched. I quickly pulled her legs sideways and lowered myself to her crotch.

Swiftly I took hold of her thighs, holding her in place as I flickered my tongue over her clit.

Oh!! Oh!! Oh!! Mom sighed as her hands went to my head while her ass bucked high off the bed.

I felt a flood of juices explode out of her as she made odd whimpering sounds.

Bucking and wailing. Mom kept cumming while I sucked on her pussy. Drinking up as much of her sweet nectar as I could. Only when her body relaxed did, I lifted my wet face up and wipe my lips.

Mom's lustful expression flooded her face. I looked at my father, still sleeping away. Unaware of what I did under his nose.

I stroked my cock back to hardness as I relish over how wicked all this was. Brazenly I whispered, "Has Dad ever made you cum like that?"

Mom looked over her shoulder at my father before moving herself to the edge of the bed. With her finger, she motioned me to come closer and with my cock still in hand; I walked right up next to her face. Mom once again took hold of my throbbing tool and stroked it hard. I saw her look back at my father before hissing, "I think it's time to expand your horizons."

With Dad snoring next to us, I watched as Mom stroked my shaft before easing forward and kissing the tip of my cock.

"Oh... ffffuckk..." I cringed as a jolt of excitement race through me.

I felt another quick kiss on the very tip. Another peck and then followed with a quick flick of her tongue. I couldn't help but nudge myself forward. But Mom held my dick tight in her hand. She was controlling the action now.

"Mom..." I groaned as she flicked the tip once more with her tongue. And then another. And then a third. My heart raced with anticipation. I wanted so bad to feel her lips over my mushroom head. She was flat out driving me crazy.

But then she backed away while still gingerly stroking my cock. She looked at my father once more. This time a little longer before turning her head back and kissing the tip again.

"Fuck Mom. Please..." I grumbled.

Stroking lazily the full length of my shaft. Mom looked up at me and countered, "Does my son want his mommy to suck his hard cock?"

"Yes, Mom... Please." I begged.

"Mmm... I bet it tastes superb." Mom teased as she barely flicked the tip of my dick. Pulling the dribble of pre-cum from what was leaking out of my pee-hole.

My head was spinning, and I lunged forward once more, and this time at least touched her lips before she stopped me.

But instead of pulling away, her lips stayed there. Right there, resting on the very tip of my dick. I could feel her fiery breath flowing over my shaft and then it happened. Mom's mouth opened, and she crept forward.

I savored how great it felt when she sucked just the head of my dick in her mouth and then back out. She did it again. Only taking the head inside and then pushing it out.

Over and over she did this. Ever so slowly increasing my cock's depth inside her mouth.

Her hand went to my balls and toyed with them while she inched me inside between her lips.

"Oh... shit!" I grunted when my full girth finally went inside.

Mom built her tempo up. Taking my entire cock down her throat. I was in heaven. Enjoying how her lips raked over my shaft while her fingers tugged and tickled my nut sack. In and out. In and out. Faster and harder. Faster and harder. Over and over mom went until finally, she was feverishly sucking my cock. Making me want to fuck her face. I could feel my hot seed racing up my shaft and into my bubble-head.

My hands went to the back of Mom's head as I lunged forward. Over and over I thrust. Faster and harder. Until I was ramming my dick past her tonsils. I could hear her gag as I held my cock deep down her throat. A rush of pure sexual bliss filled my body as I felt my sperm explode inside her mouth and let out a long groan.

Pumping and spurting, my hot sperm raced down her throat as my body trembled.

I was wiped out by the time the last of my cum dripped out of my dick. Mom eased my spent pecker out from her sweet lips and I said, "Holy shit mom."

Mom looked over at my father, who thankfully was still sleeping.

Wiping her lips, she said, "I think we pushed our luck enough for tonight."

I nodded in agreement, and before picking up my pajamas gave her one last kiss.

I made my way back into my bedroom and happily went to sleep.

However, the next day was Saturday, and I couldn't wait to hurry downstairs. I knew Dad typically played golf on this day and figured I would have most of the day alone with Mom. I was so excited wondering what wonderful sexual things were might try in his absence.

Yet when I went into the kitchen the only person there was Dad and I asked, "Where's Mom?"

"She got up early this morning and said something about going shopping."

"Oh," I said before grabbing a bowl of cereal. Pouring the milk in the bowl, I sat across the table from him and found it difficult to sit there. I guess some part of me felt guilty about what I had done. Thankfully, Dad sat up before I finished and acknowledged how he was going golfing.

"Okay. See you later, Dad." I said as I stared into my bowl. I couldn't look him in the face at the moment. So I spent the entire day alone, and I mean the entire day.

It wasn't until that evening that someone finally came home. It was Dad which even surprised him that Mom was still out. I still didn't feel right being alone with him, so I went to my room and didn't come out until I heard Mom coming in the door. Quietly I opened the door and listened as they talked down below.

"Where the hell were you!" I heard Dad grumble.

Which mom rebutted back, "I needed some alone time."

"Is this about me not seeing a doctor?"

"No! But since you brought it up. You not going isn't helping either!"

"What's that supposed to mean!"

"Nothing! Nothing at all!" Mom rapped.

"Jesus Christ, woman!" I heard Dad yell and then heard the front door slam.

I casually made my way down the steps as I heard Dad pulling out of the driveway.

Mom was in the kitchen putting some groceries away when I walked in and said, "Hey, Mom."

"Hi, Travis." She replied in a low tone.

"You okay Mom?"

"No... No, I'm not." She said and then pointed to a chair. "We need to talk."

"Okay?" I replied as I took a seat.

"Listen, last night was fun but I think it's unhealthy for us to keep doing stuff like that. It's not fair to you and it sure isn't fair to your father."

"But Mom," I said but was quickly cut off.

"Don't interrupt me! It's wrong, so that's that. Understand!"

I lowered my head and nodded.

"Good." Was her only reply.

Hearing Mom say that brought me down, and I said, "If that's all can I go?"

"Yes." Mom said but as I walked away I heard, "I know in time you'll understand I was right about this."

Things after that night felt different between Mom and me. After two weeks of it being like that, I figured what we shared had passed.

So finally I gave in, I did what Mom originally asked of me and dated some girls. I'm sure it made her happy, but in reality, none ever came close to what I felt with her. They just couldn't turn me on as she could.

It wasn't until a month later after Dad went out of town for a business trip that things would change again.

It was a Friday night, and I was in my room already in bed when I heard Mom finally come home.

She informed me earlier that she was going out with two of her friends. So I didn't think much of it when she came home so late.

However, I was a little surprised when she knocked on my door and asked to come in.

I sat up on my bed and said, "Sure, Mom."

Mom had on this little black sequence dress that dipped very low in the front. I could tell she was a little tipsy by the way she walked into my room. Without saying a word, Mom plopped on my bed and brushed my hair.

"Mom?" I said as her hand traced down from my head and onto my cheek.

"I wanted to say I'm sorry."

"For what, Mom?"

"For pushing you away as I did."

"It's okay. I understand."

Mom stood up and as she reached for the little spaghetti straps that held her dress up replied, "No, I don't think you do."

I gawked as I watched her slowly remove one strap off her shoulder.

"You don't know how I miss us talking while doing the dishes."

Then she removed the other strap, causing the dress to puddle to the floor.

Standing naked, she hissed, "And our brief masturbation sessions."

My mouth dropped as I sat there and admired Mom's sexy body once more.

"Do I still turn you on, Travis?"

I nodded, and she replied, "Then show me."

That was my cue, and I quickly tossed the sheets away and stripped down myself.

Mom crawled on the bed and laid next to me. Then spread her legs wide while putting her left one over mine.

I wasted no time and stroked on my semi-hard shaft, but she stopped me and said, "No. I think I need to make my youthful man feel better."

With that, she stroked my dick while tickling her clit. Fuck, I almost forgot how wonderful it felt, having her fingers gliding up and down my shaft.

"Oh, Mom..." I groaned as I grasped her thigh. She brought that dark, wicked feeling I had for her to the surface once more.

"You like it when I do this, don't you?" She said as she moved her hand faster on my shaft.

"Yes, Mom. I love it." I said and ran my hand down her thigh until it met her playing hand.

Mom's breath was racing, as was mine. Then when I tucked under her hand and rubbed her clit Mom moaned loudly, "God, I missed this."

We both were getting hot as our bodies jerked around. I felt mom's hand leave my shaft and tug at my balls just as I inserted two digits inside her wet snatch.

Mom's ass bucked off the bed as she pulled and toyed with my nuts. Causing my lustful desire to fuck her, to race to the surface. I couldn't help it. Listening to her whimper and moan caused me to lose all reasoning. Quickly I got on my knees between her legs while adding a third digit inside her.

I caught Mom off guard at first, but I leaned over and kissed her hard. Holding our mouths tightly together until she was moaning in my mouth.

With our mouths locked in place, I fucked her hard with my fingers just as she jerked on my cock between us. Faster and more vigorous we went. Never letting up as we panted and grunted. Bring ourselves ever closer to that ultimate release.

Mom was bucking widely and as she did her thighs would clutch to my legs. She was hot, but I was hotter. I couldn't hold out any longer no matter how badly I wanted to fuck her. Briskly, I sat up and groaned. Mom just jerked faster, and I had trouble balancing on my knees and croaked, "Fuck Mom!"

The next thing I knew Mom pulled me forward, and I felt my dick slid inside her mouth. I couldn't stop thrusting forward and fucked her face hard. Holding onto the headboard, I felt myself blow.

"Nnnnn..." I groaned as my teeth ground together.

Slowly I went to easy my dick out, but Mom grabbed my ass and pushed me forward as she raised her head. Deliberately working her mouth on my tool. Back and forth, moaning and sucking while her fingers toyed with my nuts.

I become erect and fucked her face once again. But this time I reached back and fingered her pussy causing her to moan harder on my cock.

Mom was bucking around as I flicked her little bud with my finger. But I didn't want her to cum just yet. So I spun around and lapped at her pussy while she kept sucking me off. I was getting close once again and fucked her with my tongue, which pushed her over the edge. With her humming on my dick, I felt her lunge upward as she orgasmed. Mom thrashed around as I kept fucking her with my tongue until I felt myself explode for the second time.

Gradually I sat up and spun around again between her legs. With both of us panting, I look into her eyes and saw the raw lust behind them. Inching myself forward I spread her legs wide lifting them off the bed as I rested my spent cock onto her slit.

"Wait! Mom yelled. "We can't! We can't do this!"

"Don't worry, Mom. I will only rub it on you, I promise."

With that, I glided my dick over her pussy. Back and forth. Back and forth. Ever so lazily until I felt myself getting hard.

Mom's lips parted slightly as I heard her breath quicken. This was surely turning her on and I just need to pace myself. So I nudge a little harder and when I did my cock parted her folds marginally. Just enough for my cock to rub over her clit. Increasing my pace ever so cautiously, Mom moaned and her hips pushed upward every time my dick hit her clit.

Faster and harder I went, and her moans got louder while her ass bucked higher until I was sawing my dick over her pussy.

"Oh.. Oh... Mmm... God!" Mom wailed and grabbed my waist with both her hands as her legs went higher and spread wider.

Holding my hips tightly, Mom Pushed and pulled me over her cunt. Wanting me to go faster and faster. Mom was going crazy and then in-between her lustful cries of pleasure I heard her yell, "I can't take it!" And pulled on my ass as she lifted herself off the bed sending my entire cock deep inside her womb.

"FFFFucckkk... Oh, God... Yes!! Oh yes!! Oh fuck... Mmmm... Fuck me, honey. Fuck mommy!" She screamed.

Ramming and plowing. Thrust and pushing. Faster and deeper I fucked my sexual goddess. Fulfilling my wicked incest desire while we both groaned in pure adultery delight.

The sweat poured off our bodies as I fucked her with all I had. We both looked into each other's eyes as I laid on top of her and kissed her hard while she wrapped her legs around my waist. I resumed my plowing, which Mom met with her thrust. Once again we were fucking wildly while kissing passionately. I could feel her pussy clutching at my shaft. Her legs locked behind my mine while she clawed at my ass and screamed, "I'm cumming. Christ, I'm cumming! She purred.

The feeling of her pussy orgasming on my cock was too much to bear, but I couldn't break free of her grip. and croaked. I'm cumming, Mom!"

The feeling was almost overwhelming as I came inside her. Resting my head on her shoulder, I relished how it felt to fill her womb with my cum.

Panting hard, I lifted my head and kissed her once more while our hearts pounded in sync.

Our kiss never broke when Mom lifted and twisted around. Working her legs and waist around causing my dick to dance and slither inside her hot wet box. Building me back up to stiffness.

I nudged forward while she pushed back. I nudged again, and she did the same. Slowly and steadily we nudge and thrust. Building our tempo until we were once again fucking passionately.

God, I loved the feeling of how her pussy encompassed around my cock. I swear it was the best feeling in the world and I never wanted this to end.

I was once again in a lustful state as I fucked her hard while she moaned and whimpered under me. Then when I felt ready to blow. Unlike the first time, Mom spread her legs wide and lifted them in the air. Holding them with her hands, she implored, "Cum honey! Cum deep inside me."

With a mighty push, I sank my cock until my balls touched her slit and let loose.

Nudging myself forward every time I felt my cock pump another load inside her.

I crashed on top of her once more and stayed like that. With us breathing hard, Mom wrapped her arms around my body and lightly traced her fingers over my back.

Softly I whispered under bated breath, "I love you, Mom." We fell asleep like that.

Come the next morning when I woke, Mom had gone. I wasn't sure what to expect since I remembered she was a little drunk the night before. Changing into my clothes, I headed downstairs. Mom was in the kitchen cooking breakfast when she saw me and smiled.

"About time you got out of bed."

"Sorry, Mom, I guess I was exhausted."

"Well, after the fuck you gave me, I can understand why."

I swallowed hard and replied, "So you're okay with that?"

Mom turned the stove off and sauntered up to me. Reaching down with her right hand, she cupped my groin and whispered, "Mhmm."

I pulled her close and kissed her hard as she reached back and pulled on my ass, causing my groin to smash into her mound.

It didn't take long before we were kissing and tearing each other's clothes off.

Once we both were hot again, I eased her back onto the dinner table. Spreading her legs wide, I lapped at her pussy while stroking my dick until she came. With Mom still spread out, I lined up my rigid dick and easily slid it inside.

Pounding and pumping, I fucked her hard. Once again committing incest and loving every minute.

God, I loved this! Loved how wicked we fucked one another. With my dick held deep inside her soaked snatch I hiss, "I love fucking you Mom!

"Oh... Oh god! I love it to! I shouldn't but I do."

"I'm going to make you cum, Mom."

"Oh... Yes, Travis. Make mommy cum!"

With deep thrust I held Mom's legs up and groaned, "Cum for me Mom. Cum for your son."

Mom quivered and moaned as she came hard. Yelling and whining, "YES! GOD YES! I'M CUMMING!! I'M CUMMING!!"

Plowing away I feverishly fucked her until my sperm mixed with her juices and croaked, "Fuck... Yes! I love filling you up."

We kissed and ground together until I stopped pumping my sperm inside her.

Easing her up, I said, "I can't wait to do that again."

Mom replied, "Well your father will be home soon, so enjoy it now."

Enjoy it we did. Over and over we fucked for the next two days. We fucked in about every room in the house. Every room but her bedroom. She just wouldn't let me fuck her there.

Dad arrived home on Monday and after making some small talk with him I went to my room to contemplate how I was going to fuck mom while he was around.

Unfortunately, Mom also had a say in this. After trying some moves on her in the kitchen, which she would not let happen, at least not when Dad was present. So after two days of her turning down my advances, I decided to take the initiative.

While Mom was busy cooking, I slipped not one but two sleeping pills in Dad's glass. Figuring it should be more than enough to keep him out.

Things appeared to be going as planned. Dad became real tired after dinner and said, "Wow, I'm going to go lay down for a bit."

"You okay?" Mom asked.

"Yeah. I got real tired all of a sudden."

I tried to hide my smirk, "Yea it must be one of those days. I feel a little tired myself."

Mom gave me a questionable look but said nothing as Dad got up to leave.

But once she was sure he was upstairs said, "Okay, what did you do?"

"What do you mean?"

"You slipped him a sleeping pill, didn't you?"

"Just a couple."

"A couple!" Mom barked. "I better go check on him."

Mom went up the stairs. I followed after a couple of minutes.

At her doorway I watched as she was removing my Dad's clothes as he lay faced down in the bed. He was out of it.

I walked inside until I was right behind mom and whispered, "He's okay, isn't he?"

"Yes. Just out cold. You shouldn't have done that, Travis."

I turned Mom around to face me and said, "I know. I couldn't stand not being able to feel you again."

"Honey... I understand how you feel. We can't risk getting caught."

"Why not Mom." I said as I kissed her neck.

Mom let out a light sigh as her hands held my shoulders.

"Because it would devastate your father."

I kissed her neck again. Letting it linger and whispered, "But what about your needs. Aren't they important?"

"Oh... Oh... Yes... They are. But we can't... I mean shouldn't..."

I pulled and squeezed Mom's ass. Causing her mound to crash against my stiff wood.

Kissing her hard she moaned in my mouth. Our tongues along with our breaths raced. Building up our passion as her hands glided over my back.

I cautiously eased Mom back until the back of her legs hit the bed and she broke the kiss.

"Wait Travis. Not here."

I ignored her requested and tore her white button shirt open. Exposing her wonderful tits. Before she could protest my mouth inhaled her right nipple while my right hand dug between her legs.

"Mmm.. Ohhh. Mmm. Tttravisss. We... Ahhh..."

Fumbling around, I unbuttoned her pants and pulled them along with her panties to the floor. Mom let out a whimper as I went to my knees and licked across her clit.

Her hands held my head as I lap at her pussy. Then when I felt a little quiver, I stood up and turned her round. Quickly stripping my pants off, I bent her forward.

Mom was looking at my father with her hands resting on his legs when I eased my dick inside her.

"Oh God..." She groaned as I went balls deep into her pussy.

My heartbeat quickens as I held her hips. Making her squirm and moan while I fucked her right next to husband.

Faster and harder I fucked her and hissed, "Show Dad how hard you can cum, Mom."

Mom went crazy. Whining and whimpering. Pushing her ass back to meet my thrust.

Her hands clutched on my father's legs as her body stiffened up.

"Fuck! Yes... I'm cumming! I'm cumming!" She screamed.

Mom fell forward. Her chest rested on my father as I increased my plowing. I was going to cum and bent myself over Mom. Holding my dick deep inside her, I exploded.

"Oh..." I groaned as my sperm filled her womb.

Easing ourselves off my father, Mom turned and said, "Let's continue this in your room."

We fucked several more times that night and the night after that. Hopefully, it will keep going like this, but we'll just have to see what the future brings.