

MOM'S BFF

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Mother's best friend helps son score with mom.

Incest/Taboo

4.68

7.9k words

All characters are 18 years or older.

I would like to thank woodlands1946 for taking the time to review my story.

My mother's best friend, Vicky, caught her husband having an affair with his secretary. At least that is what Mom told me when I came home from school and got the news. After she spoke with my mom about it, it was decided she would come to stay with us while she looked for a new place to live. Vicky, after speaking with my mom, decided she had had enough of her husband being unfaithful.

I never imagined how much my life would be changed by this event.

A couple things immediately raced through my 18 year old brain. First, where would she be sleeping since we live in a small two bedroom apartment that shared a common bathroom? Secondly, how was I going to hide my raging boners I knew I would get with her living here?

I've had the biggest crush on Vicky, for as long as I can remember. She's about the same age as my mom, Trish, and has a body to kill for. Every time I took a sly peek at her luscious globes, my dick would throb. They were always under the short, low cut shirts she would wear. Her long black hair and blues eyes caused my young mouth to water, and on several occasions, I wondered what it would be like to kiss her big, soft, pouty lips.

That evening after dinner, Vicky arrived, and mom greeted her at the door.

"Chris come help with the luggage." Mom yelled and I immediately went towards the door. Vicky smiled as I approached and my cock grew as I took in her sexy figure.

"Wow", Vicky exclaimed looking me up and down, "what a nice-looking young man you've become. Let me take a look at you."

I stood in front of Vicky as she gave me a quick once over and a peck on the cheek.

"I can't believe how big you've gotten," I heard her say. But, as she said it, I noticed she was looking down at my crotch.

"Um... Thanks, Vicky. Where am I putting her stuff Mom?"

"Well, in my room, of course." Mom replied. So I grabbed all her belongings and headed down the hall. As I walked away I could hear Vicky still talking about me to Mom.

I put Vicky's things next to the foot of Mom's bed and had to wonder how they both were going to sleep. It was only a twin. That's when I had my first sexual vision that involved my mother. I

imagined both of them embracing each other with their legs intertwined while they kissed.

"Chris! What are you doing in there?" I heard Mom yell and it caused me to take the short cut to my bedroom, passing through the bathroom. I knew I had to keep away from them until my stiffness subsided.

"I'll be right out Mom. I want to change." I said, not thinking it was still too early to put my pajamas on. However, I wasn't exactly thinking straight at the time.

Thankfully, Mom didn't question me about it, and we all settled in the living room while Mom and Vicky discussed her failed marriage. I turned the TV on and acted like I was involved in what was playing. But, in reality, I was more interested in checking Vicky out as she sat next to Mom on our small sofa. She had her legs crossed, and my eyes would glance over every time she switched positions. Her short skirt ended just above her knees, and I had hopes of seeing higher.

Mom and Vicky talked for a couple more hours then rose and got up, heading to their shared room for the night. I remained, by myself on the sofa.

Over the next few days, that became our nightly routine.

In the mornings, Mom and Vicky would use the bathroom before me. They would then leave for work as I finished dressing and headed out to my classes. In the evenings, Mom would either order some take out or cook supper. I would then do the dishes while they watched television and chatted about their days. Lastly, we would all sit on the small sofa and enjoy the tube before retiring in the evening.

That routine went on until the night I had lots of homework and had spread my papers out on the coffee table. I knew I would be staying up late to finish it all, and I think Mom did too. When Mom finally got up to go to bed, Vicky said, "Do you mind if I keep you company for a while?"

Mind? Are you kidding me? I thought.

"Um... no, not at all," I answered.

For the first-time, Mom went into her room on her own, leaving her sexy friend alone with me. Vicky sat on the sofa as I spent the next two hours finishing my work. When I finished, I sighed and announced I was done.

"Are you going to sleep now or watching some TV?" Vicky asked.

"I think I'll watch some TV. My mind is still racing from the homework." I said.

With Vicky on one end of the sofa and me on the other, we watched a movie. As the night progressed, the room became a bit chillier and it wasn't long before Vicky reached for the quilt we kept under the end table for just such occasions.

"You want to share the blanket?" She asked.

"Yea that sounds great" I said. Vicky eased herself closer as she draped our bodies with the blanket. I was startled when she then leaned in and rested her head on my shoulder while she curled her legs up on the couch.

"OH! This is much better." I heard her cheerfully say as her warmth and sexual awareness took hold of my body.

My heart began to thump loudly in my chest as I tried to think how I could get this to go further. After a couple of minutes, I nudged her as her head rested on my arm. She lifted her head giving me just enough time to make my play.

"Here, I think this will be more comfortable," I said as I put my arm over her shoulder, leaving my chest for her to rest her head on. To my overwhelming joy, that is exactly what she did.

I was in pure heaven, inhaling her perfumed hair which awakened all my senses. I also became fully aware of the pressure of her left breast which was pressing tight against my side. I felt my cock immediately start slowly rising.

Several minutes passed as I enjoyed my new-found sexual bliss. I became very accustomed to our embrace and then heard Vickie's breathing become heavy and slow. I figured she must have dozed off. The movie had just ended and the late-night news was about to start. I knew it wouldn't be long before she woke up and would be leaving to go to Mom's room. I decided to push my luck.

The hand that I had draped over her arm began to lightly stroke her skin, which made barely audible moans escape from her lips. But then I heard footsteps from behind and knew Mom had come out of her room.

"Wow! Don't you two look cozy," she said, looking in on us.

Vicky stirred and came awake saying, "Yes. This is very nice. I almost don't want to leave."

"Is there room for one more?" Mom said.

"I think we can make room," Vicky answered and pulled her legs in tight while scrunching herself even closer to me. Mom sat down on the other end of the sofa and I felt the presence of Vicky's hand resting on my upper thigh. It was only inches from my stiff member. Without thinking, I squeezed her arm and was surprised when her hand did the same to my thigh.

Vicky's hand, only inches from my tool, made me want to thrust my hips up, and I did my best to control my building urges. As we watched the tube, I felt her fingers sliding slowly on my thigh. Gently, they crept closer to my cock until I felt them brush across my shaft. It sent a rush of sensual pleasure through my body, and I held my breath as her fingertips traced up and down the length of my shaft. I knew I would explode soon if she kept this up.

I then vaguely heard Mom blurt something about the news and Vicky turned to answer. As she turned, she slyly cupped my ball sack with her hand.

I glanced over at Mom to see if she was aware that her best friend was going to make me cum any second from toying with my nuts. But she was too engrossed in the news to notice what was taking place next to her. I couldn't hold back any longer and felt my hot sperm race to the tip of my pole. My hand clutched Vicky's arm as my ass lifted off the couch. This only made Vicky tug on my balls harder, putting me over the top. I exploded inside my underwear.

My cock kept pumping jets of sperm as she pulled and tugged on my balls. I felt like I would pass out from the pleasure that was consuming my body. I don't know why Mom didn't hear my grunts I desperately tried to conceal under my breath.

It was then I realized I had a problem. There was no way I could hide my sticky, soaked pants from Mom when I got up. But luck was on my side, and I gave a sigh of relief when Mom got up, announcing she was going to bed.

"Yes I'm feeling sleepy myself," Vicky said as Mom got up from the couch.

As we watched Mom make her way back to her bedroom, Vicky turned, looked at me and smiled. "Let's see what kind of a mess you made" and slipped her fingers inside my pants. Wrapping her hand around my cock, she gave it a couple of long tight strokes. My mind was blown when she pulled her hand out and licked her fingers and said. "Mmmmm! I love the taste of cum."

I was speechless and couldn't move. All I did was watch as Vicky removed herself from the couch and strutted down the hall to Mom's bedroom.

The next morning my head was still spinning from the night before, and my dick went rock hard as I thought back how Vicky made me cum while Mom sat right next to us. I had to wonder how far this was going to go. Would I get to see those wonderful globes she had? Would she let me fuck her? My hand went to my cock, and I stroked it as I envisioned myself pounding her succulent pussy while she told me to fuck her harder.

Just then, I heard Vicky in the bathroom yell to my mother she was going to take a shower. I sat up on my bed and listened as I heard the sound of the shower turning on. Quietly, I tiptoed to the door and listened from my room. I could tell she was already in the shower.

Now is my chance. I thought.

My hand began to shake as I grabbed the door handle. Slowly, I turned the knob and cracked open the door.

I peeked into the steam filled room and my eyes caught a movement in the mirror that hung over the sink. My mouth dropped when I found Vicky's wonderfully bare body visible in the reflection. I continued to watch as she ran her soapy hands across her naked wet flesh. I couldn't help but pull my underwear down and stroke my super stiff cock as Vicky lathered up her marvelous breasts with both her hands.

Then the unthinkable happened. In my sex driven trance, I didn't realize that I had opened the door too far. To my horror, Vicky's eyes were looking back at me. However, instead of saying anything or covering up her exposed flesh, she slowly slithered a hand down her body and began to wash her most sacred spot. Her other hand playfully moved across her right bosom.

I think my heart skipped when she pressed her back against the shower wall and obviously began to masturbate, never taking her eyes off me. This was too much for my young soul to take, and I opened the door even more so Vicky could see me jerking off while I watched her in self-pleasure. As we watched each other masturbate, my strokes began to match the rhythm her hand made while she dabbled with her pussy. I knew it wouldn't be a lot longer before we both brought ourselves to our voyeurs' orgasms. I could see Vicky's hand pressing harder on her mound while low audible moans echoed in the bathroom. Faster and quicker our hands went until her hips and mine began to buck and thrust. I could feel my legs weaken as my cum got ready to explode.

Then I heard Vicky in a low moan say the words "I'm cumming!" and that pushed me over the edge. My cum spurted out in gushes and plastered the door, wall and bathroom floor. I watched, Vicky's body trembling and writhing as her own orgasm unfolded. To say the least, it was the most exciting

thing I'd ever seen or done. As we both came down from our orgasmic highs I saw Vicky smile putting her finger to her lips and saying "ssssshhhh". All I could do was silently nod, softly closing the door and falling onto my bed.

Oh my god! I said to myself.

It became clear that fucking my Goddess just might be within my reach. For the rest of the day I was on a super sexual high. I couldn't wait to see what might happen back at home.

Maybe Mom will have to work late. I pondered.

My dick thickened as I imagined having time alone with Vicky. All the things I would love to do to her - run my nose from one tit to the other - play with her clit until she begged me to fuck her - lick her pussy and feel her juices flow across my face.

"Click... click... click..." I heard, snapping me back to reality.

"How was your day honey?"

"Fine Mom. I had a great day." I said with a big smile.

Mom plopped down on the sofa and replied. "What was so good about it?"

Caught off guard, I couldn't very well tell her it was from my morning sexual encounter with her best friend. Nevertheless, I was at a loss for words and tried to quickly think of a reason.

My only response was, "I... I don't know. It just started off being a great day." I could see a puzzled look on Mom's face. Thankfully, just then, Mom's attention was drawn to the front door.

"Oh my god! Vicky! You wore that outfit to work?" I heard Mom exclaim. When Vicky popped into the room, I saw what Mom had reacted to. Vicky had on the shortest red mini skirt I had ever seen. She also wore a white ruffled button top that had short sleeves. It wasn't hard to miss that the top three buttons were undone leaving a nice clear view of her wonderful cleavage.

"Wow!" I said aloud.

"See? Your son likes it." Vicky chuckled and winked.

"Well... well... I don't think that's something proper to wear to work. I mean . . . Vicky . . . it makes you look like a slut." Mom said.

"Take it easy Trish. God! What are you, my mother? Besides, I think I deserve a little attention."

"Well... I... I... just don't think it's right." Mom replied.

"You know Trish, it wouldn't hurt if you didn't dress so conservatively and let your own hair down once in a while. I mean you do have a nice body yourself. I don't understand why you think you have to cover up what God gave you."

Vicky had a point. Mom always had her hair up in a bun and dressed like a librarian. Every day, she wore a long flat colored dark skirt to work.

"Don't you think your mom has a hot body Chris?"

"Huh?... What?" It was hard enough for me to keep my dick from springing to life seeing Vicky dressed like she did. Now she wanted me to check out my own mother. I don't know why, but as I admired Mom from head to toe, my dick twitched. As I ogled her more carefully, it grew in size even more.

I wasn't the only one to notice my growing appendage. Vicky did also and said, "See he's getting a boner."

"Vicky!" I heard Mom say as she also gazed at my now full erection. I was flabbergasted and, in my embarrassment, scurried to my room.

"Wait! Don't go!" I heard Vicky yell as I closed my bedroom door to hide my shame.

I crashed on my bed and covered my head with my pillow while both women kept talking in the other room. I was so confused now. I couldn't understand why my dick sprung to life looking at Mom.

It had to be from Vicky's attire. I thought.

But as I pondered on the subject, I must have dozed off. When I finally lifted my head, the room was filled with darkness. I checked the clock and it said 10 o'clock. The house was quiet, so I figured it was safe for me escape from my safe haven. I needed to make a sandwich since I missed supper.

As I sat upon the sofa eating, I heard footsteps coming down the hallway. It was Vicky. Just like the previous night, she plopped down on the couch and went for the quilt.

"Care to cuddle?" she said with a pouting look.

I didn't say a word, just kept watching the television and finishing my sandwich.

"Aww! Are you still upset about what happened earlier?"

Again, I didn't respond and just set my empty plate down on the coffee table.

"Well I'm sorry if I embarrassed you. It's only natural for a young man like yourself to get hard like that."

That comment irked me and I blurted out, "But... it happened when I looked at Mom."

"And what's wrong with that? That just proves my point that she is an attractive woman. That her body can make a man stiff."

"But it shouldn't have happened to me. I'm her son!"

Vicky nudged herself closer and said. "It's okay honey. I understand even if you don't."

"What do you mean by that?"

Vicky looked cautiously down the hallway leading to the bedrooms, her right hand resting very close to my rigid manhood. She then turned and moved her face next to mine whispering, "You want to fuck your mommy, don't you?" just as she grasped my cock through my pj's.

"Holy fuck!" I gasped as my dick twitched in her hand, the pleasure of her touch overwhelming me. Almost against my will, Mom's face and body flashed through my mind. My dick was growing

harder and harder from Vicky's touch.

"Wha... wha... what!" I said as images of Mom danced in my brain.

"Shhh... It's okay sweetie. All boys want their mommies." Vicky said while I felt her fingers fumbling around the opening of my pj's freeing and exposing my steel pole. Vicky then stroked her fingers up and down my cock, whispering all kinds of nasty things to me - things that had never come to my mind before. But now those pictures were becoming quite clear and vivid.

"You can imagine it now can't you," Vicky kept on, "your mother's sweet nipples being suckled by her little boy?"

"Oh my god." I groaned as my body went into sexual overdrive. Vicky was making me yearn for my own mother. I was getting hotter and hotter and my urge to cum was building fast as she stroked my cock with great talent.

"Just think what it would feel like to slide this big hard cock deep inside her warm pussy."

My mind pictured Mom lying on her back with her legs spread wide, I was lining my cock up to penetrate her for the first time. I could hear her say, "Take me," just as the tip of my dick touched her pussy lips.

"No!" I yelled and quickly stood up. "This is wrong," I announced and quickly dashed to my room.

As I lay there in the dark, I tried to shake the images of Mom lying underneath me. But I kept hearing her say, "Take me honey. Fuck me," over and over in my mind. My dick had never felt so hard.

Just when I thought I was going to lose my mind, I heard the door that leads to the bathroom softly creak open. In the dim light, I could just make out a female form slowly creeping toward my bed. I was just about to speak when the woman reached me, and a finger quickly touched my lips. I heard, "Shhhh, you don't want to wake your mom do you?"

Vicky sat on the bed next to me. Before I could even protest her intrusion, she skillfully had my cock in her hand once again. It was useless for me to try and fight her off since my dick and mind were more than willing to accept the sexual encounter.

Vicky leaned in and playfully nibbled at my ear and whispered. "I'm sorry. I'll make it up to you," and lightly pressed her lips to mine.

I was in heaven and was no longer thinking of Mom but how wonderful Vicky's soft lips felt. They felt softer than I thought lips could be. Our kisses went from pecks to hard and passionate. Our breathing became heavy as the heat from our bodies melded together. Vicky began to moan into my mouth while she worked on my manhood. I took that as a sign and slowly moved my hands to her glorious breasts. I was just as much in awe again as when I had first touched them for the first time.

I had to break our kissing to say, "Oh my God!" As both my hands grasped her bosoms, with her body pressed on mine, I felt Vicky slowly slither down my body. I froze and watched as the girl of my dreams lowered her head and engulfed my cock in her mouth for the first time.

"Vicky! Oh... Vicky!" I said as my blood rushed to my head. I knew I wasn't going too last much longer. I can't even begin to describe what her mouth and tongue was doing to me. While she

sucked my dick, I noticed her removing her pants, leaving only her white panties on. Again, I took that as a sign and moved my hand in hopes of sliding a finger under her remaining garment. But I was stopped when my finger just broke past the elastic hem.

Stopping her assault on my cock, Vicky held it tightly in her hand while she repositioned herself. I felt her swing her leg and straddle over my hips. Still grasping my cock, she lowered her body down until my shaft was brushing against the gusset of her panties against her pussy. Her hand was pushing my cock tighter against her mound while she rubbed her body on it to and fro.

"Yes! Oh yes! That's it!" Vicky said coaxing me to thrust and match her move as she quickened her own pace. My cock was begging to enter her sweet snatch every time I felt the tip push into her soft, panty-covered pussy. Vicky's torturous teasing brought me quickly to the point of no return. She knew, because she grasped both my hands in hers and rocked her body even faster, forcing my shaft hard against her covered wetness.

"Oh, oh oh!" I heard her hiss, just as I exploded. I felt her body quiver as my cum spurted between us and over my chest. Vicky leaned down once again and we passionately kissed. Spending a few moments to slow our breathing, she finally whispered "Good night." Feeling her rising from me, I lay there and watched as her silhouette went back through the door.

I awoke the next morning with the sound of water running. With my eyes blurred I lifted my head and tried to focus on the door into the bathroom. I noticed Vicky had teasingly left the door ajar by a small sliver. Reminiscing of our morning fun the day before, I rose out of bed and went over to peek inside. I gasped when I saw Mom's naked figured stepping into the shower. And that was not my only surprise. Before I could walk away, I felt a hand cover my mouth.

"Shhh. She'll hear you." I heard Vicky whisper.

She must have come through the hall door without me hearing her.

"Doesn't she look scrumptious?" Vicky softly asked, holding me in place until Mom's body was in view of the mirror. As I watched, a strange feeling consumed me - my mother's naked body being sprayed by the flow from the showerhead. I couldn't turn away as she began to lather her milky white breasts with her soapy hands.

With Vicky's hand still forced across my mouth, I felt her other hand touch my semi erection. My view of my naked mom slowly soaping up her perky tits.

In no time at all, my dick became fully erect. Vicky wrapped her hand around it and whispered, "Look at her Chris. Tell me you don't wish that was your hands rubbing her nipples like that."

Vicky's hand stroked up and down my shaft as Mom washed down to her smooth tummy. The soapy water trickled down and converged around her dark bushy mound, causing my blood to boil. I felt my heart race as dark, unthinkable thoughts entered my mind and engulfed my soul. I could no longer control the strong sexual drive that had awakened in me, and I hopelessly lusted after the woman who once gave birth to me.

Vicky's hand jerked my cock faster as she whispered, "You want to fuck her now don't you? You want to fuck your mommy. Tell me. Tell me Chris."

All I could do was nod yes.

I lost it then when Mom's hand finally reached her mound and went back and forth across it. Even though she wasn't masturbating, it was too much for me. Vicky clutched my shaft firmly when my hips jerked and my sperm started to splatter all over the place. I felt my legs go weak. My muffled grunts behind Vicky's hand were kind of loud. I noticed Mom looking out of the shower and saying, "Chris?"

Quickly, I closed the door and hoped Mom hadn't caught us. Again, I heard my name called, this time a little louder. Vicky removed her hand from my mouth, and I turned my head away from the door saying, "Yeah Mom."

"Just making sure you're awake. I wouldn't want you to over sleep."

"No. I'm awake." I said as Vicky giggled quietly next to me.

Mom turned the water off just as Vicky tiptoed down the hall, leaving me standing there with my dick dripping on the floor.

The rest of the day my head was in a daze. I kept picturing Mom rubbing her pussy in the mirror but my brain added more details. Before long, it wasn't Mom washing herself. She was jabbing three fingers deep inside her cunt and moaning loudly. I almost came when I pictured her having an orgasm.

You're a sick fuck. I thought.

But am I? Or was what Vicky said true. Did boys really want their moms?

Mom shook me out of my thoughts later when she walked in the house and asked if I wanted to go out with her and Vicky.

"Out?" I said.

"Yes. She's been pestering me to go clubbing with her, and I would feel better if you came along. I think if we go once she'll let me be."

"Oh? Well, I agree with Vicky. I think a night out would be good for you Mom, and I wouldn't mind keeping you company."

Just then Vicky came home. "What are you doing standing around? Hurry up and change before we miss happy hour" she said.

"Change? I think I look fine."

"Oh no. We're dressing you up tonight." Vicky said and pulled Mom towards the bedroom. Before Mom was in the room, I heard her announce that I was coming along.

"That's fine with me," Vicky said just before the bedroom door closed.

It didn't take me long to dress and I sat on the sofa waiting for the girls to finish dressing. When they emerged about twenty minutes later, I swear my mouth dropped. Mom had on the same skirt Vicky had worn the other day, but she also had on a tight, white tee shirt under a black fishnet. Her nipples were pressing the shirt fabric through the netting.

How did Vicky get her to wear that? I ponder as I then admired Vicky's outfit.

Vicky wore a matching black short skirt with black stockings and a white long sleeved lace blouse. Her nipples were visible through her bra underneath it. I admired them both as they walked towards me in their black high heels. I almost didn't hear Mom when she asked "Well how do we look?"

"Oh my god Mom. You look incredible."

"See?" Vicky said. "I told you he would like it. Now let's go have some fun."

We took my car since I was going to be the designated driver for the night. I held the door open as the girls got in. Vicky was first and slid into the backseat while Mom took the front seat. I watched as Mom climbed in, noticing how high the skirt rose up her thighs as she sat down. I wished I could see her panties that I knew had to be only an inch away from view. We made some small talk, and Vicky was truly excited as she explained how it had been years since she had gone out like this.

Once at the club, we found a booth by the dance floor. Vicky wasted no time ordering Mom and herself a mixed drink while I settled for a tall glass of soda. As the girls sipped their drinks and chatted about their day, I gave the place a once over, checking out the people on the dance floor. The bar itself was well laid out with the house lights dimmed so that the dance lights could be seen. The music wasn't so loud you couldn't hear yourself think.

I was getting into the vibe when Vicky said, "Enough sitting. Let's dance," pulling Mom out of the booth and onto the dance floor. I watched them dance and became fixated to the way their sexy bodies would shake and bounce to the beat of the music.

After a couple of hours of them dancing and drinking, I noticed they both were tipsy from the alcohol. I said we should head home, but Vicky disagreed and said, "Hey, it's still early". She grabbed my arm and pulled me to my feet and onto the dance floor.

Vicky definitely knew how to move her body, and I did my best to keep up. I looked over at the booth and saw Mom watching us with a big smile. She sipped her drink and cheered us on. I was actually getting better at dancing until Vicky spun around in a half circle and ground her ass into my crotch. I don't know why, but my hands dropped to her hips. I kept them there as she moved her ass side to side and up and down on my member.

I couldn't believe it when Mom yelled out it was her turn to dance. Letting go of Vicky's hips, I moved to sit down when Vicky grabbed my arm and said. "I think it's you she wants to dance with big boy."

She was right. Mom was already dancing in front of me when Vicky walked back to the booth. So now it was my hot mom dancing with me while Vicky cheered us on and watched. Mom also knew how to move, and after Vicky's grinding, I very well knew my dick was still stiff. I caught Mom looking at it as we danced.

Mom must have been even more tipsy than I thought because she then leaned in while dancing and said, "I think it was hot how you and Vicky were dancing."

"Oh really?" I answered.

"Yeah, I do. I always wanted to try that."

"Oh... then, well, what's stopping you?" I boldly asked.

Mom stopped dancing and gave me a love tap on the arm.

"Stop being so fresh. I couldn't do that with you."

"Why not? I bet you'd be good at it."

"Because, silly, you're my son." Mom said and went back to dancing.

I became brazen then, and moved closer to Mom. We were only inches apart. I pulled her by the waist closer to me and moved my right leg between her thighs, swaying our bodies in sync with the music. Mom was startled at first, but put her arms on my shoulders while she pushed herself into my leg. The low skirt she wore acted as a safe guard, and it was impossible for me to grind my thigh into her snatch. Mom turned around then as Vicky had done and ground her ass into my stiff wood.

The feeling sent a shiver up my spine, as I pulled her tight into my hardness while pushing my cock against her ass. Mom played right along, and started moving her ass up and down while I held myself tight to her. In my crazy mind, my hands began to wander up her sides until they were nestled under her breasts. That's when Mom lifted her arms over her head, pushing her back into my chest while grinding her ass on my pole. I couldn't help myself. My hands went on autopilot and grasped mom's luscious globes.

"Oh...", I heard as I leaned in and kissed the nape of her neck.

Still with her arms high, Mom reached over her head and pulled me tight to her neck while I massaged her wonderful breasts. My fingers toyed with and touched her nipples, making them harder and causing them to poke through the netting. Mom moaned as I played with her tits, and my cock was begging to be set free. I wanted to fuck her right then and there, not caring that we were on the dance floor with people watching.

In my lustful state, my right hand slithered off her breast and down to her stomach. Still kissing her neck and grinding my hips into her ass, I worked a finger under the waistband of her tight skirt. One of her hands rested on top of mine that was working her skirt. Her other reached back and palmed my rock hard cock. Now I was moaning in her ear. Mom grasped my cock through my pants just as I got all the fingers of my hand inside her skirt.

This is it. I thought and wriggled my fingers under her panties, pushing my hand even deeper inside her skirt. My fingers were just about to Mom's slit when she suddenly stopped.

In a panicked voice she said "Wait! We have to stop!"

I pulled my hand out of her skirt while she let go of my cock.

"But why, Mom?"

"Because. It's wrong," she announced, rushing off the dance floor.

Vicky was smiling when Mom met her at the booth, and both girls were chatting up a storm.

By the time I made it back, Mom spoke and said, "I think it's time to go."

"Are you sure?" Vicky said with a puzzled look. "It sure looked to me like you to were having fun out there."

"Well... Well... " Mom stammered, "that's enough fun for the night."

"Ok Mom." I said figuring that would calm her down.

I could hear the distress in her voice, so I finished my soda and we left the club.

The short walk to the vehicle was very quiet. When I held the door open for Mom, I was expecting Vicky to get in the back, as before. But Mom dashed into the back seat, and I knew then she was very upset. Vicky just looked at me and gave me a shrugging "I don't know gesture" with her hands.

The drive home was just as silent as the walk to the car. Looking in the rear-view mirror, I could see Mom had her head resting upon the window with her eyes closed. I wasn't sure if she was sleeping or just going over what took place in her head. However, the silence was broken when Vicky began to talk.

"Your mom is upset with what happened Chris."

"Yeah, I got that."

"I tried to explain to her that it was ok, but you know how prudish she is about things."

I saw Mom then lift her head up and lash back at Vicky.

"I'm not being a prude. What we were doing was wrong."

"I still don't see the big deal Trish. I mean let's face it. Your son's got a huge cock. Wouldn't you want to see what it looks like?"

"Jesus Vicky!" He's my son!"

"Well I know I want to see it." Vicky said and reached over and undid my pants.

"You can turn your head if you don't want to watch."

I didn't know what to do. I was still so horny from before I just let Vicky free my manhood.

"There... Wow... It's bigger than I thought." Vicky said as she began to stroke her hand up down my shaft. Within seconds, I was at max girth and looked in the rearview mirror to see Mom watching Vicky jerk me off.

"Oh!" I moaned and found it hard to drive. So I turned down a dark gravel road and pulled the car over to the side.

"What do you think Trish? Isn't it big?" Mom didn't say a word, just continued to watch as Vicky slowly stroked up and down my cock.

"Wouldn't you want your mom to do this Chris?"

I kept my eyes on Mom in the mirror and nodded yes.

"What do you think Trish? You want to touch it?"

Mom had a blank stare on her face while she kept watching Vicky stroke me. However, I think my heart stopped for a second when I saw her slowly nod yes. Vicky let go of my wood and opened the car door.

"Trade places Trish" she said and pulled Mom out the door, helping her into the front seat.

But instead of getting into the back Vicky also squeezed into the front and closed the door. Mom was almost on top of me, and Vicky didn't give her a chance to change her mind.

Quickly, she said, "What are you waiting for?" and took hold of Mom's hand guiding it to my stiff member.

Mom let out a soft "oh" when her fingers touched my steel pole. Vicky enclosed her hand around Mom's and worked it over and around my shaft. I put my head back and just watched.

Vicky looked at me and smiled while she helped Mom stroke up and down until she was doing it on her own.

"Oh yeah, Mom!" I said and closed my eyes when she gripped my cock tighter and went faster on me.

When I opened my eyes, I noticed Vicky sucking on Mom's neck. She had worked her right hand under Mom's top and was playing with her breasts while her left hand was under her Mom's skirt playing with her pussy.

"Oh my God" I groaned while my ass lifted from the seat and met Mom's down stroke.

I was so very close to exploding but held out when Vicky removed her hand from Mom's top. She took hold of her hair and while she eased Mom forward.

"Taste your son," Vicky whispered.

Mom was hesitant and said, "I... I can't."

However, Vicky firmly moved Mom's head closer and said, "Do it."

Mom opened her lips and sucked my cock into her mouth like a popsicle. I thrust up sending my entire shaft into her mouth. I could hear and feel her gag as her nose touched my belly. But Mom recovered and bobbed her head up and down on me as Vicky worked faster on her pussy.

Mom was now moaning and thrashing around as her head went faster on my meat.

I felt my sperm ready to explode when Vicky said, "Cum together."

That was it for me, and I exploded, grunting "Oh fuck, Mom!"

Mom's body quivered next to me. She took me deep in her mouth and took all my juices even as Vicky made Mom cum on her fingers.

Mom pulled away then and sat up.

Vicky slowly removed her hand and said, "See? I think both of you needed that."

"That was so wrong Vicky."

"The only thing wrong is your son hasn't tasted you yet."

I looked at Mom as Vicky twisted Mom's body more towards me.

"Chris we shouldn't be doing this," Mom said as Vicky maneuvered her until her legs were straddled over the center console.

I looked down and could see Mom's soaked, light pink panties under her short skirt. I grasped them with my hands. With a quick jerk, I pulled them down her thighs, exposing her well-trimmed pussy.

"Please, Chris. I'm your mother. We shouldn't... Oh..." was all she got out as I licked her outer lips for the first time. Mom's resistance had withered away to nothing. Her legs moved farther apart, and her hands pushed me deeper into her mound. I parted her lips and pushed my tongue deep inside her moist cunt.

"Oh... Mmm!... Oh, Yes!..." I heard as I tongue fucked her.

Vicky was doing something, but I couldn't tell what as I continued to flick Mom's clit with my tongue. I then inserted three fingers inside her soaking pussy. Mom jerked and then began to buck her hips. I knew she was close to cumming, but Vicky grabbed my hair and pulled me away.

I lifted my head to see Vicky resting, her back on the door, with her legs spread. Mom was on her back between Vicky's legs, resting her back and head on Vicky's chest. Vicky had removed my mother's top and was toying with one of her hard nipples while Mom was panting and gasping heavily with her eyes closed.

"You want to cum Trish?" Vicky said, and she pinched Mom's tits with her both her hands.

"Yes!...Yes!..." Mom softly said.

Vicky looked at me and said in my Mom's ear.

"You want to fuck your son?"

"Vicky! Oh my god! That's too far. I... I can't. We can't."

"You can. Show her she can, Chris."

My heart raced as I put Mom's legs on my shoulders, pulling her ass onto the console. With my hands free, I unbuttoned my pants and lowered them down enough for my rock hard dripping cock to spring free. It slid slickly across Mom's wet mound.

"Please, Chris! This will change everything." Mom said as I sawed my slippery dick back and forth. It split her pussy lips open and ground wetly against her clit.

Mom's hips began to move with a will of their own as my cock danced across her pussy.

Once more, I heard Mom say. "This will change everything."

"Yes it will," I said as I lined my dick up and pushed forward, feeling my cock opening her pussy and going deep inside her wet tightness. Mom's breath huffed and she met my push with a push of her own, inching my rod deeper inside. I felt her cunt grasp my dick.

"Oh fuck, Mom!" I said as I pulled back and rammed forward sending my cock a little deeper. Mom groaned as I pulled out and sent my dick back inside even deeper still. My balls were touching her flesh as I held myself deep inside her. I knew I wouldn't last much longer.

As I held my stiff cock still, Mom bucked and said, "Fuck me! Fuck your mommy!"

I went crazy and deep fucked my mother's cunt.

We fucked hard and fast, and over our grunts and moans I heard Vicky say, "That's it Chris. Fuck her hard. Make her cum. Cum inside your mom."

"Wait! Oh no! He can't cum inside me!"

However, hearing that only made me want to more and more. Mom resisted, but Vicky moved her hand down between us and played with her clit causing her to go wild and buck out of control. Mom's body stiffened, as her cunt clutched on my dick and then she screamed.

"I'm cumming! Oh god, I'm cumming!"

I pumped as fast as I could and blew deep inside her holding my dick there as my cum filled her pussy.

"Oh no!" Mom exclaimed. "I'm not on birth control. Chris I told you not to. Why did you do that?"

"I wanted to Mom – I had to. As a matter of fact I want to again." I said as I leaned forward and kissed her deeply.

But our kiss was broken when Vicky pulled my hair again and said, "My turn when we get home."

I gave Vicky a kiss also, and felt my dick twitch inside Mom.

We then fixed ourselves up and straightened our clothes as best we could. I drove us back to the house. I was looking forward to fucking both of them when I got home, but when we entered the house Mom gave me a kiss saying she had had enough for one night. She then went into her room.

Vicky didn't stop her, but gave me a devilish look and said. "I hope you fuck me like you fucked your mom."

I won't ever forget that night. My wish to fuck Vicky had come true, and we fucked like wild animals until daybreak.

Just as I was about to pass out from total exhaustion, I heard Mom walk in and say. "You think you have one more for me?"

As it turns out, I did - and more after that one. Mom was right when she said everything would change. We all fucked on a regular basis. Not ever all together, and I think, with Vicky's help, I can get Mom interested in a three way. I can't get the fantasy of them embracing and kissing out of my mind. I would also love to see Mom make Vicky cum.

Who knows? Maybe that will be a story for another time