

THE LOOKING GLASS CH. 02

bob03567

Mother tries to deal with thoughts of incest.

Incest/Taboo

4.63

6k words

I would like to thank Chasp for editing this story for me.

All characters are fictional and 18 years or older.

After dinner, Lisa and Ryan headed home and retired to their rooms. Lisa took a couple sleeping pills in hopes of passing out and getting through the night without having another strange sexual encounter.

Ryan decided to fire up his laptop and investigate more about the old man's establishment. But after hours of looking, nothing came up. Ryan changed his search parameters for "mystical items." Except for the fictional material written, only one thing caught his eye. He found an article on paranormal activities and how they sometimes attached themselves to objects.

That has to be it. He read page after page on the subject. But in the end, so much was different. *How can a spirit send an item to mom, and materialize an entire building. I need to do more investigating.*

The next day Lisa was pleasantly happy she hadn't had any more strange dreams as she quickly dressed, skipping her morning shower and hastily went out the door to her appointment with her shrink.

Ryan awoke to the sound of his mother rushing around and bolting out the door. He couldn't imagine where she could be going so early in the morning but this gave him a chance to take a better look at that gift he had presented her.

Ryan walked into his mother's room and studied the looking glass. Everything about it seemed normal, nothing special at all. As he gazed at his own reflection something was happening. The mirror became dark and his image disappeared. Another person appeared in his place.

It was the old man. But his face wasn't as old as he remembered. In fact, as he stared at the old man, he began to grow younger and younger right before his eyes until he looked twentyish. Another person started to emerge next to him -- an older woman, maybe in her forties. The clothing they wore had a distinctly colonial look.

The vision expanded out of the mirror until the entire bedroom changed into an old wooden cabin. He was himself being drawn deeper and deeper into this mystical world. The old man approached the woman and he began to speak.

"Mom, I've been hiding my feelings from you for too long now. Ever since dad passed, I've been having unthinkable thoughts about you."

"Jason, I know it's been hard since your father died, but these thoughts and feeling you're having must be forgotten. I too miss your father and the warmth of a man against my flesh. But for our sakes, we must control our own desires. What you talk about is frowned upon by our people, and if they ever thought we engaged in these sinful desires they would surely put us to death for being possessed by Satan."

"I've tried, Mom, believe me, but these feelings just grow stronger. I feel my hunger increasing everyday and I know you feel these same needs. I hear you at night when you think I'm asleep, exploring your sexual desires." The old man said this as he slowly approached his mother.

Ryan watched as the old man took hold of his mother's buttoned dress and tore it open, baring her bosom in front of him.

"Oh... Honey, no... Oh god, no." the woman shockingly expressed as she desperately tried to cover her heavy breasts with her hands.

"Yes. Mom, you don't need to hide your feelings from me. I know the urges you try and conceal. I'm going to help you set them free."

The old man grabbed his mother and pulled her warm body close. The woman showed resistance to her son's advancements. But the old man persisted and managed to pull her arms away from her chest. Dipping his head down, he drew a soft nipple into his mouth with great eagerness. His mother's body writhed as he licked and sucked on her hardening nipple.

"Oh.. honey.. this is sooo wrong. We have to... control... Oh..." The woman whimpered, but her son never stopped. His mouth and hands were on her chest as he kneaded and sucked out his mother's dark desires.

Ryan could see the woman's willpower had weakened as her son ravaged her exposed flesh. Her hands touched his head and her fingers stroked through his hair. Her body moved closer and closer to his until their bodies melded together.

"Oh.. It's been so long." the mother said, as her breathing heaved and light whimpers escaped her lips.

The old man traced his hands down his mother's sides. Taking hold of her dress he pulled forcefully down. His mother's dress puddled to her feet as his hands traced around her and grasped her petticoat covered ass.

"I know you want this mom." the old man said, as his hands again grasped the last of his mother's clothes, and with one quick swipe they were pulled to the wooden floor.

Wasting no time, the old man's hands groped down his mother's body. The mother's hands never left her son's head as he inched closer and closer to her forbidden zone.

"Ohh.. Jason.. What are we doing? Please stop before it's too late. We'll be damned forever. " his mother pleaded. But Jason continued and Ryan watched as the old man tasted his mother for the first time.

"Oh... Yes!..." the mother exclaimed as her son brought her to climax with her hips jerking and quivering, lustful moans filling the room.

Then, without warning, a blinding flash filled the room and Ryan was back in front of the looking glass.

What the hell just happened? he wondered, as he backed away from the mirror.

Ryan looked at his watch. What had seemed like an hour was in reality only a couple seconds. Ryan left his mother's room and headed off to work, bewildered.

Lisa walked into the shrink's office and greeted the receptionist.

"Hello I'm here for my appointment with the doctor."

"Please take a seat and she'll be with you in a moment."

Lisa waited patiently. As she glanced around she found herself having second thoughts about discussing her past experiences with a stranger but before she could change her mind the door to the doctor's office opened and a middle aged attractive woman waved her in.

"Hello, Lisa. I'm Doctor Williams; come in and make yourself comfortable."

Lisa shook the woman's hand and sat on a typical lounging chair."

"So is there any special reason as why you're seeking my assistance today?"

"Well, Doctor, I think I might be suffering from delusions. For the past couple of days now I've been experiencing imaginative events."

"Can you be more specific as to the nature of these views of grander?"

Lisa was reluctant at first but finally explained in great detail what she had experienced.

The doctor was quite shocked by all that Lisa was saying and found herself getting excited as well by what she was hearing. The doctor herself was a single mother with an adult son at home. Never had she thought about having sex with him but strangely as Lisa continued on with her dark secrets she thought more and more about him. When Lisa had finally finished her lustful thoughts, the psychiatrist quietly cleared her throat and spoke.

"I think there maybe be some deep suppressed feelings that you had bottled up. And for some reason this looking glass brought them to the surface and now you're having these imaginative experiences. If you can track down the real source of the problem they should go away."

"What should I do, doctor?"

"Please, Lisa, call me Liz. I think we have a very long road ahead of us. Things like this just don't expose themselves overnight. What we have to key on at the moment is why the looking glass is bringing these feelings out. If you don't mind, I think before our next session I should see this looking glass. With my help we should be able to jar your memory."

"Okay, Liz. But I'm not sure I want to be around that thing anymore. Especially now after you told me it might be the cause of all this. But I can't just toss it out either. My son purchased it for my birthday and ever since my husband's passing we've been distant to one another. This gift seemed to change that."

"If you're not busy at the end of today, I think I might be able to stop by your house after I finish with my last patent. Oh, I forgot. I have to pick up my son. His car is in the shop and I told him I would give him a ride home. Would you mind if I brought him along?"

"Well, I don't see the harm. You are only going to be giving the mirror a quick look. Right?"

"Oh yes. This isn't going to be a session. I'll tell him I just wanted to see a friend's gift she got for her birthday. He won't even know you're a patient."

"Okay, then. What time should I be expecting you?"

"Is 6 o'clock okay?"

"Yes. I think that is perfect. My son should be home by then and he can keep your son occupied while I show you the mirror."

Lisa gave Liz her address and left her office feeling much better. She felt confident that with Liz's help, her life would return to normal.

Lisa went home and waited for her son's arrival. She dared not to venture into her bedroom, feeling she should wait until Liz showed up. Ryan walked in at 5 and Lisa explained to him that a friend of hers was coming over with her son at 6. She made up a story that the woman was a friend and was interested in seeing her looking glass. Ryan found it strange that his mom was having someone coming over to see her mirror.

This might be interesting. Ryan thought.

The door bell rang promptly at 6 and Lisa greeted both her guests into her home. Liz introduced her son Kevin to Lisa and Ryan, and Lisa in return introduced her son to them.

Ryan gave his mother's new friends a once over. Liz looked to be about his mother's age and just as sexy. Her thin build and long legs looked very attractive in her tight black skirt. Ryan glanced up to Liz's face and admired her jet black hair and deep blue eyes. Turning to Kevin he gauged his age to be in his early 20's. His frame was like his and seemed to be in as good as shape as he was. His hair was dark like his mother's but his eyes were hazel.

The group made their way into the living room and began to chat. After 10 minutes of small talk Lisa stood up and asked Liz if she was ready to see her gift. Liz stood up and both women excused themselves as they left for Lisa's bedroom.

Ryan wasted no time in trying to find out more information about Liz and Kevin.

"So Kevin, how old are you?"

"I just turned 20 last month."

"And what does your mother do for a living?" Ryan asked.

"She's a psychiatrist."

"Really." Ryan replied. "So how about your dad?"

"He's a Dentist, but I haven't seen him since my parents separated."

"I'm sorry to hear that. My dad passed away not too long ago."

"That's terrible, Ryan."

"It's okay. Mom and I are learning to cope without him around. But I know mom feels the loneliness at night. I just wish I could help her more."

"I hear you. My mom hasn't been the same either. They haven't told me the reason for their separation but I think Dad might have strayed and mom found out. But I can see how she misses him at night. She never seems happy anymore when she goes to bed."

"I think we might have something in common Kevin..."

I wonder if Kevin feels the same about his mom.

"Kevin, what if I told you there might be a way we could help our mothers? Would you be interested?"

"Sure! I'd love to help my Mom out. What did you have in mind?"

"I'll show you in a couple of minutes. But you're going to have to trust me. And just believe in what you're seeing."

"Hugh?" Kevin replied, looking puzzled by what Ryan said.

"Just trust me. It will make sense if it happens."

Lisa and Liz were in her room looking closely at the looking glass.

"Well, Lisa, I've seen one of these before — but a long time ago. Is anything feeling familiar to you? Like maybe your mother might have had one when you were growing up?"

"Yes, my mother did have one." Lisa said. "But it wasn't as old looking as this one."

"Maybe something happened to you when you were by it and you've blocked out that memory. Let's see if you can remember." Liz said as she guided Lisa over to the foot of her bed.

"Lisa, I want you to sit down with me and look at the mirror. Try and think back to when you were younger. Maybe looking at the mirror will take you back."

Lisa looked at herself and tried to recall a past memory, but the only one that came back was seeing her mother standing in front of it.

Liz also gazed at the glass. She could see how intensely Lisa peered into her past. But as Lisa stared, the room slowly darkened around her. Without Liz knowing, images began to change for Lisa in the mirror. In the reflection different figures began to form.

Clearer and clearer the images showed themselves until the mirror vanished and a young lad and older woman were in its place.

"What do you see, Lisa?" Liz asked as Lisa's breath quickened.

"You see them also?" Lisa asked, as she watched the strangers standing in front of her. It was a different couple from the previous time.

"No, Lisa, I can't. Please describe to me what you're seeing."

"I see a woman in her 40's with blonde hair and brown eyes. She's very attractive. She's wearing a light blue dress and apron. Standing next to her is a young man. He has..."

"What... Lisa... What do you see?"

"He looks like a person I knew, but younger. A lot younger."

"Who... Who does he look like?"

"My grandfather. He's dressed in a pair of shorts and a short sleeve button top."

"What are they doing?"

"Oh... God no... They can't... This can't be real."

"What Lisa... What's happening?"

"They're holding each other. He's feeling the woman's breasts. I think the woman is his mother."

Liz felt her pussy twinge at the thought of what was happening. Lisa was putting dark, unspeakable images in her opened mind. Liz crossed her legs tightly as she tried to control her sudden excitement.

"Go... Go on Lisa. What do you see them doing." Liz hesitantly asked.

She's moaning. The young man opened her dress and is sucking on her breasts. The woman is reaching for his.... Oh.. Oh.. She's undoing his shorts. Her hand is reaching into his pants. I can see her rubbing her son off." Lisa said, as her own hand began to wander. Ever so slowly her palm crept up her thigh. Higher and higher it traveled.

Liz was lost in her concentration, her body overriding her moral thoughts. Her own sexual needs that had been bottled up for so long hung on Lisa's every word and they had a stimulating affect on her. She glanced at Lisa's lap and felt her mouth water as she watched intently to Lisa's hand searching for its target, even as Liz's own hand pushed tightly between her own legs and began to lightly rock front to back.

"Oh.." Liz whispered. "What... Are they doing now?" Liz asked, as her voice cracked.

"The woman's dress is on the floor. The young man removed it from her body. His fingers are... .Oh... are inside her pussy. He's fingering his mother. She's moaning loudly while her hand is stroking his cock. His pants are down to his knees and he's pushing his dick closer to her mound."

Lisa's hand found its mark. Her fingers clawed at the material, trying to dig into her love hole.

"Liz, I don't think I can't keep going. This is so wrong. I'm getting..."

"Excited. Yes, Lisa. I know. But you must keep going. You have to let yourself go if we are to find the truth." Liz said this as her hand continued to rock on her mound."

Liz was hot and wanted more, so much more. Gently taking hold of Lisa's arms she helped her to her feet. Slowly Liz reached for the zipper holding Lisa's skirt on and eased it down while Lisa's fingers still scratched at her panty covered pussy.

As the zipper opened her skirt and it flowed off her body, Lisa's hand was now free to roam. Twisting her fingers around, she was under her panties, massaging her protruding clit.

"Oh... Liz... Oh..." Lisa moaned as she described the sinful passion unfolding before her. "The boy is facing his mother and backing her to the wall. He's lifting her up by her ass. She is spreading her legs. wide. Her legs are now around his waist and her hands are hugging his neck. He's lowering her down. Oh...My God... He's fucking her! They're fucking! Lisa said, as her finger rammed deep into her swollen pussy.

"Ohh... Fuck... Liz... Why is this exciting me so much?... Oh.." Lisa whimpered as her fingers fucked her hot pussy.

Liz couldn't take her sexual frustration anymore. She needed to feel relief also. With a quick motion she dropped her skirt and panties to the floor and sat back on the bed. Her legs were spread wide and her fingers dabbled at her moist box as she watched lustfully as Lisa finger fucked herself.

"Let yourself go, Lisa. You have to let yourself go."

Lisa backed up until her legs bumped the bed. She eased herself back and sat. Her legs parted and spread over Liz's bare leg causing her pussy quivered from the unexpected touch of flesh to her skin.

"Oh.. Liz... Your masturbating, too."

"Yes... It's okay, Lisa.. We all need relief. Now tell me what they are doing."

"They're still fucking. The young man is going crazy pounding into her. His mother is wailing and her head is shaking from side to side. Her breasts are bouncing up and down, her hands digging into his back. The sweat is pouring off their bodies."

Lisa took her free hand and touched Liz's body. She rubbed it against her stomach as she heard Liz panting loudly. Her hand traveled up Liz's body until it found her covered breasts. Lisa wiggled her fingers until she worked her hand under Liz's shirt and slid it to her heaving bosom.

"Oh... Lisa..." Liz cooed, as her hand undid her shirt buttons, and pulled her bra up and off, exposing her breasts to the prying hand.

Lisa wasted no time and toyed with her horny shrink's nipples. Her own fingers continued slamming into her soaked pussy.

Their legs slid against one the others as they approached their climaxes.

Wildly, their hips bucking off the bed, their moans became loader. Both women were lost in their lust. Their need to climax grew with every second.

The sound traveled down the stairs and drew the attention of both sons.

"What do you think they're doing?" Kevin questioned.

"Why don't we slip up the steps and take a peek?"

Both sons quietly crept up the stairs to Lisa's bedroom. The moans became louder as they approached the open door.

Ryan poked his head around the opening and his dick immediately went hard. Still looking into the room, Ryan waved Kevin over to have a look.

Kevin gasped at the sight of seeing the half naked women masturbating on the bed.

"Holy Shit!" Kevin whispered.

"Isn't that the hottest thing you ever seen?" Ryan asked.

"What are they doing?" Kevin asked, as his own dick began to harden.

"Are you kidding me? They're getting themselves off."

"I know that." Kevin added, "Why?"

"Does it matter? Just keep quiet and watch. I don't want them to catch us spying on them"

As they both admired their mothers dabble their fingers playfully, bringing themselves to orgasm, Ryan found it hard to contain his own excitement. His hand began to rub his cock through his jeans as his mom moaned in ecstasy.

"Lisa." Liz said. "What do you see them doing now? Please tell me. What is the boy doing to his mother?"

"She's on her knees. Her son's dick is sliding in and out of her mouth. Her hands are on his ass. She's pushing and pulling him into her mouth. The boy is grunting. His hands are on his mother's head. His legs are shaking. I can hear her moaning and huffing as her son.... Oh God, Liz, I'm cumming!!!" Lisa said, as her hand pushed hard into her cunt. Her body trembled out of control.

"Ohh.. Cum.. Lisa.. Thattss... It.. Cumm... Oh..Shit... I'm cumming too.." Liz exclaimed, as her own body quivered out of control.

"We'd better scam." Ryan whispered.

Both boys hastily slipped back down the steps.

"Did you hear your Mom? She was talking about incest." Kevin asked.

"Yeah, I heard and also noticed your mom got into it."

"She did." Kevin thought out loud. "You don't think they..."

"What? Maybe want to fuck their own boys? I don't know. But if they were considering that, what would you do?"

"Hey. I don't know about you, Ryan, but I think both our moms are fucking hot. If they are interested in us, I'd have trouble turning their offer down."

"What if I told you I already fucked my mother?"

"No fucking way. Really?!"

"Yeah but she thought it was a dream. I think your Mom is here to try and help her figure it out. But from what I saw, I think your Mom might be interested in exploring the idea herself."

"So what should we do?"

"Nothing, for now. Let's see what happens when they come back."

Lisa and Liz basked in their release. Lisa opened her eyes and all was back to normal. Except for the fact her psychiatrist was half naked and lying next to her.

Lisa got up and redressed and Liz followed suit.

"So... Liz.. what's my problem? Why am I seeing these visions of incest? Why is it always a Mother and son? And why do I get so excited by seeing it happen?"

Liz fixed her hair and clothes. Looking at Lisa, she smiled and said. "I told you this would take a while to sort out. But I think this was a good starting point in the process. I think we might have to continue our sessions here in your room. The mirror definitely is the key to this. We might also have to explain to your son what is going on."

"Oh, no, Liz. I would just die if he knew I was having these thoughts. Not to even mention me imagining having sex with him."

"Maybe for now we'll keep him out of it. But before this is over you're going to have to face him. But I also don't know how we are going to explain why I need to continue coming over."

Lisa sighed, as she finished fixing herself. "I guess I'll have to tell him who you are and that your here to help me with a problem."

Ryan and Kevin heard their mothers coming back and acted as casual as they could. As they entered the room Ryan quickly spoke.

"So what do you think of the looking glass, Liz?"

"It's a very nice gift but the truth is..."

"I'll tell him Liz." Lisa quickly interrupted. "Ryan, I asked Liz over to help me. She's my psychiatrist and... Well, I've been having a problem that I asked her to help me with."

"What problem, Mom?"

"It's very personal. But the reason I'm telling you this is because Liz will be coming over once in a while to help me resolve my issue."

"Is there anything I could do to help?" Ryan said, but thought *Like fuck you and your friend Liz until my dick hurts?*

"No, honey, but thank you."

"Say, me and Kevin could hangout when you have your meetings. We found out we have a lot in common. Isn't that right, Kev?"

"Ummm. Yeah. We do."

"I could show you those workout moves I told you about." Ryan said, as he gave a sly wink to Kevin.

"Sounds good to me." Kevin replied.

"I guess it's settled, then." Lisa said.

The four of them mingled for another hour before Liz and Kevin said goodnight for the evening.

Once they left Lisa quickly tidied up around the place but as she was running the vacuum she had a feeling as if she was being watched.

Ryan still felt horny from the show his Mom and Liz put on. He couldn't help but stare at her firm ass as it swished back and forth as she vacuumed. He imagined his dick sliding between her soft cheeks. He needed to feel her warm wet pussy around his cock again.

Lisa quickly glanced over her shoulder and sure enough there stood Ryan - just watching her. His presence was somehow disturbing. Lisa turned off the sweeper and to asked,

"Is there something the matter, honey?"

"Mom, about Liz coming over to help you with your problem. You do know that I'm here for you. Right?"

"Yes I do. But this is something I need to discuss with a professional."

"I don't understand why you can't talk to me about it."

"I'm sorry Ryan, but it's a matter that I have to sort out."

"Okay, but you have been acting strange ever since I got you that mirror."

Lisa's face went pale.

"That's it, isn't it? There's something you're not telling me about the looking glass."

"Ryan... It's... It's nothing. Let's just drop the subject for now."

"No! It's something and I'm going to find out what." And with that he turned and headed for her room.

Lisa quickly followed to stop him. But Ryan had already ducked into her room.

As Lisa entered her bedroom Ryan was already standing in front of the looking glass acting as if he was thoroughly checking it out.

"Ryan. Please leave my room."

"Just as soon as I finish, Mom." he said as he continued his misleading survey.

Lisa approached her son and took hold of his hand. But Ryan quickly broke the grip and grabbed hold of her shoulders. Standing behind her, he forced her to face the mirror.

"What's the secret, Mom? What are you hiding from me?" Ryan said as they both gazed upon their reflections.

Lisa watched as their images started to fade, and a shiver ran through her body.

"Please, Ryan. Please leave." Lisa said as her bedroom darkened around them.

"No, Mom. Not until you tell me." Ryan said this as he watched the new images appear. But the new reflections were of them. The mirror was showing what took place the night before. His mother was on her knees and he was behind her fucking her wildly.

"Oh... No... Lisa said." As she watched, her worse fear appeared before both of them.

"Is that is Mom? Is this your secret? You picture us fucking?"

Lisa's head was spinning. But in her madding state she also realized her son was able to see her vision.

"Ryan... You... You can see the people?"

"You mean us, Mom? Fucking on your bedroom floor? Yes... Yes I can. And I like what I'm seeing." Ryan's hands left his mother's arms and cupped her soft breasts.

"Oh.... No... Honey... Oh god no!"

"You want it Mom. I can see you do. Look at us. Look at our reflection. Your face is telling me how much you enjoy my cock sliding in and out of your hot pussy."

Lisa tried to clear her head. The sight in front of her, fucking her own son, was taking its toll on her weakened state. Her body began to respond as her son toyed with her breasts.

"That's it, Mom. You feel it, don't you? The lust is growing. I can tell. Your nipples are so hard. I wonder if you're also getting wet." Ryan ran his hand down her leg.

Ryan pushed under his mothers skirt until his hand found her mound.

"Oh.. Fuck, mom, your panties are soaked."

"Ryan... Please... Honey, I'm your mother. I... Can't dooo.... Ohhh." Lisa said in vain, as her son rubbed his hand harder and harder against her stimulated pussy."

"Yes Mom, you can. And I bet you can't wait to feel my big cock stretch your pussy."

Ryan dropped a hand from his mother's breasts and slipped her skirt to the floor. The hand that had played with her mound dug under her panties was now flicking her hard little nub. Ryan went to his own pants and with one hand fumbled until his cock was freed. Pushing his mom back against him he rubbed it up and down her panty covered ass. Sliding his hard cock up and down her crack, he kept toying with her clit.

"Oh... Fuck.." was all Lisa could say. Her body was lost in the moment. She felt herself giving into her dark sinful desire. She had finally come to terms that she indeed wanted to fuck her own flesh and blood.

"Mmmm.. Mom, you're so fucking wet. My dick can't wait to be sliding inside your pretty pussy."

Lisa moved her hand over her should and took hold of her son's neck. Pulling him closer to her face she could feel her son's hot breath on her neck as she huffed out the words her son so wanted to hear.

"Ffffuck me... Oh.. Honey, fuck me now..."

Ryan quickly stripped her panties and took hold of her buttoned shirt. Forcefully he tore it open and eased the shirt off her arms. Lisa's bra was the only clothing left on as it tried to conceal her luscious breasts. Ryan watched his mother's face as his hands unclasped the bra and allowed her bosom freedom from its constraint. He clutched her chest, squeezing her soft flesh as he pushed her forward until she took hold of the mirror. His cock raged as he centered it onto his mother's wanting box. There was nothing gentle about what he wanted to do. His blood boiled with lust as he rammed his entire cock into his mother with one mighty push.

"Ohhh!!!! Lisa moaned as she felt her son sink deep into her slick pussy.

Ryan grabbed his mother's hips and steadied himself as he fucked her fast and hard.

Lisa moaned in delight as she pushed back off the mirror, wanting more and more of his cock inside her.

"Ohh.. Yes... Ohh.. Fuck me.. Fuck mommy... Don't stop..."

Ryan felt his cum boiling. He knew he couldn't last much longer. He felt his mother's cunt tighten around his shaft as his dick raced and rammed deep into her love canal.

"Oh.. I'm cumming... Fuck, Ryan... Mommy is cumming." Lisa said as she clutched tightly to the looking glass.

Ryan pulled hard against his mother and his cock stiffened inside her. His cum blew out his dick and flooded his mother's soaked womb.

"Ahhherr." Ryan grunted as his dick pulsed and pumped the last of his seed into her.

Lisa panted loudly as she pulled herself up. Turning her head she kissed her son's waiting lips. Her hand reached back and brushed his face as their tongues danced to their own sinful music.

"I love you, Mom." Ryan said as his breath raced.

"I love you too, honey."

Ryan held his mother body close to him as his cock slowly slid in and out of her drench pussy. His dick was growing again. Inch by inch it increased in size. As it grew Ryan increased his thrusts. Faster and faster. Harder and deeper.

"Oh... Honey... You're hard again. What are you doing to me?"

"I'm giving you what you need, Mom." Ryan said as he again was slamming his steel like pole deep into his mother.

Lisa was gripping at the mirror again as her son fucked her feverishly from behind. Her pussy quivered with the excitement. She had never been fucked so wildly, so roughly. Her moans kept pace with every thrust inside her.

Ryan was sex crazed. He wanted her every way he could. Her moans of pleasure only excited him more as he slid his cum covered cock out of her snatch and aimed it at her tight little asshole.

Lisa felt her son's dick touch her virgin ass. Her body stiffened as she pleaded with her son.

"Ryan! No... Not there. You're too big... Ohh.. Awww!!!" Lisa screamed as her son's dick penetrated her tight asshole for the first time.

"Oh... God!!! It's too big!! Ryan.. Please I can't take it." Lisa begged, as Ryan slowly inched his raging cock into her ass.

Every push went a little deeper. Every thrust a little harder. "Mom.. You're so fucking tight." Ryan expressed, as his dick forced deeper inside her. Her ass cheeks tightened around his cock as if they were fending off his attack. But resistance to him was futile, and soon Lisa felt his stiff cock hit bottom. Ryan worked his slick pole gently in and out his mother's tight ass and it began to loosen up as it accepted his girth.

"Oh... Fuckkk..." Lisa moaned as new pleasures filled her body. Her ass quivered in pain and pleasure and her pussy dripped with excitement. She felt another orgasm build as her asshole welcomed its invader.

Lisa pushed back against her son's thrusting cock. Faster and faster she heaved. Her hands clutched tightly to the looking glass as her mouth wailed out in pleasure.

"Oh.. Yes.. Fuck my ass. Faster.. Fuck me faster. You're going to make me cum again!" Ryan reached forward and grasped his mother's perky breasts. Fisting them in his palms, he slammed deep into her loosened little hole. He felt her body quiver as she began to scream in ecstasy.

"Aww... Ohhh. Ugh. Ugh. Ugh." Lisa yelled as she felt her body go weak.

Ryan caught her before she fell and rammed hard into her ass, lifting her off her feet as his dick exploded into her brown tunnel.

With his dick still lodged deep in her ass, Ryan held his mother's drained body until she came off her sex induced high.

Huffing loudly, Lisa struggled to mouth words. "Ryan.. I... I have to rest. I need time to think. We'll talk about this in the morning." she said as she eased her son's love stick out her cum filled ass.

"I'll give you all the time you need, Mom. I'm not going anywhere." Ryan said as he broke their embrace and pulled his pants up.

Lisa stumbled as she tried to regain her composure. Her pussy tingled and her ass was numb from the wonderful pounding it had received. Reaching down she gathered her clothes.

"I'll let you think, Mom." Ryan said as he gave her one last embracing kiss.

"Oh, honey." Lisa said, as she felt herself wilting in her son's arms.

The kiss broke and Ryan slowly left his mother's room.

"Goodnight, Mom. I love you." were his last words as he closed her bedroom door.

As Ryan walked to his own room he had to ponder. *I wonder if she's going to tell Liz about the pounding I gave her.*