

# WAYS TO BED YOUR MOM CH. 03

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*A son turns to a forum to find a way to fuck his mother.*

Incest/Taboo

4.65

6.6k words

*All characters are fictional and 18 years or older. All parties are "Consenting Adults." No animals were hurt in writing this story. Read at your own risk. The author takes no responsibilities if the reader gets to aroused.*

I woke up the following day feeling a little depressed. So far, the only thing that reading those stories posted in that forum had done was to make me super horny and no closer to figuring out a way to get between my mother's legs.

While I dressed, I began to think that this was a hopeless cause. Slowly, I made my way into the kitchen to get some breakfast.

Surprisingly, my mother was already sitting at the table sipping her coffee. I plopped my ass in the chair next to her.

"Why so glum?" she asked.

Since I wasn't aware that I was actually expressing outwardly how I felt inside, it surprised me, she noticed.

"Umm, no reason," I replied. Honestly, I couldn't think of a bullshit excuse that quickly. It wasn't as if I could tell her why I was so bummed out.

"It's because of yesterday, isn't it?" she inquired.

*No, it's because I'm too stupid to figure out how to get my cock inside your pussy!* I thought, but instead answered, "To be honest, in part, it is."

"Well, I think I owe you an apology."

"Mom?"

"I shouldn't have been short with you like that. You were right. My mind was still comprehending what I saw, and then when you mentioned seeing me masturbate... I guess I overreacted. So, for that, I'm sorry."

"I was only trying to make a comparison."

Mom sighed, "I know you were, honey. But at the time, my mind only heard that you were spying on me."

"Mom. You know I'd never do that, right?"

"Yes. I know that. You're a good son. But."

"But what, Mom?"

Again, Mom sighed, "But at that moment, I pictured you standing at my door watching me... You know..."

"Masturbate?"

"Yes! That!" Mom stated. "And... Well, that frightened me, so again, I'm sorry."

After hearing how my mother confessed to how she pictured me observing her while she tickled her twat, I was stunned for a moment. Then, hastily, my cock stiffened as my mind envisioned my mother's fingers sinking inside her sweet pussy while moaning in sexual pleasure.

However, I quickly cleared these dark images from my brain once I realized my mother was more open to talking about this sexual subject, and inquired, "So, can I ask you something personal?"

Mom looked straight at me and said, "I guess so."

I looked down at the table while fidgeting in my chair and said, "So, I'm kind of curious, since you more or less just told me that you masturbate. I was wondering why you would keep doing that since you are married to Dad."

Mom's eyes widened, and I was sure she was about to yell like yesterday, but instead, she stayed silent and just stared in my direction for a long time before she said, "We all have needs, Kory, and sometimes those needs get the better of us."

"Oh!" I blurted.

She continued, "You have to understand, son, it doesn't matter if you're involved with a person. Those needs are still there. Yes, you both are supposed to help each other satisfy those sexual desires. However, in a relationship, sometimes one person may need more attention than the other, and the only way you're going to relieve that built-up of tension is to take matters into your own hands, so to speak."

Hearing her put it that way, I had to smirk, but it also got me horny because now I knew that my mother had a greater sex drive than my father. Or was I wrong? I don't know why, but I needed to know for sure and probed, "So, in other words, Dad can't fully quench the desires you feel inside."

Mom's eyes went wide again before she rambled, "I didn't say... I mean... where did you get... Why would you ask that?"

I interjected, "I'm sorry, Mom! I don't know why I said that. Please don't get upset again!"

Mom stopped jabbering for a couple of seconds and then, after making a low sigh, announced, "No, you asked a legitimate question, and I shouldn't get flustered by it. So let me start over by saying. I never said it was me I was referring to. But since you guessed it was, I should be honest and say... Yes. Between your father and me, I'm the one that has a more substantial sex drive. Do I go around masturbating all the time? No. But it does happen more frequently these days."

What my mother had just said floored me, and I thought. *Wow, Mom is becoming more at ease talking about this stuff.*

I wanted to reassure her I was okay with what she said and gushed, "Listen, Mom. I want you to know that it makes me so happy that you can talk to me about sexual stuff."

Mom smiled while she leaned forward. Then rested her hand on mine and professed, "Well, to be honest, Kory, I wasn't going to answer your questions. But since I wasn't so open yesterday with you, I thought, how could I ever expect you to be honest with me about your troubles?"

"Mom, you can always ask me anything," I replied.

"Okay," Mom said, and followed with, "then what else is troubling you?"

"Mom?" I answered with a questionable look.

"You said that what happened yesterday was only part of what was bothering you. So, I'm asking you what is the other issue that's bugging you?"

*Shit! I did say that!* I recalled, and quickly tried to think of something I could say, something other than the truth, but nothing came to mind.

I had to act swiftly or Mom would know I was lying. I figured a half-truth was better than trying to bullshit my way out of this, so I said with genuine discomfort, "Well, if you must know, for a while now, I've been fancying this much older woman."

"Oh?" she said, removing her hand from mine while sitting upright in her chair. Then questioned, "Are you seeing this older woman?"

I sighed, "No... See, that's the problem. I can't bring myself to tell her how I really feel. That all I do is think about her every waking moment. That she affects me emotionally and physically like no girl could."

"Oh, Kory. You really got it bad for this woman. Can I ask about how much older she is than you?"

I lowered my head and mumbled, "She's about your age."

"Oh..." was her response before becoming silent.

Hastily I barked, "You think that's a bad thing, don't you? Wanting a woman that's so much older than me."

"Honey!" Mom comforted. "No. We can't control who we are attracted to. God knows I had my fair share of crushes when I was your age."

I went for broke and confessed, "Yeah, but did you masturbate thinking about them all the time!"

Mom didn't show any sign that I'd shocked her by talking this way and asserted, "Well... Yes, I did. So, if that's what's troubling you, just know that since you have this strong sexual desire for her, it's only natural for you to want to do that. Especially at your age."

I looked into Mom's eyes and said, "Okay, maybe you're right, but what about not being able to tell her how I feel?"

Mom replied, "Listen, Kory, you're still young and exploring your sexual feelings like I did when I was your age. So these emotions you're feeling just might be a passing thing. Unless you're telling me you've also noticed she's shown some interest in you?" Then... If that's the case... Well, I can't say

I'm happy that you're interested in such an older woman. But since you are, I would have to say you need to bite the bullet and express your feelings. The quicker, the better.

"That's just it," I said. "I don't know if she's interested."

"Oh, Kory," Mom empathized, "but I would have thought that by now, you would have learned the signs a girl gives off when she likes you."

Okay, I sure wasn't expecting this from my mother and asked, "Like what?"

"For starters," my mother said, "she'll play with her hair and expose her neck to you. Oh, and she'll laugh and become giddier around you. And there are other more subtle signs, for example, if she makes eye contact that is longer than normal. If that happens, you can be sure that this girl is really into you."

Honestly, I don't think I ever felt closer to my mother than I did just then, and it only increased my sexual desire to not only fuck her but to make passionate love to her. At that moment, I couldn't help but think if Dad couldn't satisfy all her needs, I was confident that I could do it. I just needed a chance to show her, and I said, "Mom... I love you so much."

Mom smiled and replied, "I love you too."

Without a second thought, I got up from my chair and leaned over and gave my mother a quick peck on the cheek before hugging her tightly.

Mom embraced me back, but not as strong, and once I let go, I said, "Thanks, Mom. Thanks for making me feel better."

Mom held my hands when she replied, "I'm always here for you, Kory."

I left to get ready for work, feeling a little more confident about finding a way to sleep with Mom. Only I found myself throughout the day looking forward to reading another incestuous mother and son romp once I got home, and I had to wonder. *Am I getting hooked on reading those types of stories now?*

Hooked or not, the forum was still the best place for me to look and see if there might be something that would help in my endeavor.

So, after dinner, instead of watching television as I usually did, I raced back into my room and quickly changed into a pair of sweatpants and a white tee-shirt before getting ready on my bed to read another forbidden tale.

It took only a couple of minutes for me to fire up my PC and find the next story online, and I became immediately engrossed in the following sordid tale.

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So, I guess I should start by saying that I'm not the son, but actually the mother and my name is Maria. Yes... that's correct. I'm the mother that let her son convince her that fucking him was something I wanted to do.

Now, this didn't happen overnight. No, he was very sneaky about how he achieved this incestuous act. But I also can't put all of this on him either. I played my part.

Jim. I'm going to let you in on a big secret. Mothers do indeed have a strong sexual desire for their sons.

However, we keep that buried deep down inside ourselves.

Maybe it's because of its taboo nature that we find it necessary to hide any outward expression of those desires.

With that said Jim, after reading some of these posts. I decided I should give you and maybe some of the other mothers and sons who might read this, the perspective of what I actually thought and felt when my son got me to accept that secretly I wanted to fuck him.

It all started when my dear loving child Ricardo, or Ricky, as we called him. Came home from College. I was so happy. I paused when he walked through the front door, holding his luggage. Seeing him standing there when he smiled and waved, I couldn't help but think, *what happened to my scrawny eighteen-year-old?* Because now a handsome, muscular young man had taken his place.

"Rick!" I shouted as I approached him. I took a moment to admire his manly physique. I let my eyes stroll over his body, and in my mind pictured his bare, well-toned chest. Only when I looked lower did I notice the prominent bulge in his blue jeans and I wondered just how big was his cock. Shocked at the mere thought I had entertained, a sexual tingle radiated inside my pussy.

Of course, these thoughts put me suddenly on edge, and I hastily pushed them out of my mind as I gave him a motherly hug.

"Christ, Mom!" Ricky shouted, dropping his bags to the floor and then embracing me back. *Was he deliberately pulling me into his groin?*

Once again, I felt that unexpected tingle. Only it became more intense as I felt his solid bulge, mashing into my mound.

Mortified, I had this sexual response. I promptly put some distance between us before gazing into his brown eyes. I smiled while tussling his short blonde hair and said, "My God, Ricky, you've become quite handsome."

"Mom!" he shouted as if embarrassed and kissed me on the cheek.

Hand in hand, we walked into the living room before sitting on the sofa, and I asked, "Well, fill me in. How was your trip?"

Then Ricky and I talked for a couple of hours. Truthfully, I wasn't aware of how quickly time had passed and I forgot to prepare my husband's supper for when he came home from work.

I said to him, "Oh... I'm sorry, Charles, it will have to be take-away tonight."

"It's okay, Maria. I understand, but let's go out to eat instead."

To be honest, I had mixed feelings about that. I was looking forward to making a home-cooked meal for my boy. However, I quickly realized this would also give me more time to chat with him, so I replied, "Let me change, I'll be quick."

I could see my husband roll his eyes as I dashed away.

I quickly tossed on the first thing that I found in my closet: a white button-down top with ruffled sleeves and a short black skirt. I finished the outfit off with a pair of black three-inch stilettos.

Hastily I made my way down the stairs but paused halfway when my son remarked, "Wow, mom, that outfit looks..."

"What?" I asked, looking down at my attire. "Is it bad?"

"Huh? No! It... Um... It looks great!"

I smiled to hear him say that and when I drew close enough, I kissed his cheek and quipped, "That's for the compliment."

However, I was a little astonished when he replied, "No. Thank you for the memories."

*Did my son just make a flirtatious remark?*

I swiftly blew off the notion as we went to his father in the other room.

"Lovely as always," my husband commented, and as I did with our son, I pecked his face.

We spent more than a couple of hours at the restaurant before heading back home, and once there, my husband announced, "Well, I'm beat, so I'm heading to bed."

"I'll be up shortly, dear," I replied. Only that would turn out to be a tiny fib. Once Ricky and I went into the living, we quickly engaged in another conversation that lasted for a couple of hours, as we both downed a few glasses of red wine.

Just before we were about to part ways for the evening, while we were still sitting on the sofa, I noticed something a little disturbing. My son appeared to be looking over my body. Okay, maybe I should have confronted him once I caught his eyes dwelling on my ample bosom before drifting down to admire my legs, but I didn't.

That tingle between my legs returned, and when it did, I gulped down the last of my drink and said, "I think I better head to bed. Goodnight Ricky." I felt a little tipsy when I stood up.

Ricky rose and took me in his arms before asking, "You sure, Mom?"

I hesitantly gave him a nod and was surprised when he leaned in and kissed me hard on the lips.

My God! My head was reeling when he did that. I went to push him away but only made it as far as putting my hands on his chest. I just couldn't do it. Instead, I opened my mouth enough for him to ease his tongue inside.

Even though every fiber in my body told me how wrong this was, it just felt too good to stop and I could feel myself getting wetter.

I remember sighing into his mouth when his hands pawed at my ass. Then my arms went on autopilot and wrapped around his neck.

Any vestige of self-control was fading fast. My lust was growing significantly. It was then I thought. *What are you doing? He's your son!*

Finally, coming to my senses, I found the strength to push him away and pleaded, "We can't!"

Ricky looked into my eyes and replied, "I'm sorry, Mom. I got carried away."

"It's... It's okay. I... I'd better leave," I stated, quickly turning away then dashing to the room I shared with my husband.

My heart was pounding as I stripped naked before settling in under the covers. But sleep escaped me that night. All I could do was imagine that forbidden kiss and how it had affected me.

Eventually, I just couldn't take it anymore, and while my husband lay sleeping next to me, I slid my fingers into my pussy while thinking sinfully about my son.

It didn't take long before I climaxed hard to the incestuous images that I had let my mind explore. But, when it was over, instead of feeling satisfied, I felt embarrassed when I thought, *what mother masturbates to mental images of her son?*

I wasn't my usual self at breakfast, even though I tried to act perky. Finally, once my husband left for work, I took the opportunity to talk with my son about what had happened the night before.

"Listen, Mom," he said. "I know how wrong that was. I honestly don't know what came over me. If I've made you uncomfortable, I'm sorry."

I smiled and replied, "I'm glad you realize what a mistake that was. Let's just forget it ever happened."

Ricky grinned back while giving a nod of his handsome blonde head.

After that, it appeared as if everything had returned back to normal. Ricky found a part-time job while applying for a permanent position in the field that better suited his academic qualifications.

He even started dating, which shouldn't have been an issue, except that when he invited one of his dates over for the night, I was tormented by the sounds of them having sex which could be heard clearly in my bedroom.

God knows I tried not to think about what he was doing, but I couldn't help it, and found myself picturing him plowing away inside that girl. Just by the raw sexual sounds she was making, it seemed he was making her cum repeatedly.

This went on for several months, and as it did, I found myself becoming more sexually attracted to my son. Finally, it reached the point where I was no longer picturing his date, but myself getting fucked by him.

Then things changed when Ricky met Monica. That bitch. Yes, I disapproved of her. She was so wrong for my son, and to top it off, they seemed to fight most of the time. I was sure the day would come when he would see how bad she was for him and break it off, but instead, I would hear them fucking in his room, usually right after another heated quarrel.

Truthfully, I couldn't take it anymore. So when I heard him the following day bickering on the phone with his girlfriend again as I passed by his room. I decided it was time to express my dissatisfaction when he yelled, "Well fuck you too!"

Rapping on his door, I announced, "Ricky, can I come in?"

"Yeah, Mom," I heard him reply, and as I walked inside, his sad face was staring at the floor while he sat on his bed.

"Honey, I think it's time we talked," I professed, as I sat next to him.

"About what, Mom?"

"Your girlfriend. I think she's so wrong for you." Then asked why he felt it was worth continuing with this suffering.

Ricky looked me in the eye and said, "Because, Mom. She's the best *fuck* I've ever had."

To hear my son say that caused me to pause in a moment of confusion. I couldn't believe my son was telling me this. It was awkward for sure. However, within me a fit of jealousy emerged, and I sinfully thought, *If you weren't my son, I'd show you how wrong you're about that. I'd fuck the memory of her right out of you!*

"Mom?" I heard my boy say, shaking me out of my thoughts.

"Listen, Ricky," I declared. "You only think that she's a fantastic lover. You're young. You have to trust me when I say she might rock your world now, but if you stay with her, you might miss a better woman that's right around the corner."

My son surprised me once more when he put his hand on my thigh and taunted, "Would this new woman also *rock* my world?"

"I... umm. I don't..." was all I could get out before Ricky planted his lips against mine while squeezing my thigh.

"Ricky..." was all I got out before he pulled me closer to him and made our bodies fall back onto his bed.

His lips smashed over mine, and before I knew it, I was kissing him back even while my head reeled in confusion.

I had no time to react when he maneuvered his body on top of me and felt his penis pushing hard against my mound, causing those sinful desires to resurface yet again.

I could feel my legs parting, almost of their own accord. Letting his cock make full contact with my pussy. I wanted this. I couldn't deny it any longer. My son was making me horny, and I wasn't stopping him.

Our breaths raced as he motioned his body over mine, causing my pussy to moisten.

*"This isn't happening! This isn't happening!"* I shouted, but only in my mind, as my sinful desire to *fuck* my son grew more robust.

However, we both heard the sound of our front door closing, causing us to break our sexual embrace long enough for me to stand up and dash out the door.

"I'm home," my husband yelled from the bottom of the stairs.

"Be right there, dear," I responded while gathering my thoughts and fixed my clothing.

*What's wrong with you? He's your son!* I contemplated, as I made my way into the living room.

"Hi, honey," I said as I leaned in and gave my husband a kiss that was more passionate and sensual than he was used to.

His face told me he was surprised, but all I volunteered was, "Supper will be ready shortly."

Ricky appeared glum as we ate, and even his father noticed, "What's eating you, Champ?"

"Oh, nothing. Just girl troubles," he replied.

"Nonsense," Charles answered. "Too many fish in the sea to be hung up on one girl at your age."

Ricky looked at me when he answered, "Mom told me just about the same thing earlier."

"Well, you should heed our advice and stop being so blue over this girl of yours."

Still looking at me, Ricky asserted, "I think you're right, and as luck would have it, I think I have someone else in mind... Right now."

I felt a chill run through my body and that familiar twitch in my pussy. Swiftly, I tried to change the subject by saying, "So, how was your day, Charles?"

"Huh? Oh, my day was hectic. As usual, you know how it is. Can't let the worker bees go around unsupervised."

Thankfully, the rest of the meal was uneventful, but my mind was racing with what I had done earlier with my son. I needed to get some self-control back before it was too late.

So that night, after my husband and I went to bed, I quietly slipped out from under the covers once I was sure he was asleep and tossed on my short pink satin robe to cover my body since the only thing I had on was a pair of white panties. Then, tip-toeing down the hallway, I made my way to my son's room. It was my intention to have a good, hard talk with him.

Stealthfully, I entered his room and nudged his sleeping body.

As he woke up, I whispered, "We need to talk about today."

"Mom? Really? Right now? Can't this wait?"

"No, it can't," I said in a more insistent whisper.

Ricky sat up and, after wiping his eyes, replied, "Okay, Mom. I'm listening."

With his eyes half-opened, I expressed my discomfort with what we both did and then stressed once more on how it was wrong.

"Listen, Mom," my son announced. "Despite what you're saying now, I know you wanted it as much as I did. In fact, I'm sure you wanted even more."

"That's... That's nonsense!" I rebutted and quickly rose from the bed.

Ricky followed suit and stood in front of me when he barked, "Really? So, I'm wrong about that? Then let's see what happens when I do this!"

With that, he held my arms over my head when he backed me up against the wall before planting his lips on mine.

Shocked into submission by his actions, it took me a couple of seconds before I struggled to free my wrists and began to mumble my objections. Of course, that only allowed him to silence me when his tongue jabbed into my mouth.

My resistance was futile and short-lived because, whether I liked it or not, he was correct. I *wanted* him. Sinfully, my yearning for this incestuous foreplay overtook me and I stopped struggling when I welcomed his kiss.

"Ricky... Oh God, Ricky," I sighed when he kissed my neck passionately while still holding my hands.

Finally, he let go of his grip when his nose nuzzled my robe open just enough for his mouth to fall upon my right breast.

Fuck! he was getting me so turned on, and I let out this loud sigh while placing my palms on either side of his head.

"Oh god, Ricky! Mm, this is so wrong!" I sighed, no longer able to resist his sexual advances. I felt myself becoming even wetter when he threw open my robe completely and flicked his tongue over my hardened nipple.

"Mmm. Oh. Oh god... Oh my god, this can't really be happening!" I moaned. I was lost in a sexual fog. He was turning me on, and I was letting him. My son was making me want to take this forbidden act even further.

With hot desire in his eyes, my son looked at me and hissed, "See, Mom. I told you. You want this as bad as I do."

I didn't have any time to respond before I felt his fingers digging into my panties.

*Fuck!* My mind screamed when his fingers found my pussy and raked over my outer lips.

"Ricky! We should s-s-stop." I pleaded when I felt his digits push easily through my pussy lips.

But I knew it was no use, and I was reduced to a whimpering wreck when my son finger-fucked me with surprising skill and patience.

"See, Mom. I told you, didn't I?"

"Oh God, Ricky!" I murmured, no longer able to resist this forbidden act. "Yes! Oh yes! You did! I want this! God help me, I want this so bad!"

With a quick tug my panties fell to the floor, then my son dropped to his knees and eagerly ate me out.

I could feel my orgasm coming and pushed his head further into my mound. Excitedly I shouted, "Fuck! I'm coming! Oh God, I'm coming on my son's face!"

Quivering and bucking, I held my dripping pussy into his mouth. My eyes looked up at the ceiling before they closed tightly as my climax rolled on and on throughout me. Finally, I became weakly spent, my body slid down to the floor.

However, I didn't have time to recover before I felt my son's hard cock push its way between my lips.

My eyes opened wide as I felt his mushroom head race past my teeth as his hands took hold of my head and motioned it forward.

I almost gagged when his entire girth was inside my mouth and heard him groan, "That's it, Mom. Suck your son's cock. Make me come with your sweet lips!"

Sucking and bobbing, I worked on his tool and felt rewarded when I could hear him groaning in delight. Whatever hesitation I had earlier was utterly gone because all I wanted to do now was make my son come and feel his hot sperm explode inside my mouth.

Knowing I was exciting my son this way was making me hot and I started playing with my clit.

"Oh fuck, Mom. Yes, yes! Oh shit! Oh shit! Ohh ssshit!!!" he croaked and shoved his dick as far down my throat as he could just before he exploded.

Gobs of his hot sperm poured down past my tonsils while I tried to swallow it whole. I swear I was so horny from doing that I almost came again.

Wiping my mouth, I rose to my feet, only to be taken back into my son's arms.

We passionately kissed before he led us over to his bed.

"Ricky... We should stop now", I protested weakly when he tossed me onto his mattress.

"Oh... God help me!" I whined once I felt his mouth once more lapping at my pussy.

Waves and waves of pleasure filled my body, and I spread my legs even wider, allowing him full access to my hidden treasure. My husband had never made me feel this sexually stimulated before, and I truly enjoyed every moment.

That is, until my son held my legs open before motioning his still thick, hard cock between them.

"Oh God, Rick! We, we, we can't! No not that!" I begged as I watched him rest his dick at the entrance to my pussy.

Then, as he slid his dick over my slit, he hissed, "You sure, Mom? You sure we should stop?"

"Oh!" I huffed as he patiently worked his meat back and forth over my excited snatch.

"Don't you want to *feel it* inside you?" I heard him say. I couldn't help but lift my ass off the bed as his cock raked over my swollen clit.

My hands went to his sides as his pace increased, causing my body to yearn to feel his dick inside me. I couldn't help it. I needed to feel it! I needed to feel his *hard* cock deep inside my womb, and so I yelled, "Do it, baby! Mommy needs it! Please, I need to feel your cock inside me! Fuck me, honey! Fuck your mother!"

My body shivered in pure delight when he shoved his entire girth inside of me.

"Oh ffffuck! Oh god! Oh, Ricky!" I whimpered as he pushed and pulled his dick skillfully in and out of my welcoming hot cunt.

"Oh Mom, Oh Mom!" he croaked as he fucked me with even more vigor. "It's better than I thought it would be!"

"Mmmm, ohhh, ahhh! Oh, Son! Oh, Son!" I moaned over and over as he thoroughly fucked me. I swear I'd never been fucked to this depth before and actually begged him to fuck me even deeper.

"I knew you wanted this, Mom," he hissed as he plowed his cock relentlessly. "I knew you wanted it when we kissed."

He went harder and faster, making me crave to feel even more of him before he said, "I only needed you to give in to your desire."

"Oh fuck, son!" I yelled when I felt my second orgasm approaching, causing me to reach out and hold on to his ass.

"You asked me why I've been putting up with all of Monica's shit! This is why! To get you to want to fuck me for yourself!"

"Rick!!!" I was in shock but also incredibly excited.

*"My God, my son, tricked me, and I fell for it."* My mind screamed, but there was no stopping this because I was now going to be coming all over his thrusting cock!

"OH FUCK!!!" I screamed when my body trembled as my orgasm hit.

Grunting and huffing, my son went even faster. Then, driving his dick deeper inside my pussy as I came, I heard him exclaim, "I'm going to come too Mom! And it's going to be inside you!"

Panting between my moans, I implored, "W-w-wait! I'm not on... Oh God!!!"

It was too late, and my son kept his throbbing cock deep inside my pussy, letting me feel his sperm fill up every inch of my womb.

"Oh god!!!" I moaned and held his body tight to mine while his dick pumped the last of his sinful seed. I couldn't deny his hot sperm had now brought more of this unthinkable lust out of me, and I wrapped my legs around his waist.

We stayed like that until our racing breaths slowed, and as my son eased his spent pecker out of my pussy, I said, "My God, what have we done?"

Before kissing me, Ricky replied, "What our bodies wanted us to do."

We kissed for a short time before I slowly rose from his bed and fixed my clothes.

*Was my son right? Was that the reason I let him fuck me?* I thought and quietly went towards the door. Unsure of why I had allowed this to happen, I reached for the handle and heard my son say, "Night, Mom."

I paused before opening his door and then, without turning around, replied, "Night, Ricky."

Closing his door behind me, I made my way back to my bedroom and, as I was trying silently to settle back into my bed, I heard my husband sleepily say, "Well, from the sounds of it. I guess our son made up with his girlfriend again."

"Oh... Yes... I umm. I guess he did," I said while laying on my side, facing away from my husband, pulling the covers over my shoulder.

Sleep wouldn't come easy for me that night. My mind was in turmoil. Yes, I just had the best sex of my life. However, it was with my son, and now, having learned how he had tricked me into doing it. I was also a little upset with myself.

*You're his mother, not his fuck toy!* I told myself. *He tricked you into it. It's not your fault. You have to put an end to this before your husband finds out!*

Those were my last thoughts before falling asleep.

As I was making breakfast the following day, I was sure another talk would be called for and hoped Ricky would this time listen to reason.

Only I wasn't aware my son had entered the room until I felt his arms wrap around me.

"Morning, Mom." I heard him say as his stiff member pushed into the crack of my ass.

"Ricky!" I yelped as I spun around. "You scared me!"

"Sorry, Mom," he said when he leaned in for a kiss.

I turned my head away and declared, "No, Ricky! This stops right here. Right now!"

"Mom?"

"You heard me, mister. You tricked me into that last night!"

"Did I?" he said while pulling my body into his hard meat stick.

"Y-y-yes, you did."

"Are you sure?" he asked before quickly lifting my body onto the counter. Then, after spreading my legs, he dove under my robe.

Ricky! Ricky! Rrrrick!!! I squealed, but it was no use; he had already pulled my panties to the side and was now latched onto my pussy.

My body fell back onto the counter as he worked his tongue inside my slit. He was making me hunger for this incestuous act all over again.

"Oh God!" I moaned when his finger jabbed into my depths while his tongue tickled my clit.

My hand went to his head, pulling him into my mound as my body caved in to his sexual advances.

I was about to climax when he tore off my panties and rammed his swollen dick inside my aching pussy.

"Oh God!" I screamed. "We're fucking again!"

Huffing as he worked his magical meat stick inside of me, Ricky grunted, "We are and were never going to stop!"

"Oh! Oh, fuck! Oh, son!" I whimpered, letting my body enjoy how great it felt for him to be fucking me like this. I couldn't deny it any longer. I loved it! I loved having his warm, hard cock pumping inside me!

"Yes! Yes! Oh yes!!! Give it to me, baby! Fuck mommy! I want it! I want it so bad! Fuck me harder! Harder Ricky!"

Grunting, plowing, heaving, and thrusting. My son went wild, causing something inside of me to awaken fully. I didn't know this side of me existed, and I hissed, "Yes! Oh, fuck! You're such a naughty boy! Fucking your mother while your dad is upstairs sleeping. Are you going to come inside me again, hmm? Are you going to make mommy feel your hot sperm filling her up once more?"

I could feel my pussy squeezing on his dick. I was about to orgasm when he croaked, "Yes I am!!!"

"Do it, Ricky! Come inside me! Come inside, your mother!" I screamed, wrapping my legs around his waist when I climaxed.

"Ffffuck, Mom!!!" he groaned and held his exploding cock inside my womb.

"Ohhh..." I moaned as his sperm filled my pussy.

Once his dick completed its sinful task, my son helped me off the counter, and we kissed passionately.

Soon after, his father came down the steps, and we all ate breakfast.

Unlike the night before, I wasn't feeling guilty. I was only feeling anxious for the next time I could get a chance to fuck my son.

And fuck again, we did. Over and over. Whenever we found an opportunity to be alone.

In fact, I'm going to end this post now because I expect my son to walk in the door any second now, and my pussy is already wet in anticipation of feeling his cock back inside me.

Jimmy, you shouldn't wonder how to get your mother interested in fucking you because I'm sure she already has the hidden desire. Instead, it would help if you could figure out how to get her to lose her inhibitions.

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That story was the hottest yet, and of course, I masturbated to it, but afterward I reflected on what the mother in the forum had said. Was it true? Do all mothers have a desire to fuck their sons? And if so, how could I get my mother to open up about it?

She was more open to talking about sexual stuff now. So maybe, if I can keep bringing up sexual topics, I might find a way to discuss incestuous issues as well.

"I guess time will tell," I told myself as I got ready for bed.

*Now how do I bring it up? Was my last waking thought.*