

# WAYS TO BED YOUR MOM CH. 04

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

Incest/Taboo

4.69

6.9k 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 would like to thank Todger65 for taking the time to review my story

As my eyes opened I could feel the massive hard-on I was supporting already. The previous story that I had read was still fresh in my mind. I couldn't shake the sexual images of how Maria had succumbed to her incestuous desire. It left me wishing my mother would have the same issue.

*If only*, I thought as I crammed my stiff dick inside my shorts while I got dressed for the day. Besides being extremely horny, I was also starving and headed out of my room.

But I wasn't in a rush and took my time making my way into the kitchen.

"Oh, I thought I heard you up," my mother announced when I grabbed a box of cereal from the top shelf of the cupboard.

I could still feel that raging boner straining inside my pants. I turned away from her and snatched some milk from the refrigerator.

"How did you sleep?" I heard.

"Pfft. How did I sleep she asks," I mumbled to myself. I poured the milk over the golden flakes and thought. *It would have been much better if your pussy was nestled against my cock, that's for sure.*

"Did you say something?"

"Huh? Um... no. I didn't say anything," I lied when I took a seat.

"Okay, spill it. Something is eating you. I can tell. Is it that, older woman?"

Fuck, Mom put me on the spot, and I replied, "Well, kind of."

"Did you see her after we talked? Did she show any signs that she's interested in you?"

I quickly thought about those signals she mentioned and realized my mother had shown none of them at all to me. This notion only brought out more despair, and I groaned, "Yeah, I saw her, and no... She hadn't."

Mom touched my hand and said, "I'm sorry, honey. I really am. But if she hasn't sent you any of those signals, then I'm afraid she really doesn't have an interest in you."

I said nothing as my sorrow grew strong and then heard my mother say, "Listen, since you're so blue, why don't we go out tonight? Just the two of us."

"What?" I replied with a look of shock.

"You know. Do something to get your mind off of her. Maybe take in a movie?"

I got up, realizing Mom was trying to make me feel better, and announced, "That's okay, Mom. I'll be fine. I better leave before I'm late for work."

"Nonsense!" Mom shouted. "You need to get your mind off of this, so I'm going to insist that we do something together tonight and that's final."

"Well..." I said and then chuckled, "since you put it that way, how can I refuse?"

That feeling of being depressed left me as the day went on. Seeing how much Mom cared about my well-being put me in a good mood, and I couldn't wait to do something with her that evening.

I no sooner got home and opened the door when I was greeted by my mother, already dressed for our mother and son time. Only this wasn't her typical attire I was used to seeing her wear. Far from it. Mom was dressed to kill, and I felt my dick swiftly respond to what my eyes had seen.

Mom had on this black evening dress that clung tightly to her body until it hit her hips, where it then loosened and flowed to her ankles. There was also a slit that extended so far up her left thigh that you would think her panties would show. The upper part of the dress had a single spaghetti strap draped over her left shoulder that turned into the fabric of the dress as it fanned out, covering half of her upper bosom when it wrapped under her right armpit.

When I saw my mother's bosom half exposed like that, it only added to my already stiff dick, and I barked, "Wow, Mom. You look fantastic."

Mom smiled as she gave me a little twirl and said, "I'm glad you like it. Now change into something nice yourself. I made us some reservations."

"Reservations?" I asked.

"Yes, since you weren't sure about a movie, I figured we'd spend the night dining in a fancy restaurant before going dancing."

"Dancing!" I expressed, knowing I had two left feet.

"Yes, dancing. It's been so long since I've gone myself, I figured it would do us both some good."

Now hearing that my mother was looking forward to this evening herself, I couldn't refuse her and gave a nod as I went to change.

I tossed my worn clothes into the hamper, then went into my closet and pulled out a white long sleeve button-down shirt and my black suit. As I quickly changed, I thought about how mom was dressed and felt my dick getting stiff again. But then I pondered, *Mom has lots of dresses. Why did she put on such a sexy one? Did she want to see if it would affect me?*

"That can't be it," I said to myself as I cleared my head before making my way back down to my mother.

Hand in hand, we walked to my car, and I held the door open for her. My gaze stayed glued to my mother's thigh as she went to sit. I swear that slit in the dress barely blocked my view of her panties, the way it spread open when she slid into the seat.

We drove a short distance before arriving at our destination and Mom wasn't joking about fancy. This place wasn't at all like the family dinners we had frequented in the past. The walls were covered in some type of pinkish-black wall fabric and the carpet was champagne in color. There was also a large chandelier in the center of the room.

The waiter led us to our table for two and, of course, I held the chair out for my mother while she sat before sitting down myself.

"Can I start you off with a drink?" The server asked as he set the menus down in front of us.

"Yes," my mother quickly spoke. "I would like a glass of red wine."

"And you, sir?"

I looked at Mom and said, "I'll have the same."

Mom smiled, and I swear I saw a twinkle in her eye that I'd never noticed before.

The waiter returned with our drinks while we studied the menu. Only I had trouble picking something out. I wasn't at all familiar with these dishes. I think Mom noticed I was having issues and suggested I should try the Chicken Masala.

I looked at Mom and agreed since I did not know what else to order.

Mom had no problem and ordered the Cedar Planked Salmon.

While we waited for our meal, we chatted about our day as we sipped our wine, and truthfully I was becoming more relaxed. In fact, I was having a great time doing this with Mom.

Our meals arrived and Mom was right. The dish was delicious. Afterward, we had one more glass of wine before I reached for my wallet, but was stopped when Mom said, "No dear. This is my treat."

"Mom," I said. "I can't have you paying for this."

"I'm the one that asked you out tonight, remember? So tonight is on me. If you want to pay, then next time you make the suggestion."

*Next time?* I thought. *Did Mom just suggest we do this again?* I honestly hoped that was the case and smiled when I announce, "Okay. But remember, next time it's on me."

"Agreed," was her response.

Mom paid and tipped the waiter before we went to leave. Only we didn't have to go far. I wasn't aware that this place also hosted an area that was set up for dancing.

But not the kind of dancing I was thinking. This was formal dancing, and they had a live band that was playing songs I had never heard of before.

"Shall we?" my mother asked, smiling as she took my hand.

"Mom," I said. "Listen... I... ah... I suck at dancing."

Mom placed her palm on my cheek and said, "Honey... You'll do fine."

I nodded as we made our way out to the dance floor.

Once there, Mom put her arms over my shoulders while I placed mine on her hips before we started. Only it didn't take long before I was having trouble and I stepped on my mother's toes. I shouted, "Sorry!"

Mom whispered, "It's okay. You need to stop trying so hard. Just relax and feel the music."

Mom pulled me closer to her. Our bodies mashed together. She then rested her head on my chest and murmured, "Like this. Just let your body feel the rhythm."

My arms wrapped around her body, and I held her close. Gently, we swayed to the slow tones of the music. My god, this felt wonderful, and I thought. *This wasn't my mother in my arms anymore it was the woman that I want to make love to.*

Only instead of feeling horny, I was feeling welcomed by her and I hoped she was feeling the same way.

Mom was right, and we danced without any more issues with me stepping on her toes. We swayed, holding each other close for several more songs until she suggested we take a break. Stepping off the dance floor, we found a small table and as we sat, Mom flagged a waitress down.

"Yes, can I help you?" the waitress asked.

"Yes, I would like a margarita?" Mom replied.

The waitress then looked at me and I said, "I'll have a Jack and Coke."

We chatted while we sipped our drinks and just before I finished mine my mother said, "So... Isn't this better than sulking at home?"

I looked at her and replied, "Yes. Much. In fact. I haven't had such a good time in a long while."

Mom commented, "Neither have I."

We both smiled at each other and once again I saw that twinkle in Mom's eyes. I couldn't help but say, "Being with you like this. Right now. Is a moment I'll always remember."

Mom put her hand on mine and remarked, "Me too, Kory, and I hope you now realize that you don't need to be hung up on a woman you can't have. You can always count on me to make some wonderful memories with you."

Fuck, that touched my soul, and I couldn't stop myself from leaning over the table until my face was next to hers.

I could feel my mother's breath washing over my face and said, "I would love to make those memories with you."

"Oh Kory," Mom sighed.

With our eyes locked, I eased closer until our noses touched and heard Mom whisper, "What's happening?"

I didn't answer, but instead softly grazed my lips over hers. She let out a subtle moan before opening her mouth, letting me kiss her passionately.

I quickly embraced her in my arms, and she did the same. Fuck, I couldn't believe it. My mother was really kissing me, and I could feel my cock stiffening in my pants as my sexual desire to have her grew.

Our smooching got more aggressive, and I could hear her breath quicken. We both were getting lost in this moment. I was hoping it would have led us further down this forbidden path that I yearned to take with her.

However, that wasn't the case, and Mom broke the kiss. Then, with a shocked appearance, she pushed me away and shouted, "Wait! Oh Kory! This! This is wrong. Oh... No no no. We... Oh, god! I have to leave."

"Mom?"

"I'm sorry, Kory. God, what was I thinking?" Mom barked and quickly rose.

"Wait, Mom!" I yelled as she hustled towards the exit.

I caught up with her outside and again yelled, "Mom!"

My mother turned as I approached, and I could see tears streaking down her face.

It pained me to see her this way, and I pleaded, "Mom, please. I'm sorry! I'm really sorry!"

"Nnno Kkkory! It's my fault. God, I'm just so confused these days!"

I held my mother in my arms and replied, "I love you, Mom. Please don't be upset. It's both our faults. I think we just got caught up in the moment, that's all."

Mom held me back and mewed. "Okay. Maybe you're right. It's just..."

"Shhh, Mom. Please let's just try to forget about it. We made a mistake. Both of us."

Between sniffles, she softly replied, "Yes. Forget about it. We can just forget it ever happened."

"Yes. We'll forget all about it," I assured her.

After holding Mom in my arms for a couple of minutes, we silently walked toward the car. But even after the ride home, Mom was quiet. Once at our house, while Mom was walking away, I said, "Listen, Mom, I just want to say, I wasn't joking, when I said that, this was one of the best nights I ever had."

Mom turned and replied, "I'm glad, Kory." With that, she disappeared into her room.

I went to my room as well. What started out as a great time, had ended with Mom being upset. But I then thought. *Shit, we actually kissed. She does have feelings for me. She's only being resistant like that other mother had said in the forum.*

If that was correct, then I needed to find a way to break her inhibitions. Quickly, I changed out of my clothes before turning back to my online guide on how to seduce my mother.

Instead of reading the next post in line, I flipped through them until I found another post that was written by a different mother, since it appeared like the last one was correct.

Once I got settled in, I started to read.

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Hi, my name is Janice and yes, I've fucked my son. But unlike what you've read about the other mothers, it was of my own accord. I decided to post my experience I had with him after reading the confession Maria left.

Only unlike her, my son honestly tried nothing on me. It was all me and I'm here to tell you, Jim; I have no regrets about doing it. In fact, Maria was right about mothers having sexual urges for their sons. I can attest that I did and now can't wait to fuck mine again.

Now I'm not saying all mothers would feel like I did when I first fucked my son. I'm sure they all had their own reason for going down this forbidden path. I can only speak for myself and tell that it all started for me the night of my office Christmas party.

I was supposed to attend this event with my dear, loving husband as we usually did every year.

However, this year he completely forgot about it and now, instead of being home, getting ready for the night, he was calling to tell me he had to work late again.

Upon hearing him tell me this news, I became angry. Not because of his not paying attention to me. Christ, it quickly became obvious to me he never listens to a word I say. It was because I was sure he was fucking his secretary. So now hearing he was once again blowing me off to spend time with his little slut. It had finally pushed me over the edge and instead of saying goodbye and being the understanding wife I usually was. I just hung up the phone.

It was right after I cut off my conversation with my loving husband that my eighteen-year-old son, Brad, walked in the door.

A strange thought entered my mind when I saw him standing there and in the heat of that moment said to myself, *"Now that is what I need right now. A young, handsome, muscular hunk that has the stamina to fuck me all night long. God, what I wouldn't give to have his long hard cock pumping deep inside me right now."*

A shiver ran through my body after I said those words. Realizing I had expressed that thought openly while staring at my son. But then it suddenly changed into something else. I felt... Sexually stimulated after thinking that as well.

That emotion puzzled me, and I pondered. *Did I feel that way because of what I had said, or was it because I had studied my son's body at the time I was saying it?*

My eyes once again gazed upon my son's body and as they did, I could feel myself getting wet picturing his naked muscular form in my mind.

*My god, I am getting horny thinking about my son!* I thought as I looked at my boy's face.

My son was truly a very handsome young man now. His hair and eyes were brown like mine.

However, unlike me, standing at only five foot six, he was much taller. Maybe six feet, I would guess.

Now I'm no slouch and would say I'm still very attractive for a forty-year young woman. I have kept my body well maintained, and I also took pride in knowing that when I flaunted my D-size tits, they could still turn guys' heads. I'm also a very outgoing woman that liked to flirt with the gentleman and on some rare occasions even the girls should I fancy one that caught my eye.

But tonight what caught my eye was my son and, for some strange reason, I acted on it. Yes, I was aware he was my son, but at that moment, I didn't care. I *wanted* him and if I played my cards right, I would soon be feeling that youthful cock sliding deep inside me before this night was over.

Putting on my womanly charm, I lifted my short yellow skirt up higher than usual. I then undid a couple of more buttons on my blouse to expose just enough of my ample breast to get his attention. Once finished, I smiled while crossing my legs and announced, "Brad, dear."

"Yeah Mom," he replied as he took a seat next to me. I could tell by the look in his eyes my little scheme was working and noticed how his eyes quickly focused on my bosom.

I put on a sad face and, while bouncing my crossed leg, pouted, "Honey, I just got off the phone with your father. Can you believe he has to work late again?"

"What else is new, Mom?" Brad exclaimed in a distraught tone.

It was obvious he was also displeased with his father, and I continued, "Well, now I'm in an awful predicament and was hoping you could help me out."

"How Mom?"

I put on my best frowning appearance when I took my son's hand and replied, "My Christmas party is tonight, and I surely can't arrive all by my lonesome. I was hoping that you would join me in your father's place."

"Me, Mom? Wouldn't that be just as bad as you showing up by yourself?"

"On the contrary, dear. I can tell them I wanted to introduce you to everyone since they had already met your father."

"I... I don't know Mom."

I pushed my breast outward while I leaned over. Then held my son's face with both my hands when I pleaded, "Oh please honey, can't you do this for your mother?"

Again, I could see my son's eyes gawking down at my melons when he replied, "Sure, Mom."

"Oh thank you, honey!" I shouted, before pushing and holding his face down between my ample tits.

I almost couldn't hold back my laughter when I let go of Brad's head. The look on his face was surely priceless, and I announced, "I'm going to get myself ready."

Quickly I rose, and he asked, "Mom, what should I wear to this?"

"Nothing too fancy dear. Maybe a pair of dress pants and a nice button-down shirt." I remarked as I went to my room.

I stood in front of my mirror and recalled what I had told my son about what to wear. Then chuckled, knowing that I wasn't going to be as conservative. I definitely had other ideas, because I was dead set on seducing him now.

Going through my closet, I found the shortest little sexy dress I could find. It was red in color and once I put it on, felt confident by how it barely covered my crotch, it would cause him to think un-sonly thoughts.

I felt myself getting excited when I pushed my breast upward into the deep v-cut that covered half my bosom as it naughtily dips between them.

*Yes! I thought. This will do the trick for sure.*

It was another half an hour before I was fully ready and walked out of my room. I went into the living room and noticed my son sitting on the sofa. A devilish smirk ran across my face when his mouth dropped open and I asked, "Everything alright dear?"

"Y-y-yeah. I... aaa. I mean. Holly crap Mom!"

"Something wrong, honey?"

"What! No! I mean! Mom, you look... Well, you look so hot!"

I struck a teasing pose by shifting my hip out to the side while placing my hand on my waist and said, "Awww, that's so sweet of you to say."

Brad rose, and I could see the bulge that was growing in his pants. However, I didn't bring it to his attention and instead just acknowledged my contentment with his choice of clothing.

"Should I drive Mom?"

No, honey, I think it would be best if we call a cab. This way, we don't have to worry about drinking too much tonight. I mean, this is a party after all, and I *do* plan on enjoying myself to the max tonight.

"Good idea Mom."

It took the cab a good fifteen minutes to show up. We then arrived at my office building a half hour later.

Our firm occupied the sixth floor, and it didn't take long after we stepped off the elevator for people to question who the handsome young man was standing next to me. Of course, I introduced him as my son and was shocked by how many couldn't believe it. But I also noticed while chatting how many of the men were checking out my body at the time.

I can't say I didn't enjoy the added attention but was happy when we were finally left to enjoy the party ourselves.

It did appear Brad was a bit shy at first. But after drinking and playing a couple of silly games with my fellow employees, he seemed to be enjoying himself. To the point that I figured it would be a good time to give him the quick tour of the office.

With glasses in hand, I lead him away from the group. We walked slowly as we traveled down a dimly lit corridor. Where at the end I showed him the break room, the copy room, my boss's office, and then finally my little room where I conducted my work duties.

With a slight smirk, I held the door open to my office and once my son was inside, closed and silently locked the door.

"Gee Mom, it's kind of dark in here, isn't it?" He expressed as I closed the blinds, leaving us in almost complete darkness.

"Yes, it is," I replied before I walked up next to him.

Taking his hand, I led him to a chair I had facing my desk and said, "Why don't you take a seat?"

With his glass still in hand, my son did as I requested and then said, "What are we doing, Mom?"

I didn't answer him. Instead, I stood in front of my son and then plopped my ass on my desk. Patiently, I set my glass down next to me before resting my hands on my thighs.

My heart pounded in my chest as I leisurely parted my legs just enough to reveal my little surprise.

"Mmmom!" he shouted in astonishment. His eyes widely staring at my bald pussy.

Gradually, I eased my right hand towards my sexual treasure and, as I traced my index finger over my clit, hissed, "Don't be so surprised, Brad. I noticed how you've been watching me. To tell you the truth, it got me wet seeing how you were staring at me all night. So I figured I should show you what you've been wondering all this time."

My son looked up at my eyes and I continued. "Mmm, that's right. I know what you were thinking. That if I bent over, would I be able to see her pussy?"

"Mom! I... I... I," he jabbered before I shushed him while tickling my clit with a little more speed.

"Come now Brad," I teased. "This isn't the time to be coy. Not when your mother is now curious how big of a cock you have, seeing how stiff it's gotten since you've been enjoying staring at my pussy."

Brad looked down at his dick and then tried to cover the bulge with his hands.

I let out a loud moan while inserting a finger inside my pussy and hissed, "It wants to be set free, Brad. Why don't you let it out and let me see that hard dick of yours, hmmm?"

I watched as my son hesitantly undid his pants and I huffed loudly when it sprang out of his underwear and said, "Fuck Brad! That's bigger than your father's dick, for sure."

I added another finger inside my pussy and commanded, "Stroke it for me. Stroke your cock. Show mommy just how fucking hot she's making you!"

Slowly at first, my son ran his hand up and down his thick shaft and I stated, "Mmm. Yess! Do it, baby. Oh... You're making mommy so wet!"

"Oh, Mom. Oh, fuck! This is... So wrong. But... Fuck, it's also so hot!" Brad barked as he worked on his meat stick with more vigor.

"Mmm yes. It is so nasty for us to be doing this. But look. I'm so wet now. Can you see it, Brad? Can you see what you're doing to me? You're going to make me come. Can you come with me, honey? Can you come with Mommy?"

Faster and harder my fingers worked inside my pussy while my son rapidly jerked on his tool. In sync, our bodies lifted upward while our moans and grunts filled the room.

I felt my legs quivering as I held my fingers deep inside my pussy and wailed, "Fuck! I'm coming! I'm coming, honey!"

"Aww! Mmme t-t-tooooo!" I heard, just as I fell back onto my desk.

I eased my soaked fingers out of my pussy as I relished in my sexual bliss. Only it was short because something wet was now dancing across my clit and I lifted my head just high enough to see my son's face buried between my legs and I whined, "Oh fuck Brad! Yes! Oh yes! Eat mommy out! Christ! Oh, fuck your tongue! God, your tongue is getting me excited again!"

It was true, the way my son was lapping at my clit. I could feel myself getting extremely aroused and when he inserted a finger inside my cunt, I yelled, "Fuck! Oh god! Put another one in. Put another finger inside me! Fuck me with your fingers, Brad! Make me come again!"

Holly shit, I was getting close to coming once more and took pleasure in knowing my son was going to make me orgasm. Only to my surprise, he lifted his head and rapidly replaced it with his dick.

OH GOD!! I moaned as my eyes snapped shut when I felt his manhood pierce through my pussy lips. He then gave another thrust, causing my legs to spread even wider to give him ample room to fuck me thoroughly.

"Yes, sweetie! Oh yes! Fuck mommy! Fuck mommy! God, your cock feels so good inside me!" I moaned in pure incestuous delight. God, he was much bigger than his father and as his thick hard dick worked its magic on my pussy, I took pleasure in knowing that he was enjoying this as much as I was.

Grunting and huffing, my son groaned, "God Mom, I never dreamed I would be doing this! Fuck, this is fantastic. I love fucking you Mom! I really do!"

"Oh! Oh son! Give it to mommy! Be a good boy and fuck me harder!"

My son obliged my request and I swear I had never been fucked so deep and so hard before. The pounding I was getting from that massive dick of his rapidly brought my orgasm out and I yelled, "Ffffuck! I'm coming Brad! You're making me come!"

"Shit! I... I... Ugh ugh ugh." I heard him grunt when I felt his hot seed release inside my womb, causing waves and waves of sexual delight to explode from within me.

Never had I cum so hard and as I held him tight to me while his dick throbbed inside my pussy, hissed, "God, Brad, you just gave your mother the best fuck of her life!"

Brad rested his head on my chest while I wrapped my arms around him.

We stayed like that for a couple of minutes before he eased his spent dick out, giving me enough room to sit up.

"God, Mom..." I heard him say. "Did we just do that?"

Rising off the desk, I went to my knees and as I stroked his limp pecker I announced, "We did, but we're not finished yet!" With that, I inhaled his monster and sucked it until it was completely hard again.

"Fuck Mom! Oh god! Holly shhhit!" my son grunted and huffed as I felt his dick throbbing inside my mouth.

Sucking his dick as I popped it out of my mouth, I looked up at his face and purred, "I think you're ready to give mommy another good fucking."

Easing upward, I spun around and braced my hands on my desk while pushing my ass backwards until I felt his cock slide between my legs.

"Oh... YES!!" I implored as Brad's manhood sunk deep inside my cunt.

With hard thrusts and mighty heaves, my son was rocking my world again. God, what his dick was doing to me. I had never felt so much sexual pleasure in my life, and I screamed, "Keep going, honey! Keep going! You're fucking mommy so good. So fucking good!"

Brad took my arms and pulled them behind me as he rapidly increased his speed. God, I was having trouble standing. I could feel my orgasm fast approaching and yelled, "I'm going to come, honey! God, I'm going to come on your cock again!"

My son then grabbed my hips and with a robust thrust held his massive dick deep inside my cunt and I wailed, "Oh Oh Oh yesss!"

I came hard again and as I did, Brad fucked me right through it. My body was shaking like crazy. I was having trouble standing while my orgasm rolled on and on. My son then bellowed, "Fuck! I can't hold back any longer!"

"Fffuck!" he grunted, and I felt his hot sperm explode into my depths.

We both clasped to the floor while our breaths raced.

Exhausted, my loving child offered me his hand and helped me to my feet. He locked his lips to mine. We then kissed passionately, rubbing our hands over each other's bodies.

When our kiss broke, my son said, "God, Mom. That was... Fuck that was fantastic!"

"Mmm, I agree," I declared. "But we're still not done. Because once we get home. I'm going to *fuck* you again!"

We left the party after that and once at home, raced to my room, losing our clothes along the way. We wasted no time and got right down to fucking. Then fucked some more. I swear we would have fucked till morning if it weren't for the fact that my husband finally made his appearance around three in the morning.

Since that night, I've been fucking my son on a regular basis. I don't even care about my husband working late anymore. He can have that fucking tramp of his. I found myself a real man that can fuck me like he never could.

Anyway, I'm not sure if my post will help you, Jim. But maybe it might give you an idea of what it's like once you start fucking your mother. Because I'm sure once you have your dick planted inside her succulent pussy. You're never going to want to fuck any other woman afterward.

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I sat upward after reading that post and thought, *Okay, that was hot. But it really offered no advice.*

In fact, I was still bummed out realizing even though I told Mom we should forget about what happened, figured she was still very much upset. I had to talk to her. I had to tell her that I hated how the night ended.

With that notion, I swiftly got out of bed and made my way down the hallway. Only once I reached her door could I hear soft moaning coming from inside.

Patiently I turned the doorknob as to not make a sound and was astonished once I peeked inside.

There, laying on her bed, was my mother, legs spread wide with both her hands working on her bald pussy.

In awe, I watched as her one hand worked over her clit while the other was jabbing deep inside her succulent snatch. I immediately went hard and couldn't help but reach inside my pajamas.

In sync, I matched my mother's motions. It was as if I was masturbating beside her.

"Mmm. Ohhh. Ahhh. Oh gggod!!" she moaned while I said to myself, *that's it, Mom. Let me see you cum!*

"Oh... Oh K-k-kory..."

*What! Did I just hear that right?* I pondered. Then paused my masturbation when I wondered if I only imagined it.

But then heard my mother coo, "Yes, Kory! Do it, baby! Make mommy come! Please! Please, honey. I need to come so bad!"

My hand grasped my cock hard once I realized it was true. My mother was indeed playing with herself while envisioning me. Hopefully fucking her in her mind.

I rapidly stroked my dick with that notion. My incestuous desire once again overtook me, and I grunted louder than I wanted to.

I felt a shiver run through my body when my mother's eyes focused on the door.

Mom paused her toying, but still had her fingers between her legs when she said, "Kory?"

This was the moment of truth. Do I run away or reveal my dark secret to the woman I've been fantasizing about?

"Kory, is that you?" she announced once more. Swallowing hard, I opened the door fully before stepping inside. With my dick still in hand, I brazenly said, "It is Mom and I feel the same."

"What! What are you doing!" she yelled while sitting up in the bed. As her back rested against the headboard, she covered her breast with her arms and snapped her legs closed in a bent position.

I took a step closer, slowly stroking my cock. I could see my mother staring in shock as to what I was doing and made sure my dick was visible when I croaked, "I heard you, Mom. I heard what you said."

"Kory! I... I..."

"Shhh Mom," I commanded, taking another step closer, still stroking my dick. "I understand why you said it, Mom. I really do, and I want you to know. That older woman that I spoke of. The one I masturbate to. It's you Mom. It's always been you."

My mother's shocked appearance quickly faded and turned into one of fright when she replied, "No... It... It can't be true. You can't be thinking of me... Oh, God! Kory! I'm... I'm your mother!!"

"Yes! You are," I acknowledged, jerking my cock longer and harder now. "And you're also the woman that I fantasize about. that makes me come every night before I go to sleep."

My mother's gaze focused on my stiff wood and I croaked, "And now that I know that you've been fantasizing about me. I think we should both accept the fact that we are after the same thing."

With that, Mom quickly stood up. Her naked body was in full glory and she shouted, "Kory! It's! It's! God, this is so wrong!"

I was right in front of her now and said, "If it's so wrong, then why does it make me feel so good seeing you like this?"

"Kkkory I..." Mom started to say, but I cut her off when my lips crashed against her.

Mom tried to plead as I positioned my mouth over hers. However, her pleas turned into long, drawn-out sighs when she wrapped her arms over my neck and kissed me back.

My hands went to her firm ass. I pulled her closer to me, causing her mound to collide against my throbbing pecker.

Our kiss broke and Mom moaned, "This is so wrong... Oh god..."

I kissed her nape while massaging her bum at the same time and she sighed, "Oh god Kory. What are we doing?"

I looked into her eyes and replied, "We're making each other feel good."

"Oh.... Gggod!" Mom moaned when I reached around and palmed her mound.

Patently, I motioned my hand over her folds. I could tell she was getting excited by how her breath was heaving and said, "I love you, Mom... And I want to make you come."

"Oh, Kory..." Mom moaned. Her pussy now pushing into my palm. Faster and harder, I worked my digits over her box. My fingers found her little nub. It was getting hard, so I flicked my index finger on top of it. She whimpered in pleasure.

Mom's hand went to my wrist. She grabbed it tightly while I worked on her clit. She then motioned my arm to move faster. I obliged her request and felt her cunt heaving into my hand. This caused my fingers to pierce between her pussy lips, and she moaned even louder.

Back and forth, I raked my digits between her inner folds, making my mother whimper and whine. She was getting really hot now. There was no doubt, and I moved my hand quicker.

"Oh! Mmm. Ahhh," she whimpered as I played with her pussy.

Then in a low tone, Mom pleaded, "Put them inside me."

I kissed her hard when I inserted two digits and felt her whimper in my mouth.

She was already extremely wet, so I sank my fingers knuckle-deep into her depths. Her hand still grasped my arm, coaxing me onward.

I shoved another finger inside, causing her to wail, "Oh god! I can't believe this is happening! You're finger fucking me! You're really finger fucking me!!"

"I am!" I said, "And I'm going to make you come, Mom!"

"Oh yes! Mmm. You are! Oh god, you really are baby!" Mom bellowed before she reached down and grasped my swollen pole in her hand.

I kissed her again while we brought each other towards a climax. My dreams were coming true. I was ecstatic and excited at the same time. I was also about to cum and by the way her cunt was grabbing my fingers, I knew she was too.

We heaved and stroked each other faster and harder, working our climax up to its fullest. My body was on fire. My sperm was about to release. I felt that familiar shiver and prepared for it to happen. But before it did, my mother screamed, "Fuck! I'm... I'm... I'm coming! Christ, I'm coming on my son's hand!"

I couldn't even speak and just grunted when I exploded into her palm. We both shook in orgasmic delight while I held my fingers deep inside her dripping cunt. Only I almost fell down in the process since my legs were giving way.

But then the unthinkable happened. I heard the front door opening. My father was home.

Behind a panting breath, Mom rapidly said, "Quick! Get back to your room!"

I only nodded as I dashed away.

I had just made it inside when I heard my father's footsteps climbing the stairs.

I listened at my door but could only make out some loud mumbling coming from my parents' room. It sounded like they were quarreling and then, after a couple of minutes, nothing but total silence.

I climbed into bed. My head was in a fog. I couldn't believe what had just happened and found myself anxiously hoping for it to happen again.

I fell asleep anticipating what the next day would bring.