

MAGICAL INCEST CH. 02: OILY LOVE

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Son seduces his mother with a magical back rub.

Incest/Taboo

4.52

6.7k words

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

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

As Dean awoke the next morning, he questioned his moral compass. It was apparent that after reading the incest story a hidden demon had awoken and caused him to see his mother in a different light. But now that it was out, could he control it? Alternatively, did he even want to? As he questioned himself, images of his mom naked remerged and his dick was rock hard once again.

Dean shook his head and rocketed out of bed mumbling, "I have to stop this crazy thinking."

Dean dressed quickly and greeted his mother who was standing next to the counter in the kitchen sipping her coffee. As Dean walked towards his mom he noticed her eyes shifted from his face to his groin. He looked down to see if he was still stiff; he was! Dean's face turned red as he said, "Oh sorry mom."

Macey laughingly said, "For what?"

Dean couldn't speak and just looked at his mom when she softly touched his shoulder.

"If you're sorry for having a hard on, get used to apologizing. Boys your age tend to have them quite often."

"Oh... Well... Um... This is kind of awkward for me."

Again, his mother chuckled and patted his shoulder saying, "Okay honey I won't embarrass you anymore." as she walked into the other room.

Dean fixed himself a coffee and drank it quickly knowing he had to rush out the door before he was late for class. His mother was already heading out the door, by the time he was putting the cup in the sink and hollered "Have a good day honey."

"You too mom."

Dean headed to class and was almost at the front entrance when he noticed Cathal waving him over. He was standing next to an older woman and heard him say, "This is the person that helped me yesterday mom."

The woman shook Dean's hand and said, "Hi I'm Miranda. I wanted to meet you. Cathal told me what you did."

"Honestly it was nothing." Dean replied.

"Well it mattered to Cathal and I."

"Just did what I could. I have to run now before I'm late." Dean said as he departed.

Dean had trouble concentrating that day. The story that he read and the sinful image of his mother between his legs plagued him until he got back home. To make matters worse he found himself wanting to read more. Not sure if that was the only story dealing with motherly love he couldn't help but fire up his PC to see what the next one titled "Oily Love" entailed.

Hi, I'm Kirtus and this tale of forbidden passion tells of how my mother Carmela and I came to be lovers.

Well... That answers that. Dean thought as he went on reading.

Carmela lost her husband, my father in a freak accident when I was 12 and has been a single hard-working woman since then. Her job as a department store clerk has kept us fed and sheltered until I turned 18 and could help out by stocking shelves at a grocery store on the weekends.

My mother is a very attractive woman. I'm not just saying that because she's my mom. It's true. Her figure at 42 is that of a woman half her age, and I love the way her long blonde hair catches the slightest breeze and flows gracefully over her shoulders. Mom's eyes are blue, and her skin is pale. However, what really sets me off are her large d cup breasts.

Many nights I would lie on my back and fantasize about her kneeling in front of me pressing her jugs together as I slide my cock between them until I came.

This grew worse as time passed, and now I find myself wondering if it might actually be achievable. I mean mom did tell me nothing was impossible if I put my mind to it.

So after school I would look online for information I might be able to use. Nevertheless, nothing came to mind until the day mom came home from work exhausted and crashed on the love seat rubbing her feet. Apparently, the store is doing a makeover, and mom helped to get it ready. However, that required her to spend the entire day standing in her heels. That's when the idea popped into my devilish mind, and I said, "Hey mom. Why don't I rub your feet for a couple of minutes?"

Mom's eyes perked up and hesitantly responded, "That sounds wonderful honey. Let me kick these off."

Mom slipped her shoes off and held her right stocking covered foot out to me as I sat cross-legged in front of her. Taking my hands, I began to knead her foot from heel to toe and felt my dick twitch when light moans expelled from her lips.

Switching to her other foot, I gave it the same attention and noticed mom had closed her eyes. I took that opportunity to scan mom's body and trailed my eyes from her calves slowly up to where her legs disappeared under her dark-blue skirt.

"Mmm. Honey... This feels so wonderful. You have no idea what it's doing to me." Mom cooed as she wiggled her toes in my hands.

I was just about to change my tactic and work on her calves when mom pulled her foot away and said, "That's much better dear. I should get dinner on before you put me to sleep doing that."

Mom rose and walked away leaving me still crossed leg on the floor as I admired her ass wiggle into the next room.

At dinner mom kept thanking me for doing such a good job. I interjected and made a bold suggestion hoping mom would buy into my little white lie. "You know mom I've been reading up on being a masseur and was thinking about maybe making it a career."

"Really?" Mom responded.

"Yeah... So I have this idea. Why don't I practice some of what I've read on you after work? That would help us both out."

Mom chuckled and replied, "I thought you were serious for a moment there."

"What do you mean? I am being serious."

"Honey... The offer sounds nice. But I wouldn't be comfortable with you rubbing your hands all over my body like a masseur."

"Why not?"

"It... It just wouldn't feel right that's all."

"Mom... Are you saying I make you uncomfortable?"

"No... I didn't mean it like that. It's just... Well... Just not proper having my son rub his hands all over my body."

"Jesus mom." I said. This took mom by surprise since I don't talk like that around her. But carried on. "Okay... Then just forget about it. I'll see if Christy might let me practice on her."

I could tell that hit a nerve. Christy and I dated back when I was 16 and mom never cared much for her.

Mom sat back in her chair and had a mulish appearance then replied, "Okay... Okay... You can practice on me. However, there are a couple of conditions."

"Like what?"

"We do this after dinner, and I have a chance to change out of my work clothes."

"Oh okay that makes sense."

Mom leaned forward and yawped, "And if I feel uncomfortable at any time you stop."

I paused before saying, "I'll agree to that as long as you make an honest effort and not just quickly say you're uncomfortable."

"Agreed." Mom said.

That night I went online and found a website that dealt with making your own sexually stimulating body oils and incense. I flicked through page after page and wrote down the ingredients I needed to make a few that I thought would be a good choice for my sinful deception. I then purchased a used massage table off ebay to make this appear as authentic as I possibly could.

The next day I skipped class to do some shopping and found a small shop that sold exotic oils, spices and herbs. With my list of ingredients in hand, I went searching Isle by Isle for items. However, as I was looking, I heard, "Hi. I'm Blythe the store owner. May I help you find something?"

"Umm... Maybe I'm looking for these items." I said and handed her my list.

"Oh... I see." The woman replied as she scanned over my paper.

"Hmm... May I enquire what you're going to do with these ingredients?"

I explained how I was going to make my own massage oils and saw her face gleam.

"I take it this is a special person you're going to be using this on?" She said, as she handed me back my list.

"Well, yes it is."

"You know I think I might have what you're looking for already made up."

"Wow, that's great." I said and followed her to a door at the back that was draped with stringed beads.

As we went into the back room, I couldn't help but notice all the odd items scattered about. There were stuffed birds and reptiles in jars. Strange dried plants hanging from the ceiling and several flasks of elixirs stored on shelves, which made me pause and ask, "What's all this stuff for?"

"Oh... Didn't I mention? I'm a white witch!"

"A what?"

Laughing she repeated, "A white witch silly."

"Oh... Um... Well, I don't know about this." I responded cautiously.

"Don't let the term witch scare you. I don't practice anything that has negative effects. Only positive ones. Like love and happiness. If you're serious about having a romantic evening with your girlfriend. I'm sure my massage oil will have a positive effect on her. If it doesn't I'll refund your money."

"Okay, I'll give it a try."

Blythe handed me the oil and recommended some incense she also made up that would help mom get relaxed before I got started.

I paid Blythe and thanked her for the help.

"Anytime, and remember if your girlfriend doesn't like it, just bring it back."

I just smiled and nodded thinking. *If she only knew who I was using this on.*

That evening before mom rolled in. I took the initiative and made supper. I did that for two reasons. One being the obvious. It would help get me to massage mom quicker, and second, I figured mom would appreciate the effort. As I was setting the table, I heard heels clicking on the floor and mom toss her purse on the chair.

"Wow mom, another tough day?"

"Yes, I'm totally drained. What's all this?"

"Just a little surprise." I replied as I set the casserole on the table.

Mom chuckled and shook her head as she sat down, "Sometimes you do impress me Kirtus."

"I try mom. I try."

Mom sniffed the air as she looked around the room, "What's that smell?"

"Oh just something I picked up today. It's supposed to help you relax." I said pointing at the incense I had been burning in the other room.

I had to admit the smell was very nice. I could detect the aroma of vanilla mixed with some type of flora I couldn't make out.

My dinner, on the other hand, was a different story all together. It was apparent if I wanted to make dinner more often I should take a class or find someone to teach me. The casserole was atrocious, and I apologized to mom when I saw her face scrunch up after taking a bite.

"It's okay Kirt... It's the thought that counts. Why don't I make us something quick?"

I was disappointed but agreed since I felt if we kept eating this garbage, we would get food poisoning for sure.

"Don't fret honey. I truly do appreciate what you did. Why don't you go relax while I whip something up?"

"Listen mom I have a better idea. Instead of you cooking let me order us a pizza. My treat."

"That's not necessary honey."

"You can change your clothes while I clean the dishes, and I can then give you a quick massage before the pizza arrives."

"Clean the dishes. Now you're scaring me." Mom chuckled.

"But I won't stop you. As for the massage. Well, I would prefer we eat first."

"Okay mom." I said and began to clean off the table. Mom sat up and ventured over to me. She gave me a quick peck and said, "I'll go change."

I was just about finished with the dishes when mom came back down wearing a jet-black silky sweat suit.

"I'll be in here." Mom yelled and crashed on the sofa in the living room.

However, before I could acknowledge what she said there was a knock at the door.

"I'll get it mom."

Sure enough it was the pizza, and I paid the man. But as I walked toward the dining room mom yelled, "Let's eat it in here."

I set the pizza on the coffee table just as mom flicked off the light next to her. Leaving only the light at the other end of the couch lit.

"That's better." I heard mom say as she leaned forward taking a slice out of the box.

I sat next to mom, and as we ate she described her busy day.

It was an hour later before we finished, and I told mom to sit back as I knelt in front of her.

Once again, I rubbed mom's foot, massaging each of her toes one at a time. Mom sighed and began to relax as I slowly ventured from her foot to her silky covered calf.

Kneading her lower leg, I eased my way up to her knee but felt mom tense up when I rubbed her thigh, so I stopped and said, "Sit up mom."

Mom opened her eyes and sat forward as I quickly maneuvered around her and spread my legs tucking myself behind her and sat down. With mom between my thighs, I took both my hands and lightly rubbed them along the side of mom's neck. She tilted her head from side to side as I worked my fingers softly into her skin.

Mom scooted back, and I glanced down to see her ass just about touching my groin. My cock grew quickly as I had a wicked thought. Should I grab her waist and pull her bottom tight to my rod; I decided against it and forced myself to focus on mom's massage.

Mom began to make little moans and whimpers as I squeezed my hands in sync and eased them down to the top of her shoulders.

"Ah... Yes... Wonderful." Mom expressed as I applied more pressure to her shoulder blades.

Gingerly, I ventured down mom's back as I pushed my fingertips in a circular motion until they connected with her bra strap and said, "Hey mom this is in my way," and nudged the strap with my thumbs.

"Sorry dear. But the bra stays."

I sighed and jumped over the strap as I kept my finger routine going until my fingers grazed the top of mom's pants. *Time for a change* I thought and raked my fingers lightly up her back until I was once again at her shoulders. I did this several times and heard mom coo in contentment until she finally nodded off and jerked her head up right.

"Okay Kirtus. That's enough for the night."

With a light tap on her back, I said, "Okay mom."

Mom rose up and spun around. Leaning over she lightly kissed my head and said, "Thank you honey that was very wonderful."

However, before straightening up, I noticed mom peering down at my swollen prick that was straining under my blue jeans.

"So you were ok with me touching you then?" I quickly said, drawing mom's eyes to my face.

Mom paused for a minute before giving me a slit smile and a quick nod. "I'm feeling a bit sleepy now so I think I'll go turn in."

I waited until mom left and then blew out what was left of the incense before heading to my own room.

The next day my table arrived, and I set it up in the living room prior to mom's arrival.

Since my last attempt at making dinner was such a disaster, I decided to forego making another attempt and splurged once again by ordering some Chinese takeout.

Mom entered the house and immediately spotted the table, "What's that Kirtus?"

"It's a massage table I ordered. If I'm to do this correctly, I'll need it." I said as I lit the incense once again.

Mom shook her head and walked into the dining room. "You bought dinner again?"

"Yeah. I wasn't sure how long it would take to get the table ready, so I just wanted to be safe."

Mom didn't question my logic, so I think she bought into my excuse.

After dinner, mom said she was going to get ready, but I stopped her as she was getting up. "Listen mom. Can you wear your bathing suit instead of your sweats?"

"What? Why?" Mom laughed.

"Well, I have this massage oil I wanted to use, and I think it would ruin your sweats."

Once again, mom shook her head but agreed.

As mom went to change I poured a generous amount of oil into a plastic cup I had set inside a pot of water and began warming it. As the oil heated its sweet aroma filled the kitchen.

"Ok I'm ready." I heard coming from the other room and saw mom all ready stretched out on the table face down and her arms at her side.

I walked slowing into the living room carrying the oil and felt my cock jump as I admired the view of mom's ass, barely covered by the tiny bikini. The bikini was white in color and molded every curve of mom's rear. It was tied at both sides of her hips with a small strap of material.

"Ok mom just relax and let me know how you like this massage." I said as I poured a small amount of oil just below mom's neck. The oil slowly flowed down her spine and halted at the tied strap which acted like a dam.

Slowly, I pushed the oil outward and upward until mom's entire upper back was slick. Kneading my fingers into her back, I vigorously worked it into her flesh. Mom began to lightly sigh as I gingerly pressed my palms firmly down and eased them up both sides of her spine then down towards the outer edge of her back, almost touching the sides of her breasts.

"Oh Kirtus, this is amazing." Mom wooed.

"Thanks mom. Now to your lower back." I said and poured the oil just above her waistband and watched as it pooled in the arch of her back. Like before I pushed the oil outward starting from almost below her strap and steadily went lower. Mom's body began to react. Her hands moved away from her body and were almost to the edge of the table giving me room to run my fingers from the center of her spine around to her sides.

"Oh... What are you doing to me?" I heard, and then noticed mom's ass lifting up slightly as I got close to her bottom.

Mom made a "hmpf" sound when my thumbs grazed her bikini line, and I slowly eased my thumbs just under the edge of the material and ran my hands around the waistband towards the front, before reversing back to her lower spine.

"Mmm... Oh..." Mom murmured softly as I ever so slowly coaxed my fingers a little further under her bikini.

My hand was just about to graze mom's ass crack when she adjusted her arms and lifted herself upward arching her back and said, "Ok young man that's far enough."

"All right mom." I said as I pulled my hands away and grabbed the oil again.

Holding the cup over mom's legs, I dribbled a line from the middle of her thighs down to her lower calves, and as I did this mom laid herself back down.

The warm oil glistened on her skin, and I watched as it smeared down between her legs.

Placing my palms on mom's calves I kneaded and twisted the oil into her smooth soft skin as I inched my way up her legs.

Mom's breath became long and hard, and her legs parted slightly when my hands reached her mid thighs.

My cock throbbed in my pants as I through all caution into the wind and massaged further up mom's thighs.

"Hmph... Hmph... Hmph..." Was the sound I heard as mom lazily ground her pelvic bone on the table and spread her legs further still.

With my hands between mom's thighs, I inched forward and gingerly brushed a thumb across her covered labia.

"Ah... Mmm." Mom sighed as her pussy pushed hard to the table, and her body stiffened.

I cupped mom's mound with my right hand and rubbed it firmly from her clit to her asshole, while I worked to free my stiff dick with the left.

Mom rocked her pussy on my hand, and my cock was just about to be set free when I heard her wheeze, "Oh my god... Oh... So good. Oh so... Ha? Oh my god Kirtus!"

She rapidly sat up on her elbows And I Immediately moved my hand away as mom rocketed off the table.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?"

"I was ... Ah" I blurted out as I watched mom rush to her room.

Oh fuck. I screwed that up. I said to myself as I fixed my pants and put the table away.

Mom never ventured out of her room that night. However, come the next morning, I got an ear full.

"What were you thinking Kirtus?"

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

"Well, young man. Your massaging of me is over."

"But mom."

"No buts Mr. I can't believe you tried to pull that stunt on me. I'm your mother for Christ sakes!"

"Mom I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me. It won't happen again."

"Your right it won't ever happen again." And with that, mom left the room and went to work.

I gathered up the incense and oil and immediately went to Blythe's establishment.

Upon entering the store, I saw Blythe smiling behind the counter.

"So how did things go?" Blythe asked as I walked towards her.

"Not so good. That's why I'm here."

"Oh?"

"Yeah, at first it appeared to be working. But then. Well, everything fell apart."

"Oh... I'm sorry about that. Can you tell me what happened?"

I told Blythe a half truth version of what happened so as not to reveal that the girl was really my mother.

Blythe paused for a minute when I finished and said, "It sounds to me your girlfriend might be frigid."

"Frigid?" I replied.

"Yes... Does she not get turned on when you try foreplay?"

"You could say that."

"Then I might be able to still help." Blythe replied, and walked into the back room.

Upon her return, she had a reddish glass vial and different incense in her hand.

"Be careful not to over use this." She said as she handed me the items.

"This stuff has been known to work extremely well with women who are having trouble getting stimulated and excited. I only sell this on rare occasions since its effects could be misused."

"Misused?"

"Yes, once the oil penetrates the skin a strong sexual euphoria over takes the person, making them susceptible to any sexual advances."

"Oh okay I'll be careful then." I said and thanked her once again before leaving.

Excited to try the new concoction I thought of a way to get mom to let me massage her once more and waited impatiently.

However, when mom entered the house, and I executed my feeble excuse why I should massage her again; she wouldn't hear of it. To top it off things stayed like that for the next two weeks.

I was just about to give up all hope when mom came home and looked totally exhausted once again.

"You okay mom?"

Mom sighed and said, "Yes, just a long day."

"Listen mom I know I messed up big time, but I promise that won't happen again. Just give me one more chance."

Mom paused for a couple of seconds. It was obvious she was pondering over my idea and finally replied, "Okay; I'll give you one last chance, but if you make any inappropriate move. That will be it Mr."

"I promise I'll be careful mom."

I could tell mom was still hesitant on the idea, but eventually she agreed.

As mom left to change I set up the table and added a white sheet on top of it.

Mom re-emerged wearing her little bikini and firmly said, "Remember no funny business Mr. or this will be the last time." She then lay face down on the table.

I walked over to the wall switch and dimmed the lights and ignited a new incense stick. The strange fragrance filled the room quickly, and I told mom I would be right back.

I went to the kitchen to heat the oil in a pot of water and while it was warming I rushed to my room and changed out of my clothes and underwear as the previous time my jeans painfully constrained my stiff cock. Grabbing a pair of loose fitting sweat pants and a light tee shirt I muttered to myself, "These should be good." I headed back to the kitchen.

Mom didn't raise her head when I returned but did question the new aroma.

"It's something I figured I'd try. It's supposed to open your senses." I said as I held the oil over mom's back.

"Okay here goes." I announced and ran a thin bead of the oil down mom's back which caused her to flinch and tighten up.

"Oh... That's quite warm."

"Sorry mom. I just finished heating it. It should cool down as I massage you." I replied as I placed the oil down.

When I returned to mom, I slowly moved the liquid from her spine outward in all directions letting it absorb into her skin. Mom sighed as I worked my thumbs into her pressure points and paced myself even slower than the previous time. I massaged mom for almost five minutes when I noticed her body begin to squirm and her breath become heavy as I moved my hands up and down her back.

I stopped massaging mom's back and picked up the oil. Holding it over mom's legs, I dribbled it from her thighs down to her toes.

I applied thumb pressure to the sole of mom's foot, and she softly moaned as her toes curled up. Kneading and rubbing, I slowly inched my way up mom's legs. The higher I went the heavier her breath got until she was huffing loudly. Mom's hands lightly grasped at the sheet and she wooed, "I never felt like this. What are you doing to me?"

Brazenly I suggested for her to roll over, and mom sat up on her elbows and questionably looked at me.

"Really mom. I'll be careful, let me just do your tummy and legs."

Slowly, mom turned over and I put a small amount of oil on her tummy. I watched as it pooled at her navel, and mom inhaled deeply. With my palm, I started with a small circular motion and moved my hand outward. It wasn't long before mom's eyes were closed, and she was breathing heavy again.

I applied the oil to my hand, and pressed it firmly on her tummy while cautiously guiding it up between her breasts. Mom tilted her head and opened one eye warning, "Careful there."

I just nodded and added my second hand. Now with both hands in sync I ran them between her bosom and back to her tummy. However, every second run up my hands would go to the sides of mom's chest just scrapping the out edge of her bust.

In no time, mom settled back, and I moved my hand closer to her breast until my thumbs were lightly rubbing the outside edge of her bikini top. Mom's mouth parted and light whimpers escaped her lips.

Removing my hands softly from her tummy, I picked up the oil and ran a light bead of oil up mom's legs until it reached her bikini bottoms.

I watched as the oil flowed down between mom's legs and she squirmed on the table.

The oil must be taking effect. I thought and patiently started to rub her feet.

Mom's wriggling intensified and she began to make pleasurable moans as I worked my thumbs into the arches of her feet.

Ever so slowly I massage up mom's legs, alternating from one to the other and noticed mom's hips would twitch every time I reapplied my hand to the other leg. I was at mom's upper thigh applying some light pressure, when her legs parted just enough for me to see a damp spot forming.

"How's this feel mom?" I said and pressed my thumbs firmly into the inside of her thighs and ran them upward until they almost touched her covered mound.

"Ah..." She blurted, as I slowly eased my hand back down.

Several times I ran my thumbs-up to just about touching her pussy and heard her moans get more intense with every trip until I eventually grazed her labia once again.

"Oh!!" Mom whined and arched her back while her head tilted to the side.

I made one last stroke up her thighs, but this time with my thumbs I pinched her bikini covered clitoris between them.

Mom wailed and her ass leapt off the table as I slowly tweaked her little bud with my thumbs.

"Oh Kirt... Oh... You... You promised." Mom whimpered as her hips bucked up and down.

"Shh mom. It's just another form of a massage."

Mom groaned and clutched at the table as her bikini bottoms became soaked with her own juices. As soon as I was sure, she was in an ecstatic state I quickly pushed under her bikini and slid two fingers deep into her snatch; my other hand tugging at the strings to untie the bottoms. Mom huffed and gyrated her hips as I finger fucked her, and my other hand pushed her top up and pinched her nipples.

"Oh my god Kirtus. I shouldn't be letting you do this. We should... Ssstop... Before... Oh..."

"Shhh mom, just enjoy it." I said and added a third digit into her cunt.

Mom was bucking and thrashing around as I leaned forward and took a nipple in my mouth while I eased my sweat pants off.

Before mom could object again, I kissed her passionately and her legs spread wider.

Mom put her hands around my neck and pushed our lips tightly as we mingled our tongues together.

With our lips locked, I managed to maneuver myself onto the table and between her legs resting my stiff cock on top of her folds and felt her huff in my mouth.

Mom broke our kiss and looked shocked saying, "This is so wrong! You're my son for god sakes!"

However, no sooner did mom say that, I felt her hand hesitantly take hold of my cock and stroke it while she slowly guided it down until I felt her pussy lips touch the tip of my dick.

I nudged forward and felt my cock easily slip halfway inside her slick snatch and heard her whimper, "Oh my god. I'm letting my son fuck me."

Mom gasped and arched her back as I sank deeper into her forbidden place. I felt her legs wrap around me as her hand grasped my ass and pulled my full length into her.

Slowly at first I pushed in and out of her; gradually building up my tempo until we were both fucking wildly on the table.

"Oh fuck. Yes. This feels too good to be wrong. Oh... Fuck! Oh Fuck!! OH I'M CUMMING!!" She screamed as I pounded away.

Mom came hard, and it wasn't long before I plastered her insides with my juices, and my own body trembled with excitement and release.

Mom sat up on her elbows as I slowly pulled my spent pecker out of her and heard her say with bated breath, "Kiss me."

Leaning forward I locked lips with mom and felt her grab hold of my limp cock and squeeze it between her fingers. Mom slowly jerked me off but suddenly stopped and pushed me backwards.

Mom eased herself forward and inhaled my dick into her mouth, and I groaned, "Oh fuck mom."

Mom's head bobbed up and down as her fingers toyed with my balls until I was back to full size. Easing herself up mom straddled over me and grasped my cock hard, lined it up to her pussy and hissed, "Oh... Yes... Mommy needs this."

As my meat penetrated her once again, Mom rode me hard gyrating her hips and wailed. "Make me cum again Kirtus."

I matched mom's rhythm and pushed up hard as her legs squeezed tightly on me; then heard her scream. "Oh fuck I'm cumming so hard!" Seconds later I exploded once more inside her, and we both crashed in total exhaustion.

Since that night, I haven't needed to use any of the oils from Blythe. Mom and I take turns massaging each other before we lay down and fuck ourselves to sleep, and mom doesn't come home exhausted anymore. I guess a good fuck is all that is needed to help get her through those tiring days.

Holly shit! Dean thought as he quit reading. Then he looked down and saw his hard dick nestled in his hand with precum dripping everywhere.

Confused as to why the stories were having such a mesmerizing effect on him; he tried to rationalize why it's happening. However, his mind had other ideas, and once again his thoughts pictured the son in the story massaging his mother seductively. And once again, the images change to him and his own mother.

With his hand still holding his cock, he stroked it as the images of his mother's body thrusting off the bed while his fingers slide deep inside her snatch consumed him.

Faster Dean jerked as his mother yelled in his mind to make her cum until he finally exploded and shot his load all over the room.

Dean stood up and surveyed the mess before he made an effort to clean it up. But as he did he became more perplex over his new incestuous thoughts.

I have to quit this kind of thinking. He told himself as he ventures down the hall to the bathroom and noticed the door was closed. It was apparent his mother was taking a shower when he heard the water running.

But as he turned to walk away he paused as a wicked thought entered his mind.

Slowly, Dean turned the knob and quietly opened the door.

Peeking inside he could see his mother's naked body behind the glass shower door and his hand immediately went to his cock, and he stroked it long and hard.

Dean worked himself back up to a frenzy and almost didn't hear the water had turned off. Quickly, he closed the door and raced back to his room wondering what could have possessed him to do such a thing. However, after seeing his mother naked and washing he realized his cock had never been that stiff before. Just then outside the door he heard his mother say, "Were you at the bathroom door before?"

"Um... No mom?"

There was an extremely long pause before he heard, "Ok! It's just that I thought I heard you?"

"Nope. I've been in here working on my report."

"Ok well supper will be ready in about a half hour."

Dean listened as he heard his mother's footsteps fade away. Phew that was close. He thought.

Why am I being like this? This isn't right. It's my mother for god sakes. Dean thought as he turned off the pc before heading downstairs.

As Dean sat at the dinner table, his mom asked from the kitchen, "You finish your report?"

"Um no I just needed to take a break."

"We'll supper just about finished." His mom said as she stood over the stove.

Dean couldn't help but eye his mother's fanny as she shifted her weight from one foot to the other. His cock once again grew as his lust built and wondered what it might be like to run his tongue up her ass crack.

When his hand rubbed his dick over his jeans, he shook his head, and mumbled, "Holly fuck I can't stop thinking about this."

"What did you say honey?"

"Oh nothing mom just going over some stuff in my head."

"Well save it for later. Super is ready."

Dean lowered his head but kept his eyes watching her as she bent forward and lowered the serving tray in front of him.

Dean's jaw dropped as he gawked at her large breast squished and pushed halfway out of her low-cut top.

"Hey you checking me out?"

"Hugh? Oh no. Sorry mom. I was just um..."

His mother laughingly replied, "I know what you were doing." But then followed up in a sincerer tone, "It's okay Dean. I probably shouldn't be wearing such a low-cut shirt. I can see it's affecting you. You're not my little boy anymore. I keep forgetting you're a young man now."

"Well. I... I guess your right mom."

Dean and his mother discussed their day as they ate their meal and retired to the living room to watch some TV before going to sleep.

However, as Dean watched the television, he couldn't help but ponder over what his mother said.

Maybe this is just what happens when your hormones are changing. Dean thought and noticed his mother sitting up.

Dean's mom walked, leaned over him and said, "I'm getting tired; I think I'll turn in early tonight."

Once again, Dean caught a nice view of her cleavage but also notices her kiss seemed to linger longer than usual. She also slowly lifted herself back up and smiled devilishly at him before saying, "Have a good night son."

"Night mom?" Was all he could say as she sauntered away leaving him to ponder if it was just his imagination or was she really flirting with him?

Dean rolled the idea in his head for another half-hour before he ventures to his own room. But as he passed by his mother room, he could hear soft moans coming from behind the doorway. Pausing for a moment he listened, and it became obvious to him. His mother was masturbating.

Holy fuck. He thought. Oh I'd better scam before she knows I'm here, and tip toed to his room. Once inside he laid on his bed but the thought of his mom fingering herself was driving him crazy.

I wonder? He thought and quietly opened his door and strained to listen. Even though the sounds of pleasure that were coming from his mother's room were barely noticeable it was enough to kick his incestuous thoughts back into gear.

Dean slid his body down the doorway and rested his head on the door jamb. He pointed his ear towards the muffled whimpers and whines and jerked off to the subtle sounds he heard.

It wasn't long before her tone increase and become a little louder it was apparent she was about to cum, which sent him over the edge.

But as he exploded listening to his mother cumming he lightly heard her moan, "Oh Dean..."

Dean soundlessly shut his door and cleaned up before he crept into bed and fell asleep wondering if what his mother said was just his wicked imagination.