

WAYS TO BED YOUR MOM CH. 05

bob03567

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

Incest/Taboo

4.75

6.3k words

What a glorious day! I thought when I woke. The night before couldn't have been more thrilling. For I had finally broken through that unspeakable barrier with my mother and committed an act of incest with her. However, it was only us masturbating each other to a gratifying climax. It indeed was a big step. One that I hoped would take us further down this forbidden path.

My dick was already hard in anticipation of what today might bring. I sprang out of bed and looked out my window. My father's car was already gone. This pleased me because only my mother and I were home now. Quickly, I dressed and dashed down the stairs in search of the person that was responsible for this hard boner in my pants.

I smiled when I saw my mother sitting at the kitchen table and went to greet her with a kiss. Only she stopped me and said, "Please, Kory. Take a seat. We need to have a conversation about last night."

I did as I was asked and sat next to her. Mom appeared distraught, and I was about to speak when she said, "What happened last night can never occur again."

My heart started to sink in my chest when I said, "But Mom..."

"Stop Kory! It was wrong! You know this. What we did was very, very wrong!"

I tried to speak once more, but again she cut me short and announced, "I'm your mother. You're my son. No matter how good it felt at the time. We must accept that it's a forbidden act. Let alone the fact that I also cheated on my husband. With our son, of all people. Just think what it would have done to him if he saw us doing that."

I looked down at the table and could feel the tears swelling in my eyes. Mom took my hand and softly said, "I know, Kory. I know what you're feeling. I felt the same way. Trust me; I toyed with this dilemma all night long. But you must understand that no good can come out of this."

I looked into my mother's eyes. A tear strolled down my cheek when I gave a single nod.

"I'm... I'm going to be late for work," I said as I stood up and wiped the tear from my face. I then turned and proceeded to sulk away.

Behind me, as I left the kitchen, I heard my mother say, "You'll see I was right about this. Someday you'll understand."

I paused for a second and thought, *No, Mom. I never will. But hopefully, you will see the light again.* I then continued on my course after that and left for my job.

That day and the days that followed, I moped around. I would come home from work and then head straight to my room. I didn't want to face my mother at all. I wouldn't even leave my room to

grab something to eat until I knew she was already in bed.

I would say I was suffering from depression, but this felt even worse. I didn't even want to look at any of those incestuous posts anymore. In fact, I tried to forget about them altogether. In my mind, all they did was add to this misery. At least, that is what I thought.

It wasn't until the following week that things changed. I had just walked in the door after leaving work and was about to head to my room when I heard my mother call my name.

I popped my head around the corner of the doorway, and there, sitting in the living room by herself, was my mother. This wasn't uncommon since my father typically worked late, but she appeared upset as she sat there for some reason.

Only I wasn't in any mood to talk with her and just said, "Did you need something?"

"Yes. Can you please come here?"

I let out a loud sigh as I approached her. But once there, I didn't sit down. Instead, I stood and asked, "Okay, I'm here. What can I do for you?"

Mom looked up at me. She had definitely been crying. I could see the smears in her makeup.

I felt a bit sorrowful, but I stood firm and looked down at her. Mom then replied, "For starters, can you please take a seat?"

Again I sighed as I plopped down by her side.

"Kory..." my mother said. "We need to have another talk."

I barked, "Pffft. What did I do now?"

"It's not what you did. It's what you're not doing. You've been ignoring me ever since we had that talk."

"Well!" I said. "How did you think I was going to act afterward? I mean, I did reveal to you how I felt, and I thought we both were on the same page. But it wasn't until the next day that you decided to smash all my hopes of showing you just how much you meant to me."

"Kory!" Mom barked. "That isn't what happened, and you know it. I think I explained very plainly why I felt we had to stop."

"Well, that was how I felt afterward. I mean, you never allowed me to explain why I felt you were wrong about it all!" I exclaimed.

Mom replied, "What could you have possibly said to me that would make me think it was anything but inappropriate for us to have done that?"

"For starters. How about the fact that you've been fantasizing about me also? Not to mention that you appeared to be enjoying what we were doing just as much as I was. I mean, you did come on my fingers, you know."

"Hold on, Mr., I never said I didn't enjoy what we did. God knows I loved it. That's not the problem." Mom rebutted. "Do you actually think it was easy for me to tell you we had to stop? It wasn't! In fact... I... I..."

Mom started to cry. She held her face in her hands, and I felt like a heel. My heart was opening up again. I wanted to make her feel better and, as I put my arm over her shoulder, said, "I'm sorry, Mom. Please don't cry. I never meant to make you feel this way."

Mom looked up at me with her tear-filled eyes. She then sat up and quickly hugged me. Then, with her head on my shoulder, she said, "Oh, Kory... I can't stand that you hate me now."

"Mom," I replied. "I can never hate you. I love you."

I eased myself back until she looked at my face and, while I wiped the tears from her cheeks, said, "Don't you see? That's my problem. I don't just love you, Mom. I want you. I want you more than anything, and it's killing me that it won't ever happen."

Mom lunged forward and kissed me hard on the lips. I was initially surprised, but then I embraced her body while letting my mouth welcome her kiss. Passionately we kissed, and as we did, I could feel my hunger building for her.

Only my mother suddenly pulled away. With her hands pressed into my chest, she sighed. Oh no. No, no, no. Not again. She quickly rose, and I could tell she was about to bolt away, and I yelled, "*What the hell, Mom!*"

Slowly she turned and pouted, "I'm sorry, Kory." Her head shook as she said, "I shouldn't have done that. God, I'm so confused."

"You!" I shouted. "First, you kiss me and then start to run away?"

My mother returned. And as she sat back down said, "Yes. You're right. I should explain. You have the right to know."

With sincerity in her eyes, she said, "There's more to this than just what we've done. Your father and I haven't been doing well over the last few months. We haven't had... You know... In a long time now, I fear he doesn't find me attractive anymore."

"Then he's an idiot," I replied.

Mom smiled at that briefly before continuing, "That night when he came home after we... Well, you know. He and I quarreled about his long hours at the office. He didn't admit it, but I think he might be having an affair."

I felt my blood begin to boil but kept quiet. I mean, what could I say? I was also trying to fuck his wife, after all.

"So I guess what I'm saying, Kory, is this. I'm having moments of weakness. I hope you can try to see this from my point of view. I'm dealing with your father, who's not showing me any affection. And then you. My sweet child who is more than willing to fulfill my sexual needs."

I sat up and thought about what she had just told me. Regrettably, it made sense. My mother was in a weak spot in her life.

I sighed, "Listen, Mom. I... I understand now. I'm so sorry that dad isn't paying you the attention you deserve. Maybe I should try harder to at least resist these urges I feel for you."

Mom smiled and said, "You'd do that?"

"Of course, Mom. I love you. I don't want to add to what you might be going thru with dad."

"Oh, honey!" Mom bellowed, taking me in her arms and hugging me tightly. "You don't know how happy that makes me hearing you say that."

I hugged her back and said, "Just know I'll be waiting should you ever feel the need to... You know."

With that, I kissed her lips softly once more. Then stood up and said, "I'll go to my room and let you think about that."

Mom didn't speak as I walked away. Once inside my room, I contemplated what was said. Knowing my father wasn't fulfilling his manly duties, I still had a shot with her for sure.

But how do I get her to accept that I was the person she wants to fuck without her feeling guilty?

Of course, that dam forum popped into my head, and I started up my computer.

Okay, this is it. If I can't find something useful this time. Then I'm done looking at these posts. So I thought when I sat down and began to read.

Well, Jim, I can understand your frustration. My mother wasn't an easy fuck, either. In fact, I had many failed attempts even though I thought with her being a single parent; it would almost be a sure thing.

Before I go any further, I guess I should make an introduction and describe my mother, so here goes. My name is Steven, and my mother's name is Peggy.

Now, Peggy, my mother, isn't just nice-looking. She's fucking gorgeous. I know what you're thinking. Every son is going to describe their mother that way. I would agree, except that my mother is a well-known model around here and has been since before I was born. She's been in many magazines and even done some clothing and makeup commercials for our local television stations. So yes, she's a natural hottie and has the sexy hourglass figure to prove it.

Her tight ass, muscular legs, and B-size breasts would always make my dick swell when I was lucky enough to catch her wearing a bikini. Shit, I'm actually getting stiff now just thinking about seeing her like that.

Mom's eyes are blue, and her hair isn't long, about shoulder length. It's also curly and light blonde.

Anyway, that's her description, and as I said, since my mother was already single, I figured this would be simple to accomplish, but I'm here to tell you that was my first mistake. I'll even go as far as to give you a couple more examples of the other things I tried since it took me two years to figure out what really worked.

I would let her catch me stroking off at night by leaving my bedroom door open. I then tried to hug her more often, thinking if she felt my cock pressing into her mound while her breast was smashed into my chest, it would spark her sexual desires.

I even tried telling her how sexy she was, hoping my flattery would make her think of me as more of a young stud than her eighteen-year-old son.

And lastly, I would bring up sexual situations in a conversation with her, thinking it would ignite that idea in her head. Well, none of that crap worked.

Peggy just wouldn't show any signs that she was even a little interested in letting me take this to the next level. In fact, all that those things did was make her more guarded around me.

She even went as far as to say, "Christ, Steven, I hope your hormones calm down soon. I swear you're becoming a little sex freak."

That was until I figured out her weakness. I stress this because instead of giving you a 'maybe you'll get lucky if you try this on your mother.' I'm going to tell you flat-out that this is the secret you are missing. You need to figure out what turns her on. What really makes her hot, and once you have that information, it's almost a sure thing.

I honestly was about to give up until I figured that out, and it happened the day she came home from doing a designer's show, and her feet were killing her.

She had to walk in six-inch heels, which played havoc on her tootsies.

Mom didn't even make it to her bedroom to change and take a shower like she typically would do. Instead, still dressed in her white sleeveless button-down shirt and semi-short black skirt, she crashed on the sofa and kicked her shoes off. Then, running her hands down her legs, she began to rub her heels thru the sheer nylons that covered her feet.

Being concerned, I asked, "You okay, Mom?"

"Oh, honey. I'm exhausted, and my feet are so sore."

Seeing my mother in pain tugged at my heart, and I immediately said, "Listen, Mom, why don't you rest on the couch and let me massage them?"

My mother shot me this puzzling look before she sneered, "Ah-ha. Sorry, Steven, I'm not in the mood for your little shenanigans tonight."

"No, Mom, I'm serious," I replied.

"So, no funny business if I agree to this?" she questioned.

"No funny business," I said. "I promise."

"Okay, Steven. But I'm going to hold you to that."

I nodded as I walked over and rested on my knees while Mom lay flat on the sofa.

Lifting my mother's left foot, I gently pushed my thumbs into her arches and heard her give out the softest of sighs.

"You like that, Mom?"

"Mm-hmm."

"It's not too hard, is it?" I asked as I continued to massage her foot.

"Mmm. Nnno. You're doing great," Mom murmured a little louder.

A few minutes later, when I moved my thumbs up to her toes, I heard, "Oh, honey, right there. Oh yes! Ahhh. Oh god, your fingers. You found the spot. Oh... Mmm, that's so good."

Hearing that made me smile because, at the time, I only wanted to make my mother feel better. But as I continued to work my fingers over her phalanges, she did something unexpected. She sighed, but this one didn't sound like the previous one. It sounded more sexual. Then after that, I noticed two more things. First, her hands started to scratch and dig into the couch, and second, her legs parted enough for me to have a clear view between them. I couldn't help but ogle the tiny white panties she had on and imagined what it would be like to run my tongue over her covered pussy.

My heart started to beat quicker when my dick started to rise. I could feel my sexual desire once again boil to the surface. I pressed a little hard into her digits, which caused Mom to moan, "Oh, Steven. You have no idea what this is doing to me."

Oh, but I did, and even though I had promised I would behave, I was now trying to figure out just how far she would let me continue with this foot massage. Would I get a chance to work my way up her leg? To that hidden treasure, I so desperately sought. I wasn't sure.

However, I knew I still needed to work on her other foot, so I swapped over to it. Patiently, I worked my thumbs into her arches, and she moaned, "Oh... Mmm. Ahhh. Oh, honey. Oh god. Oh, you're making mommy feel so good."

Fuck, my cock was raging in my pants now. Had I known I would be getting so excited doing this, I surely would have put on a pair of sweats beforehand. But, of course, it was too late for that, and I kept to my original plan and eased my fingers up to her toes.

"AHHH! Oh!!! Mmm!" Mom moaned more intensely, and her legs spread even further. Her body started to fidget around while she clutched at the sofa.

It was then that I noticed something promising. I spied a wet spot forming at the center of her panties.

Fuck, she's getting excited! I thought, and that was enough for me to push my luck.

Slowly, my fingers left my mother's toes and inched down to her heel. Mom's lips parted as her sighing increased. Gently, I motioned my hand to her ankle. Again, I was happy my mother wasn't showing any sign she didn't like what I was doing. I ventured further up at a snail's pace. Higher, I climbed until my hands rubbed over her calf.

Just a few more inches.

However, that was when Mom lifted her head and said, "Okay, Steven. I think that's enough. You appear to be massaging more than my foot now."

I tried to cover my misdeed and lied, "Sorry, Mom. I figured your calves would be just as sore as your feet."

"Well, in any event, you did a lovely job, so thank you."

I removed my hands and stood upright. I felt my heart sink. I was so close to achieving the impossible I remarked, "If you ever need another foot massage, Mom, I'm more than happy to do it again."

Mom eased herself up and off the sofa. Then, once she was standing in front of me, she leaned over and softly kissed my cheek. Her smooch made this 'mmmwah' sound. But I also noticed how it lingered before she said, "I'll keep that in mind."

I was onto something. I was sure of it. I felt confident that if my fingers ticked her clit she would have orgasmed on them. The hard part was going to be how to convince her she needed another massage. Then somehow, get my digits to climb up to her precious pussy while I rubbed her.

Luck would have it, and I didn't have to convince her at all. Because two days afterward, she had another grueling show, and her feet were sore again.

At least this time, I prepared myself and changed into comfortable sweats before I started. Like the last time, I started with the bottom of her foot and worked my way toward her toes.

"Oh... Yes... Mmmm. Ahhh," she whined as I pushed my fingers around her toes. Her legs parted slightly while her eyes were closed, and when I applied a smidgen more pressure, her back arched off the sofa.

Mom was getting worked up, and my dick went stiff seeing it. I decided to push my luck and make my move. I ventured down to her heel and then over her ankle. Mom's eyes were still closed and showed no signs of being discontent. I moved up higher. To her calves, I went and worked my thumbs deep into the muscle tissue.

"Oh... Wow. Honey your hands. They are magical, I swear," Mom sighed.

I smiled as my hand climbed higher. I was patiently inching my way up her leg. Her thighs parted even more as I went past her knee. Her breathing increased, and I could see a wet spot again forming between her legs. Finally, I went for broke and motioned my hands between her highs. Her legs split wide open, and she loudly sighed, "Oh... Oh god. Sssteven. That's... Oh! That's e-e-enough."

"You sure, Mom?" I teased as my fingers climbed higher while she started to pant. I could feel the heat from her pussy. I was so close to being able to slip a finger under her panties when suddenly she moaned, "Steven... Please. Oh! Oh! Oh, nnnno more. You're going tooooo make meeee."

As her voice trailed off, I lightly brushed my index finger against her pussy lips, and her toes curled when she wailed, "Oh fuck!"

I could tell she was about to cum by the way her ass lifted off of the sofa. Quickly I laid my palm entirely over the top of her covered mound.

"Oh no, Steven!" Mom yelled while her hands covered the top of my invading mitt, holding it in place.

"Oh god! I'm cumming! I'm fucking cumming!" She screamed and then made a sexual grunting sound as her body quivered.

"Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" My mother cried over and over until her body went limp. I didn't move and just listened to her loud breathing while her hands slowly slid off to the side of her body.

As she lay there huffing, I noticed how her juices had soaked thru her panties. This only added to my sexual excitement, and before my mother could respond, I lowered my head to her pussy.

The smell of her sweet sex filled my nostrils as I pushed her panties to the side before flickering my tongue over her clit.

"Oh God!" Mom yelled as she grabbed my head while trying to sit upright. This only caused her pussy to rake over my face.

I pushed my tongue harder into her mound until it pierced thru her pussy lips and didn't stop until it was buried deep inside her moist cunt. Within seconds I was fucking her feverishly with my tongue.

"Oh god, this is wrong!" So wrong!" Mom whimpered while bucking and thrashing around. It was obvious what I was doing was getting her super excited. But she wasn't the only one. I was past thinking rationally and quickly yanked my pants down past my knees.

I could feel the cool breeze blowing over my rock-hard cock as my mother pleaded, "Oh fuck! Oh, fuck! Steven, you shouldn't be! Do-i-n-g! Oh god, you're going to make me cum again!!!"

Mom's hands pushed my head tighter to her pussy when her body stiffened. However, before she could climax, I sat up quickly and heaved my stiff dick deep inside her pussy.

I'll never forget that look on my mother's face. It was a combination of shock and pleasure.

"Steven!" she screamed as I went balls deep inside her womb.

Mom then made a sound that I had never heard before. But it was a sound of excited pleasure, and she followed it up with, "I'm cumming! Oh, fuck! I'm cumming on my son's cock!"

Those words only excited me more, and I raced my cock in and out of her pussy while her juices slickened up her womb.

"You did, Mom!" I barked, spreading her legs wider while jackhammering away at her. "And I'm sure you're going to do it again!"

"Oh fuck!" Was her response, and then to my surprise, she whimpered, "Oh god, I can't help it! Fuck me, Steven. Make me cum again! Make mommy cum on your cock again, baby!"

I took my mother's legs and put them over my shoulder and fucked her with all I had. It didn't take long before she was once again cumming. Only this time, I couldn't hold back any longer, and with one mighty thrust, I blew my hot sperm deep inside her womb.

"Oh fuck! Steven! You... You... You should have pulled out. Oh god! I can feel it inside me!"

I was in another world as I held my cock motionless, letting it pump the last of my sinful seed into her fertile pussy.

Then slowly, I worked it back and forth. In and out. Too and fro. Increasing my speed as I went until, once again, we were fucking wilding.

We both fucked each other like animals, and I lost count of how many times I came inside her that night. But I can tell you for sure she was the best fuck I'd ever had in my life.

To this day, we fuck just about every night, and it never gets old. So my advice to you is this. Just keep at it until you can find out what gets your mother excited to the point she can't help but fuck you.

.....

I sat back and looked down to see I was already stroking my hard cock.

That story might not have helped me figure out what to do with my mother. But it sure got me super horny. To the point where it didn't take much of an imagination to picture myself between my mother's legs fucking her like that.

I closed my eyes as I worked my hand over my excited cock, and as I envisioned fucking, my mother mercilessly I moaned, "Yes, mom! Of fuck, yes! God, I love the feel of your pussy around my cock!"

My heart beat faster as my breath went quicker. I could clearly see my mother in my mind laying on her back with her legs over my shoulder as I pounded deep inside her pussy.

"Yes, honey! Give it to mama!" She screamed as I plowed away.

My body lifted off the bed, and I groaned, "Here it comes, Mom!"

Only just as I was about to cum I felt something wet touch the tip of my dick.

My eyes shot open, and I was shocked to see my mother dressed in a long black nightshirt with her right hand pushed between her legs while she was bent over my lap.

"Mmmom?" I said as she leaned forward and kissed the end of my dick.

"Oh ffffuck...." I moaned as my body jolted with a sexual delight I had never experienced before.

I couldn't help but rest my hands on top of her head and thrust upward, helping her mouth take my entire cock down her sweet throat.

Slowly she started to bob up and down while I groaned, "Oh God, Mom! I thought you... Said... It... was a mmmmis!"

I couldn't finish my sentence as Mom's head went faster, and I croaked, "Oh, Mom! What are you doing? Oh God! Oh God! OH, GOD!!!"

I couldn't hold back any longer and held my mother's head down on my dick as it exploded. I could hear her gurgling as I shot my sperm down her velvet throat.

Mom sucked what juices I had left before her mouth made this popping sound while she sat upright. Then, with a devilish smile, she wiped her lips and asked, "So, was that as good as you expected?"

"Better!" I barked and kissed her hard on the mouth.

I had no idea what came over my mother to make her change her mind; I didn't care at that moment. I was too far gone to stop now and quickly slithered my hands down her body until my left finger found her slit. Then, wasting no time, I raked my index finger over her clit.

While kissing her, I slowly worked my finger over her little nub until it was rock hard, which in return caused my mother to start panting in my mouth.

I broke our kiss, looked into my mother's starry eyes, and announced, "Now it's your turn."

With that, I pushed her back onto my bed and rapidly spread her legs before latching my mouth onto her pussy.

"Oh, God, Kory! Your! Your! Your mouth is.... Ohhhhh"

Mom arched her back and spread her legs wider as I nudged two fingers inside her already-wet pussy.

While flickering my tongue over her clit I started to work my fingers faster in and out of her love hole until she started to lift her ass off the bed.

"Oh God! Why am I letting you do this! It's so wrong!" I heard her say before she followed with, "But it feels so good. So good!"

I went faster, causing her to moan louder, only she then said, "Oh God! I'm going to!!!"

"Wait! Wait! OH fffuck. Okay! Okay!" She pleaded while her hands pulled my head upwards, away from her pussy.

I could see a look of pure lust on her face as she cried, "We should stop."

With my eyes locked onto hers, I crawled up her body until my stiff dick was nestled over her moist slit.

"Kory..." she softly spoke.

I heaved once over the top of her clit and hissed, "You sure, Mom? You sure you want me to stop?"

Mom turned her head away from me as if she couldn't look into my eyes, and I asked her again, "Do you really want me to stop, Mom?"

In a low tone, I heard, "No... But we should stop b-b-before..."

"Before what Mom?" I said while I nudged forward.

With another shove over her clit I said, "Before you admit to me that you actually like this. Having my dick rubbing over your clit like this. Tell me Mom. Tell your son how much you like having his dick rubbing over your pussy."

With her head turned away, she didn't answer, and I said a little louder, "Tell me Mom! You like it don't you?"

She replied softly, "Yes."

I started to saw my dick back and forth over her clit, causing her breathing to increase, and I said, "You actually want more, don't you?"

I noticed a slow nod while she looked into space, and I hissed, "Then tell me. I want to hear you say it."

Mom looked at me but remained quiet, and I said, "Tell me, Mom! Tell me what you want!"

In a low voice, I heard, "I... I... I want you to..."

"To what mom?"

"To fffuck me..."

"Say it louder, Mom."

"Please fuck me," she replied with a little more tone.

"Louder, Mom. Tell me louder!"

"Please fuck me!" she announced.

I nudged my dick between her lips and slid half my dick inside. Then, I stopped and savored the moment, realizing my wish had finally come true.

"Fuck me!" Mom yelled. "Fuck me, Kory!"

With a loud grunt, I heaved forward, sending my entire cock inside her.

"Ugh!" Mom huffed as I pulled back and thrust again. And then again. And again. Faster and harder. Deeper and deeper. I was going wild, and my mother was screaming, "Yes! Oh, god, yes! Fuck me son! Fuck, mommy! Make me cum! God, it's been so long since I've cum!"

I went crazy and fucked her with all I had. I could feel my hot sperm racing up my shaft. It wouldn't be long before I would be cumming again myself.

The sweat poured off my body as Mom pulled my ass tighter to her mound when she yelled, "I'm cumming! Oh god I'm cumming!"

I could feel her pussy gripping my cock while her body trembled in sexual delight.

This put me over the edge, and while my mother was climaxing, I became lost in my own sexual euphoria and held myself still deep into her depth when I exploded.

"Kory!!! You're you're.... You're cumming inside me!"

"Oh, Mmmmmom!" I groaned as I relished how great it felt to climax in her womb.

My head fell onto her chest while my cock pumped out the last of my hot seed.

"Oh, Kory..." Mom sighed. "You should have pulled out."

I'm sorry, Mom. I couldn't help it. It felt too good to stop." I said while slowly working my meat stick back and forth inside her womb.

Mom's body would respond to that, and I could feel her pussy grip my shaft every time I nudged forward.

Slowly but steadily, I rocked myself back to complete stiffness and heard my mother softly say, "You want to fuck me again, don't you?"

I only nodded as I worked myself up a little faster.

"It really doesn't bother you that I'm your mother, does it?"

I shook my head as I increased my speed.

"Oh, God, Kory... You're going to make me like this, aren't you? You're going to make your mother like fucking her son."

Yes!" I hissed when I reached my full stiffness and started to fuck her with long hard thrusts.

"Oh God! You're doing it! You're making me like it! Oh God, I can help myself!" Mom whined while wrapping her legs around my waist. "You're making me enjoy this! This sinful act of fucking my son! Mmm. Ohh Ohh. Oh God, please forgive me, but I can't help it. I do love it! I can't deny how much I love having my son fuck me!"

Heaving and thrusting I grunted, "So do I, Mom. So do I!"

It didn't take long before my mother was cumming again. Thankfully this time, I was lasting much longer, and once she had finished, I turned her over and fucked her doggie style. Then crab style. Then I tried a couple more positions that I didn't know their names. After that, we just kept fucking and fucking, and I swear my cock had never fucked a woman for as long or as hard as I fucked her.

Mom was on top of me, grinding her pussy hastily, when she moaned, "Oh god, Kory, I'm cumming again!"

This time when she came, I groaned, "Me too MOM!"

I figured she would get off of me, but instead, she only ground harder and said, "Do it, baby! Cum inside me! Cum inside your mother!"

"Ffffuck!" I croaked as I jettisoned my baby making juices into her pussy.

"Oh, Yes!" she cried as I began to fill up her womb.

Just then, I heard my father's car pull into the driveway.

"Your father!" Mom shouted and rocketed off my body before dashing to her room.

Quietly I listened as his footsteps could be heard climbing the staircase.

Then the sound of their bedroom door opening and closing became evident in the darkness.

Patently I tip-toed to my door and listened as low muffled words came from their room.

I strained to hear what they might be talking about but I was too exhausted to stay and listen anymore and went back to bed, where I fell into a deep sleep until morning.

When I awoke the following day, I stared at my ceiling, unsure what today would bring. If Mom taught me anything, it was that she wasn't sure about what we were doing.

But then a big smile ran across my face as I rehashed the night before and how many times I had actually fucked her. Even if she was again going to be in denial, I was sure it wouldn't be for long by the way she fucked me back last night.

Cheerfully I hopped out of bed and looked out my window. Like the other day, my father was already gone, but instead of racing down the stairs to greet my mother, I took my time and got dressed.

However, as I entered the kitchen, I noticed my laptop was open and sitting on the table while my mother stood beside the stove.

"Hey, Mom? Why is my laptop here?"

"Oh. Hi, honey; sit while I finish your breakfast, and then we'll talk about that."

About that? I thought and then swallowed hard when I sat and noticed that my computer wasn't just running; it was opened up to that incest forum that I was reading.

"There!" I heard as my breakfast plate was placed in front of me before Mom took a seat off to my right side.

"Mom! I... ahh. I can explain!" I said.

"Shhh," Mom said. "Eat your breakfast. Then we'll talk."

I did as she asked and tried to think of some excuse she might believe, but I was coming up blank as I ate.

I had no sooner finished eating than I said. "Listen, Mom. I only started to read that because I was looking for informa..."

"Silly boy!" Mom interrupted. "There's nothing to explain. I've known you've been reading this for a while now. To be honest the stories were getting to me also. But those aren't what I want to discuss with you.

Fuck I can't believe what I'm hearing! I thought and then said, "They're not?"

Mom shook her head and replied, "What I want to know is which of us is going to respond to your friend."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, are you, or am I going to tell him how we started to fuck each other?"

I only smiled when I replied, "Why don't we both do it."

"Mmm." Mom cooed as she brushed her hand over my groin. "I like that idea. I like it a lot."

Still smiling, I pulled the laptop in front of me and started to type.

Dear Jim. I wrote while Mom got down on her knees and undid my pants. I figured since my mother was about to give me another glorious blowjob, it would be a good time for me to start off by explaining how we both started to fuck each other.

Mom, then lifted her head and announced, "Oh and, by the way. I told your father last night I wanted a divorce." With that, she went back down on my dick.

I couldn't help but smile when I rapidly wrote. *Sorry, Jim. This will have to wait. I really need to fuck my mother again.*