

Breeding for Mom

Part One

It felt good to be back in my room. After my first year of attending a University, I was back home for the summer. My name is Sam and I live with my mom Melissa. My dad died more than a dozen years ago. Last year Mom bought the house we're now living in, located forty miles from where we used to live. We moved here right after my eighteenth birthday.

The house is bigger than Mom and I required, but it was the best value for the location. I live on the upper floor which consists of two bedrooms with a shared bathroom. We turned one of them into a study room and my bedroom has a great view out the front of the house. Mom's master suite is down a long hallway from the dining room and the living room overlooks the back of the property. Large windows face the gardens out back providing a peaceful and quiet atmosphere. There are a couple other bedrooms along the hallway to Mom's master suite which have been turned into hobby rooms.

Her sister, Rachel, convinced Mom to move here to be closer. She divorced her husband three years ago and longed for her sister's companionship and finally convinced Mom to relocate close to her. Mom wasted no time to move here as soon as I graduated. Neither have regretted it and have been inseparable. They have shown no interest in men, preferring to spend their time together and with me.

Physically similar, they would have no trouble attracting men if they desired. They are brunettes, although my aunt dyed her hair blonde last year. Both have their hair cut short, which frames their beautiful

faces perfectly. Mom's large, deep brown eyes make you feel better immediately when she looks at you. She has long toned firm legs, proudly showing them off wearing short skirts. Her breasts aren't huge but large enough to sexily push out her tight blouses.

Aunt Rachel has deep green eyes which accent her blonde hair. I thought she was sexy before but her new hair color makes her look even better. At twenty-six she's eleven years younger than Mom. Her breasts look larger than Mom's and her luscious legs look similar.

My mood is always at its best when I'm around either of them. We have a large garden at our new house and the three of us work together, keeping it maintained and treating ourselves to a dinner or movie after a day of hard work. My aunt lives a few blocks away and routinely walks over to visit us.

Rachel never mentions her ex-husband, but she did obtain the house and a substantial amount of money when the divorce was finalized. Mom told me it was due to a dispute concerning children but wouldn't divulge whether my aunt wanted offspring or he did. Not knowing the true story but knowing him, I suspected he had an affair and was caught.

Our time together the last few years has really bonded Mom and me, working and playing together. Mom rented an apartment for me at the University believing I would be more comfortable than sharing a room in the dorms. I figured it was an incentive to keep me at school allowing her to develop a relationship. Coming home once a month I figured I'd give Mom plenty of freedom, but as far as I could tell she wasn't dating.

After three months Mom pleaded with me to come home every weekend because she and my aunt missed my company. Gladly accepting her proposal I changed my schedule according to Mom's wishes.

My time with Mom and my aunt was increasing my sexual frustration. When I arrived back to school on Sunday night I'd call up one of several girls I cycled through. They didn't know why they received such a good fucking each time I came back and I wasn't honest enough to tell them I was fantasizing they were my mother. I picked girls that looked similar to Mom or Aunt Rachel, avoiding an emotional attachment to any of them. They made it clear they were with me for the sex and didn't want to get tied down to anyone during school so I didn't mind using them to stave off my incestuous lust.

Mom and Rachel were still close and neither dated. Their full attention was devoted to me when I came home for the weekends and I looked forward to being with them this summer. Jealous men would stare when we'd go out on the town. My aunt would dress less conservative; although, much to my dismay neither would go braless.

Eating out was especially hard as I would sit by Mom with Rachel across from us. She wore a bra but her dresses showed a lot of cleavage from her full, meaty breasts. She caught me more than once staring at her chest through dinner, not saying anything to my mother. She would go back to talking to Mom, smiling while acknowledging the admiration of her sexy wares.

Mom interrupted my daydreaming when she called me down for dinner. One of my favorite meals was waiting for me to celebrate my homecoming. As we sat across from each other I found myself longingly staring at her beauty. She even asked me a couple of times whether I didn't like my food since I wasn't eating much. It was hard to break away to eat, but I didn't want to hurt her feelings in her attempt to please me. Her eyes were like magnets, deep brown and beautiful, like a window to her soul.

When finished we cleaned up and retired to the living room to discuss our plans for the gardens. It was the time of year we'd have to do a lot of work to get them in shape for summer. She told me Rachel was anxious to come over and help which wouldn't help subdue my aroused state. Unfortunately, I was going to have to seek a seasonal job to help pay for my escalating education costs. Summer employment was going to severely limit the time I would be able to spend with my two favorite ladies.

I was tired after the long trip and went to bed early, putting off job hunting until morning. I fell asleep fast thinking of past images of Mom and my aunt. I woke up earlier than normal and went downstairs to the kitchen. Mom still has a daily newspaper delivered and whenever I'm home we'd share it while eating breakfast. I retrieved it and started to read while waiting for Mom to arrive.

Mom's door creaked open and I heard her footsteps come down the hall. She lightly kissed me on the back of my neck and said, "Good morning, Sam. You're up early." I could smell her natural scent as her lips burned my flesh.

"Yes, I am. I slept well and wanted to get a start on looking for a job," I replied as I looked up to see her walk around me to go to the counter. I froze as I gazed at my mom wearing a blue nightie which barely covered her full, firm ass. It wasn't a see-through, but it clung to her tight enough making it was obvious she was nude underneath.

As she filled the coffee machine my eyes locked onto her long, bare legs. It wasn't the first time I'd seen them but they still excited me when displayed. As she finished and turned I quickly looked down at the paper disguising the fact I was leering. As she walked by me to go back to her room my eyes lustfully followed her sexy body.

After a few minutes, she returned in a robe to prepare breakfast. She must come out to the kitchen each morning right after she wakes up, starts up the coffee, then returns to her room to change to her robe. I had gotten up early before and she was always in her robe. I wonder if she had changed her routine when I started college.

I made a mental note to not let sleep interfere again with my early morning delight. Hopefully, she wouldn't revert back to changing to her robe before coming out to start up the coffee in the future.

We talked while she finished cooking. After we ate and finished reading the paper, I helped her clean up. She asked me what I was

going to do today. I told her I was going to hunt for a summer job to help pay for college. We talked about possible job prospects and where I should start looking.

She hugged me, wishing me luck and left to get dressed to go to work. Retreating to my room, I surfed for job leads. A few minutes later I heard Mom's car pull out. I looked out my window and watched her drive away. As soon as her car disappeared I was in bed stroking my rock-hard cock, reliving the sight of her nightie-clad body. I didn't last long, coating my stomach with globs of hot cum.

I didn't have much luck finding a job so I decided to take a break and go out. I stopped at the grocery store and picked up some items Mom had wrote on a list on the table. When I arrived home Mom was already there, earlier than normal. She greeted me with a hug and I asked her if anything was wrong. She informed me she took off to spend more time with me before I found a job.

We walked around the garden discussing what we were going to do for the next few days. While we were eating dinner later that night, I informed her I wasn't having any luck finding a job. She looked disappointed but then smiled as she said, "You never know, maybe something will come up."

Soon after we retired to the living room to watch TV, Mom went to her room. She left the door open and I could hear her talking on the phone, probably catching up with a friend. Their conversation was too faint to comprehend the content, but I did hear her say goodbye to whoever she was talking to.

She came out and sat by me on the couch, wrapping her arm around me to hug me close. I could feel the heat from her body and her breath as she told me she was going to help me with a job. I turned to look into those beautiful eyes as she continued to tell me she was talking with her friend Sharon regarding some available work. I remembered Sharon from our old neighborhood. She was Mom's age and was hot. She told me Sharon had quite a bit of work to do around her house and she was willing to pay me good money to help.

Sharon was wealthy and would usually give me a twenty when we'd go visit her, for my college fund, she'd say. I figured the pay would be good and working around a hot looking woman couldn't be bad. I readily agreed to work for her. Mom was elated, smiled and kissed me on the cheek as she went back to her room to call Sharon. She came out later and informed me I could start the next morning. After a few more minutes I told Mom I was going to bed to get a good night's sleep. Setting my alarm to get up early, I drifted off fast.

The next morning I was up and reading the paper, anxiously awaiting Mom's arrival. She made her appearance at the same time wearing the same nightie. My plan worked as I leered at her scantily clad body. She repeated her routine, leaving and returning to fix breakfast in her robe. I told Mom I'd probably be late getting home since Sharon's house was an hour away. She hugged me goodbye and wished me luck on my job. Her parting smile was sexy and even had a diminutive smirk mixed in. It was enough to arouse my horny prick.

I made it to Sharon's place and she was still as hot as I remembered. We reviewed the things she wanted to be done and the list looked short enough I was sure I could do it in a day, although Mom had told me there was a week's worth of work. After the first item was completed I realized the main job Sharon wanted accomplishing was to have her pussy filled with hard, young cock. Her seduction plan wasn't complicated, leading me to her bedroom, stripping off her clothes and begging me to fuck her hard.

She kept me in bed all day, obviously not getting the spousal sexual attention she required. She told me her husband was out of town on a business trip until the end of the week, probably fucking his secretary instead of attending meetings. She wasn't upset about his indiscretions as she was financially comfortable in their relationship. Neither of them desired a divorce and was fine with the status quo.

Exhausted from my workout, I arrived home late. Mom asked me how it went and I told her there was a lot of hard work to do and it would keep me busy for the week. She smiled and told me how happy it made her knowing she was able to help with the arrangement. I went to bed early in order to get up for Mom's negligee showing.

Each day was a repeat of events starting with Mom in the morning and Sharon taking a sexual pounding during the day allowing me to live out my mom fantasies. One of the mornings I blew it and slept past Mom's nightie show. Friday arrived too soon for my liking, signaling the end of my work week. I was hoping Sharon would extend my time, but she explained she didn't want the neighbors to get suspicious and

she had enough memories to last a while. She thanked me with a day of sex and I left with a check for five hundred dollars.

Mom had one of my favorite meals ready when I arrived home and we discussed our weekend plans. We decided on a number of projects in the garden and she mentioned that her sister was going to come over to help. I was looking forward to spending a weekend with them. Signing and handing the check to Mom brought out a big smile as I told her to use it to help pay for college expenses.

After breakfast the next day we worked in the garden. Shortly after we began my aunt showed up, looking as good as ever. We had never felt comfortable hugging as she was too close to my age, but she did stroke my arm with her hand in a greeting fashion, smiling wide and causing my groin to tingle. We toiled through the day, broke for lunch and decided to go out to dinner to celebrate our day of hard work.

Aunt Rachel went home to change while Mom and I picked her up on the way out. They were radiant at dinner and I couldn't have been happier being out with these two beautiful women. Envious husbands stared at us as we dined. Sleep came easy after a full day of work.

After breakfast the next morning, Mom pulled her chair to face mine. She sat down and scooted up closer, intertwining our legs. Her bare leg rubbed against me under our robes as she leaned forward and stroked my arms. Her smooth, firm knees pressing along my hairy thighs sent electric shocks to my hardening cock.

She told me she had something important to tell me. I stroked her arms the same way she was doing, relaxing both of us. Fortunately, my robe concealed my hard prick resulting from our close contact.

She stared at me as if she were trying to decide how to tell me what she had on her mind. I looked back into those brown eyes and immediately felt at ease. She told me she had a long phone conversation with Sharon yesterday. My relaxed state began to disappear wondering what Sharon had told Mom.

"Sharon's pregnant," she divulged, still staring at me. I could only imagine the panic-stricken look sweeping across my face. I hadn't used protection with Sharon. She pulled me tight each time as I flooded her cunt with cum each time. I had wrongly assumed she was on some kind of birth control.

"It's your baby, Sam," she continued.

Fear swept through me as my hands squeezed tight on Mom's arms. What an idiot I had been forgetting about protection. My mind was racing of the implications of getting someone pregnant. Mom could see my discomfort and moved her hands to mine pulling them away and held them tight, smiling widely, amused at my predicament.

"Relax, it's okay. She wanted the baby. She told me how she seduced you and how she tricked you into thinking she was on birth control," she quietly said in an attempt to calm me. Moving her hands to my arms, she stroked up and down to ease the tension.

Taking a deep breath, I replied, "Wow Mom. I had no idea. You're okay with this? Does she want anything from me?"

"She wanted a baby and her husband couldn't give her one. She's elated and doesn't want anything from you. You know, it's not uncommon," she told me, still locking our eyes together.

"Not uncommon?"

Explaining further she said, "Yes, wealthy women routinely find a young man to impregnate them when their husband can't or doesn't want to."

"Why don't they go to a fertility clinic and get inseminated," I asked, more relaxed from Mom's gentle caressing.

"They usually don't want anyone to know and they like the more discreet method. Most of the time the husband won't allow it, afraid his colleagues might find out and think he is less of a man for it."

"Sharon asked me to have this talk with you to make sure you're okay. She hated that she didn't ask you in advance, fearing you'd say no to her," she stated, looking for my reaction.

I smiled and told her, "It's fine Mom. I like Sharon and I'm glad she's happy now. It was quite a workout last week though."

"No details Sam. A mother doesn't want to know those kinds of things," she laughed, breaking the tension.

She pulled back and we went to change for another day of work in the garden. Aunt Rachel arrived mid-morning to help out. Several times Mom caught me staring at my aunt when she'd bend over and display her ample cleavage. My face reddened realizing I wasn't that sneaky, but Mom only smirked and continued to work. We ate at home and Rachel left right after.

After our showers, we relaxed on the couch watching TV before retiring for the night. Mom draped her arm around me and stroked my upper arm again as she did in the morning. She moved my arm to do the same to her and we enjoyed the moment, massaging and bonding with each other. Her skin was smooth and soft. I could have remained there for the rest of the night. I gently squeezed her arm several times after she did it to me.

We were ready to call it a night when she looked over at me and said, "I really enjoyed the time we spent together during the weekend. It was fun working and playing together again. I've missed your company more than I thought I would when you were at school."

I replied, "I always have fun when I get to work in the garden with you and Aunt Rachel. It's going to be a bummer to have to start looking for another job tomorrow." I secretly wondered if she had any more hot friends needing help.

As if she read my mind, Mom said, "Sharon told me some of her friends are really jealous of her now," as her eyes locked with mine. "You know, there is a way you can spend more time with me this summer and still earn money."

Observing my clueless look, she disclosed her plan. "Sharon says her friends would be willing to pay for the same service. It wouldn't take long and you could spend more time here with me."

Now it hit me. Mom wanted me to impregnate Sharon's friends. Trying to hide my excitement, I responded, "Gee Mom, you want to pimp out your son? That doesn't sound legal."

Squeezing my arm harder, she replied. "Not pimping. It isn't sex. You'd be inseminating desperate women. We would provide a service they need and they're willing to pay well for it."

"Umm, Mom. You do realize sex is part of it, don't you? How about the legality of it? What if they want to come after me for child support or something?"

She explained the process in length. She assured me these women had no intention or desire to establish a relationship with me. They didn't even want to see my face during the process. It wouldn't be lovemaking, it would be a simple infusion of sperm. They required secrecy because they didn't want to involve anyone else. Sharon had a loyal attorney draw up an agreement to protect both parties from further action. The women would be people we hadn't met to further cement anonymity.

The plan was well thought out. I wonder how long Mom and Sharon had been working on the details. It was hard to contain my excitement over my new summer job prospect. I told her in as steady a voice as I could, "Sure Mom. I'll help out. Giving me more time to help around here will be really nice."

"Great Sam. I'm taking off work this week in order to spend more time together," she informed me, returning to the smooth-stroking on my upper arm.

Sleep once again came easy dreaming of my new summer job. Awakening early I waited for Mom to show up for breakfast. She was later this morning and I was afraid she'd sleep in late since she was taking the week off. I was ready to go back to my room when I heard her door open and close. She kissed my neck and started the coffee. She wore a different nightie this morning. It was dark green and sleeveless. A small strip of her thigh was visible as she glided around the kitchen. The other difference was that she didn't go change, staying to prepare breakfast.

Once the food was ready she served us and sat down opposite me. Her new nightie had a thin gap in front which displayed a small amount of cleavage. I openly stared at the exposed flesh of the insides of her full breasts. She continued to eat as if nothing had changed. I was hard through the meal, barely hearing her talk to me concerning the day's events. Through the fog, I heard she was going to Sharon's for awhile work out the details.

As soon as we finished and I spotted her car go down the road I was already stroking my prick, quickly coming to the vision of my mother's sexy body. I worked in the garden and Mom showed up several hours later. We ate and decided to go out to the movies with Rachel in the afternoon. It was a pleasant day and I wondered what she and Sharon had discussed today.

My aunt left for her house afterward, leaving Mom and me on the couch again. Mom told me she had met a client at Sharon's and she had made arrangements for us to meet tomorrow. Locking her beautiful eyes on mine, she explained, "Our client will show up here while you wait in your room. You won't meet her as they don't want to be able to recognize you if they happen to see you later. I'll prepare her for the procedure. She'll be on my bed, covered by a sheet. Your job is to uncover her far enough to do your business. The client will never show her face nor talk to you."

I nodded to acknowledge my instructions. Concerned on whether I'd be able to get hard without any foreplay I rebuked, "I don't know Mom. No kissing, no talking, slight touching. I don't know if I'll be able to adequately perform."

She was silent for a moment thinking over what I said and replied. "It might be a challenge. I'll let them know you may have to caress their legs to advance things and you can talk to them if it helps. They won't respond to anything you say. They want success so I'm sure they'll be tolerant for whatever it takes."

Mom remained clad in her green nightie the next morning as we ate. I went to my room to wait for her to let me know when my services would be required. I didn't change out of my robe keeping my thoughts on anything but Mom. I didn't want to be tempted to blow off a load. I heard a car pull up and soon after, muffled voices drifted up from downstairs. Mom was preparing our client. I heard a light knock on my door and opened it to see Mom still clad in her nightie. Seeing my surprised look, she told me the clients felt more relaxed if she was dressed in less formal attire.

No complaints from me as I wouldn't mind if she wore it all day. She stroked my upper arms as she held me. I did the same, relishing in the texture of her smooth, soft skin. She asked, "Honey, we didn't talk about payment and how much you'd like after expenses."

"Mom, keep whatever you get. You're putting me through college. You deserve it and I don't really need any money. You take care of everything as it is."

She smiled and pressed her thinly covered body to mine in a tight hug. I felt her braless tits squash on my robe-covered chest as we stroked each other's arms. I was hardening fast and released her before it became too obvious. She smiled and told me to wait a few minutes before coming down. Apprehension swept through me as I anxiously waited to start my new summer job.

Nervously I went downstairs to Mom's bedroom, closing the door behind me. I removed my robe noticing my hard prick was already

softening due to the pressure of the moment. A thin, silk sheet was attached to Mom's headboard, covering a woman's body to her feet.

Her breasts pushed up the sheet as well as her pelvic bones. I walked up close and moved the covering up exposing her legs below her knees. They were a deep brown, not from her race, but from suntanning. This woman was a sun worshiper. Her legs were closed together and she was tense as I ran my hands up and down her lower legs.

Her skin felt tough from the damaging sun. Her skin was more like leather, hard and dry. Seeing her nervous state, I quietly talked to her, trying to ease her stress. I moved the sheet up further stroking her upper legs and thighs. Her hands were at her sides and were clenched tight. She was so nervous I was afraid this wasn't going to work and we might have to call it off.

I was completely soft now as my mind raced to try to think of how to proceed to put this woman more at ease. Suddenly it hit me. She loved to lie in the sun and was probably really proud of her tan.

Complimenting her on her deep-brown skin, I continued to gently massage her legs. Feeling her relax I told her to think of when she was in the sun enjoying the warmth. Her hands relaxed as she took herself to her happy place.

As I stroked her thighs I told her to imagine it was her hands spreading oil on her legs. As her thoughts shifted to a more pleasant environment, she spread her legs apart a few more inches. Gently I moved the sheet to her waist exposing her pussy. There was a pillow under her lower

back elevating her hips. I wasn't sure if this was part of the procedure to hold in my sperm or if it was to help me penetrate the woman without having to lie on top of her.

Her pussy was smooth except for a landing patch above her slit. I could see a lighter tone of skin where she had worn a bikini bottom for some of the time in the sun. I slowly ran my fingers up and down her slit. Her legs were still too tight together to allow me to enter. My best chance would be to put her at ease in the setting she felt most comfortable.

"Your tan is unbelievable, perfectly toned and even," I told her as I stroked her inner thighs. "Imagine you're soaking in the rays, relaxed and sexy."

I felt her body soften as she opened her thighs wider allowing more access to her slit. She was responding as I had hoped. Pressing on with the scene, I said, "You must tan in your backyard, but you have to put on your bottom at times in case friends or a delivery man shows up."

Her hips moved in excitement as I proceeded with the fantasy. "I wish I was the lucky delivery man, coming in the yard and seeing a tanned, sexy, nude woman on display."

Moisture was appearing on her slit as her fantasies overcame her nervousness. "You have to be careful when laying out in the sun nude, not knowing when a friend or a family member will arrive unannounced."

She didn't react until I mentioned family. I was narrowing in on one of her hidden fantasies.

"Your daughter might see you and get embarrassed seeing her nude mother. Or maybe even your son."

Her hips involuntarily bounced when I mentioned her son. My plan was set now. I stroked her wet slit as she mulled over what I said. I was hardening knowing this woman was mentally fantasizing about her son.

"I can imagine how it might happen. One day you're tanning nude and you hear the phone ring in the house. You're slow to get up to answer it and the recorder is already on. You hear your son talking and you're getting ready to pick it up when you stop and let the answering machine take the call. He explains that he's getting off work and will be home earlier than normal. Thinking you're visiting friends, he tells you he's going to get some sun until you get back."

She opened her legs wider as I talked her through the incestuous fantasy. I alternated from stroking her thighs to caressing her engorged cunt lips. "You know why he called. He still lives at home unable to afford his own place after graduation. He came home early once and caught you sunbathing nude. He yelled out in surprise and when you looked up, he ran back inside. After you put your suit on you went in to see him being careful to avoid any discussion concerning the incident. His face was red but more important his pants were bulging

out. Your son's prick was rock hard from looking at his beautiful, naked mother."

She moved her hands to cup her ass cheeks, massaging them, raising her pelvic area up to my exploring hands. She was really getting worked up with my fantasy. My manhood was at full attention, living out her mother-son seduction.

"You know what you should do as a good mother. Wearing your suit would be the proper course of action. You wouldn't want to embarrass him again. He doesn't think you're home. He's assuming you're out. Your excited, throbbing cunt overrides any sensible thoughts. You get up and move the lounge so your horny, motherly pussy will be on full display to the door. Hearing his car pull in the drive, you get in position and spread your legs to put on a show for your son. Your dark sunglasses prevent him from seeing you looking as you pretend you're asleep."

Bringing her knees up she spread her legs out wide, opening her glistening groove as the familial fantasy proceeded. I massaged her pussy and the lightly tanned area surrounding her fiery hole. Her skin was much smoother and reminded me of Mom's arm when I was stroking it.

"You hear the patio door slide open and see him through your shades. He's wearing trunks, ready to get some sun when he stops and stares at your nude body. He softly calls out your name, not loud enough to wake you but enough to see if you're sleeping. You remain silent. He advances closer unable to take his eyes off your pussy. He pulls his

trunks down and you see your son's hard prick for the first time since he was a child."

She thrashed her hips while she visualized her aroused son standing before her. Her hands went to my back and stroked up and down. Inserting two fingers into her wet cunt, I slowly slithered them in and out of her leaking pussy.

"Your son slowly strokes his hard cock while staring at his mom's open gash. He cups his balls after a couple of strokes and proceeds back up to the head."

She moved her hands from my back to firmly wrap them around my prick. She followed the act I described her son was doing. She lightly squeezed my balls as she pumped my slick shaft, twisting my fat, bulbous head on the upstroke. Both of us were leaking pre-cum as we executed our fantasy.

"You sense him move closer to the lounge. Your son's forbidden prick is dangerously close to your open pussy. He calls your name again, gaining confidence when you groan and moan as if you're having a dream. You murmur his name and hump your hips up as if you're fucking him in a dream. You hoarsely whisper out your fantasy of how much you've wanted his hard prick."

Her hands left my prick and went to hold my sides. She was gripping tight anticipating the moment her son fucked her. I closed the gap between us and ran my slippery, engorged head around the mouth of

her pussy. She bucked up, capturing and pulling my prick into her hungry canal.

"Your son is hard as a rock now and can't pull out. He didn't want it to go this far but by mistake, his prick entered his mom's sacred canal. Even though he thinks you're still asleep, he tells you he's sorry and asks for forgiveness. He's wanted to do this for a long time and can't resist any longer. Exclaiming his love for you, he slides his hard cock into your horny pussy."

I fed my prick into her tight sheath. It was well lubricated and I had no problem pushing in until my balls hit her ass. I pulled back and plowed in again. I could hear her gasping for air under the sheet. I fucked her hard and fast for several minutes, elevating our passions. She was humping and gyrating her hips, fully immersed in the incestuous fantasy.

Squeezing my waist hard she pulled me in tight on each down stroke. I had already gone way past Mom's restrictions. I chanced pushing the limit. I moved my hands up under the sheet approaching her breasts. I decided it was time to switch the role-playing to a more personal technique.

"Oh, Mom! Your pussy is hot and tight. I've dreamed of this for years. I have to hold your breasts. They're perfect and I love you more than you know," I choked out. I cupped her tits, massaging her full globes as I continued to pummel her pussy. Her head was turning from side to side under the sheet and her moaning was getting louder.

Too many times I had fantasized I was fucking my mother with my girlfriends but was careful not to call out Mom's name, nor exclaim my feelings I had of my mother. Able to fully enact my fantasy, I fucked her furiously because she was my mother in my mind.

I captured her blood-engorged nipples between my fingers, tweaking and pulling her sensitive buds. We were both excited from the enactment and weren't going to last much longer. Her pussy was quivering as she humped up each stroke to pull me in as deep as possible.

"Oh, Mommy. I'm going to come. I'm ready to blow my load. I don't think I can hold out any longer. I don't know if you're on protection, maybe I should pull out and ..."

I wasn't able to finish as she grabbed my asscheeks and pulled me in as tight as she could. I screamed, "Mommy, I'm coming in you. I'm filling your pussy with my sperm."

Streams of cum shot out the end of my prick into her welcoming hole. She came violently on my second release. Our mutual orgasms intensified our passions as we fucked as mother and son. I kept my prick embedded in her clasp cunt for several minutes after we were done. When I finally softened, I pulled out. Reaching down, I stuffed my fingers in her hole attempting to stuff as much sperm in her as I could.

"That's a giant load of cum in you, Mom. I imagine my sperm are fighting over your eggs from our first incestuous fuck. I'm so lucky to

have such a hot mother," I said as I slowly pulled my fingers out. She closed her legs tight, trapping my fingers in her filled pussy. It was her way to communicate her approval and her attempt to keep in as much sperm as she could.

Backing off I pulled the sheet down to cover her. Putting on my robe I wondered whether this would be my last job since I disobeyed several of Mom's rules. After returning to my room, I jumped in the shower. I heard Mom's bedroom door open and close as I washed off the smell of sex.

While drying off, I heard a car leave. When I went downstairs Mom was dressed in work clothes. She smiled and said we needed to get to work on the garden. Nothing was mentioned over my performance and we both pretended my mother hadn't just set me up to fuck a woman.

After dinner, she sat by me on the couch and wrapped her arm around me. I did the same and we stroked each other's upper arms while we watched a comedy. She broke the silence asking me how it went this morning. I told her it was close to being a disaster. It was difficult to perform without any foreplay. She showed her dismay and hugged me tightly in consolation.

Enjoying the hug for a minute, I continued to explain, "Caressing her legs didn't help much. Her skin was tough and leathery from long hours in the sun, not very sexy. I think she was close to your age but I bet she looks at least ten years older."

Mom exclaimed, "Wow, you're good at guessing ages. She is my age and I did notice the sun's effect on her. It's a shame women don't realize the damage sun can do. So you were able to proceed anyway?"

As I squeezed and caressed her upper arm, I told her, "Yea, I had to visualize smoother skin as I was touching her."

My mom's hand went to mine as she shrieked, "You thought of your mother when you were with her?"

"No Mom. That would be weird, just the feel of your skin. It's so smooth and soft and I had to do something or I wouldn't have been able to proceed," I told her as she removed her hand from mine, allowing me to continue my caressing.

"I did put you up to this and if it helped the process, I really can't complain," she acquiesced.

"I hope she was happy with the results. I did the best I could," I cautioned, looking to Mom to see her reaction.

She retorted, "I told her I didn't want any details, but she did tell me you performed well and stayed within the boundaries we set. She said you were sweet and your soothing conversation put her at ease. She was quite pleased and I believe our first case was a complete success."

Thankfully, she changed subjects as I was getting hard reliving the time spent with our first client. It was good hearing the woman hadn't revealed the fantasy we enacted. Relaying too much information to Mom didn't seem like a great idea. I wondered if the woman had already fucked her son or if she even had one. If she did have a son, he might have quite a surprise in the near future.

My aunt arrived around noon the next day to help us in the garden. Mom excused herself to run an errand leaving Rachel and me to tend to the garden. That provided the opportunity to leer at Rachel without the threat of Mom catching me. Mom was back in time for dinner. We ate and Rachel left for home. We retired to our rooms early after the long day of work.

The next morning Mom was adorned in a short, pink nightie. The entire length of her luscious thighs was on display. As she turned, a flash of dark red panties peeked out. After we ate and cleaned up, Mom stopped next to me on her way to her bedroom. She turned to display a perfect view of the backs of her legs. She quietly asked, "Sam, could you do me a favor? Could you see if I have any cellulite on my legs? It happens to so many women and I want to make sure I haven't started."

All this time I have been stealing looks of her luscious legs and now she was presenting them to me. Taking my time, I surveyed up and down her smooth toned legs. Her nightie barely covered her panties, allowing me to see all of her smooth thighs. Rapidly breathing, I stuttered, "No sign of cellulite Mom. Your legs look fantastic and incredibly sexy."

"Thank you, Sam. I'm not sure you should be complimenting your mother's legs in that manner. I'm just worried cellulite will ruin my appearance. I am getting near that awful age," she added, referring her to closing in on forty.

"Mom, there's no cellulite and even if you did, you're still a beautiful and sexy woman," I complimented her, blushing as I was surprised at my bold remark.

She turned to face me and smiled, seeing my flushed state. "Thanks, Sam. Let's get dressed and do some yard work."

We met in the garden and worked for a few hours. At three in the afternoon, I asked her if Aunt Rachel was coming over. She hesitated as if she were making up a story. Finally, she explained, "No, not today. I told her we were going to be busy tonight. What I didn't tell her was that we have an appointment at four with a new client. I met her yesterday and scheduled her for today. I hope it's okay with you."

Taken aback by her announcement, I hesitated, but not long enough for Mom to continue. I retorted, "Sure Mom. It'll be fine. I have to clean up first. I'll head in and wait for you in my room."

After my shower, it didn't take long before a car pulled up. I heard the door and muffled talking as they walked down the hall to Mom's room. Soon after, I heard a soft knock on my door. I let Mom in and immediately smiled seeing her dressed in her short, pink nightie. She

told me our client was ready and hugged me tightly. My face was pressed to her neck as I breathed in her natural scent I've come to love.

She held my hands with hers and guided them to the backs of her thighs above her knees. Leaning close to my ear, she whispered, "Sam, could you feel my legs to see if you can detect any cellulite. You said you couldn't see any, but maybe you can make sure."

This was incredible. Mom was asking me to caress her hot legs, the same ones I've been lusting after for so long. I slowly ran my hands up to the backs of her smooth, firm legs relishing in their feel. My cock was at full staff now and uncomfortably lodged between us. I ran my hand up to her panties line, then back down. I explored up her legs once again, stopping to squeeze her succulent flesh as I neared her ass. Her hot breath washed over my neck as I groped her thighs. Moving up I started to cup her ass when she grabbed my hands and pulled me away.

She smiled as she said, "Careful honey, that's not my legs. Did you find anything unusual?"

I replied, "No Mom. They're terrific. No sign of any cellulite. In fact, they're the best legs I've ever felt."

"Oh stop it," she giggled.

She stepped back, signaling it was time for my services. As she left I lustfully leered at the beautiful legs I had fondled. After a few moments, I proceeded down the stairs to take care of the next client.

As soon as I entered Mom's room, I dropped my robe. Approaching our covered client, I slowly moved the sheet up. I left her pussy covered as I stroked her legs hoping to relax her in this uncomfortable setting. Her skin was smooth like Mom's and she looked like she might be five years older.

I stroked her legs and when I ran my hands up to the back of her thighs I felt the dimples. It was cellulite and I thought back to Mom asking me to look and feel her legs for the signs. Now it was clear Mom was helping me through this client as I told her she helped me on the first one. She interviewed this woman yesterday. She must have noticed the cellulite and was concerned.

I didn't dwell on her dimpled skin, not wanting to cause concern for the poor woman. She was probably already self-conscious and I didn't want to add to her apprehension. I talked softly to her, telling her how great her legs and sexy thighs looked. I felt her relax as I stroked her inner thighs. I moved the sheet up above her waist to expose her pussy.

No sign of hair to distract from her puffy, clean-shaven pussy. This was definitely her best trait and I think she knew it. I ran my fingers up and down her fat lips while complimenting her on full pussy. She spread her legs, relaxing as I played with her treasure. I inserted a couple of fingers into her hot hole and discovered it was steamy and wet. She massaged my fingers with her tight sheath with amazing control.

I pulled my fingers out even as she attempted to hold them with her muscled pussy. I stroked her thighs again thinking of the vision of

Mom's displayed bare legs. That was enough to get me to full hardness. Crawling up closer I scraped my prick along her thighs as I made my way to my target. She spread her legs out wide giving me complete access to her hungry, oily cavern.

Pushing my bloated head through her outer lips, her pussy clamped down hard, pulling my shaft in without my help. Her sucking snatch devoured my prick, enabling me to quickly hit bottom. I fucked her steady for several minutes, reveling in her experience of cock handling. Her pussy walls contracted at different times of my strokes enabling her to rub my hard prick against her sensitive spots. Her hips moved in sync with her pussy as she took over the direction of the fucking.

I held onto her waist, squeezing her firm skin, holding on tight as she thrashed beneath me. Her skin reminded me of Mom's and my mind flashed to the times I would stroke Mom's arms. My prick was hard as steel getting a workout it had rarely experienced. I was nearing my climax from the intense fucking. I shoved in deep and held it there letting it soak in an attempt to prolong my orgasm. Her pussy massaged my prick and it felt like her hand was stroking me.

I paused my pumping, enjoying the moment. Images of my Mom's legs flashed before. I stroked the waist of the woman fucking me as I relived the moment I caressed Mom's legs. Harder contractions on my prick brought me back from my fantasy. To my surprise, sperm was gushing out of my prick.

This was a first for me, coming without stroking. I pulled back and shoved in hard, shooting the last of my load deep into her spasming

cunt. Her powerful walls continued to milk out every drop of virile sperm from my balls. Even after I was empty and embedded deep in her pussy, she continued to massage my prick.

I softened, pulled out and stopped to look at her wonderful gash one last time before covering her with the sheet. Leaving the room exhausted, I headed upstairs. I plopped down on my bed after taking a shower reliving the erotic episode. I rested and nearly fell asleep when I heard her car leave.

When I made it downstairs I found Mom preparing dinner. We ate and afterward when we were settled on the couch, she brought up the subject of my performance. She told me the client was quite pleased again, adding I had done an excellent job. I was surprised as I felt I didn't do much to excite her. Maybe that was what turned the woman on, being in complete control of the coupling.

With a concerned look, she asked, "Sam, did you have any problems this time?"

"No problems Mom. Thanks to you the cellulite didn't bother me," I assured her.

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She blushed as she smiled and said, "Glad to help Honey. I wanted to make it easier for you."

Switching topics we talked and watched TV for an hour when Mom turned and locked eyes with me.

"Sam, I hope you don't mind but I made another appointment tomorrow morning at ten."

Trying to contain my excitement, I replied, "No problem, then we can do some things in the afternoon and go out for dinner. I guess you and Sharon must have interviewed more than one client yesterday."

"At least two," she confirmed, leaving for her bedroom. I wondered how many more she had lined up for me.

Breakfast the next morning was a quiet affair with neither of us saying much. Mom was wearing a white nightie I'd never seen before. The material was opaque and I could tell she was wearing a bra. It was longer than normal, going below her knees. It dawned on me that Mom wore a different kind of nightwear for each client. Did color have anything to do with it? Suddenly it hit me, it was the style, not color. The green one exposed her arms so I could stroke her smooth skin. The pink one was short so I could feel her thighs. What did this white one signify? I guess I wouldn't know for sure until she retrieved me for our guest. It was after nine when I excused myself to go wait in my room.

I was lost in thought and didn't hear a car or any sounds from downstairs until soft knocking brought me out of my daydreaming.

Mom came in and hugged me tight, nestling her mouth on my neck. The scent of her hair and the pressure of her body against mine was enough to convince my prick to rise to the occasion. She pulled back leaving us face to face and whispered, "Good luck, Sam."

She brought her lips to mine and kissed me. She didn't open her mouth but left her hot lips pressed to mine. I could hear air rushing in and out of her nostrils as our lips were locked. She opened her mouth slightly and ran her tongue across my lips. Ready to stick my own tongue out to meet her's, she pulled back, smiling. Was that lust in her eyes or was it teasing?

After she left I made my journey to our next client. Still hard from Mom's kiss, I gave myself a quick stroke while surveying the sheet-covered woman on Mom's bed. I could tell she was younger from the perky breasts pushing up the fabric, showing no sign of sagging. I moved the covering up to her knees revealing her lower legs.

They were smooth looking and milky white. I don't think the sun had ever seen these legs and when I touched her, goosebumps appeared. The poor woman was nervous and would require some patience on my part. I lightly stroked up and down her lower legs, quietly talking to her. Consoling her I told her everything would be fine and I'd go as slow as she wanted. I complimented her as I caressed her smooth and sexy legs.

When it looked like she was comfortable, I pushed the sheet up to reveal her upper legs. I didn't want to go too fast so I left her pussy hidden beneath the sheet. White, luscious thighs appeared before me.

Perhaps the best looking legs I've seen, other than my mother's. I sensuously stroked her thighs as I kept up with my quiet dialogue pertaining to her beauty. She relaxed, opening her legs several inches.

Her white skin exalted purity. My arousal increased as I ran my hands up and down her smooth white thighs. Sun had never seen this skin as well as any other person in public as it was evident she fully covered herself. It was a special connection between us and I became excited, knowing I was the only one to witness her hidden beauty. Snow White came to mind and I made a mental note to refer to her like that in the future.

Leaning down I kissed one of her luscious thighs, allowing my lips to linger against her soft skin. There was no perfume or shampoo smell as I inhaled her intoxicating natural scent.

Opening my mouth I sucked in a mouthful of delicious thigh meat. Unlike the other clients, thoughts of Mom didn't materialize as I continued to relish in her beauty. I heard a muffled groan from under the sheet when I sucked on her thigh and her legs opened wider. While I sucked on one leg I massaged the other with my roaming hand. Pulling myself off her thigh was hard but I was getting anxious to continue. I pushed the sheet up above her waist revealing a full, black, hairy bush.

It was a striking contrast to her lily white skin. Trimmed into a perfect triangle and uniform height I could tell she had spent time grooming her mound. I softly told her how beautiful her pussy looked as I ran my

fingers through her silky forest. I captured her hair and teasingly pulled up, opening her moist slit.

Running my fingers up and down her aroused pussy lips resulted in more groans of pleasure. As I inserted two fingers into her slot, she brought her knees up and spread her legs out wide allowing full access. Her excitement grew as I finger fucked her at an increasing rate. Using my other hand to spread the hair out I exposed her meaty pussy as I furiously finger fucked her. She was ready for a hot prick, but I delayed. This woman was too sexy and beautiful to pass up and I intended to thoroughly enjoy this session.

She was panting and her breasts heaved as I watched her taut nipples pushing up the sheet. As I lowered my mouth to engulf her clit I drove two more fingers in her hot, wet cunt. Her hips rose up as she climaxed. Shifting my mouth down to capture her copious cum flowing out, I removed my fingers, locking my mouth on her convulsing pussy. She came several times and then lowered her hips afterward to relax. I eased off and gently stroked her thighs, reassuring her as she recovered.

Her smooth, white belly called out to be caressed. I ran my hands around her midriff pushing the sheet up. Well past observing the rules at this point, her perky tits capped by dark brown nipples were revealed. Cupping and squeezing her full hard breasts brought life back to her spent body.

Teasing her engorged nipples brought out more moans from my hidden beauty. I lowered my body to her soft flesh in order to feast on

an engorged teat. As I sucked her nub, her hands went to the back of my head pulling me tight as I mauled her breasts. One hand moved to stroke my back as I feasted on one and then the other breast.

My arousal was high and I was afraid I might spill my load before I even entered her. Keeping my mouth locked on her breast I moved my prick to her juicy, open cunt. Her hips were moving and adjusting to position the stiff prick she craved. My fat head found her entrance and I slowly entered her wet pussy. She was tight as I stretched her walls. I slowed my pace to let her adjust to my size. Her hand moved from my back to my ass pulling me, coaxing me to fuck her hard. I pistoned in and out of her tight pussy in short strokes, not wanting to hurt her by sinking to the bottom.

Her pussy flooded and her precum juices coated my prick as her walls relaxed and gave way to my steel-hard intruder. Sinking to the bottom of her hungry pussy resulted in her expelling her air as she groaned at the intense pleasure. I fucked her hard and fast, still feasting on her sensitive tits. Wrapping her legs around my waist and squeezing hard, she humped up each stroke, maximizing my depth. My spongy head flattened out as it smashed flat against her back wall causing her to groan in pleasure.

Her climax was intense as her pussy clamped down on my prick. I came on her second contraction, filling her cavern with streams of hot cum. My balls were drained but I still humped her, unwilling to allow the fuck to end. Lowering her hips to the bed, she unwrapped her legs and relaxed completely. I released her nipple, resting my head on her chest. Her deep breathing was soothing as we recovered from our intense coupling.

Mom kissing me must have been from the fact this woman showed no skin. Mom had no way of spotting any problems. That's why she wore the white nightie which revealed very little of her body. Guessing this client's age to be mid-twenties, I was surprised she couldn't find a husband to bear children. She was a passionate and sexy woman. A facial disfigurement would explain a lot or maybe she didn't want a complicated relationship. Mom and Rachel had the same view which I suspected might not be rare.

I reluctantly pulled away, stopping for several minutes to admire her. I leaned down and kissed her nipples thanking her for the best fuck of my life. I covered her and left for my room. After showering and resting for an hour, I dressed and went downstairs where Mom was preparing lunch. Mom didn't wait until evening to question me on my encounter, anxious to hear about any problems.

"No Mom. Everything went fine. Thanks for asking. She seemed young though, unlike the others," I commented while waiting for any expression from her that might give me a clue.

"Yes, she was young. She was definitely pleased with our arrangement and even gave us a hefty bonus. She didn't provide a reason, do you know why?"

Her look was questioning and I could see she wanted more information from me. I decided against telling her that maybe it was because our fuck was intense and I made her come twice before filling her. "No idea

Mom. Maybe she liked the fact we were discreet and protective of her privacy."

Her eyes were deep in thought, probably mulling over the fact the woman had been completely covered with clothes showing little of her body. Her expression turned to one of understanding as she echoed, "Yes, you're right. She was a secretive young lady."

Satisfied with our discussion, she changed topics as we finished lunch. She informed me Rachel was coming over later to go with us to see a short film at the theater and then out to eat. I was fully recovered by the time Rachel showed up and I had the age-old problem of shifting my prick to avoid detection. After dinner, my aunt went home and I excused myself to retire to my room. I was exhausted from the full day of activities. As I started up the stairs, Mom said, "Rest up Sam. We have two appointments tomorrow."

I turned to reply, unsure of how to ask her how far apart my sessions would be when she spoke to ease my anxiety. "Don't worry Sam. One is for ten tomorrow morning and the other can't make it until eight at night. Plenty of time for you to recover."

Seeing my look of relief, she smiled and left. I wondered how many women she and Sharon had interviewed. I wasn't going to complain though, enjoying the best summer job ever. Sleep was good that night as I relived the time spent with Snow White. That was the first instance I hadn't thought of Mom while I climaxed. I thought maybe I was getting over my infatuation with my sexy mother.

Those thoughts dissipated the next morning as I stayed hard through breakfast. Mom paraded around cloaked in another new nightie. Black in color, her hemline ended at mid-thigh. It was a heavier material, but I could tell she was braless as her nipples pushed out the top. What was the significance this time? Her tits sticking out was the most obvious sign. She usually gave more of a clue when she fetched me for our client so I'd have to wait.

After breakfast, I retreated to my room to wait for our next client. I left my door open this time as it seemed ridiculous making Mom knock. I was on the edge of my bed, thinking about my time with Snow White. My prick rose up and my fat, circumcised head poked up through my robe opening as if it was gasping for air. A drop of precum oozed out the slit. I firmly grabbed my bulbous head, twisted it like I was opening a doorknob, coating it with my juices. I released it and the cool air felt good as it attempted to dry my wet tip.

Lost in thought, I didn't hear Mom come up the stairs or when she entered my room. Jolted back to reality from Mom's voice, I heard her say, "Sweetie, I have another concern ..."

She stopped suddenly, staring at my hard prick proudly standing straight up out of my robe. The large helmeted head was filled with blood and was still shiny slick with my juices. I stammered, "Sorry Mom. I should have been more careful."

Still staring at my large wet head, she murmured, "It's been a long time. I didn't realize it was so b..." She abruptly stopped realizing she was going to comment on her son's large prick.

Seeing her face turn red and flustered, I frantically searched for a way to help her out. I blurted out the first thing I could think of that started with a 'B' and exclaimed, "Beautiful? You did have something to do with its creation so of course, you'd think it's beautiful." I smiled, trying to ease the tension as I closed my robe to hide my erection.

In her uneasiness, she had folded her arms across her stomach causing her nightie to pull tighter against her body. Her taut, engorged nipples were clearly outlined as they pushed out the material. My eyes were locked onto her pointy teats as she strolled over to me for our ritual hug. Standing up, I hugged her tight. She pressed close to me as if she were trying to make contact with the hard cock she had seen. Her hot breath hit my ear as she whispered, "I'm afraid as I get older I'm getting a lot less sexy. I'd like your opinion on another one of my concerns."

She guided my hands to the backs of her thighs under her nightie. Moving my hands up under her thin fabric to her bare ass cheeks she asked, "Honey, do you think I'm losing my ass? I know when a woman gets older her behind can get flat and I'm worried I'm headed in that direction."

She released her hands as I cupped and gently squeezed her firm globes of flesh. I couldn't believe my luck. I actually had my hands on Mom's firm buns. My fingers spread out going down into the deep crevice between her cheeks, squeezing as I advanced.

Mom's soft breasts filled and pressed into me as she quickly sucked in a deep breath of air. My hard prick which was trapped between our bodies throbbed in agreement with my delight. Knowing her pussy was inches away, I contemplated exploring further, seeking her prize. As quick as the thought entered, Mom pulled my hands away and asked me what I thought.

"Mom, you have no worries. You have a perfect ass, if I may be so blunt," I huskily assured her.

She pulled back, hesitating while digesting my comment. She turned to leave and whispered, "Thanks, Sam. Good luck on today's client."

What was the help she was demonstrating this time? Full tits squashed against me or something related to her firm ass? My mind was still on Mom's fine bottom as I uncovered the lady in her bed. I decided to push the sheet up in one motion today uncovering her legs and pussy at once. She had a thin, petite form and was close to the same age as my aunt. A narrow patch of blonde hair was above her slit. Caressing her thin thighs and skinny waist relaxed her enough to open her legs revealing an already wet slit. Her pelvic area was small and I wondered how a baby would be able to emerge.

Full rounded breasts pushed the sheet up maintaining their perfect shape. They didn't match her body type drawing me to conclude this was someone's trophy wife. Natural blonde, artificially endowed boobs and a skinny body type were the perfect attributes for some old businessman to show off to his buddies. Her full tits reminded me of a few minutes ago when Mom pressed her breasts into me. That must

have been her hint. Maybe Mom thought I'd be grossed out with augmented breasts.

I was more than happy to help out the old bastard impregnate his young wife. Complimenting her skinny body is exactly what this lady would love to hear. Verbally expressing my love of her perfect body and thin build was enough for her to fully open her legs, revealing her tiny pussy.

Unsure of whether I could fuck this girl without causing her great pain, I decided to lengthen my foreplay. I ran my fingers up and down her slit while caressing her thin thighs and exposed midriff, telling her the entire time how sexy she looked. She started to squirm and her pussy was noticeably wetter as I inserted a finger into her tight canal. I finger fucked her and inserted more fingers as she loosened up. I moved closer to her wide open legs and rubbed my wet head around the mouth of her pussy.

She humped up attempting to lodge my prick in her cunt. I managed to pop the head beyond her lips barely fitting in her tight vice-like sheath. It was hot and tighter than any pussy I've encountered and on the verge of being painful for me. She didn't act like it bothered her, probably used to a tight fuck. I short stroked her pussy, inching forward slowly, stretching her hole to accommodate my fat, stiff cock. Her pussy gushed precum, coating my invading prick which enabled me to advance to the bottom of her slot. Her hands stroked my back pulling me in, encouraging me to fuck her faster.

Her tight, tiny cunt was now a greedy, slick pussy able to take the pounding my hard shaft was giving her. I fucked her hard as she kept coating my cock with her juices. She locked her legs around my back and humped up to meet my thrusts.

I lowered my hands to her ass to get better leverage to pound her pussy when I discovered she had none. She was so skinny, fat tissue hadn't been able to accumulate. Understanding swept over me as I remembered Mom asking me to check out her ass. She was helping her son achieve success.

Before my prick softened from discovering her disappointing backside, I grabbed her hips and pounded in and out of this young trophy wife. I was on the verge of orgasm and it appeared this girl wasn't close. I looked up to see her breasts heaving up and down under the sheet. She had to be proud of her prized tits. I moved my hands up under the sheet and cupped her breasts telling her how perfect they were. Her hips continued to gyrate and bounce up and down as I fucked her. I couldn't tell if she was nearing an orgasm.

I tweaked her taut, hard nipples while mauling her fake tits. The tight texture of her breasts was much like Mom's ass and my mind went back to when I was groping Mom. That's all it took as my prick exploded, sending out streams of gooey sperm. Loud squishing noises filled the room as cum squirted out of her small cavity.

Slowing my pace I continued to stroke to the bottom hoping to push my virile sperm to the back of her small cavern. Starting to soften I stopped stroking and allowed my prick to soak in her flooded pussy.

Her body relaxed as she unwrapped her legs and lowered them to the bed.

A feeling of failure and regret swept over me as I suspected she didn't have an orgasm. I blew my load in a fantasy with Mom and didn't pay enough attention to the girl beneath me. After I covered her tiny body, I left and met Mom in the hallway near the stairs. She smiled as she strode by to wrap matters up with our latest client. I didn't bother to shower as we were going to be working in the garden today. I dressed up in my work clothes and made it out back before Mom escorted our guest out. I worked on a garden bed hidden from the back windows to remain undetected.

Mom showed up later and we worked together for several hours. She informed me the client was satisfied this morning and liked my style. That surprised me as I thought I had failed the poor girl. Maybe she had an orgasm and I didn't detect it or maybe she was physically incapable of achieving one.

Seeing my concerned look Mom asked whether there were any irregularities she should know about. I told her my theory that she was someone's trophy wife. She gave me a questioning look prompting me to explain that she fit the profile being a twenty some year old petite blonde with augmented breasts.

Having a look of concern, she asked, "How do you know she was blonde? Did you look at her face?"

Unsure of how to explain this to Mom, I gave her a 'duh' stare and bleated, "Damn, Mom. You do know that hair grows in other places besides the head, don't you?" It was fun to watch as Mom processed the information and turned red when she visualized her son ogling a woman's pussy.

Changing the subject for her, I said, "There is one thing that could have been a problem, but you took care of it beforehand."

"What was that, Sam?" She was more than eager to change the conversation.

"Her ass Mom. She had none. Thanks for taking notice and assisting me."

Blushing again, she quietly quavered, "Thank you, Dear. I do try to notice potential problems during my interviews. I know I may not act motherly at times, but I'm trying my best to help you succeed."

Mom was getting uncomfortable with our conversation and changed the topic to our schedule. She told me to shower as we were going out for dinner before our evening client. We cleaned up, dressed and enjoyed each other's company at an upscale restaurant. I was fully recovered and hard through the meal from staring at my sexy mother.

After we arrived home, I went to my room, stripped and put on my robe. Leaving the door open again I pondered whether to give Mom another display of my hard prick. I recounted the signals she was

sending out and wondered what outfit and hint she'd give tonight. Too much longer at this job and she'd end up with a large collection of lingerie.

Did she use the nightwear strictly for helping me with the women or was she flirting with me? Deep down I hoped it was more than helpful hints. Should I confide in her and expose my feelings? She might have no desire for me, just motherly love. If she had the same lust she would have acted on it when she came in my room with my prick sticking out of my robe. I still loved her and could deal with a non-physical relationship but her sexy body would still provide me with fantasies. Deep in thought, I missed the arrival of our client as I heard Mom come up the steps.

"Sam, are you ready?" Mom asked, remaining outside my room in an attempt to avoid another embarrassing situation.

"Yes, Mom. Ready as I can be," I answered as I rose from my bed. Mom entered and hugged me. She wore her blue nightie, the first one I saw her in. This threw me for a loop. Did she run out of styles and had to repeat? Did she know it was my favorite? She wrapped her arms around me and hugged me tightly. Unfortunately, it appeared there would be no leg or ass groping. I wrapped my arms around her holding her while I stroked her back.

She pulled back, placing her hands on the side of my head to lock my eyes with hers. She pulled me tight to her sensuous mouth, We looked into each other's souls as we kissed. She opened her mouth and ran her tongue along my lips. I opened mine and lightly touched her tongue

with mine. Her eyes screamed lust, far beyond the motherly love kind. Our breathing was rapid as we kissed like no mother and son should. Regrettably, she pulled back as she cooed, "Good luck. Enjoy yourself."

My eyes locked onto the backs of her beautiful legs as she walked out the door. She kissed me before the session with Snow White. My prick jumped up reminiscing the time we spent together. Would this client be similar? Catching myself wasting precious time daydreaming, I came back to reality and went down to Mom's room to meet the next client.

Stiff nipples pushing up the silky fabric was promising. Maybe this lady wouldn't be as uncomfortable as the others. I moved the sheet up to her knees and began caressing her lower legs. I was guessing this woman was in her mid-thirties and had kept in good shape. No signs of uneasiness as I stroked her hot legs. I moved my hands up under the sheet feeling her knees and upper legs. They were firm and smooth and my hands gently caressed her firm skin. I pushed the sheet up to right below her pussy to admire her legs.

They were as beautiful to look at as they were to touch. They were familiar and I quickly realized Mom was the woman under the sheet. My prick expanded to maximum hardness realizing this was the woman I had lusted for so much. Was she testing me to make sure my technique was adequate for her clients? Did she wear her blue nightie so I'd have a hint it was her? We never discussed her system of nightwear. Maybe she self-consciously wore it without realizing the significance. I wondered if she'd let me proceed part way before stopping me. Either way didn't bother me as I was going to enjoy as much of her succulent body as I could.

I started up my verbal seduction, complimenting her perfect legs and shapely, sexy body. As I stroked her meaty thighs, I wrapped my hands around them achieving more skin contact. I lowered my mouth down to kiss her nearest thigh as I stroked the other one. I could smell her familiar scent and then a gush of pussy musk hit me. It was intoxicating and my lust was raised to levels I hadn't felt before.

Releasing my mouth from her succulent thighs, I shifted up to admire the sight of my mom's bare flesh exposed below her covered pussy. Moving my hands to the outside of her thighs, I gripped the sheet in both hands. My heart was racing as I anticipated the first time I was going to look at Mom's pussy. Hearing a sharp intake of air I looked up to see Mom's pointy breasts pushing the sheet up and down as she knew her son was ready to unveil her motherly treasure. My hands slithered up the outside of her body pushing the thin fabric up.

Reaching the middle of her flat stomach, blood flowed to my already hard prick as my mother's hairy pussy was exposed. Mom's breath was raspy and quick as she realized her son was staring at her pussy for the first time. She had trimmed the sides but it was still a full and bushy mound. Her fat, blood-filled pussy lips could be seen in the middle of her forest of brunette fur. I ran my fingers up and down both sides of her pussy, mashing her lips together, then spreading them out, displaying a wet canal. She was moaning under the sheet as I played with her pussy, the same place I had emerged from.

If she was testing me, this would be the time to stop the process. I decided to show her how I treat special clients. Spreading her pussy apart, I lowered my mouth to her steaming snatch. As soon as I licked

up and down her sensitive pussy lips, she let out a loud groan. My rough tongue explored higher until it found her clit. Another moan emanated from under the sheet as I mauled her sensitive nub. Her hands were clenched tight but remained at her sides while I feasted on her horny pussy. She had an amazing amount of resilience to restrain herself while I pleased her. Intensifying my attack, my tongue darted into her hot canal.

No longer able to contain herself, her hands flew to the back of my head, not to push me away but to pull me in harder. Exploring her sensitive cunt walls with my hard tongue, she moaned loudly as she was getting the attention she had long desired from her son.

Raising her knees to capture my head between her thighs, she squeezed tight as she pulled my mouth to her starved pussy. Her body stiffened each time my tongue scraped along her sensitive walls. My face was soaked from her leaking precum as she enjoyed the face fuck from her son. Bringing her close to orgasm several times, I'd ease up to let her recover. After ten minutes of teasing her, I decided to bring her to climax.

Moving my mouth to the top of her pussy, I moved the hood of her sensitive nub to the side and captured her engorged clit. As I squeezed and rolled her most sensitive piece of flesh, I shoved three fingers deep into her hole. Her hips humped up as her body tensed and shook from her long-awaited cataclysmic release. After a long guttural moan, juices erupted from her hole as she climaxed. I sucked her sweet nectar from her convulsing cunt as her sexual desires were fulfilled. She humped several more times into my sucking mouth as I maintained close contact.

Exhausted from her first incestuous climax, her arms and legs fell to the bed as she released my head. I pulled back to once again look at the prize I'd lusted after. Moving her hands up, she pulled a pillow over on top her sheet-covered face. She must have been afraid I'd know it was her, anticipating a screaming episode when I finally entered her.

Didn't she know I recognized her? She kept her face hidden, pretending to be a client. Maybe it was how she wanted the seduction to proceed or she thought I'd finish and leave without realizing it was her. Not wanting to spoil her seduction agenda, I didn't reveal to her I knew she was my mother.

I caressed her thighs while she recovered from her orgasm. Moving near her body, my hard prick bumped against her leg leaving a trail of precum slime. The touch of my shaft on her smooth thigh resulted in long groan muffled by the pillow. I massaged her mound, running my fingers through her soft forest of fur.

"Your pussy is perfect. It's such a turn-on for me because it's exactly what I've fantasized my Mom's pussy looks like. I love my mother and have wanted to stroke her pussy more than anything."

She still didn't talk but continued to moan and move her hips around as I played with her hairy mound. Moving lower, I stroked and caressed her succulent flesh. "And your thighs are so firm and smooth. They remind me of my mom's legs. She let me touch them once. It was really exciting, getting to fondle the legs of the woman I love."

I wrapped my hands around her thighs pulling them up as I massaged them. I spread her out wide, opening her juicy, hungry cunt. Her breasts heaved up and down under the sheet as her breathing rate increased. She was getting excited upon hearing her son's soothing talk. Her hands were gripping the sheets as her muscles tensed up in anticipation of things to come. Moving up her body, I placed my balls on her slimy slit and nestled my hard shaft on top of her soft mound. I moved the sheet up to below her breasts revealing her smooth midriff and rib cage. Caressing her hot skin, I squeezed chunks of flesh, marveling in her sexy body.

"Normally, I'm not allowed to expose your breasts, but you have me excited more than I've ever been. I'm fantasizing you're my mom and I've wanted to see her breasts for a long time," I hoarsely croaked as I moved the sheet up to her neck exposing her glorious globes. They were bigger than I had imagined and were topped with hard, pink nipples. They were fully erect and were popped up on top of her smooth breasts.

I cupped her succulent mounds, kneading and massaging them. Her breathing increased as I mauled her firm breasts. A gasp of air was released when I captured her nipples with my fingers and lightly twisted them. She humped her hips up in an attempt to capture my cock. She craved my prick. She wasn't playing any games now, she wanted to fuck her son. I was delirious with excitement. I looked down to see my prick within an inch of its target. I used one hand to guide my fat head to her pussy. I moved it around the mouth of her slot, smearing her slick fluids on my blood engorged knob.

Knowing I was going to remember this moment forever, I didn't immediately enter her, swirling my bloated head around the mouth of her gaping gash. Both of us were breathing rapid and shallow as I was preparing to return to the place I emerged from two decades earlier. I pushed in until the flared bottom of my head went past her outer lips nestled in a hot, wet oven of flesh. Her pussy contracted with a mini-orgasm as she screamed into the pillow, coating my head with slick cum.

I pulled out to see my coated, beet-red prick, anxious to get back into her warm interior. I pushed further in the next time slowly parting the folds of her long unused cunt. Repeating the shallow fucking, I stretched her pussy as she continued to bathe my cock with oily cum from her mini-orgasms.

Her pelvis humped up and down trying to swallow more of her son's hard prick. While my cock slid deeper into her hot sheath, I continued to tease her nipples. Her pussy walls were tight as I slowly inched my rock hard prick into her velvety sheath. Her juices copiously flowed, covering my shaft, enabling it to enter more easily as she adjusted to my girth. My eyes were locked on my prick sliding into my mother's pussy for the first time.

Hitting bottom, our pubic hairs meshed together as she moaned louder. I kept it fully embedded as I whispered, "This is how I envisioned it would look if I was ever fortunate enough to fuck my mother. It feels so good. This pussy was made for my cock. My mom gave birth to me and gave me a prick that would fill her pussy completely."

She was beyond groaning now, more like gurgling. Her hips and thighs moved around, signaling her desire for a good fuck from her son. I pulled back and slammed in hard, then again. Mesmerized by my hammering cock going in and out, elevated my excitement level. Our sex juices flowed and our pubic hair was a sticky mess as I continued my assault. My prick was coated in a white, frothy mixture of our combined precum enabling it to slide effortlessly to the bottom of my mother's cunt.

Hypnotized by the erotic sight of my slick shaft stroking in and out of Mom's hot pussy, I fucked the love of my life harder than I had ever fucked anyone before. Our pubic hair was perfectly matched in color and mashed together on my forceful down strokes.

We were nearing our first mother-son climax. Mom's face remained hidden under the sheet as she clung onto her secretive act of incest, her way of dealing with our sinful copulation. I lowered down and merged our sweaty bodies together. Her hands wrapped around my back hugging me tightly. Unlike our previous hugs, there was no silk nightie between us. It was our hot, naked flesh melded together and my excitement was at an all-time high knowing this was my mother. My hands traveled up her back to her shoulders.

Pulling me tight to her hot body, she wrapped her legs around me in an attempt to get as much of her son's cock as she could. Her pussy was shivering with micro-orgasms as we fucked like rutting animals. Her hard nipples drilled into my chest as her tits were flattened between us. The only sounds louder than our gasping was the sloshing sounds of our incestuous coupling.

Using her shoulders to pull her into me, I plunged my steel rod into her hungry pussy, smashing my spongy head against the back wall causing my mother to gasp and groan on each stroke. I slowed my pace and allowed our excitement levels to decrease. With her hands on my back, I took the opportunity to remove the pillow from her head. She was enjoying our joining so much, she didn't even notice that only the sheet separated us now.

Moving my hands down her back, I gripped her ass cheeks using them to increase the penetration depth of my hard drill. I fucked her hard as I leaned close to her sheet covered head to further compliment her. "You have a beautiful ass. It reminds me of my mother's. She let me hold it and I have never been so hard. I dream of fucking my mother every day. I love her but have been afraid to tell her."

She was having a hard time breathing now, gasping on each stroke. Her fingernails were lodged deep in my back holding me tight. I was ready to come and I knew how I wanted our first mating to finish. I moved one hand up to the sheet and exclaimed, "I'm ready to come now. I'm going to fill your hot pussy full of my sperm like I've dreamed of doing to my mother. My fantasy fucking with my mother includes kissing her luscious mouth when I fill her with my hot sperm."

I pushed the sheet up, revealing her beautiful face. She was unaware as her eyes were closed and her mouth was open, gasping for air. She had an expression of pure lust as I lowered my mouth to hers. Our tongues battled as our lust consumed us. My balls were filled and ready to explode. Mom sensed my prick expanding which caused her to pull off my mouth and scream out in pleasure.

I wailed, "I've wanted you for so long. Your pussy is fiery hot and tight. I'm going to fill my Mom's pussy with cum."

Mom spoke for the first time screaming "Yes Honey! I love you! Fill your horny mother with your sticky cum. Fuck me hard!"

We locked our mouths together as the first glob of sperm shot up the length of my prick. As soon as it hit the back of her pussy, Mom's walls slammed tight around my hard cock with her intense orgasm.

Her body shook and she screamed into my mouth as her body released her reservoir of endorphin, firing off her pleasure centers. I slammed in again, depositing another load of sperm in her pussy. Every muscle in her body contracted as she climaxed again, experiencing the long-anticipated fuck. Her body convulsed in pleasure causing her eyes to roll back in her head while air gushed from her lungs.

I concentrated on pumping my cock in as deep as I could through her orgasm. Her body went limp and her contractions stopped as I kept unloading my payload of sperm into her. After several more strokes, I collapsed on Mom, exhausted from our first incestuous coupling.

Recovered from my own sexual bliss, I noticed there was no movement from Mom. I rose up to look at her face and observed no sign of life. Waves of panic set in as I thought of what to do. The woman I loved was lifeless beneath me.

I tried to find a pulse in her arm but wasn't sure where to look. I gently squeezed her nostrils shut and lowered my mouth to hers in an attempt to resuscitate her. I gently blew air into her lungs and watched her breasts heave when her eyes popped open and she exhaled her air back into my mouth.

I pulled back, thankful for her recovery. Relieved that she appeared to be perfectly healthy, I covered her neck and face with kisses.

"Damn Mom. I thought I killed you. You were so still that I panicked. You really scared me."

Giggling she said, "Relax Honey. I briefly passed out from the intense pleasure of my orgasm. I've never had one that strong. I've been craving this for so long I couldn't control myself when I released my pent up emotions. I've never felt so much pleasure at once."

My semi-hard prick was still lodged in her cum-filled pussy. She moved her hips in a circular motion resulting in squishing sounds from her saturated cunt.

"Looks like I was out for the best part. You really filled your mother," she seductively said as she began stroking my back and pulled me in for a kiss.

"Honey, you didn't call emergency and tell them to come quick because you fucked your mother to death, did you?"

I snickered and kissed her lightly on the mouth. "No, I didn't have enough time. That would have been hard to explain."

"How did you know it was me? You knew from the start, didn't you?"

"Your legs Mom. You've been flaunting them by me forever. I have every inch of your beautiful flesh memorized. You don't know how many times I've jerked off fantasizing about you."

"So you like your old mom's legs, do you?"

"Your legs, your ass, your tits, your tight pussy. I love your smile, your laughter, your sexy walk and I am happiest when we're together. I've been wanting to make love to you for a long time. You don't know how close you've come to getting raped during the last week."

"I'm sorry if I teased you the last couple of days. I wasn't sure if you had the same physical emotions for me as I did for you. I didn't want to ruin our relationship and I had to make certain," she admitted while gently caressing my back.

She added, "And it wouldn't have been rape. It would have been a blessing. I was hoping one of my skimpy negligees would prompt you to act."

After sliding my softening prick out to move my weight off her, she quickly pulled me to her as she hugged me tight.

"Please stay on me. I want to feel your skin against mine, let me enjoy the moment of my young, strong man on top of me."

As our hot bodies meshed together in post-coital bliss we gently caressed each other's body. I felt her forest of cum-soaked pussy hair rubbing against my trapped, semi-hard prick. We kissed and talked for the next ten minutes while we recovered.

She moved her hips in a slow sexy circular motion and then humped up increasing the pressure on my prick nestled in her wet forest. Life was quickly purging back in my prick as I realized how lucky I was to have such a mother committed to sexually pleasing her son. Bringing my hands to her full breasts, I caressed and massaged her meaty globes.

Mom pleaded, "Sweetie, fuck me again. I want to enjoy my son making love to me. Please?"

"I love you, Mom. I'd do anything for you. We're going to remember our first night forever. Let's make it memorable."

I kissed her open-mouthed, my tongue battling with hers. Moving my hands to her nipples, I tweaked and twisted her sensitive buds elevating her excitement level.

As I played with her luscious mounds, she reached down and stroked my hard, slick shaft. She placed my bloated head at the mouth of her pussy and humped up to embed my prick in her hot canal.

I slowly stroked in and out of her wet pussy embellishing the sensations of her velvety slot. There was a minimal amount of friction with the lubricating cum left from our first coupling. Locked deep in her pussy, I rose up. Raising her knees, she reached up and pulled them tight to her chest.

Pushing on her legs, my leverage increased as I pounded her hungry pussy. Heavily panting now, she humped up to meet my thrusts as I deep-fucked her. Her pussy found new life, squeezing my prick as I plowed in and out. I looked down to witness the sinfully incestuous act of a son ravaging his mother. Our hairy pubic mounds were saturated with cum.

As if reading my mind, she yelled, "Fill your mother's cunt with your gigantic cock. It feels like a baseball bat. Oh damn, fuck me hard!"

My cock was covered with our mixed cum as I continued to drill her horny hole. Reaching down I massaged her clit as I pummeled her hot box. She screamed out in pleasure as I lightly squeezed her sensitive nub. I eased off her clit letting her relax as I enjoyed the moment.

I was fucking my hot mother. She was writhing on the bed beneath me and thrusting her hips like a wild woman. This was the highlight of my life. She was breathing hard and I wondered if she was going to pass out again.

Relishing in the sexual conquest of my mother piqued my stimulation. Close to achieving another orgasm. I was hoping I would last longer the second time, but this was Mom I was fucking. I pulled her feet back bringing her knees to point straight up. I pushed them out to spread her pelvis wide open. I felt pressure on my prick from her pussy as I opened her up.

Holding her meaty thighs I fucked her while she writhed in pleasure. I couldn't get enough of her smooth legs. I gripped a hunk of firm flesh and used it to pound harder in her leaking pussy.

Lowering down to her body I pressed my hard nipples on hers as our lips met. Her mouth was open and ready. We fucked each other's mouths as we made love in the missionary position. She dug her nails in my back signaling she was close to coming again. I wrapped my arms around her to hold her tight.

"Sam. I'm ready to come again. I love your giant, hard cock. It's driving me crazy. Fuck your mother hard. Fill me with your sticky sperm, you sweet Motherfucker!"

"God Mom. I've waited so long time for this. Your pussy is so tight and hot. I'm going to come, Mommy!"

She hugged me and wrapped her legs around my waist, elevating her pussy to meet my powerful thrusts. Groaning in pleasure she deeply exhaled each time my fat head slammed against the back of her cavern.

"I love you, Mom!" I screamed as I fucked her hard. Her excitement prevented her from saying anything as she was continuously gasping for air.

We locked mouths as we committed our forbidden, incestuous coupling. I stared deep into her soul through her dark chocolate eyes. They widened as blood surged into the head of my prick. Panting into my mouth, her pupils dilated as her back arched and her body shook as she climaxed. I pounded deep into her pussy as my balls spewed out any milky-white fluid left in my reservoir.

Her convulsing sheath trapped my erupting prick. I kept stroking and my shaft contracted even when nothing came out. Her spasms coincided with my orgasms in an attempt to milk out any precious sperm left in my balls.

After my final release, I continued to slowly fuck her, prolonging our incestuous sin. As I softened I started to roll off her when she again hugged me tight to her. Looking at each other, our eyes locked together cementing our deep love.

Her facial expression was an afterglow of blissful joy. She kissed me gently saying, "I love you too. Thank you, Sweetie. You're the best lover ever."

We gently caressed and consoled each other committing our forbidden relationship while we revealed our innermost desires and feelings. Our love was on a higher plateau since we'd crossed the line most mothers and sons act out privately in their fantasies.

After an hour of holding, caressing and talking, Mom excused herself to go to the bathroom. When she came back I did the same. I used a warm washcloth to clean off our sticky mixture of cum. Emerging from the bathroom I wasn't sure if I should go to my room. Mom silently answered my question, holding the covers up, inviting me into her bed. I slid in and we hugged each other, not for sex, but for love. We parted and Mom rested her head on my chest. As I was stroking her scalp, she fell into a deep sleep. I soon followed.

Waking up first, fear struck me that last night's events might have been a dream. Seeing Mom next to me sound asleep was a relief. It wasn't a fantasy in my mind. I really had made love to my beautiful mother. I gently pulled the covers down exposing Mom's sexy, nude body. Her breasts slowly heaved up and down while she remained in restful sleep. Her nipples were still a dark pink color but weren't engorged and full of blood like last night. I gently stroked her smooth stomach, lightly running my fingers over her ribcage, stopping to feel it rise and fall with her deep sleeping.

Roaming down her smooth stomach, I ran my spread out fingers through her mound of soft fur. Without stopping I continued my light caressing down to her firm thighs, lightly squeezing her hot flesh. She moaned in pleasure as her breasts heaved. I hoped she was dreaming of our first fuck last night.

Bringing my hand back up to her smooth stomach, I slowly moved up to her breasts. Her skin was hot and tight. I gently cupped her nearest mound, marveling in its firmness. I couldn't resist squeezing it as I worshiped her beauty.

Mom's breathing quickened and when I looked up I noticed her staring at me, smiling seductively. She remained silent, contently watching her son worship her breasts. After her nipples were filled with blood she spoke. "Good morning. Do you like playing with your mother's titties? You liked them when you were a child too."

I replied, "You bet Mom. You have great breasts I could fondle these forever. It's a shame I can't remember them from infancy, but I can imagine I loved feeding on them. Your nipples are so sexy and inviting."

I leaned over and kissed her nearest engorged nub. Swirling my rough tongue around her tip, I gently latched onto her hard point. She brought her hands to the back of my head and held me in place while I feasted on her succulent tit. I sucked hard on her taut and upright areole resulting in a long groan.

She gasped, "Oh Honey. That feels good. Suck your mother's tits. Bite them, Sam. Pull and twist my nipples. It's been too long since you nursed from me."

Locked onto her nearest nipple, I sucked and licked her sensitive bud. Moving my hand to her other breast, I massaged and squeezed her meaty tit as my mouth feasted on her full breast. Gently holding her engorged nipple with my teeth I pulled and teased her, causing her to moan and gasp. As I gently pulled her nipple up, I pinched and twisted her other nipple with my fingers.

When she started to hump her pelvis, I released her sensitive teat. Rolling over to meld with her sexy body, I moved up to kiss my mother.

It was a gentle closed-mouth kiss at first, a subtle, loving kiss. Mom changed the pace when she opened her mouth and attacked me with her tongue. We french-kissed while our naked bodies were pressed together. Gasping for air, our breaths were fast and forceful as we made love with our mouths.

Backing off from our intimate kiss, I could see Mom's eyes were once again full of lust as she rolled us over until she was on top. She kissed her way down to my stomach. My prick was already a pillar of rock rising out of my pubic hair. Still kissing her way down, she gripped my pole and slowly stroked up and down.

She rose up to sit on my legs facing me. Her hands explored my hairy thighs, bumping my full ball sack on each upstroke.

"You have such a sexy body, Sam. I've been wanting to caress your legs like you've wanted to do to me." Continuing to rub up and down my thighs, she'd stop to grab a hunk of flesh, playfully pulling and squeezing it.

Bending down, she kissed her way up my hairy thigh until she reached my stiff pole. She lustfully looked up at me as she moved to seductively lick up and down my staff with her rough tongue. She hoarsely said, "Honey. it's been a while since I've sucked a prick, and such a giant one. I made this beautiful cock."

Engulfing my fat head with her mouth, she swirled her tongue around the sensitive helmet. Moving down my pole she sucked hard on my staff. She held my balls and gently squeezed them as she fucked my pole with her hot mouth. Her other hand gripped the bottom half of my prick and stroked up and down as her mouth fucked the top half of my pole. I wasn't going to last long.

"Damn, Mom. You suck cock really good. Your mouth is unbelievable," I gasped as my voice cracked.

She'd bring me to the brink of orgasm before stopping, keeping her warm mouth enclosed around my head. She looked at me with those round, brown eyes as she continued to feast on my stiff shaft of flesh. It was hard holding back my load while I watched my sexy mom perform such a sensual act.

Releasing my cock she rose up and leaned forward to kiss me. We fucked each other with our tongues again. She lifted her pelvis, keeping her eyes locked with mine. Placing her hands on my shoulders to keep her balance, she crawled forward and positioned her hairy pussy over my shaft. When she lowered her body, my shaft became trapped between our sweaty stomachs.

As I started to move my hand between our bodies to position my prick, she moved her head side to side to stop me. When I halted, she began moving her furry slit around my groin. It was a sexy, pelvic dance as she mauled and moved my prick around with her actions.

Lodging my hard shaft on the outside of her slot, she moved up and down, scraping her raw pussy lips. Moving lower, my helmeted head rubbed against her clit at the top of her leaking pussy. Leaving my bloated head in contact with her exposed clit, she moved in circles, stimulating her sensitive nub, moaning and breathing rapidly.

Having enough stimulation on her clit, she moved back to run my fat head up and down her slick slit. Sawing to and fro, slick fluid coated my shaft as Mom's pussy leaked from our contact. I thought she was going to climax without ever penetrating her. Still not using her hands, she moved her hairy mound up my shaft until it was above my trapped prick. My shaft rose up until it was freed from our smothering bodies. Before it could rise too far, Mom backed into it inserting the fat head into the mouth of her hungry pussy.

Our eyes were still locked and I could see the look of triumph when she managed to engulf my prick at this awkward position without any help. She backed up until my cock was several inches in her tight, starved cunt. She rose up placing her hands on my stomach to keep my prick partway out of her snatch. She slowly lowered an inch and then rose back up, allowing my size to stretch her tight channel. Gripping my sides, she fucked my pole, increasing the amount of cock each stroke.

Her look was of total bliss as she slowly fucked me. Moving back and forth while going up and down, she was able to scrape the sides of her pussy that screamed for attention. Precum fluid from her horny snatch was drenching my solid shaft making it easier for her to lower down further. Lifting back up she stopped when my fat head was at the

mouth of her clenching pussy. Looking down at me lustfully, she released my sides and fell down until my balls smashed against her ass.

She squealed out in pleasure as she bottomed out, rose up again to plummet back down my shaft. Fucking me hard and fast, I thrust up on her down strokes to lodge my shaft deeper into her cavern. Reaching out with my hands, I stroked her legs as she enjoyed herself being in control of our fuck.

Her head went back as she gasped for air, fucking her son as hard as she could. Juices from both of us were flowing out of her hole as she fucked my slippery shaft. Slowing her pumping, she lowered down, pushing her breasts in front of my face. Knowing what she desired, I wrapped my arms around her back and pulled her nearest breast into my waiting mouth.

I mauled her tit while she continued to fuck me. Constant deep guttural groans emanated from her. I captured her stiff nipple, squeezed it between my lips and pulled hard as if milking it.

"God yes. Suck Mommy's tits. You're fucking your horny mother good. I can't believe how much your fat cock fills my cunt. I've fantasized about making love with you for a long time. Whenever you come in me I want to be kissing you. I love you so much!"

My mother knew exactly how to please her son. She locked her mouth on mine as she fucked me. I moved my hands down to her ass and slammed into her pussy. My cock filled with blood making more

contact as it scraped the walls of her pussy. A large payload of hot cum shot up my shaft and out the tip.

She climaxed and her pussy contracted on my prick as I continued to deposit load after load of sticky sperm. After we were both spent, she lowered her body to mine. No words were spoken as we fought to breathe.

Her firm breasts were squished out on the sides as she rested on top of my body. I ran my hands up and down her sweaty, smooth back as she recovered from our morning fuck. She rested her head next to mine nibbling on my ear as she caught her breath. Her hot breath on my neck sent shivers through me. Her rapid breathing gradually switched to a longer relaxed intake of air. We were content to say nothing, enjoying the close connection.

"Wow, Mom. What a way to begin a day. What do you say we stay in bed until lunch?" Running my hands down her lower back, I cupped her rounded ass and squeezed her firm globes of flesh. I wondered how many times I could fuck my mom in one day. Visions of different positions flashed through my mind when Mom brought me back to reality as she softly spoke.

"I'd love to and we will do that one of these days but not today. We have a full schedule ahead of us. We have a client at one in the afternoon. Then we're going to take your aunt out to the movies and dinner and have one more appointment at eight tonight."

Unable to contain my surprise, I exclaimed, "Mom, that's quite an agenda. Do you really want me being with other women now? You're

the only one I want. Why don't we tell Sharon we don't want any more clients?"

She giggled and kissed me before explaining. "First off, Sharon doesn't have anything to do with it. She was actually my first customer. I interviewed the other women at their houses."

After taking some time to process this information, I realized Mom had sent me over to Sharon's to give her a baby. This whole time I thought this was Sharon's grand plan. Someone else might have felt used, but I felt nothing but love and admiration for my mother. Everything she did was for my benefit.

"As far as other women, I think it's healthy for you to have other relationships. I also like the fact we're helping women and the icing on the cake is your college expenses are getting paid. As long as you sleep with me at night and sexually take care of me, I'm happy. Although, as much as we're going to be fucking, I won't be able to afford to pay what I charge others."

Her sexy smile and talk regarding our future together were already stirring my prick, but I had to save it for our client in a few hours. As she lifted her body off mine, our skin reluctantly pulled apart bonded together by heat and sweat. We chuckled at the sound it made as we separated.

We rose out of bed to get dressed for breakfast. I put on my robe and Mom started to put on hers. I pleaded, "Mom, would you mind wearing

your blue nightie through breakfast? It's something I look forward to each morning."

She dropped her robe as joy spread across her face. "Oh no, Sweetie. I've had that old nightie far too long. That just isn't proper attire for a mother to parade around in."

Seeing my disappointment, she giggled as she went into her closet. I was ready to close my robe and leave when I heard her say, "I've been saving this one for you. Do you think this is more appropriate for a mother to wear around her horny son?"

She walked out of her closet wearing a different nightie. She sexily strutted to the edge of the bed turning slowly displaying her new attire.

It was the same style and color as her other nightie, but the material was translucent. It was sheer enough to see everything underneath. It enhanced her beauty more than I thought possible. As she turned to the side, her hard, pink nipples pushed out the top and her full rounded breasts were clearly visible showing no signs of sagging.

She turned to face me, placing her hands on her waist causing her nightie to further tighten against her nipples. I stared at her beautifully toned bare thighs, then traveled up to admire her hairy pussy clearly visible beneath the thin fabric. Looking up to her beautiful face, her expression was a mix of seeking approval with one of lust.

Scanning her beautiful body my cock quickly filled with blood and rose up and out the front of my robe as if pointing to the prey it desired to attack. Her eyes traveled to my hard cock and she no longer looked like she needed approval. Her face changed to an expression of sexual craving.

As she ran her hands up to her breasts over the smooth fabric, she huskily said, "Well, I see someone likes my newest purchase. The material feels good too. It's silk. Come here and see for yourself."

I walked to her and held her tight, running my hands over the thin silky material, caressing her sexy body.

"You're so beautiful, Mom. You turn me on whenever I look at you. Anything you wear makes me hot," I said as I kissed her passionately. I squeezed her thinly covered breasts, twisting her engorged nipples. She pushed my robe off my shoulders and wrapped her fingers around my hard, throbbing cock. I lowered my hands below her nightie to hold her firm ass. She was panting as she passionately kissed me.

She murmured, "Oh Honey. I love it that you get aroused by me. You've awakened my sexual lust and I adore your wonderful cock. I love what you're doing to me, but we really should eat breakfast and get ready for our next client."

Instead of releasing my cock, she stroked it as her kissing intensified. With my hands still holding her firm buns, I moved her back to her bed. Lowering her down on her back, I positioned her ass on the edge. Holding her legs up caused her nightie to rise and expose her hairy,

wet gash. I walked into her, shoving my hard prick into her welcoming snatch. I couldn't believe I was fucking my beautiful mother again and it felt as great as the first time.

My stiff shaft pistoned in and out of her hairy hole. Her breasts flopped up and down beneath the thin nightie as I bottomed out forcefully each time. With her legs on my shoulders, she incoherently muttered out phrases of pleasure as I continued to ravish her body in an attempt to release my pent up sexual lust. Relishing in our incestuous coupling, we could care less about any client today. We concentrated on our primal animal instincts to fuck as no mother and son should be doing.

She was now chanting as I drove my hard prick into her oily hole. "Fuck me hard. Love me,. Fuck me like a true motherfucker."

I pounded her horny pussy until I was near orgasm. With my shaft fully embedded in her cavern, I stopped stroking to allow our excitement levels to lower. We locked eyes as our groins were mashed together. Moving her legs off my shoulders, she wrapped them around my waist pulling me to her. With a lustful look, she opened her arms inviting me to her hot body. A clear invitation from a mother wanting her son to finish fucking her. It was an offering I wasn't going to pass up.

I lowered down to her nightie-clad torso and kissed her open mouth. She wrapped her arms around me and held me tight as I continued to stretch her pussy walls with my expanding prick. Holding onto her ass, I pummeled my mother's pussy. As we kissed, we locked eyes continuing to enjoy the spontaneous and exciting coupling. Looking

into each other's souls, we communicated our intense and deep love. Her chocolate colored eyes widened, signaling her impending orgasm.

She groaned in my mouth as she battled my tongue. Her pussy squeezed my shaft resulting in my own powerful contraction. I pounded into her at a feverish pace as we experienced our intense orgasms. Inserted fully, I released her mouth to take in a deep breath. I rested my head beside hers as we enjoyed the aftermath of our sinful copulation.

As she licked the outer lobes of my ear, she whispered, "Sam, I think I better wear my robe or we won't make it out of our bedroom."

My heart skipped a beat when she said our bedroom. Confirming we were a loving couple completely committed to each other, she acknowledged our intimate liaison. Normal in every way, except for the fact we surpassed the morally accepted boundaries of a mother-son relationship.

I caressed her nightie-clad back and murmured, "I can't help it, Mom. You're so sexy. I want to be with you every minute of the day. Your body excites me as no other woman can." I kissed her sensuously, then pulled out, allowing a stream of mixed cum to pour out of her saturated pussy. True to her word, she wore her robe, but it didn't deter me from lustfully staring at her body as she gracefully moved around the kitchen.

We quickly finished breakfast and retired to the living room. We still had a couple hours to kill before our client showed up, allowing us to

snuggle on the couch. I was afraid I wouldn't recover in time, but sitting close to Mom ignited my lust. Mom's hand went through the front of my robe to lightly hold my semi-hard prick. She probably had the same concerns on whether I'd be able to perform after our morning bout of sex.

Lightly squeezing my shaft, she apprehensively spoke. "Sam, I've had this rule with my clients that there would be no refunds or repeats if the process was unsuccessful. One of them has been persistent though and I feel sorry for the poor girl. She's even offered to double the original amount. I agreed to it, not for the money but because I want to make her happy. She's scheduled at one."

My mind raced through the women trying to figure out which one it was. She said girl. It must be one of the two younger ones. Before I could concentrate more she acknowledged, "It was the lady from two days ago. She was covered, keeping her body hidden except for her beautiful face and her silky, black hair."

It was indeed my lucky day as she was describing Snow White. Images of her black bush contrasting against her smooth, white skin flashed through my mind. My shaft jerked up, signaling my excitement.

Mom still had her hand wrapped around my prick and felt the sudden surge of blood filling it. She bleated, "Should I be jealous of this girl? It looks like you have some special feelings for her."

"She was charming Mom, but you're still my love. You can't be replaced," I said, trying to put her at ease.

She smiled and leaned in to lightly kiss me, no hint of jealousy, looking pleased with her son's happiness.

At the designated time, I retreated to my room to wait for the arrival of Snow White. I sat on my bed nude displaying my semi-hard cock waiting for Mom's entrance. She strolled in wearing her robe and I instantly hardened as I rose up and hugged her which ended with a sensuous kiss. She wrapped her hands around my stiff shaft and stressed, "Let's save this for our client. Hopefully, you'll be successful today. Good luck Honey. Don't forget Rachel is coming over at three."

No reason to wear my robe anymore as I marched down to our room nude with my hard prick swaying back and forth. I entered and noticed a change in how the woman was positioned. The sheet was covering her but it was high like she was on her knees praying, her back pushing up the sheet.

I remembered how she was nervous our first time. I began to comfort her as I uncovered her telling her how I couldn't wait to run my hands over her soft smooth skin again. As I moved the fabric up, she extended her body forward, raising her ass into the air. As I exposed her, I could see she was positioned for fucking doggy style. Maybe she thought this would be a better method to impregnate her.

My prick hardened as I looked at the breathtaking sight. Her long, smooth, pure white flesh accented her black, hairy pussy. She moved her legs apart showing her already wet gash ready for an infusion of sperm. Hard as a rock I moved up to stroke her lily-white meat.

Her skin was hot and firm. I took my time running my hands up and down her smooth thighs. The sides of my hands nestled against her furry slit each time I went to the top. Her sweet, hormonal, pussy scent was strong as she anticipated my fat cock once again stretching her tight channel.

Reluctantly releasing my hands from her firm thighs, my hard aching cock demanded I proceed. Placing my mushroom shaped head on the mouth of her pussy, I rolled it around, lubricating it with her flowing juices. No more foreplay was necessary as I sunk my hard shaft deep into her throbbing pussy.

Moaning in the pillow as my prick descended to the bottom, she shrieked in pleasure when my bloated head slammed against her back wall. Her pussy contracted as she experienced her first orgasm. Holding my prick lodged deep, I stroked her sides and legs allowing her to recover from her fast climax. No sounds came from her as she fought to catch her breath.

I was enjoying the quiet moment, caressing her smooth flesh. My only disappointment was that I couldn't make love to her like a normal couple, kissing her as we made love.

A long groan broke the silence as she moved her hips forward and then back again fucking herself on my pole. She was ready for another round and I was determined to make it as pleasurable for her as it was for me. Gripping her hips, I fucked her hard. I moved up and down with my strokes scraping the head of my prick against her clit each stroke.

The angle of the fuck was causing her pleasure centers to fire off as I bumped and scraped against her tight pussy walls. We fucked hard for ten minutes concentrating on pleasing each other. Wanting this session to last longer to enjoy her body was fading away as I neared my orgasm. I continued to pummel her sensitive pussy as I reached up and kneaded her swaying tits. I squeezed them hard and twisted her nipples between my fingers. Fast breathing and steady moaning were the only sounds coming from her sheet covered head.

Her second orgasm unexpectedly occurred as her pussy suddenly clamped down on my invading prick. Hearing her scream into the pillow, a stream of hot cum shot up through my prick causing my bloated head to explode, spurting out my hot seed and bathing the back of her pussy. Each blast of hot cum I shot into her resulted in another contraction from her convulsing cavern.

I slowly fucked her after our mutual orgasms were finished, relishing in the blissful connection we had just shared.

Crestfallen that the session was already over, I hoped we weren't successful again.

Both of us breathed hard and fast as we recovered from the intense fuck. In a raspy tone, I managed to say, "You are really sexy. I hope this will get you pregnant. If it doesn't, I hope you won't give up and let me try again."

I pulled out leaving her ass uncovered as I backed up. My eyes traveled from her cum filled pussy down her creamy smooth thighs to her delicate feet.

The sheet went flying off as she flipped around and flopped on the bed on her back. Still staring at her legs, Snow White spoke in a sexy French accent. "No hope is necessary. I'm pretty sure you impregnated me last session. This time was for you."

I recognized her voice. I quickly looked up. "Monica?"

"Yes, Sam. Come to me, my love," she cooed as she held her arms open. I lowered down to her, molding my body to hers.

She stroked my scalp as past memories flashed back to me.

It was my last year in our old neighborhood. I loved to walk back and forth to school which was a mile from our house. Each day I went by a preschool which was halfway between our house and school.

On one of those days, I came upon a couple of kids teasing and tormenting a young girl outside the preschool. I broke it up and continued to walk home. I noticed the girl they harassed followed me for a few blocks before I lost sight of her.

Days after this incident the same girl would be waiting by the school for me to pass and then follow me. I didn't think anything of it as she was probably using me to stop the kids from picking on her. After a couple of weeks of this routine, I noticed she went up a walkway to a large house with large bushes on both sides. One day when I walked by I spotted a woman wearing Muslim attire inside the entrance of the hidden walkway. As I passed, she quietly whispered, "Excuse me, Sir. Could I talk to you?"

I stopped, not sure if she was going to accuse me of trying to lure this girl or what. I uneasily responded, "Um, sure. Anything wrong?"

"Please follow me and I'll explain," she said as she went up to the house and waited for me and the girl to enter. After we were in, she removed the covering on her head, revealing her beautiful face. She told her daughter to sit at the table with me. She had a French accent, unlike what I expected from her attire.

She introduced herself as Monica and her daughter as Camila as she went to the kitchen and brought out a plate of warm cookies and two glasses of milk. She set them down in front of us and sat opposite us at the table.

Camila picked up a cookie and devoured it. Monica smiled and told me she was grateful for me protecting her daughter. Kids harassed her because they knew she's a child of a Muslim family. Her French accent intrigued me as I listened to her talk. When Camila finished Monica told her to go to her room and play.

When I began to eat the delicious cookie I felt a bump on my leg. Looking down I eyed a beautiful, short-haired, black cat walking around my legs. I picked her up and she immediately curled in my lap, purring while I petted her. I loved cats and knew where to scratch her neck and head to give her the attention she wanted.

I asked, "And who is this cute girl? I really love cats. Her fur is really sleek."

Monica smiled wide and said, "Her name is Dinah. She likes a lot of attention. My husband hates cats."

That was the first indication she wasn't on board with her marriage. She kept a cat her husband hated and the cat's name was of Jewish origin. That couldn't have set well with her Muslim husband.

Unwilling to further explain the details concerning her cat, she informed me she wanted to thank me earlier but her husband was home and she couldn't talk to another man with him present. He was doing business in the middle east now. She seized the opportunity to thank me.

She was from France and had married her wealthy husband at eighteen when she was pregnant with Camila. She admitted she was naive and easily influenced with the prestige and money afforded to her. Even though their love was brief, she remained with him honoring her obligation. She wasn't religious but she made an effort to observe some of the Muslim rules to satisfy her husband.

We talked for over an hour getting acquainted with each other. Marrying young to a rich Middle Eastern businessman had its advantages as she was able to attend private colleges. I found her to be intelligent and educated as we discussed our lives. She inquired about my studies and we talked at length. She was witty and injected humor into our conversation resulting in us laughing through much of the talk. Sex didn't enter my mind as I connected with this highly educated and charming young lady.

For the next six months, we met dozens of times on my walks home when her husband was out of town. We spent hours together giggling and talking while I pampered Dinah with my affection. I enjoyed the time with Monica, feeling at ease with her pleasant demeanor. I looked forward to walking home in the hope that she'd be waiting for me. Her daughter still kept her distance following me home each day.

Concerned that Camila might mention my visits to her father, I asked Monica whether there would be a problem if her daughter disclosed my visits. She told me her husband never wanted a daughter and as a consequence didn't talk or listen to her. She isolated Camila from him as much as possible and they became experts at keeping secrets.

She never uncovered more than the fabric on her head. I wasn't able to see her beautiful body concealed beneath. We became best friends, probably the strangest and most secret friendship in town. That was the hardest part when Mom mentioned to me we were going to move after graduation.

Monica and I decided we wouldn't keep in touch through email or letters in the chance she might get caught. We both fought back tears on our final visit as we knew we wouldn't see each other again. I didn't tell Mom about Monica even when she questioned me why I was depressed for the first few months after we relocated.

Monica brought me back from my memories bringing me up to date with her life. Her husband divorced her six months ago, desiring a younger wife and one that could provide him with a son. He left Monica with the house, a large sum of money and Camila before he moved back to the Middle-East.

She was more than happy with the arrangement. She wanted another child and wanted the father to be intelligent and sensitive. She loved our talks together and wanted her child to inherit my traits. When she heard the details of our business through her wealthy friends, she seized the opportunity to conceive a baby with me.

She thought she would be content once the first session was finished. She was hesitant to reconnect with me for the sole purpose to get pregnant. That's why she concealed herself through our first coupling. After our initial rendezvous, she wanted to meld the lust we shared during our sexual liaison with the emotional relationship we shared in the past. She decided to reveal herself this time and I couldn't have been happier.

We talked for over an hour as we connected again. We explored each other if we hadn't felt a nude body before. Thinking I was probably

influenced by her beauty, I didn't tell her I was in love with her, maybe hadn't fallen out of love from our time together before. Better take it slow I thought, chuckling to myself, thinking the definition of a slow courtship probably didn't mean madly fucking and then dating afterward.

I rolled on top of her and we kissed like lovers. Our tongues explored our connected open mouths as we fought to press our bodies together as one. I was hard again and wanted to make love to this woman. We locked eyes as I guided my stiff prick into her wet, receptive hole.

I caressed her full breasts as I sunk my cock to the depths of her hungry cunt. We fucked as lovers caressing each other as we enjoyed the stimulation of my cock smoothly gliding in and out of her pussy. We kissed and hugged each other, enjoying the contact of our hot sweaty bodies. Her body melted into mine as I attempted to satisfy her sex-starved cunt.

Increasing the pace of our fuck, I furiously stroked in and out of her tight snatch. We mashed our mouths together as our sexual liaison intensified.

Barely able to talk, I gushed, "You are so hot and sexy. I loved our time together in the past and now we're joined completely. I'm not letting you go again." I again locked my mouth to hers as we neared a mutual orgasm.

As my prick expanded with hot blood signaling my impending orgasm, she released my mouth to huskily shriek, "Fuck me hard! Fuck me like I'm your mom! Fill my pussy as you do with your mother's."

Images of Mom and I fucking flashed through my mind as blood poured into my expanding shaft. My balls contracted as they shot out the reservoir of hot sperm generated in the last hour. Her body shivered and shook as we enjoyed our synchronized orgasms.

Drained from our intense love-making session, I left my prick soaking in her drenched cunt enjoying the moment of post-coital bliss. I broke the silence by softly asking, "You know? About my mother?"

"Of course I know. With a mother as beautiful and sexy as yours and with you as a son, it was inevitable. She is so hot I wouldn't mind spending some intimate time with her. And if you were my son I would have fucked you long ago. She is a lucky mother to have a hunky, horny son."

I was still embedded in her soaked pussy as I listened to her. I slowly pulled out as I softened, kissing her as we parted. I looked at the clock and realized we had been together far too long. Rachel was coming over in half an hour. Regrettably, I was going to have to end our session.

I told her we needed to continue this later because my aunt was visiting. Feeling more like a lover than a client, I told her I was going to tell Mom to reimburse her. She quickly told me under no circumstances

would I tell Mom to do that. She was going to repeat our sessions until my college was completely paid for.

We talked several more minutes, then I stood up to leave. Looking down at her beautiful sexy body with my cum drooling out of her pussy an idea formed. I asked, "Did you really mean it when you said you would want to be with my mom?"

"Oh yea, she is so sexy. I would love to explore her body," she lustfully stammered.

I lifted her knees up and spread her legs wide so when Mom entered the room she'd see Monica's black, hairy pussy drooling out ropes of white semen. "Stay like this, I have a feeling you're in for a treat," I said as I felt my cock stir, admiring the sexy display.

As I was leaving, she quietly pleaded, "Sam, could we get together again, like on a date? I've missed you so much. I'll understand if you don't want to be involved with a woman bringing children into the relationship."

Seeing her fearful expression, I walked over to her and kissed her sensuously promising, "I'd love nothing more than to see you again. We're going to be going out on a lot of dates and Mom will be happy to babysit Camila and Dinah while we're out on the town. I've missed you, too." Her look of fear turned to an expression of joy as she pondered our future together.

I left the door open as I walked down the hall, meeting Mom at the end. As we met I hugged and passionately kissed her. She reached down and clutched my cum soaked prick. She scraped the sides as she pulled her hand along the length of my shaft before bringing it up to her mouth. She smiled as she jested, "I love the taste of your cum, but I hope you left some in our client. I'd hate for you to have to do another repeat."

I quickly replied, "No worries, Mom. She wasn't here for a baby. She came back for me."

She looked taken aback. "I think I am jealous now. She paid for another session just to fuck my son?"

"Relax Mom. She's very sweet and we're old friends. I'm really attracted to her." I reached in her robe with one hand and teased her hard, engorged nipple while kissing her again. My other hand went through the opening in her robe in search of her hairy pussy. As I pushed three fingers into her wet slot I said, "Mom, even if I love other women, we'll still be here for each other. There is nothing stronger than the love of a mother and son. It's a special bond separate from other relationships."

We kissed again and I could see the love in her eyes acknowledging the sinful relationship we'd always have. I removed my hands so she could go meet Monica. Ending my kiss I whispered, "After all, you don't want to be mad at your future daughter-in-law, do you?"

Her panting was still rapid from the short time we connected together. She kissed me in return and said, "I really hope you've found a girl who

can provide you with the love you deserve. That would make me the happiest Mother ever."

As I left for my room I quipped, "Mom, since you like my cum so much I don't think our client would mind sharing." I stayed at the bottom of the stairs while Mom went down the hall to meet Monica. She entered our bedroom and seconds later her robe went flying out the door, landing on the hallway floor. I heard her screech, "Sam left such a mess here. Let me clean you up." Sounds of sexual pleasure emanated from our room as I went upstairs to take my shower.

When finished I looked out the window and noticed Rachel walking down the sidewalk half a block away. I had taken longer than I thought with Monica and now my aunt was arriving early. I quickly dressed and ran down the stairs to Mom's room. Monica and Mom were eating each other's hairy cunts and were in the throes of sexual oral bliss.

"Mom, Rachel is arriving early. I'll keep her in the garden while you two finish." No acknowledgment came from either woman as they continued to concentrate on their sexual bonding.

I ran outside and met Rachel as she was nearing the front door. Wrapping my arm in hers I escorted her to the garden around the side of our house. Stalling for time, I walked her through the beds telling her our plans for each. I managed to waste twenty minutes when my aunt looked up and saw movement in the house. "Who's the woman with your mom? I haven't seen her before."

I replied, "Oh, she's a friend Mom had over. Looks like they're running late. We'll be ready to go to the movies and dinner as we planned. Don't worry, it'll just be my favorite two ladies with me tonight."

She smiled at my answer and we walked up to the house to wait. Minutes later Mom came back in the house greeting us with a sexy smile. Her Hawaiian floral dress looked fabulous on her. It was shorter than normal and it was obvious she wore no bra as her pointy nipples pushed out the thin fabric. She looked stunning and Rachel looked surprised when she gazed at Mom's exquisite beauty.

She stared intently at my mother's provocative sexy dress but didn't say anything as we went out to the car. We decided on dinner first as we were hungry. My attention was focused on Mom from her hard nipples poking out the thin material. I felt guilty ignoring my sexy aunt. Her blue lace bra was visible under her tight, sheer blouse and I wondered if her tits were as sexy as Mom's. As I stared at her bra I chuckled to myself wondering if Mom told her my favorite lingerie color was blue.

The hostess at the restaurant greeted us and said, "Hi, Melissa. Glad to see you again. I'll seat you in a nice booth."

"Thanks, Lisa. We'll be right behind you," Mom replied.

Lisa walked us to a secluded booth at the end of a long room. As usual, Mom and I sat on one side and Rachel sat opposite us. As Mom slid in her dress moved up to reveal her sexy thighs. Sitting down, I noticed the table was far enough away from the seat enabling me to easily see

Mom's bare legs. Thankfully, Rachel couldn't see anything from her position.

As soon as Lisa left, I asked, "Mom, how do you know her? Do you come here often?"

"I met her here about a couple of months ago. She's a good server and I enjoy my visits with her. She's very nice and friendly. You'll like her."

Before I could ask any more questions, Lisa arrived to take our orders. She remained at our table, engaging us in a friendly conversation. She was tall and very thin. I doubt if she broke a hundred on the scales but she had toned muscles and didn't look unhealthily thin. Her casual talking transitioned to flirting as if she were competing with the two beautiful women accompanying me. Mom and Rachel encouraged her flirtations as Lisa twirled the ends of her short, light-brown, silky hair. I noticed her stealing glimpses of Mom's exposed thighs. All too soon she departed to place our order.

I lustfully stared at her long legs as she walked away. She wore the same skirt as the other servers but due to her height, it looked a lot shorter. Her skirt waistline was positioned higher also, probably because she knew how to flaunt her best asset. I'm sure she received large tips because of her long, lithe legs. Her breasts were hidden beneath her blouse but I surmised they were small, enabling her to go braless. She was the type of girl I'd date at school as she had the same facial features as Mom and my aunt.

As soon as she left Rachel began kidding me about Lisa's flirting and said she thought Lisa had a crush on me. My face was flushed as Mom moved over close to me wrapping her arm around me as if she was consoling me. She jokingly scorned Rachel. "Now stop it, Sis. You're embarrassing my poor son. Besides, I think he likes older women."

"Is it true, Sam? You like the more experienced woman?" my aunt piped as she sexily looked at me.

Thinking briefly of telling her how I love fucking my horny mom, I instead decided to end our discussion. "You two need to stop it. A gentleman doesn't kiss and tell."

They both smiled and Rachel excused herself to go to the restroom. As soon as she was out of earshot, I looked over to admire Mom's sexy body. "Jesus Mom. You reek of sex. I want to take you home and devour you. Rachel was really impressed too. Did you see the way she stared at you?"

"I have a lot of outfits I can't wait to try on for you. I think Rachel believed she's the only sexy slut in the family. She's probably jealous because you're looking at me more than her. I wonder what she'd think if she knew I wasn't wearing panties either."

Openly leering at her sexy, bare thighs, I lustfully said, "She is quite the looker, much like her sister."

She reached over grabbing my pants, bending my stiff prick as she jokingly remarked, "Watch it buster, Rachel is my baby sister. Behave yourself."

Seeing her sister coming back to the table, she released my prick and whispered, "But not too much."

Mom and Rachel immediately engaged in conversation and I wondered if Mom was aware of Rachel's hard nipples poking out the material of her blouse. It was obvious she had removed her bra in the bathroom. I wondered if she were competing with Mom or Lisa.

Feeling Mom's legs bumping against me was confirmation she also noticed Rachel's display. Grabbing my cloth napkin I moved it below the table and placed it on my leg. I reached over and slid my hand up and down Mom's exposed leg. As my hand ventured higher, I felt the heat from her groin as my hand stopped at her closed thighs.

While still immersed in her discussion with Rachel, she moved her left leg over allowing me access to her hairy treasure. I slowly ran my hand up under her skirt to the top of her luscious thigh. The side of my hand stopped as it hit her mound of fur. Putting pressure on her pussy, I sawed up and down her slit with the edge of my hand. Squirming on the seat, she managed to bring her pussy up for easier access. I ran my fingers up and down her outer lips causing her juices to flow.

As I inserted two fingers into her steaming snatch, her left hand came down under the table. Thinking she was going to pull my hand away, I was surprised to see her moving her skirt up to her waist exposing

her pelvis. Her hand went back to the top of the table as she continued to engage Rachel. It was the perfect cover for me to play with Mom's pussy at will. I buried another finger into her wet hole and massaged her sensitive walls.

I had my hand upside down in an uncomfortable position while I played with her pussy. I couldn't stroke in and out as my arm would move, alerting Rachel. Moving my fingers around her leaking pussy, I stimulated it as if I were fucking her. She was having a hard time breathing as she talked to her sister and her voice cracked when I ran my fingers over her engorged clit.

She was nearing orgasm when I noticed Lisa arriving with a large serving tray. As she placed Rachel's plate in front of her, I started to pull my fingers out of Mom's excited pussy to allow her to lower her skirt. Her hand quickly lowered to my hand shoving my fingers back down to the depths of her clasp channel.

She held my hand in her pussy, covering mine along with her mound of hair. Lisa placed my plate in front of me and I could see her looking down at our hands clamped tight to Mom's pussy. She picked up Mom's plate and leaned hard into me squashing her soft tit into my shoulder muttering, "Pardon my reach." She slowly placed Mom's plate down while her eyes were locked onto our erotic display. Mom's gaze was fixated on Lisa's expression to gauge her reaction to our wanton, sexual exhibition.

Lisa lingered, smiled wide, pulled back and asked us if we needed anything else. As she turned to leave, Mom stuttered, "Lisa, would you

mind grinding some fresh pepper on my pasta?" Mom leaned back and moved her hand away from mine and shoved it under her ass enabling her to push her pussy up making the display even more erotic.

Lisa smiled wide, retrieving the pepper mill and leaned over to comply with Mom's request. As she pushed her breast into my shoulder, Mom sexily smiled and kept her eyes fixated on Lisa, who was intently staring at Mom's pussy, stuffed full of my fingers. Lifting her groin up a few inches provided Lisa with a clear view of her hairy snatch stuffed full of my fingers. As Lisa's eyes were locked on Mom's groin, I moved my wet, slick fingers out and back to the bottom.

I glanced over at Rachel, fearing she would see Lisa mesmerized at our exhibition but was relieved when I noticed she was concentrating on her plate of pasta.

"That's probably enough pepper," I said. She stopped cranking the shaker but lingered to stare at Mom's voyeuristic display. Lisa's breath was short and rapid as she backed up and asked us if there was anything else we needed. Mom told her we were good and thanked her for the great service.

Lisa sexily smiled as she turned and walked away. I intensified my attack on Mom's pussy as it would be overly suspicious now if I left my left hand under the table for much longer. As Mom ate her peppery entree, I mauled her sensitive pussy. Her face was flushed and her pussy pulsed in anticipation of a climax. Moving my forefinger and thumb up to the top of her slit, I rolled and squeezed her slick, engorged

clit. Stroking it as she would do to my prick, I soon felt her orgasm commence.

She shrieked as her pussy shook and let loose with a flood of juices as she came on my intruding hand. Rachel looked up and seeing my Mom's flushed face exclaimed, "Melissa, are you feeling okay? You look like you're burning up."

Mom grabbed her glass of water and took a few big gulps and managed to spout, "Maybe too much pepper at once. I'm okay now." Satisfied with her sister's answer, Rachel resumed eating. I removed my hand from Mom's soaked pussy, wiping my fingers off on my napkin. After I moved my soiled cloth over to Mom's leaking slit, her hand came down to take over. After cleaning up her juices, Mom placed my soaked napkin on my leg and moved her skirt back down. Mom and Rachel continued talking as if nothing had happened. When we were finished eating I reached down and brought my napkin up to my face as if I were wiping my mouth but instead deeply inhaled Mom's pussy scent.

Mom smiled and bumped her leg acknowledging my action. Lisa showed up with the check and asked us if we needed anything else. She smiled as she teased, "Perhaps some Cream Pie would be good?"

Mom replied, "Not now Lisa, perhaps later. Thanks though." Rachel didn't act wise to their secretive talk as Lisa smiled wide and walked away. Mom paid with cash leaving a generous tip. I wondered if she was giving Lisa hush money or was it because she liked her.

Rachel stood to leave as I did the same to let Mom exit. As they walked out I turned to the table to rearrange my prick which had hardened at an odd angle. I reached down and adjusted my cock to point straight up along my stomach in a more comfortable position.

I turned to leave and practically ran over Lisa. She smiled as if she knew what I had been doing and walked up close enough that the mixture of her light perfume and sweat swept over me. Her face was inches from mine before she spoke. Our eyes locked as she told me how much she enjoyed waiting on us. She moved closer pushing a soft firm breast into my arm and shoved her exposed thigh between my legs pressing it against my stiff prick.

Rubbing her leg back and forth on my covered cock, she said we should ask for her next time to get a good booth. Massaging my prick with her leg, she smiled and softly purred, "I wrote my schedule down for you. I would love to serve your party again."

Moving her closed fist to mine, she transferred the note to my hand. Expecting a piece of paper, I was pleasantly surprised to feel a flimsy, silky pair of panties. They were damp and warm, no doubt a result from watching our sexual display. I thanked her as I put her panties in my pants pocket.

I picked up my napkin soaked with Mom's juices and held it to her hand closing her fingers around it. I leaned into her pushing my hard cock into her thigh and whispered, "I'm afraid Mom made a mess of this napkin. She had to use it to clean up some leaking juices."

Lisa sucked in a deep breath of air and her eyes widened as she digested the taboo nature of our relationship. Her face turned from surprise to lust as she firmly took the soaked napkin from my hand.

I thanked her and said goodbye, leaving her to catch up to Mom and Rachel. Halfway to the door, I turned to see her in the booth we were in. One hand was pressing the cum-drenched napkin to her face while her other hand was under the table. Knowing her pussy was getting a pounding as a result of Mom's scent and the knowledge that she witnessed a mother and son commit a sinful act made me smile wide as I left the restaurant.

At the theater, I sat between Mom and Rachel. Mom wrapped her arm around me when the lights dimmed. I did the same to her and we leaned against each other. Knowing Rachel couldn't see my roaming hand, I cupped Mom's braless tit as we watched the feature film. Mom leaned over close and whispered, "I know it doesn't matter, but you definitely have my full approval if you want to marry Monica."

Remembering the image I had of those two locked in sex, I smiled and leaned back and whispered, "Of course it matters and I'm glad you like her. It means a lot to me."

My aunt noticed Mom's arm around me and put her arm around me leaning into me. The side of her soft braless tit was pressed into my side. With her other hand, she pulled my arm around her back to rest my hand on her waist. I had my arms around two beautiful women. Afraid of being as bold with Rachel as my mom, I slowly slid my hand to below her breast holding onto her ribcage.

As the movie credits scrolled Mom rose to leave. Rachel slumped in her chair causing her fat breast to fall in my hand. In an unconscious reaction, I squeezed her full, meaty breast. I quickly released her luscious tit, covering my action by saying, "Sorry Auntie. Guess I lost my balance for a moment."

She smiled and chuckled "I didn't notice anything, Sam. Only a perfect gentleman that likes older women and never tells."

Once again I had to adjust an uncomfortable stiff prick before we left to go home. It was a short ride back to our neighborhood. Mom stopped the car in front of Rachel's house and told me to walk her sister to her door and then come right home. Remembering we had an appointment in less than two hours I knew I didn't have time to go in and talk.

After I walked my sexy aunt to her door, she turned to me and wrapped her arms around me in a tight hug. She rarely hugged me before tonight, catching me off-guard. Hot air hit my ear as she whispered, "I'm really happy you're here this summer and I love hanging out with you. Thank you for a wonderful evening."

She kissed me on the neck and tightened her hug. Her soft, meaty breasts mashed into my chest as she pushed her hips into my stiff prick. She backed off and gave me a sexy smile as she entered her house. I walked home with a raging hard-on. Reviewing the events of the past few days, it seemed clear that Aunt Rachel was coming on to me. I wondered what Mom would think if I fucked her younger sister.

Opening our front door I bumped into Mom standing in the hallway. She had changed out of her dress and was wearing a tight white blouse tucked into a short, black, pleated skirt. "Wow, Mom. You look like a cheerleader, but way sexier. You're the definition of erotic."

"I have to keep up with your aunt, don't I?"

Changing the conversation she told me she hadn't personally met our client since the details were finalized online. We were to conduct our business in a hotel in another part of town, close to Sharon's place. It was twenty miles away. We had no time to waste. Our instructions stated I was to retrieve the room key at the front desk and I should be alone. Mom changed this part of the plan and insisted she go with me. I happily agreed as I loved our time together.

I pulled out Lisa's panties and told Mom I should put them in my room. Seeing her puzzled look, I told her Lisa had written her schedule down in order to get her as a server again. Mom looked excited as her thoughts went back to our public exhibition.

She lustfully retorted, "On her panties, no less. Maybe we should invite her over to give her a more intimate show." Smiling wide in agreement, I dropped Lisa's panties on the end table and wrapped my arm through Mom's as we walked out to the car.

On the drive to the hotel, I couldn't stop myself from running my hands up and down Mom's bare legs as she drove. Contented with feeling her sexy thighs I didn't venture up far enough to see if she was wearing any panties. Before I knew it we were pulling into the well-lit parking

lot. The hotel was upscale which offered suites so at least it was going to be a pleasant room.

Exiting quickly I went around to the driver's side to help Mom out. As she moved her legs to the ground, her skirt rode up and my eyes locked onto her hairy bush. Evidently, Mom wasn't ever going to wear panties again. She held out her hands as an invitation to help her stand up. Once up she hugged me and whispered, "You see anything you like?"

I hoarsely answered, "Damn Mom. Why don't we rent a room and forget the client?"

"Don't worry Sam. This is the last one for a while, and after you're done we're going to spend a lot of time together. Now let's fulfill our commitment."

We were early so we went to the bar and sat at a table in the back to wait. Mom ordered a glass of wine to drink while we waited for my appointment. Suddenly, she leaned close and whispered, "Don't be obvious but look over at the booth next to the bar. She's one of our prior clients. I hope she doesn't recognize me."

Scanning the crowd I located the couple Mom was talking about. I never saw their faces, but this lady had such a deep tan that I knew right away she was the first one on our list. She wasn't going to notice anyone as her attention was riveted on a guy my age. I silently laughed when I realized they resembled each other.

Whispering back, I said, "I see them, Mom. You don't need to worry, they're not interested in anyone else."

"He looks young enough to be her son. I wonder why she hired us with such a nice young man to service her."

I replied, "He is her son. I might have initiated that. We kind of shared a mother-son fantasy during our session."

Mom jabbed me in the ribs as she giggled, "You're so bad. We should charge more for you providing sex therapy along with your sperm donation."

Looking at her watch, she said, "Okay Sam. Time for your show." We both got up and held our hands together as she leaned into me and said she'd wait for me and wished me luck. I figured with one of our clients in the bar, Mom wasn't ready to take a chance and display public affection. Caught off guard, she wrapped her arms around me, hugged me tight and kissed me as a wife would do with her loving husband.

I reluctantly parted and headed to the front desk. The receptionist greeted me as I provided my last name. She searched the counter for a moment and handed me a paper holder containing a key card. She smiled as she commented, "Oh yes. I checked your lovely wife in earlier. Have a fun night, Sir."

On my way up to the room, I mentally analyzed the tone and expression from the clerk. She didn't sound sincere and I wondered

how many high priced prostitutes they catered to. I swiped the door lock and entered the front room which was dimly lit from night lights.

I could see a lighted bedroom off to the side where I assumed the woman would be waiting. I quickly removed my clothes and made my way to the bedroom. A sheet covered the woman in the same manner as Mom's bed. It was evident Mom had given her explicit instructions on the procedure.

I greeted her and assured her I would be slow and gentle. Moving the sheet up to her knees revealed her lower legs. They were legs of a young woman and they were firm and toned. I caressed them, telling her how great they felt. When I thought she was relaxed enough, I pushed the sheet up to the tops of her thighs. I stroked her firm thighs marveling in the beauty of them.

They were like my mother's but a younger version. I recognized them as Aunt Rachel's. I couldn't believe both of my closest family members thought they could fool me. I have been lusting these legs as long as I had Moms.

Wondering how she discovered our business, I recalled how she used to visit us in the old neighborhood and still had a lot of friends there. My thoughts snapped back on how to proceed. My lust for my beautiful aunt was going to be fulfilled and I wanted it to be special for both of us.

Should I do the same as I did to my mother, prolonging the seduction to the end? Will she pretend as my mother did? If my aunt wanted to

fuck me, she was going to have to tell me to do it. I wasn't going to let her act like she's a client for long.

A sharp intake of air could be heard as I moved the sheet up to her midriff in one fast move. Her beautiful pussy was on display now. She was clean-shaven, not one hair on her mound. She must have spent some time preparing herself today as it looked smooth as glass. I moved up close and placed my hard shaft on the side of her leg as I caressed her creamy thighs. Her legs moved out exposing her wet gash. She was ready for her nephew to fuck her needy slot. I ran my fingers up and down her wet slit and inserted three fingers into her hole.

She was wet and ready. I finger fucked her cavern until she was moaning in pleasure. Capturing her clit between my fingers, I rolled the sensitive nub causing her to move her hips from side to side. She humped up trying to convince me to complete her fantasy. I moved the head of my prick to the mouth of her pussy and swirled it around her fat, wet lips. As she humped up to lodge it in her canal I backed off keeping it from entering.

Now was the time to taunt my beautiful aunt. "Your thighs are so smooth and sexy. I love feeling them," I commented as I massaged and caressed her meaty flesh. "My aunt's legs are like these. I've wanted to touch them for a long time. She's the sexiest woman I know and I would love to be doing this to her."

She moaned louder and increased the movement of her hips. Her legs couldn't be any further apart granting me full access. I went back to playing with her pussy as I taunted, "Your pussy is perfect too. I

imagine this is what my aunt's pussy looks like. It's begging for my hard prick."

I teased her pussy with my cock, poking in an inch and withdrawing several times before saying, "Your pussy is as hot and tight as a virgin's. I wish my aunt would ask me to fuck her. I really want to hear those words. Can you tell me that? Can you tell your nephew to fuck you hard!" I stuck my bloated head in her pussy several inches and quickly pulled it out, elevating her excited state.

She took hold of the sheet and threw it off the bed screaming, "Goddammit Sam. Yes, I want my nephew to fuck me. Don't tease me anymore, shove your huge prick in your aunt's horny hole!"

Her lustful face conveyed the urgency of her desire to fuck her sister's son. I leaned down to kiss her as I slid my cock into her hot sheath. I lowered my weight on her as we locked our mouths together, tongue fucking each other as I slid the rest of the way into my sexy aunt.

Sliding my hands between our hot sweaty bodies, I grabbed her meaty breasts and mauled them, twisting her sensitive nipples as I fucked her hard. She pulled her mouth off to gasp for air. Her breasts heaved up and down against my chest as her excitement level increased. She was receiving the incestuous fucking she had fantasized the last several years. I continued my assault on her sensitive breasts as I hammered in and out of her drooling pussy.

She panted rapidly and groaned as her pussy was filled with more cock than she'd ever experienced. Her pussy walls snapped shut as I pulled

my shaft back to her entrance, stretching out again as I forcefully plowed back in.

Before I was close to achieving my orgasm my aunt's pussy clamped down on my prick as she climaxed. Her contractions continued as I thrust in and out. Several strokes later she went limp from her quick and intense orgasm. I pulled out and was going to move off when she pulled me down tight as Mom had done.

She held me tight to her body as we gently caressed each other. Mom and she were similar in many ways, both of them desiring fleshy, close contact after making love. Melded together with my sexy aunt was a dream come true. I rose up to admire her. Scanning up and down her luscious body caused my prick to harden even more. Shifting my eyes up to her beautiful face, our eyes locked together connecting as lovers.

She smiled wide as she marveled, "You knew right away, didn't you? How did you know it was me?"

"I'd know those legs anywhere, I leer at them every time you visit. They're beautiful and sexy. You can't realize how many times I've fantasized about this," I revealed to her.

Raising up she reached out to hold my slick prick that had brought her to orgasm. She pushed me over on my back and positioned herself on my legs stroking my shaft with both of her hands. With a sexy look, she said, "Did one of your fantasies end like this?" She leaned down and licked her juices off my cock. Holding the base, she put the sensitive head in her mouth and cleaned it off with her rough tongue. She

lowered her mouth down my pole much further than Mom had done. I felt it hit the back of her throat and was surprised she didn't gag. She pulled back to the top and slammed down again.

This was the best blow job I'd ever received. Her teeth lightly scraped as she pulled up, then slammed back down. She fucked and sucked me with her mouth until my balls filled with cum and was ready to blow. She sensed it and lightly squeezed my balls as she sucked my ejaculating cock. She swallowed every drop of sticky cum and continued to massage my cock as it softened in her hot mouth. She pulled off my limp prick and grinned wide as she crawled up to rest on top of my body.

She nibbled at my ear as she whispered, "Was that one of the fantasies you've had of your horny aunt?"

"Way better than I could have ever dreamed up. You're the sexiest and hottest aunt in town," I sighed as I soothingly stroked her smooth back. "You're going to have to request a refund. You paid for a load of sperm to be deposited in your pussy, not your mouth."

She replied, "Probably better this way. It'd be hard to explain to my big sister how I got knocked up by her horny son."

There was no way she knew I wasn't to come in her and she knew who she was going to fuck. I wasn't sure why she was making up this story but her look made me think she wanted me to believe her and not press the issue. Kissing her lightly, I said, "Good thinking Aunt Rachel."

We were silent for several minutes as we enjoyed the close moment. Her sexy voice broke the silence. "Sam, I have late check-out for the room. How would you like to stay and entertain your lonely aunt tonight?"

I wondered what she would think if she knew Mom was waiting down in the bar for me. I had mixed feelings between wanting to stay and fuck my sexy aunt or take Mom home to do the same. Quickly going through the options I said, "I'd like nothing better, but I have to go home first and let Mom know I won't be staying there tonight. I'll grab some clothes and tell her I'm going over to a friend's house."

We kissed several times before she said, "Perfect Sam. Hurry back." She rolled off to allow me to exit. I took my time leaving her room, taking in her beauty. She really was a younger version of Mom and I only lusted after my mother more because of the deep emotional ties between a mother and son.

I left her room and joined Mom. Looking over to the booth by the bar, I asked, "Did our client leave?"

Mom replied, "She went to the front desk and got a room key. He met with her at the elevators. They had the look only a mother and son have before they make love."

"You'd recognize that look, that's for sure. I'm happy for them."

Changing subjects, she asked, "How did it go with our client? Any problems?"

I answered, "No Mom. Everything went fine. It was quite delightful."

Leaning close to her ear, I whispered, "She was a fine fuck, Mom. She reminded me a lot of you. Her body was as great as yours and she was also a brunette, but she had blonde hair. She could have been your sister."

Pausing to let it sink in, I smiled and whispered, "Oh wait, she was your sister. I just fucked Aunt Rachel."

Everyone turned to look at us as Mom let out a loud shriek. Mom's face turned red at the attention. Backing off, I observed her expression turn from surprise to lust. Fumbling in her purse, she pulled out enough cash to pay for her drinks and threw it on the table as she hastily got up from the table.

As soon as I was up, she wrapped her arm through mine and pulled me out of the hotel bar. She guided me down the hall to the pool/sauna room. Using my key card I unlocked the door and we quickly entered. No one was in the pool area, probably out for dinner. Mom opened one of the sauna rooms and found it empty. She pulled me in, closed the door and immediately attacked me. She pulled my mouth to hers and attacked me.

I ran my hands up and down her back, lowering until I found her skirt waistband and pulled her top out. My hands went under her blouse and explored her slick, bare flesh. I moved my hands up, cupping her full mounds. I squeezed and mauled her firm breasts. Capturing a nipple with my left hand, my right hand went down to stroke her thigh. I moved my hand up to her groin in search of her exposed pussy.

I grabbed her forest of pussy hair and tugged on it causing her to pant in my mouth as she continued to ravish me. I stuck three fingers in her steamy cunt and fucked her fast. She was on fire and needed relief. Moving her to the bench, I gently pushed her on her back. Pushing her skirt up to her waist, I lowered my mouth down to latch onto her excited pussy.

She yelled in pleasure and reached down to pull my head into her hungry cunt. Tongue fucking her leaking hole, I mauled her sensitive walls. Screaming with excitement she yelled, "Oh god, yes. Suck your mother's cunt. I'm on fire. I need to cum. Eat your mom's pussy!"

Continuing to slurp on her excited snatch, I shoved two fingers to the bottom of her pussy. I finger-fucked her as I moved my mouth to her engorged clit. Stroking in and out at a furious pace I sucked her clit into my mouth. After five more strokes, her body stiffened and her pussy contracted, spilling her cum over her thighs. Never tiring of slurping her sweet nectar, I cleaned up the majority of her juices.

She sat up to hug me and held her arms tight around me as if she was going to faint. Without saying a word she released me and tucked her blouse back in. Rising off the bench, she held my hand and opened the

door to exit. With her face flushed and wet with sweat you'd think we had the sauna on, but the heat was all from my hot mom.

She didn't stop pulling me until we were out an exit, ending up in an outside garden area. She filled her lungs with the cool night air, turned to me and held me by the hips as she looked into my eyes. She hoarsely croaked, "Wow. I don't know what came over me. The thought of you fucking Rachel got me so excited. In my mind, I thought it might happen. I've seen the way you look at her but I thought you would make the advance. I should have known since we've always had the same likes and dislikes."

We walked the grounds of the hotel looking like lovers. Our sides were glued together with our arms tightly wrapped around our waists. She wanted to know the details of our incestuous aunt-nephew coupling.

After describing in detail about the episode with her sister, I stopped walking to hold her. "Mom, I'm sorry if you didn't want me to go through with it once I found out it was Rachel, but in our aroused state we couldn't help it. She had a lot of pent-up lust, much like I've seen in you. You're both so beautiful and sexy, I have no self-control around you two."

Almost crying she let out her deepest feelings. "Sam, you've released many sexual cravings that have been buried for too long. I don't want you to think I'm some kind of slut, I just love being with you. All I think about now is your wonderful cock in my horny pussy. You can't imagine the joy I get when you stuff me full of your hard prick."

"I feel the same way, Mom. I get excited when I think about being with you. If you want me to tell Rachel I can't make it, I will and we can go home and enjoy each other tonight."

She quickly replied, "No Honey. I love my sister and I know she has powerful sexual needs as I do. And you're going to fulfill her desires. We're going to make my sister happy tonight, but not before I come again on my son's hard cock."

She pulled out her phone to check the time. "She expects you back in twenty minutes. Let's enjoy the rest of the walk and get you back up there. My sister deserves a good breeding."

Mother's nurturing is one of the many traits I loved about her. She was more concerned with taking care of the people she loved rather than her own personal desires. This solved my dilemma of what to do tonight, but the outcome would be different than I originally thought.

Mom wanted to participate in the upcoming sexual romp with my aunt. No surprise there, thinking back on the frantic scene of her making love to Monica and how she became sexually aroused when I told her I fucked her sister.

Stopping before we arrived back at the hotel, she hugged me tight and locked her beautiful eyes with mine. She confided, "Honey, you can do anything you want with me, anytime. I'm completely yours to fulfill any desires you have. Don't ever hesitate to ask. I love you so much." We lovingly kissed, sealing our sinful relationship. Regrettably, we released our hug to rendezvous with her sister.

Hopefully, Aunt Rachel's terrific blow-job would help me from coming too fast before satisfying the sexy sisters. Mom guided us back to the hotel and into the elevator with our arms interlocked, acting like a married couple going to their room.

An older couple was in the elevator as we rode up to our floor. The husband was overtly staring at Mom's proud, upright, braless tits with her hard nipples pressed against the thin material. His wife took in a deep breath. Mom's thighs were smeared with her cum and the aroma of sex was strong in the confined area. Visions of the couple tearing off their clothes and fucking each other from getting aroused entered my mind. Their floor was before ours and as the door was closing I saw the man grab the woman's ass. They were in for a good time.

Swiping my card over the lock, the door clicked open and we entered. Thankfully, the front room was still empty. I called out to my aunt to alert her of my arrival. "Honey, I'm home," I announced, hearing my aunt giggling in return. Mom and I stripped off our clothes. Mom waited in the front room as I paraded into the bedroom with my hard prick bobbing up and down.

Spreadeagled on the bed with her legs wide apart, I could see she had started without me. Her hands were mauling her wet pussy. She huskily proclaimed, "Is that for me? I can't wait to play with it."

I replied, "Why yes, Auntie. It's revived and ready to stretch your tight pussy to its limits. But first I want to pay you back for what you did earlier."

Looking puzzled at first she understood my comment as I came close and lowered my mouth to her open pussy. I licked up and down her fat lips, cleaning off the precum coating them. She placed her hands on the back of my head holding me tight to her hungry cunt. I explored the inside of her pussy with my tongue, taking time to lick her sensitive clit. Her breathing became rapid and short as I feasted on her pussy.

When I thought she was close to a climax, I rose up, pulling her with me. I hugged her bare body to mine as I kissed her. She mauled my mouth with her tongue as we explored each other's bodies. Getting on my back on the bed I positioned her to face the headboard and had her lower her pussy to my waiting mouth. I continued my assault on her snatch as she writhed around trying to connect my tongue with her sensitive parts.

Moans and groans filled the room as my aunt expressed her pleasure. Feeling a hand wrap around my hard prick, I knew Mom had entered the room. I felt the bed move as Mom crawled up my body. Her legs were tight against my sides as she got in position to impale herself on my rod. My aunt didn't notice as my tongue assaulting her pussy held her attention. I felt Mom lift my pole and shortly after I felt her warm pussy descend down my length. She was hot and wet as she sunk to the bottom.

She lifted up and fell back down several times causing the bed to bounce. Aunt Rachel realized something was going on and turned her head to see Mom fucking herself on my prick. Cum poured out of my aunt's convulsing pussy as she climaxed. She screamed, "Oh my god!. You're fucking your son!"

Rachel continued to release cum as she climaxed, watching her older sister fuck my pole. I swallowed her sweet cum as she continued to climax.

"Yes. I'm fucking him like you fucked your nephew an hour ago. Thanks to you his wonderful cock is slick and hard, filling my pussy full. Turn around and watch while I fuck myself to an orgasm."

My aunt lifted her cleaned pussy off my face positioning herself above my head. Facing Mom she watched this horny mother, her sister, fuck her son. Lying still to keep from getting too excited, I allowed Mom to do the work. If I did anything to help I wouldn't last long and Mom told me I wasn't to come in her pussy. It was erotic watching my mother bounce up and down, mashing our hairy mounds together as she bottomed out each time. She was nearing climax as she pulled her sister close. I pushed my aunt's ass to move her to Mom, pulling her pussy down to my mouth as Mom kissed her sister.

They kissed like lovers, groping and pawing their breasts. Aunt Rachel's excitement quickly elevated as I ate her pussy and Mom assaulted her from the top. Mom broke away long enough to shriek, "I'm coming on my son's prick. It feels so good." My aunt leaked out a river of pre-cum as she witnessed the sinful act of a mother climaxing on her son's cock.

I didn't hump up as Mom's pussy drenched my pole. The copious fluid pouring on my cock actually helped me stave off my own orgasm as there was no friction, only Mom's contractions as she came. She rested on me while my prick was fully embedded in her sheath, kissing her

sister again. Rising off my saturated pole Mom flopped down on the bed next to me with her legs wide apart. Her pussy was gaping open with her cum smeared in the forest of pussy hair and engorged lips.

Aunt Rachel stared at my still-hard cock and boomed, "Jesus, he's still hard. Didn't he come?" Absorbing more information from the sensuous scene, she screamed, "Your son fucked you bareback! Are you protected or does he pull out each time?"

Mom replied, "He didn't come. You two had me heated me up that I couldn't hold off my orgasm for him. And yes, he fucks me with his bare, hard prick. I love the feel of his fleshy prick. My pussy has been overflowing with sperm from my horny son. Rachel, come here and look at how my son stretched out his poor mother's cunt."

I helped Rachel up, positioning her between Mom's outstretched legs. I moved behind my aunt and reached up to massage her full breasts while she stared at Mom's wanton display. Mom ran her fingers around her pussy and held up a sticky cum covered finger. "Come taste your big sister. Show us how you're as slutty as you look."

Aunt Rachel didn't hesitate as she lowered her mouth to Mom's snatch and began feasting on her older sister's cum-soaked pussy. She cleaned Mom's hairy mound and ended up concentrating on her puffy slit.

She hoarsely chuckled, "Melissa, we're going to have to tame this bush of yours. I can see I'm going to have to give my sister some trimming lessons." She went back to licking Mom's cunt.

Caressing and stroking my aunt's back and thighs I moved up and lined my hard cock up with her pussy. Rachel's attention was solely on pleasing my mother, paying no attention to her horny nephew. Without giving my aunt any warning, I slid my rock-hard cock into her tight cunt.

I bottomed out in one quick stroke, tearing through her sensitive pussy walls. She screamed in my mother's gash as she was wracked with the sudden pleasure. I held onto her hips and slammed in and out of my horny aunt while she moaned and sucked on mom's pussy at the same time. She gripped Mom's clit in her lips and held it steady while I hammered away.

Mom was taking a tongue lashing from her sister and was heating up fast. She was breathing hard and gasping for breath. "Oh god, Rachel. If I knew you could eat pussy this good I would have done this long ago. You're showing your slutty self now. Fucking your nephew and eating your sister's pussy at the same time. You're ready to come again, aren't you? You're sex-starved and you can't help it."

I moved my hands to my aunt's waist pulling her body into mine as I assaulted her from behind.

My Mom teased my aunt again. "I am jealous of you though, baby sister. My son is doggy fucking you. I can only imagine how it feels with his huge prick sawing in and out of your tight box."

Gasping for air while holding onto Mom's clit was challenging for her but my aunt managed to hump back to my thrusts.

"Feel his head Rachel? It's like a large plum shoved in your cunt, isn't it? It stretches your tight pussy each time he shoves it in. Its flared edge scrapes and stretches the walls of your hot snatch. Don't hold back, let yourself go!"

My aunt couldn't move her mouth anymore keeping it locked on Mom's clit. Her body shook as she neared another orgasm.

Mom was moaning from her sister's actions when she responded to my aunt's previous comment. "I'd like to shave off my bush, but my son gets turned on by a big, hairy pussy. He loves running his fingers through my mound of hair. Sam, think of the first time you stared at your mother nude while you're fucking your horny aunt."

How did she know I loved her hairy pussy? I couldn't recall commenting on it, but now that she mentioned it, images flashed through my mind of when I lifted the sheet revealing her full, bushy pussy and then the image was replaced with Monica's beautiful, black bush. Blood gushed into my already hard prick, expanding it which increased the friction against my aunt's pussy walls. I slammed in so hard I was afraid my aunt's forward motion might injure Mom's open cunt.

Escalating too quickly, I switched my thoughts to non-sexual topics to keep from coming. Rachel's body shook as my stiff prick continued to assault her pussy. Her pussy exploded and contracted on my cock. I

continued to fuck through her convulsions, barely holding off on my own orgasm. She sucked on Mom's ravaged cunt as I pulled out of her sloppy canal. Remaining outside of my aunt's squeezing snatch enabled me to cool off and not blow my load.

Moving up to Mom, I waved my cum covered cock in front of her face and asked, "Mom, could you clean off your sister's mess." Wasting no time, she gripped it by the base and licked up and down the shaft drinking in Rachel's cum. Unwilling to tempt fate by putting it in her hot mouth, she licked the outside of my shaft allowing me to cool down. Suddenly she quit licking and let go of my prick as her body tightened and shook as she climaxed on her sister's tongue.

Aunt Rachel cleaned Mom's juices from her overworked pussy, exclaiming, "Damn. If that's what a hairy pussy does to your son, I may have to let mine grow out again."

Mom was sexually spent, her face expressing a look of content and satisfaction. I moved behind Rachel and caressed her back and legs as she recovered. As she began to rise I reached out and pulled her off in order to bring her up to hold her tight. Our eyes locked and I didn't see the same look of content as in my mother's eyes.

Lust dominated her facial expression but something else was missing. There was a hidden pleading for something she desired. Simultaneously we moved our mouths closer as we lightly kissed each other. Our tongues ran against each other's lips as we sensuously connected. We hugged tightly as our kissing increased in intensity.

My hard prick stood straight up between our bodies buried in our joined flesh. Her fat breasts were pushed out on the sides as she hugged me tight. Our hard nipples were meshing together as we twisted and turned our bodies for maximum contact. I ran my hands down her smooth back to cup her full ass. Holding and squeezing her firm buns, our kiss intensified into a lover's kiss.

"Sam, I love being with you. Your manly scent drives me crazy whenever I get close to you," my sexy aunt exclaimed as she lifted one leg up to my side. I held her thigh with one hand and her ass with my other. She jumped up, locking her other leg around me while holding onto my shoulders. Our bodies were smashed together as I lifted her by her ass. Her pussy juices left a slime trail on my stomach as I lifted her body up.

Her slot was open and above my stiff pole as I slowly lowered her back down. She sucked on my neck as my prick once again separated her tight pussy walls. Suddenly, I dropped her down to the bottom, impaling her on my spear. She locked her mouth on my neck as she squealed in delight. She dug her nails into my back as I fucked her, using her ass to lift her up and down. I was going to have a large hickey in the morning from my aunt sucking my flesh.

Our attention was broken when we heard Mom speak. "Sam, make proper love to your aunt. Bring her down here and fuck her as you did me the first time. She deserves a proper fucking from my son."

I lowered Rachel to the bed keeping my cock fully embedded in her hairless hole. As I dropped her the final foot and fell on top of her, air

rushed out of her lungs. We gently kissed as I stroked in and out, each of us lost in own world of sexual pleasure.

My hands roamed over her smooth skin and ended up on her firm, meaty globes. I squeezed them hard causing my aunt to moan from the pleasure. My fingers sought out and found her nipples, stiff with desire. Looking deep into her green lusty eyes, I twisted her teats as I continued to pump in and out of her hungry cunt. She wrapped her legs around my waist in a scissors lock increasing the depth of my strokes. She was gasping for air and struggled to say something on her mind. She managed to stammer, "Melissa, did you really mean it when you said both of you are unprotected when you have sex?"

Mom crawled up close to her ear, ran her tongue around the sensitive outside and whispered, "Yes Rachel. I'm going to have his baby and you are too. You want one. That's why your tiny-dicked husband left because you wanted a child. He wasn't man enough to get you pregnant, seeking all those other women to assert himself. Let a real man give you a baby. Let my son fill you with his hot sperm."

Now it came out why she filed for divorce. My suspicions were correct. Fucking her hard now, she was having trouble talking but managed to protest, falsely standing by her moral inhibitions. "Yes. I want a child but with your son seems wrong. I don't know if I can go through with it."

Mom quickly retorted, "You can't lie to your sister. You rented this room with the full knowledge it was Sam and you paid to have him fill

your horny pussy with his sperm. Don't try to hide it now. Let your true feelings out and enjoy the best fuck you'll ever get."

Rachel's body was shaking now as I rocked her body with my pounding. Relief swept through her face as she let loose and screeched, "You're right, Melissa. I've wanted a baby from your boy for a long time. I've wanted him for years. I was afraid I'd hurt you though, I thought I could do it without you knowing, but I don't care now. Fuck me hard, Sam. Fill me with your seed. Make me a baby!"

I captured her mouth again and we tongue fucked as I moved my hands under her ass and helped her humping hips meet my thrusts. My bloated head was hitting her back wall each stroke causing hot air to rush out of her lungs each time.

She pulled her mouth away to gasp and catch her breath. Her thrashing was uncontrolled and erratic, making it impossible to maintain a smooth stroking. I felt her body tensing up and shaking as she screamed out loud enough for the hotel lobby staff to hear, "Oh god! I'm coming on my nephew's cock. It's so damn good! Fill me with your sperm, Sam. Give me a baby! Please!"

I kissed her again as I thrust my expanded prick into her hot snatch. Her pussy contracted hard, preventing me from entering more than halfway. I pulled back out to her entrance and tried again. Her pussy convulsed again stopping my fleshy ram on its journey to the bottom. As soon as her contraction ended I shoved as hard as I could which allowed my fat head to plow through her clenched walls and smash against the back of her pussy. My brain signaled my balls to send a load

of hot cum up and out the tip. My first glob of baby batter flooded her cavity, releasing millions of sperm.

Feeling my load of cum fill her starving cunt, her body arched up and shook as she screamed out in intense pleasure. Her pussy contracted harder than the first two times while my hard prick was still buried to the hilt. I kept pumping load after load into my horny aunt as her claspng pussy milked my spitting snake. Her cavern was filled with so much gooey cum that no amount of pussy contractions would slow me down. I continued to fuck her after my payload was spent in an attempt to pack my sperm to the bottom.

Her body went limp as she lowered her legs to the bed. The same look of content spread across her face as I had seen on Mom. She whispered, "Thank you, Sam. I am completely satisfied now, better than I've felt for a long time."

Her expression of pleading was replaced with joy and satisfaction. Realizing the expression I witnessed earlier was her intense desire to conceive a baby, I kissed her and said, "You're going to be a great mother. To ensure you get pregnant we should repeat this several times, don't you think?"

She giggled as she spewed, "Yes. We have to make sure." We kissed gently as I lowered my weight to her and were melded as one again. After several minutes of bonding, I rolled over, positioning myself between my favorite two relatives. They rolled on their sides to face me. Caressing my body with their soothing hands, the three of us recovered from the incestuous couplings.

Exhausted, I soon fell asleep. My deep sleep ended three hours later as I woke up with an urgent need to pee. Mom was nearest to the bathroom so I gently moved my leg over her to get off the bed. She was on her side and my morning wood scraped across her hip as I made my way to the edge of the bed.

She stirred in her sleep, rolling over on her back. Seeing she didn't wake up, I proceeded to the bathroom. I closed the door and briefly considered taking care of my hard-on in order to relieve myself, but with two sexy women feet away, I wasn't going to use my hand.

Minutes went by while I waited until I softened enough to drain my bladder. Finding myself dehydrated from the previous night's activities, I gulped down two glasses of water. Turning off the bathroom light, I opened the door to crawl back in bed. I lifted the sheet and straddled Mom to move over to the center.

Sleeping soundly, her beautiful breasts slowly heaved up and down. Resisting my desire to fondle and suck on her meaty globes, I surveyed the rest of her beautiful body. As soon as I caught sight of her mound of fur, my prick filled with blood, rising up and scraping across Mom's soft stomach.

Thinking back to our time in the parking lot, she said I could do whatever I wanted. Would she be upset if I spread her legs to sink my

stiff prick into her delightful pussy? Looking at her restful face, deep in sleep, I decided I wouldn't wake her up for my enjoyment. I loved her too much. Lowering down, I lightly pressed my mouth to hers. I kissed her gently while inhaling her wonderful scent. My hard cock throbbed as it pressed into her hot stomach.

I eased my leg over and laid down flat between them. Mom didn't wake up during my kiss, but now she stirred in her sleep, turning on her side and scooted close to me. She moved her leg over mine and draped her arm over my chest as she soundly slept. I quickly drifted off, listening to Mom's restful breathing.

Another three hours of restful sleep went by as I dreamed of our incestuous fucking. I was reliving our recent couplings and the intense pleasure derived from the women I loved. I started to awaken, feeling someone caressing my chest and the blissful erotic feeling of someone humping on my prick. Opening my eyes I watched my beautiful mother closing in. She gently kissed me as she rubbed her hands over my chest and stomach.

"Good morning. How did you sleep?" Mom rose up, allowing me to see it was Rachel fucking herself on my rod. Her ass was facing me as her head was near my feet. Groaning so loud that she couldn't hear our conversation, she had obviously been enjoying my prick for a while. I replied, "I slept really good and hopefully I can wake up like this everyday."

She smiled and explained, "She woke up horny and I'm going to have you the rest of the day. I told her to enjoy herself and jump on. Of course, she thinks she gets to drain your hot spunk into her hungry pussy, but your horny mother needs it more than she does."

Without doing any of the work, I would normally stay hard longer but Rachel's pussy was bending and twisting my cock, intensifying my excitement. She was expertly using my prick to connect with her sensitive spots. Her panting was swift and heavy as she neared climax. She firmly held my ankles for support as she furiously humped up and down my slippery shaft.

Detecting my rise in excitement from my breathing, Mom leaned close to me and whispered, "Hold on. Save your load of cum for your mother. Think of something else while I take care of your aunt."

Reaching out, she snaked her hand around to the back of my dick coating her fingers with our juices. Rachel yelped as Mom massaged her sister's clit. Her body shook from Mom's squeezing fingers gripped around her sensitive nub.

Rachel stopped her up and down strokes, resting on my groin with my shaft fully stuffed in her snug glove. Enjoying several mini-orgasms from Mom's manipulating fingers, she mashed her face between my legs expelling hot air and gasped for replenishment.

Mom quickly brought her hand around to Rachel's ass and ran it through her sister's crack. Positioning her fingers at Rachel's puckered asshole, she quickly pushed three digits in causing an immediate orgasm and shriek from my aunt as both of her holes were filled.

Juices flowed down my shaft as my aunt climaxed. Remaining on my hard prick after her contractions, we stayed connected until her breathing returned to normal. She slowly extracted herself, releasing my hard cock from her wet snatch.

Rachel was sweating and looked tired from the early morning fuck as she fell flat on her back. She revived herself enough to reprimand Mom. "Dammit, Melissa. You caused me to come before I was ready. I wanted your son's cum to fill me."

Mom smiled and snickered, "Sorry Sis. My pussy is on fire and my son has the hose to quench it. Don't underestimate a mother's desire for her horny son. I'll reward you though for your sacrifice."

She kneeled between Rachel's legs and leaned down to latch her mouth onto Rachel's leaking pussy. She licked and cleaned up her sister's nectar, sticking her tongue into her stretched hole causing Rachel to moan in pleasure, quickly forgiving Mom.

Getting out of bed, I stood by them watching the sisters enjoy their coupling. While still eating her sister's hot snatch, Mom elevated her ass, spreading her legs. Positioning behind Mom I remained still, fascinated at the erotic sight.

Mom's long, toned legs were spread wide exposing her hairy pussy surrounding her wet gash. An image of Monica in the same position flashed before me as I mentally compared the two women I loved most. I imagined Monica and Mom side by side and made myself a promise

to make it happen in the near future. Monica had thinner legs and creamier skin, but Mom's firm thighs were sexy in their own right.

Between Mom's lovely legs I could see her tits swaying as she slurped on Rachel's pussy. I moved close enough to rub my cum-coated cock up and down her thighs. Mom moved her hips around, spreading her legs further, in preparation for the doggy fuck she had been yearning for since last night.

I pulled back enough to run my hands up to the inside of her thighs to her open pussy. Teasing her outer lips briefly with my slick fingers, I ran my hands back down her thighs. Repeating this process several times elevated Mom's excitement, causing her to hump her hips. Moving up to her firm ass, I massaged and squeezed her cheeks. Spreading them apart, I revealed her puckered asshole above her hairy pussy. I ran my hands back down to her groove and spread my fingers out as I ran through her forest of soft fur.

Closing my fur-filled fingers, I pulled down and out to open her pussy. Already wet in anticipation, her gaping hole pulsated as if it was milking a cock. Moving up close to her, I placed my blood-filled head at the mouth of her greedy gash. Her fat pussy lips snapped down on it as she moved her ass back trying to swallow her son's shaft. I pulled back with her movement allowing only the head to enter. Her hips stopped and I rewarded her with a few more inches of hard cock.

Her pelvis moved back once again trying to swallow my shaft. I pulled back until her hips stopped. I slithered my shaft back in, opening up her tight walls. Halfway in I stopped. She didn't move this time,

moaning with delight as she munched on her sister's cunt. Reaching up to hold her waist for leverage, I sunk my cock to the bottom of her tight sheath, stopping when my balls slapped the top of her pussy.

Her lungs emptied as she let out a loud groan. She moved her mouth off Rachel's pussy burying her face in her sister's soft stomach as she struggled to breathe. Leaving my shaft fully buried, I moved my hands up her torso feeling her sweaty hot skin. Finding her hanging breasts, I squeezed and mauled her heavy globes as I pulled my coated shaft out to her entrance and forcefully shoved it back to the bottom. It felt as if I was splitting her apart as my fat, flared head plowed through her soft folds.

Using her breasts to pull her body back, I pummeled her juicy box. The heat emanating from her quivering pussy was like a blast furnace as I descended each time. She inched up Rachel's body as I pounded her hungry cavern. As Mom rested her face between her sister's breasts, Rachel pushed her ample tits together halting Mom's forward movement. While I continued to pound her, my fingers found and captured her sensitive nipples. She groaned in pleasure as both her pussy and tits were sending out signals to her brain.

Continuing to saw in and out of her tight pussy, I gripped her nipples hard and pulled them, stretching out her pendulous tits. She yelped like a puppy and her pussy shook as she experienced several mini-orgasms. Slick cum flowed around my cock as I fucked her through her minor contractions. Releasing her nipples, I gently caressed her breasts while I slowed my pace allowing us to recover.

She raspily yelped, "Jesus. This is the best fuck I've ever had. I am stuffed full of hard cock. Your prick feels like it's twice its normal size in this position. I'm going to require more doggy fucking in the future. Keep fucking your horny mother. Fuck me hard!"

Obeying my mother, I increased my pace making sure I scraped her sensitive spots in her tight pussy. She moved up to latch her mouth on Rachel's engorged nipple. Rachel held Mom's head firmly to her breast as I fucked my beautiful mother. Rachel's eyes were closed. Her face reflected her pleasure as she participated in the sinful incestuous coupling.

Mom was right of course. This was the best fuck ever. Her pussy was as tight and hot as her skin. Juices leaked out of her tight snatch and our pubic hair was matted down as I pummeled her sappy pussy. Loud squishing noises could be heard as well as loud slapping as my balls hit the top of her cunt each downstroke.

Traveling down her hot skin, my hands stopped several inches below her swinging breasts. Spreading my hands out on her firm sides, my fingers went between each rib as I squeezed tight. I could feel her heart pumping at an elevated rate. Stopping my hip movement, I fucked her by pulling her back and forth, using her ribcage as leverage. Her mini-orgasms didn't satisfy her lustful cravings, her moaning was as loud as before. Pounding in and out of her hot body caused her globes of succulent tit flesh to swing back and forth colliding with Rachel's torso as she continued to attempt to suck milk out of her sister's nipples.

Fearing I was going to bruise her body holding her so tight, I brought her pelvis back to collide with my groin. Buried to the hilt, I stopped fucking her to catch my breath and calm down in order to bring her back up to a major orgasm.

Bringing my hands down to her pelvis, I held onto the outside of her hip bones. Stroking gently in and out I admired the view of our coupling. Her curvaceous body enhanced her beautifully smooth firm flesh. My prick was white and frothy, covered with our mixed juices. Looking below my coated prick I noticed Rachel's pussy open and wet, also quivering with excitement. Moving up closer so I could go deeper, I fucked her faster. Changing my pace, I thrust in the first few inches, withdrew and rapidly thrust back in. I repeated a dozen times, then sunk my cock down to the bottom of her velvety sheath.

Her breathing rate and groaning were rapidly increasing as I fucked her at a furious pace. Her sensitive outer pussy was sending signals of pleasure to her brain. I repeated the short, fast fucking, sinking to the bottom of her starving pussy after each dozen strokes. Anticipating when I would sink to the bottom, she arched her back to facilitate deeper penetration. Her groaning turned to whimpering as she stopped sucking on her sister's tit holding her nipple tight between her lips.

Her pussy was vibrating and releasing more precum in anticipation of a major climax. Stopping my short stroking rotation, I fucked her slow and deep, hitting bottom each time. Even with her cavern full of lubricating sex juices, her pussy wrapped tight around my stiff prick each time it descended into her depths.

Halting my movement, I held her steady. My hard prick was firmly buried deep in her snug pussy. A feeling of empowerment swept over me as I realized Mom wouldn't thrust back because of my earlier teasing. She didn't want to take the chance I'd pull out my cock that was giving her so much pleasure. Less than a week ago, she was in total control as my mom. Now she was obeying her son like a sex slave.

During the pause, Mom murmured, "Please Sam. Fuck me to a climax. Don't tease me anymore. I want to feel your hot sperm filling my pussy. I'm going to come on your big cock pretty soon regardless. Please be kind to your mother and flood my cunt with your cum."

Rachel piped "Yes. My nipples can't take much more. Please fuck your mother to an orgasm. Or if you want, you can put it in another willing hole." I looked down to see my sexy aunt flex up her hips looking for a hard prick.

My eyes locked with Rachel's as I reached down and jammed three fingers deep in her wet cunt, stroking in and out as she bucked with excitement. I answered, "Sorry Rachel. This load is for my sexy mother." I pulled my fingers out and held Mom again.

Feeling remorseful about teasing her earlier, I slowly pulled my shaft out to the entrance of her pussy. I rubbed my head up and down her slit, rubbing it across her sensitive clit. Holding her tight, I popped my prick through her tight puffy outer lips and teased, "Mom, it's your turn to fuck me. Show your motherfucking son how much you want him. Fuck me the way you want it!"

Her hips came back so hard and fast I barely held myself from falling backward. My hands held tight as she went wild, bucking and fucking her son as hard as she could. Moving her ass up and down synchronized with her to and fro action caused my prick to hit areas that had seldom been touched. Releasing Rachel's nipple to catch her breath, her groaning became louder as she used my cock to scrape along her sensitive clit as she fucked my pole.

When I thought my mom couldn't be any more desirable, here she was, fucking me like I was the last man on earth. Having trouble breathing myself, my prick was taking a beating it hadn't had to endure before. I wanted this to last forever but hot blood was surging into my prick signaling I was nearing my orgasm.

I moved my hands down to firmly grip her thighs to time my strokes with her frantic humping. It wasn't necessary to tell Mom I was ready to come as my prick expanded larger than I thought possible. Feeling her pussy and body tremble in anticipated excitement, I screeched, "Mom, you are so sexy. Your pussy is wet and tight. I can't believe I'm fucking my beautiful mother. Don't pass out this time, this is going to be our best orgasm ever. I'm going to fill your pussy with my sperm!"

Hearing this, my aunt retorted, "You passed out fucking your son? Oh, you are one horny mother. And you call me a slut. Kiss me, you son-fucking slut."

Mom moved up and the two sisters locked their mouths together fucking each other's mouth. I held Mom as tight as I could and fucked her hard. My helmeted head filled with blood increasing my difficulty

shoving in and out of her tight channel. My balls filled up and it felt like they were trying to eject my entire reservoir of sperm at once. My shaft tunnel wasn't large enough to allow for that much volume.

Hot blood surged into my prick in order to accommodate the large lake of sperm boiling through it. Mom's spasming pussy continued to contract in an attempt to coax out the river of hot cum flowing up my shaft. The bloated head of my prick felt like it exploded as the first load of hot, baby batter shot out, thoroughly coating her insides.

She screamed in ecstasy as I felt a shock of intense pleasure surging through my prick to the rest of my body. Enjoying the most erotic fuck of my life, I pulled back and pushed in again to release another load of hot cum. Mom's pussy was rapidly contracting tight, enhanced by the feeling of her son's sticky sperm filling her cavity.

Her body went rigid as she released her sister's mouth to gasp for air as she moaned and groaned. I felt her pussy flooding as we both released the rest of our cum, facilitating deeper penetration. I held her tight in case she passed out again but was thankful when I heard her continue to groan in pleasure staying conscious to enjoy our sinful mother-son coupling.

Her pussy milked out every drop of cum from my erupting cock. As she relaxed I shoved my engorged shaft to the bottom and left my prick to soak in her flooded cavern. I could feel hot fluid coating our genital areas as her cavity couldn't contain the copious amount of cum. Leaning down, I kissed her back as I caressed her sides. Mom and Rachel were both breathing heavy, recovering from the intimate

mother-son connection. We remained joined together, savoring the post-coital bliss from our erotic fuck.

Starting to soften, I regretted I wouldn't be able to fuck my beautiful mom again, but I was spent. I was first to break the silence. "Damn. Your pussy is overflowing with cum. I've never blown out that much. We're going to make a mess on the bed."

Mom replied, "Don't worry. I'll clean you and my sister will be happy to take care of my filled pussy."

Several blobs of cum spilled down on Rachel's bare stomach when I pulled my prick from Mom's saturated hole. Turning around, Mom lowered her still dripping pussy to her sister's waiting mouth. I heard Rachel slurping away as she greedily ate our mixed cum. Mom held my shaft by my base as she licked up and down my length, expertly cleaning it. She enclosed my sensitive head in her mouth and held it in her hot cavity gently licking it. Traveling down my shaft, she licked my balls until our mixed cum was cleaned up.

Looking down I glimpsed Rachel moving her hips around as her pussy leaked pre-cum. Feasting on the mother-son cum was rapidly turning her on. Mom reached down and scraped her fingers across her sister's stomach capturing our leaked, sticky fluid. Inserting her coated fingers into Rachel's hungry cunt, she moved them in and out causing Rachel to groan in Mom's pussy.

Removing her fingers, Mom pulled me to her mouth. We sensually kissed as her sister sucked our juices from her pussy. Mom backed off

and whispered, "She's ready to come again. Be a good nephew and help your aunt out."

Gladly complying, I leaned down and stuck three fingers into Rachel's wet hole. I fucked her fast and furious as she bucked her hips to meet my intruding digits. She was already close to her orgasm as I captured her fat clit between my lips and lightly squeezed. Her body shook as she climaxed on my fingers and mouth. I replaced my hand with my tongue as I drank her sweet nectar through her climax.

Extracting Mom from her sister, I pulled her up to me. We stood at the bottom of the bed melding our hot sweaty bodies together as we admired her sexy, nude sister. We gently kissed as our sweaty bodies pressed together.

Mom wrapped her arms around me, hugging me tightly while she rested her head next to mine. I felt her hot breath as we enjoyed our sensual post-coital moment. Seeing it was seven in the morning, I whispered, "Mom, it's still early. We don't have to go home, do we?"

Mom replied, "I love you more than you know and now that my sister has joined in with us, I feel more complete than ever. We do have a late checkout, but for now, we girls require our beauty sleep. Cuddle with us."

She pulled me down to the bed and they resumed their position on either side of me, gently caressing my body as they put their hot legs over mine trapping me in a pile of sexy familial flesh. Falling into a

sound sleep once again, I wondered who would be fucking me the next time I woke up.

Three hours later I was brought out of my sleep when sunlight flooded the room. Someone was caressing my chest but much to my dismay no one was enjoying my morning wood. Opening my eyes, I watched Mom return from raising the blinds, then crawled back in bed. She kissed me as her hands joined my aunt's, caressing my body.

Mom declared, "Good Morning again. Hopefully, you slept as well as my sister and I. We're getting ready to leave. Rachel has some errands to do today."

My aunt added, "I wish I didn't have to go. I'd love to stay, but we'll have plenty of time together. The two of us are going to wear you out. We don't want to break our favorite toy." Rachel moved one of her hands down to gently hold my semi-hard prick as Mom kept rubbing my chest.

Mom replied, "You mean the three of us."

Rachel asked "Three? Who else is there?"

Mom replied, "You haven't met your nephew's soon to be wife, have you? Her name is Monica and she's very sexy and charming."

My mind flashed to Monica's body and our hot sex when Mom mentioned her name. My prick filled with blood as visions of our fucking flashed through my mind.

Rachel squeezed my cock as it expanded and exclaimed, "My, she must be some girl by Sam's reaction. I can't wait to meet her and welcome her into our family. Unfortunately, I have to get going. I won't be able to enjoy this until this evening." She stroked my shaft several times before she left the bed and went into the bathroom.

I looked at Mom and pleaded, "She doesn't have time, but we do, don't we Mom?"

Mom smiled and took over stroking my prick as she giggled, "We have to get back home. But first, get in there and help Rachel clean up." Emphasizing her meaning, she firmly gripped my prick head, twisted it, then pulled it in the direction of the bathroom.

"After you help your aunt in the shower we can go home and you can clean up your dirty, slutty mother."

I leaned over and kissed Mom as my hand squeezed her full breast. I murmured, "You are such a caring sister. I love you, Mom."

I heard the shower door open and close and heard the running water. "Sounds like it's time for Aunt Rachel to get a thorough scrubbing."

I left for the bathroom with my hard shaft swinging back and forth ready to fuck my beautiful aunt.

Part Two

Mom dominated the conversation on our way home . My mind was occupied with my time with Monica. Mom was true to her word as we jumped in the shower when we arrived home. Cleaning and fucking my beautiful mother shifted my focus to her from Monica. We took a walk together and when we returned, Mom turned to me and ordered, "Call Monica. I want you to pursue your relationship with her."

Not able to hide anything from her, she knew my mind was on Monica. Smiling, I replied, "You know exactly what I'm thinking, don't you?"

"Of course, Dear. I'm your mother. And some of the thoughts you've had of your mom are quite stimulating," she giggled.

Running to my room I phoned Monica and she readily agreed to meet later in the day. She warned me she wanted to take it slow until Camila got used to our relationship. Slow or fast, I didn't care. I was going to see Monica again.

Mom kissed me on my way out and said, "Don't forget, your aunt is coming over tonight."

I replied, "Monica invited me for dinner. She wants me to spend time with her daughter before we get too serious. Tell Rachel I'm sorry if I run late and she has to leave before I see her."

Mom showed no signs of disappointment, only joy as she knew I was on my way to see my future wife.

The drive over seemed to take forever. After finally arriving I was met by Monica's welcoming smile. She led me into the living room where Camila was playing. She immediately recognized me. "Hi, Sam. I haven't seen you for a while. Ever since you protected me from those bullies."

I smiled and replied, "It was nothing. I hope they didn't continue the next year."

Before she could say anything, their cat jumped up in my lap and began kneading my legs.

Camila grinned and said, "Dinah remembers you, too. I attend a different school now. It's much nicer."

Camila sat on the floor and played with a toy while Monica described her daughter's new school. Previously when I had been with her she had told her child to go to her room. She probably wasn't worried about her husband anymore. More than likely she wanted her daughter to get used to my presence. Either way, Dinah didn't care as she purred from the attention I was giving her neck.

It was fun talking to Monica like old times and before I knew it an hour had passed. She excused herself to prepare dinner, telling me to watch TV with Camila. I let her daughter pick a show as I took care of Dinah.

As she flipped through the channel selections, it was clear that Monica had blocked out a lot of the shows so her daughter couldn't pick an inappropriate one. Finally ending up on an animal program, her interest was locked on the show.

Not thirty minutes later, Monica called for us. After dinner, we made our way back to the living room. Monica told Camila to go to her room to play as she wanted to talk to me alone. Camila looked at me and whined, "I want to remain out here with Sam."

Looking sorrowfully at me she whined, "Wouldn't you like me to be here? Tell Mom I can stay."

Before Monica could speak, I replied, "I like your company, too, but you have to obey your mother. She loves you and knows what's best for you. Respecting your mother is the most important thing you can do."

"Okay, will you be over again, Sam?".

"Of course, goodnight."

She got up and ambled back to her room. As I heard the door close, I turned to Monica. If it was some sort of test I passed with flying colors as I saw her beaming face of approval.

"Thanks so much, Sam. I'm probably overprotective of her, but she means everything to me. You handled the situation perfectly."

Her clothes were conservative, probably because Camila was with us most of the night and she didn't want to risk me leering at her. Her long dress hid her luscious body, but I didn't care as I enjoyed being with her. We talked for an hour before she asked whether I had entertained any new clients. Blushing, I said, "There was one after you. It was a woman Mom and I knew. She wasn't a paying customer."

"Hmm. Who could that be? It was your aunt, wasn't it?" she asked, sexily smiling.

"As a matter of fact, yes. It was a surprise to both of us. Are you sure you want to discuss this?"

"Sam, I love you and don't mind sharing you. Describe to me in detail the night you made love to your aunt."

She never failed to amaze me. How many women wouldn't mind that their boyfriend was fucking other women? Was it her French background? In any case, I was lucky to be with her. Relating the entire story to her, she squirmed in her seat as she listened to every detail. When I told her about Rachel's bald pussy, she let out a shriek.

"Seriously, your aunt is shaven? You have to introduce us. I've wondered what it'd be like licking a clean mound. I'm leaking thinking about it."

When I finished my story Monica's face was flushed and hot, excited from my description of my incestuous romp with Rachel. Since it was getting late, we decided to visit again tomorrow. She led me out of the house and once we were safe from Camila catching us, she passionately kissed me.

I wanted to take her right there and she knew it. She uttered, "I know you want more, Sam, but I want Camila to get used to us as friends first. Be patient. Our time will come."

I replied, "Don't worry, I'll wait until you're ready, as long as it takes. I love you and am not letting you go."

She reached down and squeezed my cock through my pants and reassuringly croaked, "At least I know you'll be taken care of when you get back to your mom. Say hello to Melissa for me." She turned to go back into the house. She knew Mom was going to get a pounding tonight.

It was late when I arrived home and I wondered if Rachel was still there and if she'd need me to walk her to her place. Since it was quiet in the house, I figured they had ventured out for the night. Entering our bedroom, I found out a different scenario had occurred. Rachel was grinding on top of Mom's body. Both were nude and it was evident they had some fun without me as their pussies were wet with cum. They were so engrossed in their kissing that they didn't hear me enter.

Quickly shucking my clothes, I approached the pair with an already rock-hard cock, anxious and ready to unleash my lust I'd built up with Monica. Mom's legs on the bottom were spread out and Rachel's was open far enough for me to crawl up between them. When I got to within an inch of her bald pussy, I grabbed her hips and buried my cock to the hilt. Abruptly ending her kiss with Mom, she screamed out in pleasure. They must have had quite a session as her channel was hot and juicy. She could only groan as I pummeled her slippery slot. Her hands squeezed Mom's tits as her excitement grew.

Unable to see Mom's face, I heard her above Rachel's groaning. "Welcome home, Sam. We missed you."

"I see that Mom. Hopefully, I can help you girls out." Another dozen strokes and my aunt's pussy contracted on my hard prick. Her muscles relaxed as she melded to Mom. Pulling my slick staff out of Rachel, I shoved her spent body up until her leaking pussy rested on Mom's stomach.

Looking down, I saw Mom raising her hips, presenting her hairy pussy for the pounding she needed. Wasting no time, I shoved my anxious cock deep into Mom's hungry hole. It was her turn to groan as she hugged Rachel tight. Lucky for me, they were already excited and Mom would be easy to bring to climax. There was no finesse as I shoved as hard and fast as I could in and out of her hungry slot.

After a dozen strokes, Mom howled as she experienced her orgasm. Her pussy tried in vain to coax me to erupt my load of cum as her walls tightened around my shaft. She finally gave up and lowered her hips

to the bed. Pulling out of her, a glob of cum dripped on the bed. I pulled Rachel off Mom, positioning her so both women were next to each other, flat on their backs.

Moving up to Rachel, I shoved my prick to the bottom and rewarded her with a dozen strokes, She moaned in pleasure being fucked so soon after her orgasm. Pulling out, I moved to Mom and repeated with her. Their eyes were glazed over as they were being serviced by their son and nephew. After the same amount of strokes I did to Rachel, I pulled out and allowed my dripping prick to teasingly bob up and down.

"Which one of you beautiful girls would like my load of cum tonight. My girlfriend couldn't help so it's up to one of you to drain me."

They both giggled as they spread their legs, trying to entice me to choose one over the other. Mom smiled as I moved between her legs. She knew her son couldn't resist his mother. She brought her hands up to my head and pulled me in for a kiss. She tasted like Rachel's pussy. Releasing my mouth, she muttered, "Let Rachel have it. Fuck my sister and fill her with your sperm. Since she's given me a night of bliss, I want her to get the ultimate gift, you."

Rachel squealed with delight, cupping her breasts and tweaking her nipples in anticipation. Crawling over between my aunt's splayed out legs, I placed my bloated head at her entrance. Lowering down on her hot body, my prick slid in until my balls slapped against her ass. Her arms wrapped around me as I began thrusting as hard as before. There would be no drawn-out love-making tonight. Locking my lips to hers, I pummeled her pussy as her body writhed below me.

She knew I was close. Wrapping her legs around me, she lifted her pelvis for maximum penetration. Her eyes conveyed how much she loved the attention I was giving her. Holding her tight, I pounded her as deep and hard as I could. Not more than two dozen strokes later, my shaft expanded as her nails dug into my back. A full day's load of cum spewed out and bathed her walls. Her pussy squeezed tight as her orgasm hit her. I kept filling her cavern with virile sperm as she milked my prick dry. She was gasping for breath as her body wracked with pleasure.

When she relaxed I remained melded to her body, knowing she liked the close, fleshy contact after sex. After she unwrapped her legs, I rolled off as we recovered from our joining. Rachel was the first to speak. "Monica is your girlfriend but we're getting all the benefits. Not that I'm complaining."

We all fell asleep soon after, exhausted after our coupling.

Several more days in the week I visited Monica and Camila. I looked forward to going over to be with them and Mom was ecstatic on how happy I was when I came back. When I didn't go see them, Mom and I would go out to eat at the restaurant where Lisa worked. Rachel would come with us once in a while, but it was usually Mom and me. We didn't give Lisa another show and after a few times, she quit asking if we wanted any ground pepper.

One time we arrived and there were no booths available so the hostess had us sit at a table outside of Lisa's serving area. Lisa noticed and was visibly upset. She gave me her text number so I could notify her ahead of time in the future. After that mishap, Lisa made sure to take good care of us. She lingered longer each time to talk with us. It was plain to see she was intelligent and focused on her future. Her server job was a part-time gig while she finished her nursing degree. Additionally, she hired out as a nanny, not leaving her any free time. After her degree, she wanted to become a certified midwife.

Mom's tips were larger each time we dined out. One afternoon, Mom and Rachel told me to text Lisa we'd be showing up for dinner.

Expecting us, Lisa quickly led us to a booth. Mom sat down on the end so Rachel and I could sit opposite her. Lisa did a double-take since this was a first. Mom had sat by me previously. She took our drink order and left to fill them. My aunt pushed the table towards Mom until we had a large gap on our side. Mom's giggling gave away their hidden agenda. They had something devious planned today. Rachel's skirt was high enough to expose her panties. Reaching down she pulled her underwear off and stuffed them between us. Moving her skirt down an inch or so, she grinned as she croaked, "Let the show begin."

When Lisa came back with our drinks, she noticed the gap and said, "It looks like one of our larger patrons must have been here. The table has been moved over. Do you want me to get someone to help you shift it back in position?"

Rachel quickly replied, "No, Lisa. It's fine. I'm a little hot tonight. It's good to get some fresh air."

Lisa's brow frowned as her eyes drifted down to my aunt's exposed thighs. "Okay, if you change your mind, let me know. What would you like to order tonight?"

Mom made her selection and when it was Rachel's turn, she said, "I'm not picky tonight, some kind of pasta I can spice up with fresh ground pepper. Sam would like a similar dish but one that requires shaved cheese on top."

Lisa's smile broadened as she knew she was going to be treated to another erotic display tonight. She piped, "I know exactly what you need. I can't wait to surprise you."

She broke into a trot to submit our order. Turning to Rachel, I said, "You could have at least told me you were planning on a performance tonight."

She replied, "That wouldn't be nearly as fun. Once your Mom described your earlier exhibition, I knew I had to up the ante."

Telling me to keep watch, she reached over to unbuckle my belt and unzip my jeans. Lifting my hips enabled her to pull my pants and shorts down past my balls. Firmly holding my prick, she stroked until I was hard. Unfolding the large table napkin, she covered my turgid tool while she prepared herself for the event.

She shifted her skirt up to her waist, exposing her bald pussy. Bringing my hand under her leg, she led it to her juicy honey-pot. Mom smiled as Rachel groaned when my fingers sunk in my aunt's pussy. She slid back, elevating her pelvis so the display would be even more erotic. Covering her wanton exhibition with her napkin, she snaked her hand back to my cock.

She continued to stroke my concealed, hard staff while we waited for Lisa's return. It wasn't long before we saw her bringing our entrees. My eyes were locked onto her firm, braless tits pushing out against her tight blouse. Her hard nipples were engorged and poking out the sheer material. She was anticipating another sexy presentation. After setting Mom's dish down, she reached over with Rachel's when she looked down to see my aunt's covered groin. "Pepper, Rachel?" she begged.

"Please, Lisa," Rachel smirked as Lisa leaned over with the pepper shaker, mashing her soft tit against my shoulder. As soon as she started to grind, my aunt removed the napkin, displaying her smooth, slick pussy with my fingers lodged in deep. I pulled out and shoved back in as Lisa stared at our incestuous display. Her breathing was rapid as she unknowingly ground pepper faster.

"Enough, Lisa. Sam needs his plate served." Lisa stopped grinding as she slowly backed up to retrieve my plate. Once it was on the table, Rachel demanded, "He needs some grated cheese."

As Lisa leaned over to shave the block of cheese, Rachel removed the napkin off my hard cock. Lisa abruptly stopped working as her eyes

locked onto Rachel's petite hand pumping up and down my erect prick. Twisting my bloated head, precum oozed out which was immediately smeared around my crown by my aunt's skilled hand. Lisa's eyes widened more than I've ever seen as she watched our erotic act. She slowly grated more cheese as Rachel made a scene with my upright pole.

Afraid of Lisa covering my plate with an inch of cheese, Rachel threw the napkin back on my crotch and said, "Thanks, Lisa. That's more than enough cheese."

Lost for words, Lisa turned and walked away. I wondered if she went to the backroom to satisfy herself. Rachel grabbed her panties from between us and wrapped it on top of my cock as she accelerated her stroking. It didn't long to fill her silky underwear with a load of cum. Placing her soiled undies on the seat, she slid my fingers out to lower her skirt back in position. I pulled my shorts and pants up and we laughed as we ate through our peppery and cheese entrees.

Lisa's face was still flushed when she brought the check. Mom laid down enough cash with a larger than normal tip before she and Rachel left for the door. As expected, Lisa swept in as soon as the ladies were away from me.

Picking up the money, she said, "Thanks so much but I feel guilty. I should be the one tipping." She smiled and moved her leg between mine as before, pressing her upper thigh against my cock. Leaning in close enough to press her covered breasts into my chest, she whispered in my ear. "So, do you prefer hairy or bald?"

I whispered back, "Like they say, bushy is best."

Taking a deep breath she replied, "We have the same tastes, although your aunt could change my mind."

Before she could back off I grabbed her hand and placed Rachel's soaked panties in her palm. "My poor aunt had to clean up the mess I made. Sorry, it's a little sticky."

On my way out I didn't have to look back to know she was in our booth relieving herself.

After two more visits with Monica, she asked me to bring Mom over with me. Mom had offered to baby-sit and Monica wanted to take her up on the offer but not before she was sure Mom was the right fit. Mom was elated to help out and was dressed like a first-grade school teacher. Mom and Monica didn't acknowledge their first time together at our place. Mom easily switched to mother mode and Monica was impressed by how well she worked with her daughter.

On Thursday Monica asked Mom to stay with her over the weekend, starting on Friday night. She has a guest bedroom she could stay in while she ascertained Mom knew all the routines Monica had set up for Camila. Mom agreed and they decided I would not visit so they could

concentrate on their training. Dropping Mom off, I made my way back home for some quiet time on the weekend.

After eating a light dinner, I showered and when I stepped into the bedroom I heard sounds coming from the closet. I froze, not knowing if an intruder was in the house. Not long after, I heard Rachel yelp, "Hey, Sam. Look what I found in here."

She strolled out of the closet cloaked in Mom's short, pink nightie. It was the one that barely covered Mom's panties, but my sexy aunt was nude underneath. Dropping my towel, my prick started to rise at the erotic sight. Memories came back when Mom was dressed in it and wanted me to feel her thighs under the pretense of checking for cellulite. My prick quickly ballooned to full size.

With my prick bobbing up and down, I paraded over to hug her. Holding her tight I passionately kissed her. My hand sought out her bald pussy, which was barely covered by the short nightie. Her slit was already wet, anticipating what might occur when she heard me in the shower.

Not spoiling her expectations, I lowered her to the bed at the same time my cock entered her slick slot. Once my weight was fully on her, my cock was already buried to the hilt. Keeping my lips locked on hers, I pumped her horny pussy, providing her the attention she craved. Her eyes were filled with lust as we furiously fucked. Wrapping my arms around her, I pulled her tight, squashing her fat tits against my chest. We released our mouths to breathe in deep. Knowing the first orgasm

would approach fast, we didn't slow down to make it last. Her hips humped up as I thrust into her depths.

Feeling my shaft thickening, she wrapped her legs around me to pull me in deep. Two squirts of cum had already erupted from my prick before her walls clamped down, signaling her own orgasm. Her cavern sloshed as I filled her with a day's worth of sperm-laden cum. We both groaned through our incestuous liaison. Her legs unwrapped and fell to the bed as my body relaxed on top of her slick body. We were silent, enjoying the post-coital bliss.

She was the first to speak. "Wow, if I didn't know any better, I'd say this nightie has some history with you."

I told her of Mom's method of switching lingerie and the pink one was when I first felt Mom's luscious thighs. She giggled, hearing about Mom's seduction antics.

"Your Mom called me today and told me she was staying at Monica's for the weekend and I should come over to keep you company. Of course, I was glad to help out with her lonely, bored, hung son. By the way, why haven't I met Monica yet?"

"Don't worry, Auntie. You'll meet her. She's protective of her daughter and doesn't want to jeopardize harming their relationship. Mom's learning how to care for her so we can have time to go out on dates."

She was done talking. We fucked on the bed, the kitchen table, the shower and pretty much every flat surface in the house throughout the

weekend. We spent most of Monday cleaning up our soiled messes before I left to pick up Mom. The drive took little time as I rehashed the weekend with my aunt. Monica was very pleased with how well Mom got along with Camila. To celebrate, she asked me to take her to dinner while Mom stayed and watched her daughter.

This was our first real date out on the town. She wore a long dress and a scarf covering most of her head. Her lovely face was enough for me. I didn't think she was ready for a visit with Lisa so we chose a different restaurant. We had a wonderful time and she pried out the details of my weekend. Mom told her my aunt was going to keep me company and she wanted to hear every detail. I had to be the only guy in the world on a date with a girl, describing how I fucked my aunt all weekend.

Dropping her off, I drove Mom back to our place. Partway over, she said, "Your aunt called and told me I was going to have to discipline you."

"For what, Mom? I thought we had a pretty fantastic weekend."

Giggling, she explained, "She says she's having a hard time walking. Something about a battering ram shoved up her pussy all weekend."

I replied, "She had some horny urges I needed to take care of. I hate to change subjects, but how did it go with Camila and Dinah?"

"Wonderful. Dinah found my lap to be acceptable and it was delightful taking care of Camila. Monica has done a terrific job raising her."

Monica and I went out on several more dates while Mom babysat. Mom had moved enough items in the spare bedroom so she could stay and watch Camila if we ever wanted to stay away overnight. Monica was hesitant, not wanting to be away from her daughter for an entire night.

On Friday when I dropped Mom off, Monica called her daughter out to talk to us. "Camila, would you like it if Melissa spends the night with you. Mommy wants to go out for the night and won't be back until tomorrow."

She excitedly blurted, "I'd like that, Mom. Melissa teaches me how to cook and reads all my favorite books. We'll have fun. Are you and Sam going out again? Is Sam going to be my new daddy?"

Monica's face blushed from her daughter's inquisition. Briefly glancing at me, I wonder if she expected a look of horror. Instead, she saw my smiling face of approval. Mom's face brightened also, seeing Monica put in an awkward situation with her boyfriend and potential mother-in-law.

"We'll see, Camila. You be good tonight and obey Melissa. She's your Mommy tonight."

She turned and led me out of the house before she became further embarrassed.

Surprised I was finally going to be out all night with Monica, I couldn't keep silent when we drove away. "Where would you like to go tonight?"

Monica ordered, "It's time to meet your aunt. Your Mom suggested we get introduced tonight."

It looked like another night without sex. I wondered why Mom thought it was so important for us to abstain from a night together. Hiding my disappointment, I asked, "Where did you two decide we'd meet?"

Glancing at Monica, her mischievousness smirk caught my eye as she said, "Rachel doesn't know she's meeting me. Your mom told her to role-play like it was the first night you joined with her in the hotel room. She wanted our introduction to be as special as my first time with your mom."

I giggled at Mom's seductive powers. The thought of a night with two beautiful women was affecting my manhood. We arrived at the house close to the time Mom had set up. I could see lights on in the house indicating Rachel was already there, hopefully playing her part.

Careful not to speak to each other, we stripped in the living room. My prick fully hardened when Monica's white, luscious body came into view. Not being able to resist, I pulled her to me as I kissed her. Her exploring tongue and roaming hands on my body illustrated how much she longed for us to be together.

Breaking off, we crept into the bedroom to find Rachel covered with a sheet as instructed. Monica stood at the foot of the bed while I began my routine. "What have we got here? It looks like someone needs a sperm injection."

Pulling the sheet up to her knees, I caressed her calves before pushing the material to the tops of her thighs. Remembering the lines I gave to my clients, I complimented her as I stroked her firm flesh. Her hips were squirming, awaiting our impending union. Monica moved around to get a better look at my aunt's firm thighs. Looking up to her beaming face, I nodded to the sheet indicating to her to expose my aunt's pussy. Holding the edge of the sheet, she pulled it up above Rachel's heaving breasts, exposing her beautiful body.

Rachel spread her legs out wide as I ran my fingers around her outer labia. Monica gasped and as I looked up, I saw her licking her lips while her eyes were locked onto my aunt's bald pussy. She was ready to introduce herself to another member of my family. Moving my hands up, I cupped and squeezed my aunt's firm mounds. She groaned as I caressed her melons. Crawling up her body, I squeezed her breasts together around my stiff prick. Her hips humped up trying to encourage me to service her horny pussy.

Sliding my cock between her mounds of joy, I exclaimed, "These fat tits are perfect for fucking. I'm not sure I have time to take care of your juicy pussy." That was enough of a hint for Monica. She carefully positioned herself between Rachel's legs. Looking back at Monica's lustful face, I nodded. It was time for her to introduce herself.

Reaching up to the sides of Rachel's covered face, I held the sheet in place. A sudden scream from Rachel let me know Monica had made contact with my aunt's hungry slot. Slurping noises could be heard between Rachel's groans. Realizing I couldn't be the one eating her, she exclaimed, "Damn, Sam. Who is sucking my pussy? Whoever it is, tell them not to stop. They are good."

Another shriek from Rachel as Monica shoved three fingers up my aunt's slick slot. I slowed down my pace as I didn't want to waste my load and deposit it outside of a claspings pussy. Extricating my body from Rachel's torso, I kept mauling her mounds while Monica wrapped her lips around Rachel's clit. Moving my fingers to her nipples, I twisted her sensitive nubs while Monica continued her assault. Rachel's back arched and her body stiffened as she experienced her orgasm. Monica slurped up my aunt's flowing juices while I stroked Rachel's upper body.

My aunt breathed deep, relaxing after her climax. Pulling the sheet off her head, I said, "Auntie, meet my girlfriend, Monica."

She smiled wide and said, "We finally meet. You're so pretty. It's no wonder my nephew praises you so much. Not to mention the way you

took care of my pussy. It's plain to see you're experienced in the art of love."

Monica replied, "Thank you, Rachel. It's nice to meet you, too. After I heard how well you took care of Sam last weekend, I knew I had to meet you." Rising, she revealed her nude figure to Rachel.

My aunt exclaimed, "Oh my god, your body is beautiful! Get on the bed. I want to run my tongue and hands all over your creamy, white skin." She jumped off the bed as Monica took her place, spreadeagled on her back. Rachel did exactly what she said she would, licking and feeling Monica's pure skin, starting with her feet. I leaned down and kissed Monica while my aunt explored her body. Cupping Monica's breasts, I squeezed and played with them while our eyes locked together as we reconnected.

Rachel was at the top of Monica's thighs, feasting on her delicate flesh. Monica moaned as my aunt pleased her. Her eyes widened when Rachel latched her mouth on Monica's hairy pussy. Her excitement level quickly escalated from not having sex for so long.

Pulling her mouth from mine, she whispered, "Do her good, Honey. I'm already close. Please, save some for me." Her pleading face relayed the love she held for me. Positioning myself behind Rachel, I caressed her back as she slurped on Monica's slippery slot.

Raising her ass in the air, her juicy hole was open and waiting for my ram. Coating my head with her oozing cum, I shoved to the bottom. Her pussy was wet and hot from her previous climax. Thrusting in

deep and fast, I tried to quickly build her up. Reaching down, I twisted her nipples as I pummeled her horny pussy.

She increased her oral attack on Monica, running her rough tongue repeatedly over her clit. Monica released first, flooding my aunt's mouth with her sweet nectar. That triggered my aunt's orgasm as she clamped down on my prick. Fortunately, I was able to stave off my climax, saving it for the love of my life.

When both were finished, I pulled out and Rachel flopped down beside Monica, completely spent from her two orgasms.

Rachel exerted, "Yours is the second hairiest pussy I've eaten. It's plain to see the advantage, being able to grab some tufts of fur and open up the slot for easier licking."

Monica laughed and replied, "Melissa's is longer so you must have enjoyed hers even more."

Shocked at her response, Rachel said, "You've eaten my sister's pussy? Your boyfriend's mother?"

I replied, "You know the day you came over and thought you saw someone in the house with Mom. That was Monica leaving after a session with Mom."

Rachel shrieked, "That's so damn hot. You know you could have saved a lot of time if you would have invited me in. We could have met much sooner."

I beamed as I replied, "I like the way it turned out. Enough reminiscing, it's time to deposit a load of sperm in the mother of my child."

Rachel asked, "Monica is pregnant?"

Monica piped, "I'm not sure yet, but it's been my goal. I love Sam and want nothing more than to bear his children. Of course, his mother will be the first to know. We have a special relationship."

Monica looked at me longingly and pleaded, "Come make love to me, Sam." Lowering my body to hers, we gently kissed as we locked our eyes together. Her hands stroked my back as she widened her legs and shifted her hips to accommodate the coupling she craved.

My hard cock was nestled in her patch of fur, savoring the soft touch. Feeling a hand wrap around my balls, I knew it had to be Rachel as Monica's arms were still wrapped around me. Rachel slid my cock down until it slipped in Monica's hairy slot. Feeling her hand move away, I slowly shoved in, relishing the tight channel massaging my invading rod.

Once I was fully inserted, I pulled out and shoved back in, knocking the air out of her lungs. As we fought to replenish our air supply, I thrust deep and fast, making up for the time since our last coupling.

We fucked for ten minutes, unaware of anything else going on, focusing on our enjoyment. Glancing to Rachel, I could see she was hypnotized from the outpouring of love between Monica and myself. Tempted to pull my arms from Monica's back to squeeze her meaty mounds, I refrained, not wanting to end our tight hugging. She was going to orgasm from my prick alone, with no other stimulus.

Her hips humped up as her breathing increased. It was enough to stimulate my prick into overdrive. Ramming as hard as I could, my spongy head smashed against the back of her horny pussy. Feeling her thighs shake, I thought she was going to wrap her lily-white legs around my body. She didn't have time as her orgasm overtook her. Her convulsing snatch set off my release. Spurt after spurt of creamy cum filled her cavern. She screamed in ecstasy as we finished our long-anticipated coupling.

When her hips rested, signaling the end of her orgasm, I molded my body to hers. We didn't have to say anything to know this was our future. Rachel was the first to speak. "It's rare to see so much love between two people. I'm jealous of what you share. Thank you for allowing me to witness."

Monica smiled and replied, "Love is meant to be shared with family. I hope you got plenty of sleep last night because tonight you're going to see how much love family can have."

That was an understatement as we continued our sex fest for the rest of the night.

Camila ran to greet her mom as soon as we showed up. They hugged and Camila proceeded to relate to her mom how much fun she had during our absence. When Mom and I turned to leave, Monica stepped up to kiss me goodbye. This was the first time we kissed in front of Camila. I knew it was an immense step for her.

On the way home, Mom and I exchanged our experiences from the previous night. My tale was lengthier and more interesting than hers. She was ravenous in bed, excited from hearing the romp with my sexy aunt.

Monica and I took a week off as she wanted to look for a different place to live. I didn't ask but hopefully, it'd be closer to our house. Rachel was busy too, leaving Mom and me to ourselves. We dined out often to see Lisa. No mention of our earlier episode was mentioned as Lisa stayed and chatted with us through most of our meal. I'm surprised management let her stay so long at one table, but she was good enough to keep her other customers happy at the same time.

One afternoon Mom's nude body was on top of mine as we leisurely enjoyed a bout of oral sex. We weren't in a hurry to climax, bringing ourselves close, backing off to relax before continuing. We managed to hold off for close to an hour when I heard the front door unlock and open.

Rachel was the only one with a key so I figured she'd let herself in. Not five minutes later, I felt the bed shake and Mom raised off my pole to

sit on my chest. Rachel slid her juicy pussy down my prick until our groins collided.

"Damn, Melissa. I've missed this so much. I hate to interrupt but I need to borrow your son's cock."

"No problem, Sis. Enjoy. I have him all warmed up for you. He's ready to blow his load."

She humped faster than ever as her soft ass slammed against my legs each time. Barely able to talk, she blurted, "After I witnessed the love between Sam and Monica, I decided I wanted the same thing. I've been going out with a few men and I think I've found one I could share my life with. The best part is he wants children as much as I do."

I continued to slurp on Mom's pussy while she cupped and squeezed her sister's tits. We fucked for several minutes before I felt my balls swell with a load of baby batter. I intensified my attack on Mom's clit, signaling her I was ready. She screeched, "If that's the case, you better pull off Sam, he's ready to fill you with more sperm. You don't want to be pregnant for your future husband."

Rachel smirked and chirped, "Oops, too late to worry about that. I'm already pregnant, probably from the fuck-fest weekend when I took care of him for you. Oh god, here it comes."

Her cunt snapped tight on my cock as her orgasm overtook her. I locked onto Mom's clit and squeezed it, causing her to climax. Once

both women were spasming through their climaxes, my cock ejected its load, filling my aunt's hungry pussy. Humping up, I released completely in her convulsing cavern.

Once satisfied, she lowered herself down to the bed. Mom plopped down next to her and stroked her sister's spent body. Rachel recovered enough to explain, "This man I've fallen in love with wants children, but his sperm is not viable so he was elated when I told him I was pregnant. He didn't ask who the father was and promised he never would. He treats me like a queen and I believe I've found the love I've been missing. He recently received a promotion and is moving out of state. I'm going with him to see if we're compatible. We figured it'd be better being away from both of our families."

Mom smiled and said, "I'm so happy for you. I suspected you were already pregnant with all the cum my son has been feeding you. As with your new boyfriend, I hope he's all you say he is. You know, you can come back to us anytime. When do we get to meet him?"

Rachel replied, "We want to get situated before we meet each other's relatives. He desires a large family so Sam will be my sperm donor for a long time."

A few days later Monica called and said she was in the neighborhood and would like to pick me up to spend the day with her and Camila. I eagerly accepted and she arrived soon after. We drove to her house and walked down to the park to observe Camila play on the equipment.

Once we were back at her place we ate and watched TV. It was relaxing and I felt at home with her, Camila and Dinah. She drove me back home with her daughter safely strapped in the back seat.

When we arrived she told me to wait in the car with Camila while she discussed something with my mother. Camila did most of the talking while we waited for twenty minutes until her mother showed up. Once in the driver's seat, she leaned over and french-kissed me. It was a sloppy kiss and her breathing was rapid. When we parted, Camila chirped, "Mommy, you're kissing Sam again. When will he be my daddy?"

Monica didn't scold her this time, saying, "I love Sam, Honey. It's what adults do when they're in love. Would you like him to be your dad? It could be soon."

Camila replied, "Yes, Mommy. I like Sam. He makes you so happy and I love playing with his Mom. Please, Mommy?"

Monica didn't reply as she sexily smirked at me. She already knew what I wanted. I didn't have to say anything. After exiting, I waited until they were out of sight, wishing I could be with them all the time.

There was silence when I entered our house. Faintly, I heard Mom call out, "Sam, could you come in here?"

Her voice cracked as if she were crying. Entering our bedroom, I was greeted by my nude mother sprawled out on our bed. Her pussy was

open and quivering, glistening with cum juice. Mom's eyes teared up as she whispered, "Monica asked for your hand in marriage, by ravaging my pussy. It was the sweetest thing I've heard of. I'm so happy for both of you. She told me your acceptance would be filling my pussy with your load of cum. Please, come and accept your marriage proposal."

My clothes couldn't wait to leave my body. My prick was at full staff before I crawled up between my mother's thighs. There was no need to lubricate my cock as her hole was wet and ready. Sliding my rod into Mom's slippery slot, I lowered myself upon her excited body. I kissed her tears away, consoling her as I stroked her clenching channel. As I did to Monica our last time, I kept my arms wrapped around Mom as I thrust deep. Our eyes locked together as we connected as lovers. Her hands dug into my back, ready to climax after Monica's oral assault.

Releasing her mouth, I said, "I accept, Mom. Let's seal the deal."

She uttered, "Congratulations to you and your new wife. She also told me you're a father. She's pregnant with your child."

My cock expanded when the words set in.

Our mouths battled each other as we experienced our orgasm. My prick enlarged and shot out a stream of hot cum inducing her orgasm. Her pussy clamped tight, milking out my payload of sperm. Several thrusts later, my balls had expelled every ounce of creamy spunk into my mother's cavern.

Pulling out, I rolled to the side of her. Her breasts were still heaving up and down as she still savored the incestuous coupling. "That's some proposal, Mom. I don't think I've heard of one where you fuck your mother to accept. I suppose you're the one to tell her I accepted."

I giggled as I continued, "I'm not complaining but it appears our family is controlled by the mothers."

She smiled as she said, "Nope, it's up to you now. I showed her my mother's wedding band, which I wore when I was with your father. I offered it to her and she was overjoyed knowing it was a part of our family, even though I'm sure she could buy something much more elegant. She told me to finalize her marriage proposal, you have to offer her my ring."

"If it wasn't so late, I'd run over and propose, but I think she meant all of my sperm has to be deposited in my mother. I'm positive there's still some left in my system."

As I leaned over to kiss her, she murmured, "Don't worry, Dear. I'll work all night to clean you out."

Monica sent me a text informing me not to tell her my decision until I'd thought it over for a few days. I replied I already knew my answer but we'd discuss it over dinner in two days.

Mom and I decided to celebrate by going out to dinner. I sent a text to Lisa and she already had a nice booth ready for us when we got there. Unable to hide her joy, she exclaimed, "I'm so glad to see you two today. It's a special day for me and I'm thrilled to share it with you."

Mom chirped, "It's always special for us when you're our server. Is there something going on?"

Lisa replied, "Today is my twenty-first birthday. Happy Birthday to me!"

Mom's expression changed as if she were trying to remember something. Maybe Lisa previously told her and she was trying to recollect the conversation.

She questioned, "Lisa, you shouldn't be working on your birthday. Wouldn't you rather be spending the day with your family?"

"No. I was adopted and although my parents treated me well growing up, they couldn't accept me as family. They moved after they told me I was on my own when I turned eighteen. They haven't contacted me since. It's probably for the best. It forced me to take control of my life."

Mom's face saddened when she heard Lisa's story. The concern Mom held for Lisa was as strong as a family member. She smiled, trying hard not to act too depressed and said, "We're glad we could be here on your birthday."

Lisa came over several times during the meal and chatted with us, probably feeling lonely. We were the closest thing to family she had. Mom left another large tip when we left and wrote something on the receipt. I assumed it was Mom wishing her a happy birthday.

Mom was quiet on the ride home and we spent the evening cuddled together on the couch. I knew she was still depressed from Lisa's news as she held me tight once we were in bed. Feeling sex would be inappropriate, I was content with holding and consoling my mother.

Throughout the next day, Mom would look at her phone as if she were checking for a message. At two in the afternoon, she came into my room and told me she was going to go see Lisa.

"You know where she lives? Is she even expecting you?"

Mom retorted, "Yes, she sent me her address today. I gave her my number yesterday. You stay here. We have some things to discuss that would bore you."

"Alright, Mom. Have fun. It's great weather and I've been itching to work in the garden. See you later."

Mom arrived back home at six and seemed much happier. Whatever they talked about had cheered her up. We ate and she listened to my planned proposal to Monica. She kept to herself concerning her visit with Lisa and concentrated on my obvious, excited state. Once again we didn't have sex as we hugged ourselves to sleep.

The next day progressed slowly as I waited for the time to elapse before having dinner with Monica. Mom cried with happiness when I left to meet the love of my life.

Monica greeted me without mentioning her proposition to Mom. She instructed me to wait in the living room while she finished preparing dinner. Monica didn't bother to tell Camila to go to her room anymore, confident her daughter had adjusted to the situation. Calling Camila over, I handed her Mom's ring and told her what to do. She was excited that she was going to participate in our ceremony.

After we ate, Monica and I sat together on the couch. When Camila looked up at me, I nodded to her, signaling it was time. She came over to her mother and held her left hand. Looking up to her mother, Camila asked, "Mommy, will you take Sam as your wife? This ring will make us a family."

Tears formed in Monica's eyes as her daughter proposed for me. She held out her finger while Camila awkwardly slid it on. Once it was past her knuckle, Camila beamed in joy and said, "Thank you, Mom. I love you so much."

Monica leaned down and kissed her daughter on the forehead, turned to me and gently kissed me. Her eyes showed everything I needed to

know. We spent the rest of the night on the couch holding each other close.

After Camila was settled in bed, Monica came back out. We talked about our marriage and the future. With her history, she didn't want any paper trail so it wouldn't be an official marriage per se. I readily agreed, knowing her sense of security was more important than official documents. She told me she already talked to Mom about it and she agreed.

Mom said she'd officiate the marriage ceremony in two weeks, right before Rachel leaves with her new boyfriend. When I asked about our baby, she told me she was confident she had conceived the first time we made love.

Surprisingly, she brought up Lisa. I had previously told Monica about our earlier episodes. and she was interested in the fact that Lisa was studying to be a midwife and had experience as a nanny.

Monica's concerned look transformed into pleading as she said, "Sam, I'd like to hire her to watch Camila and help me with our new baby."

I responded, "She is intelligent and qualified, but don't you think it might be a little uncomfortable considering our erotic exhibitions with her?"

She replied, "I want to meet her. Let's go tomorrow. I'll bring Camila over to your place at four."

"It's a date. See you then." After a goodbye kiss, I headed home.

I told Mom about Camila coming over and she immediately began arranging some projects to do together with her future granddaughter. I sent a text to Lisa telling her my fiance and I would be there between four and five tomorrow for dinner. I wish I could have seen the look on her face when I mentioned my future wife, knowing she suspected I was fucking my mom and aunt.

Camila was overjoyed being able to stay with Mom again. They were already in the kitchen mixing up cookie ingredients when we left. Monica wore a full-length black dress, resembling a tunic. It had an Arabic look to it, but I had no clue what it was. When we arrived at the restaurant, she wrapped a black scarf around her head. Only her eyes were uncovered. Seeing my puzzled look, she explained, "It's called a khimar. Let's see how well your Lisa reacts to different cultures."

Everyone in the restaurant turned their heads to look at Monica as she obediently followed behind. Lisa came running up and smiled wide as she showed us to our booth. Monica sat down first and I slid in next to her on the edge of the seat. Monica removed her head covering, revealing her beautiful, smiling face. I introduced Monica to Lisa and not surprisingly they hit it off pretty fast. We ordered and Lisa soon returned with our plates. As we were eating, Monica instructed me what to do when Lisa returned.

When we were finished eating, Lisa cleaned our table and came back to talk with us. Monica chirped, "Lisa, I hear you're studying to become

a midwife. I'd like to be able to come to you for help since I'm pregnant with Sam's child."

Lisa's eyes widened hearing this, learning about our engagement only yesterday. She stuttered, "Yes, I am. I've already helped deliver a few babies and I've been employed as a nanny for several families."

"Can you feel my baby bump and see what you think?" questioned Monica.

Lisa had no way of knowing there was no bump as Monica's loose, dark garment concealed her body. Lisa didn't want to be rude and cautiously replied, "I guess, but I can't tell much from it."

"Please, Lisa?" Monica pleaded.

Lisa smiled and moved close to me, reaching out, unsure of how to feel her bump. This was the point where I was supposed to help. I held Lisa's hand and guided it to a hidden slit in Monica's robe. With my hand on top of hers, I ran her hot palm on Monica's smooth stomach. Lisa's mouth was near the side of my face and I felt her quickened breath as we jointly caressed Monica's skin. Guiding her hand lower, our fingers ran through Monica's hairy mound. Lisa tried her best but couldn't resist emitting a small groan as our fingers ran through Monica's wet slit. Pulling her hand back up, our hands explored Monica's rib cage.

Monica whispered, "Do you think my breasts will get larger when the baby starts growing?"

Using Lisa's hand, I cupped and squeezed one of Monica's firm breasts. Another moan from Lisa. Pulling my hand off Lisa's and out of the black robe, I smiled when I noticed she was still squeezing Monica's mound of flesh. Suddenly, she realized my hand had left and quickly removed hers.

Blushing, she said, "Everything feels perfect. I wish the best for you and your child."

Leaving the check, she quickly turned and fled. It was my turn to leave a generous tip for the meal. Lisa didn't return to see us off. I hoped we didn't scare her off.

On the way to pick up Camila, Monica said, "I like Lisa. I want to hire her as a nanny and to help me birth our child. Text her my phone number and ask her to call me. I'll invite her over and work out the details."

She kissed me before they left for home. As soon as I was in our house, I sent a text to Lisa conveying Monica's request. The next day I received a message from Monica telling me she was going to be working with Lisa over the next few days to make sure she could watch her daughter while we're at Mom's place attending our wedding ceremony.

Half a week later Monica called me for a date. When I asked whether I should bring Mom, she told me that Lisa would watch Camila. I guess she passed Monica's stringent rules for watching her daughter. Feeling a little uncomfortable when I met Lisa at the door, I was surprised to see a changed person. She was conservatively dressed and acted professionally. With all the flashing we've done for her benefit, I was sure she would blush or say something, but she acted like she hardly knew me.

As we pulled away, Monica turned to me and said, "I told you she'd be perfect. It was obvious she was the right person. This will provide us with another option when your mom is busy or if we want to go out with her to an event."

We visited a museum to see a special exhibit and afterward out to eat. It was late by the time I dropped her off. Lisa greeted us and informed us Camila had been asleep for several hours. Monica felt bad we had got back so late and offered her to stay in the room Mom uses. Lisa declined as she liked her own nightclothes and bath items, but promised she'd bring over a set next time in case it happened again. She waved and walked out the door. Kissing Monica goodnight I left for home, wishing I could stay.

After several more date nights with Monica, Lisa had brought enough of her personal effects in the event we wanted to stay away overnight. Mom's wedding event was scheduled for Friday.

Lisa arrived at the appointed time and was prepared to stay the night. I picked Monica up and drove her to our home where Mom and Rachel were waiting.

Both Monica and I were kept out of the planning so we didn't know what to expect. Mom pulled Monica into our bedroom while Rachel remained with me. She didn't say a word as she stripped off my clothes. Her sexy smirk told me I was going to enjoy the night. Once nude, she ordered, "Stand still and wait until we call you. We have to prep the bride."

Giggling sounds emanated from Mom's room as I anxiously waited. Finally, Mom called me to come in and meet my bride. Strolling down the hallway to our room, I was greeted with three sexy women clad in revealing nighties. Rachel was clad in the pink nightie that probably caused her pregnancy and stood to the left of Monica. Mom was on the other side of my future wife, dressed in a white nightie.

My bride was one step in front of them dressed in my favorite see-through, blue nightie. Leave it to Mom to make things perfect. All three were nude underneath their filmy negligees. My eyes were only on Monica. My prick bobbed up in appreciation of her beauty. Mom directed, "You can hug and kiss your bride, but nothing more. Moving up close, I've never seen her smile so serene, her eyes full of love. I kissed all around her face before ending up on her full lips. We hugged and french-kissed. I felt her nipples harden as I pushed my cock against her thinly-covered belly.

After a few minutes, Mom announced, "Sam, pull off your wife's nightie and hand it to me. Do not touch her." I gently removed her silky fabric, handing it to Mom while keeping my eyes locked onto Monica's nude body.

Mom continued, "Sit in the chair and watch. Do not touch yourself."

Rachel and Mom positioned Monica on the bed, flat on her back. Mom kissed her and cupped her full breasts while Rachel moved to her feet. Rachel licked her succulent flesh from her knees up to the top of her thighs. When Monica's breathing rate increased, Rachel ran her fingers through my bride's pelvic fur, grabbing a tuft on each side exposing her slit. She smashed her face into her gash, licking, and tongue fucking her juicy slot. Monica screamed in delight from the oral attack. Mom continued to kiss and caress her tits while Rachel feasted on Monica's hairy pussy.

Rachel raised her ass and spread her legs. The sexy nightie barely hid her treasure. Mom commanded, "To get access to your bride, you have to make Rachel give her up. It's up to you to release her. You can't orgasm in anyone but your future wife."

I've done it before. Rachel builds up to a climax fairly easy, but there were three beautiful women in the room and I was already rock-hard. Moving up behind her, I pulled her nightie up to her waist exposing her aroused pussy. I cupped her mound and squeezed it, squishing her lips together. Running two fingers through her gash, I smeared her juices around her satin-smooth groin. Sticking three fingers deep in her

slot, she groaned in Monica's pussy. I fucked her with my fingers, thinking this would be too easy. I could get her to come from my hand.

Recognizing what I was doing, Mom yelled, "She has to come on your cock."

There goes my plan. She was warmed up enough. Monica was twisting her hips around nearing her orgasm. Rachel slid her tongue up to Monica's clit and teased it. This was the perfect opportunity. I moved up, removed my fingers and thrust my pole deep into my aunt's pussy. She groaned and wrapped her lips around my bride's nub causing her to climax. Holding onto Rachel's hips, I rapidly stroked in and out of her quivering quim.

As she slurped up Monica's nectar, I hammered my aunt's horny pussy. Taking longer than I would have liked, I concentrated on other topics to stave off my eruption. Hearing a loud groan, Rachel's pussy clamped down as she experienced her orgasm. I slowed my stroking through her contractions. Once finished, I didn't stay in any longer than necessary. Pulling out, I stood back and watched Monica become unveiled as Rachel rolled off to the side. My prick bobbed when I looked at her pure-white, pristine body.

Thinking it was time, I moved toward the bed when Mom ordered, "Stay."

Standing in place, I watched my aunt and mother soothe Monica down from her climax. When her breathing returned to normal, Mom rose up and came to the back of the bed. Thinking she was coming to hug me,

she surprised me when she turned and kneeled between Monica's legs. She licked Monica's thighs as Rachel had done. While she explored up to Monica's furry snatch, Rachel kissed Monica and squeezed her tits. Before I knew it, Mom was licking Monica's slick snatch.

Rachel looked up and said, "Now you have to release your mother from your future wife. With your cock. And you have to save yourself for your bride."

This would be tougher. Mom takes longer to bring to an orgasm and the fact that my cock would be in my mom added to my excitement. Moving up behind my mother, I stroked her legs, moving her nightie up as I proceeded. Raising her ass, she presented her hairy pussy, spreading her legs.

Pushing her nightie up past her hanging breasts, I moved my hands back and squeezed her melons. Finding her hard nubs caused her hips to squirm in anticipation. This was Mom's Achilles' heel, her sensitive nipples. Releasing her tits, my hands slid back along her hot skin to rest on her firm ass.

Monica was building up again as Mom slurped on her slot. Running my fingers through Mom's mat, I massaged her mound. Running two fingers into her wet slot, I ran them over her sensitive walls before stroking in and out at a rapid pace. Her assault on Monica intensified as I brought Mom up to her climax. Moving my fingers to her clit, I squeezed and teased it resulting in loud groans.

Removing my hand I lodged my bloated head in the familiar mouth of my mother's pussy. My cock knew every sensitive spot in her cavern, having visited there many times before. I buried my prick to the hilt, slamming my balls into her forest of fur. She took it well, not coming immediately. She was going to make it a challenge. Holding her hips so she wouldn't damage Monica, I forcefully fucked my mother. Angling my spear so it would saw along her sensitive nub, I thrust in and out of my hot mom. Her pussy was convulsing with mini-orgasms which was elevating me too fast.

Only one trick left. Ramming deep in her tight hole, I reached up to capture her nipples with my fingers. Squeezing and twisting her sensitive teats, I continued to pound her deep. That was all it took as her pussy released her cum and contracted as she attempted to milk my prick. After her final clamping, I pulled out and backed off.

Mom had paused her attack on Monica when she came on my cock. Trying to make up for lost time, she ran her tongue over Monica's clit while fucking her with two fingers. Monica's hips soon bucked up as she released again from my mother's attention.

Once again, Monica was revealed to me as Mom rolled to her side. Mom and Rachel still had their nighties on, framing my beautiful, nude bride. Smiling wide, Mom said, "Your vows are complete since your family has given you access to your bride. You are now husband and wife. It's time to officially consummate your marriage."

Monica had already come twice and I was ready to spurt any second. Not wanting a one-sided joining, I explored Monica's body like I did

the first time I saw her. She purred as my hands caressed and stroked her smooth skin. Moving up her luscious body, my hands found and cupped her proud, upright mounds. Kissing my way up, my lips latched onto her hard nipple. While I sucked on one, my fingers found her other taut teat, squeezing and twisting her nub. Her hands pulled my head close to her breast as I tried to suck milk out of her heaving tit.

Her hips humped up indicating she was ready for her husband. Leaving her luscious breasts, my mouth found hers as we passionately kissed. Our eyes locked, communicating our lifelong commitment. Wrapping our arms around each other, we hugged tight. My hard cock was buried in her forest of fur.

Mom and Rachel each ran a hand under their side of Monica's ass, lifting her pelvis. One of them gripped my cock and drug it to Monica's waiting slot. Keeping eye contact with my new bride, my hard rod slid into her slick snatch. Taking it slow, I inched my spear deeper. Once my prick was fully enveloped in her tight pussy, I stopped, letting my prick soak as we savored each other's company.

Monica humped up, signaling her desire for a celebratory fuck from her new husband. As I moved in and out, Mom and Rachel stroked our bodies. Picking up my pace, I thrust faster as Monica humped up to meet my groin. The juices from her previous orgasms made for a loud sloshing sound as I pounded her. Mom and my aunt quit stroking as they each grabbed one of Monica's legs. They lifted her luscious limbs and pulled them out, opening up her pussy to my hammering cock. Monica had to release my mouth to scream out in pleasure.

Previously the only sounds in the room were from our fucking. Monica was doing all the talking as she built up to a major orgasm. "You're fucking me so good, Sweetheart. I love you so much. Let me join your family. You own my pussy. Fuck me hard!"

Like any obedient husband, I thrust as hard and deep as I could. "I love you, Monica. My family loves you and you are joined with us. Release with me, my dear wife."

Mom and Rachel knew the time was right. They moved Monica's legs to my back. Locking her ankles, she squeezed tight, lifting herself off the bed. Her back arched as her body shook. Pulling my head down to hers, we kissed as her orgasm commenced. Her pussy tried to strangle my shaft as it squeezed tight. Her eyes widened as she felt my spongy head expand. As soon as she felt my first blast of hot cum coat her walls, her pussy contracted. She milked my cock as I spewed out ropes of boiling-hot cum. Her pussy didn't stop contracting until my balls were drained.

Exhausted, I rested my spent body on Monica's. Her arms held me tight, having no desire for me to leave. Feeling a sheet pulled over us I heard Mom whisper, "You two have the rest of the night to complete your joining. Rachel and I will be at her house until morning."

Every few hours for the rest of the night, we would make love and restfully sleep between sessions. It was a night to remember forever. Noises in the house woke us both up. Putting on our robes, we made it out to the kitchen where Rachel and Mom had a full breakfast ready for

us. They wore full-length dresses, having no desire to distract me from my wife. We ate as a family, enjoying our time together.

When finished, Rachel handed a set of keys to Monica. Seeing my puzzled look, Monica explained, "Rachel is leaving to be with her boyfriend. We're moving into her house to be close to your mother."

Somehow I thought we'd all end up at Mom's house. As if she could hear my rambling thoughts, Mom stated, "Honey, Monica and I discussed what's best and we both agreed it wouldn't be a good environment for Camila to live here. We want her to grow up in a normal family setting and this is the perfect setup."

It made sense. Exposed to Mom full-time, there would be a chance of Camila witnessing an inappropriate action. Living with Monica would cement our new family together. After eating, I drove my wife back to her house. She told me there was no need for me to move into her place since she would soon be moving into Rachel's house. Lisa greeted us and was prepared to leave. Monica turned to me, kissed me and said, "You go back to your Mom's house. I want to discuss something with Lisa before she leaves. Talk to you tomorrow."

Mom and I spent the next day in the garden. Sex wasn't a concern for us as we enjoyed each other's company. After the night of intense love-making with Monica, I was content to take a day off.

Rachel left the next day, but not before coming over for a tearful goodbye. Monica took another week to move enough of her belongings into Rachel's house to call it home. Lisa helped her as Monica hired her as a nanny, enabling her to quit her restaurant job and focus more on her studies.

One night when we were eating dinner together, Mom said, "Lisa, why don't you move into Sam's old room. You can live here for free so you can concentrate on your studies and be closer to help out Monica. Lisa glanced at Monica, who nodded in agreement.

"I'd love to. I'll be able to help out here, too. I don't want to take advantage of you guys. You've done so much for me already."

As soon as I moved in with Monica, Lisa moved into Mom's house. Monica hired someone to keep tabs on her old house as she wasn't ready to sell, in case Rachel needed to return. Months flew by as we fell into a routine. Lisa was advancing fast in her studies. Mom would watch Camila when Lisa had to study more than normal.

Monica, Camila and I would go out daily, enjoying our new life together. Deciding I needed to stay with family rather than going back to school, I asked Monica if she minded if I took a break from College. She was elated and said she was afraid to suggest it, but she wanted me to be at home full-time when the baby arrived.

Lisa also maintained a room at our house in case Mom, Monica and I wanted to go out. She would stay here when I remained at Mom's overnight. I wondered what she thought when she'd return to Mom's

place to discover I hadn't used my old room. Did she know I was fucking Mom all night? She didn't question my visits or my relationship but I'm sure she had her suspicions.

On Saturday, Lisa joined Monica and me for lunch. As we cleaned up Mom called. After finishing their conversation, Monica said, "Your Mom wants to bake some cookies and thought Camila would like to help. Could you two walk her down to your Mother's house?"

Lisa chirped, "I'll take her down. I can stay there and allow you two to have some time alone."

Monica replied, "No, take Sam with you. I want to take a bath in peace."

It only took a few minutes to walk Camila to Mom's house. Mom greeted us like she usually does when Camila or Lisa are present. Once again I wondered if Lisa bought Mom's pretense that we were like any other mother and son.

After visiting for fifteen minutes, Mom ordered, "Okay, you two. Go back home. Camila and I want to do this without any distractions."

Lisa started to object, thinking she was going to stay but Mom interrupted her. "Go. Let me and my granddaughter have some time together."

On the walk back, Lisa acted a lot more friendly and talkative than normal. She surprised me when she mentioned my mother and me.

"It's nice you and your mom are so comfortable around each other. I haven't experienced what a close family would be like, but it's nice to see you two get along so well."

I replied, "She's a great mother, that's for sure. She's good around Camila too."

Being a little uncomfortable with the direction of the conversation, I switched to talking about her studies.

When we arrived home, Monica was in her robe with a towel wrapped around her wet hair. She suggested, "Why don't you guys change into comfortable clothes. I'll need Sam to help me with my bulging belly."

Lisa exclaimed, "Is something wrong, Monica? Can I help?"

Monica replied, "If you want to learn what Sam has to do every night, you're welcome to assist him. He helps me with my stretch marks. I'll be waiting for both of you in our room."

Lisa retorted, "Wonderful. Anything dealing with childbirth preparation will be a valuable experience. Thanks for allowing me to assist." She dashed to her room to change.

Following Monica into our bedroom, I quickly changed to a robe as Monica put on her flimsy top. Not only see-through, it barely covered her growing tits. Crawling under the sheet, she spread her legs to allow enough room for someone to kneel between them to apply the ointment. I pulled out the jar of belly butter from the nightstand and waited for Lisa.

Lisa soon walked in, dressed in sweats ready to help out.

I instructed, "Position yourself between Monica's legs and we'll begin." As soon as she was situated, I held her hands and pulled them into my robe, pressing them against my ribs. Seeing her shocked look, I ensured her, "We have to warm up your hands before you apply the cream."

Satisfied with my explanation, her hands cautiously roamed over my flesh. Her long fingers gripped my ribcage and squeezed as I pulled the sheet down to Monica's waist. Once my wife's thinly covered breasts were revealed along with her smooth, growing belly. Lisa groaned as she tightened her grip on my sides.

Holding the jar out, I said, "Take a glob and rub all around her stomach, making sure you cover any flesh that appears to be stretching."

Slowly pulling her hands away from my body, her long fingers dipped into the jar and applied the cream to Monica's flesh. She stared with the same lust as she displayed during our exhibition at the restaurant. Her breathing was rapid as she explored my wife's succulent stomach. She whispered, "Your skin is so smooth and beautiful."

Monica's heaving breasts caught my attention. Placing my hands on top of Lisa's, I guided her hands up higher. Exploring under Monica's top, our hands cupped her mounds of tit-flesh. Removing my hands, I lifted Monica's top, exposing her full breasts. Moving my hands to Monica's nearest lily-white tit, I instructed, "Lisa, work on her other breast, but don't touch her nipple."

Squeezing and playing with Monica's fleshy mounds, we continued to elevate my wife's excited state. Lisa stared wide-eyed as I moved my mouth closer to the nearest excited, engorged tip. "She wants to get used to the feel of nursing a baby, so we have to suck her nipples. You work on the one closest to you while I feed on this one."

She wasted no time in lowering her mouth to latch onto the hard tip. We both sucked and licked my wife's dark, hard nubs. After several minutes, I felt Monica hump her hips. It was time to move on. Releasing my mouth, I slowly lifted off her aroused teat. Lisa reciprocated my actions and rose to await further instructions.

Reaching down, I moved the sheet below Monica's knees. She raised her legs and spread them wide, exposing her hairy pussy to Lisa.

Not attempting to hide her excitement, Lisa moaned as she lustfully viewed Monica's nude body.

"Her leg skin might stretch too. Rub the cream into the thick part of her thighs," I murmured. Lisa's hands quickly pulled out a dab of cream from the jar and stroked Monica's firm flesh.

Monica panted heavily from the exciting seduction. Moving her knees out, she revealed her leaking slot. Looking at Lisa, she begged, "Lick it, please. I'm on fire."

Lisa's hands flew under Monica's behind, bringing her hairy pussy to her mouth. She slurped and sucked my wife's pussy like a pro. Her panting was as rapid as Monica's.

Monica croaked, "You poor girl, you're hornier than I am. Do you want Sam to help you out, Lisa?"

Lisa nodded, not wanting to remove her mouth from the hairy gash. Monica's look was all I needed. She wanted me to help her friend. My robe was off in record time. Pushing Lisa's top to her armpits, I exposed her braless tits. They were exactly as I imagined, softball-sized and firm. There wasn't any fat on her body to add to their size as they hung from her body.

Cupping her firm mounds, I squeezed and caressed them, causing her to increase her attention to Monica's slot. She pulled her arms out of the sleeves and quickly pulled her mouth off enough to remove her top, quickly latching back onto the hairy hole she reluctantly left.

Moving down to her waist, I pulled her bottoms along with her panties down to the bed. Lifting each knee, I finished removing the last of her clothing. Her long legs held her firm ass high in the air. Stroking her toned limbs, I finally reached the top of her thighs. She spread her legs apart, exposing her pussy.

Her fondness for hairy women showed as she had a full, untamed forest of fur. It was the same light brown color as her hair and it felt soft and silky. Running my hands through her sex, I massaged her puffy mound. "Monica, you're going to love her pussy. It's soft and hairy and begging for a licking."

Hardly able to talk from her heavy breathing, she replied, "Fill it full of cum and I'd be glad to suck it dry."

Lisa's hips moved back when she heard Monica's desire to suck her pussy. My prick was rock-hard and ready to plow into this sexy woman. Pushing my head to her entrance, I shoved in and was stopped before I was an inch deep due to her tight pussy. Pulling back to the opening, I swirled my fat head around her lips and tried again. Not progressing any further, I decided to be content with shallow strokes until she adjusted.

She groaned and panted as her excitement increased from my prodding shaft. Precum oozed from her slot as I progressed further into her tight sheath. Holding firmly onto her ass, I slowly slid in another inch. As she humped her hips back to capture more cock, she released Monica's pussy. She screamed in delight. "Jesus, I can't believe it. I didn't think it would be this good."

Monica exclaimed, "Lisa, are you a virgin?"

Lisa replied, "No, of course not. Although most of my lovers have been women, the pricks I've had weren't so enormous and they weren't made of flesh."

"You haven't been with a man? Sam! Pull out of her," Monica commanded.

I reluctantly withdrew as I watched her pussy snap shut. Her hips moved back, seeking the cock giving her so much pleasure.

Lisa whined, "Please put it back in. It's true. I haven't been with a man. Too much school and work, plus what man wants to be with someone with such small tits. I need it so bad. Please help me, Monica."

"We're here for you Lisa. I want your first time with a man to be face to face. Lie down beside me."

Lisa flipped around and spread out on the bed eagerly awaiting my hard prick. Monica uttered, "Sam, show her how a loving man treats a lady. Pretend she's your hot wife."

Monica leaned over to caress Lisa's tits while my probing hands explored her thin thighs. They were skinny but firm and sexy. My fingers sought out her hairy pussy and entered her tight tunnel. She

was still wet from our earlier fucking. Working my fingers around her slit, she loosened up as her excitement level increased. Pulling out my slippery digits, I moved up her body replacing Monica's hands with mine to fondle her breasts. Monica pulled back to witness her husband make love to her friend.

Inserting my prick back into her pussy, Lisa humped up to stuff more cock in her hungry cavern. It was easier this time, sliding in further each stroke. She wrapped her arms around me squeezing tight as she groaned from pleasure. Her face was filled with lust as I neared the bottom of her pussy.

Seeing Lisa's hesitation in becoming too intimate with me, Monica instructed, "Lisa. Kiss him as he fucks you. Look into his eyes as he pounds your horny pussy."

Lisa pulled my lips to hers as we kissed for the first time. As soon as our eyes connected, I shoved in hard and buried my rod to the root. My balls banged against her ass. She shrieked in my mouth as her pussy experienced the unexpected, intense pleasure. I pulled back out and forcefully jammed back in at a fast pace. Beads of sweat appeared on her forehead as she burned up from excitement. Sawing in and out for another ten minutes, Lisa trembled every several minutes, experiencing mini-orgasms during her first manly fuck.

Monica leaned close to Lisa and whispered, "Move your pussy around as he strokes in and out. Find the position that excites you most and hold him tight. He'll learn from your movements what you need."

Lisa obeyed my wife as she shifted around, in search of the perfect angle for stimulation. Holding me tight, I increased my pumping when my prick scraped across her sensitive patch. Her shaking was continuous as she built up to an orgasm.

Monica continued to instruct her friend. "Wrap your legs around him and pull him tight. Hump up to meet his thrusts. When you feel him stiffen, you'll know he's going to flood your pussy with hot cum. Release completely and don't hold back. Give yourself to my husband."

Her long legs wrapped around my body, locking us together. Her back arched as she slammed her pelvis up to meet my thrusts. As hard as I pounded into her body, I couldn't hit the back of her pussy. Her slot must be lengthened as the rest of her body. Wanting her first time with a man to be special, I strove to satisfy her cock-hungry cavern. Her tongue battled mine as my prick enlarged with the flow of blood. My fat head scraped against her sensitive sides as my balls filled with sticky batter.

Before I could shoot out my first load, Lisa's pussy clamped tight as her orgasm overtook her. She stiffened and shook as I released a load of hot cum. Her eyes widened when she felt me drench her pussy with sticky fluid. Her next orgasm was stronger than her original one as I continued to fill her hole. Her body wracked with pleasure from her first coupling with a man. Her eyes displayed the gratification from our illicit union.

Treating her like Monica instructed, I remained buried when we were finished like I would with my wife. Releasing her mouth, I rested my

head by hers while we caught our breath. She unwrapped her legs as her body relaxed beneath mine. She whispered, "Thank you so much. I never imagined how good it would be. You two have brought me so much joy. Not to mention a huge load of sperm. It's a good thing I'm on the pill or I'd be in the same condition as your wife with the volume of baby-making cum you deposited in me."

Monica replied, "It'll get better once you learn each other's moves. I consider you family, Lisa. Don't ever deny yourself anymore. You can borrow Sam anytime you need him."

"Thank you, Monica. I can't believe how lucky I am."

Rolling off her, I caressed her sexy body while we recovered. Resting for ten minutes, I broke the silence as I cupped and squeezed one of her firm mounds. "Lisa, your breasts are perfect the way they are. Don't ever think otherwise. You are a beautiful and sexy woman."

Lisa smiled as she replied, "Thanks, Sam. You did treat me like you would your wife." She hesitated before adding, "Or your mom."

Our incestuous relationship was not well concealed. I laughed and said, "Easy to do with three beautiful, sexy women."

Lisa's face turned serious as she begged, "I want to see your Mother and you together. It's been a fantasy I've had since I saw you two at the restaurant. Please?"

Monica chirped, "Great idea. You're nearly family and you'll enjoy his mother's pussy as much as I do. You can go after we clean you up. We can't have you going over there filled up with her son's cum. Come here and let me taste your freshly-fucked pussy."

Lisa squealed as she straddled Monica's head and lowered her dripping slot to my wife's waiting mouth. Monica slurped and tongue-fucked Lisa's saturated slot, resulting in a rise of Lisa's panting. While Lisa was getting her cavern cleaned, I stroked and caressed Monica's bulging belly. Running my hands through her forest of hair, my fingers sought out and entered her wet slit. I slowly finger fucked her, ensuring my thumb made contact with her clit on each stroke.

As Lisa's climax neared I increased my pace. Sensing Monica was rapidly approaching her release, I lowered my mouth to capture her clit. I rolled her sensitive nub between my lips as I furiously pumped her pussy with three fingers.

She captured Lisa's clit with her lips and mirrored my actions. Lisa yelped as she came, releasing cum into Monica's mouth. Monica's pussy clamped tight on my fingers as she experienced her orgasm. Both women groaned as their bodies shook with excitement. After several minutes of having her oozing slot cleaned, Lisa rose off and fell to the bed to recover.

"I can see this is going to be an exhaustive but loving relationship. Now let's go over and bring Camila back home so I can see first hand what you and your mother do during your overnight stays."

On our way over to Mom's I told Lisa she'd take Camila back home and then sneak back over and hopefully catch Mom and me in a compromising situation. I thought Mom would be proud of me scheming an innovative introduction of Lisa to our special relationship.

Mom already had Camila ready to go with a bag of freshly baked cookies to take back to her mother. Lisa said goodbye and left to take Camila home, giving me a knowing smirk. Before I knew it, Mom and I had talked for ten minutes. Knowing Lisa would soon be back, I initiated my plan. Hugging Mom tight, I intimately kissed her while stroking her back.

Mom smiled as she said, "My, what's gotten into my son? Did you get lonely for your Mommy?"

"No reason, Mom. I wanted to thank you for taking good care of Camila."

She smiled as she murmured, "Wait here for a few minutes and come to my room. I know of a better way you can thank your horny mother."

My plan was working. Stripping off my clothes, I stroked my hardening cock in anticipation of fucking my hot mother. Less than five minutes later, she called out.

My cock bobbed as I saw her dressed in the black nightie she wore for the trophy wife.

"I see you approve," Mom seductively said.

"It's the nightie you wore when I first held your luscious ass in my hands. You can bet I have fond memories from it."

"Me too. It's the first time I saw my son's glorious cock. Come here and properly thank your mother."

Hugging her close, I pressed my staff into her soft belly as we french-kissed. Re-enacting the first time I saw her dressed in this nightie, I moved my hands under her fabric to hold her firm cheeks. Mauling her flesh while we kissed quickly elevated our excitement. Bringing my hand to her front, I cupped her hairy mound and slipped two fingers into her slippery slot.

Mom croaked, "I wish you would have done that the first time I wore this, but then our client would have left without receiving proper service."

Mom pulled back and pushed me down to the bed. My cock jerked again as she removed her nightie displaying her sexy body. She was going to fuck me cowgirl style. It couldn't have worked out better. Lisa could walk in and witness Mom riding my hard cock. Wasting no time, Mom straddled me and lowered herself on my prick.

She humped up and down so fast I was afraid it was going to be over before Lisa made it back to witness our incestuous act of love. Mom leaned over so I could suck on her nipples while she rode my cock.

I felt relief as I saw Lisa out of the corner of my eye, undressing while she lustfully leered at our union. I humped up resulting in a loud moan from Mom. Locking her eyes with mine, she cautioned, "Don't you dare come yet. Let me finish showing Lisa how a mother fucks her son. After I come you can fill her pussy with your load of cum."

Lisa shrieked, "My God, Melissa. Do you have eyes on your backside? I thought I was pretty quiet." She glared at me, thinking I told Mom.

"It wasn't me, Lisa. I think Mom and my wife are connected telepathically. There are no secrets between them."

Mom increased her pace, leaking more precum as she neared her orgasm. "Twist them, Sam. Send me over the edge. Show Lisa how you take care of your mother."

She didn't allow me to reply, locking her mouth on mine. As our tongues battled, I twisted her engorged nipples causing her pussy to contract and coat my cock. As soon as her convulsions ceased, she pulled off and rested her weight on me.

One of Lisa's hands was squeezing her tit while the other was lodged deep in her slot. Mom rolled off and spread her legs out, displaying her dripping slit to Lisa.

Mom looked to Lisa and said, "I hear you'd like to suck on this motherly pussy. And while you're eating me my son can finish your doggy fuck. Monica tells me she felt bad for interrupting it the first time."

Lisa didn't respond as she knelt on the bed and lowered her mouth down to Mom's hairy hole.

"Wow, Mom. My wife and you know everything the other does. It works for me though, I can't wait to finish our doggy session."

Positioning behind Lisa, I ran my fingers through her spongy mound. She was already wet from watching Mom and me fuck. My cock was coated with Mom's juices and easily slid in several inches before Lisa's tight slot prevented my advancement. Holding her hips tight, I pummeled her slippery slot until she loosened enough to accommodate my girth. Slowly sliding in deep, my fat head parted her tight walls and stopped only when my balls slapped against her hairy mound.

She groaned in pleasure as I sawed in and out of her tight canal. Mom was already approaching her orgasm as my cock ravaged Lisa's pussy. After ten minutes of unrelentingly pounding her sex-starved slot, she increased her humping as she neared her climax.

Lisa reached up to squeeze Mom's sensitive breasts as she sucked her clit. Her fingers gripped and squeezed Mom's sensitive nipples, not realizing the consequences of her actions. Mom's back arched as she flooded Lisa's mouth with cum. I changed the angle of my stroking to

scrape along Lisa's clit causing her to release Mom's pussy in order to scream out in pleasure.

Once her face was clear of Mom's hairy pussy, I pushed her up until her head was buried between Mom's jiggling mounds. Mom wrapped her arms around Lisa's back to hold her tight, helping her son fuck her to orgasmic bliss. Lisa was shaking as she neared her release.

Mom sensed I was getting close. "Remember the first time you fucked me when I tried to hide my identity? It was a blissful night. I passed out from the excitement. It was the best night of my life."

Lisa's walls tightened and convulsed as she got closer to her climax. My fat head expanded when I recalled the first time I fucked Mom. My balls tingled as they filled with hot cum, signaling my impending climax.

Mom continued, "It was one of the most intense orgasms I've ever had. There's nothing more exciting than the sinful fucking of close family. It's your turn to experience the same illicit pleasure. Fuck your sibling hard! Lisa is my daughter and you're fucking your older sister!"

Lisa's hips thrashed to and fro, threatening to dislodge my prick. Holding on tight, I rammed to the bottom as my first load erupted from my cannon. Lisa screamed as she felt her insides bathed with hot cum. Her pussy contracted tightly as her orgasm overtook her. She milked my cock as I unloaded the rest of my sperm. It was as good as when I fucked Mom. After she relaxed, I stayed buried in her tight slot.

Moving my hands up her sweaty, slippery body, I captured her tits and shoved her up to be face to face with Mom. They immediately locked their lips together, sealing their love for each other. My cock softened and fell out of Lisa's saturated cavern.

Finally recovering from my explosive orgasm, I queried, "Mom? Lisa is my sister? How could this be the first I've heard of this?"

"It's a little complicated, Dear. I gave birth to Lisa when I was sixteen. Knowing we couldn't care for her properly, your father and I reluctantly gave her up for adoption. We found a wonderful couple in a much better position to raise her. The adoption papers remained sealed until she turned twenty-one and it was stipulated I couldn't meet her until that time. Remember when we visited Lisa on her birthday? That's when it occurred to me that she might be my daughter. She was adopted and had the same birth date and call it what you will but my mother's intuition told me I shared a special connection with her."

"Wow, Mom. That's unbelievable. Why didn't you tell me as soon as you knew?"

"I didn't know for sure until I met with her the day after her birthday. I wanted to explain in person rather than have her find out through the legal system. We talked at length and agreed we'd keep it to ourselves until the proper time. Monica, Lisa and I felt tonight would be perfect for our family to be joined together."

"Monica knew?"

"Of course, Sam. Why do you think she was eager to go to the restaurant to meet Lisa. She wanted her to move in long before she did. She persuaded Lisa to join us. She insisted that she would be the first to witness the joining of sister and brother. In return, she agreed that I would be the one to tell you."

I croaked, "It worked out perfect, except for the fact my prick exploded when I heard I was fucking my sister."

Lisa finally spoke. "Thankfully your fat cock was buried deep in my horny pussy when it blew its top. I was prepared for it though. Your mother told me everything about your escapades. We had quite the discussion that day."

For the rest of the night, we bonded like no other family has.

For months after our family incestuous night, Lisa joined in often with Mom and Monica but was careful to remain professional whenever Camila was present. Monica was growing in size and was more than happy for Mom to take care of me sexually. Lisa stayed with Monica most of the time so we weren't able to enjoy each other for several weeks. Additionally, she was in the final weeks of finishing her finals and all her free time was spent on her studies.

I wasn't sure whether Lisa would find a job after her degree and move out or not. Unsure of how much Monica was paying her, I'm sure it was far more than any work she could find. Monica was wealthy from her previous marriage and she made sure everyone in her immediate family enjoyed her good fortune.

During the week of finals, I stayed with Monica full-time to take care of her, Camila, and Dinah. Friday evening arrived and Mom came over to eat dinner with us. When I asked why Lisa didn't come with her, she said she was out with friends all night. I figured she was probably celebrating the completion of her studies. After finishing our dessert, Monica sent Camila to get ready for bed. While she was in the bathroom, Monica leaned close and whispered, "Sam, your mother and I would like you to do us a favor."

"Of course. What can I do for the two women I love most?"

Mom cautiously requested, "Sam, we'd like you to help someone in the same way you used to. Someone we know wants to bear a child and they've agreed to the same rules I previously set up. Please? For us?"

Their pleading looks were all I needed. "Sure, anything for you two. It's a tough job but I guess I can handle it."

We giggled as we realized the absurdity of their hesitant tones. Mom continued, "She has a key to our house and will be staged in my bedroom and ready at seven. The appointment is in fifteen minutes so you better hurry."

"Okay, Mom. Not before I say goodnight to Camila first."

Monica smiled wide and called for her daughter to come out to see me off. After Camila and Dinah left for bed, I kissed Mom and Monica goodbye and strode off to impregnate another woman. On the way there, my mind recalled past clients and how I treated each one. The most important thing I learned was how to identify the best way to calm them. Remembering the woman I role-played as her son caused my prick to stiffen in anticipation. Before I could replay my times with the other women, I had arrived at Mom's house.

Entering and removing my clothes, I strolled down the hall to greet our waiting client. Uncovering her lower legs, I stroked her smooth flesh. Complimenting her on her sexy figure, I continued to shove the sheet up to the tops of her thighs. Kneading her smooth, firm flesh, I realized who it was. I moved her legs apart and positioned my hard prick near her groin. Instead of uncovering her pussy, I shoved my cock under the sheet to lodge it in her hairy pussy. Lisa couldn't possibly have thought she could fool me.

This was probably a gift Mom and Monica gave to her for successfully completing her courses. We hadn't been alone together so this would be special. It would be Lisa and myself concentrating on each other's needs.

Her pussy was soaked with precum. How long had she been waiting and fantasizing about our joining?

"You know what happens when I feel a hairy pussy? It drives me crazy with lust." Stuffing several inches into her tight sheath brought out a loud groan from under the sheet. Pushing the sheet up to her neck, I cupped and squeezed her breasts as I slid further into her hungry pussy. She humped up to gobble up more of my hard cock.

I laughed inside. Did she think I didn't who she was? Leaning down, I latched my mouth onto her sensitive nipple as I buried my prick to the hilt. She raised her knees and spread her legs wide allowing me full access to her horny cavern. Her panting turned to groans as her excitement quickly elevated.

Her hips gyrated in an attempt to scrape her sensitive spots against my rigid ram. Finding the perfect position, she humped up to match my strokes. She had become a master at fucking and I was the lucky recipient. I spouted, "Jesus, you fuck as good as my wife." Pounding as hard as I could, I added, "And as good as my mother and my sister. Someone taught you well."

Knowing the charade was up, she lifted the sheet off her face and pulled me down for an intimate kiss. We fucked like animals in heat for the next ten minutes. We released our mouths as we gasped for air. She was close to her orgasm and I wasn't far behind. Locking eyes, I asked, "Is this a present from Mom and my wife? We haven't been alone before. Is this why they set it up? For us to cement our bond as brother and sister."

She smiled and replied, "They set it up because I asked them and they gave me their full support. I quit taking the pill weeks ago. Tomorrow

is day fourteen and you're going to fill me with sperm all weekend. Your wife insisted we keep fucking until I'm carrying our child. You're going to plant a baby in your sister!"

As soon as her words sunk in, my cock unexpectedly shot out its first load of sperm. Her eyes widened as she felt my hot cum bathe her fertile cavern. Her rippling pussy milked my turgid cock sucking in every drop of sperm-laden spunk. We kissed again, keeping our eyes connected as we fucked through our orgasms. Each time my cock contracted, her pussy clamped tight, squeezing out every ounce of baby batter. Feeling her tense frame relax, I melded my body to hers.

After my drained cock slipped out of her saturated pussy, she wrapped her arms around me. Thinking I was smothering her slender body, I attempted to roll off. Her legs wrapped around me as her arms held me tight. "Stay. I want to savor this moment. I love the way our flesh sticks together as if we're one."

I kissed her and reassured, "I'm here for you. Ask your brother anything and I'll do whatever you want. All night long. When did you decide to bear a child?"

She kissed me back and moved her head next to mine. Her hot breath swept over my ear as she whispered, "All weekend, not for only one night. Orders from your Mom and wife. I decided weeks ago but was afraid of what they might think. When I finally suggested it, they were thrilled and told me they were hoping I would decide to bear your child. They didn't want to pressure me but they wanted it to happen

for months. We are a complete family now, there are no secrets anymore."

We made love again and slept for several more hours before we bonded again. She hugged me tight whenever we finished. There was no need for sheets. Her hot body generated enough heat for both of us. I realized why she had no fat on her body. Her high metabolism burned off any excess calories.

Waking up the next morning, I felt a warm, wet cloth cleaning the dried cum off my prick. At first, I thought Lisa must have got up but I soon realized her hot body was pressed to mine and her arms were wrapped around my torso. Cold air hit my prick as the cloth was removed. My hardening cock was surrounded by a sucking mouth. Recognizing Mom's technique, I greeted her with my eyes still closed. "Good morning, Mom. Come over to make sure our newest client is satisfied?"

Lisa stirred when she heard me talking. She watched as Mom did her magic and coaxed my cock to full hardness. She blurted, "Nice job, Mom. You're quite skilled when it comes to helping your son. He sure filled me up last night. Take a ride on him while I take a break."

Before Lisa could make it to the bathroom, Mom stripped off her clothes and had my cock buried in her pussy. She fucked my rod while holding my ribs for support. Humping up to meet her thrusts, she reprimanded, "Don't you dare come. All your sperm goes into your

sister this weekend. I'm horny and need some relief. The thought of my children making a baby turns me on."

Lisa emerged and overheard Mom. "You're my best friend and a wonderful mother. Thank you for bringing me back to where I belong."

Mom croaked, "It's what we do in our family. Bequeathing yourself completely to your brother demonstrates you have the same love we hold for each other. Give me a few minutes and he'll be ready for you; although, he's going to blow pretty fast. Let him heat you up before you jump on."

Lisa quickly straddled my face, mashing her hairy pussy to my mouth. I licked and tongue-fucked her hot box while Mom continued to pump my pole. Mom leaned over to kiss her daughter while she rode my prick. Lisa was heating up as was I. She knew exactly how to set Mom off as she gripped Mom's engorged nipples and twisted. As expected, Mom's pussy clamped hard onto my prick. I remained motionless, fearing I would spill my seed in the wrong woman.

Mom pulled off, knowing I was ready to erupt. Lisa took her place and sunk to the bottom smashing my balls against her soft ass. Her lungs expelled their contents. Wasting no time to replenish her air supply, she humped up and down my stiff pole. Her eyes were filled with lust as she fucked her brother in front of our mother.

Mom murmured, "Just think, I might be witnessing the moment my grandchild is being conceived. It fills me with so much pleasure."

Lisa was panting so hard she couldn't speak. My hands held her tight ass cheeks as I pumped up to meet her thrusts.

Lisa's pussy contracted and my prick soon followed with a blast of hot sperm shooting out of my shaft. We continued to fuck long after our orgasms were finished. Unable to take any more, Lisa lowered her body to mine with her pussy filled with my drained cock.

"You two finish up and come out to the kitchen. I'll fix you a hearty meal. You're going to need your strength for your workout this weekend."

Lisa and I admired Mom's nude body as she paraded to her closet and slid on her robe. Smiling at her offspring still locked together, she turned and left for the kitchen.

Lisa's hot body was melded tight against mine. Wrapping my arms around her, I rolled her over so I was on top. She squealed with delight as she felt my prick expanding. She locked her legs behind me and pulled me into her mouth.

"Fuck me, baby brother. Show your sister how much you love her."

"With pleasure. Let's make a baby." I eagerly fucked my horny sister while Mom prepared our nourishment.

Breakfast was going to have to wait.

The rest of the weekend Lisa and I enjoyed each others' company in and out of bed. Sunday afternoon arrived too fast and I hoped we were successful in conceiving a child. Lisa talked me into going for a long walk to the park and back.

We hadn't gone that far when Lisa wrapped her arm around my waist, pulling me tight against her. It felt relaxing and my thoughts drifted to what the future held.

"Lisa, what are your plans now that you've graduated?"

"I'll mostly be living at Mom's house while I continue my studies. I'm enrolled in an accelerated program to get certified. Plus I have a side job."

"Sounds like you'll be busy. What's this other work you mentioned?"

She squeezed my hand as she leaned close and whispered, "Your mom is having me take over her business. I'll be arranging your liaisons with future clientele. Although she said she might show up in a new nightie to prepare you for some of the women."

She giggled as she saw the look of surprise on my face. Lost for words, I uttered the first thing that came to mind.

"I'm not sure whether Monica is going to be on-board for this. I'll talk to her tonight."

Lisa laughed again as she chirped, "Actually, it's her idea. She's letting me use her old house for my future business and she's the one financing my studies. Monica and your Mom will be interviewing and selecting any future clients. I'll be the one setting up the rendezvous with you and the woman."

Laughing with her, I realized I should have known they were behind this latest plan.

She continued, "In addition to what you were previously doing, we're expanding it to include fantasy services. Evidently, there is a need for women to fulfill their incestuous desires with their sons, so you're going to do a little role-playing to satisfy their forbidden lust."

I knew exactly where that idea came from. The mother-son couple in the hotel captured Mom's attention when I told her about what I did. Mom must have convinced Monica to include role-playing with her business.

When we got back to the house, Monica and my mother were in the kitchen preparing dinner. Mom and Lisa smirked at each other silently communicating that she informed me of their plans. Camila was watching TV while Dinah slept in her lap. Lisa and I appreciated the

meal as we had built up an appetite from not taking much time to eat over the weekend.

When finished, Monica hugged me and told me to go back home. She wanted some girl time with Lisa and Mom for awhile. My thoughts were reliving the weekend so much I was back at our place before I knew it.

Wanting to take a shower before Monica came home, I quickly undressed and started for the bathroom when I heard a familiar voice behind me.

"Hi, Sam. Isn't my favorite nephew going to greet his aunt?"

Turning to see Rachel cloaked in a billowy maternity dress I exclaimed, "Aunt Rachel! I had no idea you were here. Do Mom and Monica know?"

"Of course they do. They insisted we spend a night together getting reacquainted if you know what I mean."

She smiled as she strolled over and hugged me tight as she kissed me. Releasing me, she pushed me on the bed. Positioning herself on my legs, she wrapped her hands around my stiffening rod as she coaxed it to full hardness. Confident it was at full staff, she rose up and flipped her dress over my pelvis. Rising, she held my prick steady as she lowered her horny pussy down my shaft. Her dress covered our groins

as her pussy made contact with my engorged head. She groaned as she reacquainted herself with my staff.

"It's been too long since I've enjoyed your monster cock. I should have come back sooner," exclaimed my excited aunt.

"I've missed you too, Rachel. Are you back for good? Where's your boyfriend?"

Her face grimaced as she worked her tight pussy up and down a few inches allowing her pussy to stretch around my girth.

"For one thing, his name is Bob. And he wanted to stay home. When your mom called and asked me to come back, I was hesitant to ask him. Surprisingly, he insisted I come back to see my family. For the last week, he has received the benefits of my lust as I became so horny thinking about your fat cock. He told me I'd have to come back more often if it got me that excited."

Placing her hands on my shoulders she leaned over and lowered deeper. Gasping for air, she sunk until our groins were smashed together. Her smile widened as she fucked up and down my pole. Moving her hands to mine, she moved them under her dress until they were resting on her bulging belly.

"Feel your child, Sam. She's growing fast."

When she released her hands, mine were free to roam around her large abdomen. She gripped the bottom of her dress and pulled it up over her head and tossed it to the floor. Her taut nipples proudly stood up on her swollen breasts. Even though she became pregnant around the same time as Monica, her signs of pregnancy were progressing faster.

Smiling as she cupped her full mounds, she chirped, "You like them, Sam? Do you notice anything else that's different?"

Reaching up, I massaged her engorged tits as she continued to pump up and down my shaft. Not answering her question, she rose higher and looked down at our groins. My eyes followed and ended at where she was looking. She had allowed her shaved cunt to grow out bushy.

My prick stiffened knowing she grew it out for me. Rewarding her, I humped up hard, scraping her clit as my rod ravaged her tight pussy. She screeched with pleasure when my prick bottomed out and my balls hit her soft ass-cheeks.

"Your mom told me I wouldn't regret growing it out and you're proving her right. Bob loves it too, so it looks like I'll join the rest of the family and keep my hairy pussy. Now show me how you like to suck a mother's tit like a baby."

Pulling her down to my waiting mouth, my lips locked onto her turgid nipple. Her humping increased as I milked her tit while I rammed my cock as hard and far as I could. Feeling my balls expand with sperm, I released her tit and pulled her hot mouth to mine. We french-kissed as sperm shot out of my cannon. She climaxed on my throbbing cock as

she milked me dry. Ending our kiss, we caught our breath as our orgasms subsided. Lowering herself on top of me, I wrapped my arms around her and stroked her smooth skin.

She ended the silence first as she whispered, "Thank you, Sam. I'm definitely coming back more often to visit family. I hope the weight of my fat belly isn't too much for you."

"Nonsense, Rachel. I love you on top of me. Stay here so I can feel the baby move."

Rachel slurred, "I'll stay still until you recover. Afterward, you're going to take care of me only the way you can."

Her wishes were fulfilled as we made love all night, between short bursts of sleep.

After taking our showers in the morning, we dressed and I prepared a delicious meal for my sexy aunt. We talked about what we've done the last few months and it was close to noon before we knew it. I was getting hard again looking at her beauty and held her close as I tenderly kissed her.

"Sam, let's go sit in the living room. Camila is coming back over and should be here pretty soon."

Before I could ask her whether Monica was bringing her over, I heard the door open. Dinah ran by us with Camila close behind. After hugging Rachel and talking to her for a few minutes, she left for her room.

Lisa entered the room dressed in her nanny uniform. Her smirk revealed she knew Rachel had received the same treatment she had received last weekend. Not commenting on our time together, she said, "I'm going to sit and watch Camila today. You two go back to your mother's house. They have something to tell you."

On our way to Mom's house, I tried to think of what was in store for me. Rachel didn't say anything on the way over, further elevating my apprehension. Something smelled good as soon as I entered the house. On the table was a freshly baked cake with seven candles lit on top.

Mom and Monica were sitting behind the table smiling as I tried to determine the significance of the cake. Monica giggled at my puzzlement as she divulged, "It's your seventh month anniversary of transforming your mother into your lover."

Rachel laughed as she pulled me close to her and whispered, "I guess our anniversary will be in a couple of weeks if I recall events correctly."

Reaching over I ran my hand over her large belly confirming her conjecture.

"Blow out the candles and let's eat cake!" exclaimed Monica.

One quick huff and the room filled with the faint smell of smoke. Mom carved out a slice of cake for each of us. Unable to get a word in with all three of them talking to each other, I contently ate my delicious anniversary cake.

When we finished Monica came over to me and kissed me tenderly. "Sam, we need to prep your mom for your anniversary present. Stay here while we get her ready."

Knowing my relatives, I hardened, anticipating there was going to be some kind of sexual liaison with one or more of them.

After ten minutes of laughing and giggling behind the closed bedroom door, Rachel emerged and strolled over to me. She was wearing the pink nightie she wore during the weekend I impregnated her. Her belly made the nightie ride up, revealing her hairy pussy.

"Stand up. I'm here to prep you for your mother."

As soon as I was off the chair she hastily removed my clothes. Hugging me tightly, she locked her lips to mine as her hand searched and found my shaft.

Once fully erect, she released my lips and kissed her way down my body until her hot breath bathed my sensitive tip. Wasting no time for

preliminaries, she sucked in as much cock as she could. Holding my hips, she shoved my prick as far back as she could without gagging. She was good, too good. I groaned in pleasure and was quickly approaching my orgasm as her mouth mauled my sensitive prick.

Cupping and squeezing my balls caused them to erupt and fill her mouth with sticky cum. She swallowed every drop and continued to milk my cock until it was soft.

"Damn, Rachel. I thought Mom was getting the present, not me. Not complaining, only surprised."

"She is, but she deserves more than a fast romp in the sack. This should take you down a notch so you'll last longer with your beautiful mother."

She was right of course. More than once I came too fast while fucking Mom.

She rose and kissed me again. Tasting my salty cum, I reached up and fondled her large breasts pushing out her flimsy nightie. Pushing me back down to my chair, she smiled and returned to the bedroom. More giggling emerged as I imagined Rachel was telling them of her great blowjob.

More time passed before Monica came out dressed in a short, black nightie. Like it did with Rachel, it rode up on her bulging belly exposing her pure-white flesh and jet-black, furry pussy. Seeing my

beautiful wife resulted in my prick recovering from Rachel's oral assault. Blood flowed back into my shaft when Monica's scent hit me.

Straddling my legs she sat down and held me close. Her eyes silently communicated how much she loved and cared for me.

Moving her face to the side to whisper in my ear, she said, "Sam, today is for you and your mother. It's a special day for her and I want you to shower her with your affection. Show her the great love you have for her. Will you do that for me, Honey?"

"Of course. Mom is responsible for all of us being together. We owe everything to her." My wife and Mom were similar in that regard. They always prioritized the people close to them before their own interests.

Smiling in agreement, she rose and pulled me up to escort me to Mom's bedroom. Opening the door revealed Mom dressed in the first blue nightie she wore in the kitchen. That morning was the first time I realized I wanted to make love to my mother.

Rachel stood at her side and smiled wide as my lust rapidly rose.

"Happy Anniversary, Sam. It's been a wonderful seven months," Mom cheerfully announced. Monica took her place on the other side of Mom as Rachel. Mom reached over and rubbed her hands over both of their distended abdomens. "And a productive seven months too."

My prick hardened reliving the memories of when she first wore the blue nightie. Stepping up to her, she pulled me close for a kiss. Wrapping her hand around my cock, she uttered, "I guess this old nightie still performs the way I imagined it would."

"The memory of the first time you wore it is as fresh as the day it happened."

Clinging tight to each other, we displayed our incestuous love to my wife and aunt. Mom released me and pushed me back while stroking my rock-hard cock.

Thinking we were going to make love, she surprised me when she commanded, "Sam, you need to know how to please your growing women without putting pressure on their sensitive bellies."

She looked at Rachel and nodded her head. My aunt smiled as she turned around and leaned down to the bed, resting on her elbows. Spreading her legs presented her glistening pussy. She was wet from the blow job she had given me. Mom gave me the look I've come to recognize when she wants me to please someone she loves.

Wasting no time, I ran my hands up and down Rachel's smooth legs. Even though she had put weight on with the baby, her legs were toned and perfect as I remembered the first time we made love. Placing my bloated head in her slot, I pushed into her tight sheath. She humped back impaling me deep in her cavern. Running my hands around her sides I held her enlarged belly while I pumped her hungry snatch.

I wondered if this was going to be like on my wedding night when I had to make the other women orgasm before I could get to the main event. Even with Rachel taking the edge off, my lust elevated my aroused state too fast. My excitement increased as my hands roamed over her large belly containing my child.

Sensing my arousal, Rachel leaned forward which resulted in my prick popping out of her canal.

Looking at Mom I saw she was nodding to Monica. "Perfect. Now you have to show your wife how a caring husband treats the mother of his child."

Moving behind Monica's upright lily-white legs, I didn't wait for an invitation. Sliding my prick deep into Monica's pussy caused her to groan as my balls slapped against her groin. Sliding my hands around her sides I massaged her enlarged abdomen as I had done to Rachel.

My hands ceased roaming over her smooth skin when I felt our child kick. Slowing my pace, I sensually stroked her hot slot until our baby settled down. Her pussy was throbbing on my shaft and once again I was escalating toward a climax.

Monica mirrored Rachel's actions and leaned forward, dislodging my slick prick. Mom pulled me to her and kissed me tenderly. "Perfect. You're a quick learner. Do you remember the first time you uncovered me? For my gift, I want to relive that moment."

Not taking her nightie off, she laid flat on the bed and held a pillow over her face. It wasn't exactly the same as she was previously covered by a sheet, but this would do.

Vividly recalling our first time, I ran my hands up her sexy legs. I wanted the dialogue to be as close as possible. "Your legs are perfect. So firm and smooth. Your flesh is so hot and firm."

She parted her legs as I advanced up her thighs, pushing her nightie higher. Leaning down, I kissed her firm, thigh meat, sucking in chunks as I neared her sacred prize. In one quick motion, I flipped her nightie up on her stomach exposing her hairy pussy. Mom groaned under the pillow as she relived the first time I had gazed on her treasure.

"Your hairy pussy is beautiful. It turns me on so much because this is exactly the way I imagine my mother looks. You are so sexy and your leaking pussy is calling for attention."

Sticking three fingers into my horny mother, I lowered my mouth to her clit and sucked in her hard nub. The unexpected assault on her sensitive pussy caused her to shake with a mini-orgasm. As soon as she relaxed from my oral attack, I kissed and sucked her firm flesh as I traveled up her smooth, tight belly.

Monica and Rachel pulled Mom's nightie up and off her head, taking care to keep her face concealed. The breasts I had sucked on as a young

child called for attention. As soon as I latched onto her stiff nipple, her hands wrapped around me to pull me tight.

Monica hoarsely whispered, "That's it, Honey. Suck your mother's tits. Like you did as a baby. Bond with your mother again."

Honoring my wife's wishes, I nursed on my mother's breasts, alternating between both soft globes. Leaving her heaving, stimulated breasts, I licked my way up to her succulent neck. Our sexual appetite for each was at a crescendo. Removing the pillow, my lips met her open, inviting mouth. Her eyes flew open and locked onto mine as we melded our sweaty, hot bodies together.

Rachel leaned over and said, "It's like the first time I saw you two together. There is no greater love than a mother shares with her son. You two were meant to be lovers. Sam, it's time to fuck your mother."

Feeling Monica shift down the bed, it wasn't long before her hand wrapped around my staff and positioned it at Mom's entrance. We didn't break our kiss or eye contact as my hard prick effortlessly slid into my mother's warm sheath. Once fully embedded, I stopped moving, allowing us to enjoy our illicit joining. Although I had fucked my mother countless times before, it was always exciting to be balls deep in her tight pussy.

Several minutes passed before Monica and Rachel began running their hands over my backside.

"Fuck her, Sam. Give her the special love she craves from her son," Monica soothingly whispered.

My precum-coated cock easily glided in and out of her slick channel. Mom released my mouth to take in more air. Her moans and groans were increasing and I was afraid she might pass out from the pleasure like she did the first time. Increasing my pace, I slammed hard into her each time. Her pussy was throbbing with excitement as her hard nipples bore into my chest.

We furiously fucked for what seemed like hours but in actuality was only a few minutes. Normally I like to lengthen our love-making sessions by allowing us to cool off before trying a different position. Not this time. Neither one of us wanted to prolong our impending orgasmic bliss. My fat cock scraped along her excited, slippery walls.

Mom screamed, "God, Sam. You're fucking me good tonight. I need a hard pounding from my son, I'm so horny for your fat cock. Fuck me, you Motherfucker!"

"Your pussy is really hot tonight. I love you so much. I can't believe how lucky I am to have you for a lover and a mother."

Monica gently stroked my ass in approval as she witnessed the unbridled love I displayed for Mom.

Sensing we were close, my wife and aunt gripped each of Mom's legs and raised them up and out. I remembered when Mom and Rachel did this to Monica on our wedding night and how turned on it made her.

Our panting became rapid and short as our excitement rapidly grew. Having her spread out wide, my cock pushed in deep, slamming against the back of her pussy on each stroke. Mom's pelvis was moving around with the help of her sister and my wife in an attempt to achieve the greatest stimulation.

A large moan came from Mom as my cock found her sensitive g-spot. My hard prick sawed against her clit and rough patch, escalating her excitement. Her pussy released slippery juice, coating my shaft. Her hips were bucking up to meet each of my strokes. Her breathing was out of control as she rapidly approached her orgasm.

Seconds away from my balls exploding, Monica gushed, "Melissa, it's time. Your son's cock is ready to blow. Tell him."

Mom's eyes silently communicated to Monica that she would have to explain. Mom pulled my head to hers, locking her eyes with mine as her tongue fucked my mouth as frantic as I pounded her pussy. With my arms wrapped around her back, I pulled her fat breasts into my chest increasing our skin contact.

While still holding Mom's leg up and out, Monica leaned in close to my ear and whispered, "Sam, the special occasion isn't because of your seventh anniversary. It's to celebrate you impregnating seven women."

Counting back it appeared I had planted a baby in all of our clients. There were the first four, Rachel, my wife and they must already know about Lisa.

Between strokes, I managed to ask, "So Lisa is already..."

Monica stopped me before I could continue. "We don't know whether Lisa is pregnant. The seventh one is the woman you're fucking at this moment. Your mother is carrying your baby. You're celebrating the ultimate gift a mother and son can give each other."

Mom's eyes teared up with joy as she saw my excitement level increase as I heard my dream had been fulfilled. At long last, I had impregnated my mother. My balls swelled with boiling-hot sperm. Blood filled my mushroom-shaped head causing more contact with Mom's sensitive pussy. Her over-stimulated body shook as her orgasm commenced. Mom's gash clamped tight as she climaxed on my ejaculating cock.

We didn't release our mouths or unlock our eyes as our bodies enjoyed the completion of our sinful connection. Her pussy contracted more times than usual as I continued to fill her hole with gushing jets of milky spunk.

Mom held on tight after I finished shooting my payload into her depths. Monica and Rachel moved Mom's soft legs over mine. Locking her ankles together, she pulled me tight to her hot, sweaty body. I had no desire to extract my cum-soaked prick which was deeply embedded in her soundly fucked slit. No words were spoken as we conveyed our love through our eyes.

Feeling the bed shift, I knew Monica and Rachel had extricated themselves from our bed. Hearing the doorknob click I knew they had left and had no desire to interfere with the connection we were going to share for the duration of the night. Mom's lustful face mirrored my own feelings. We weren't going to sleep much tonight as we celebrated the consequence of our illicit, incestuous relationship.

THE END