

REAL LIVES, INCESTUOUS LOVERS

Briterotic

Where will his new found desire for his mother lead?

Incest/Taboo

4.68

10.3k words

This story follows from and concludes events that happened in a previous story. If you want to know how I came seriously to be contemplating committing incest with my mother and my wife's part in making it possible, please read 'Real Lives, Imaginary Lovers' before continuing with this story.

If you'd sooner start from here, the following few paragraphs set out the bare bones of the events that had me tingling with anticipation at the thought of my mother arriving at my front door on a Sunday morning at the end of May 1997.

My wife and I were both thirty-five years of age, childless and had been married for five years.

There was no doubt about it; I was nervous. Friday's events had been a revelation. I had discovered that my wife had fucked my mother. As if that wasn't enough to get my head around, my mother had confessed to my wife that she wanted to feel my cock inside her. These astonishing events had come about because, last Wednesday, I came home from work to find my wife masturbating in the bathroom. She had no idea that I had heard her reaching her climax; I was as sure as I could be that she had never previously indulged in masturbation outside the confines of our love-making.

The source of inspiration for her self-induced orgasm was a magazine article about female sexual fantasy and masturbation. I found it lying on the coffee table in the lounge while I waited for her to come down from the bathroom with a post-orgasmic flush on her face. By then, she knew that I was home because I'd crept back downstairs, closed the front door loudly, and shouted a greeting to make her think that I'd just arrived.

Despite her having no idea that I was on to her, she gave herself away by working too hard at appearing as though everything was normal and she hadn't just had her fingers inside her pussy. That evening, one thing led to another, and for the first time in ages, we had sex on a weekday evening, something that we usually reserved exclusively for Sunday mornings.

Perhaps I should choose my words more carefully; when I say we had sex, what I mean to say is that my highly aroused wife straddled me and gave me a good fucking. The magazine article triggered an explosion of pent-up erotic lust in her that I had not seen the like of since the early days of our marriage.

To put things into context, like many women, my wife had been convinced that masturbation was not something in which a respectable young woman should indulge. Even now, in 1997, some women are still of the view that masturbation is dirty and ought to be forbidden. My wife had only ever played with her pussy when she had been in bed with me and being aroused and close to her orgasm, I had asked her to make herself come with her fingers because it had turned me on so much.

The impact of the magazine article had been profound; the morning after our midweek sex session, as we both got ready for work, we agreed to tell each other what we thought about when we had sex with each other. The deal was that my wife would reveal her come fantasies to me if I first revealed mine to her. We were both up for it, neither of us seemed to mind that we sometimes thought about fucking other people when we had sex with each other.

To say that our exchange of erotic stories had gone well would be an understatement. My wife's libido had been unleashed by our fantasies: she'd confessed to bi-curiosity, an admission that had gripped my imagination and my penis, and then as if that wasn't enough of a surprise, she'd told me that she'd seduced my mother. Just as I was coming to terms with that revelation, she delivered the astonishing news that, with my wife's fingers inside her, my mother had confessed to having fantasies about being fucked by me.

My initial reaction was that these revelations were part of an elaborate sexual fantasy invented by my wife for my titillation. Imagine my stunned surprise when, on Saturday morning, I discovered evidence in my wife's handbag proving that her story wasn't fantasy at all. It was all true, my mother's scarf that was creased where it had been used to bind her wrists and her soiled pussy scented knickers convinced me that my wife had indeed fucked my mother.

We didn't need to indulge in any fantasies on Saturday. When we arrived home after shopping, we left the groceries in the car and had frantic sex on the hallway floor with the front door half open. I'd only just pulled my jeans back up when a red-faced postwoman rang the doorbell and handed a letter to me; goodness knows how long she'd been standing outside the front door; she must surely have heard us both coming.

We fucked again, twice after lunch and twice more after tea. We were both feeling so incredibly horny at the prospect of my mother coming to lunch on Sunday that we couldn't help ourselves. Eventually, late in the evening, after our fifth love-making session of the day, my wife suggested that we should get a good night's sleep. She wanted me to save myself for my mother, but she did ask me what I was thinking about during my last orgasm. Before I could answer, she teased me by guessing correctly that I had been thinking about my mother's pussy; she took pleasure in reminding me that it was something that she knew intimately, but I could only imagine.

On Sunday morning in bed, I spooned my wife, pressing my erection into the cleft between her buttocks, but she said that there was to be no sex before my mother arrived. I still wondered if I was dreaming the whole thing; despite evidence to the contrary that I had found in my wife's handbag, I began to think that the whole thing was a clever ruse made up by my wife to tease me.

By mid-morning, I was beginning to feel very nervous. I started to feel that none of this should be happening. I told my wife that I couldn't possibly contemplate fucking my mother, for God's sake. It was wrong. My wife sat me down on the settee, rested her head on my shoulder, placed a hand at the top of my thigh and spoke softly into my ear.

"Darling, listen to me. I've said this to you before and I'll say it again, being your mother is only a part of who she is these days, she's also an attractive, very sensual woman with needs. Needs that she desperately wants you, her son, to fulfil. Please don't disappoint her; you know deep down that she's always caused a stirring in your loins; you know you've always subconsciously wanted to fuck your mother; most men do; it's only natural."

My cock started to engorge; this wasn't the time to analyse the details of my wife's theory.

"I was going to let her tell you this; she told me, when we were in bed together, that she had masturbated frequently about being fucked by you and that when your stepfather used to make love to her, she always imagined that it was your cock inside her, it was the only way she could achieve orgasm with him."

"Fuck me, for how long? When did she start with all this?"

"She didn't say, but you can ask her later."

My wife's clever words did the trick; I was in a high state of arousal for the rest of the morning. Even so, for all my newfound resolve, I jumped when I heard the doorbell ring.

"Well? That'll be your mother; I think you should answer it; after all, it's you that she's come to see."

I still hesitated; my wife gave me a slight push toward the front door. I trembled as I opened it; I wondered if I would be able to look my mother in the eye. All of that was forgotten the moment that I saw her; she looked stunning. For the first time in my life, I felt the sensation of my cock tingling and starting to enlarge at the sight of my mother.

"Hello darling, are you going to invite me in?"

"Oh, yes, Mother, I'm sorry," I said as I moved back and let her step into the hallway.

She was wearing a close-fitting pencil-cut knee-length dress that had a white background and a large floral pattern in black, pink and green. The high-necked, sleeveless dress clung to her slender but shapely frame in all the right places. Her stilettos and clutch bag were in pale blue; when she turned to kiss my cheek with her perfectly painted dark-pink lips, I got a waft of Channel No.5. It was a heady scent that went straight to my loins.

My wife had arrived in the hallway; she hugged my mother; it was a warm embrace that lasted for several seconds. She winked and smiled suggestively at me over my mother's shoulder. From behind, my mother looked gorgeous for a woman in her mid-fifties. Her feminine curves and shapely legs had me entranced; I noticed that she was wearing pale-cream stockings with seams; my cock spasmed at the sight of them. Her dress was pulled taut by my wife's embrace; I could just make out the outline of her suspender belt and straps through the material.

I shouldn't have been surprised. I knew that my mother often wore stockings on special occasions. Throughout the years I'd lived with her, I'd seen stockings and suspenders on clothes dryers after she'd been out on dates with boyfriends. I can remember feeling aroused at the sight of her sexy lingerie, but I always told myself that it was the feminine underwear, and not my mother, that made me feel horny.

As my wife released my mother from their embrace, she planted a warm kiss on her lips. My wife also looked desirable in a pale blue, knee-length pencil-cut dress and heels. I knew that she was wearing stockings because, as she had got dressed, I'd enjoyed watching her roll them up her legs and clip them to her suspender belt. Her movements were slow and sensual, as they always were when she knew that I was watching her.

The two women were alike; they were both slender, graceful in their movements and very shapely. They're about the same height and they both have average-sized, firm breasts. My wife's eyes are blue; her long bobbed hair is light brown; my mother's eyes are grey-blue; her hair is a cool ash-blonde in a shorter bobbed style.

I carried my mother's overnight bag in from her car just as the taxi turned up. My wife had booked it so we could all enjoy a drink with our Sunday lunch without worrying about driving home afterwards. Both women turned heads as they made their way to our table. They drew plenty of admiring and even covetous glances as we dined. We shared two bottles of wine with the meal; the conversation was friendly and light-hearted; references to the erotic purpose of our getting together were restricted to innuendo.

"Do you have room for dessert?" My wife asked my mother.

"It depends on what's on the menu; is there anything you can recommend?"

"Yes, it's long and hard, and it can be a bit of a mouthful."

"If it's as large as you say, perhaps we should share?"

"I'd like that very much," my wife smiled seductively.

"Well, I don't know about you darling, but I'm tingling all over with anticipation. Shall we get the bill and ask the waiter to ring for a taxi?" my mother suggested.

"Yes, that's a good idea," my wife turned to me, "when we get home, you're going to have to eat two desserts, darling; do you think you'll be able to manage?"

"Mmm, I'm sure I will, and I hope you'll both feel adequately stuffed as well."

Despite the sexual innuendo and my apparent bravado, I started to feel nervous again. Lunch had been a safe refuge; now I would be expected to perform for two confident, alluring women.

As soon as the front door was closed, my wife kissed my mother passionately. It was such an erotic sight that my already half-erect cock solidified instantly. Unsurprisingly, my mother and I were nervous. Thankfully, my wife was cool, calm and collected. She suggested that we go into the lounge, sit down, relax and enjoy another glass of wine. She invited my mother to sit on the armchair and she sat next to me on the settee. The sexual tension was off the scale; my wife seemed to sense how awkward and uncomfortable my mother and I were feeling.

She put down her wine glass and looked at me for a moment, "Kiss me," she said and she ran her tongue around her lips. We kissed long and hard; my mother shifted in her chair as she watched us. My wife began to undo the buttons on my shirt as we kissed. I reached behind her to unzip her dress, but she said, "No," quite assertively. We continued to kiss and fondle and she continued to remove my clothing very slowly.

When she had stripped me down to my underpants, I looked over at my mother; her face was full of desire and arousal; she crossed and uncrossed her legs to still her beating pussy. I caught sight of her stocking tops and cream knicker gusset; a pulse of arousal shot through me, my mother's eyes were glued to the bulge in my underwear, and my cock was pushing against the high waistband. My wife told me to stand up, and then she removed my last item of clothing with a flourish; my hard erect cock boomed and swayed for a moment or two until it became still; it jutted out from my groin and stretched to its full magnitude; just a few feet from my mother's face.

"He's all yours now," said my wife, "he loves to be led upstairs by his cock. I think you should have the honour of doing so."

It was a profound moment of incredible eroticism; my mother got up slowly from the armchair and took three slinky strides over to where I was standing; she stopped right in front of me; her bosom was heaving, her eyes were full of lust, she looked searchingly into my eyes, and then at my erect cock.

"It's beautiful," she said in a whisper.

My wife took hold of my mother's hand and placed it around my erect cock; it was like an erotic handover ceremony. I trembled at my mother's touch; her long fingers wrapped themselves around my hard, pulsing penis; it was electrifying; my cock spasmed and a bead of come gathered on the tip.

"Oh my goodness!" whispered my mother, and she used her thumb to spread the small slick deposit around the head of my cock.

There was a lewd glint in my wife's eyes, "Take him, take him up to our marital bed; he's all yours now; he's ready to commit incest with you; take him and use him for your pleasure."

My mother needed no further encouragement; she led me by the cock, through the lounge doorway and into the hall with slow, slinky strides. As she led me upstairs, I watched her shapely buttocks sway with each step that she took. I watched the seams of her stockings and the backs of her stilettos. I watched her narrow waist, straight back and slender arms and shoulders. It was all too much for my cock, I started to seep come over her fingers in a steady flow, and by the time we reached the bedroom, I'd had what I can only describe as an exquisite but subdued, slow-motion, half orgasm.

She licked my semen off her fingers with her long tongue "Don't worry darling, I'm sure there's plenty more where that came from; let me take care of you."

I stood naked in my bedroom with my fully dressed mother; she looked me in the eyes and told me to unzip her close-fitting, pencil-cut, summer dress. I did so with trembling hands; my cock had reached a point where it seemed to be holding its breath; I was as hard as iron and ready to empty the rest of my semen into my mother. As the zip reached her beautiful curvaceous backside, she gave a little shimmy with her hips and shoulders; the expensive dress slid to the floor in folds. She lifted her long, shapely stocking-clad legs and stepped out of the folds of material that had gathered around her feet; in one agile, sweeping move, she arranged her gorgeous body on the bed and pulled me on top of her at the same time.

As soon as my mother guided my incestuous cock into her incestuous cunt, I stretched the walls of her vagina with my manhood; what was left of my come gushed into the soft, warm depths of her welcoming pussy. It was the most erotic orgasm I'd ever had; fireworks were going off inside my head, and the walls of my mother's vagina clung to my cock; it was so intensely perverted but so right; my cock was where it belonged - inside my mother. Although I'd come, my depraved lust kept me very hard; my mother gripped my shoulders and wrapped her legs around my waist, imploring me to fuck her.

"Don't stop darling; I'm nearly there, don't stop, fuck me, fuck your mother, oh God, I'm coming, fuck me, please fuck me, oh God, I've wanted you inside me for... oh, fuck, I'm commmmminngg.

We lay together for a few minutes; the scent of my mother seemed so familiar; I breathed her in deeply; the intimacy was beyond belief. It was as though I had never left her bosom. I felt elated; my mind raced in several different directions at once: an overwhelming sense of sexual fulfilment as I'd

never felt before; a delicious sense of depravity having done something illegal, more than kinky, something utterly forbidden; an intense desire to fuck my wife to show my gratitude for her part in arranging the incestuous coupling; a sheer delight at the prospect of watching my wife fuck my mother, something that was bound to happen later on; a deep satisfaction that I would, from now on, take my mother for my lover, that she would make herself available to me regularly and I would bury my cock inside her again and again into the foreseeable future.

"Will you fuck me again, please? This time, I want it slow and sensual."

I reached for her pussy and caressed it with my fingers as I kissed her; her labia were plump and wet, three of my fingers slid into her easily; she gasped. I bent my head and sucked on her nipples for the first time since she had breastfed me; it was a wondrous sensation, the soft cushions of her breasts against my nose and cheeks, the solidity of her large dark hard nipples and aureola on my tongue and lips. She uttered a throaty sigh and took hold of my cock; only a matter of minutes after shooting my load into my mother for the first time, I was already hard and ready to go again.

"Oh, you beautiful man, you're so hard; you certainly know how to show respect for your mother."

She tugged at my erection; she was trying to pull me in between her legs so that I could sink myself into her again.

"Fuck me, darling."

"I will, but let me kiss your pussy first."

My tongue traced the folds of her pink vulva and then tantalised her clitoris. She didn't last long; her back arched, her body went rigid and she came. After I had pleased my mother's pussy with my mouth, she eased me onto my back and kissed my throat and chest; she traced the tip of her tongue down to my abdomen and kissed me all around my hard cock. The tip of my cock pressed against her cheek; she kissed my balls; I watched her take my cock in her hand, lever it upright and touch the tip of her tongue against its head. She swirled her tongue around the glans, and then my mother slowly lowered her lips over my erect cock and covered it with her mouth.

What an erotic sight! My proud cock rippled against the inside of my mother's cheeks as she sucked on it slowly and deliberately; her thumb hooked around its base and her fingers stroked my balls; it was sensational. I don't remember ever being so aroused, I wanted to explode inside my mother's mouth, but she tantalised me with her expert, slow-paced sucking and stroking.

I wonder how my father could ever have left my mother, the sensual cock pleaser currently latched onto my erection. She was incredible; I was in thrall to her and her carnal ways; just when I was about to tell her that I couldn't last a moment longer, she moved her head up and down on me; her tongue put pressure on the underside of my cock, her fingers gently squeezed my balls; I gasped, at first the sound of my orgasm got caught in the back of my throat before I roared my intense pleasure into the bedroom. In the tingling afterglow, we kissed, and my salty come lubricated our lips and tongues; she continued to stroke my cock, and the sensation was delightful. Eventually, I became hard again; she lay on her back and opened her legs; I was inside my mother again, fucking her slowly and sensuously. She spoke to me as I filled her with pleasure.

"I've waited years for this if only you knew how long I've wanted your cock. It's beautiful; you take after your father in that department; you're slightly larger, but he could stay hard like you, and you're much bigger and more satisfying than your stepfather."

"I'm amazed that he left you; he must have been nuts to leave an alluring woman like you."

"I was only twenty-one; I was still a girl, nothing like I am now; you were two years old; he didn't fancy the prospect of settling down to family life; I had to grow up fast."

"You were an amazing mother, and you still are, but I see you in an altogether different light now; thanks to my darling wife. She's made me look at you through a different lens. It's brought into sharper focus something that I think I already knew. You're a very attractive, desirable and sophisticated woman; I don't know how I hadn't fully realised it before now."

"Your wife is a very clever lady; she's also a hot little piece, I know just how hot she is now and she knows how to please a woman. I'm going to want her in my bed as often as possible; you don't mind sharing your wife with your mother do you?"

"I feel like I've won the lottery."

I was still stroking my erect cock in and out of my mother's warm wet cunt as we spoke; we looked deeply into each other's eyes and we both knew that we were building towards another orgasm. I had that divine feeling that a man gets when he knows that he's going to come: the tingling in my thighs, the waves of arousal through my scrotum, the butterflies in my stomach, the way my already engorged cock felt as though it was getting even larger. There was a tightening in my balls and a sensation in my perineum; now I knew it was on its way; I could feel it gathering, and then there was a pause, a mere second or two, before my load surged along the length of my erect penis and exploded inside my mother, coating her cunt walls with my come. She arched her back at the same time and tightened the muscles of her vagina around my cock.

We came together, long and loudly; my mother's pelvis gyrated, her cunt was filled with her son's cock. We were spent; locked together in our incestuous embrace; me still inside her, but we were completely sated as we clung to each other. A tear came to her eye, we kissed passionately and expressed our undying love for each other.

Of all of the images engraved into my memory of that first time with my mother, the one that stood out was of her lying on my bed in her stockings, suspenders and heels, with her back arched, her head thrown backwards, her eyes half closed and her fingers clutching the bed sheet as she came.

We got out of bed after what seemed like an age; it had only been an hour and a half or so. My mother removed her lingerie and put on my wife's thick towelling dressing gown, I put mine on and we went downstairs to find that my wife had readied a bottle of champagne and a few canapés. We raised our glasses and drank a toast to 'family affairs.'

Half an hour later, I sat in the armchair playing with myself as I watched my fully clothed wife and completely naked mother indulging in a steamy session of kissing and fondling together on the settee. As they kissed, my mother undressed my wife gradually until all she had left on was a necklace and earrings. With my wife underneath her, my mother ground her pussy into her and, to my amazement, after several minutes, they came together. I hadn't thought it possible but my wife explained to me later that the intense eroticism, and a perfect alignment of their craving clitorises, enabled them to orgasm without further stimulation.

My wife took pity on me when she resurfaced and saw me with my erect cock in my hand, so she knelt in front of me and took me in her mouth; my mother started to play with herself. I didn't know whether to watch my wife's master class in sucking dick or my mother's sensual demonstration of female masturbation.

Afterwards, the three of us sat underneath a blanket on the settee, fondling and watching TV together. I was glad of the opportunity to recover. I'd lost count of how many orgasms I'd had over the last five days; I knew that I'd be expected to satisfy both of these insatiable women later on in bed. I was glad to be able to rest my manhood for a few hours.

Three hours later, freshly showered and both wearing stockings, suspenders and stilettos, my wife and mother engaged in conspiratorial glances as I came back down from the bathroom, naked, as instructed. It was dusk, the curtains had been drawn, and I sat on the settee with my cock beginning to engorge as they stood together in front of the fireplace kissing and fondling. Watching them playing with each other's breasts, it wasn't long before I was fully erect and standing to attention.

"Mmmm, look at that," said my wife with a sensual murmur, "don't you just want to make him follow you up the stairs?"

"God, yes. I want to watch you lead him to his fate this time, but first, he will have to be restrained; we don't want him to escape do we?"

My cock spasmed as I wondered what kinky games they had in store for me. They both approached the settee and sat down on either side of me. My mother reached under a cushion and produced the tie belt from her dressing gown.

"Be a good boy for your mummy and stand up with your hands behind your back."

I did as my mother told me; she bound my wrists together tightly; my wife stood up and they gave each other a hungry, lascivious kiss that lasted for at least half a minute. When they eventually broke their kiss, my wife wandered sexily in her heels over to a drawer in the sideboard and took out a length of red ribbon.

"Here," she said as she passed the ribbon to my mother, "I'll let you do the honours."

"Thank you, darling; hold his cock steady for me will you?"

"It'll be my pleasure."

My mother tied the red ribbon around the end of my bulging penis and gave it a tug. The sensation of being bound and teased by my mother and my wife was incredible; I was ready to obey their every command.

"I think you should lead the way I'll follow and make sure he doesn't slip his bindings," said my mother with a sly grin. She knew perfectly well that she'd bound me so effectively that there was no prospect of me escaping.

My wife turned on her stiletto heels and pulled on the ribbon; I followed with a bow tied at the end of my cock and my mother behind me holding the end of the belt that she had used to bind my wrists together. The erotic procession made its way upstairs and into the main bedroom where I was told to lay on one side of the bed while my wife asked my mother to tie the loose end of the ribbon to her wrist.

They got onto the bed next to me in their stockings, suspenders and stilettos and made passionate love to each other for over half an hour, the teasing and torment were done to perfection; my wife tugged at the ribbon from time to time, keeping me hard and making me seep droplets of come out of the tip of my cock. They made each other come; they looked me in the eye as they did so,

their expressions were full of sated lust; they shuddered with arousal as they watched my strangled cock slowly start to ooze sticky, warm ejaculate.

"Oh, fuck, look at his cock," said my wife, "let's do him now before it's too late."

"Okay, straddle him; I'll sit behind you and play with your nipples while you fuck him senseless."

My mother was enjoying herself immensely.

My wife lowered herself onto my erect cock, ribbon and all, and fucked me energetically. My mother sat behind her, across my thighs, and squeezed her nipples, and then she reached around her hips and masturbated her while she came uncontrollably. With my wrists bound behind my back, I was turned on immensely by my powerlessness. Their domination of me was complete; I shot my load into my darling wife's tight little pussy. My wife, still breathless, eased herself off me; my mother took over where she had left off. She looked me in the eye and fucked me, her pelvis thrusting and writhing until, to my amazement, I had a second orgasm just a matter of minutes after my first.

My mother propped herself up on her elbows and rode my cock until she came with a tremendous orgasm. After they had both fucked me hard and had their fill of me, they untied my wrists and removed the pussy and come-soaked red ribbon from the end of my cock. They removed their heels and lingerie; my wife got into bed in the guest room, leaving my mother and I to sleep together in the marital bed. My mother felt for my cock in the early hours; we indulged ourselves in a long, leisurely, incestuous fuck until dawn started to break.

My wife surprised us both at breakfast on Monday morning. It was a bank holiday so we were all off work for the next two days.

"I've booked you two into a luxury double room at a hotel in Cambridge, it's far enough away for you not to bump into anyone that you know. I've booked you in as husband and wife; I want you to go on a date, go to the theatre, go out for a meal, be lovers out in public, enjoy yourselves, enjoy the thrill of forbidden pleasure, do something naughty and tell me all about it tomorrow."

"What about you?" I asked.

"Don't worry about me; I'm having a night in with my new vibrator; I can't wait to use it; I'll be thinking of you both if you get my drift," she winked as she poured herself another coffee, "and anyone else that takes my fancy."

It was a warm spring bank holiday in Cambridge. After calling at my mother's house to pick up some clothes, and making sure that we didn't run into my stepfather, we arrived at the hotel at two o'clock and enjoyed the expression on the receptionist's face as we checked in as husband and wife. My mother looked young for her age, but there were, in reality, nineteen years between us. We hadn't brought much with us; it was an overnight stay and I wanted to take my mother to buy some new lingerie.

I'd asked her to wear a short skirt and opaque stockings and suspenders with classic high-heeled court shoes; she hadn't needed much persuasion. The skirt was in a black and white houndstooth pattern; it finished at mid-thigh level. I watched her looking in shop windows at her reflection; I think she was convinced that an attractive slender woman in her mid-fifties could still look good in

a miniskirt. I certainly thought that she looked very desirable in her tight black polo-neck jumper and expensive handbag.

We strolled the City Centre streets together and found a small independent coffee shop where we had coffee and cake. Next door to the shop was a classy restaurant and we booked a table for later on. We decided to go for a punting tour on the river; the seats were low in the boat, not ideal for a woman in a short skirt but my mother turned it to her advantage. The young man punting the boat couldn't keep his eyes off her legs. We both sat facing him and he had an unobstructed view of her stocking tops and, I was certain, my mother's sexy silky cream knicker gusset.

I started to get an erection at the thought of my mother fucking him; she kept giving him enticing glances; he was embarrassed and didn't know where to look. I could tell that my mother was turned on; when the young man looked over our heads in the direction we were travelling, she quickly squeezed my rapidly hardening cock and whispered to me that she wanted me to fuck her.

I loved the thought that my attractive mother was getting so much attention; as we walked back into the town centre, she was turning the heads of plenty of men, and women too. It occurred to me that I'd loved the thought of showing her off in the evening when we had planned to go out for dinner.

"Mother, you look stunning; people can't keep their eyes off you, I want you to be lusted after when we go out tonight."

"Oh! What had you in mind?"

"Well, what I'd love is for you to wear something short and tight that shows off your shapely body; something sophisticated yet sexy."

My mother gave me an amused smile, "Am I one of your sexual fantasies?"

I could tell that the idea appealed to her, "Yes, of course, you're my only erotic fantasy at the moment."

"Good. We passed a department store earlier; I think it's down this way; I'm sure I'll find something suitable to wear tonight - and in your fantasies."

I was already half erect; I followed my mother as she browsed around the women's wear section of the store. She found a very sexy little black dress and headed for the fitting rooms.

"I'd like to try this dress on if I may."

"Yes of course madam, this way, please. Don't hesitate to call me if you need anything."

"Thank you."

She entered the fitting cubicle and left the curtain half open behind her; I took it as an invitation and sneaked in with her. She removed her miniskirt and jumper and then pulled on the sleek, long-sleeved, black, knitted dress that followed her contours from the high neckline to the short hem. It hugged her figure as she posed sensually in front of the fitting room mirror. I struggled to keep my hands off her; I couldn't resist pulling her shapely buttocks into my stiffening cock, before reaching for her pussy with one hand and a firm breast with the other hand.

"Not now darling, the assistant won't be far away, and anyway, I'm going to take a leaf out of your dear wife's book and make you wait, so that, by the time I give you permission to fuck me, you'll be ready to worship your teasing mother's pussy forever."

My mother bought the dress and I bought her a new lingerie set in dark red lace and a pair of barely-black seamed stockings. We walked back to our hotel. It was three hours before we were due at the restaurant; she had a leisurely bath and started the long process of getting ready for our date. As I watched her sitting at the dressing table, cleansing her skin and applying makeup, it reminded me of the occasions when she went out with a boyfriend when I was younger. I used to love watching her preparing for a date, wishing that it was me who would be accompanying her;

my desires were not overtly sexual in those days, but she was and still is my beautiful mother - I wanted to be with her.

By the time I'd showered and cleaned my teeth, she was sitting in barely-black stockings attached to a deep suspender belt in dark red with matching bra and knickers. As I put on my white shirt and charcoal grey suit, she pulled on her close-fitting new pencil-cut minidress; she flicked her ash-blonde hair, stepped into high-heeled black stilettos and turned to face me.

"Well, what do you think?" she said as her grey-blue eyes sparkled.

"My God, you look beautiful mother, absolutely stunning." My cock stirred itself and I felt a tingle throughout my body as I looked at the sexy, sophisticated woman standing before me.

The meal was excellent; we'd chosen a great little restaurant. I flirted with my mother; she flirted with me. We sat next to each other; I reached under the table more than once to put my hand on a suspender clip.

"You're a very naughty boy feeling me up in public like this."

"Don't you like it?"

"I love it; I'd like you to go even further."

"Would you like me to stroke your pussy?"

"Yes, quickly now while no one is looking," I pressed my fingers into the front of her dress and felt the soft plumpness of her labia, "Mmmm, that's it, oh, that was lovely. Later on, when I give you permission to fuck me, it will be all yours to do with as you please."

I glanced around at the other diners to make sure that still none of them were looking and then placed my mother's hand on my rigid cock; she gave it a firm squeeze through my trousers.

"Fuck, you're a tease."

"I know, and you love it, don't you?"

"My God, yes. I still can't believe we're doing this, that my mother has become my lover."

"Yes, I have, but let's not forget your lovely wife; she started all of this when she seduced me. I can tell you now that I'd always had a soft spot for her. I'll tell you something very naughty; for some time now, I've been imagining you both in bed together while I satisfy myself with my vibrator."

"Wow, how long has this been going on?"

"Oh, a couple of years, maybe three, with your stepfather out of commission; a girl has to get her thrills somehow."

"How did you feel the first time that you allowed yourself to think about me in that way?"

"Wicked, depraved, wrong... full of inappropriate, gut-churning, irresistible lust. Wetter than I'd ever been in my life... so utterly deviant, so badly wrong that it was right. Then, last week in bed with your gorgeous wife, I finally accepted that it was something that I wanted and needed to do rather than just fantasise about; I just simply had to have my handsome son's cock inside me whatever the consequences."

"You're making me very horny; go to the toilet and remove your knickers and hide them in your handbag, then show them to me when you come back."

"Yes darling, anything you say; you're being very assertive; I love it; it really turns me on."

"Good, your unexpected submissiveness is very arousing too."

When my mother returned from the toilets, with her knickers in her handbag, she gave me a glimpse of dark red lace as I asked for the bill. We paid the bill and I placed a proprietorial hand on the top of her buttocks and guided her out of the restaurant; all I could think about was how I desperately wanted to sink my cock into my mother's unguarded pussy."

We talked as we walked back to the hotel, "So what about you and Tony now?"

"It's over, and I think we've both known it for some time now. We've fallen out of love with each other, and he refuses to deal with his erectile dysfunction, the foolish man; at least there are no complications."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, we don't have children, we've got separate incomes and bank accounts, he's got his place in France. Nothing is keeping us together or standing in the way of us going our separate ways, the divorce will be a formality."

"If that's what you want, I must say I'm relieved to hear it. I've always been ambivalent about him. How long have you been with him now?"

"Almost ten years and we've been married for seven years."

"Yeah, he moved in not long after I moved out didn't he?"

"Yes, I knew, you were never going to be the best of friends, but let's not worry about all of that now."

We walked past a museum where a late-night viewing and lecture were taking place.

"Do you remember your darling wife suggesting that we should do something naughty?"

"Yes, why do you ask?"

"Just act naturally and follow me," she said as she led me up the museum's steps into its grand entrance hall.

It was eight-forty-five and whatever event was taking place must have been nearing its end. There were one or two people in the foyer and a few more in a small cafe, but no one questioned us as we strode confidently into a large, deserted galley full of Renaissance paintings. In the centre of the gallery was a large round oak table. We walked beyond the table towards a doorway in the far corner, glancing at the paintings and whispering comments about them as we went, but that wasn't why we were there.

When we got to the double doors, we could see, at the far end of the adjoining gallery, thirty or so people sitting and listening to a distinguished-looking man in his sixties as he gave a talk about whatever his subject was. Satisfied that we hadn't been noticed, my mother angled her head to indicate that we should move back away from the doorway; her heels click-clacked softly as she led me back across the wooden floor and into a recess between two pillars.

She leaned back against the wall with an alluring, 'come and get me look' on her face. I closed the distance between us and kissed my mother whilst feeling a suspender strap that ran down the side of her shapely buttock. She felt for my cock through my trousers, and we kissed hungrily with our tongues and caressed each other's bodies; in no time, my cock was as hard as iron; my mother broke our kiss and whispered breathlessly.

"You can fuck me now if you like."

I wanted to take her from behind, to show her who was boss after being teased by her; the lecture in the next gallery was still going on. I looked around for a convenient surface to bend my mother over; the only option was the large oak table; it was risky because it was right in the middle of the room and we'd be caught red-handed if anyone came into the gallery.

I decided that it was worth the risk; even though I couldn't see any security cameras, the prospect of being discovered in the act of fucking my mother turned me on immensely. It must have turned her on too; she didn't hesitate as I led her to the table, removed her jacket and pushed her face down onto its surface. What a glorious sight: my mother bent over the table in her expensive black minidress, her breasts squashed flat against the tabletop, her shapely, vulnerable buttocks presented to me, slender legs in barely black seamed stockings and high heeled stilettos that raised her pussy to just the right height for my probing cock.

There was no time for niceties; I pulled the hem of her minidress up around her narrow waist. Her dark red suspender belt with its sexy straps stretched taut along the side of her buttocks, pulling at her stocking tops, framing her beautiful, glistening, inviting swollen pink labia. I quickly dropped my trousers and plunged my cock into my mother's willing cunt. She was slick and wet; I slid in with ease; we were both so aroused that I sensed we wouldn't last long.

"Oh, fuck me, my beautiful boy, fuck your mummy with that great big hard cock."

"Oh, fuck, mother, I'm going to come."

"Come for me darling, come for your mummy. Oh God, oh God. Oh..."

It lasted less than a minute; the sensation of my cock rippling against my mother's cunt walls had me in ecstasy, my toes curled and the inside of my thighs tingled as I filled her with my incestuous come. We both groaned loudly as she reached her climax seconds after I had reached mine.

For a breathless moment, still bent motionless over the table, we listened for sounds from the next gallery. A disembodied voice in the distance said, "Thank you for coming," and then we heard the

sound of clapping. We looked at each other and laughed out loud at the coincidental round of applause; I took a bow as though it was intended for us; my mother laughed again and we quickly straightened our clothing; she took her knickers out of her handbag and put them on to help prevent my semen running down the inside of her thighs - we made our escape.

Chuckling as we made our way down the museum steps, I persuaded my mother to go for a 'nightcap' before going back to the hotel to continue our lovemaking. She looked so desirable and hot in her tight black minidress, stilettos and short fawn-coloured jacket, that I wanted to bask in the attention that she was getting. She continued to turn heads as we walked to a lively bar back in the centre of town. I ordered two pints of beer; she turned to me as we waited for the drinks to be poured and whispered.

"My knickers are soaked with my son's come"

We stood at the bar for a few minutes, my mother looking so feminine in her sexy attire, taking sips from her large pint glass. A couple vacated a table nearby and we managed to get the seats; my God, what a sight my mother was, sitting with her long shapely legs crossed, the hem of her dress high enough to reveal the first inch of her stocking top. She looked as cool as a cucumber, catching the eyes of people staring at her. I'd never seen her look so confident and sure of herself. Just ten minutes ago she'd been on the end of my cock, groaning with erotic pleasure; now she looked self-composed and well aware of the fact that she was the focus of sexual desire.

"I've never seen you like this Mother, you look magnificent, so seductive, and you're loving the attention that you're getting, and so am I to be honest, it's making me hard."

"Anything that makes you hard is okay with me."

"There are men and women in this bar who are looking at you with very covetous eyes."

"Darling, it's all down to you and your gorgeous wife. I'm fifty-four years of age and thanks to you both, I've never felt so sexually alive, so proud of my body and willing to show it off."

"You have good reason to be proud."

With sensual movements, she took off her coat, her breasts jutted out round and firm as she put her arms behind her so that her jacket slipped off her shoulders. She settled back down in her seat; as she crossed her legs again, she tugged surreptitiously at her dress; the hem rose high enough to show the beginnings of a suspender clip just underneath her thigh. In the next few minutes, she caught several men at the bar looking at her; they looked away when she made eye contact with them.

I'd become very aroused and desperate to fuck my mother; I finished my pint and told her that we were leaving. She left her half-finished beer and stood to put on her jacket. As she adjusted her dress and jacket, a young woman of about twenty, probably a student, stopped in front of my mother. The woman looked stoned or drunk, or both.

"You look fucking awesome; I hope I look half as good as you when I'm forty," she said dreamily.

"That's even more of a compliment than you realise," said my mother with a wry grin.

The woman turned to me, "You look a bit like her; are you related?"

"Yes, she's my mother and I'm going to take her back to our hotel room and fuck her," I said in a low whisper.

"Fuucckk, really? You're really going to fuck your mother?" she looked incredulous.

I put my hand on the small of my mother's back and guided her towards the exit. I glanced back as we reached the doorway to see the young woman saying something to her friend; no doubt they were both wondering whether I was telling the truth. We passed through the full-length double glass doors. Standing at the entrance to the bar, on the other side of the doors, I took my mother in an embrace and kissed her passionately and she kissed me back, our tongues exploring each other's mouths. When we'd finished, I looked back into the well-lit bar to see a look of astonished exhilaration on the faces of the two young women.

"You're very naughty," said my mother, "you'll get us arrested."

We walked the short distance back to the hotel arm-in-arm. It was only nine-thirty, and there were a handful of guests coming and going from the restaurant and the lifts. I stopped at the concierge's desk and asked for a bottle of champagne and two glasses to be sent up to our room. On impulse, I guided my mother into the hotel bar to show her off for one last time. There were about fifteen people present. We drank a glass of wine each while sitting in the plush low seats at a low table. My mother's stocking tops were on display again, a fact not unnoticed by several men in the bar.

Many watched as we finished our drinks. My mother refreshed her lipstick; we made our way out of the bar and across the lobby toward the lifts. Another couple in their sixties shared the lift up to the second floor. They smiled and said goodnight, the moment the lift doors closed, I pressed my mother against the lift wall and thrust three fingers inside her cunt. She gasped, moaned and opened her high-heeled legs wide. By the time the lift had reached the fifth floor, I had found her g-spot and she was on the edge of orgasm. The lift doors opened and closed as I made my mother come; it was intensely arousing to take the risk that someone might have been waiting for the lift while I had my fingers inside my mother.

She breathed deeply as she came down from her orgasm. The lift had been stationary for about a minute. I pressed the 'doors open' button as my mother started to pull the hem of her dress down from around her waist. Just as we were about to exit the lift, an attractive, blonde, middle-aged woman in a tight dress and heels approached. She looked at my mother in her dishevelled state, with her smudged lipstick, one stocking top and suspender strap still visible as she tugged at the

hem of her dress, and then she looked at me with my mother's lipstick around my mouth and three of my fingers glistening with pussy juice.

"Mmm, it looks as though you two have been having fun," she said with a knowing look, "if only I'd arrived sooner."

"The fun's not over yet," said my mother as she finished smoothing her dress down, unzipped my fly and took hold of my erect cock.

The woman's look of salacious amusement changed to one of open-mouthed wonder as she watched my mother lead me, by the cock, along the corridor in the direction of our room. When we got to the room door, the woman, by now some forty feet away, was still watching us.

"Do you think she's waiting for an invitation?" I asked my mother as I took the key card from my wallet.

"Yes, I think she is," said my mother, still holding on to my cock, "but we'll leave that for another time; I want you all to myself tonight."

As soon as we got inside the room, I opened the champagne and poured two glasses; we drank them down quickly and I refilled them, and then my mother stripped me naked and led me over to an armchair. She sat me down and knelt between my legs; she took hold of my erection between the thumb and fingers of her right hand and began to stroke slowly up and down. With her left hand, she gently manipulated my balls; with her eyes fixed on them, she lowered her head and kissed them both for several seconds before putting first one and then the other in her mouth and sucking gently.

The sensation was exquisite, my cock felt like iron between her soft slim fingers, and her dark-pink-painted fingernails danced around its head as she slowly brought me toward orgasm. With my mother still in her sexy dress and stockings, kneeling between my thighs with my testicles in her mouth, and me completely naked on the armchair, I sipped champagne and thought back to five days previously when my wife had unexpectedly fucked me with such intensity and had then suggested that we reveal our erotic fantasies to each other.

Four days ago, my wife had confessed to a desire to go to bed with a woman. Three days ago, to my amazement and delight, she had seduced and fucked my mother, and revealed to me that my mother fantasised about being fucked by me. Yesterday, my wife brought my mother and me together to consummate our illicit, incestuous desires. It had been the most incredible erotic journey in such a short space of time; it was hard to take it all in; I could still scarcely believe it as I watched my mother at work on my hard penis.

I was heading rapidly towards orgasm, a bead of come formed at the tip of my cock. My mother squeezed the base of my bulging member and removed the little droplet of come with the tip of her tongue. She looked me in the eye and then closed her dark-pink lips over the head of my cock and took it, inch by inch into her mouth. As she did so, she wiggled her tongue against the glans and sucked me with such motherly love and affection.

I put down my champagne glass and gazed down at her, her eyes were closed, and she looked more beautiful than ever; I realised that there was nowhere where else I wanted to be, nothing else I wanted to do besides watching my mother sucking my cock as she slowly brought me to orgasm.

It was the most loving, intense orgasm I'd ever had in my life. She took me to the precipice and held me there for an age. I gasped and groaned, she breathed heavily through her nose and released the pressure on the base of my cock. The floodgates opened and I shot semen in warm strands against the back of my mother's throat. I felt as though I was floating high above, looking down on us both as I jerked and jolted my pelvis while my mother's head bobbed up and down on my erection and she masturbated herself.

When we'd both finished coming, I picked my mother up and carried her to the bed, put her on her back, raised her dress over her stocking tops, opened her legs and fucked her hard for several minutes until we both came again. I was amazed at myself coming again so soon but this was an extraordinary night; anything was possible. My mother stripped to her seamed stockings, suspenders and heels, laid head to toe with me on the bed and played with my cock while I licked her pussy. We stayed in this position for a while, long enough for me to become hard again.

She murmured her approval and sucked on my cock with enthusiasm. I licked the folds of her slick pussy and nibbled her clitoris, we played with each other in this way for several more minutes and

eventually, we each succumbed to our third orgasm within forty-five minutes.

I removed my mother's heels and remaining lingerie, and then got into bed with her. She laid with her head on my chest, slowly stroking my half-erect cock. It was a wonderful feeling to have my penis in my mother's hands.

As we both began to fall asleep, I thought dreamily of our erotic fuck in the museum gallery; of the look on the face of the young woman in the bar when I told her that I was going to fuck my mother; of finger fucking her in the lift; of the look on the blonde woman's face when my mother exposed my erection to her and then used it to pull me along to our room; of the unforgettable sight of my cock in my mother's mouth while she masturbated herself; of fucking her hard and finally, eating her succulent pussy while she sucked my cock again. What a night, I couldn't wait to tell my wife every detail of our incestuous, erotic adventure.

As we drove home the following day, I struggled to keep my eyes on the road. My mother wore her black and white houndstooth miniskirt, opaque black stockings and black stilettos, I kept looking at her legs; she played with my cock and kept me hard for ages. Eventually, I had to leave the main road so that I could find a quiet country lane where she could go down on me and make me come into her mouth.

When we arrived home forty minutes later, my wife, in her tight black miniskirt, tan-coloured stockings and heels, greeted us with a welcoming smile. She'd already made a start on a bottle of wine; we joined her and told her about our erotic adventures in Cambridge. She became so horny at listening to our story of fucking in the museum gallery that, within thirty minutes of our arrival, she'd pushed me down on the settee, pulled the hem of her miniskirt up around her hips, straddled me and fucked me while my mother watched.

When she'd finished with me, my mother joined her on the settee; I watched them make love to each other with their fingers; their hands up each other's skirts. By mid-afternoon, the three of us, and my wife's vibrator, went to bed together and stayed there until we had fucked one another senseless.

I didn't want it to come to an end, fucking my wife and my mother, and watching them fuck each other, had been beyond my wildest dreams. Tomorrow would bring a return to work for all three of us, a return to normal routines, but nothing would ever be normal again.

Within six months, my mother's divorce proceedings were well under way, she'd sold her house and was living with me and my wife. I managed to get my cock inside one or both of them almost every night. As far as anyone else knew, we were a respectable family, but behind closed doors, a mother sucked her son's cock and licked his wife's pussy.