

MOTHER OF LOVE CH. 01

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Mother and Son explore each other in the shower.

Incest/Taboo

4.7

12.5k words

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This story is a reupload, with some mild editing to fix grammatical errors and make it flow better. Part 2 will be up soon/is already up, I sincerely hope you all enjoy.

Nostalgia flowed through me as I drove down the bumpy suburban road to my childhood home, finding familiarity in the trees lining the road like towering street lamps. I was fresh off the high of finishing my final year of university, and was looking forward to some much needed unwinding time now that exams were over.

As they passed me by, I recognized all the streets I played games on as a kid, everything from road hockey to capture the flag, and I got chills realizing how long ago that was.

"Home at last, Sean." I sighed to myself, fondly reminiscing in the memories I had of this place.

My Mom had promised to pamper me to my heart's content if I came to see her the very day I finished; she hadn't seen me in months and I knew she missed me. Donald, my Father, probably missed me too, but I'll be damned if he ever said anything about it to my face.

It's not that we weren't a loving family, my sister Lucy and I got along as well as most siblings would with their immature 18 year old sisters.

Sadly, it was my Dad's distant nature that caused him to be a transparent part of my life. All my life he had been a workhorse, even missed a few birthdays when we were kids, but our Mom was always there, nothing could keep Sophie from loving her children!

A woman as inexplicably selfless as my Mother could only ever do what was best for others. I'd met compassionate women before, but not many of them would ditch makeup for weeks at a time just so she could use the extra few minutes to make us eggs instead of cereal. But then again, none of *them* gave birth to me. Displaying her natural beauty never fazed Sophie, as long as her kids were happy she felt more love than she could handle.

Mom didn't need the makeup, truthfully. She looked smashing in a tight dress, my particular favourite being a knee-length little red number she'd worn to my graduation. It perfectly offset the shimmery, dirty blonde head of hair she kept neatly framed around her face in a typical "mom-style" swoop.

Just as I pulled up the driveway, my Dad was getting into his Mercedes without a care in the world. So much so that I almost went completely unnoticed as he reversed his vehicle.

"Brakes, Dad, brakes!" I called to him, stepping into the path of his rear-view window hoping I'd be noticed before he backed over me. Red lights flooded my eyes and the car came to an abrupt halt.

My Dad stepped out of the car and greeted me with a quick hug. "It's so good to see you, Son!" He was already shuffling back to his car before I had a chance to reciprocate the greeting. "Listen, I've got an important client to close this afternoon so I've gotta jet. You're gonna be around all night, right?"

"I mean, I guess so?" I exclaimed, hurt that he was leaving in such a hurry. "I didn't think you were still busy like this? All the time, that is, Mom said-."

"I know, I know, your Mother had similar complaints the other week." He scratched his head in frustration. "And the week before that, and the month before *that*, you know how she is."

"Uh, yeah I guess I do?" I replied mindlessly, questioning whether or not I really did know 'how my Mother was'.

He apologized and promised to make it up to me, but knowing Dad it was never gonna happen. I let him run off and grab an armful of my stuff to bring inside; mostly dirty laundry I'd been too neglectful to finish.

Unfortunately, that meant I'd whittled my way down to my last pair of clean pants, and was left with the tightest pair I owned. With all the subtlety of a forest fire, I fumbled around my crotch hoping to realign my dick so it didn't have such an obvious outline through my pants.

Inside, the house smelled just as sweet as I'd always remembered it; vanilla wafting through the halls and greeting me like an old friend at the front door, carrying over a distinct maple scent as well, leading me to believe someone was making waffles.

I shut the door and didn't even have to call out for someone to greet me; Mom's adorable bare feet patted on the hardwood as she raced around the corner, eyes lighting up when she saw I'd made it home safe.

"My baby is finally home!" She squealed like she'd just won the lottery, extending her arms for a hug from across the room. "Lucy, your brother is home!"

Seconds later Mom barrelled into me like a linebacker, hugging me in a ferociously loving grip. "I missed you too, Mom." I laughed some she breathed out a sigh of relief she felt like she had held in since I left.

"How was school? Was the drive home okay? I'm so happy you're home, do you want me to make you something to eat?" She barraged me with questions like a concerned mother naturally would.

A fairly petite woman, my Mother stood just above 5 feet, but her giant-sized attitude gave the impression she'd been a military commander in a past life. Her blonde hair flowed like waves down to her shoulders, tucked behind her ears to keep it away from her eyes when she didn't have it up in a red bow: her trademark.

I'll be the first to admit it, my Mother kept her body in great condition. Years and years of motherly duties had taken away from her gym time, but she still had the curves to knock a weak man to the floor, even with a body type that resembled a plump pixie more than a warrior. She was still determined to lose some more weight to hit her target, but I always insisted she didn't need to.

There was a subtle, yet undeniable chubby side to her, but then again twig thin mothers don't look like they can cook, and my Mom was a master chef. Her skin was smooth as glass, save for the tiny peach fuzz on her arms and, if I'm not mistaken, thousands of tiny goosebumps.

She reluctantly pulled away from our hug and looked up at me. "I'm really happy you're home, Sean." Her eyes were scouring my face trying to memorize every detail and see if something had changed, and I watched in awe as the dark blue circles gazed into mine. "Really, really happy."

My Mom kissed my cheek and called for Lucy one last time, ordering her to help me unpack my arsenal of clothes and what not. When she didn't get a reply back, we decided to just unpack the car ourselves rather than continue to bug my little sister.

Little is a relative term, I suppose, since she was technically an adult at 18, but she always felt little to me.

"Let me help you, sweetie." Mom urges in her sweet tone, reminding me why I used to love listening to her voice as a kid. It had a calmness about it I was drawn to, a comforting melody I loved to be serenaded by.

"Thanks, Mum." I handed her the lightest bag I had: my backpack. She insisted she carry more, but I declined since I didn't want her to get hurt carrying some of the heavier stuff.

"You know, stud, your Mother used to be quite the heavy lifter." She flexed her arms jokingly, pointing them outward from her chest like she was imitating Arnold Schwarzenegger. What she didn't know, and what I was abundantly aware of, was the mountain of cleavage she created when she pushed her boobs together.

With an adorable laugh that made the hairs on the back of my head stand up, Sophie took off for the house to bring my stuff inside.

Part of me was struck with instant regret. No boy should be staring at his mother so lustfully, but the rising erection in my pants was seeing her only as a vibrant, sexy woman whose tits I was longing to bury my face in.

My infatuation with my Mom started a few months ago when she'd gone with my Father and Lucy on a celebratory vacation. I don't remember where exactly, but it was described to me as "somewhere hot". The photos she sent me were designed to make me wish I'd been there (which I SO did), but were noticeably more revealing than the ones she'd uploaded to Facebook.

It was likely my mind playing tricks on me, but every snap she sent to me was tagged with a playfully flirty caption like, "wish you were here, stud" or "come be my captain", the latter of which she had posed beside a boat for. Nothing too unusual, Mom and I had always had playful banter like that between us. These sexier photos would be peppered in between snaps of her slurping down a bowl of noodles, unpacking her suitcase (likely upon arrival), or just posing innocently next to some tourist trap. I had a hard time separating the mature, scantily clad vixen from my Mother, but seeing her in two different lights didn't bug me.

Interesting enough, the flirtier captions were hopelessly outshone by the low-cut, barely there bikini she was rocking. I still had a few of the photos saved on my phone, namely one where she was bent over knocking sand out of her flip flops. It likely wasn't intended for me, as Dad was also in the subject, like my e-mail had been added by accident.

Assuming it was a misfire, I almost deleted the picture before I fully examined it. She was in a shamefully revealing red bikini, with a classic red bow tying it behind her back. Her hair was falling all over her face as she bent over, but even the golden tangles weren't enough to block out her famously overjoyed smile, dimples and all.

What really took me by surprise was how tight fitting her bathing suit was. The red bottom was tucked like floss between her bulging pussy lips, leaving very little to the imagination. Her breasts hung down like two massive pendulums, itching to spring from her top and be set free on the world. I could see thin stretch marks on the sides of her boobs, and I knew they were being pulled down by an incredibly heavy weight.

I couldn't count the times I'd looked longingly at that photographic treasure, and now kept a crease-laden print of it in my wallet as a constant reminder. Yes, a print, a physical copy. I was really *that* infatuated with her.

Being in person, now, was sending my heart into overdrive and my pulse quickened whenever she came near me. It wasn't a nervous sort of feeling, more like a giddy excitement brought on by the incessant picturing of her naked body I couldn't seem to shake.

All the fantasizing about seeing Mom in person made me want to see her picture again. I didn't care if I was inside her house, desire is desire, folks.

I put down the hamper full of clothes and stretched my back, popping a thousand joints up my spine like champagne bubbles up a flute. My wallet was in my hand in a flash, and my eyes greedily absorbed every detail of the photograph like I had so many times.

Lucy came charging down the stairs with no warning and forced me to scramble to get the picture back in my wallet, which I managed with only seconds to spare. I couldn't fit it in all the way, but as long as it was in my pocket she couldn't see the corner sticking out.

"What's that?" She reached for my wallet, of all things, using my full hands as an advantage.

"It's a big load of fuck off, that's what." I snapped, kicking at her blindly under the hamper held in my arms. She flipped me off and walked away, not noticing that my wallet fell out of my back pocket, landing with a thwack on the hardwood floor. "Shit, I'll get you later you little ninja." I cursed at it.

I kicked it off to the side hoping nobody would see it and carried my clothes upstairs. I passed Mom on the stairs and could've sworn I caught her eyes drifting to the bulge in my pants. My face ran hot with the thought of Mom making eye contact with the embarrassing protrusion in these stupidly tight pants.

She saw me looking and quickly averted her gaze, smiling cheekily like she hadn't actually noticed me coming up. "Oh, uh, hi honey. I put your backpack on your bed."

"Thanks, mom."

As she descended the stairs, she was humming a charming little tune like a picture perfect Snow White. I imagined a crown of cartoon birds fluttering around her head as she sung, equally entranced as I was at the siren song of this beautiful creature.

I got to the top of the stairs and my mind clear as a summer day, when suddenly Mom's humming stopped. Thinking nothing of it, I went and dropped my hamper on the bed. When I turned around, expecting an empty doorway, I was shocked to see Mom standing with my black wallet in her hand.

I wish I could say a thousand thoughts ran through my head, but truthfully they were all so muddled I couldn't force out a single one. With a deep breath, my nerves settled enough to squeak out; "Did you...open it, Mom?"

"I didn't have to, it was halfway sticking out." We both knew exactly what she was referring to. She scanned my face for a hint to react to, but I couldn't look anywhere but the floor.

"I'm sorry, Mom." My eyes wouldn't dare stray towards her. "I forgot it was in there."

"No, you didn't. It's been folded and refolded dozens of times, there's no way you'd forget. How often do you look at it?" Her voice grew stern, scolding me like a child.

"I...I guess pretty often. Once every couple weeks." I lied, and she called me out with an unconvinced cough. "Fine, you got me, it's more like couple times a day."

Sophie recoiled, losing her train of thought for a moment. "That often? Really?" I perked up at the hint of intrigue in her voice.

"I know I shouldn't, but I can't help it when you just look so..." I twiddled my thumbs in circles like it would help me rewind time a few precious moments.

"So...what, baby?" Her melodic voice cooed like a harp. The use of a pet name caught my ear and I looked at her for the first time since she walked in. Her cheeks were flushed a brilliant shade of pink, and she used the tone she always used to when she wanted something coaxed out of me.

"I guess the word is...I dunno. Sexy, Mom." My whole body shook like a tremor when I said that, and I instantly regretted being so forward. Mom didn't expect it either; she was visibly ruffled and had to take a moment to catch her breath.

My tongue was grafted to the roof of my mouth. I wanted to correct myself a hundred times over but it wouldn't make it better.

I wasn't able read my Mom the way I usually can. Her face was like stone, eyes distantly focusing on something miles behind me. For a second it became questionable whether or not she was even breathing, but her soft purring told me she was at least conscious.

Like a concerned son, I was still looking at her chest to see if she was breathing, perhaps for a bit longer than I should have.

"Sean, for Christ's sake look at my eyes." Mom stomped her foot angrily, using the loud outburst to cover her excessive blushing. "Okay, in light of this new...information, I'm going to have to think about...a lot." She turned to leave the room, unable to look at me any longer.

I didn't know what to say, but something in my brain told me that I shouldn't let her leave like this. Ignoring the fear that was collecting like mud in my gut, I stood up and fought to steady my quaking legs.

"Dad doesn't deserve you, only an idiot would put his job before a woman like you." I swallowed dryly, forcing a sandpaper tongue against the roof of my mouth.

"Your Father loves me, I know that, but he gives us this amazing lifestyle and the price for that is working every day. And, for the most part, nights and weekends as well." She insisted, brushing her hair over her ear. "It's not as easy as you think."

"Really? Because I think sitting in a cubicle all day knowing I have a woman like you at home would be 'not as easy as I think'. The difference is; I wouldn't give up on the wrong one."

"Well, if that's how you feel, then maybe the right one won't give up on you." Her eyes sparkled so bright they almost blinded me, but I wouldn't have been mad if her poorly withheld grin had been the last thing I ever saw.

My head was going in circles trying to decide what she said, deciding who had more reason to be on edge right now. I was so wrapped up in thought I couldn't remember why she'd come in my room in the first place.

A split second idea flashed across her face and, as if on pure impulse, she threw the photo like a playing card onto my bed. "Don't let me find that out again, young man." With one more foot stomp for good measure, she disappeared from the doorway.

"Lunch is in 15, okay?" She called up to me, likely heading down to make a couple grilled cheeses with tomato soup.

As soon as she left I quickly grabbed it up and made sure it wasn't bent or ripped. I was looking at the photograph with fresh eyes now; I'd always had pangs of guilt whenever I opened it, but knowing Mom didn't mind was like opening the floodgates. I had expected her to rip it up in front of me, burn it, and throw the ashes to the four corners of the world.

The haywire collection of thoughts and possibilities in my brain was hectic enough to sidetrack me from the grumbling sounds emitting from my stomach. I couldn't even think about lunch, everything I tried to imagine eventually gave way to the vivid, eye popping sight of Mom's picture.

True, I had seen it hundreds of times, but now that I had the suspicion Mom wanted me to see it, I convinced myself I was doing her a favour by ditching lunch for a short masturbation session in celebration.

I knew lunch was in 15 minutes, meaning I had roughly another 14 and a half to admire my mother's body in the most primal way I could imagine

So with that being said, a little privacy, please?

Odors of melted cheese wafted through the air mingling perfectly with the tomato soup, practically dragging me down the stairs towards it.

"Holy *shit*, Mom, it smells amazing down here." I exclaimed, approaching the soup and dipping my pinky in one of the bowls.

Mom spun on her heels and gave me a swat on the shoulder. "I don't wanna have some mouthy teenager around my house all summer. Got it?"

"I'm not a teenager! I'm a grown ass man!" I shot back, sucking soup off my finger and letting the saltiness bounce around my taste buds before going in for another scoop.

"Mmhmm, sure you are sweetie." Mom grabbed me by the wrist before I could taste my second sample and quickly dipped her head to suck the soup off before I could. "Damn, I'm such a good cook. Now, stop eating that or there won't be any left."

I offered to help set the table, but saw it was already done for the two of us. Before I could ask, Mom filled me in while she washed the plates she had used to prep lunch. "Lucy already ate about

an hour ago, she's not gonna join us."

"And Dad?" I regretted asking right away.

Mom stopped cleaning her dishes and stood statuesque over the sink, clutching the plate in a death grip. "He doesn't do that very often, or at all, anymore. He doesn't think it's as 'efficient' when he could be out with clients instead, drumming up business for the firm."

"I shouldn't have asked, I just remembered he used to come home for lunch sometimes." I grumbled, finding no comfort in explaining myself. "I'm sorry."

It looked as though Mom was sincerely offended; she wouldn't even give me the courtesy of facing me. When I stepped closer I saw she wasn't angry with me, rather, she was crying. A tiny drop of water fell from her miraculous blue eyes, staining her shirt where it fell. She wiped away a following drop and apologized, but I locked her tightly in my arms so she knew she didn't have to.

I rocked us back and forth, rubbing the small of my Mother's back with an open hand. I wanted to say something, but no words felt like they would fit. Her palm was resting against my chest, letting her fingernails trace along the neck of my shirt.

After a few minutes I noticed the subtle sobbing had stopped, in fact Mom's eyes were now completely closed and she was purring softly the more she stroked my chest.

"Mom?" I whispered.

She didn't reply, even with her body language. She was totally at peace and didn't want that interrupted for anything. Her breasts were pushed against my chest, though closer to my stomach due to her smaller stature. They were being flattened and pushed out of her top like a water balloon when you squeeze one side of it.

It took every ounce of concentration not to pop wood right there, and I was actually holding it together pretty well until she drew her head back and stared deeply into my eyes.

"Your father never holds me like this." She shifted her weight nervously and I used the tiny window to angle my hips away from her a bit so she wouldn't feel my erection against her leg.

"He doesn't know what he's missing." I squished Mom extra hard and she gave an adorable giggle. "I'd hold you like this every night, pillows are so overrated."

Shame, as a pink streak, appeared across my cheeks. I'd just said what I was thinking, instead of thinking about what I'd say, and might have overstepped as a result. "I mean, not that I want to replace Dad, that'd be-."

"Crazy, right?" Mom asked curiously, as though she was as intrigued as I was. She had yet to break eye contact and I could feel the tension between us gathering like a snowball in my gut. Her hand extended and caresses up my neck, giving me electric shivers when she brushed her thumb over my earlobe.

I didn't want to admit it but I was putty in Mom's hands. Every fiber of my being was fixated on not melting into her, so I focused on the dull, warm static washing over me and easing my worries away. I didn't want to leave this moment, an unbridled peace of mind is a rare thing.

The wooziness in my head stopped me from thinking straight, and I think it was starting to get to Mom as well. She swallowed dryly, lips slightly agape and drawing all my attention to them. She asked me what was wrong, but I couldn't hear her. She was mouthing the words with no sound, captivating me with only the silence. The roaring heartbeat in my ears was deafening, blocking out any thoughts that said no and only left the ones that said do it.

Do it.

Do it.

Do. It.

So...I did it.

With both my hands on her hips, I pulled Mom into me with a force reserved for established lovers, staggering her before she realized what had happened. I heard a small gasp between me grabbing her waist and kissing her, but I quickly quieted her by fitting our lips together like puzzle pieces.

The tension in Mom's body went solid as oak, before it released and she folded in my arms. It took a second for her to regain composure, but as soon as she did she was kissing me back. We hungrily sucked at each other's lips, mashing our mouths together. Her hand was still on the back of my neck, nails slowly dragging up the back of my scalp while she played with my hair. I didn't mind her tugging at it, I was too hopelessly lost in giving her everything I had.

The two of us moved as one, as though we had done this a hundred times. Every second that passed I had a new craving I knew only my Mother's body could satisfy. I had longed to be this close to her for a long, long time, and now that I finally was I noticed how intoxicating her perfume was. The rich scent of vanilla, with a touch of crisp, ripe mangos was radiating off of her.

Our tongues rolled together, sloppily battling each other for domination of the other's mouth. Hers invaded my mouth and tenderly slid along mine, twirling around like a ribbon and leaving me to play catch-up while Mom absentmindedly went to town on me.

The love behind her kissing was driving her, I had never been kissed with such emotion before and I fucking adored it. I was so busy trying to match the intensity of my Mother's hot, sloppy kisses but that I had "accidentally" dropped my hand down to her bum and held one of her thick, juicy cheeks firmly under my palm.

Even over her clothes I felt how incredibly soft her ass was; two deliciously doughy mounds caving under my grip. Mom moaned softly into my mouth, giving me the courage to put my other hand on her butt as well.

We stood motionless in the kitchen, each pawing at each other with the subtlety of highschool freshmen. Mom had yet to open her eyes, or move her hands from my head, pouring all her energy into passionately making out with me instead. There were countless bolts of electricity surging through my bones, most notably the pins and needles I felt working their way from my cock up to the top of my head.

I hadn't even tried to prevent myself from getting hard, a little part of me was even convinced Mom would like it. The more I thought about it, the less I was sure that I had made the right move, and I became hauntingly aware that I was tongue deep in my Mother's throat in the middle of the

kitchen. The motions felt so familiar, I was no stranger to kissing, but doing it with Mom felt different.

Now the person who I had idolized my entire life, spent so long fawning over, the beautiful woman I lived inside of for 9 months, was putty in my hands, and I in hers.

My iron grip on Mom's ass relented and she caught on immediately, pulling away from our kiss while still making sure to rake her nails over my skull. She went to say something, but bit her tongue. I knew exactly how she felt; I wanted to say a thousand things but all of them sounded like the worst good ideas I could think of.

It must've been the look of utter petrification I had on because Mom was the one to break the silence after a few seconds of bated breath in the tension filled air. "Are you okay, sweetheart?" Her voice was usually soothing, but now it bounced around in my head like an echo. I didn't reply so she pressed further. "You know I love you, Sean. You're my baby boy, that will never change." Her hand lovingly caressed my face, stroking my beet red cheeks with her thumb, pretending I didn't feel like a child caught red handed.

"I didn't mean to-I mean, I shouldn't have done that." My words tripped over each other, I didn't want to risk a look at Mom, in fear of my boner growing even harder. "Dad is gonna be furious with us "

"Furious when he *doesn't* find out about us?" She tilted my head to face her and stunned me with the most enchanting, baby blue eyes I had ever seen. "I won't tell him...if you won't."

Breathing became difficult with my heart lodged in my throat, but I swallowed it down and chose my words carefully. "What do you mean...by 'us', Mom?"

"You didn't think I'd be satisfied with one kiss did you?" She arched an eyebrow. "If you wanna make those kind of moves on your Mother, you aren't gonna stop at just kissing. I'm not raising a tease."

I almost yelped when I felt Mom push a hand between my legs, easily finding my rock hard dick over my sweatpants and grabbing it. Her eyes grew wider as she inched her whole hand around it, constantly thinking she had reached the end only to be greeted by more dick. By the time she had explored the whole thing, her pupils were the size of dinner plates. Mom cleared her throat. "Now, like I said, if you're gonna tease your Mother with a big cock like this, you aren't allowed to finish with just kissing me."

"Where can I finish?" I asked dumbly, perking up as Mom leaned in close to me and breathing whispered in my ear.

"Anywhere you want, baby." Her tongue flicked at my earlobe as she pulled back to face me, holding one of her hands between her legs and rubbing up and down her pussy mound. "I don't want to just give it away, but if you want to step into your Father's shoes you're gonna have to work for it. Do the things around here that he won't do."

"Like what?" I already had some ideas in my head, but I really didn't want to be wrong about them.

"Like chores; sweeping the garage, mowing the lawn, cleaning the car." I would've stopped listening to her if she wasn't still using her smooth, swooning voice to keep me listening.

"So I do Donald's work, and that's 'taking his place'? I'll be honest, Mom, I wasn't really-."

"If you do his work," she cut me off. "Then you get to have his play, as well."

I was confused enough that Mom rolled her eyes and kissed me again, stroking her fingers down my cock until she had the head in her grasp. "Do his work, then do his wife, got it?"

"Oh, y-yeah I got it." My stammering was out of control. I read some of the emotion behind Mom's words as utter disdain, and I second guesses whether my parents' marriage was as solid as I thought it was. "You don't...I dunno, mind?"

"You're cute." Mom gave me a quick peck on the cheek and treated my dick to one last touch before she turned back to the sink. "You've got a hot mom offering you exactly what every guy wants, and you're still gonna question it?"

"Not a hot mom. *My* hot mom." It frustrated me that she couldn't see the difference, and it confused me that I was letting those lines blur.

"Does that bother you?" She spun around and cocked a hand on her hip. "Because if it does we can just act like *that* never happened. But if we do that, I might have to ask for my picture back. What do you think?"

I didn't have an answer for her. I knew what I wanted to say, and I knew what I should say. But I couldn't reconcile the two for the life of me. Too many concerns flooded my brain, making every decision seem like the wrong one. I've never been good at chess, so trying to pick the best move for this situation was yielding nothing but all-consuming anxiety.

I took too long to respond, so Mom prodded. "You don't still think I sent you that photo by accident, do you?" Cue the continual awkward silence as I fumbled helplessly for words. Not even the *right* words, just *any* would have been better!

A sparkle Mom's eye settled me a bit, and she reached out to touch my hand. "How about this; you go cut the grass, it's starting to outshine some of the flowers in my garden. When you're done you can come back in and we can talk about this, okay?"

My pulse was calming down. I nodded and hurried out of the kitchen, my stomach twisted into too many knots to eat lunch. Once I was back in my room, I flopped onto the bed and stared aimlessly at the ceiling.

"What the hell are you doing, Sean?" I asked myself out loud. "She's your Mother for fucks sake." Even with my personal pep talk I wasn't finding the strength to stop picturing my Mom in her bikini, but now I knew the sensation of her hand on my shaft to go along with the mental imagery. Nervous sweats and clammy hands demanded to be felt, so I swapped into a pair of green shorts and a tank top. Earbuds plugged in and I put an old, underground punk CD on play that had gone ignored in my collection for too long.

I made sure my path outside went past the kitchen, but I saw Mom had already cleaned up and left. One of my lungs let out a sigh of relief, the other wearily held its breath. It was like the feeling of running into your crush in high school. Unrivaled anxiety over the idea of seeing them, colliding with absolute euphoria the moment they spoke to you. My brain was having a hard enough time working through that mess without also trying to justify my lust towards Mom.

Outside was warm and crisp, just the kind of weather that's best for cutting grass. I found some peace walking up and down the lawn, retracing my steps over and over again with nothing to

influence my mind except music. Every bass kick brought me further and further away from my reality as I slowly began daydreaming about my Mother.

Before I knew what was happening I had run over a rock and heard it ricochet off the blade like a bullet. I switched the machine off and turned it over, examining the blade for any missing chunks.

Sure enough, there were several pieces missing from both of the blades, and the screws holding the whole thing in place were eerily loose. I had done well over half of the lawn at this point and decided to call it quits before I lost a limb.

Dad had a history of not repairing things, and judging by the look of the lawn he hadn't bothered fixing the mower in a long time.

I went inside, grabbed a bottle of water from the fridge and a towel from the oven door to wipe off my neck and face. Mom was still nowhere to be seen, but I could hear Lucy talking on the phone with a friend in the living room.

I went upstairs and saw Mom's door was ajar. I could see her moving around through the crack, pacing in silence. After having some time to think over what we had done, I didn't feel as nervous about it. In fact, I wanted to clear the air right away so I would lose the feeling of heavy guilt in my stomach.

"Mom?" I called through the door.

"Yes, honey?" She shouted back.

I opened the door and was greeted to the glorious, beautiful naked body of my Mother. I froze in place, let that be clear. I did not pause on purpose to get an eyeful of her curves, but when I did, I was paralyzed in place.

Mom was turned away from me, rooting through her drawers with a towel in one hand. She must have been preparing to get in the shower, and hadn't noticed me step inside. My feet wanted to run but my brain knew it was seeing what it had been lusting after for several long months.

Her hair was tied up in a high bun so it didn't get wet in the shower, and her body was practically glowing with natural beauty. Her back was toned, sloping down perfectly to the swell of her butt where it rounded out in two large, plushly mountains. My eyes traced up and down the crease between them, hypnotized by its subtle sexiness, hiding her most intimate parts from me. The shadow that existed between each mound of globular flesh served only to enhance the desperation to see Mom in all her glory.

One of her legs was tucked behind the other, her foot pivoting with her toes planted on the floor. Her elegantly cream coloured skin was perfectly offset by the bold, bronze tanlines where she didn't often let the sun shine, giving her toned legs a beautiful contrast against her milky bottom. From her toes up to her shoulders, she was beautiful, with tiny freckles dotting her back like a mini constellation begging to be gazed upon.

As Mom dug around the drawer, she dropped the towel covering her and cursed under her breath. When she bent down to pick it up, the light snuck between her bum and gave me a peak at the cleanly shaven clamshell poached between her cheeks. It bulged towards me, looking like two plump, swollen lips that I was all too eager to kiss with fervently.

This new look at Mom was too much for me, and I couldn't stifle a gasp. Of course, she heard me and spun around, using the towel to cover herself. To my surprise, she seemed to relax a little when she saw it was just me in the doorway.

"Someone likes spying, huh?" She raised an eyebrow and nearly dropped the towel, but seemed to enjoy playing the tease even more.

"No, no I just am done. Done the lawn, mowing it. I wanted to tell you I was finished?" Scatterbrain engaged. I threw up a hand to shield Mom from some embarrassment. "I was gonna go take a shower, but you were walking around in here and I thought you'd be, like, not naked and-."

"Honey, if you wanna shower you can have the full pressure. I'll come in, in a bit."

"You'll come...where?" My hand wavered, but didn't dare fall from my eye line even as I subconsciously tried to sneak another peak.

"I meant, I'll shower after you." Mom was blushing unabashedly, giving me a coy smile that turned up the corner of her mouth. I simply nodded and backed away slowly. I didn't want to look too eager to catch Mom naked, but I was too intrigued to give up the possibility of catching another glimpse of her body. Against the will of the screams in my head, I closed the door and headed back to my room. The walk down the hall was a thousand miles long, and my feet made of concrete didn't make walking any easier.

The photo seemed obsolete to me now that I had seen the real thing. Mom was a sheer undefinable pillar of beauty, and the way my heart was racing gave me the hint that I wasn't just fawning over some 'hot girl'.

No, I wanted to do things to my Mother. Things a son usually reserves for online chat forums. Things that, if not played right, would end the closeness I shared with Mom.

I made it back to my room and stumbled through the door, fumbling with my clothes to tear them off as fast as I could. I wanted so badly to get in the shower and jerk off as I knew I wasn't safe from intrusion in my room. Knowing my luck, either Mom or Lucy would interrupt me right at the worst time.

I begrudgingly grabbed my towel and trudged down to the bathroom, leaving the door open a crack so the steam didn't fog up the mirror and wreck the paint on the walls.

The cool water felt fantastic on my skin, like a million crisp raindrops tickling my back and washing the sweat away as they fell. Soon I felt like my entire body was being encased in this refreshing shelter, breathing new life to my limbs like I had just shed a coarse layer of skin made of sand and dust.

The white noise of the water ringing against the floor put my brain on standby. I routinely washed my hair, then popped open a bottle of body wash with a name so absurd you have to wonder how somebody ever thought "Frost Fusion" was the name of a fucking scent.

Seriously, guys have no gauge for buying this shit, it all smells the same and we all hate it.

I heard the shower curtain pull back before I actually saw it. My eyes were closed while I finished rinsing the shampoo from my head, but I snapped them open just in time to see Mom standing with her head cocked to the side, eyes focused on my swaying dong. Though she was equally as naked as she was ten minutes ago, this time I didn't feel any guilt over seeing her so.

Somehow the nerves and tension I had felt upon stumbling into her room had disappeared, much as it had with the photograph. Instead, she consciously chose to let me see her so naturally bare by stepping into the shower beside me and closing the curtain without breaking eye contact.

"Hey." Her voice was calm, and sultry, almost like she was right in my ear whispering into it.

"Hey."

"I figured you'd be okay if I joined you?" She made a less than subtle move to get under the water and cozied up against me. "Sean, that's freezing!"

Mom reached around me, brushing my stomach with her tits by no mistake, to turn up the warmth. "Mmm, much better, don't you think?"

Truthfully, most of the warmth I was feeling was coming from Mom standing so close to me. Her vagina was inches from my leg, and though the water was still cool, I could feel unimaginable heat rolling off of her as if she wanted me to notice it. A small triangle of light brown fuzz was present on her mound, something I hadn't noticed in her picture before, and I wondered how I'd missed something so alluring.

"You like it, huh?" I was treated to a flash of dimples the size of tiny potholes. I got the feeling she was enjoying showing off to me, and having someone appreciate it. Her fingers delicately raked through the small growth of hair, pausing just before she reached the crease of her slit. "I let it grow out a bit, just a little patch."

Her stiffened nipples grazed across my chest, sending shivers to the pit of my stomach. Every instinct I had was urging me to reach out and play with them. To take a huge helping of her deliciously plump breasts and juggle them around my palms.

Standing, naked, next to my Mother, also naked, proved a greater challenge than I had anticipated. All I wanted to do was ogle her like a horndog teenager seeing their first pair of tits, but my brain was having a hard time bringing an air of reality to our shower. Each passing moment felt more surreal than the last, I could feel myself looking back on this moment for the next few years to use as fantasy fuel.

The cascade of water surrounding us wasn't enough to fix the cotton built-up in my mouth, despite its loosely slack jawed stature. "You're...naked." Being that it was the only thing occupying my mind, I didn't blame myself for blurting out the painfully obvious.

"Yes sweetheart, I am. Are you okay with that?" Mom's eyes were longing for me to say yes, brow knit ever so slightly, but she knew how I felt without me having to answer. Her hand was resting flush against my abdomen, and slowly sinking lower and lower. "Just tell Mommy if you get uncomfortable, okay baby?"

I was trying with all my might to sound confident, but Mom started nibbling on my earlobe and effectively shut down my communication beyond a choked out; "yes Mommy". My golden haired Mother dropped to her knees in a heartbeat, pulling her hair back from her face so I could see her staring up at me with perfect clarity, a mirror image to a scene I'd had with a couple girlfriends before. Now those girls were replaced with my Mother, greedily licking her lips over the challenge of a thick cock staring back at her, glistening with tiny beads of water that coated the only real thing that could quench her thirst.

She smiled diamonds, her stare transfixed on my cock as her brain slowly started coming to terms with the new level of relationship we were entering. I had the feeling that even if I had told her about any of my nervous reservations, she wouldn't have let it stop her.

Our eyes met in the moment her hand finally closed the distance to my erection, and I saw nothing short of absolute euphoria emitting from her. It didn't look the way most girls did when they got a hold of my dick the first time. The difference being the unmistakable sense of pride my Mom was showing, feeling the cock she had created out of her own flesh and blood palpitating in her small hands.

"Oh, Sean." Mom cooed, shifting her hand down the length of my shaft, stopping once she had her fist against my stomach. "It's beautiful." Her fingers coiled around my pole one at a time, squeezing me until her whole hand was wrapped around me. These advances served as a distraction by putting me in a blissfully unaware haze, giving Mom the opportunity to inch her head closer to me, extending her tongue under the head of my cock and scraping the warm, squishy surface against the bottom, leaving behind a trail of wet, bubbly saliva on me.

She was fascinated with it, much the way I was with her, in a sense beyond just lust. There was an underlying reminder the entire time that what we were doing wasn't necessarily wrong, but it was isolated. We two felt so outside of the norms of society, so lost in our own world where only we existed, doing something so few mothers and sons have done together, and preparing to do a whole lot more.

Mom tenderly gripped the base of my shaft and fell into a comfortable fluidity, stroking it from top to bottom in long, tender motions. Her head rested in the nape of my neck, planting kisses as hot as lava across my skin and teasing me with flicks of her tongue. There was no hesitation between us; I was groaning like a subwoofer, and Mom was feeding off it. She was perfectly at home, holding my cock in her tiny hands and giving it an extra tight squeeze when she pulled up over the head, peeling off the layer of water that had collected on it.

Her unrelenting grip let me feel every bump of her palm as she rubbed my cock raw, and she could tell as well as I could that the water wouldn't be wet enough, so I exited the shower stream.

Whereas I would've needed to *ask* most girls for spit to keep my dick being rubbed dry, Mom didn't need a single hint. Lucky for me and my love of all things sloppy, Mom spat twice into her hand and proceeded to use it as lube until the polished helmet was glistening with saliva. Try as she might, Mom could hardly cover the entire meaty pipe with both hands, letting glimpses of my engorged cock head sneak through the whites of her fingers. Fingers that she then brought back up to her mouth to lick clean, sucking off a strand of spit like a web between her fingers.

The moment overtook me and I lost sight of the big picture, momentarily forgetting it was my own Mother salivating over the sight, feel, and now the flavor, of her Son's manhood.

"How do I taste, Sophie?" My heart instantly leapt into my throat, then sunk like an anvil to my stomach. I never imagined I'd call her that, and if I was taking time to filter myself I probably never would have.

"Momma thinks you taste wonderful, but you shouldn't call me Sophie. I don't want you to think of me as any other girl besides your Mommy. I'm the woman who gave birth to you, the one who breastfed you as a baby, and held you in her arms while you slept." She haughtily whispered to me, still obsessively playing with my cock without breaking stride. "So, when Mommy is sucking her

Son's cock, she would really like him to remember whose hot, sticky throat his cock is throbbing inside of, and whose tummy is gonna be swallowing up all his gooey baby butter."

"What the fuck, Mom." I grunted between strokes.

"Is that too much? I can dial it back if-." She was interrupted by a vigorous shake of my head, to which she giggled. "I haven't talked dirty in a while, might be a little rusty."

"No, you're amazing." I meant that in more ways than one.

"You haven't seen anything yet." To punctuate her sentences, she worked her hand like a corkscrew on my dick and used a flutter of small squeezes for emphasis. I would momentarily forget who was jerking me off with such professionalism when she talked that way, even though I was reminded that it was *Mom*, her dirty talk gave me the impression that a dark, sexual side to my Mother was hiding just under the freshly scratched surface.

Mom's anticipated load would be coming soon, whether or not I wanted to stop it, and there would be a lot of it. When I was by myself I could generate a great deal of cum on a daily basis, so I usually never went more than a couple of days without release. Due to me leaving university, and the grueling demand of exam week before that, I hadn't had a lot of time to tend to myself. I was sort of worried Mom would be turned off by how much there was, given the buildup I was experiencing, but had to admit a part of me was excited to see her handle copious amounts of cum.

"Uh, honey?" Her darling voice penetrated the still air.

"Yeah, Mom?"

"Don't come yet, okay?" Her voice was pleading, yet convincing enough that I felt the urge to actually fight back my orgasm with a disheartened sigh. She let out an adorable chuckle, standing up on her tiptoes to kiss my cheek. "Stay this hard for Mommy as long as you can."

I swallowed the rock in my throat and forced my arms to move at last, only now realizing they had been lazily dangling at my sides. Mom's hand worked on me like a machine without a pause button, teetering me closer to the edge than I could handle.

Fighting through the nerves I hadn't felt since my first date in high school, I boldly caressed Mom's cheek with one hand. One fingers grazed her ear, and my thumb went back and forth across her cheek, eliciting a purr that echoed with deep, soothing bass. I brushed a strand of hair off her forehead and tucked it behind her ear, internally scolding myself for mimicking a move I know I'd seen in too many corny rom-coms. She seemed to like it nonetheless, nuzzling her face into my palm and smiling at me with unabashed enjoyment.

Every second seemed to be ticking by slower until it came to a near stop. I didn't know what was happening yet, but my brain recognized the signs and instinct took over. Mom closed her eyes a bit longer than a standard blink, and when she opened them she was staring at my lips. Unknown to her, she was letting her mouth hang open just a tiny bit while she did. Her hand slowed down, and I know it was due to distraction. I knew what Mom wanted, and I knew she didn't want to have to ask for it.

I slightly inched my hand to the back of her head so I could ease her towards me. Her desire was unmistakable, yet I could see the war behind her eyes telling her she shouldn't go any further. But goddamn she wanted to.

Like a supportive son, I made the decision for her and covered the rest of the space between us. Even the droplets of water were obsolete in our secluded world; the entire planet felt frozen in awe when we connected. Our kiss felt out of practice, likely thanks to both of us as of late, but it was the most serene moment I had ever experienced.

I pushed my kiss upon her ferociously, convinced Mom would match my intensity. Our lips parted, leaving a small space between us for Mom's purring to be heard. This only lasted for a second before I greedily pulled her body closer against mine, forcing the water to trickle around us with no more space between our bodies for it to escape.

Mom's body collapsed into my arms the moment our lips touched, demanding I keep her standing while she continued to play with me. Her unoccupied hand rested peacefully on my chest, moving up and down in time with my heaving breaths and dragging her fingertips through my light chest hair.

We were like two horny teenagers with a very messy approach to making out, our lips slipping over each other in an attempt to prove our desperation to each other. The feeling of euphoria radiating from Mom was palpable, I had never seen her so completely transfixed by anything, let alone by kissing her Son. The luscious smoothness of her lips parted and gave me a perfect opportunity to grow bolder. Her intake of breath between our passionate spit swapping gave me the opening I needed, and I didn't hesitate to take it.

My tongue flicked forward, sliding between my Mother's lips and dipping into her mouth in one fluid motion. She instinctively knew how to answer back, meeting me with her tongue and eagerly proving how years of experience can shape a kiss.

Her tongue slid over mine, a pink snake twirling around with expert finesse, daring me to keep up or get left behind. We hungrily kissed back and forth, trying to out-do the other person with our display of primal lust. I was boiling down every thought I had ever had about my Mom, every sexual idea to every loving hug or kiss on the cheek. I loved my Mother, and in this moment with her tongue dragging over mine I felt she was trying to tell me she felt the same way.

Her hand was still working tirelessly on me, trying to coax every drop of blood in my body to rush to my shaft to enlarge it for her, but becoming more successful as drawing out the cum. The two fat, plump balls she was caressing were growing sore in their need for release, and it wouldn't be long before I emptied them all over Mom's enormous, jiggling breasts and added a dose of cream to her already milky skin.

Mom must have recognized the signs of my impending orgasm; quaking legs, cock pulsating without falter, rapid and short breathing. Deviously, she relented just when I was starting to see stars.

I know I made a noise somewhere between a gasp and a disheartened groan, but the blood in my ears was rushing so profusely it made everything sound like a dull hum. Only Mom's delicate voice broke through the wall of silence, titillating my ears with her swooning tone.

"I know, baby, I know. Soon." She cooed, slipping her fingers under my balls and raking her nails over them from the bottom up. Mom rolled the heavy twin orbs around her fingers, pulling down on them gently to direct my dick towards her mouth so her tongue could swirl around the tip. "I had to stop, you were about to explode and we aren't done yet."

"Oh, no?" I instinctively tried to grab my dick to take over in Mom's absence but she slapped me away, urging me to stay patient.

"Not yet, no!"

"But I didn't get to come yet! Come on, Mom." It felt like I was arguing with her as a kid trying to get an extra piece of cake for dessert, and my pleas were far from ignored.

"Baby, you'll get to, just not quite yet." She had a devilish twinkle in her eye, hinting that she wasn't quite finished yet, but wanted to keep me in suspense. "You look like you want to come all over Momma's hands." She wiggled her fingers, seductively sucking the rest of the precum and saliva from her middle digit.

I nodded hard enough to rattle my brain.

"Goodness, you're too eager for your own good." Her palm pressed against my chest listening for my heartbeat, locating the hummingbird pulse and hovering over it. The pounding in my chest was so rapid I was sure an implosion was imminent. "Do you trust me? To keep going with this?"

"More than anything."

She gained an ecstatic smile, keeping it present while she kissed my shoulder. Her hand dropped to the small of my back and started rubbing in slow circles, gradually lowering herself and letting her lips follow suit. Her kisses followed a path down to my stomach, periodically stopping to lap at my skin with short flicks of her tongue. I'd never had a girl French kiss her way down my body, and was so entranced by the feeling I didn't put two and two together to realize where she was headed.

It all became clear when she finally dipped below my waistline, and my legs nearly buckled on impact. Mom's hands were on my thighs, holding steady while she sunk to her knees. Her eyes were attached themselves to my cock with fascination, observing every inch she could and licking her lips.

I gazed down upon her and was absolutely bewildered that I wasn't dreaming. A day ago the closest I came to seeing Mom naked was an abusively over-used photograph that left almost everything to the imagination. Now, not only had I seen her fully nude, but she was mere centimeters from my dick, one hand locked around the base and holding it like a delicacy. It brushed past her cheek, hanging over her lips for a moment where she gave it a tiny, teasing kiss.

Her tongue darted from her mouth and slid under the head, licking the underside of the purple helmet. She tightly gripped the base, then released, causing me to involuntarily clench and send more blood rushing to my dong. It jumped a little bit with every application of pressure from Mom's hand, sparking bewilderment in Mom's delicate blue eyes.

I hadn't bothered myself with the ethics of our situation, as it was hard to mull over right and wrong when Mom was showing me a side of her a son should never see. Regardless of morality, I knew my past-self would be outrageously jealous of where I was right now, so I made sure to send him my mental condolences.

"Here!" Mom chirped, pointing to the back of her throat and sticking out her tongue. "I can get it on my hands if you *want*, and I'll slurp off every last salty, sticky droplet, or..."

She paused dramatically, dipping down to drag her tongue like a velvet rake along the underside of my aching hard member. Mom started down at my balls and slowly moving up the iron pole with

her tongue flatly pressed to its fleshy surface.

"Or?" I asked excitedly.

"Or, you could come in my mouth and feed your Mommy a thick, gooey mouthful of her grandkids?" Now I really lost my mind; Mom accepted the entire bulging cock head between her silky smooth lips and I immediately began to feel my legs tingling, starting at the base of my spine. She wasn't searching for an answer, and she wasn't giving me an option, her decision was made.

Mom steadily worked the head in and out of her mouth, loosely sucking around the head so her tongue would have enough room to move around her mouth. She had no trouble circling the tip with her tongue, sliding it across the bottom of my dong every time she ducked her head down.

Every dip was timed so that on the upstroke she could seal her lips and pop it out like a lollipop. The rapid change in pressure caught me off guard and I couldn't believe I went my entire life thus far receiving admittedly subpar blowjobs.

Mom looked up at me for a moment and let her golden blonde hair fall behind her head in a single, uniform flick. Her eyes, unwavering, were trained on mine. I nodded in agreement and she smiled, letting her single dimple shine as she did.

Mom didn't want to waste anymore time. Her lips were pushed out like a duck face, my bulging helmet lodged safely inside the wet, slurping hole. Every little throb my cock gave off was met with a hint of suction from Mom, leading to more throbbing which lead to more sucking. The constant attention to my dick was becoming somewhat of a distraction, I was getting close to an orgasm but the talents Mom was showing off were far too good to pass up quickly.

By now, she had taken no issue with fitting all but the last two inches down her throat, and seemed to be looking to me for some encouragement. Her eyes glanced up at mine as she pulled her lips back, running them over every vein, bulged out from the enormous rush of blood, until just the head remained in her clutches.

With a wink, she tediously sunk her head down to accept more and more cock meat into her gullet, choking once I passed her larynx and sputtering out several globs of saliva. The strands of spit dripped down to her tits, bouncing together like two overfilled water balloons with every instance of throating.

Still, Mom was laser focused on my dick. The spit wasn't even phasing her, and I could actually feel her collecting a pool of it in her mouth for my dick to be smothered in when I pushed between her pink, pouty lips again. I embedded my dick as deep as I could without actually forcing Mom's head down, and the depth was enough that I could faintly feel the distension in her throat when I ran my fingers along the outer surface.

It tickled my cock a little bit, and made me wonder how rough I should be with my Mother, since she could obviously handle having her throat being stuffed to the point that my dick formed a noticeable, round bulge in her neck. She pushed my hand away and replaced it with own, massaging my dick from the outside with far more force than I used, not bothering to hide how violently she was gagging.

I felt her fingers so clearly that I wondered how she was holding up with so much distress on her throat, but her gaze did not change. Mom gave the occasional wince when a spit bubble would

gurgled up from her tummy and forced its way around my cock, basting it from the inside out with her own brand of sticky lube, but otherwise was committed to showing off her exceptional talent.

Mom pulled off and took her first deep breath of air in a few minutes, cupping her hand under her chin and spilling three to four tablespoons of gooey, translucent saliva into her palm. I couldn't tell how much was water, but it was *all* slimy and wonderful, so I didn't entirely care.

My balls didn't even see the move coming; her hand wrapped around them and nuzzled them in a perfect little home of thick, encompassing goo. It was better than a handful of lube because it was so warm, and spread much easier over the entire surface of my balls.

Both of the swollen eggs were tightly pulled to my body, but Mom didn't have any trouble sliding her fingers over them with expert precision. She stretched her middle digit back behind me, but stopped between my asshole and my balls to tickle the muscle that ran between them, pushing on it while she treated my cock head to another slobbery, messy kiss.

I was jealous that my Father had received this treatment from her for so many years, yet never stopped to show her the affection she deserved. As if reading my mind were second nature, Mom eased my dick from the clutches of her throat with a small gagging sound, dragging it through so much suction it sounded almost like a balloon popped when I was pulled from her mouth.

"You know, I never behave this way around your Father." She said curiously, mesmerizingly fixated on the throbbing meat in her hands. "I haven't blown him in years, and even when I did I was never this..."

"Slutty?" I perked up.

"I suppose so, yes." Mom rolled her eyes and gave the very tip of my dick a smooch, flicking her tongue against my urethra before gently nursing on the entire head. "Though I'm not sure you're supposed to use that word for your own Mother, sluts are only after sex and that's not what this is."

"You're right, sorry Mom."

"Now, if you were to call me your *Mommy-slut*, I might not be so discouraging." Every word was bringing me closer to a quickly approaching orgasm. I knew my little Mommy-slut could tell; she increased the speed her hand was working on me, twisting up and down the engorged cock head pulsating between her nimble fingers, and continued her dirty talk.

"What makes Mommy-sluts different from regular whores is that they only fuck one man, and they don't do it because they love sex, they do it because they love him." I kept quiet and let her build to her point. "This might sound a bit crazy, but I think you've brought something to light your Mother had buried since college."

"What's that, Mom?" My heart was seconds from exploding in my chest.

"You awakened a curiosity, Sean. I never wondered what life would be like with another man, your Father has always provided for us so I let the low sex drive slide for years now."

"What changed?"

"When I saw that photo in your wallet, I realized I could have these new curiosities settled without having to leave my marriage. I still love your Dad, but I love you in a way he'll never understand, we've always been that way."

"So, you want me to fuck you then? Right now?" Excitement rose in my voice.

"No, not right now." Mom's cheeks turned a remarkable red hue. "But, you know, I haven't thought about it but...maybe. For some reason I wanted to do this, even though it was never a thing for Donald and I. For some reason, I want to try all these things with you, I want to make you feel good. And if that makes me feel good too, that's all the better. I don't even think I have to ask you but, would you, ya know, want to?"

"Want to...what?"

"To...fuck, your Mother. Would that be something you-."

"Yes! Please!" I blurted out excitedly, reeking of absolute dork.

Mom laughed it off, putting on her most adorable set of eyelashes and batting them seductively. "I'm sure you'd love to get inside this moist, buttery Mommy muffin wouldn't you, stud? Would that make you feel good?"

"You're actually already doing a great job of the part where you make me feel, well, incredible actually." I could feel the semen boiling in my balls like I was being hit in the stomach. It was all encompassing and I knew I only had precious seconds to give warning. "Fuck, oh my God, Mom I'm about to-."

"Cum. For your Mommy-slut, I know baby, I can feel you pulsing, and your balls are all tightened up. Now, this next part I haven't done in a while, but I used to be pretty good at it." Before I had a chance to ask her to clarify, Mom was already showing me firsthand what a blowjob queen she was, and how fiercely determined she was to swallow me.

The searing warmth churning in my spine exploded to a surge of lightning vibrating through my muscles, turning me putty held up only by the sheer will to experience my Mother gulping my seed.

She pinched her hand at the base of my dick just as I felt the freight train orgasm hit me, wrapping her mouth around the plump, shiny knob. I expected to start spouting off immediately, but Mom keenly held the thickest initial burst in with her tight grip, slurping her bumpy tongue along the bottom of my rigid cock to elicit another powerful muscle spasm. With all that stockpiled cream itching to be released, all Mom had to do was let go and she would get a face full of pearly white goop dripping from her baby blue eyes down to the pinks of her fat, luscious lips.

Before my inexperienced mind could figure out what was really going on in Mom's head, she showed me what only years of expertly practiced blowjobs can teach you.

Rather than pull away from me, Mom thrust herself forward and gobbled my dick to the root and juttied out her chin so she was pressed right up against my body. The buildup of cum she was waiting for came rushing out like a fire hose, dumping rope after rope of sticky semen down her throat. Since she couldn't breathe, she couldn't actually get herself to swallow. Mom's mouth wasn't emptying and it began to collect the semen that wasn't being forcibly injected directly into her stomach, steadily increasing the size she would have to ingest when she finally swallowed the bulk of my cream.

From where my bulbous cock head was situated, I could feel her throat muscles flex and expand when she moved back to create enough room to gulp down the pool of her Son's hot, frothy cum sloshing around in her cheeks. A distressed gurgle escaped Mom's throat, expelling a large gob of

cum onto my balls which she promptly gathered with her palm, smoothing it around my quivering testicles with a careful caress.

With an intensity I'd only seen in movies, my Mom pulled back and, for lack of a better term, convulsed. I must've hit something at the back of her throat because she seized up and pulled back, cheeks expanding as she fought to keep my cum from exploding out of her mouth. Mom opened her mouth and struggled to let out what air she could in a sickening, deep gurgle that sent spit and cum all over my balls. Without missing a beat she gathered up what she spat out and pushed it between her legs, spreading the sticky mixture over her undoubtedly soaking wet slit.

Tears were streaming from her eyes, but she didn't relent even after depositing what was easily the most impressive load I'd ever shot, into her stomach with a hearty gulp, chugging the salty baby butter until she had cleared her mouth of the sticky syrup. Stars were popping up in my vision, but I could still make out the form of my Mother bobbing her head back and forth on my dick, using the spongy back of her throat to aggressively draw out more cum. Even though the majority had been let out, I still had enough saved up to squeeze out a few juicy gobs right onto her waiting tongue. With her famously tight grip, Mom pulled upwards from the bottom of my dick and extracted one last spurt of goo right onto her tongue, savouring the sweet nectar and rolling it around her tonsils.

I waited for her to swallow, but she was reluctant. I watched breathlessly as my cum swam around her mouth, pushed to and fro and coating the bright pink surface in a white, gummy mess of bubbly froth. Most of it spilled to the back of her throat and she suppressed a choke, allowing me to watch as she let it tediously drip down the back of her throat to the rest already pooling in her belly.

Mom gargled and more bubbles popped up in the copious mixture of sperm and saliva poised to overflow her mouth if she wasn't careful. The bubbles popped one by one as she rotated her tongue, breaking them back down into a gluey, sticky concoction that resembled a thick syrup. Once it was all settled, she closed her mouth and squinted her eyes really tight, scrunching up her nose as she greedily swallowed her reward. Finally able to breathe, she gave an exasperated sigh and let oxygen fill her lungs once again.

Mom was quiet for a moment, holding one shaking hand over her tummy and giving it mindless little rubs back and forth, eyes distantly staring into the shower wall like it were a rich painting. Her body jumped a bit and a small burp escaped, prompting an enormous blush and a quick apology. With a tummy full of what should have been her future grandchildren, Mom had a satisfied glow that stayed with her while she continued to nurse on my exhausted cock, smiling giddily whenever I would make it twitch a little in response to her kisses or licks.

Truth be told, with everything rushing through my head, the only thing I really wanted to know was what was going on in hers...