

THE BIRTHDAY BOX

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Son receives a gift meant for his Father. Will Mom find out?

Incest/Taboo

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Writers note: An enormous thank you to user neuroparenthetical (NP) for editing this story. Their services were invaluable in bringing this piece to life. This story involves themes of non-consent that become more intense near the end. There is no violence, but it nowhere near as dark as "Love Do Cost a Thing".

I hope you enjoy.

To say that the years had been kind to my mother, Kitty, would have been an understatement; she was as bubbly and charismatic as when I was a kid, but it was only around my eighteenth birthday that I'd begun to also take notice of what a firecracker she was. Whip smart, funnier than any of my friends, and gorgeous enough that my younger self often wondered why she looked so much better than the women I saw on magazine covers. She was a few years younger than my Dad, but more often than not it felt like there was a whole decade keeping them apart. While my Dad was graying and showing signs of wrinkles creasing his forehead, Mom still managed to look like she was ripped straight out of a Pixar movie. The odd time I would catch myself staring at her behind in a transfixed daze, the word "MILF" would shamefully drift to mind.

Her hair seemed to never be less than perfectly wavy, as though it was trying in vain to match the pronounced curves of her body. I knew it was wrong to be casting my gaze on her plump bottom every time we sat down for dinner, but the way her cheeks practically oozed over the edges of the chair was impossible to ignore. I know, I know, "*She's your Mother!*" But I justified it to myself by silently asserting - over and over again - that looking wouldn't do any harm.

Mom often sported a woodsy, autumnal lipstick that accented the two small, dark moles nuzzled just below the corner of her mouth, right above where her solitary dimple appeared any time she graced the world with her smile. I knew my parents were happy together, but I never understood what my dad had done to earn a second look from someone as stunning as my mom. Must've sold his soul to someone sinister, I supposed.

Some may have considered my lack of siblings a blessing, others a curse. I found it to be the former, as it gave my Mom tons of time to devote to me while Dad was at work. That may explain why nearing adulthood hadn't stopped me from being so close with them both, in particular my mother. As I grew up, I stopped hearing my friends talk about the bond they shared with their family, so I supposed that it was something my mom and dad had gone to great lengths to successfully preserve. Those efforts had frequently annoyed me, just as they would have any young teenager, but just then, on the cusp of leaving home, I was starting to appreciate all of it.

We talked openly about everything, even things that most kids would be utterly ashamed to share with their family. They both knew I was a virgin, and that I would do anything I could to change that before university, but I'd never found a girl to go all the way with. Both Mom and Dad had tried to set me up with some of their friends' kids, but it never went anywhere serious.

I had joked that, for my eighteenth birthday, they should just bite the bullet and hire me a hooker as my present. We laughed about it, but I was more than half serious. Mom clearly didn't understand, but I think I saw something in Dad's eye that told me he was savvy to the desperation I was feeling. In fact, I'd overheard quite the conversation between the two of them about a week or so before our birthday.

"Do you think he's kidding, hun?" Based on the concern I heard in her voice, I could practically see Mom anxiously twisting a cord of her strawberry blonde hair around her finger. "I know you two joke like this a lot. Could this just be another joke?"

My Dad grunted. "I don't know, Kitty. If I were him, I would be dead serious about it."

"I mean, sure, *wanting* it is one thing, but would you have actually asked your *parents* for it?"

"For my parents to hire me a hooker?" The air grew thick with silence before both of them burst out laughing. "No, no, I don't think I would have had the courage to ask."

"Well, then, maybe the boy we raised has been taught to speak his mind a little *too* much, hmm?" Again, even with a wall between us I could vividly envision how deeply Mom's brow was arched as she delivered that line. "I won't point fingers as to why, but here we are, with a boy so bold he's asking to lose his virginity as a friggin' birthday present!"

"Aren't we lucky?" Dad chuckled. "Some kids can't decide what they want, but at least ours is sure."

"And *I'm* sure he's not going to get it, right?"

Dad did not respond.

"Right, Gerry?" Mom prodded, seeking to hear the words aloud.

"Uh, yeah. Yeah, right, Kitty."

"Gerry..." Mom started calmly. "I just... I guess it feels weird to me."

"I know. You and I haven't even--"

"I know," Mom cut him off. "It's been a while, and I understand. Look, honey, your birthday is just around the corner, and Dr. Tabitha had us talk about some of the more, uh, weird stuff we wanted to try, right?"

Dad offered nothing back as Mom continued trying to, by the sounds of it, persuade him into being intimate. "I just thought maybe next week, for your birthday, it would be a good time to try something new! Maybe that 'freeuse' thing you talked about! That could be fun -- when Daniel isn't home, of course."

"I guess..." Dad trailed off.

"Or...or the, uh, other thing?" Mom's voice was sullen as she offered up a mysterious alternative gift. "I know I said it made me uncomfortable, but if you really want to try I can do my best."

I was stuck between being extremely disgusted at hearing my parents talk about sex, while also rooting as hard as I could for Mom to get what she'd wanted. There was something about the longing in her voice that made her easy to side with, though I'd guessed by Dad's response that

there was been something more causing the rift between them - a rift whose existence, until that very night, I'd never once suspected.

I heard the telltale sound of him kissing her forehead. The conversation went quiet after that, so I slunk through the shadows back to my room with about a thousand questions in my head.

Was Dad serious about getting me a hooker?

What the hell is "freeuse"?

When was the last time they had sex?

Wait, why do I even care?

Oh my god, what if they get a divorce?

Who am I gonna live with?

Why doesn't Dad want to have sex with someone as sexy as Mom?

That word was stuck in my head. I lingered on it, realizing that I had never used the word "sexy" to describe my mother. I felt guilty -- or rather, I know I *should* have felt guilty, but I didn't. I mulled over that waterfall of questions that roared through my mind until they'd eventually slowed to a trickle. As the week passed, I pushed their conversation to the back of my mind, blissfully unaware of just how soon it would resurface.

The weekend finally rolled around and we found ourselves trying to make time for familial celebration before we went our separate ways for the day. I had plans to see my friends, while Dad headed for the office in the hopes that he would get enough work done for him to be able to enjoy the rest of the weekend free of guilt.

"Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you. Happy birthday dear Daniel and Gerry, happy birthday to you!" Mom clapped her hands excitedly as she set down our cake. Yes: *our* cake. One half of the cake was chocolate, for myself, and the other was strawberry cream, for my dad.

My father and I shared a birthday, putting us in a unique situation usually reserved for twins. Our real birthday wasn't until the next day, but Mom had been so excited to show off her latest Frankenstein-inspired cake that we'd decided to have a small, early celebration before the weekend kicked off. She had become quite good at making one day feel special enough for both of us, and honestly, I had grown to enjoy sharing the day. That meant that Dad, to his chagrin, had to give up his day of celebration to share it with me. While he never said anything about it, I always felt a bit guilty stealing his thunder when the day rolled around.

Mom's apron was a plain beige decorated with bright orange frills. The entire front was adorned with streaks of red and brown frosting from her labor of love, displayed on her chest and stomach like an abstract painting. "I hope you two made wishes, because I am not going to relight fifty more candles just for you to blow them out again."

"Fifty? Who's fifty?" Dad spun in his seat like someone had tapped him on the shoulder, then pointed at me. "Is it you? But you look so young!"

I chuckled. "I think she means you, old man, and you're lucky she's rounding *down*."

My dad's hearty laughter echoed throughout the kitchen. "That's a shame; if she rounded up I'd finally start getting the elusive 'senior discount' that I've heard so much about."

Mom rolled her eyes until she saw grey matter, but she said nothing. There was little she loved more than the sound of her boys joking with each other.

"You know, Dad, if Mom doesn't start aging with you, it won't be long before people think you've got a gold digger situation worked out." I knew the best way to get Mom worked up was to talk about her like she wasn't in the room.

"A *what* kind of situation, Daniel?" She tapped her foot menacingly as she dared me to repeat myself. "I'm going to assume you misspoke. Wanna try that again?"

I made a show of nervously swallowing my cake. "Oh, uh, I think what I meant to say was that Mom looks really, really good for her age. Like *super* good." I didn't even have to lie.

Mom raised her chin and nodded slightly. "Warmer, warmer."

I acted like a lightbulb had just gone off in my head. "For *any* age! That's what I meant. I think I just got confused. Sorry, Mom."

"That's what I thought. Thank you, honey." If only I could find a girl my age with a sense of humour like my Mom I would be happy for the rest of my life. Her dress fanned out as she spun victoriously on her heels, revealing the faintest hint of the bright blue, lace underwear she had underneath. I scolded myself for looking, but did not avert my gaze. I watched her walk all the way back to the sink fantasizing about the garment she had unwittingly flashed me.

Mom's plump bottom jiggled as the pads of her tiny feet pitter-pattered over the tile, stopping when she reached the sink. She started cleaning the sugary bakeware with gusto, putting her whole body into scraping the hardened frosting off of the pans. The more she struggled, the more her cheeks bounced off of each other as her body rocked back and forth. The greedy mounds swallowed the tail of her dress between them, tightly pulling the fabric so it caressed the swell of her meaty ass. I wasn't lucky enough to catch another glimpse of the blue lace, but that didn't stop me from staring.

Dad said something that went in one ear and out the other. When I finally pulled my attention away from Mom's behind, I found him with his head cocked like I was supposed to be answering something. I ignored my rising erection, hoping that Dad wanted to talk about sports or something innocuous. "Sorry, Dad. What was that?"

Dad leaned in and lowered his voice. "I asked if you were serious about that birthday present you asked for."

"The snowboard?" I was playing partially dumb since I didn't really expect him to bring this up with Mom so close by. Thankfully, she was occupied humming an Adele song while she cleaned.

Dad shook his head. "No, no. I mean the *gift* you asked for."

"Oh, that *gift*." I tapped my nose. "I guess so. I don't wanna be a virgin when I get to university, you know?"

Dad puffed out his chest. "Oh, believe me, I know exactly what you mean. Your Mom seemed a little put off by the idea, but let's just say she's not the only one making decisions around here."

I snorted. "Oh, yeah? Tell her that and see if she likes it."

"Not a chance in hell, Son. Not even on my birthday." We both laughed as we finished off the last bites of cake just as Mom came to sit with us.

"What do my big, strong men have planned for today?"

"Work." Dad sighed.

"Play." I chimed.

"I wonder who drew the short straw." She teased, winking at me. "You're lucky your Dad works so hard for us. Speaking of, honey, when did you say you had to leave?"

"Pretty soon, I think. If I can just get ahead on this project today I won't have to think about it for the rest of the weekend." Dad took Mom's hand and kissed her fingers. "Then I can spend the whole time being pampered by the most amazing wife in the world."

"Okay, dear." Mom feigned a weak smile. Her dimples popped in when something dashed across her mind like a flash of lightning. "You promised you'd be back tonight, right?"

"I promise." Dad was telling the truth, or at least his version of it. The definition of 'tonight' was very loose with him, and we all knew there was a chance he might not be home until three or four in the morning.

Dad gave Mom a lazy kiss goodbye, and she deflated into her chair as he left to grab his jacket. His shoes clicked on the tile of the kitchen as he exited, every step getting quieter until the slam of the front door jolted Mom upright in her seat. She plastered on a smile and excused herself from the table, which was still cluttered with plates and leftovers. It wasn't like her to leave a mess like that, so I took it upon myself to tidy up while she escaped to her bedroom.

I finished cleaning just as I heard the telltale creaks of the stairs under Mom's weight. She floated into the kitchen in a dreamlike state and gasped when she saw the sink full of dishes.

"Oh, Danny, you didn't have to do all this." Mom's bare feet pitter-pattered over to me, and she stood on her tiptoes to plant a kiss on my cheek, falling into my chest as she wrapped her arms around me. She cast her dazzling, blue doe eyes up at me. "Are you gonna be late to meet your friends now?"

"It's okay, Mom." I kissed her forehead with a grin. "I'm gonna spend all day with those goons. Besides, this barely took a minute."

"Well, thank you either way." She pulled away from me and I felt my heart sink a little. "Now go! You have friends that need a birthday boy to load up with alcohol."

My laugh echoed around the otherwise silent kitchen. "Always looking out for me, aren't you?"

"Someone has to!" She winked at me and fluttered out of the kitchen, in a noticeably better mood than when she'd walked in. She called as she ascended the stairs. "I'll see you tomorrow, honey!"

I was going to call after her and correct her -- I knew I was going to be home that night -- but she was already out of earshot. I didn't think it mattered, but, after so many days spent ruminating

upon that overheard conversation, one would think it would've set off an alarm bell in my head just then.

Then again, if it had, I likely would have missed out on the greatest birthday present I had ever received.

The streetlights were the only thing illuminating the road as I stared longingly out of the car window. They passed by like camera flashes, rhythmically pulsing their light against my closed eyelids as I rested my head against the cool pane of glass.

"What are the odds, huh?" my friend Jason asked as he drove into my subdivision. I knew he was talking to me, but I hoped by some miracle that there was a ghost in the car whose response he was awaiting. "I mean, a hooker is one thing, but a hooker from your *parents* is a whole new pie. You know?"

"I know," I slurred, trying to keep myself together so I wouldn't look like a fool when I stumbled through the door. I regretfully pulled my forehead from the window, savouring the final seconds of cool relief as my sweltering skin peeled off it like a Band-Aid. I blinked extra hard a couple times to adjust to the darkness inside the car. "Hey, Jas, thanks for giving me a ride, man."

"No worries, birthday boy." He patted me on the shoulder without taking his eyes off the road. "Just happy to know you got home safe. You sure your parents are gone?"

"Yeah, it's their thing," I hiccupped. "They're probably at dinner still, so I'm just gonna go right to bed."

We pulled into my driveway and said our goodbyes. Jason's tattered car croaked with exhaustion as he pulled out of the driveway, and he waved to me until he was out of sight.

I relished the night air nipping at my skin as I stood motionless in the driveway, watching a family of moths playing tag in the dim glow of a nearby streetlight. The whole subdivision seemed eerily quiet, as if it were keeping a secret from me. I took a deep breath and summoned the will to move my concrete shoes, dragging them up the walkway until I reached the front door.

Inside, I was met with a sight that warranted an audible declaration, even though I was alone in the house.

"What in the hell is *this*?"

As I threw open the door, dozens of rose petals were blown aside. They drew my attention further inside the house. Every corner was drenched with a curiously dim atmosphere, lending a haunting perspective to the walls I knew so well. It was as close as I had ever felt to being a stranger in my own home.

A few small candles decorated the room, their lights dancing menacingly against the white walls and casting fiendish-looking shapes in the orange glow. They seemed to be creating a path that led into the living room, where the serenade of warm candlelight was burning like a beacon whose warmth would ease my passage through the shadow drenched foyer.

I kicked off my shoes without taking my eyes off the darkness lurking in every corner of the foyer, half expecting something to leap out and grab me. It wasn't quite frightening, but something definitely felt askew.

The flowers were soft under my feet as I followed the red carpet to its natural end. I stepped through the threshold into the living room and let my gaze wander as the petals gave way to a familiar hardwood floor. Every corner of the room sported an impossibly brilliant array of uniquely coloured candles. Their warm glow cast across the ceiling, mingling in a choreography of soft, orange light.

A small plume of smoke on the table next to me drifted under my nose. *Sandalwood*, I thought, mouthing the word to myself. It was Mom's favourite, but I knew she only burned it for special occasions. Maybe a smarter man, or a more sober one, would have put the clues together in time, but I was not that man, so imagine my astonishment when my eyes finally stumbled upon the true prize of the evening - the reason everything had been laid out to begin with, and undoubtedly the greatest birthday present my parents had ever given me.

Upon the sturdy, wooden coffee table in the center of the room was a large, black box with a large hole cut in one side. The box itself was unimpressive, but what it housed was anything but. Sticking out from the hole in the box were a pair of undeniably gorgeous legs, each ending in a foot adorned with ruby red stilettos whose bold color matched all ten adorable toes. Each one sparkled like painted glass in the flickering candlelight.

The table itself was padded with the cushions from the sofa, giving the mystery woman's knees something to rest on, but that was all I could see. The mouth of the box swallowed the rest of her body, leaving everything else up to my imagination. A table cloth was laid on the box, and its frayed edges were draped over her plump, round bottom.

There was a note delicately placed in the middle of the table. I timidly walked over, scanning the room for any sign of a trap that would disrupt that perfect moment. The table seemed a million miles away, daring me to reach it, taunting me with something too good to be true that nevertheless drove my every step. My heart was thumping in my ears like a steam engine roaring to life, pulling all the blood from my limbs to fuel me forward. My hands were equal parts shaky and clammy as I put one foot in front of the other, forcing myself to shuffle towards the box.

It took everything in my power not to run my hands up those exposed legs, wanting so badly to feel the softness of their skin against mine. I knew it would be unwise to proceed without reading the note, though. I picked up the piece of paper and it crinkled as I opened it, revealing three words that told me everything I needed to know.

"Happy Birthday, honey <3"

Holy.

Fuck.

It's.

REAL.

Dad actually followed through, against all odds. I was too excited, drunk, and horny to think clearly about whether or not I should be weirded out. The tiniest, faintest sober voice inside my head was lamely whispering that I'd feel differently in the morning, but it knew it couldn't sway me.

I looked more closely at the card and saw another line that was more intriguing than alluring - but still pretty damn alluring. The phrase *"no words, only touch"* was written in lowercase font, as if it

had been added as an afterthought. I mentally noted to myself to stay silent. If there were rules, I was going to follow them, lest the entire surreal display disappear in a puff of smoke.

. Upon turning the card over I was met with nothing but blank paper. I supposed that was that, then. I shrugged it off, assuming that my parents had already well surpassed the limits of what they'd been comfortable with, and hadn't wanted to keep writing down more sex rules for their horny son. Still, I was wary to proceed any further with so little oversight.

As if to quell those very worries, the woman in the box began to slowly sway her enormous, cloth-covered bottom from side to side, inviting me to touch her. Every time she changed directions, she revealed a little more of herself. She pushed her heels together and pointed her ass towards the ceiling, begging me to remove her covering so she could show me what was waiting underneath.

I pinched the edge of the sheet and raised it with bated breath, allowing more and more of her succulent skin to come into view. She refused to pause her hypnotic undulations, still rocking back and forth as I lifted the barrier that kept me from hungrily devouring her naked flesh with my eyes. I wanted to soak in every moment, though, so despite my horny impatience, I took my time.

I couldn't help but gasp with delight as the giant swell of her ass cheeks came into view. The woman in the box giggled and gave her butt an extra generous shake that made the fleshy globes smack together. I threw the cloth off of her and was greeted to as much of her as I would ever be allowed to see. The hole in the box was barely big enough for her to fit through, leaving no space for light to sneak inside the secret compartment. She remained shrouded in mystery from the waist up, but everything else was shamelessly exposed.

My hands fought valiantly through the nerves that rattled through my bones as I mustered the courage to touch her for the first time. I placed one hand beneath each of her pudgy ass cheeks and marveled as my fingers sunk into them. As my fingertips explored her enchanting curves, my thumbs gently brushed against the lips of her fat, swollen labia. She clenched up for a moment, but then relaxed, and rested the weight of her bum against my palms until the dough comfortably overflowed from each of my hands. I placed my thumbs against the lips of her vagina, gingerly tracing up the length of her smooth, bulging petals before succumbing to the urge to pull them apart.

As she opened up, the scent of her womanhood drifted towards me. My head started to spin, for that intoxicating smell punctuated the reality of the moment. So, too, did the undeniable heat between her legs that was nipping at my cheeks. I was hypnotized by her rhythmic clenching; it was seducing me with a dance unlike any I had ever seen. I pried her open as wide as I could, focusing intently on every crease her skin made as I did so.

Her tight, puckered butthole stared back at me, forming stretch lines in her malleable skin. It was a delicious shade of light pink, and completely shaven, making it look like a star once my efforts had smoothed it out. The puffy inner ring rose to the surface as I held her cheeks in place, winking at me. It bulged in sync with the tender squeezes of her pussy. The primal urge to bury my face between her legs hit me like a freight train.

I needed to taste her.

I lowered my face and swallowed my nerves as I trudged through the curtain of damp, muggy heat radiating from between her legs. My tongue met the edge of her lips and traced down along the crease, following the swell until I felt the firm, fleshy jewel nestled at the bottom. I closed my eyes and eagerly drove my tongue against the pink nub, sliding through her honey-soaked trench and

growing hungrier every time she bucked against my face. I released my grip on her ass cheeks, letting the plump mounds entomb my entire face in the warmth of her soft meat. I could scarcely breathe, but I had no desire to. All I needed to do was keep flicking my tongue over and over against that tiny button.

Driven by pure desire, I ignored my body's cries for oxygen as I relentlessly dragged my taste buds over her pulsating clit. Her juices were like nothing I had ever tasted before, and she could hardly have stopped drowning me in a bath of nectar that was as sweet as it was sour if she'd wanted to. Like a man who'd been surrounded by only desert sand for days on end, I returned to the center of her clenching tunnel with religious devotion, delving as deep as I could into her warm, gooey center.

My tongue hungrily slithered inside the tight opening, pushing against her tender walls with all my might, trying in vain to imprint her honey upon my tastebuds. I wished for a longer tongue as I flattened mine against her velvet ceiling, dragging it over the wet, pulsating flesh like I was trying to memorize every fold. She pushed back against me with equal abandon, riding my face like she was using me to get herself off. I loved every second of it.

I held on to her waist with both hands and let my tongue hang out of my mouth, holding it in place for her to grind against. She forcefully mashed her clit against it, sending small droplets of juice down my cheeks like warm tears. I needed to take a breath, but there was no chance I was going to pull away from her. I gasped and sputtered in the tomb of her sultry pussy meat, filling the quiet room with the depraved sound of loud, desperate slurping.

An eternity passed with my face entrenched between her cheeks, basting my lips with such generous honey that the dribbles ran down my chin. She began to seize up in a way that my amateur mind could only hope was the sign of an orgasm, so I doubled my efforts to send her over the moon.

I used one hand to spread her open again without allowing an inch of space between us. I slid my tongue up through the length of her greasy slit and ran it over the puffy, raised ring of her buttohole, making circles around it as I subtly moved my free hand between her legs. My thumb quickly found the button I needed to press; it was throbbing eagerly as it begged for my attention. I devoured her tiny asshole with wanton abandon as my thumb rubbed against her clit in small circles, forming a routine I effortlessly slipped into as I felt her start to buck against me.

She was the first to break the "no talking" rule. I heard her mutter something vaguely from my spot between her cheeks, but I couldn't make out what it was. If it was a warning about her impending orgasm, it came just in time.

Within seconds of her mumbled speech, she pressed into my face like she was trying to take my head off. I pushed back with equal intensity, refusing to back down as she challenged me to ride out her orgasm with her. She muffled her squeals inside the box as she shuddered like a banshee, squeezing her knees together hard enough to nearly make me lose my grip on her ass.

I could hear small, delicate whimpers coming from inside the box; the woman inside was fighting against her instinct to cry out, instead putting all of her energy into squashing her cunt against my tongue. Bright, twinkling stars dotted my vision. Right then, all that mattered to me was making her come. My head grew dizzy from the lack of air, and from the intoxicating aroma of her sweet juices filling the room, leaving just enough of my brain intact to remind myself to keep slurping.

I lapped dutifully at her tightly clenched asshole as I felt her coming down. Her muscles finally having decompressed, she rested her weight against me again I continued working my tongue against her tightly sealed backdoor like I was trying to force my way in, but slowed down in tune with her until she was nearly motionless.

Time finally regained meaning as I pulled away from her, filling my lungs with the air they so desperately craved. Bright red marks stained her ass cheeks where my fingers had dug in, evidence of ownership on her skin that, regrettably, slowly began to fade away. I took a greedy handful of plump ass meat and squeezed it in my palm, relishing the faint imprint it left behind.

I brought my hand down with a '*THWACK!*' and she squealed in response. Thick ripples pulsed through her pudgy ass meat. The swells of her cheeks crashed against each other like tidal waves colliding at sea, creating a feedback loop that made it seem like the wobbling flesh would never stop. I spanked her again, only harder, unable to take my eyes off of her deliciously plump ass.

She broke my trance with a quick clear of her throat, followed by a few faint taps on the other side of the box. With one long, final gaze at her exposed bum, I walked around to the other side of the box to find it completely covered by the table cloth. Then, in the middle of the side, I saw something scratching against the cloth from inside the box. Curious, I lifted the fabric and saw that there was another hole -- much smaller than the first one -- cut in the side. The woman's finger was sticking through the hole, pointed towards the ceiling as it curled towards her in a "come hither" motion.

Her finger disappeared inside the hole, and I stared blankly into the darkness, hoping for a small hint at what the woman inside looked like. Instead, a pair of lips adorned with vibrant red lipstick appeared. She smirked playfully before blowing me a kiss. Her tongue stuck out of the hole like she was trying to taste the air outside, provoking me without a touch of subtlety.

Instantly, my dick throbbed in my pants. I hadn't noticed myself get hard while I'd been eating her out, but the hungry mouth presented before me triggered my awareness; I was beyond rigid. I practically leapt out of my pants as I disrobed, unwilling to keep her waiting. My dick was glued to my stomach, decorated on all sides by a sprawling web of veins that led to the inflated mushroom at the end. I had never been so hard in my entire life, and I didn't even know who to thank for it.

My legs were threatening to collapse underneath me as I approached the box with my dick bobbing up and down in front of me. The hole was just big enough for me to fit inside, and I pushed through the threshold expecting to meet her mouth. Instead, as the swollen knob entered the box, I only felt her hot breath steaming against the crown, which made it to flex unexpectedly and poke her in the nose. She giggled from inside the box, clearly enjoying the hold she had on me. I pushed another inch inside; still, I did not find her mouth.

She was staying just out of reach, but close enough that I could feel her hot breath coiling around my dick like a thick fog. Falling victim to her plan, I followed her inside until my stomach was pressed flat against the side of the box. The hole was just large enough that I could fit my balls through if I tucked them against my shaft, and I marveled at how strange it was to look down and see my dick completely hidden from view. The tight circle around the base of my dick acted like a cock ring, giving me something to flex against as I helplessly awaited her first touch. I knew she was mostly blind, since I was covering the box's main source of light, but she made her way by touch alone as if she'd been born to do so.

One of her small hands gently caressed my heavy, swinging balls like they were bird eggs, lifting them up with her tiny fingers before she let them roll off the tips and land against the side of the box with a dull '**thud**.' She wrapped her palm around the two swollen orbs, juggling them between her fingers with a warm, delicate grip, as though she was weighing them. She made a small oval with her thumb and first finger and encircled the root of my balls, gingerly tugging down on the sack until the head of my cock was pointed directly at her mouth. She held me in place as her mouth slowly opened wide enough for me to enter it, but then, just before the moment of truth, she froze.

I knew I was being toyed with, made to wait for her to make a move. I was suspended in the confines of her mouth with a sliver of space between her tongue and my cock. Her breath oozed around my swollen member, rolling down the length as she teased the sensitive underside with her nails.

While constricting my balls with one hand, her other tickled underneath my dick and sent shivers through my entire body. Every time she tickled me like that, my dick flexed and nudged against the roof of her mouth, flattening the squishy helmet against the bumpy surface. She did not pull away, but refused to let her lips close around me. Desperate for the sensation, like an addict chasing a high, I flexed again and again so I could keep myself rigidly glued to the roof of her mouth.

I flexed impulsively as her tongue flicked against my frenulum, pushing me harder against her soft palate as her slimy tongue slithered against the bottom of my dick. She knew I was stuck there, so she took her time basting the underside of my length in saliva. She timidly fluttered the tip of her tongue against me, getting me used to the sensation before changing her technique entirely.

She pulled my dick from her mouth and aimed it upright, rooting her lips to the base and sucking just above my balls, where my dick began to protrude from my body. I had no idea I was so sensitive there, but the lightning cascading through my limbs told me that the mystery woman knew exactly what she was doing. While she happily nursed on the root of my cock, spit began to dribble out of her mouth and trickle down over the hand with which she had securely tethered my balls. With that lubrication, she was able to work her hand in slow circles, sliding it around the fat, slippery orbs as she dribbled more of the warm, bubbly saliva into her hand.

She had fallen into a perfect rhythm and did not stop for a second as she took to kissing up the length of my rigid cock. She treated every inch to a barrage of tongue kisses. Then she fit my dick sideways between her lips like a hotdog between two plump, red buns. That way, her tongue was able to curl underneath like it was magnetically linked to me, clinging to my shaft as she sloppily slid from root to tip, glazing the entire length in a generous coating of saliva.

Her lips stuck to me for a moment before she pulled her mouth away, as if she didn't want to let go. She relinquished her grip on my balls, but I could still feel it, like memory foam. I heard her drool a fat glob of saliva into her hand seconds before she wrapped her gooey palm around the head of my dick with a hearty squeeze. Bubbles oozed out from between her fingers as she massaged the throbbing crown like she was churning butter, tirelessly working her hand up and down. I imagined the head glistening in the candlelight, polished like marble under her gentle touch until I could see my reflection.

I heard her force more saliva to the front of her mouth. She pressed her lips into a small "O" and positioned the tip of my dick inside the circle. She refused to let her lips separate any more than she had to. The "O" stretched wider as she enveloped the entire bulb, ejecting a tiny bit of saliva from the corners of her mouth. She patiently began to inch further down my dick, paving the path

with saliva oozing through her puckered lips. It methodically draped over me like a wet, slimy blanket as she fit more of me into her mouth.

I didn't need visuals to know that she was about halfway down, and that she was starting to struggle. I heard small, strained gags inside the box as she calmly parted her lips to take her last breath of oxygen before I entered her throat. That rush of air was cool against my skin, and brought mild relief from the sweltering heat of her mouth. Nevertheless, she vacuumed her lips to my dick as soon as she was ready and dove further down, shoving another inch of dick down into her gullet.

She seized up as she lodged the last portion of my cock inside her throat, pressing me firmly against a squishy wall of flesh that insisted I could not go any deeper. It felt like soft, yet unyielding velvet that pushed back against me. Thankfully for her, my balls were resting on her chin, and her nose was already nuzzled against my belly.

It slowly dawned on me that she was intent on staying there as long as possible. Her lips were tethered to the base, lazily nursing on the whole length as though she was sucking on a massive pacifier, while I steadily throbbed against the walls of throat. She almost hit her limit a couple of times, and her whole body seized up as she gagged on the meat mercilessly entrenched deep in her esophagus.

I stifled my groans in an attempt to come off like I was used to the experience. I crushed the sides of the cardboard box with my grip as I tried to balance myself.

The woman in the box began to slowly pull my dick from her throat, dragging her tongue flat against the bottom as she did. Even though she was fighting for air, she was in no rush. I couldn't count the seconds it took for her to finally let go of me, but it felt like multiple minutes. One inch after another passed through her lips as she slid over the network of bulging veins that led to the crown, and she paused only when she finally reached the head. With a wet '*POP*,' she released the suction, nearly sending me tumbling backwards, like somebody had cut the cord on my safety harness.

She playfully licked the head like a lollipop a few times, then kissed her way down the saliva-covered shaft until she reached my balls, both soaked in the remains of her sticky, bubbly lube. She gobbled one orb into her mouth, and I couldn't believe how different it felt from having my dick sucked. Her tongue danced effortlessly in a pattern of flicks and tender licks, combing over the round egg like she was drawing a map on the surface.

If I'd been allowed to talk, I would've asked her to try and fit both in. I knew my balls were larger than most, and the idea of having both of them in a woman's mouth had always been something I'd wanted to try. By sheer luck, or perhaps by experience, she already knew what I wanted. I felt her jaw stretch wider; her finger poked around until she found the other orb. It must have been larger than what she was used to, so she gave it a little nudge with her finger. As she tried to suck the fat ball inside, it sounded like she was eagerly trying to slurp the last drop of a smoothie. Finally, and with one more push from her finger, she eased the second orb through the seal and stifled her lewd sputtering.

Holy shit, I thought, and almost said aloud. *That feels different.*

I could feel the sides of her cheeks tightly hugging me. There wasn't much room for her tongue to maneuver, but she made do with the little space she had. The slimy python wiggled beneath the heavy eggs like she was trying to lift them, but she lacked the strength. All she succeeded in doing was smothering their undersides with her tongue as she suckled on them like a spongy jawbreaker.

She ignored the urge to swallow, and so I was treated to the slimy sensation of saliva oozing around the sides, encasing my balls in a warm bath of thick, bubbly syrup.

One of her hands found its way to the crown and subjected the spongy knob to a gentle massage, ensuring she kept my dick happy while she focused the bulk of her attentions elsewhere. Her slimy fingers explored the head with an exceedingly soft touch; she placed her thumb and forefinger in the shape of a "U" so it fit snugly into the trench below the head.

Oh fuck, not yet! I screamed internally as I felt my orgasm make itself known. A hundred men couldn't have pulled me away from that magical box, but I knew if I didn't do it myself I would soon be meeting the end of my wonderful adventure, so I made the hard choice.

Right as I felt the point of no return on the horizon, I hastily pulled my dick from the box. I saw for the first time just how generously my dick was smothered with lipstick, making it look like a warrior in the heat of battle. My dick was barely recognizable, hidden amongst the bright red streaks and dribbles of brightly coloured saliva that dripped down the sides. I can act like I paused as a courtesy to clean my dick for her, but that wasn't the whole truth.

I took off my shirt and quickly wiped off as much of the mess as I could, though I remained so rock hard that I *still* barely recognized the throbbing member between my legs. I had never been so horny in my entire life, and my unparalleled erection was proof.

I looked back to the box in vain, hoping to catch a glimpse of the seductress it housed, but was met with the familiar sight of her gaping maw pressed up against the hole - a hole that was soaked through with spit. The circle was darker than the rest of the box, showing clear signs that her constant drooling was eventually going to tear an even larger hole in it if we kept going.

Her mouth hung open obediently, waiting eagerly for my return and saying nothing of the pause. She was there to serve, and that's all she wanted to do. She was patient, running her tongue over her lips or letting it hang out like a panting dog, desperately trying to entice me back to her.

Intrigue overtook my better judgement, and I knew I had to truly take advantage of the situation. I was being too timid. I needed to see what the mystery woman was capable of, and I knew just how to test her.

As I edged closer to the box, she stayed perfectly still, waiting for me to touch her tongue again. As soon as I did, I made sure to push forward with enough force to thrust myself back into the depths of her throat. She gagged forcefully from the impact against her gullet, but made no remarks even as I pulled the entire length out.

Again, she remained poised with her mouth pressed directly against the opening of the box, which is exactly what I wanted. I drove my cock back into her throat until my balls were against the box, then I pulled out. I repeated that a couple of times until I was sure she got the message, then I began to thrust -- and I mean *really* thrust.

With every push inside I bottomed out against the back of her throat and heard her audibly gag at the intrusion, occasionally swallowing air that was forced out the next time I sunk to the root. I didn't stay there for more than a second before withdrawing my dick to let her gasp for breath, giving her just enough time before I filled her mouth with meat again.

"Gulp, gulp, gulp, gulp..." Over and over again she violently gagged on the cock plunging into her throat, filling the room with that delicious, surreal sound.

My balls bounced against the side of the box, and I wondered what it was like for her inside. With her throat being repeatedly hammered, no light for her to see, and the box itself shaking like a hurricane, it must've been pretty overwhelming. But she held on like a pro. The table beneath us was creaking from the force of my new approach, rocking back and forth and scraping on the hardwood.

At some point - and without warning -- I abandoned my rapid thrusting in favor of a single, slow, powerful push. I jammed myself into her mouth, holding myself inside of her muggy walls for a moment just to savour the warmth. I did that a few times, pulling out then diving all the way back in, until I decided to test her resolve. I bottomed my dick out against her gullet and stayed there.

She did not move at first, but as the seconds passed she realized I wasn't going to move, and she began to shuffle back and forth anxiously. She murmured something that was too muffled to hear, which was followed by whimpers that made her sound like a wounded animal. We both waited for the other to crack first - a dangerous game of chicken it cost me nothing to keep my dick buried in the confines of her throat, but for her it was much harder. With each passing second she grew closer to blacking out, and I knew it was only a matter of time before panic forced her to act.

"Weae!" With my dick bulging against her cheeks, her words were muffled. She knocked her knuckles against the hard, wooden tabletop, protesting from within her cardboard prison. She was begging me to stop, unwilling to let herself quit. "Dewey, weae!"

I couldn't understand what she was saying, but it sounded important. With a heavy heart, I dislodged my cock. She immediately took to dry heaving and coughing before she let out a very un-ladylike belch, which was probably my fault from forcing all that air into her belly.

"I said *please*, goddammit! What...what the f-fuck was that?" She croaked with saliva still thick in her throat, earnestly savouring the oxygen that must have seemed like a privilege. "You've never d-done that to me before."

What?

Wait.

WHAT???

I knew that voice. I knew it well. Until then, it had been too muted by the box for me to have caught on, but she was finally speaking clearly, and I could tell in a fraction of a second that something was very, very wrong. I wanted to speak, but I was terrified of what would happen if she recognized me, as I had already recognized her. The woman in the box was waiting for me to reply, so I offered a meager grunt to sate her.

She sighed with a timid snuffle, like she was on the verge of tears. "I don't know if this is, like, part of it or whatever, but that was way too rough, Gerry. My throat actually hurts now. Why did you do that?"

Don't talk. Don't talk. Don't talk.

"Fine. Fine, I won't talk, I know *that's* part of it." She sighed -- heavier that time, as though she was admitting defeat. "Just... I mean, please, remember who's in this box, okay?"

Don't talk. Don't talk. Don't talk.

"O-okay, you're kind of scaring me, honey." I could hear her shaking with nerves. "I just... am I doing okay? Is this what you wanted?"

I grunted. It was the least I could have done.

Even if she didn't love what was happening to her, she clearly loved making me feel good - well, 'me.' Her voice seemed to raise an octave as she chimed, "Really? Okay, well... did you want to fuck me now, sweetheart?"

I did. Oh god, I really did, and it crushed me to the core to feel that way. I knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that the woman in the box -- the mouth that had nearly given me the most powerful orgasm of my life -- belonged to my mother.

It all made sense to me. I'd stumbled upon that 'freeuse' fantasy I had overheard them talking about. That was why Mom had said she would see me '*tomorrow morning*.'

Mom was *Dad's* birthday present, and I wasn't supposed to be home.

Chills ran through my body like a plague through the streets of London, infecting every corner of me with guilt, doubt, anxiety, and fear, but all of that paled in comparison to one thing -- one terrible, lustful thing that I physically could not ignore.

I draped the tablecloth over the small mouth hole again, temporarily convincing myself that if I couldn't see it, it didn't exist. That idea was blown wide open by the red heels I could still see jutting out from the other side of the box, and I moved towards them on autopilot.

The smart part of my brain was screaming at me to do the right thing. If I stopped then and there, after having heard my mother's voice clearly for the first time, it was just a misunderstanding. If I kept going, it was much more than that. On the other hand was the dead obvious: if I stopped, I would never know what it felt like to have sex with my own mother.

But why is that something I want so badly?

A thousand realizations came to light in an instant, but the one that shone with the greatest clarity was the one telling me that I knew what I wanted. I always had. I had always gone out of my way to be close with Mom, emotionally and physically, to the point where being called a "mama's boy" would have been a compliment. We'd been attached at the hip when I was a kid, and Dad had never understood it. Frankly, until tonight, neither had I. As much as the raw, sexual desire felt new, it also felt so natural that I wondered if it had always been in my subconscious. For whatever it was worth, the universe had certainly gone out its way to provide.

"Happy birthday, honey." Mom cooed like a canary in a cage, shaking her ass like before so her doughy cheeks clapped together. Her apprehension from moments ago seemed entirely gone. It seemed that the thrill of being told she was doing such a good job was all she needed to get back into character. "Now, come on, *fuck* your birthday present."

I shamefully followed the sound of Mom's ass cheeks clapping against themselves until I was looking at the same view I'd started with, though it felt much different. I was no longer merely looking at a naked woman. I was looking at the very vagina that had given birth to me, and it was making my dick surge with energy, like I had swallowed lightning.

Even without seeing her face, it was impossible to shake the knowledge of who was in that box. Every time her swollen ass cheeks rocked to the side and I caught a glimpse of her pink, puckered

asshole, I was struck with the memory of my tongue sliding against it. It occurred to me that I was one of the few boys in the *world* that knew what their own Mother's pussy tasted like and I was never, ever going to forget it.

Her large, matronly ass swayed in front of me like it was taunting me, and I thought back to all those times I had mentally compared it to that of a Pixar mom -- all the times I had seen her ass wobbling like pudding as she cooked dinner, or pulled vegetables from the garden, or bent over to vacuum under the coffee table, and every single time I had wondered, as innocently as I could have, how it might've looked if she'd done those chores nude. While technically there were still bits and pieces of her left to my imagination, they weren't *the* bits and pieces. Those, I had seen, smelled, and tasted.

I mirrored my movements from the start of our coupling and placed a hand on both of her cheeks, peeling them apart to reveal the succulent peach they hid from view. Long, glistening strands of honey draped from one side of Mom's vagina to the other, making her tidy, shaved pussy look like a jungle of slimy, translucent vines. Her center was swimming in nectar so thick that I could almost see my reflection in it, and I couldn't fight the urge to see if it felt as slippery as it looked.

One of her fat ass cheeks wobbled to a slow standstill when I finally released it, but the other stayed firmly spread in my grip. I didn't even need to get my finger wet first; Mom had that covered. My finger pressed against the entrance to her sultry tunnel and slowly pushed inside. I couldn't believe how easily it swallowed me up, but then it occurred to me that she had once stretched wide enough to push *me* out of there, and so perhaps she deserved some credit.

One knuckle after another disappeared until my whole finger was inside of my mother, feeling her body squirm and clench around me from the inside for the first time. I wanted to fit another, but the raging erection stabbing me in the gut was motivation to move on. I could have spent an entire week devoted solely to exploring my Mom's vagina by touch and taste alone, but to my arousal was added fear - fear that every moment that passed increased the likelihood I would be discovered.

I pulled my finger out of Mom and stuffed it into my mouth without even thinking. I already missed her taste and I wanted more, but I couldn't keep my dick at bay any longer.

I towered over my mother like a giant over a helpless damsel whose only course of action was to wait for mine -- a servant in every sense of the word. Her pussy had drowned my brain in so many pheromones that I wasn't thinking straight, and all I wanted to do was conquer her.

I stood between Mom's legs, and her feet wiggled with anticipation. She tapped her shoes together so the heels made a *click clack*. I pushed her legs together until they met, and her muffin bulged obscenely from between her thighs, making a perfect home for the head of my cock. With one hand heartily gripping Mom's ass, I lined myself up with her entrance. My dick pushed forward through the swamp of thick, syrupy pussy juices as I dragged the helmet through her lips. Her soft petals folded around me in a humid hug as I nudged them apart. My fat knob then gently glided through her greasy curtains until I eased it into her snug pocket. It fit me like a glove.

I could still see the ridge of my dick head waiting to go inside, and already I was amazed with how incredible it felt to be inside of my mother. I was embedded enough that I could use both hands to spread her ass open. All I had to do was push forward, and the slippery hole had no choice but to swallow me up. I opened Mom's ass cheeks to watch the spectacle as the rest of my cockhead sunk into her vagina, greeted by a warmth that made her mouth seem frigid.

Mom's oven clenched around me the way she had displayed earlier, finally giving me a taste of what her talents felt like. There was nothing to keep me from slamming into her like a cheap sex doll, but, knowing what I knew, I wanted to take my time. Each time I pushed further inside of her, I had to force myself not to immediately orgasm from the change in sensation, as she only became warmer and wetter the further I dove.

My knuckles were white; I was gripping onto Mom's hips like she was the last piece of shelter in a tornado. I knew my knees were shaking, but I hoped she didn't notice when I felt my thighs meet her soft, pillowy ass. The enormous globes flattened against me like pancakes as I pulled her into me. Finally, I nudged her cervix with my raging cock head, reaching the bottom of the vagina that had given birth to me.

I paused for a moment, letting eons pass to allow me to fully accept the sensation of feeling my mother squeezing her pussy around me like she was begging to be bred. Her cervix kissed the tip of my cock, and her walls constricted so tight that I could feel her seize up from even the most subtle flex. I gently rocked my pulsing cock head against the mouth of her womb, bulging against the spongy wall.

I was lucky that it felt so good to pull out of her -- to feel that plushy velvet creeping along every inch of my cock -- or I would have stayed buried inside of her for an eternity. I kept the head within Mom's grip as I eased my way back in, and stifled a groan when she began her rhythmic squeezing, kneading my cock with her silky walls like she was trying to coax the cum out of me.

We continued that slow grind for a while, moving in tandem in a patient flow that always ended with me pressing up against her cervix. The cushy wall kissed the tip of my cock every time they met, driving more blood to the inflated head nestled inside her. Mom pushed her ass into me every time I hit bottom, begging for another inch to be fed into her greedy pussy even though we both knew she was full to the brim.

We moulded together until I couldn't tell what I was feeling anymore. I felt so uniquely connected to Mom that I couldn't think of anything beyond the sweltering melting pot slowly cooking me inside its depths. Mom gave me a series of rapid squeezes, as if encouraging me to move faster. I fought the instinct that urged me to fuck her as hard as I could right away, forcing myself instead to pick up the pace gradually. I pulled my dick from her warmth, feeling her tunnel close behind me as I withdrew the intruder prodding around inside her guts.

The first real push almost sent me over the edge, forcing me to bite down on my bottom lip so hard I almost drew blood. My arms were rooted to Mom's hips for support as I pulled her against me in tandem with my thrust. I shook my head to rid my vision of the stars that danced around it like a halo, steadying myself as I readied another deep dive into Mom's pussy.

The second time was just as sweet as the first, yet twice as hard to control. I'd had a taste and wanted more. I *needed* more. I couldn't bear to let more than half of my cock out of her clutches, instantly succumbing to the throes of sexual addiction. I couldn't think -- couldn't move -- other than to fulfill the carnal, primordial desire to conquer the woman presenting herself to me.

I grunted like a bull as I dragged her onto my dick, huffing and puffing in a vain attempt to stop myself from going over the edge. I knew that each time I did I was summoning an orgasm that already felt like it was going to knock me unconscious. Fire boiled in the pit of my stomach like a cauldron threatening to spill.

Each time Mom's fat, wobbly bottom flattened against me -- each time the ripples surged through her soft flesh -- it was like watching bumper cars collide. I was moving with such conviction that the colossal mounds of dough weren't given a chance to rest. You would have thought we'd practiced that dance a thousand times by how effortlessly we moved together, perfectly timing everything so our momentum did half of the work for us.

Over the sound of our slickened skin slapping together, I could faintly make out the sound of Mom's subtle whimpering coming from inside the box. It almost sounded like she was in pain, but I realized that was just my brain playing tricks on me. I had heard her voice for so many years, yet had never heard her make *that* specific sound. It was surreal to hear my own Mother yelping like a cat in heat, so much so that I didn't immediately recognize the ecstasy she was awash in. Her voice was higher than I had ever heard, coming out like a mouse squeak with every "oh" when she felt me touch bottom. As she grew louder, the reality of her pleasure became too obvious to ignore. I could tell she had a hand in front of her mouth to try and save some of her pride, lest she sound completely depraved.

Her toes were curled so tight I thought they were going to break, quivering in her red heels. The shoes clacked against each other every time I pushed inside of her, creating a symphony of sounds that each fought for my attention. "*Click, Oh, clack, Oh God, slap, click, Oh My God, clack, slap.*" Each piece played its part perfectly, giving us a soundtrack so alluring that I couldn't have slowed my pace if it had cost me my life.

Mom had given up on trying to meet my strokes and could only hold herself in place amid the torrent of rampant thrusting. What strength she lacked, I made up for with an iron grip on her waist, digging my fingers into her sides so she wouldn't be thrown forward when I drove my cock into her. The box was shifting back and forth with us, like it, too, was holding on for dear life. I knew that if it was somehow jostled loose, everything would come crashing down with it, but even that threat could not stop my advances.

My hands pried Mom's ass open, exposing her tiny backdoor to my unwavering stare. The pink donut was protruding from her like a small, raised hill, violently clenching in time with the rhythmic squeezes of her seizing cunt. I gazed upon the puckered ring with a passion I had never felt before. I wasn't all that into anal, unlike some guys I knew, but I was suddenly stricken with an urge to explore parts of my Mom that had never interested me before. I wanted *all* of her.

I pulled apart her doughy cheeks like freshly baked bread and dug my thumbs against the ring of her pulsating asshole. I gingerly pressed my thumbs around the edge as I spread open the heavy, jiggling globes, imparting just enough pressure to expose the bright rouge interior of her inner walls.

Mom tensed up in a new way, and I could tell she was uncomfortable, but she said nothing. I took that as consent to continue, but with caution. I held her cheeks apart and let a thick glob of saliva fall from my mouth. It landed squarely on the trembling circle and slowly began to trickle between the swell of her cheeks, filling in every little wrinkle that gave a hint to just how tight that little hole was. The syrupy lube left a tiny trail of bubbles as it gradually dribbled over her asshole, and I immediately started to spread the goo around with my thumb.

Once she was used to the sensation, Mom began to relax. I timidly massaged her asshole with small circles, giving no impression that I wanted to go inside. I think my own trepidation helped her calm down, as it only took a few seconds before she resumed her ritualistic moaning. She was even

grinding her asshole against my thumb like she was playing chicken with herself, trying to see how much pressure she could apply before my thumb slipped inside.

"If you, um..." Mom paused. "If you keep f-fucking me, honey, you can put your finger in."

It was at that moment that I realized I had completely stopped moving and was hypnotized by Mom's asshole, so enamoured with exploration that I had somehow forgotten that I had my cock lodged firmly inside her pussy. It hit me like a shockwave when Mom gave my cock a reassuring squeeze, encouraging me to start fucking her again.

I had to go slow so I didn't cum right away, but as crazy as it sounds, that somehow made it even more difficult. Mom's insides squished like a soggy sponge as I pulled out, the sound of her swampy cunt overtaking the array of other noises I was so transfixed by. Like mud around a boot that had sunken in too deep, her pussy clung to my cock and gurgled shamelessly as I dragged it out of her.

Even without her squeezing around me, my dick was throbbing with aggression. Each flex brought it up to my stomach, with the head inflated so prominently that it looked nearly purple. From root to tip, it glistened in the candlelight, and if it had been any cooler in the house I would have seen steam rolling off the throbbing pole.

I took a moment to gaze in awe at the imprints I had left from gripping Mom's plump bottom. She was as red as the afternoon sun, bearing the marks of my fingers burrowing into her soft flesh that accented a faint hint of delicate peach fuzz. I swatted one of her pudgy cheeks and watched it dance with delight, but my mother could not be satiated with spankings.

"Honey?" She wiggled her bum back and forth. "Please?"

She didn't need to utter another word. I summoned the last of my strength, knowing that I was too weak to fight off my orgasm for too much longer, and eased my dick through her lips again. The plump curtains enrobed my dick, welcoming their passenger back as it nudged against her opening. I slid the head between her folds before pulling back again, obsessively watching as her tightness spread in impossible ways. Her slippery ring swallowed the helmet with ease, kissing the tip of my cock as her fat, pudgy petals hugged the sides and guided me back down to the bottom.

Mom sighed with relief as I filled her up again, jumping a little bit when I bottomed out and she was reminded of how big I was.

"Jesus Christ, honey." She gasped, and I heard her palm slam against the table as I settled back down into the depths of her warm, welcoming pussy.

Mom continued to groan as she swayed her hips back and forth with my cock buried to the hilt. "I... I haven't felt *this*..." she said, then pulled off my dick as far as she could without letting me escape. She slammed her cunt back down to the bottom to provide punctuation to the rest: "... in a long, long time."

I was worried Mom would put the clues together and realize that mine wasn't the dick she was familiar with, but it seemed that she had basically forgotten how Dad felt and was too excited to give it a second thought. For the sake of the ruse, I could only grunt in approval.

"Oh god." I felt Mom's fingers tickling the underside of my cock as she began playing with herself, her fingers gliding over her pulsating clit as she gyrated on her son's throbbing cock. She was

getting into it, even more than I was. "Come on, honey. *Fuck* your little *whore*."

Whoa.

I had never heard Mom talk like that. As far as I knew, neither one of those words had ever left Mom's mouth. Yet there I was, hearing them back to back. I'd never been much into dirty talking, but hearing my own mother literally begging me to fuck her was awakening a whole heap of new desires.

I rooted one hand to her waist and sunk back into her warm, creamy center. My other hand refused to take its thumb away from her asshole, still slick with saliva, and I was eager to explore a new fascination. I dribbled another helping of lube onto her bumpy backdoor and massaged it into every crease, gently nudging against the hole until I felt her muscles unclench. In small circles, I eased the digit against her asshole and pushed just enough to get my fingernail inside. Mom tensed like she was made of stone and sucked in a sharp breath.

To my surprise, she didn't ask me to stop. All of her neurons were probably telling her to quit, but I patiently pushed my thumb until I sunk past the first ring and felt a second, tighter vice push back against me.

"Slow, please," Mom whimpered, kicking her feet so hard her heels tapped against the table. "Be gentle with me, honey."

I held my thumb in place so I didn't lose any ground, but knew she wouldn't last long without something to distract her. With her fingers still ceaselessly dashing around her clit, I didn't have to thrust very fast to get Mom to start moaning like a banshee again.

I maintained a firm, steady rhythm with Mom, but she was doing most of the work by then. She brought her ass down hard, driving my cock through a fleshy jungle of soggy cunt meat, but pulled off of me much, much slower so that we could both feel her vagina caressing me with every fold. Every time her ass flattened against me, I tried to ease my thumb a little further inside her bum.

Our plan was working; with something else to focus on, Mom seemed more adept at - or at least less wary of -- accepting my thumb in her ass. She planted her curvy bottom in my lap again and I found the courage to push just hard enough that the rest of my invading digit popped inside of her asshole. Mom arched her back and groaned like she had been hit in the stomach, but steadied herself with a deep breath. For whatever reason, she was dedicated to making it work.

I wiggled my thumb against the walls of her asshole and marveled at how different it felt from her vagina; they were so much softer, and so unexplored, that it felt like baking my thumb inside a buttery cloud. They were so tender, and impressively slippery considering how tight she was. I could have broken my thumb if I'd jerked it too quickly, as the vice around the base of my digit was so secure that not even a drop of saliva could seep inside. I coiled my thumb back on itself so it dragged against the roof of Mom's asshole, burying into the supple flesh. When I plunged my cock into her pussy again, I dragged the tip of my thumb across that silky ceiling.

Mom was making sounds that could only be described as animalistic, grunting feverishly with my cock's every venture back into the deep confines of her quivering cunt. Juices drenched every inch of my shaft, and thick droplets of syrup tickled my balls as they dribbled down them, then fell to the floor with a '*plop*.'

My balls were pulled snug against my body, and I knew I was playing with fire, risking it all with each passing second. The thoughts burst forth in a jumble - panic and rationality joining forces against the primal pursuit of pleasure. *Is Mom on the pill? Am I supposed to pull out when I come? If I don't, I could get her pregnant!*

... *Why is that turning me on even more?*

I knew I couldn't get away with asking, as Dad would have already known the answer. I was left with two options: pull out and ensure that I didn't accidentally breed my mother like a town whore, or cum inside of her like every iota of my body was begging me to do.

Well, I never said I was a smart man.

My stomach tightened up as cum boiled inside me, desperate for release and knowing that any second could be the final one. Mom was enthusiastically thumping her ass against my stomach, battering my cock with a slurry of wet, sloppy kisses. That left very little reason for her to focus on anything else, and I was left to realize the gravity of our situation much sooner than her.

With no warning, and no hesitation, I went with my gut feeling. I let my instincts take over, consequences be damned.

I pulled my thumb out of Mom's asshole and grabbed a firm hold of her hips. My fingers disappeared in an ocean of doughy, porcelain skin as they sunk in, leaving long stretch marks that quickly turned bright red from my intense grip. I nearly bit through my tongue trying to stay quiet, hoping that I might savour the moment a little longer.

My dick sunk to the very bottom of Mom's greedy pussy until my balls were mashed against her clit, where I could still feel her fingers flicking back and forth. I don't know what she felt first, but I know she felt it, because her fingers stopped almost immediately. Maybe her fingers felt my balls as they seized up, but I doubt that. Maybe she felt my legs shaking as I fought to stay standing, but I doubt that, too.

I kissed the entrance to my Mother's womb and stopped thrusting, but I know she felt me throb. I know she felt that first telltale sign that I had gone too far as the mass of muscle inside her guts started pounding against her walls like a jackhammer. Unfortunately for us both, by the time she could act it was too late to stop.

The first stream of hot, molten butter erupted against her baby room with a violent splash, coating the spongy wall in thick cream like I was painting her pussy. I pushed inside her even harder in time with the second spurt, right as the gooey white rope basted the ceiling of her cunt, dripping back down onto my cock like a warm, sticky blanket. The final shots were too thick to find their own path, and could only mix in with the first two before congealing in a heavy puddle of baby batter right at the entrance of her womb. I continued emptying my balls into my mother, relishing the last few dribbles as I dumped more of the viscous glue into her guts.

Mom's fingers had completely stopped, and the room quieted until I only heard our tattered breathing. Mom shifted in the box as her fingers darted around her vagina, prodding around in a panic as she searched for answers to questions she had yet to ask aloud. Thankfully, she was so tight that not a drop of cum had been able to leak out of her.

With no choice left, Mom asked me with a tremendously heavy heart. "Honey, did... you didn't, right?"

I didn't respond. I couldn't, but she didn't like that. The box lifted about a foot off the table as Mom began to sit up, casually poking around the stretched out lips of her pussy with my cock still throbbing inside it. With more anger peppering her words than fear, she asked again, more pointedly. "Did you really just cum inside me? You didn't, right?"

Silence was no longer going to work for me. While I searched aimlessly for the right words, knowing I would never find them, the decision of how to deal with the situation was made for me.

Mom threw the box off her and sat up in a huff, so overtaken with fury that she could not even look at me. For the first time that night -- the first time since entering her most sacred place -- I gazed upon my mother's face. Her brow was furrowed with rage as she plopped down on her bottom and spread her legs obscenely, making no effort to maintain decency as she furiously pawed at her raw, ravaged hole. There was no illusion of being "sexy" any more as Mom tackled one frightening reality after another, while, paradoxically enough, entertaining the vain hope that she might get the cum out before it could do its unholy work.

I watched with shameless intrigue as Mom hiked her knee up on the table to give herself a better angle. She straightened her other leg as though that would help her reach further inside. Her face was contorted into disgust, something I had never seen upon it, as she rummaged around her drooling cunt. She looked like a wild animal trying to remove a thorn from her paw.

Pure horror was all I could see on her face as she withdrew her sticky fingers and pulled them apart in a "V". Her final hope at salvation was dashed by watching the thick ropes of baby butter stretch between her outstretched fingers, confirming her deepest fear.

Then she used both hands to pull apart either side of her pussy lips, digging them in as deeply as she could into the tender flesh before she pried her cunt open. She grunted as she pushed, trying in vain to rid herself of every last drop. A long stream of thick, white syrup oozed out of her, pooling on the table as she grunted again -- even harder that time -- to push the invasive cum out of her body.

"No, no, no," she muttered. Clearly in a state of rising panic, she turned her attention towards me. "You promised. You *promised* me, Gerry!" Mom turned her attention away from her cum-drenched pussy and finally looked up at me.

She didn't say anything at first. Her brain was trying to put together too many puzzle pieces that didn't fit. Her emotions rapidly changed from anger, to fear, to curiosity, to surprise, before finally settling into a non-verbal state of shock.

"Wh-wh-wh..." Mom couldn't muster anything beyond that; simply gawking at me as tears began to well in her eyes. "But... but, no. How? What is *this*?" Mom held out her hand towards me, and my heart sank as a glob of cum dripped off her finger and onto the carpet.

"Is this a joke?" She was desperate for me to say yes -- for me to take her away from this nightmare I had subjected her to -- but I couldn't do it.

"IS THIS A FUCKING JOKE?" Mom's voice bellowed in a way I had never heard before. Her lip quivered helplessly as panic began to overtake her body, but still she searched my face for some answer that would settle her racing heart. She rested a hand over her tummy with and dug her fingers in until they turned white, as though squeezing hard enough would stop cum from slowly seeping into her womb.

I was too preoccupied trying to think of an answer that wouldn't completely destroy the relationship I had with my mother, and she was too distracted by the knowledge that it was her son's potential children that she had just felt splashing against her cervix. With so much weighing down on us, we were both too distracted to hear the sound of the front door opening.

Neither of us had moved an inch in the last several minutes, so when Dad flung the door open in search of whatever had just made his wife scream in a murderous rage, he was greeted with a sight no man ever wishes to see.

The love of his life, with her tangled, sweat-soaked strawberry blonde hair, was sprawled out on the table with three of her fingers deeply buried in her vagina. It was pink, and raw, bearing obvious signs of a thorough fucking that left the tidy tuft of hair above her mostly bald pussy completely matted, with hints of her juices still soaking through the fur. What he could only assume was his son's cum was seeping out of her opened, pulsating hole and making a puddle on the coffee table where he had ate his breakfast that very morning. Sheer terror was plastered across her face, just the way semen was plastered over her hand. A thick helping of the sticky liquid ran down the length of her arm, creating a long trail of white syrup. The room was dead silent, making each dribble of cum sound like a gunshot when it hit the tabletop.

PLOP.

PLOP.

PLOP.

"I didn't know!" I was desperate to break the silence, and that was the most competent thing I could think to say.

"*You* didn't know?" Cum launched off of her finger as she pointed at me in accusation. "I didn't fucking know, either!"

Dad wasn't stupid. Like Mom, he was hopeful that a logical explanation would put everything to rest, no matter how unlikely it seemed. "What's going on, Kitty?" His voice was meek and hollow, which told me his heart had sunk to pit of his stomach.

"I w-wanted to give you something special for your birthday." Her voice was full of tremors as she explained herself. "I-I heard a car, so I got in the box and waited so I could surprise you. I didn't...I didn't think..."

Mom sniffled and used her clean hand to wipe a tear away before it stained her cheek. "I thought..."

"You thought?" Dad's voice was close to breaking, too.

"I thought he was *you*. Our son just..." Mom looked at me like I had just burned down a church, giving me one last chance to explain myself, even though she knew that I couldn't do so. When I didn't jump in to correct her, Mom admitted the truth she was hoping to keep from herself. "I think our son just fucked me." She swallowed the dirty word so it barely came out, tackling the horrid revelation in real time as she admitted it to her husband, and to herself.

Forget hearing a pin drop. It was so silent in the room that you could have heard an ant draw breath. We waited, and waited, and waited, and... eventually, Dad spoke. He wasn't angry, and if he was, it wasn't with me. No, I heard a tone from my father that I was entirely unaccustomed to. I expected rage. I expected fists.

"How did it feel?" he asked. Against all odds, the room grew even quieter. When he got no response, he clarified. "Kitty, how did it feel when he fucked you?"

Mom looked like she was going to puke. "Are you...serious, Gerry?" Every ounce of colour had drained from her face and she was as pale as moonlight, gawking like a baby bird.

Dad nodded.

Mom sucked in a stuttering breath before casting her gaze down to the table top. "Don't make me do this, Gerry. Not like this."

"Tell me." He shuffled his feet nervously.

Mom did not look up at either of us as she spoke. With a heavy heart, she admitted through the ever growing tears, "I...I came, okay? I fucking *came* with him." Finally Mom looked at me, but only for a moment before disgust repelled her gaze once more.

Mom continued to spit venom at my Father. "Are you fucking happy now? Isn't this what you wanted all along?"

Dad's eyes were sunken into his head like a voodoo doll. "I-I don't know. I didn't want it to be Daniel, obviously."

"What are you talking about?" I fought through the tension to ask.

Cue a long pause as my parents played chicken with the truth. My Dad caved first, as Mom could barely bring herself to speak anymore.

"Your Mother and I were going to try some... new things," he said. "Our therapist suggested it." Dad scanned the room like he was struggling to read from an invisible script. "One thing I wanted to try, that your Mother didn't, was cuckolding. She didn't want to sleep with another man, so we weren't going to do it."

"But you wanted her to?" I asked.

Dad nodded. "I guess so, but yeah, not like this."

"I'm sorry, Dad." I felt heat swimming behind my eyes as tears threatened to make an appearance. "I'm sorry I didn't know that-"

"Are you fucking *hard*?" Mom snapped. The corner of her mouth was turned up as she gestured towards Dad. "Oh my god... it worked?"

I couldn't tell what emotion I was hearing anymore; it was likely a mix of many. Mom seemed disappointed and grotesquely enraged, but also relieved. I heard hope in her voice, and I wondered where it was coming from.

"You're... holy shit." Mom clasped a hand over her mouth as she oscillated between happiness and sadness, unable to put weight into either camp. "It's been-"

"Yes it has," Dad interrupted before shooting me a shameful glance. "I- I don't know why. I don't know why *this* worked but..." His words trailed off along with his gaze.

"Daniel." Mom forced my name from her mouth like it was made of razors. "Can your father and I talk for a bit, please?"

"Mom, I'm so fucking sorry." I clenched my teeth to stop my jaw from chattering.

Mom nodded, but said nothing of my apology, meekly gesturing to the stairs. "Okay, go upstairs now. I'll come talk to you in a minute."

My world was turned inside out, and with gravity reversed I found it difficult to climb even a single step, but I managed. I dragged my concrete body into my room and slumped onto my bed, distraught by images of my Mother digging cum out of her pussy, and of the unimaginable terror in her face when she realized whose it was. I could not stop thinking about it -- about her -- and, against my will, it was sending tingles to my cock that made it hard to believe I had just spent the night having sex. I had never felt passion, or desire, like that before.

All I wanted to do was be with Mom, but it seemed like that was the last thing in the world I would ever get to do.

Unless my Father has a cuckold fetish.

Unless my Mom would do anything in the world to make him happy.

Unless... unless... unless...