MIKELH COLLECTION

Contents

A 'Cute' Mom 4
A Big Help for Mom 28
A Change Comes Over Mom 49
A Craving for Mother 74
A Deal with Danny 125
A Gamble for Mom 152
A Husband for Mom 221
A Love to Share 257
A Maternal Affair 292
A Model Mom 333
A Promise Made 357
A Proper British Mother 388
Abduction 411
Acting Out with Mom 423
Another Day in Paradise 445
Asking for It 483
Behind Her Smile 517
Bizarre 529
Breakfast at Mom's 541
Conning Mom 553

Dawn & Son Come Together 571
Don't Do That So Good 585
Exhibit 'A' 602
Four Snapshots of Mom 615
Getting to Know Mom 626
He Hurts Me 692
His Mother - The Whore 704
Just This Once 715
Letters to His Mom 727
Mom & Jeff & Dee & Me 747
Mom Has Her Ups and Downs 768
Mom Opens Up 811
Mom Poses Nude 831
Mom Takes It Slow 895
Mom Takes Three Strikes 951
Mom's Cure 985
Mother at the Edge 1018
Mother's Hard Choice 1053
Mothering the Twins 1099
My Mother's Tears 1116
My Sister, My Self 1155

Panic..... 1163
Plain Jane..... 1216
Reality Road is Long and Hard.....1238
Shame.....1285
Snow.....1323
The Empty Purse 1363
The Ins & Outs of Laura 1400
There with Love for Mom 1418
Tooth and Nail.....1463
Touching Mom.....1541
Youthful Cravings: My Forbidden Mom.....1582
Zee Loves Me?.....1658

A 'Cute' Mom

I was thinking about one of the things I often think about. Why do we do things? I was also thinking about my mother...pornographic thoughts. The strange thing about it is that I really didn't want to do pornographic things to her. I wanted to do loving things to her. I wanted to have her warm lips pressing on mine as I gently massaged her bare breasts.

Where did it all come from? Perhaps from other actions or desires or maybe just a little shot of electro-chemical stuff hits the brain at exactly at the right or wrong time. I had pinned it down to the time I was fifteen and saw my older brother Bobby kiss my mother. I thought she had kissed him for a second too long. Maybe I just imagined that it went on for too long; after all, she kissed me on the lips often and it was no big deal. Maybe I had wanted her for a long time before and never let it come into my consciousness. Maybe she was sleeping with him. Maybe, maybe, maybe...but from then on,ea my life took a different turn.

For the next few months, in my fantasies, I saw Bobby with my mother. He would strip her then he would suck on her nipples as she stood obediently before him. She always followed his orders. He screamed at her and called her names. Most of the fantasies were rough and I realized later that they were spawned by my anger and frustration. Robby would tie my mother to a chair and blindfold her. He would pinch her nipples until she screamed and almost choke her with his cock. She would beg him to stop but there was no mercy for her in this dark play; he was relentless. He would fuck my poor mother until she couldn't stand and then he would come on her.

It took me a while to realize that my brother was only a stand-in for me and when I allowed myself to be the imagined participant, the expression of my erotic fabrications became gentler. I couldn't hurt her, even in imaginings. I wanted to love her. I wanted her to love me.

I thought I had concealed my thoughts and feelings pretty well and that mom never knew how I felt, until that day of course. Bobby had moved out of the house and I wasn't sorry to see him go. Although things had gotten better between Bobby and me but I still hadn't forgotten all the

punches and taunts of "Momma's boy" he had let me have when we were younger.

I was nineteen and in my third year of college. I had picked a school near home. Since Bobby left, my mother and I had had gotten even closer than we were before. I liked talking to her and we spent lots of nights together watching videos.

On that particular morning, mom was sitting at the table in the kitchen and was wearing a light cotton print dress. It was long but low cut and showed enough of her cleavage to get me going. When she saw me she said, "Oh hi sweetie, could you do something for me? I must have slept badly and my neck's killing me; just rub it for a while." I stood behind her and started massaging her shoulders and neck.

I think the best way to describe my mother is 'cute'. She later told me she always wanted to be 'beautiful and mysterious' but that no matter what she did everyone always told her she was cute. It's as if someone had a carrot growing out of his head. When you look at him you say, "there's a carrot." When you look at my mother you say "she's cute". That's probably one of the reasons she still

looked like a kid approaching forty. My mother also had "It". The "It" that Monroe had to make men come to attention, the "It" Elvis had to make all the women wet when he picked up a guitar.

On the day I was massaging her neck and the world changed, she had never looked sexier to me. If I would have thought about it I never would have done it - but I didn't think. I just slid my hands down over both of her breasts, all the way to her nipples where I lingered for a moment. She didn't jump or scream. What she did was take a deep breath and say, "Honey, I don't know if you should be doing that." I returned my hands to her neck and kept massaging.

I took off on one my porno fantasies. Mom is on her knees. Bobby and I stand at her face with our big cocks ready...waiting...and hoping she knows what we want and how to do it. She doesn't disappoint us on either score. She starts by alternating on our cocks, sucking on each one for only five or ten seconds.

At one point she tries to get both fat heads into her mouth but has to be satisfied just licking them simultaneously. We

can see how hot she's getting. Bobby takes the lead and tells her, "Mom get on the bed…we're going to fuck you from here to Timbuktu." She doesn't hesitate. She gets on the bed and spreads her legs. Bobby almost knocks me over getting on top of her. Foreplay lasts as long as it takes him to grab his cock and sink it into her wet pussy. He pulls her over on top of himself. I just look at my mother's round meaty globes. Bobby says, "C'mon Rick, fuck her in the ass."

I'm not sure if I should but I'm sure I want to. I want to ram it in her ass for screwing Bobby and not me; I want to pound her for turning me on all the time, and most of all, I need to.

I put a couple of fingers in as I play with her tits. Her ass grinding tells me how much she likes what I'm doing and I'm ready. My cock is as thick and hard as an iron rod and I expect her to scream but she takes it with an exclamation of "Oh…OH…" I thrust in and out completely at first, watching her react. She relaxes and her asshole is stretched and waiting for the next insertion. I oblige with a deep and forceful injection of my meat. When I get far enough into my mother's ass to see three quarters of my cock disappear, I start pumping her. Bobby resumes his upward thrusts. As

we both give it to her, with only a thin membrane separating the two big dicks, she keeps repeating how good it is to be filled with us.

We're both getting closer and when we pick up the action and both pound her at once she goes nuts. She thrashes and laughs and keeps up a steady stream of talk. "Yes…fuck me, fuck me…this is what I've been dreaming about for years…my two boys fucking me…my two big cocks in their mother at the same time…in my cunt…in my ass…oooh yes…this is what you're whore of a mother needs…this is what your slut mother needs…to get fucked by her sons…fucked by her sons…over and over again…OH…I don't care who knows it …my boys are fucking me and I love it…"

I came back to the reality of having just touched her breasts with a hard-on from the fantasy and I'm emboldened to ask her the question I had been holding on to for four years, "Mom did bobby ever touch you that way?" She turned and gave me a hesitant, quizzical smile, "Of course not honey; why would you ask?"

My mother didn't lie; in fact, the main reason she got a divorce was because my lousy father couldn't do anything but lie and cheat. So there it was. My whole fantasy was built on a misperception, or would I have gotten to these feelings anyway?

I was elated and felt like a weight was lifted. I loved her so much at that moment; I turned her in the chair and start kissing her all over her face. She was laughing and she said, "Ricky, what's gotten in to you today?"

"I love you mom…I love you." That's what I said to her even though she was looking at me as if I'd gone off the deep end, and of course, I had.

"I love you too sweetheart…but…" Before she could finish I bent and kissed her fully. She accepted my kiss and my tongue but when the kiss was over she said, "Honey this is too fast…we have to talk about this…but I have to go to work and…we'll talk tonight, okay baby?"

"Sure mom" was all I could manage as she went to dress for work. A half-hour later she left with a quick goodbye and not even the usual peck on the cheek. I guessed I had blown it and started recriminations on myself for pushing her. What could I have been thinking anyway, that my mother was just going to strip and let her son have sex with her?

Late in the afternoon I had a break before my last class and I knew my mother would be home. I couldn't wait and just wanted to hear her voice and maybe read what she was thinking. I called and when she answered I said, "Hi mom...I missed you."

There was a hesitation on the other end and she said, "Hi baby...are you okay?"

"Sure mom." My agitation propelled me forward. "Mom, could I ask you a theoretical question?" She made a small noise of assent. "Can you love someone you're not supposed to love...is that possible...and if you do, can you tell your heart to stop?"

All she said was "Oh honey..." and got quiet. I pushed on.

"Mom, if you loved someone, wouldn't you want to touch them and tell them and... make love with them...wouldn't you do almost anything for the taste of their mouth and skin?" I heard her breathing strangely and deeply. As I asked if she was alright, it hit me and I said, "Mom what are you doing?"

Even though I had thought it, I was still shocked when she said it, "I'm touching myself." She filled in my stunned silence and said, "I have to go Ricky" and hung up before I could respond.

That was probably the longest day of my life. When I got home we had dinner and cleaned up. I kept waiting for the other shoe to drop. Nothing. We sat on the couch and turned on the T.V.- Pins and needles would have been easier to sit on. I had no idea what I was going to say but I started anyway, "Mom..."

My mother looked at me wistfully and said, "Honey, lets not talk now...just hold me." She leaned in and I put my arm around her. I remained motionless for a while and breathed in her fragrant skin. I felt a heart beat pounding but I didn't know if it was hers or mine. Finally I leaned down and brought my lips near hers. She looked up at me and closed her eyes and I was kissing her again. It was as if the hours in between hadn't transpired. We were continuing the kiss we started in the morning. I started unbuttoning the white blouse at her neck and opened it to her waist. The bra she wore was lacy and full but her cleavage was still evident. She took off my shirt as we kissed and slowly. We removed the rest of what we were wearing.

I said, "Mom, stand up so I can see you." She stood rather shyly and I was in awe. She was 'cute' all over. Her breasts were full and heavy with pinkish-tan nipples that were the same color as her natural lips. The rest of her five foot one package was beautifully proportioned. I told her she was perfect. She said with a wrinkle of her nose, "No, I think I'm too big on top."

I said, "Yeah right; put on your clothes and get out of here."

She gave me her little laugh and then looked down between my legs at my rapidly rising dick and said, "Oh God, Ricky…Ricky…" I stood and took her into my arms. Her velvet skin was on me: her thighs, her belly, and her breasts. I ran my hand down her silky back to the globe of her ass that I used to pull her closer to me as we kissed. I took one of her ample breasts in my hand and lifted it as I massaged it between my fingers. When I moved to the nipple, it had elongated and I rubbed it with my thumb.

My mother reached down and wrapped her fingers around my cock. She said, "My big beautiful boy is going to fill up his little mamma." I was stiff with the excitement of her touch and she generated as much heat with her words as with the hand that slid up the shaft. She cupped me and softly massaged me as she made a cock that couldn't get harder, harder.

An old movie with George C. Scott and his wife Trish was on in the background as we moved to the couch. She reclined with her knees up and opened. I laid my hand on the soft furry patch and stroked over my mother's moist

pussy. She smiled and made a small 'mmm' sound. I got on my knees bringing my cock toward her. She reached with both hands as she put her legs down and spread them. She positioned me at pink of her opening.

She was ready and I entered my mother with only a little difficulty. I was swollen and thick for her but she was now very wet. I filled her with my cock and told her of my longing and love for her. She was moaning gently but didn't say one word throughout our lovemaking. She was grasping me with her hands and with her legs and with her pussy. As I watched my cock sliding in and out of my mother's pussy I couldn't believe how my fantasies had transmuted into reality and how good reality felt.

I had had a few girlfriends and was fairly experienced for a nineteen year old. I usually had no trouble waiting for my partner to approach orgasm before coming. This was different. I was having trouble. Each stroke that took me deeper into my mother's channel felt better than the last. I imagined my cock sliding and prodding along the walls of her vagina. There was a harmonious fit as her channel conformed to the large shaft inside it. Being inside her was so much more exciting than anything I'd had with the other

girls. I was fighting not to come because I wanted to be good for my mother. I wanted her to want me in her always.

She started moving with abandon and I was glad when I felt her stiffen; I had about three seconds left. She pushed her hips high up into me and arched her back with a long "Ohhh..." She dug her nails into my back and I started to come. The lubricating cum that was filling her pussy felt good on my cock as I pushed even higher into my mother's belly. I came kissing her, moaning into her mouth. I thought I could never love anyone as much.

When we were quieted and wrapped in each other's arms, I felt her body start a gentle tremor. When it became more pronounced I opened my eyes and saw that she was crying. It soon became audible. I stroked her hair and told her I loved her and that we hadn't done anything wrong. When she finally spoke she said, "I know Rick...it's not that...it's that...I lied."

"What do you mean mom."

"Oh God…baby… I lied about Bobby…he did touch me this way…I'm so sorry honey…I didn't want you think badly of me…I didn't want you not to want me…it only went on for a month or so…I ended it because I realized I was just confused and needy…it wasn't about the kind of love I feel now…don't hate me baby…I love you…I had to tell you the truth; I didn't want this to be between us…say something."

I had frozen up. I was angry and confused. How could I ever trust anything she said or did from now on? Even though I was nineteen and thoughts about sex took up just about my whole day, it wasn't enough. I loved her and wanted her to…I didn't know exactly but I certainly didn't want her to bring Bobby back into my thoughts when I had just gotten rid of him. So I was right about her fucking Bobby. Shit. The last thing I wanted to be was right. Maybe she just should have shut up about him and worked it out herself…but the genie was out of the bottle.

I took my clothes and walked to my room with the sound of my mother's voice calling, "Ricky…Ricky?" fading in the distance. I didn't talk to her until the next day, which was Saturday. Talking is putting it mildly.

I started with, "How could you? You bitch, you whore. You fuck him and then you tell me he never touched you? You say you love me and the first thing you do is lie to me? How can I trust you?" I put her through hell.

She said it in a hundred ways. "I love you; I was afraid; I was wrong." We spent virtually the whole day alternating between yelling, screaming, crying, apologizing and everything else. I was young, stupid and self-righteous. It took hours until she got through to me.

"Ricky…baby…you have to forgive me…" Her eyes filled as she pleadingly said, "I'm not a whore…I'm not a whore…I've loved you this way for almost four years now. It started just a few months after I ended it with your brother. At first I thought I was crazy; how could I be falling in love with my son who was only sixteen? Oh honey…as the years past I still couldn't explain it but I had to accept it because it just wouldn't go away. Not a day passed that I didn't want you…and it didn't help that you ran your eyes over my body from morning 'til night either." We both laughed a little. I guess I wasn't as discrete as I thought I was. "Baby, I made a

mistake, please don't make us both pay for it forever." Finally I saw her broken heart.

We had been at it for almost seven hours before I kissed her and told her I loved her. It took me a while but it finally got through my thick skull - we make mistakes, we admit them, we forgive and we move on.

We were both starved, for food and for each other. So we ordered some pizza and took off our clothes. My mother took me in her mouth and as soon as I felt the sensation of her tongue massaging my cock I said, "If you would have done that seven hours ago..."

She stopped and said, "That would have been the worst thing I could have done to you my baby...we needed today if we want to have a tomorrow."

I knew she was right and I said, "Of course mom" and bent down to kiss her. We ended up on the floor in each other's mouth. We were both sweated from the day but I loved her smell. I sucked the swelling lips below her clit and heard her

sounds that were muffled by my cock, which filled her mouth. She was trying to swallow as much of me as she could and I felt myself hit the back of her throat. I got excited and probably drew on her clit a little too hard because she squealed. I said "Oops" and she laughed.

I gently took her back between my lips and circled the nub with soft pressure and flicks. My cock felt it would explode if she kept up the kind of sucking she was doing. I urged her to sit up on the couch. I lifted her legs and spread them pausing to enjoy the sight of my mother's soft pussy. She broke my gaze when she said, "Be in me love." I entered her steadily until I was fully embedded inside her. I bent down and told her to put her arms around my neck. I lifted her off the couch and she laughed.

I wanted to see what it would be like to hold my perfect 'cute' package that way. I held her up by her ass and she wrapped her legs around me. As I stood there holding her, we kissed long and hard. Her pussy was moving on me and clenching the cock that spread it. When he legs tightened around me I went deeper into her belly. My cock explored the walls of her hot passageway as she ground her hips. We were both breathing hard. Her mouth was on my ear and

when she took her tongue out, she began to urgently whisper, "Baby…are you going to always want me to be yours…still want your momma's pussy…you wont leave me will you baby? I love you so much…oh God …oh…" I assured her of my love and she went back to kissing me as her ass moved faster in my hands. I started to bounce her and I heard "Mmm…mmm…mmm…" with each jolt. She pulled her mouth away from mine to say, "Baby I'm coming…I'm coming…oh Ricky…Rickey…my Rickey…"

I let go when she did. Holding her the way I was made it difficult to finish with the usual long, fast, and hard strokes so it took me a lot longer to finish coming. It seemed like I was pumping cum into her forever. When it was over, we were both panting with exhaustion. Just as she was kissing me all over my face, the doorbell rang. We both laughed at the timing and I had to drop her on the couch. I said, "We could have answered the door together if he rang a minute earlier."

Mom was sputtering when she said, "We probably wouldn't have had to tip him." That pizza, that night, was right up there with the best meals of my life.

We went to bed and mom curled into me. I had the sweetest little package enveloped in my arms and I said, "Mom, you're the cutest thing." She gave a feigned hurt look and I said, "Okay, okay… you're the most beautiful and mysterious thing."

She kissed me and said, " I guess it's okay to be 'cute' as long as you like me that way." I told her that I loved her that way and everyway and that because of the way she was, I was 'rising' in love with her as much as 'falling' in love with her. A sleepy smile lit her face.

We were both so tired we fell asleep around eight. At two I awoke and just looked at her beautiful nude body until I couldn't just look anymore. I took my mother's tit in my mouth and she slowly aroused as my tongue played with her nipple. As she woke up, she responded by eagerly massaging my hardening cock and balls. When she exchanged her tongue for her hand, my dick stiffened into a rigid rod. She slathered me with long licks that encompassed every inch from the swollen purple head to the underside of my balls. When she finally took me into

her mouth I was primed. Her agile tongue coaxed the initial evidence of my desire from the leaking tip. The sounds of her mouth were musical. I watched as more of me disappeared between her lips with each passing moment. I could hardly contain myself as her mouth, lips, tongue and hands acted in concert.

It went beyond the lustful pleasure I was undeniably experiencing. She was offering her heart; an offer I wanted to accept forever. I couldn't remember being that close to coming for that long. She squeezed on and off at the base of my shaft as she sucked on all the meat she could get in her mouth. Finally the first exquisite release began filling my mother's mouth. She responded by re-doubling her efforts. My whole body stiffened causing me to involuntarily buck my cock deeper down her throat. I kept coming until I was sure I was done. Then my mother gave a last squeezing draw with her lips down the length of my cock. I yelled something like "Eeeyeowww" as the last spurt coated her lips. She licked them as the smile she gave me was drawn from the well of her bottomless love.

Afterwards as she nestled in my arms, I asked her what she was thinking. She said, "I guess I'm just amazed at this whole

thing...especially at myself. I've just had my son in my mouth and I'm not thinking, 'this is strange or what am I doing'? I'm thinking about all the things I want to do with you."

"Like what mom?"

She slapped my chest playfully, "Oh no...I'm not telling." I could see she was a bit shy about talking about it, so I cajoled her.

"Come on mom, after all the stuff we've done together you can't tell me? Okay mom...why don't you whisper what a mother might want to do with her son if she loved him like you love me?"

She came up to my ear and said, "Well a mother might want to have anal sex with her son...so she could feel her son's big cock where she never felt it before..." She started breathing harder. "...Yes...she would want him to put it in her ass...deep in her ass like he was deep in her pussy and deep in her mouth...so she could show him how much she loved

him...and show him he could ask anything of her that he wanted...yes baby...deep in his mother's ass...yes Ricky, deep in your mother's ass..."

I turned her over and began teasing my mother's asshole. Her knees came up and spread as I fingered around the tight pucker. The more I thought about being in her ass, the more enticing it sounded. The more I looked at the round globes in front of me, the more I wanted to be between them.

I put a finger a finger in and gently explored when I heard her begin moaning into the pillow. I said, "Do you like this mom? Is this where you want me to be?"

"Yes Ricky, yes..."

I put in another finger and watched excitedly as my mother's asshole was stretched, I wondered how much more it would have to stretch to accommodate my cock. I started putting it to the test. I saw aloe on her dresser and put some on me and some on her. It was soothing and cool

and when I put the head of my cock against her greased pucker it gained partial entry. When the helmet was past the tight ring, my mother caught her breath. I stopped to rub up and down the flanks of her body from her breasts to her ass. As I continued I put my cock deeper into the slender channel. As I began to explore her depths in slow degrees, I asked her if she liked it. She said, "Yes…yes…yes" with each of my insertions.

The heat in her hole overtook the coolness of the aloe as the friction increased. The thought of being in my mother's ass and the sensations it was sending from my cock to my brain started multiplying exponentially. I accelerated the pace and imbedded my cock fully with each thrust. At one point I held her hips and pressed my cock as far as it would go into her and stayed there, filling her ass. She let out a long sighing "Ohhhh…" that took at least thirty seconds to trail off.

When I resumed the insistent driving of my shaft into her, I knew we were both ready to come. I wanted to look at my mother's face and show her my love as we came. I guided her over and put my cock back into her ass as I kissed her and told her that this was how I was going to love her

forever. We found a rhythm as we reached for our climax. She took me as deep into her as she could. When she arched with a sharp cry, my cum began to pour into her. Each insertion released a hot stream into her as her sounds of pleasure washed over me. I knew that my mother had given me more than just her pussy and her ass - she had given herself; and I had taken her with love.

The last ten years have the best ten. Our lives remained filled with each other and a small incident last night tells our story. We had just come from a movie at a beautifully landscaped outdoor mall. The air was fragrant and we sat in a quiet gazebo surrounded by flowers. I put my arm around my mother my fingers rested on the top of her breast. We sat without a word and only her deepening breaths and the songs of birds settling in for the night could be heard. She put her hand on my thigh and before long I began to stiffen. We looked at each and smiled as we got up to go home.

A Big Help for Mom

When you see mom and me together, you know we're related. You may not be sure if we're mother and son or sister and brother but you would bet that we have the same blood running through us. The resemblance is striking enough so that you may even turn your head if you pass us on the street.

Mom's 5'8" and I'm 6'1". We both have black hair and dark eyes. We run together almost every day and stay pretty slim but she does curve in places I don't. She has a great body and your eyes will travel around it from one perfect feature to the next: at least mine do.

It isn't that she's showing off, but she has a way of 'presenting' herself. When she sits across from me, she always seems to turn her hip enough so that her breasts are at a perfect angle to view their fullness. They are superb. I can't say that enough. They are superb perfect cones that make you want to touch them: at least I do.

I'll never forget the first time I saw mom without a bra. She was getting dressed, her door was half opened and she didn't know I was around. She stood in front of the mirror 'examining'. She took a deep breath, put one hand on her belly and slowly turned her torso from side to side. I was amazed. Her nipples were bigger and longer than any I had ever seen. I've never been able to look at her tits, even fully clothed, and not think of those nipples. Not that her ass doesn't look great when she shifts her hip and 'displays' it, it does: and her long shapely legs draw you up to the center with sparking thoughts.

We're more than just physically alike; we seem to think alike also. There's only one video and music collection; 'ours'. Our birthdays are one day apart and we always laugh at the same jokes.

Her name is Linda and it suits her. The 'father' took off after I was born and mom says she didn't miss him for a day. She has one sister, Yvette, who I call 'Vette' because when I was small mom always said "Aunt Yvette" and I thought she was saying "Auntie Vette". Mom also has me, my name is Danny but mom usually calls me 'sweets': that's the extent of the

family. Oh there's also the 'boyfriend' Frank. I've taken to thinking of him as 'Fuckhead Frank'.

Frank is a cop son of a bitch who is ok when he's not drunk but that's not very often. Two beers and he's barking orders and throwing his two hundred pounds around. He isn't even a good cop. He has this scam with another cop for fixing tickets: no wonder he's always got extra spending money. I can't understand how mom puts up with it. She hardly sees him anyway because he sleeps during the day and works the night shift.

Mom took up with him after I left for University three months ago. I didn't want to leave home but mom insisted because she said they have a good reputation for technology courses. I hate coming home now because he's there; and I hate not coming home because she's there.

The last time I was home he got liquored up and when mom didn't get him a beer fast enough, he pinched her tit until it brought tears to her eyes. I punched him and told him to leave her alone and he backhanded me across the

eye with his fist, opening a cut that took five stitches to close. He said if I made big deal about it I'd be sorry.

The next day, I got a call from Vette asking me to come over to her apartment.

"Honey we have to talk. This Frank has got to go. I didn't want to upset you with this but your mom calls me every day with stories of how that bastard is mistreating her. She say's she'd throw him out but he threatens her and says he'll get his cop friends on your back."

I said "I'd like to get a gun and blow his brains all over the wall".

"Lets not get carried away; we can do better than that. Your mom sure doesn't want you to do anything that would take you away from her. I probably shouldn't tell you all this but you would not believe how crazy your mom is for you. She talks about you all the time. 'Isn't Danny the handsomest, smartest kid you ever saw? ...isn't Danny the sexiest kid you ever saw?' ....this goes on and on every day. Once I even told

her, ‘well, maybe you should just go to bed with Danny’ and she said, ‘I would if he wasn’t my son’ …she’s really got a ‘thing’ for you.”

Vette was a ‘talker’ and went on. “This is funny; your mom told me you had one that looks just like ‘Mr. Charlie’.” She broke up into hysterics. When she finally finished laughing, there were tears in her eyes.

“What are you talking about, Vette?”

“Oh, when we were little girls, daddy took us to the beach one day. When we got home, we were all tired and went for a nap. We got up first and went into his room. He was lying on his back without his bathing suit and this huge ‘thing’ between his legs was pointing straight up to the ceiling. We ran out and laughed about it for years. We named it ‘Mr. Charlie’. Whenever we had boyfriends we’d ask each if his was as big as ‘Mr. Charlie’: nobody’s ever was but your mom told me that yours is.”

I laughed, “You’re making all this up Vette, and no way was mom talking about my cock to you”.

“Oh yeah, then how do I know that you sleep in the nude? Honey, your mom and I have talked every day about everything for all of our lives. She’s seen you pointing to the ceiling on more than one night and I always get the details the next day. The only thing I’m not sure of is it really as big as ‘Mr. Charlie’? How about giving Auntie Vette a peek?”

I knew Vette was wild and had gone through a couple of husbands but I still thought she was kidding so I played along and started to call her bluff. I took off my pants and stood there in my briefs, smiling. I hooked my thumbs into the waistband with no intention of pulling them down and looked at Vette for her reaction. She walked over to me and before I could do anything she had the briefs down. I was stunned and she was laughing. “My God, It’s even bigger than ‘Mr. Charlie’: and prettier.”

Vette was on her knees before I could think and took me in her mouth. “Vette, what are you doing? You just got married.”

She looked up and laughed. “I just promised that my body was his, I didn’t say anything about the neck up: and this is too good to pass up.”

Vette took about half of me and sucked and licked noisily. She was working on the big spongy head when it started oozing pre-cum. She licked it out and said, “Now I know why your mom calls you ‘sweets’”. My aunt then wrapped her hand around the base of my cock and jerked me as she sucked. She knew when I was about to come and jerked faster. She flinched as the first shot of cum hit but kept sucking.

“Oh…oh…oh…” was what I kept repeating as I finished unloading into her mouth. I fell back into the sofa and laughed, “You’re something else auntie Vette”

“That was fun, and you’ve got some cock there mister but we still have the ‘Frank problem’ don’t we?”

“I have an idea and I’ll let know how it’s going as soon as I get started on it.”

As I left, we kissed our usual aunt-nephew kiss and I knew that what happened was just a one time ‘afternoon delight’.

After that day with Vette I started putting my ‘Fuckhead Frank’ plan into effect. I also realized how much more I felt for mom than I had realized. One day I tried to tell her without actually saying it. I put my arms around her and looked in her eyes and said, “I love you Linda”.

She stopped for a moment and said, “I love you Dan”.

I held her, “so what are we going to do?”

“Nothing, she smiled sadly, we’re just going to love each other.”

Another day I engaged her in a 'theoretical' discussion. "Mom, if two adults love each other, don't you think that should they should be the ones who decide how to express their love?"

She cast her eyes down and whispered, "I'm not sure Danny". She answered most of my questions that day that way.

Last week was our birthdays and I suggested we go up to the roof of our apartment house and share a toast at twelve midnight, the exact moment our birthdays meet. It was a warm star filled night. At twelve, we toasted with the last of the wine. I kissed her deeply and cupped her breast rolling my mothers big nipple between my thumb and forefinger. I took her hand and placed it on my swelling cock to show her what she does to me. She gently moved her hand along my length and started breathing in fits and stops.

"Oh Danny, I…I want you to feel this way about me…I want you to want me… because I…"

She never finished the sentence. Her eyes started to fill; she touched my face and turned to go; leaving me staring at the starry dome until dawn.

Last Friday night the chaos began. I was home for the weekend and the 'Fuckhead' was getting ready for supper before work. He'd had a few while waiting for mom to finish cooking. He started getting loud about how she was going to make him late and he pulled his hand back and whacked her across her ass. I went nuts. I picked up the big phone book and screamed at him, "Leave her alone you sack of shit". As he turned to punch me, I swung the book with all my might and caught him on the side of the head with the edge. Down he went. I thought I had killed him until I saw his chest rising with his shallow breaths.

"Come on mom; let's get out of here now." We grabbed a few things and jumped in the car, driving out of the city to an out of the way motel.

As soon as we closed the door behind us we fell into each others arms. Mom kissed me hard and long over and over.

She got my cock out of my pants and started stoking it. I stopped her. “Are you sure about this mom?”

“Yes Danny I’m sure. I’ve always been sure. It’s what I’ve wanted for so long but I knew that if I started, I wouldn’t be able to stop. I knew I would never be able to let you go and I was afraid that it wouldn’t be fair to you.”

“Mom, I never want you to let me go. You’re the one I want to be with and hold and touch and fuck and love. That bastard is never going to touch you again. The only hands on you are going to mine and the only cock in you is going to be mine.”

“Yes Danny, yes.” She was sobbing and smiling at the same time.

I took off her top and bra and began kissing the slight discoloration that remained from where he had pinched her. “That’s never going to happen to you again” I said, as I took her long hardening nipple into my mouth. I sucked slow, drawing on it, as if the milk I once found there would

soon reappear. Mom moaned softly as I kissed my way down her belly to my origin and future.

Her soft cotton shorts and panties came off easily in one motion. I licked the soft folds that appeared through the fine hair of my mother's beautiful cunt. It started to drip and I tasted the sweetness. I laid my tongue on the hood of her clit and slowly massaged it. I could feel her knees trembling. I stood and led her to the bed stripping the covers to the floor.

Mom was on the bed with her legs spread waiting for me by the time I had all my clothes off. I was ready to enter her when she said, "let me see your beautiful cock first".

I was stiff and throbbing as I straddled her and brought my cock up to her face. "Oh sweets, I've been waiting to touch your big cock since the first night I saw you sleeping…and hard …so hard."

She took me in her hand and started kissing up and down the long shaft. "Mmmm… I wondered what it would it

would taste like to have my Danny in my mouth…so lovely… mmmm…beautiful cock…I want…" Her body was writhing. She stretched her lips over the head and began sucking powerfully when I stopped her.

"Mom, the first time, I want to come with you and I want to come in you."

"Yes darling, come in my cunt…come in your momma's cunt."

I pushed in through the opening and slid into her slick channel. The deeper I got into her wetness the more she moved and talked. "Oh love… you're finally fucking me … the cock I want ,the cock I need…tell me Danny …tell me I'm yours …only yours… your cunt… tell me…tell me…"

"Yes mom, you are mine, only mine. No one is ever going to touch your cunt again but me. No one is ever going to be in your cunt again but me: only me in your mouth….only me between your legs…only me in your ass: no one but me ever again."

She needed to hear it over and over and I told her. The higher I got in her belly the more frenzied she became. I put her legs on my shoulders and took both of her tits in my hands with the nipples I loved between my fingers. She started trembling and calling me. "Danny…Danny…Danny…I'm coming …come with me …come with me…tell me…"

I was at the edge and knowing how much she wanted to be mine took me over. I shot stream after stream of hot cum into my mother's cunt and belly as she wrapped her arms around me and held me against her with all her might.

I let mom rest for a few minutes and then sat on the edge of the bed and reached for the phone. "I have some unfinished business" I said as I dialed home. Mom wanted to stay close: she put her arms around my waist and her hard nippled tits in my back. Frank answered. When he recognized my voice he went into a tirade.

"You son of a bitch, there's no place you can hide. We're out looking for you now and we're gonna find you and I'm

gonna beat the living shit out of you and your bitch mother."

I let him go on until he'd spit enough venom to slow down and hear me.

"Frank, listen up. When we get through talking, look inside the phone and see if I'm giving this to you straight. You know where to look because you've done it enough times. Frank, the phone has been bugged for the last month. I have recordings of you and your buddy Marcus talking about all your payoffs in the ticket fixing scam you have going. If you aren't out of the house for good in two hours I guarantee you that your job and pension will be just a passing memory; and imagine the welcome you'll get if you have to do time. If you get out and never bother me or my mother again, you'll never hear about the tapes again. Do we have a deal?"

He cursed and ranted for a while. He was a 'Fuckhead' but not a stupid one. He agreed. I hung up.

“What did he say Danny, what did he say?”

“He’s history mom. You never have to think about him again. All you have to think about is ‘our’ unfinished business and how soon you want to go home.”

“I can’t wait to go home with you Danny but I also can’t wait to have you again. Let’s stay the night and go home in the morning; is that all right?”

I answered with a deep kiss and put my hand over her soft pussy. Both her hands went between my legs and massaged my balls and dick until it was painfully hard. As she got on her knees she said, “I’m so proud that you’re my son”.

Mom had so much of my cock in her mouth and throat; I knew I would come quickly. I reached down and held the nipples I loved so much between my fingers. I started to spurt down her throat and she took it all. When I was spent, she licked my cum coated cock and told me how much she loved it.

I sat on the bed smiling as my cock slipped out of her mouth but mom moved on her knees between my legs before I could lie down. “Mamma needs more” she said, as she took as much of the soft meat as she could fit into her mouth again. I didn’t think it was possible to get so hard so quickly after coming. She sucked so hard and fast while massaging my balls that I had to hold on from the recoil as I again shot bullets of cum into my mother’s mouth.

Mom curled into my arms as we lay on the bed. We listened to music for awhile and whispered loving things to each other. After a while I said, “I have to tell you something mom; Aunt Vette and I…”

She smiled, “yes?...well...?”

I stammered, “I…uhh…I…”

“Oh baby,” she laughed, “don’t you think she called me five minutes after your fun and games? I love her but that little slut has never been able to keep her hands off my men; but

this time it's different and that's in the past. From now on it's only you and me, isn't it love?"

"Yes mom, you're all I need and want." My cock started to stir again. "Talking about 'want', right now I want my lovely Linda again."

"Linda wants you. Linda wants you always in her. Linda wants to do something with you she's never done." With a shy smile she whispered in my ear, "I want you in my ass."

Mom turned over and got up on her knees spreading them as wide as she could. She reached under to her sopping cunt and took some of her juices to lubricate her asshole. I noticed the bruise where she had been hit and I was filled with rage again at the thought of anyone hurting her. As I kissed her there; she made soft noises and my anger turned to love and desire for my mother and her beautiful body that only I would have ever again.

As I gently inserted my swollen cockhead through the tight ring, mom let out a high pitched squeal. I eased my cock deeper into the hot channel.

“Oh my baby… oh…you’re so big inside me…yes inside your momma…in my ass …for you Danny, for you…”

I loved and wanted my mother more at that moment than I ever thought was possible. I wanted to look at her beautiful face. I pulled out and turned her over.

She pulled her legs apart with her hands behind her knees. She knew what I was thinking. I entered her ass again.

“Yes my love, my sweet lover, I want to watch you as you fuck me…I want you to see how good you make your momma feel…how good it is to have my son fucking me…” She reached down and put her fingers in her cunt.

“I can feel you; I can feel your hard cock sliding in and out of my ass…Momma’s beautiful cock…your Linda’s beautiful cock.”

I felt her fingers on me through the thin membrane that separated her ass and cunt. She spread wider to get as much of me in her as she could. My cock hit the sweet spot and mom rubbed harder and moaned louder. Her head started going from side to side; I could hardly understand what she was saying as her body began to vibrate and her orgasm hit.

"I'm *cumming, Danneee!!*"

Watching my mother come would probably have been enough to make me come even if I wasn't fucking her. The combination was explosive. I shot jet after jet of cum into her ass. It doesn't seem possible that I could ever come that much again but it won't be because I don't try.

Mom woke me through the night to fuck her and suck her and I did the same. When she woke up in the morning, my dick was in her. She reached back smiling and put her hand on my ass.

"Promise me you'll wake me up every day like this."

I promised.

THE END

A Change Comes Over Mom

When she told him on Friday that they were going skiing for the weekend, he just nodded his ok. He didn't always do what his mother asked but he'd learned over the years to choose his battles. This wasn't worth a confrontation. Although he didn't understand why anyone would want to be outside in below freezing temperatures, he knew that the hot chocolate and the women at the lodge would be tasty.

They left directly from the main office since she had packed what they would need before coming in. "Timothy did you get the new manager set up for the Belmar store?"

"Mother could we not talk about work? Everything was taken care of. "

"Listen Timmy, if it wasn't for me, neither you nor your father would have a decent job. You're twenty and I put you in charge of personnel. If you would have gone to college

like I told you to, maybe you could help me out more and I wouldn't have to follow up every damned little thing... and if your father had a spine maybe... "

He let her go on. He knew there was no stopping her when she got into the "My Company" rap. Most of it was true but it was an endurance test and he hated it when she called him 'Timmy' – she knew it. Over the last year he had paid his dues and learned a lot; she even begrudgingly admitted it at times.

After she slowed down he said, "Roberta, take it easy; everything's in place for Monday, Belmar is secure, I also met with the accountants and set up the board meeting to discuss the five store expansion. I know your not sure about it but it's in uncertain times like these that people will be more likely to look for our kind of discount stores. Now, can we just enjoy the weekend?"

She gave him a half smile and said "All right" but the annoyance at him for calling her "Roberta" was in her voice.

When they arrived, through some foul-up, only one room was available for the first night. She gave the management hell but when all was said and done they had to share one room. They were both tired from work and the drive up so they went to bed early.

In the middle of the night, even though they were in a king size bed, Roberta felt Tim up against her. Her groggy initial thought was “Is my son trying to...?” then she heard the deep even breathing of sleep. What felt like a pole against her ass, turned her on. She gently reached back to see if it was as big as it seemed. She wrapped her hand around its width, over his briefs, and tried not to wake him. She almost let out a nervous laugh, thinking, “Where the hell did something this size come from; certainly not from his father?” Roberta started to imagine what her son’s thick rod would feel like inside her. She felt the moisture that appeared between her legs and was surprised at herself when the idea of slipping him into her crossed her mind. When he stirred, she let him go and moved off into a disturbed sleep.

In the morning she laughed and said to her son, “That’s quite a tool you had up against me last night. “ He looked at her warily. “How about giving your mother a peek at it?”

“What are you talking about?” he said. She told him. His “No way” was emphatic but he wondered if that was why he awakened hot and hard. It wasn’t that his mother’s fine body didn’t have a place in his consciousness; he had just never let himself go too far down fantasy lane. Catching a sight of her tit-flesh or creamy thigh here and there got him going, but he never actually thought of doing anything. He didn’t have to, because she did.

The next night was particularly cold and as they sat with a blanket over their laps by the fire in the main lodge, his mother slipped her hand under the blanket and put it between his legs. After the initial shock, he nervously looked around. As he stiffened, he looked to see if anyone knew what his mother was doing to him. They were all talking and drinking and laughing as his mother slowly massaged his cock. She hardly moved her hand and mostly squeezed it. He turned to her and whispered, “Mother, please stop or I’m going to come in my pants. “

She grinned at him and said, “Would that be so bad?”

He answered her softly but forcefully, “Mother, I said stop. “ She moved her hand away with a shrug.

“I’ll be in my room all night; see you later. “ She got up and left.

Tim was dazed from her touch, and his hardness, and now from this obvious invitation. His dick was throbbing and all his juices were telling him to go to her but he didn’t... because she wanted him to come... because she told him to come... because she expected him to come.

When he woke up the next morning his cock was rock hard from dreams of his mother. Visions of his thick dick stuffing his mother’s mouth and pussy decorated the long night. His mother was no less inflamed. They both masturbated before coming down to breakfast.

Tim and his mother never discussed the incident but he noticed a subtle change in her over the next few months. She seemed softer. She wore sweaters that accentuated the

swell of her breasts. She stood closer to him: close enough for him to smell her perfume and feel her heat.

When the expansion worked out well she gave him the credit. He also began noticing a change in himself. He noticed himself noticing her. He liked her size. She was 5'8" and full breasted. Her ass looked enticingly firm and well rounded when she wore a tight skirt. At twenty, he was first noticing how pretty she was. He watched her walk and he watched the undulations of her movements. More and more he was imagining what he couldn't see.

During that period his father moved into one of the guest rooms in the spacious house they lived in. He found out why on the night his mother knocked on his bedroom door. He turned off the sound on the television and heard her say, "Tim may I speak with you?"

He let her in. She was wearing a two-piece nylon nightdress through which he could almost see her dark nipples. The movement of her breasts captured him. He almost reached for them involuntarily. "Timothy, I want you to know what's going on. Your father and I haven't slept together in

a year. There was just nothing there for me anymore and I wanted my privacy; that's why he's downstairs now. Anybody else would have moved out but he never was that kind of man. He's got his office, his golf and his secretary and I guess he knows which side his bread is buttered on. He asked if he could stay in the house and I said it was fine if he stayed out of our way. " She sighed and sat on his bed.

"It doesn't matter to me mother, you know I was never close with him; I don't think we've had more than two conversations in the last five years. "

For better or worse it was his mother who had brought him up. Sometimes it had been war, but now he thought that she respected him for not letting her steamroller him all the time. "You know Tim we never talked about what happened at Mt. Snow. I want to apologize for making you uncomfortable. I... "

"Forget about it mother; I did. " The reality of it was that not a day had gone by when he didn't think about it.

“Tim I know I could have done a lot better with you when you were younger but... could you call me “mother” or “mom” sometimes? He didn’t say anything. Roberta thought that her son had refused her that night because he was afraid or inexperienced. “Tim... we’ve never really discussed sex... I... well... have you ever been with a woman?”

“Plenty” he said. Plenty was two, one of which liked his size and one of which didn’t. He was with the one who did for about eight months and they drifted apart when they both realized they didn’t love each other.

“Tim, would you touch me please. “ He walked up to where she sat and put his hand on her well-rounded breast. Her eyes closed as she lifted her top. His eyes caressed his mother’s breasts as the flickering light of the TV played on them. In her son’s hands, they felt as if they were covered with a fine velvety down. He took her nipples between his fingers and rolled and pulled on them. She smiled and reached for his cock and said, “Come to momma. “

Something snapped. When he thought about it later, he wasn't sure if it was her tone of voice or command that did it. He slapped her across her tits and said, "Get out. "

She was momentarily stunned. Her nipples tingled and she was at a loss for words.

"Honey... I... What do you want me to do?"

He was confused as she was at that moment and said, "Look I'm sorry mother... I... maybe it's better if you leave now. "

His mother stood as the nylon fell and covered her breasts. She kissed her son's cheek and just said, "All right Tim, if you want me to. " She left but the tenderness of her kiss remained.

That second incident accelerated the evolution of their relationship. His mother bought him little gifts and he was kinder in his responses to her. If they weren't mother and son, it might have been called 'dating'. They went to movies and plays and mostly talked. She found out how many books he'd read and that he was funny; he found out she

could sculpt. He regaled her with jokes and she showed him her work that had been packed away in the shed for fifteen years. They got to like each other, very much.

She never pushed him past his lead. If he kissed her, which happened more often, she kissed him back. He had only touched her a few times and she had just let him. He liked to hold her hand and walk and she liked to curl under his arm on the couch. When the long Independence Day weekend approached he suggested they go to Mt. Snow. “Why would you want to go there in the summer?” she asked.

“It’ll be pretty on the mountain without the crowds and we can take drives and walk... “

“Sounds great honey, let’s go. “

The lodge was almost deserted and when Tim went up to the desk, his mother was surprised, pleasantly surprised, when he said, “One room with a king size bed please. “

When they got into the room she said, “I was hoping you wanted to be with me this weekend. “ His kiss told her there would be no stopping this time; that he was going to make love to her. When her son’s hand began massaging between her legs, her sigh contained all the relief of months of anticipation.

Roberta covered Tim’s hand with hers as he rubbed. His other hand unbuttoned her top and then slid into her bra uncovering her breast. He felt his mother’s nipple in his palm as he squeezed her fleshy tit a little too hard. The pleasure and discomfort excited her. As they kissed, he used both hands to remove her top and pull her bra down. He took hold of both of his mother’s tits. He could feel the heat of the flesh that filled his hands. As he fondled her she started picturing herself on the bed, on hands and knees with her ass up in the air. She imagined her son’s big cock approaching to take her from behind.

Within minutes she found herself in that position, waiting for her son to put himself in her. She anticipated his size but was still surprised when he first entered her. His initial penetration into her pussy excited her. She was wet enough but she became afraid as he slowly moved deeper into her

channel. Her son's cock was stretching the walls of her vagina and she dropped her belly to the bed and said, "Wait baby... please... just one minute. "

She went to her suitcase and retrieved the lubricant she had brought in hopes that her son would be in her. Then she said, "Let momma suck you first. "

He was still kneeling on the bed in the position he had taken to fuck his mother as she approached, open-mouthed. When the knob went in past her stretched lips, she tasted the juice that had come from her cunt. She licked it all off him and then tried to take as much of the meat as she could back into her mouth. Neither of his girlfriends could do what his mother was doing to him. He felt her tongue circling the swollen head and pressing along the thick shaft. It felt wonderful but the more she sucked him the more he wanted to be inside her. He stroked her hair and said, "Mother... I want to be in you... I need to be in you now... in your pussy... in your pussy... "

"Yes darling... Yes... " She slathered her son's throbbing cock with lubricant and turned for him to take her. This time he

went in and drove quickly to fill her grasping pussy. He'd never been so deep in any woman. His mother groaned with the assault and was almost brought to orgasm by the charge his first thrust sent through her. "Yes baby... that's what I need... your cock... that's what momma needs... Tim... Tim... at first it was a game to me but now I know you're what I need... you... and your big cock in me... doing this... like I've wanted for so long. "

She turned her shoulder and reached under her leg to massage his balls as his big cock massaged the walls of her vagina. The excitement of mother and son having each other, took them both to the edge quickly. He filled his mother's pussy and she felt as if it was the first time she'd ever been penetrated. Each thrust of her son's cock thrilled her. Sex had never done this to her before and she begged her son not to stop. He had no intention of stopping as he looked at her well-rounded ass and watched the insertions at the joining point of him to his mother.

Their first orgasm together was long and intense. Each sharp blast of cum caused them both to react. He pressed his mother's tits and rode her hard through their exclamations. As he continued pushing as deep as he could

go, he said, “This is what you want isn’t it mother... you want your son to fuck you don’t you... you want your son’s cock in your cunt don’t you... you slut... you bitch...? Now you’re mine... you’re my pussy... you belong to me. “

That excited her almost as much as his fucking did and she responded by pushing back against her son’s cock and saying, “Yes baby I’m yours... Momma’s yours... your pussy. “ All the nerve endings from her nipples to her cunt seemed to fire at once and she juiced all over her son’s cock. She was astonished by the intensity of the orgasm that her son had given her. As she lay reflecting, her fingers found their way inside her and became coated with their commingled cum.

That first night with her son was an experience she wouldn’t forget and one that would be repeated many times over the next few months. He became insatiable; he wanted her all the time, he wore her out. She could feel his hands on her as she slept. At the time she thought it was the excitement of having sex with his mother but later on she realized he wanted more; he wanted to possess her, body and soul.

His possession of her took many forms. It began that night with the ‘storytelling’. He told her he wanted to watch her masturbate and she touched herself for him. The sight of his mother with her legs spread, hand over hand, massaging her pussy would never leave him. While she slowly rubbed and climbed, he had her tell him about all the men she had been with, starting with her first experience as a young woman. She licked her fingers and circled her clit as she described in great detail how she was touched and filled and what she was and was not willing to do for her men. This became a ritual during the respites when he wasn’t on her or in her. He was excited to learn that she hadn’t allowed anyone to have anal sex with her. He planned to be her first, her second and her third.

At first, his attentions kept her sore almost all the time but she thought that after the first few weeks he would settle into a more measured pace. She was wrong. All he ever wanted to do was fuck her, and he did. She loved him and what he did to her. She wanted the sex as much as he did but she became concerned when he got rough with her. She was becoming powerless to control the relationship. He took her when he wanted her and how he wanted her.

One night she as she was dressing to go to a community function he came up behind her and reached into to top of her dress. She wore no bra because of the construction of the dress and the surprise of contacting her flesh up to the nipple brought his hardness against her ass immediately. “Please baby, I have to go... oh honey... I’ll be home early; I promise. “

He wordlessly answered with his insistent hands. He pulled her panties down and she sat helplessly on the bed spreading her legs. “Look at what you’ve done to me. “ He could actually see the wetness on his mother’s pussy. “What am I going to do with you?” she asked with an exasperated smile.

“Give me what I need,” he said as he released his cock from his pants and brought it to her. She watched as her son began stuffing her with his thick meat. She took a deep breath as the sight of him entering her slickness resigned her to the fact that she wasn’t going anywhere. This was where she wanted to be; this was how she wanted to be. Her son was fucking her and whatever else she thought about it, she loved it. She loved the size of him as he filled his mother’s pussy. She loved the feel of him as he took her and

she got lost in the rush of excitement that her body was helpless to resist. As the thrusts of the big pole took her higher, she thought of a line from “Diamonds and Rust”

Our breath comes out white clouds, mingles and hang in the air. Speaking strictly for me we both could have died then and there.

That was how she felt when he was in her. Everything disappeared and it was as good as it ever could be. Her whole body responded now to his touches and to the big cock that split and speared up into her belly. Sensations overwhelmed her as she watched his cock open her, as she heard the sounds of her wetness and as she felt and felt and felt. She moaned as her orgasm overtook her and she surrendered to it with loud pleasured abandon.

The roughness started after she raised her voice to him one day at work. He only glared at her. She later apologized but that night he made her strip and drape herself over the arm of the couch. He slapped her ass mercilessly until she begged him tearfully to stop. The pain didn’t stop her from getting wet. When he calmed, he spread her legs apart and

licked her to orgasm, as she remained prone in that position. It wouldn't be the last time he pained and pleasured his mother there.

One night he took her to his room and stripped her without a word. He took his undershirt and wrapped it around her eyes. He tied her hands behind her with one of her stockings. He forced her to kneel and shoved the choking thickness of his meat into her throat. "This is for you," he said as she obediently took as much of his cock as she could. "This is for you, you whore... " She used her lips and mouth in every way she could to please her son. Her tongue licked up and down the shaft and traced the edge where it met the head. She sucked on the thick helmet until he couldn't stand it anymore. He felt a torrent of cum waiting to fill his mother's mouth.

Tim pulled out of her mouth before the explosion they were both anticipating. He took a deep breath and retreated from the edge of orgasm. He took her by the shoulders and he forced his mother face down onto her elbows and approached her from behind. He drove the length of his hardness into her. Each stroke of her son's cock thrilled her, especially because it was her son's cock. He pounded her

wet pussy and told her, “This is what you deserve... this... this... this. “ Each word brought her a more forceful insertion.

She only inflamed him more when she said, “I don’t know what I deserve... probably a lot worse for what I’ve done... but I know what I want. I want you to fuck me like this... to fuck me always... to fuck me... to fuck me. “ His mother came screaming those words.

Often he would take her in the morning after she was dressed. He knew she would be anxious to leave for work and he would stop her in the kitchen as she grabbed a cup of coffee. He made her stand and take off her panties. He caressed his mother’s pussy until it leaked and then he’d have her put one leg up on a chair. This would open her wide enough for him to insert his big cock into her pussy from behind. He’d fill her with cum and leave her panting and disheveled. She never refused him.

The more he fucked her the more he wanted her. Each time his momentary satisfaction betrayed him. In minutes he

was on her again: in his mother's pussy, in his mother's mouth, until they were both sore. She never complained.

The first night he put his swollen knob on her pucker, she begged him to be patient. "Sweetheart, I'd do anything for you but you'll split me open; please wait until I can take you there. " She suggested vibrators and dildos until she could accustom herself to larger insertions in her smaller hole.

His obsession sometimes took him to flights of fancy. He started talking about wanting to get her pregnant. He told her he wanted her to have his child so he could see her belly swell with his baby and hold her big milky tits. Then she would belong to him. She told him she would do whatever he wanted but she secretly kept taking the pill, waiting for him to come to his senses.

In one fleeting moment, he did. The night he found peace, she was kneeling in front him. The night the demon that demanded he dominate her finally let him go, his big cock was as far into her throat as she could take it. She was trying to make him come in her mouth because he had been in her twice and her pussy was still sore. As she waited for her

son to explode in her mouth, he pulled out and said, “I want your ass now. “

She tried to convince him that it was still too soon but she could see that he wouldn’t be put off anymore. He put saliva on his cock and attempted to penetrate the tight ring. His mother almost screamed and begged him to use a lubricant. He relented. He came back with his cock glistening and slippery.

He was ramrod hard as he directed himself to her waiting opening. His mother let a high-pitched squeal out as the thick knob entered her ass. The pressure eased when he passed that first barrier but it was excruciating: excruciatingly hot and hard and good. His cock moved deeper into his mother’s ass with each gentle but sure thrust. Perspiration beaded on her forehead and breasts, as she took more and more of her son into her yielding channel. His mother’s whimpering and moaning was gradually transformed to sighs of pleasure as her son filled her with him. When he had all of it in her, and he felt the globes of her ass against him, he felt relief. He held himself in the deepest part of her and felt her vibrate with emotion. She began to tremble. A tenderness came over him and he

kissed up and down her back with angel's kisses as he told her, "I love you momma... I love you. "

She was filled with his cock and his love and she said, "Your momma loves you too baby... and needs you. " They found their rhythm and pleasured each other with loving words as they reached for orgasm. His insistent insertions sped past his desires and he let go. The slippery cum and his loving words filled her. She came with her son and felt waves of pleasure with each of his thrusts and each jet he shot into her. He felt as if he would never stop coming in her. She hoped he wouldn't. Mother and son came until they were spent.

His first words to her were, "I'm sorry mom... I'm sorry I said all those things... I wanted to get back at you... hurt you... I'm sorry. "

"No darling, I loved it all... because I know you love me... it's something you had to go through so we can be where we are now... I'm the one who was wrong to begin with... that's done now... now we can be the lovers we were meant to be... in each others arms... where we belong. "

He kissed his mother tenderly, slowly, achingly, and their passion rekindled in a matter of minutes. He stroked the graceful curves of her breasts and hips for a long time languishing over the expanses of creamy skin. As his fingers played in and out of her slippery holes, she said, “Oh honey... yes... yes... I don’t know how a mother could want her son to touch her like that but I do... I don’t know how a mother could want her son’s cock in her the way I do... oh... oh... yes... but I do want it... all the time baby... all the time... yes love... it feels so good... do it to me... with your fingers and with your mouth and with your big cock... put it in me love... please put it in your momma’s aching cunt. “

He entered her moist opening smoothly and slowly filled her welcoming channel. The walls of her vagina fisted him as he swelled and throbbed inside her. She locked her ankles around him and smiled as he could only move in one direction, deeper into her. He pressed and hit the sweet spot that sent a jolt through her causing her to release him. Her pussy tingled with small shocks as her son’s tip touched her off.

His mother's pussy was awash with juices, as he loved her with his cock. He gave her his whole length and width as each long stroke audibly slipped in and out of his mother's cunt. He waited for the familiar sounds that came from deep in her throat that usually announced her approaching orgasm before filling her with his pent up cum. She cried out and dug her nails involuntarily deep into his skin. They called to each other as he pumped cord after cord into his mother's waiting pussy.

In the aftermath, Tim was gently stroking his mother's sopping pussy. "Oh love", she said as she held him with little trembles, "It's all new... I'm new... you're all that's important to me now... oh sweetheart, I want you to want me forever... love me forever... make love to me forever. "

He answered with loving kisses all over her face, "I will, I will and I will. "

In the velvet calm that followed, the lovers held each other, heart to loudly beating heart, for a long time, ready to face the changes that would inevitably come; together.

THE END

A Craving for Mother

Even as a young boy, I had a power, the power to make people dislike me. It was probably because I usually had a smart- ass comment for everyone. It makes it difficult to make friends. I read a lot, and that gave me more ammunition, and that made me less friends, and then I read a lot more. I did have one friend for a while, Drew. He had more of the power than even I did. But after the eighth grade he moved away and I was pretty much on my own, except for mom.

I spent almost all my hours in my room, with the books, TV, and video games. I went places with mom and she didn't seem to mind after having giving up on trying getting me to make friends. We lived in a mostly rural area in a town of less than a thousand people. Once you get a reputation in a town like that, you're done. Everyone knows everyone and everything. My father left early and I didn't miss what I never knew. But I was pretty much okay with it all.

High school was different. I wanted to fit in, but for four years I had limited success. I had some acquaintances and

went out with a few of the girls a few times, but nothing ever developed into anything. I'm still not sure if the unusual sexual attraction I felt for my mother made me disinterested in the high school girls, or the disinterest of the high school girls made me attracted to my mother. Whichever came first, there it was. I had it pretty bad and I knew it.

Her name is Emily and when I said it, it brought moisture to my tongue. And the sound of it went around in my head whenever I got turned on. And when I looked at her, I had the sensation that I was touching what I was looking at. It took a while to accept it, but by the end of my senior year, it pretty much filled my psyche, and my pants, when I was around her.

I was alone with myself until I met Eddie. The chances of my meeting a guy like Eddie Mella were pretty slim, but sometimes the higher odds come in. We were lab partners in Biology and we discovered in each other, a person to talk to. We had other aspects of biology in common also. That became evident after the track meet. It was a full day event away from school grounds. Mom had to work, but Eddie's mom came. We participated in some events and sat

together in the stands. Afterwards, we went out together to the local diner.

The next day I said, “Your mom’s very nice...and good looking.”

He gave me a strange smile and said, “Thanks.” He hesitated and said, “Do you like older women?”

I said, “Yes.”

I think the directness of the question and answer led us both to realize we were on the same page even before he said, “Me too.” He stepped deeper into the murky waters of our inclinations when he said, “You know something, I think my mom is good looking too.” All this might be innocent conversation without any subtext had we both not felt the way we did. It took a while, but step by step we talked until we admitted to each other that our interest in our mother’s was sexual. For me, finding someone else who felt that way was such a relief. Maybe I wasn’t crazy, or if I was, at least I wasn’t the only one.

And then Eddie Mella blew my mind. The story he told me was unbelievable, but I believed every word. After sharing his confidence we became close. Eddie had paperbacks that he lent me that fed my fantasies. He knew every good web site and all of it ramped me up. He sent me an amazing video on the computer. My head swirled with imaginings of Emily, Emily doing all those things with me.

It was the video that sparked the forest fire at home. I was pretty confident leaving stuff on the computer because mom hardly ever used it, and when she did, it was only for e-mails. So when she yelled to me, "MATTHEW…WHAT IS THIS?" I came into the room and saw her looking at Eddie's video." Fuck. How could that happen? Later I realized that I hadn't deleted the temporary files and when an e-mailed opened the media player, Eddie's video was the last thing played. She hit 'Play,' and got an eyeful.

Mom said, "What is this Matthew, I've seen that woman, who is she?"

I hesitated and said, “It’s Mrs. Mella, you met her once when we were getting gas.” She happened to be at the next pump and Mrs. Mella said hello since I was at her house so many times. I introduced her to my mother and I guess she remembered her face.

“Who’s that boy?” mom said. “She was having oral sex with a boy!” She didn’t recognize Eddie since he had only been to my house a time or two and video wasn’t exactly professional quality, but there was enough there to knock mom out.

I said, “He’s not a boy mom, he’s almost nineteen.”

She asked again, “But who is he?”

And then, because at some level, I wanted to say it, and I wanted her to know it, I said, “He’s Eddie...her son.”

Mom covered her mouth and her eyes went wide. She said, “My God, he came in her mouth.”

Not that I was thinking straight at that time, but later when I thought about it, I realized that my mother must have watched quite a bit of the video, because it started with them fondling and kissing and it took a while before Mrs. Mella went down on him. And she had to be looking very close because there was some kind of glitch when he came, and only a few seconds where you could see that she had some of his cum on her chin.

I had watched it so many times that every image was seared into my memory. The way Eddie took off his mother's bra and cradled her tit, sucking on the nipple as she threw her head back with her eyes closed, enjoying his attentions, the way he touched her pussy as she squirmed and called his name. I'm hard thinking about it again, and I got harder every time I watched it, and wished that it was my mother who was naked, and sucking on me, just as Mrs. Mella was sucking on her son Eddie.

Mom said, "That's terrible...disgusting...what kind of people...?"

I said, “Mom, you don’t know what a tough life they’ve had. Eddie told me, his father beat her, mom, he burned her. Eddie got crazy one day and went at him with a big glass ash tray. He told me that he left his father a bloody mess. They ran away and ended up here, a thousand miles from where they started.”

“What happened to his father?”

I said, “They figure he was okay because they never found out anything about him going to a hospital or to the cops.”

“Were they sleeping together, is that why that whole thing happened with the father?”

“No,” I said. “Eddie told me that the first time he slept with his mother was at a motel, the night they ran away. They were scared, and all they had was each other. He told me that after that, they realized that they loved each other and that it wasn’t only about sex. I told her the outline of story the Eddie had told me, leaving out the sexual details which

I couldn't enough of. I said, "He really loves her mom, and that got them through some really terrible times."

Mom was quiet for a minute and said, "Well, I don't know, that's their business...but why would she let him make this thing, and why do you have it?"

I said, "Mom, she let him make it because he wanted to, and she loves him. And Eddie showed it to me because he trusts me and I was the only one he could share this with...and do you know what mom?"

I stopped, even when she said, "What?" because I wasn't sure I was ready to say any more.

But I did, I said, "I'm sorry you saw it, and I feel like I let him down by being so careless, but he showed it to me because he knows that I don't find it terrible, and I don't find it disgusting, mom, like you do, and because he knows how I feel."

She said, “I only meant...I didn’t know the situation, but still, a mother and her son...it’s not right.” She didn’t ask me about what I feel.

I didn’t say anything, but what I was thinking was that I couldn’t imagine anything better than a boy being in his mother’s mouth. Except of course for what came later on the video and that was the best thing I could imagine. Because if mom had watched to the end, she would have seen Eddie inside his mother’s pussy and she would have heard her crying out “Eduardo, Eduardo...aieeee...si mi amor, mi amor,” in a voice so saturated with love and desire that I could feel it just thinking about it.

I said, “I don’t think you can say it’s not right for them, that’s for them to decide.”

Mom seemed a little shaken and as she got up and left the room she said, “Well I don’t want to talk about it, and I can’t understand why you would watch something like that.” She didn’t stay around for my answer, which would have been something like, ‘Because that’s what I want to do with you Emily.’ Of course I wouldn’t have had the guts to say it then.

I was sorry mom had seen the video, but I wasn't sorry that things were getting into the open. The more Eddie and I talked, the more I wanted mom. I became more explicit in my feelings towards her. On a day when she was wearing a V-neck tee shirt that showed some cleavage, I said, "Mom you look hot." I rarely remarked on what I saw but it was having an effect on me.

I saw her catch a glimpse of my bulge and then look away. She became uncomfortable and said, "Matt, you shouldn't say things like that to me."

I said, "That's ridiculous...okay fine."

She said, "Matt, I'm not Mrs. Mella."

I said, "Don't I know it, she loves her son."

I regretted the words even before Mom said, "That's a terrible thing to say."

I said, “I’m sorry, I know you love me, I just want…”

“Oh Matthew, I don’t know what you want.”

I said, “I want to love you mom.”

“I want you to love me too, but not in that…dirty way.”

I didn’t say anything and she said, “I don’t mean dirty, it’s just…”

I said, “You do mean dirty and it’s not mom, it’s love, I can’t help loving you that way.”

She said, “That’s not love, what they’re doing…that’s incest.”

I said, “Mom, we’re not talking about Eddie and his mother, we’re talking about me, and you. You can call it what you want, and just because you’re my mother, does that mean

I'm not supposed to feel what I feel? Mom, If you're attracted to someone, there isn't that much you can do about it; if you get hard when you're around that person, there isn't much you can do about that either." I couldn't believe how out in the open it all had become, but it was a relief to say the words. I said, "Mom maybe it's better if I move out." Even though the college I had started was within commuting distance, I knew I could share a room in the dorm.

Mom said, "I don't know what to think anymore. " She covered her mouth and I could see tears starting to form.

I got up to leave and touched her hair and said, "Don't mom, I'm not going to talk about it anymore." And I wouldn't have, but the faucet broke. And that changed a lot of things.

We were on our way to Home Depot to get the new faucet and we took her car. Coming off the rural road from our house, a car ran a stop sign and mom swerved into a wooded area hitting a small grove of trees. The airbags deployed and for a few seconds all the possibilities flashed

in my mind. The jolt knocked the wind out of me and I was out. The next thing I heard was mom calling, “Matthew, no, no, Matthew...”

I saw her in a state of panic and shock and said, “I’m okay mom.” Actually I wasn’t sure; I hadn’t really taken stock. I knew it hurt where the seat belt had held me and probably kept me from going into the windshield. I said, “Are you all right?”

Mom said, “I’m okay baby, oh God...I thought...THAT BASTARD...” She screamed the curse at the top of lungs, and then collapsed into tears. Whoever was in the other car was long gone. I had a hard time getting mom’s door opened before getting her out of the car and hugging her. Looking at the car, I couldn’t believe we were both standing there; it was a mangled mess.

She cried in my arms for a few minutes as I comforted her, and when she stopped, she didn’t move away. Her breathing moved her breasts on my chest. She held me tight enough for me to feel her contours. I got hard. She stayed. I kissed her neck. She stayed. Her hips moved

almost imperceptibly against me. I put my hand on one of her breasts and held it as I kissed more of the neck she exposed to my lips by tilting her head back.

And then she just looked at me. She closed her eyes and said, “Oh God.” She pulled back and took a deep breath as she reached into the car to get her bag. She called the police from her cell and we spent hours with forms, details and calls. We were within walking distance of home and mom didn’t want to accept the ride home from the police. She’d had enough of cars for one day.

Mom had a drink when we got home and couldn’t stop talking about the accident and what might have been. By late evening she’d had a few too many and said she wanted to go to bed. I stayed up and watched TV. About two hours after she went in, I heard her calling my name. When I went into her room, I could see from her eyes that she’s been crying. She said, “Matthew, can you sit with me a while; I need to be near you right now, I’m sorry.”

I sat on the bed and said, “There’s nothing to be sorry about, we’re both okay; there’s nothing to worry about.”

She said “Shut the lights please honey; I must look horrible.”

I turned off the bedside lamp and said, “You look fine.” And she did. Look, my mom wasn’t a kid, she was forty years old. Her tits are big enough, but they wouldn’t stop traffic, and if you’re a guy passing her in the street, you’d probably think, ‘Nice looking,’ but you wouldn’t turn your head three times to check out her ass. But somehow the whole package just worked for me – I was turned on.

When my eyes adjusted to the dark, I still couldn’t see much. I felt her hand on my arm and she said, “Talk to me Matt.”

I said, “About what?”

She said, “It doesn’t matter.” So I told her about school and what I was planning to take this semester and that I had definitely decided to live at the dorm. All the while she

stroked my arm and then she took my wrist and put my hand on her breast.

I said, “Mom...” and she pulled me down to kiss her. It was a sweet kiss of longing and regret.

When she said, “Oh Matthew,” I could hear her conflicted emotions. I kept kissing her and fondling her over her nightgown until I couldn’t contain myself. I put my hand under the material and took hold of her bare flesh. It felt wonderful to feel the weight of her full tit. The skin was soft and that contrasted with her nipple. I could feel the small bumps around the tip when I circled it with my finger.

I kissed her for a long time and when I stopped, I said, “I love you Emily.”

As I took off my clothes, her response of, “I love you Matthew,” was almost tearful. She let me take her nightgown off and our flesh met. What my eyes couldn’t see, my fingers and hands told me. Her ass was smooth and

firm, her pussy was moist and velvety. She had a patch of hair above, and her folds were unprotected.

She touched my cock. I was so hard in her hand. She whimpered my name as she stroked from under my balls to my shaft and then moved to go down on me. I could just make out a sight that one day before would have seemed impossible. My cock was in my mother's mouth. And as she began sucking on the spongy knob, I thought of how many times I'd imagined it happening, and how many sons had imagined their mothers doing this to them, and how surreal it was that it had come true for me. I reached for her tit and I was gratified that her nipple was erect. I massaged her tit-flesh through my fingers as she took more of my shaft into the wet warmth of her mouth.

Amidst my excitement I had a sense of relief that I was in the mouth of the woman I wanted. It was as if I had been holding my breath for years and could now exhale. I said, "I love you mom; I love you so much."

Her head bobbed and she made small noises each she slowly took me to her throat. When she started I thought I

would come quickly into my mother's mouth. Strangely I relaxed into the rhythm maintained control. After a few minutes, she stopped sucking and came up to embrace and kiss me. Her kisses were passionate and her tongue moved endlessly in my mouth. She reached down and took hold of my straining cock and rolled me on to her. I raised myself to give her room to place me at the entrance between her legs. We both moved.

The first contact of our sexes caused the same reaction from both of us. As I pushed through the soft folds, and pressed against the grasp of my mother's pussy, we both went, "Ohhhh..." With gentle thrusts, I inched into her until I was ensconced in her channel. I started to stroke her and she said, "Mathew...Mathew...you're inside me!" and it sounded as if she was about to cry.

I felt guilty. I thought to myself, 'Is this what she really wants or am I forcing my mother to have sex with me?' The repercussions flashed through my head and I stopped pushing into her and said, "Do you want me to stop mom?"

She whimpered and said, “No Matthew, I don’t want you to stop.”

I was so relieved. I pushed into her and said, “I love you mom.”

She didn’t answer but softly moaned, “Oh...” after each time I pushed into her pussy. It felt good that mom was wet and getting wetter as I stroked her. The full length of my shaft was now penetrating with each entry and she was responding with her hips. I looked at the place where my mother and I were joined and could just make out my cock being swallowed into the place I had thought my mother would never give to me.

It wasn’t the kind of sex that you fantasize about or read in stories where the woman keeps saying, ‘Fuck me with your big cock,’ and then has twelve orgasms. For me it was even better. There was love with the passion. I felt it with each entry into my mother’s pussy, from both of us. She held me tight every chance she got. And each time she pushed me deeper into her center and said, “Matthew, I love you,” in a

plaintive voice filled with her confusion over what she was doing.

Besides her low moans and my soft long 'Ohhh...' each time I pushed into her, the most evident sounds came from the improbable wet connections of a sons cock moving in and out of his mother's pussy. And then I stopped.

I had an overwhelming desire to eat her pussy. I pulled my wet shaft out and she said, "Matthew?" I didn't say anything and slid down to lick the satiny skin over her opening. Breathing hard she said, "OH...no..." I don't know why she said 'No' because she held my head in place and writhed as I used my tongue to separate the folds and lift the hood that covered her clit. The nub felt swollen and engorged as the tip of my tongue explored it. I loved the delicate taste of her. The sounds of my mother's sexual pleasure were unfamiliar to me and as she gradually lost more control, I got more excited, if that was possible.

My mouth explored every inch and angle of mom's pussy until I settled on working her clit. Taking the swollen center of sensitive nerve endings between my lips, I sucked and

licked it until she started a long loud burst of, “OH, OH, OH, OH...” I loved how my mother came in my mouth, with her back arched and her long moan of passion and satisfaction filling the dark room. I kept sucking until she was completely finished with her spasms and shuddering.

I was so hard and ready to fuck her at that moment; I couldn’t have waited another second. I moved up and firmly kissed her. I took my cock in hand and placed it at the opening she had exposed by spreading her legs. I pushed all at once and sunk into the depths of her body. She cried out, “Ohhh Matthew,” as I plunged into her depths. I was so anxious to take her and come inside her, but I also wanted to stay in her long enough for her to come too.

I finally understood what Eddie was talking about when he described what it was like to have his mom because I wasn’t just watching; I was the son who was inside his mother’s pussy. And as each inch sank deeper between my mom’s legs, the pleasure of knowing where I was ran over me. I was in her body, with her wet flesh wrapped around me. I slid in and out of the moist channel. I tried to maintain a controlled rhythm that would bring us both up slowly. At

one point I withdrew and placed my shaft over her clit. I moved as if I was still inside her and the friction across the nub made her take shorter and harder breaths. It all came out as “Mmmmm...Mmmm...Mmm...” She did that until it sounded as if she was about to come. I put my cock back into mom’s pussy and I gave her long, strong, hard strokes that were almost out of my control. They were the kind of penetrations as you approach orgasm that feel the best; the ones you wish would never end. And then there were those last exquisite few that took me deep into my mother’s center right before the explosion.

Mom knew I was coming. She said, “Yes baby, come inside me, come love...oh God...OHHhh...Yess...” The last sound was very much like the one she made as she came when I had her in my mouth. She must have felt those first discharges because they rocketed out of me and shot deep into her waiting pussy. As I came inside her, she responded and triggered into orgasm. There was one long “AAHHhhhhh...” until she lowered her back onto the bed again.

She was very quiet and still as kept her arms and legs around me after we came. I felt the aura around us change

and wasn't sure what to say, so I said nothing. Finally mom said, "Oh God...Matthew, please tell me you love me."

I said, "Of course I love you mom; I love you more than anything."

She unclasped from me and turned on her side, facing away. She said, "Someday you're going to realize what a terrible thing I did; please don't hate me."

I touched her back and ran my hand down the soft skin to her round ass. I said, "I couldn't ever hate you mom. We didn't do anything to be ashamed of, we just loved each other."

She said, "No Matthew, I gave in to something I knew you wanted...and something I'm ashamed to say that I also wanted, but that's no reason to do what we did. Matthew, it was incest."

I said, "I don't care what you call it; I loved you and you loved me."

She said, “I care.” Her breathing was agitated and I asked her if she was okay. She said, “No Matthew, I’m upset.”

I said, “Do you want me to go mom?”

She said, “No.” I stroked her back and when she calmed a bit, I took her breast in my hand pushing my hardening cock against her ass, but mom said, “NO Matthew,” to that too. So I slept there that night not touching her again. When I awoke, she was gone.

I just hung out around the house all day, enjoying doing nothing while I could. My summer job was done and it would only be a week before I had to go back to school. The events of the night before were more than enough to keep my mind occupied. When mom came home from work that evening there were a lot of forced smiles from her and her discomfort was evident. We were eating dinner in uneasy silence when I said, “Mom, this is no good; let’s just talk about it and get someplace else.”

She said, “I can’t.”

I said, “You have to; do you want to become strangers, or even worse, people that can’t be in the same room together?”

She said, “No.”

I said, “Look mom, what happened, happened.” I know you think I’ll be sorry, but I never will. It doesn’t matter. We have to go on from here. I’m not going to say I don’t want you and I don’t to make love to you, because I do. I know how you’re feeling now.” She looked on the verge of tears. I went over to her and stroked her hair.

She said, “I love you Matthew, but I just can’t.”

I said, “I know mom; it’s okay...it’s not what I want, but it’s okay because I don’t want to make you unhappy. Mom, can I ask you to do something so we could still be close?”

She warily asked, “What?”

I said, “Do you think we could just kiss sometimes, the way we kissed last night, that way I would know...” She looked up and I could see some alarm in her eyes. “Mom, I promise I wouldn’t touch you or try to do anything you don’t want to do...”

“I know you wouldn’t honey,” she said.

I said, “Look if it makes you uncomfortable...”

She said, “No honey, it’s okay...we could kiss; that would be alright.”

I said, “I love you mom.” I bent over and we kissed a long soft tender kiss. I went back and sat at the table and saw the first hint of a smile from her.

Before she went to bed, I kissed her goodnight. I held her in my arms and my tongue touched hers. We broke the kiss,

and I said, “So I guess maybe, I’ll go look for a dorm to share at school tomorrow.” I knew she would tell me not to.

I was wrong. She said, “That would be good Matt.” Damn.

So I moved out and came home intermittently. I was close enough to come for dinner when mom asked, and to spend some weekends sleeping over, in my own bed, unfortunately. But there were those kisses, loving, and lingering. She never said no to them. Kisses that held out a possibility, maybe one day I would be in her pussy again. But I never got the feeling that mom thought so.

I remained friends with Eddie, at one point concocting a dumb scheme where his mother would talk to mine, but after mentioning it to him we came up with too many reasons why it wouldn’t work, first of which was that his mother would never do it. But we talked enough to keep my hopes alive, because I knew a real mother and son that were lovers.

I thought about mom all the time, and that one night we had together sustained me for a long while, but I did want sex. I got involved with a girl from school named Iona. It was good for both of us, not great. She wasn't mom and I guess I wasn't whoever she was looking for. But we had fun and it went on for longer than it should have. We get comfortable, we settle.

Mom's forty-second birthday was coming up and I was planning a special evening for her. I came home for the weekend, planning to discuss it. When she got home Friday night she was in bad shape. I could see how down she was. She said, "Hi, I'll be back in a bit," and she went to her bedroom. I didn't get the usual greeting, the warm hug, the warmer kiss. She stayed in her room long enough for me to knock and ask if she was okay. She said, "I'm fine, I'll be out soon." She sounded anything but fine.

I said, "Can I come in?"

She said, "Okay." Then she said, "I don't want to talk about it."

I laughed and said, “You never want to, but you know you that you always feel better after you do.”

“Hot Flashes.” She said it with an exclamation mark. “I had some hot flashes; I’m not even forty-two for Christ’s sake.”

I said, “Did you go to the doctor, it doesn’t sound so terrible.” Stupid thing to say.

She said, “Not for you, you’re twenty’ I’m the one getting old, and yes I went to the doctor.”

“What did he say?”

She got a little calmer. “He said, he didn’t think it was menopause yet...yet...”

“Oh mom,” I said. “You’re still a sexy woman.”

She said, “Oh stop,” but her expression clearly didn’t want me to. She said, “How are things with Iona?”

I said, “That’s been over with for a while.” I sat on the bed and leaned over to face her and quietly said, “You still make me hard mom, always.”

She said, “Matt, you shouldn’t say things like that to me.” I didn’t answer. I kissed her the way we kissed and she responded with passion. I felt her breast even though I had promised not to, and she let me. I put my hand between her legs and she moaned in my mouth. When she broke the kiss, she was fighting for breath. She said, “Oh Matthew what am I going to do?”

I said, “Love me; let me love you.” I thought that she would, but when she said, ‘I can’t,” it had a finality to it. I sat up. She said, “I’m sorry, Matthew. I guess there are mother’s who can do these things for their sons, but I don’t seem to be one of them.”

I said, “It’s okay mom, you may not believe this, but I wouldn’t want you to do it if you don’t want to.” I said it without much conviction that it would mean anything. I

sighed, “Why don’t you get dressed and we’ll go to the diner.”

She said, “Okay baby, that’s good.” We spent a quiet evening and I went back to school the next day.

With various levels of intimacy we went through the school year. I had been home about a week into the summer break when we went to take some sun in the backyard. I made a pitcher of gin and tonic and we were near the bottom of it when I leaned over and kissed her. She was wearing a halter top and without a bra and I could see her nipples pressing against the material.

I said, “Mom, what do you want for yourself?”

She thought for a moment and said, “I want to see you happy.”

I said, “No mom, for you.”

She said, “Well, I guess I think sometimes it would be nice to have someone to share things with and love, and maybe get married again.”

I was pretty sloshed and I said, “I would love to marry you. Look, we always do things together and have fun, we talk, and we’re, friends. The only thing we don’t do is...have sex.”

When she said, “Matthew,” it had a pleading quality to it.

I leaned over and we shared a long sweet kiss. I said, I would make you a good husband, and I know you’d be a great wife.” I kissed her again and brushed my palm over her protruding nipple and then held her breast as we kissed. She said, “Matthew, what are you doing?” The question sounded more like, ‘Matthew why are you doing this to me?’

I said, “Mom doesn’t it feel good?”

She said, “Matthew, of course it feels good; you’re so tender and loving, but we said we weren’t going to do this.”

I said, “Mom does it feel wrong when we kiss?”

She put her head down and said, “No.”

I said, “And my touching you wouldn’t feel wrong after a while either, as soon as you stop denying that we love each other. I know that you don’t want to think about it, and you see it as terrible, but the night we made love was the best night of my life.”

She took a deep breath and said, “Oh honey, I don’t deny it. I realized a while back that it’s true, we do love each other. And that night…oh Matthew, do you think there’s one moment of that night that I don’t think about? Do you think there’s one day that goes by that I don’t feel you inside me? Matthew, I can’t tell you how real it is to me. No it wasn’t terrible baby, it was terrifying. It was all I could have wanted, but it was with my son. What kind of mother does that to her son? I don’t know anymore baby. I was so afraid that it would ruin your life if I kept having sex with you, and now I don’t know anything…I thought that you’d get over

your feelings for me and move on. And now after all this time you still want me...don't you?"

I said, "I want you more than ever mom, you're all that I want."

"Sweetheart," mom said. "I want you too, and now as you were touching me, all I could think was how much I wanted to take you in my mouth...God, this is what I've come to, telling my son...these things. This can't be real Mattie...this can't be happening."

"Mom," I said, "This is as real as it gets." I kissed her and slipped my hand into her halter to fondle her bare flesh. Her nipple felt swollen and before I took her tit out to suck on it, she said, "Mattie, I'm not ready to sleep with you."

I said, "Okay mom, I understand." They were just words. I didn't understand. She had admitted that she loved me and wanted me. I did the only thing that made sense to me at that moment. I kissed her and I touched her. And after a

long while, she touched me back. She put her hand in my shorts, her soft hand...her soft hand.

I apologized for coming. Of course that was ridiculous, because neither of us could have expected any other outcome when she was fisting my shaft and massaging my balls. But I apologized anyway. Mom said with a serious look, “It’s okay honey.” She took the tray of drinks inside and we spent the evening as if I hadn’t been sucking on her nipple and I hadn’t come in her hand.

On mom’s birthday I suggested we spend the day in Franklin, going to the park, seeing a movie, and having dinner at the Treetop. I also had another suggestion. I said, “Mom, when we’re in the city, could we be a couple?”

She said, “What do you mean?”

I said, “Just Matt and Emily.”

She said, “Oh...okay.” She got it. So we went to the city and shared a little fantasy. We went to the old port section

walked along the wharf after dinner. I took her hand as we strolled and she smiled over at me. We stopped in a few shops and mom was looking at some Jewelry. The man said, “I have something nice to show you.” He brought out a necklace with Roman Glass trimmed in gold.

Mom’s eyes lit up and I said to him, “Good choice, my wife likes antiques.” I could see mom flush and her cheeks reddened, but she just smiled. After he told us the price, we left.

Mom looked at me and I said, “Did it bother you that I said that?”

She said, “No, it just sounded so strange...and you’re obviously the one who likes antiques.” We both laughed. It turned out to be a fun day and we started going into the city more often. We played our little fantasy of being different people there and mom took delight in calling me her husband for the fun of it. As the summer went by, mom was suggesting we go to the city as often as I was. It felt real. Only in the city did mom initiate the kissing. We even spent

an hour parked at the docks after dark, making out and fondling.

We were in the city when there was only a week left before I was to go back to school and the dorm. I said, “Mom, let’s stay here tonight at the Overlook.”

She said, “Why?”

I said, “They’ve got a new spa and restaurant. It’ll be fun.”

Mom said, “It’s too expensive honey.”

I said, “I’ve saved almost everything from my job and it’s time to splurge a little. I also got you this.” I took out a felt pouch and handed it to her. When she opened it, her face lit up.

“Oh my God,” She said as she held up the necklace. “Oh baby, you spent all that money...”

I said, “Oh shut up Emily and put it on.” She laughed and when she had it on she said, “How does it look?”

I said, “You’re both beautiful.” I touched the Roman Glass pendant and some of her creamy breasts with my fingers.

She said, “I love it, and you.” She kissed me.

We stayed at the Overlook and I booked a room as a married couple. We took a swim and there was a small band that played dance music at dinner. We had drinks by the pool and went up to our room. There were two queen sized beds and I said, “Which bed do you want Emily?”

She said, “Whichever bed my husband is going to be sleeping in.”

I said, “Mom, I hope you’re not teasing me, because I couldn’t stand it if I don’t have you tonight.”

She said, “I wouldn’t do that baby. I’m ready; and you are going to have your mama tonight.”

I held her; I kissed her, and she yielded in my arms. I could feel the last remnants of resistance dissipate and disappear. She became mine at that moment. I became hers.

The blouse came off revealing a frilly bra that held her tits tantalizingly jutted. I unclasped it and saw her naked breasts in the light for only the second time. The years had been kind to her and they maintained a youthful shape. The gold and blue-green of her necklace played off the rosy tips of her tits. My fingers and hands had not forgotten the texture and the heavy weight of her breasts. I fondled her as we kissed and paused to suck on each nipple for a while. I sucked them longer than a while. They were puffy when I was through and excitedly reddened.

I took off her skirt, and the stark contrast of the black nylon stocking tops against the creamy skin of her thighs was a visual delight, almost as beautiful as the tease of her pussy through the sheer panties. I said, “Mom, you look so hot.”

She said, “I dressed for you baby. I didn’t think we would be here, but I was hoping you’d see me like this tonight.” I touched my fingers to her sex and could feel the moisture through the nylon.

We kissed as I touched her and I said, “You’re my Emily, my sweet wife now, aren’t you?”

She said, “Yes baby, and I’m also your mom, I don’t want to stop being that.”

I said “No, mom, never.” She took my pants down and said, “I’ve been thinking about doing this all day...taking my boy in my mouth. My cock sprang as she exposed it. It was rock solid and pointing up at her. She wrapped her fingers around it and said, “You’re so hard for me.” Her tone was almost surprised.

I said, “Yes mom, I’m hard because I love you and I want you so much.” She bent at the waist to take the head in her mouth and said, “Mmmm...” she then sat on her haunches

and held my thighs for balance as she moved her head to take my shaft in and out of her mouth.

Her warm lips caressed my cock and with a slow teasing glide. More of my cock went into her mouth. Oh man. This was the first evidence I would have of how much my mother liked to give, and get, oral sex. At one point I had to stop her. Even though the urge was overwhelming to come in my mother's mouth, I wanted it to last. So I urged her to stand and kissed her, feeling her velvety breasts in my chest. Her stockings against me charged me up even more.

I took her panties down and said, "Let me look at your pussy mom." She opened her stance and I saw the sweet sex I had wanted forever. I went down on her and as I ate her, I held the globes of her round ass in my hands. I said, "Mom I never realized what a beautiful ass you have." She sounded pleased as I continued to explore with my tongue. When I reached her clit and massaged it in my mouth, she accelerated. I think she would have come if she didn't hold my head and then pull back.

She said, “Oh wow.” She went to the bed, quickly throwing off the blanket and sheet. On her back, she spread her legs and said the words neither of us thought we’d hear from her mouth, “Come make love to your mother.”

It was different from the first time. She was open and receptive, willing and wanting. As soon as I directed my cock into her she said, “Oh yes sweetheart, inside me, inside me...yes baby, yes.” She was my lover. And when she called her boy, she was my mother. And when she called me her Matthew, she was my wife.

We moved as one into the rhythm of lovemaking, as the sensations of who was inside whom lost its meaning. Slow insertions became powerful and hard as my mother asked for more. I fed her and she devoured what I gave her. My cock filled her channel and pushed along its gripping walls. It’s just a simple motion, in and out, but it means everything when you’re inside the woman you love.

I wasn’t as experienced as I would become, but we naturally altered positions and angles, each one a new delight. I held her legs opened at one point and watched myself as I

plunged into her center. When she wrapped her legs around me her hips drew me deep into her. She rolled on top and sat to impale herself. She said, “Baby, baby, baby...,” as she rose and fell on my erection. It felt like more than an erection. It was a steel pole somehow attached to me, sending vibrations and sensations through my chemically intoxicated body. I was certain that no other woman could do this to me.

I flipped her once more to drive home my desires. I speared deep into my mother’s belly until we were flesh on flesh and bone on bone. As the pace reached its apex, she said, “Oh Matthew, OH MATTHEW, DARLING, OH GOD, OHHHhhhh...”

I began filling her at that moment and wanted to never stop coming. Each release made me recoil in pleasure. I called to her as I came, “MOM, MOM, MOM...” My sperm poured into her vault, giving her what I had wanted her to take for as long as I could remember. I needed to hear the words and I said, “I’m coming mom, I’m coming inside you mom.”

She said, “Yes baby yes, inside me, come inside me.” She tightened herself around my cock and squeezed as she rocked. I came until I couldn’t come any more and left the last of the sperm that I had produced for her deep in her womb. But it was more than my sperm that was inside her, it was my love.

I started to move but mom held me and said, “No darling, stay.” I remained inside her as long as I could and then we both exhaled and fell into each others arms. After a quiet moment, mom said, “How could I have thought that this was anything but love?”

I said, “Because you’re a stubborn mule?” She laughed and slapped my arm. She said, “You’re probably right, but I’m glad you waited for me to understand.” Then she said, “What if you didn’t wait baby; what if you went off and...”

I said, “Don’t even think about it mom; we were always going to find each other.”

She said, “Yes love,” and then she sat up and excitedly said, “Baby listen, I’ve been thinking about something; let’s move to Franklin. It’ll be closer to school for you, and we can sell the house, and get one of those new small condos by the river and...we’ll be in our home, in our bed, together, every night...what do you think?”

I said, “I think it sounds perfect...and I think I want you.” I put her hand on my swelling cock and said, “What do you think?”

She said, “I think I want you too, what do you think?” She put my hand on her moist pussy. I kissed her and turned her on her belly. I stroked her ass and rubbed her pussy. She raised her hips slightly and I entered her pussy from behind. She said, “Oh Matthew, are you always going to want me like this?”

I said, “How could I not mom?”

I entered my mother’s pussy and drove in deep enough to come up against her fleshy globes. There was a sharp “OH,”

from her. I must have reached a new spot because she said, “You’re so deep in me Matthew; I never felt that before.” I pushed in again to the hilt and she said, “OH,” again.

I said “Does it hurt mom?”

She said, “NO, No, don’t stop. It feels good baby. It excites me that you get so big and hard for me. Even that first time when I was too ashamed to admit it, I liked it Matthew, I liked it.”

It felt good to me too, to drive deep into my mother’s pussy and press my fingers into the round globes of her ass. Each entry brought the same response and in a moment she said, “OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, MATTHEW…” She surprised me as she came so quickly. I didn’t stop driving into her even after she finished. I felt as if I could go all night and I continued the deep insertions as mom made sounds of pleasure. As she climbed again she said, “You’re so good for me baby, yes baby, hard like that, hard, hard, yes, oh, OH,OH, OH…”

I felt controlled enough to prepare myself to come when she did, but it started feeling so good, driving into her pussy, pressing against her ass. When I lost control and felt that first release of sperm about to enter my mother's pussy, all I said was "MOM," and she started to come too.

"Yes, yes, fill me sweetheart, yes baby, OH, OH, OHHHHhhhhh..." She thrashed and moaned into the pillow as each volley shot into her womb. As her spasms subsided she said, "Oh God love...ohhhh...God." After a moment to catch her breath mom said, "That was almost too good." She laughed, "Almost..."

It took about two months to complete all the details related to moving to Franklin, and we used the time to learn each other's heart and body. We also got to know Eddie and his mom as a couple. Mom thinks she's great and we have a good time together. Strangely, besides the occasional joke, we don't talk about our unconventional circumstance when we're all together. We know what we have in common and that makes us comfortable, but otherwise we just do things that friends do.

When the day came to finally move in, we were excited. Mom had a day off from work, but I had classes I couldn't miss, so I expected her to be there when I got home. I didn't see her when I got in the door and looked around, so I called out to her. I heard her say from the bedroom, "I'm in here Matt." I went in. She was dressed for sex.

Mom had on all new lingerie, high heels, and she looked hot. The stocking were the old-fashioned seamed ones, held up by a garter belt. Her pale aqua panties were lacy but sheer enough for me to see the pussy I had dreamed about as a boy. The matching bra was only supporting her bare tits. She was cupping and offering me one of her boobs, giving me a 'Come to mommy' look.

I said, "Wow," and immediately went to take my mother's tit into my mouth. Her nipples were large and they capped the end of the swollen cone that formed when I pressed it through my hand. I went from nipple to nipple and sucked them the way she liked, using my tongue and a slight abrading with my teeth.

She said, “I’ve been thinking about this all day baby, how I wanted to start our new life in our new home, in our bedroom. I love the sound of those words...our bedroom.” Everything smelled new, the carpet, the paint, and the perfume mom wore. It was a heady combination that I inhaled as mom took down my jeans and briefs and I stepped out of them.

She said, “I’m going to take good care of my boy from now on.”

I stroked her hair and she went down on her knees and I said, “I’m going to take good care of you too mom.” I felt all the love she put into it as she took my cock into her mouth. With excitement and soft sounds she moved on my shaft. My cock strained when she looked up at me and smiled. When she stopped moving her head, I could feel her tongue circling and stroking me. She took me out of her mouth long enough to lick the underside of my sack and take one of my balls at a time into her mouth. It was a new sensation that had me thinking about coming already.

I bent over and kissed her to keep that from happening. When I stopped, she said, “I want you to come in my mouth.” That would be another first for us and I could feel the blood rush to my head and to my cock when she said it, because I knew it was an extraordinary expression of a mother’s love for her son.

All I could say was “OH mom,” as she returned me into her mouth. She sucked on the spongy swollen head and used her hand along the pole. She caressed my balls and it was becoming overwhelming. A boy being sucked by his mother was potent enough, but the way she was doing it was almost too much. It was almost too much to keep from coming. And then, it was too much to keep from coming.

The words my mother had said, ‘I want you to come in my mouth,’ ran around my head as I cried out, “MOM...” and let loose the first fusillade of sperm that elicited an approving sound from her. I shot again and she swallowed me, and rubbed me, and stroked me, until stream after stream shook my body and all I could say was, “*Ohhhh*...” as I poured my cream into my mother’s mouth. She never stopped sucking and I wished I would never stop coming as

the final spasms delivered the last of the fluid, I had to give her.

When it was over she smiled at me and said, “That was good baby.”

I said, “You don’t know the half of it mom, they’re still inventing a word for what that felt like.”

She laughed and said, “Welcome to our new home baby.”

And a lot has been new since we moved in. We’re a couple. And we’re making plans, big ones, and little ones.

THE END

A Deal with Danny

I came back to life thanks to my son. It was quite inadvertent and I didn't even know I was dead. I was a thirty-seven-year-old widow who hadn't had sex in four years; I had even stopped masturbating. I was a mess.

When I was younger, I was always involved with the boys. My 'attractors', as in the song, stood 'way up firm and high'. My makeup was always perfect and my tight skirts left little to the imagination. After marrying too young, my husband's heart betrayed us both when he was forty. I no longer cared what I looked like. I gained twenty pounds, threw away my lipstick, and wore the same two pairs of jeans and four flannel shirts for years.

I was resuscitated by a phone call. It wasn't to me or from me. I was in the den and was about to call my sister Beth. My son Danny was on the phone so much that I usually checked to see if it was free by pressing the speakerphone button; I got an earful. He was talking to Karen, a girl he was going to the prom with. The first words I heard were "…now put that wet finger on your slippery little button."

What was I listening to? It couldn't be my baby Danny whom I was sure was a virgin, the boy that I was still waiting to have the 'sex talk' with? As he continued talking I realized I was a little too late. He said, "Make believe it's my tongue making circles all around it…slowly…one way and then the other…is your pussy getting wet the way it does for me little girl?"

The sound of her answer sent an electric spark through my belly. "Oh yes Dan…my pussy's all wet for you…why aren't you here with your big thing…so I can kiss you and you can touch me all over…?" My hand went almost involuntarily between my legs.

"Tomorrow little girl…Scott's having a party…and you're going to be there…upstairs…with your legs spread…and then you'll have it…deep in your pussy…" As my son described what he was going to do to his girlfriend, I put my hand in my panties and slid a finger over my moist clit. As the disturbing image of my son entering the pussy of a woman who could only be me focused, I came with a shudder. I pressed the speakerphone off and went blank until the

cooling stickiness in my panties reminded me of what had just happened. I felt confused but with a sexual energy I hadn't felt in years. It felt so good to be turned on again even if it was my son that had turned me on – then I looked in the mirror.

I was appalled. I determined to do something about what I saw. It was four months of hell, four days a week in the gym after work. I lost the extra pounds and found a not bad looking woman looking back at me who was ready to resume an intimate relationship. Throughout my 'ordeal', Danny was an inspiration. One discouraging day he said, "Mom, you're doing great. I would love to have a girl who looks that hot; you look good enough to eat." I'm sure he didn't mean it in a sexual way but still; he was too much of an inspiration.

I was inspired by the phone call that still played in my head. I was inspired by the handsome strong body Dan had grown in to. I was inspired by thoughts of him doing to me what he said he would do to Karen. I had fought the thoughts for weeks and months: rationalizing why I had them, telling myself about their fantasticality and immorality. I dismissed them time and again only to have

them return…unbidden…urgent…searing my insides. I sent them away with anger, frustration, and finally with masturbating fingers. They returned to mock me when I looked at his face or when he hugged me hello.

I tried to talk to Beth but the words wouldn't come out. How does a woman say to her sister, "I want to sleep with my son?" I started becoming someone I didn't like; I listened in on his conversations. I did something that still embarrasses me when I think about it; I went into Danny's bedroom in the middle of the night. I planned to say I heard a noise or something like that if he awoke. He was lying almost on his side. It was a hot night and he was nude. I saw what I went to see. His long shaft lay flaccid on his thigh. I stood for almost a half hour. I watched in silent fascination as my son's cock almost fully hardened at one point. I imagined it in my mouth, on my tongue. I felt myself on the edge of doing the unthinkable. I went back to my room and made myself come twice.

Even that night, in my cobwebbed denials, I never thought that I could ever let him put that cock inside me nor did I think he would want to. After all, I was his mother.

Things began going crazy when Danny came home after prom night. I asked him how it went and said “Okay”. I asked him why it wasn’t ‘great’ or ‘fabulous’ and he laughed and said. “Those are details you really don’t want to know mom.” I was serious when I told him he could tell me anything and that I wanted to know anything that affected him. I knew he’d had a few drinks but I was a still wide eyed when he told me. “Well it’s Karen, I sort of broke up with her tonight…it’s a sex thing mom, are you sure you want to hear this?”

I put my hand over his and said, “Sure I do, but I’m surprised you broke up because she’s such a pretty girl and she has a wonderful body.”

“It’s okay…it’s not as nice as yours mom and she really doesn’t want to use it. We’ve had…you know…intercourse a few times…but she never wants to do anything else…it makes no sense but she says the other stuff is only if we get ‘serious’ or engaged or something. Hey, I’m not ready for anything like that…I mean I’m not getting married just to

get…it doesn't matter…it's not like we were in love or anything."

"Well I'm glad you're not rushing into anything…you're young and handsome and there are going to be a lot of women…I'm sure." His remark about my body sensitized me. "I shouldn't ask you this but I'm curious, have you already done all those 'other things' with other girls?"

" Boy mom you really are curious." He took a deeper breath and said, "I've had oral sex a lot and it's great but I've never had uh…anal…not that I would mind trying it but…" Dan started to laugh and I asked him why and he said, "Well, Karen said she would NEVER have anal with me because I'm…I guess I'm pretty big…"

I told him, "A woman adjusts…most woman can…I'm sure you're not that big…" I looked down and saw the outline of the bulge in his pants and put my hand on it…I had put my hand on my son's cock! I fogged over; I couldn't hear what he said. I had crossed the line without even knowing I was approaching it. I looked up to see my son with his eyes closed enjoying the rubbing I was giving him. He got

harder. Was he enjoying it because it was me or would any eighteen year old get hard if any decent looking woman rubbed his cock, even if it was his mother?

The questions disappeared when his cock appeared. He had unzipped his pants and taken it out. It was swollen red with blood…it was rock hard…its size fascinated me. He said "Suck it mom…please suck it."

I hadn't had a cock in my mouth for so long…I had forgotten how much I liked it. I closed my mouth over about a third of my son's cock and wrapped my fingers over the still exposed shaft and slid my hand back and forth as I sucked. The swollen helmet felt velvety smooth in my mouth as my tongue massaged it. I took more of the big cock until it approached the back of my throat.

I felt his hands on my head and in his excitement and inexperience he was directing me. I gently moved his hands to my aching breasts. He massaged them over my blouse, as I tasted his pre-cum. The flavor of sex made me hungry for more. The thought of my son spewing incestuous cum into his mother's mouth excited and alarmed me. Before he

exploded I actually thought of stopping…and…I don't even know what I was going to do or say but the sound of desire in his voice was mesmerizing and it made me wet. He said, "Oh mom…yes…suck my cock…suck it, suck it…it feels so good…don't stop…please…my beautiful mother…" His first release caught me by surprise. It was so hard I pulled back and the next two jets caught me on the cheek and chin. I returned his cock to my mouth and swallowed the last of the cum that presaged my panic.

"What have I done?" I thought "Is he going to hate me for the rest of his life. How could I have sucked my own son's cock?"

"OH mom", he said, "That was the most beautiful thing that ever happened to me" He kissed away my trembling and he kissed away my silent tears but I was overwhelmed. I ran to my room and locked the door. I was mortified. Danny begged me to open the door and talk to him but I couldn't.

After a long time I said, "I'm okay baby, I'll talk to you tomorrow." I wasn't okay, neither through that sleepless night nor for weeks afterwards. I apologized to Dan and told

him I'd been drinking and depressed even though the truth was that I just wanted to sleep with him; no…I wanted him to fuck me…but I was determined that he shouldn't.

I begged him to forgive me and forget that it happened. What a stupid thing to say. 'Forget that your mother took your cock in her mouth and sucked you until you came.'

Needless to say, neither of us could forget what happened. The more we didn't talk about it, the larger it loomed whenever we were together. Finally one night, in the middle of a sentence, Danny began kissing me passionately. I wanted nothing more than for him to take me, have me, be in me; but I reluctantly pushed him off and said, "Sweetheart…love…we can't…it's incest. Oh my Danny…I put these crazy in your head with my selfish…"

He stopped me. "Mom do you think I never thought about you? Don't you know I was always turned on by you?"

I was surprised. "But I was horrible to look at and…"

“Mom, you were never horrible. You were always beautiful to me. Let me show you something.” He went to his room and returned a moment later with some photographs in his hand. They were old ones that my husband had taken when we were first married. I looked at myself in ‘pin-up’ poses wearing a bikini.

“Where did you get those…that was so long ago I don’t even remember taking them?”

“I found them in a stack of pictures five years ago mom. Mom, you’ve been turning me on for a long time. I look at these pictures all the time…I still…believe me you didn’t start me thinking about having sex with you…mom I…”

He came closer to kiss me, to touch me, to love me. I felt like saying “Yes Danny, put your cock in my mouth again, put your cock wherever you want to fuck me…” Instead, I stopped him by saying “Oh God, Danny please don’t…please don’t make it that much harder. We can’t…we just can’t…I can’t do it to you.”

“Mom” he said, “You’re not doing anything to me…It’s what I want…isn’t it what you want mom? I hesitated for a second and he reached for me saying…’Let me love you mom…just let me…”

“Please baby no…I can’t even talk about it any more…we’re not going to become…honey please understand…please don’t break my heart. Right now I want you so much I don’t know if I could stop you.” I started to cry. “Oh Danny it hurts me…please don’t hate me.”

He relented, “Okay mom, I won’t force you…how could I stop loving you mom…but can I at least hold you?” I went to his arms and my breasts pushed into his chest. I felt his cock against me. It was torture until he let me go.

That night, I touched myself until I was exhausted; I couldn’t satisfy myself. I was only feeding my hunger. I became lovesick. It sounds romantic; it wasn’t. There was nothing poetic about it. I actually became physically ill because of the stress and the unrelenting desire to have my son. I ended up in bed for ten days with a weakened

immune system. The doctor said something about ‘fatigue syndrome’ but I knew better.

Danny was so good to me during that time I get teary thinking about it. He took care of me, he looked after me, and he was always there. We spent so many hours talking about everything. I never felt as loved in my life as I did when he sat on my bed and cradled me in his arms with soft kisses on my forehead. With his help I climbed out of the pit of despair I had dug for myself.

I finally talked to Beth. After about twenty ‘you what?’ she settled down enough to help me struggle toward an acceptance of my situation. It was enough just to hear a bit of assurance that I wasn’t terrible and that the rest of my life might not have to be a horror. She told me I could have all the feelings but waiting until Danny was older would be the responsible and right thing to do. I settled in my mind that my son would not have me sexually before he was twenty-one. Of course I realized that there is no magic number that makes a person ready for mature decisions but it was reasonable for lots of reasons.

I spoke to Danny that night. He tried every way he knew to convince me otherwise, but I stood fast. The things he said were things I had heard when I was a young girl and they would have been funny if I didn't want it as much as he did. "Please mom, let me be in your pussy just once; I promise I won't come." The thought of my son's full manhood spreading my pussy and pushing up into my belly made me wet but after three hours of sweat and tears he came around, and so did I.

We agreed to a compromise. We would wait until he was twenty-one and see if we felt the same way. We would see other people but he would live at home until he met someone else. My concession was that we could touch each other but he had to swear not to ever suggest or try to get me past that point – nor let me take him past it. Our 'deal' ended with a sweet long kiss.

That first night, we touched each other into oblivion. My pussy creamed and I lost count of the number of times he made me come. My son's fingers and hands on me and in me had me climbing the walls. His touched me lightly along my neck down to my breasts and said, "You know what the best thing about your skin is? It goes all over your body"

Everything that could be done to a clit, he did to mine. He said, “I could touch you there all night mom” and he did. The next morning, for my sanity, I added the ‘vitamin’ rule to our bargain: Once A Day.

After six months, things were working out wonderfully and terribly. Neither of us had gone out with other people at all, each night was sublime in each other’s arms, and our craving for more was excruciating. We didn’t cross the line but we came so close that a feather could have knocked either one of us over it. I wouldn’t let him stay the night in my bed because after a few nights of feeling that big hard cock against my behind, I couldn’t get any sleep. That didn’t prevent me from going to his bed when my desire to be near him overwhelmed me.

Many of my dreams haunted me. The nightmare was that they were so sweet. I was finally skewered on my son’s fat cock and he was fucking me until I screamed. I woke up dripping from every pore and every hole. They were so real I awoke angry with Danny for going back on our deal and frustrated that he really hadn’t. My poor baby couldn’t understand why his mother was so grumpy on so many mornings. I couldn’t tell him how much I wanted him

because it only would have made it harder for him and I knew from experience that he was hard enough all the time.

Somehow we made it until he was twenty. On a weekend I had to travel for business, I asked him to come with me. Maybe being in a strange room and a strange bed did it or maybe we were both just at a point of no return. Before we'd even touched, I was undressing in front of the mirror and I saw him sitting on the bed. He said, "Mom, I'm going to have you tonight." It wasn't angry or asking. It was a matter of fact.

I turned and took off my bra and said, "Yes honey, you are." I walked over to him and offered my nipple to his lips. We had waited so long; we both instinctively knew that our first time should not be wasted in a heated rush. He sucked each nipple long and hard. Each pull sent sensations to my pussy. I stroked the back of his head as he pulled my panties down and said, "That's good baby…you make momma feel it down to here." I opened my legs as I stood before him and put his hand over my pussy. He rubbed me gently.

“You have a soft cunt,” he told me. “…A sweet soft cunt that I’m going to be inside…in here mom, in here.” As he spoke his finger entered and explored. He took his finger out and raised it to my lips. I tasted my juice and it excited me. He said, “…I’m going to be here mom, in your mouth …my cock is going to be in your mouth mom…” I sucked his wet finger and rolled my tongue around it.”

I looked down at the handsome face and just said ‘Yes son…yes…yes…” I should have expected what came next but I didn’t. He reached between my spread legs and found the tender pucker.

Dan sent his slippery finger into the small channel and said, “I’m going to fuck you here mom…in your ass…my cock is going to be here mom, here.” He drove his finger as far as it would go.

“OH God…Danny…yes…in me …in all of me.” His pants were still on, but the bulge I saw sent me a picture of his big cock attempting to enter my ass. It sent a shiver through me but I knew I wanted him to do it.

I sat next to him and took his shirt off. He stood and took off his pants. His long, wide, cock was erect and poised by my mouth; the smell of sex was on it. I licked the length of it and it sprang as I slathered my son's balls with saliva. I took the big knob into my mouth and sucked my way up the shaft. My tongue traced the contours of my son's cock.

I wasn't sucking long before Danny pulled out of my mouth. I knew what we both wanted. I leaned back and positioned myself to take the insertion I had waited so long for. I told him, "I'm ready baby…momma's ready for you…"

Danny was breathing as hard as I'd ever seen. He approached me on his knees and his cock looked like a spear coming out from between his legs. He spread me by the ankles and said, "I'm ready too momma…I've been ready to fuck you for as long as I can remember…ready to put this cock inside you where it belongs…"As he spoke I felt the head of his cock spreading my pussy. My wetness had made me accessible to the first penetration of his steel shaft.

As my son pushed deeper into my grasping channel, I told him, "Yes baby…that's where it belongs…in my pussy…in

your mother's pussy…" I wanted him to fuck me deep and he did. Each stoke took him toward my belly and I couldn't stop moving as he filled me with his long thick meat. "OH God love…so good…I don't know how I waited this long…oh honey thank you…thank you for waiting for me…for loving me…now we never have to wait anymore…yes baby…love me…love me with your big cock…always…always…" As I spoke, I surprisingly started to spasm. I wanted to wait but I couldn't. I came with a yell and as my son stroked me harder and faster, it felt like only seconds passed after my first orgasm when I began to climb again. I didn't feel Danny come and he was still hard as a rock inside me.

He pulled out of my pussy and took his cock in his hand. It glistened with my juices and he positioned it on my asshole. Before I could gird myself, he had pushed passed my tight anal ring and I felt the enormous pressure of his young cock working its way into a place it seemed it could not fit. As he moved deeper in my ass, his cock felt more massive than it ever looked. I felt as stretched as I could get. I could feel the tears at the corners of my eyes but I was determined not to stop him. He said, "Is it too much for you mom…should I stop? Can you take it?"

Could I take it? I could take it forever. I loved having a cock in me again and most of all I loved that it was my son's cock that was now deep in my ass. My loud moans and the pressure eased somewhat as I relaxed. As my fear subsided, I began enjoying the pulsing heat and friction my son's cock had created along the walls my tight channel. I told him, "No baby don't stop…stay inside me…it's where I want you…yes love…push into me…tell me you need me baby…tell me…"

"Yes mom…I need you…I need this… I need to be in you…fucking you like this…fucking you like I'm always going to fuck you…fucking you…fucking you…fucking you…" As his excitement rose he no longer held back any of steel rod that was driving to my core. I could feel him encountering the globes of my ass as he gave me all of his long cock. I moaned in relief as my Danny began to shoot in my ass…lovely soothing cum…the cum I waited so long to have inside me… my love's cum…my son's cum…filling his mother's ass with what she needed.

That night was the beginning of a new 'deal' between my son and me. I promised him I would never say "no" to him

again. He would take me whenever and however he wanted me and I would let him. It was an easy bargain to keep.

Privately, our life together naturally evolved over the next year more into one of lovers than mother and son. The only thing missing after a while were friends. We couldn't go out as a couple and be ourselves where so many people knew us, so we decided to move to the city. Starting over wasn't easy but we had each other.

I struck up a friendship with Denise, a friendly, good looking woman at work who was also involved in a 'May-December' romance. It turned out that Mark was ten years her junior and the son of her best friend. As we got to know them we all became closer and visions of sugarplums began dancing in Danny's and my head.

We didn't talk about it for the longest time but when the conversation between us turned to, "Do you think Denise is sexy? Do you think Mark is good looking?" we both knew what was on the other's mind. The thought of having two men in me at once began feeding my fantasy life. Dan

finally said it, “What do you think of the four of us getting past conversation and into something more exciting?”

I said, “It sounds sexy to me but do you think it could…change things? I wouldn’t want to do anything that would come between us; you know, what if you really liked Denise and…?

Dan said, “Oh mom, I love you; this would just be playing around…anyway who knows if they would be interested?”

They were. It turned out that Denise and Mark had had the same idea from the start. I wasn’t sure about the whole thing but I figured I’d go along once and see what happened.

The first night started out awkwardly and we were sitting around talking nonsense over drinks for the longest time when Denise got up and took off her blouse. She said, “Hey guys, this is why we’re here isn’t it?” She walked over to Danny, sat in his lap and started kissing him. I had a rush of mixed feelings. First, she was kissing my baby and a pang of jealousy ran through me. Secondly, she wasn’t wearing a

bra and her tits looked bigger than mine but I was soon distracted when Mark's hands began roaming over my body.

I wasn't sure what the others had in mind but I wasn't going to let Denise and Danny go off separately so I 'steered' us all into one bedroom. I figured there were lots of possible combinations and I sort of directed things so that the two boys 'did' Denise and then me.

I watched as my son's cock went into Denise's mouth, and Mark's short, fat, dick pushed into her pussy from behind. I got turned on and I went from person to person touching and kissing them as they fucked and sucked. I didn't think anyone could make as much noise as Denise did. As Mark attacked her from behind like a battering ram she screamed as she came. Ryan probably wasn't that happy about it because he hadn't come and she pulled her mouth off his cock while she was sounding off.

We all sat on the bed for a few minutes touching each other. I leaned over and kissed Mark's cock and tasted Denise's juice on him as my lips stroked him into hardness. Mark

returned the I by licking me for a while. I think he wanted me to suck him and have Danny do me as he had done Denise but I had other ideas. I had come to this party because I wanted to know what it felt like to have two cocks in me at once.

I directed Mark on his back and sat over him putting his stubby thickness into my pussy. It felt good but he didn't fill me as my son did. He immediately started bucking up like he was off to the races but I calmed him to a less frenetic pace. Dan knew what I wanted and had greased my asshole as I leaned over Mark's chest to give my son access.

The big cock in the small hole coupled with a cock in my pussy almost overwhelmed me. I knew that a thin membrane separated the two cocks but it felt like they were both in my pussy and both in my ass. The two boys pushed in and out of my holes as their hands roamed, rubbing and tugging at my tits and ass. I wanted to feel them come together…I want to feel them both filling me with cum…in my ass and in my pussy. I urged them on telling them how good it felt.

My Dan always had good control and he waited until he heard Mark's unmistakable sounds of release. I called to my son as I felt the first stream of Mark in my pussy. "Give it to me Danny…give it to me baby…" Danny pounded my ass and the heat was excruciating as he fucked my tight hole. He came in me a second or two after Mark started but it seemed like he kept shooting long after Mark finished. I had almost called him "son" as I felt the heat and force of his jets and I missed hearing him calling me "mom" or "mother"; which still sent a shiver of excitement through me even after a year of hearing him call to me as he came.

I didn't come but was on the edge. I couldn't wait for them to leave so I could have my Danny to myself. When we were finally alone, he sucked my pussy with a tender loving tongue that sent me to the sky. His long licks and soft pressure around my clit kept me on the verge for an eternity. He knew well the trembling and small sounds I usually made before I came and kept stopping before I went over. When I finally couldn't stand it anymore I was pulling his hair and almost begging, "Please baby…let me come…make your momma come in your mouth…" Finally he took my clit into his mouth and ran his tongue around it without stopping. It was an exquisite first surge, almost

painful, and then blessed release. If women came the way men do, I would have filled his mouth with my cum. I told him, “You are so good for me baby…you know how to make your momma happy” I kissed the sweet lips that brought his mother so much pleasure.

We stayed friends with Mark and Denise but that was our only sexual encounter. Neither Danny nor I ended up liking the idea of another person with the one we loved – especially me. Fantasies were fine but we didn’t feel the need to act them out with others; we were enough for each other. After all, he had a mother who wanted him to fuck her all the time and I had a son who did.

In a month it will be ten years since I’ve been with my son as man and woman. I’ve added ‘wife’ to my feelings as mother and lover. Although we were not actually married, our commitment to each other is as real and strong as any marriage I have ever seen. We’ve had infrequent fights like any other couple, but it’s been so good that sometimes it makes me afraid, particularly when the sex is especially good.

Last night was a good example. We were going to see the Abba play and I was more dressed up than usual. The dress made me look busty and Danny came in to the room and said, “Wow mom, you look great.” I had white thigh highs on and Danny asked, “Are you wearing the underwear that you usually wear with those stockings?” I laughed and flashed him the thong part of the frilly white set. He gave me a serious look and said, “Mom, I want to fuck you before we go.”

It still thrilled me to see my son’s eager young cock get hard for me and as I unbuttoned the dress. Looking at the desire in his eyes all these years later, made me feel lucky. He didn’t want to wait for me to fiddle with the ten buttons and he pulled the dress up from the bottom. Before I knew it, my panties were down and he was in me.

It was wonderful how well his cock had learned to make my pussy respond but instead of enjoying it as I usually did, I got teary and scared. I did what I do in my dumb moments, “What if…” What if he stops loving me, what if he stops wanting me? I’ve tried to stay in shape but I know I can’t look as good as I did ten years ago so what if he stops finding me attractive?

Danny knew something was wrong and when I told him, he put his arms outside of mine and gathered me into him. With small kisses all over face, he kept pushing slowly in and out of me saying, “You never have to worry mom; I’m going to love you forever. You’ll always be beautiful because I love you…all you ever have to do is love me back.” He stroked my hair as his driving cock filled me with pleasure. I calmed and let his loving take me to the place where his love of my body fills my heart.

I surrendered to his hands, his fingers and his cock. My sweet son rode up into my belly and reached the place that always makes me cry out. The long even strokes into my pussy elicited my soft moans. I let the last hold I had on myself go as his mouth covered mine and I felt every inch of my son’s long cock filling my pussy. All of me said, “I belong to you”. My body flushed under my clothes when I felt Danny start coming in me. I pulled him too deep into me. A jolt set off my orgasm and it felt as if my cum was coating my son’s cock. I entered the moment I wanted to live in forever, never thinking once of the wrinkled dress I’d have to change.

THE END

A Gamble for Mom

Introduction: Let the Games Begin

Eleven months separated Marc from his older brother Richard. As they grew older, the eleven-month difference became invisible. Maybe Richard was a little stronger and maybe Marc was a little smarter but that didn't mean that Richard won all the battles of fists nor did Marc win all the battle of wits. That's what made the competition between them interesting; neither knew who would win on any particular day.

And compete they did, about anything and everything. When viewed in hindsight, all the races, wrestling, boxing, and bets were a preparation for the contest that would alter one of their lives, the one for Annette.

Girls and then women became the focus when they were finishing high school. All they had to do was see a good-looking girl in the hall and one would say "Good to go?" and the response that followed only had to be a nod of the head.

They both knew that the game was afoot. Which one would have her first?

“Good to go” was a sacred trust between the brothers. They could and did mislead, misrepresent, and mishandle, anyone and everyone else but once those words were uttered between them, the unspoken ground-rules went into effect.

Most of their lives had been spent with Annette and Joe, their mother and stepfather. At the time their real competition began, that relationship was about to end. “Fuck you” were the last words Annette had said directly to her second husband Joe. They weren’t entirely inappropriate.

Their marriage had taken place soon after the boy’s father died and in hindsight may have been a mistake, but it was the easier way out at the time. And although he never said it, Joe had left Annette for another woman. He was also trying to take all the assets with him as well. That part was still in the courts and Annette and Joe only spoke through intervening lawyers.

Annette had asked Lady Pauline about Joe a long time before the pain began to outweigh the pleasure. Lady Pauline, a neighbor who read the cards for Annette, had told her that the man in her life was going to give her nothing but trouble and that was the way Annette ended up feeling. Meanwhile, she worked to keep the boys in school, keep up her job, and keep up their home.

Annette was a sweet looking dark-haired woman with a good body that unlike most women her age, looked better out of her clothes than in them. She carried the few extra pounds that men like and women don't, in the right places. Even though all the studies show that the opposite sex finds us more attractive than we do ourselves, Annette like most people, found it hard to believe.

She felt anything but attractive after Joe left. It didn't matter how many people told her or much she knew in her head, that feeling that if only she was prettier or sexier…bothered her - along with the money problems and disintegrated marriage. Lady Pauline told her that her life was going to

change. She wanted to believe in Lady Pauline…most of the time, that's enough.

So call it synchronicity, confluence of events, or fate, but when the boys made their bet, their mother was at her most vulnerable. It started in the guise of a joke. Marc and Richard were bragging about how each could 'make' any girl of the other's choosing. When Marc said, "I know someone you couldn't even get to first with…she's not with anybody and I know you say that she's nice looking."

Richard took the bait and said, "Twenty says I can."

Marc laughed and said, "Okay Rich, good to go"

"Good to go" Richard said as he defiantly hit his brother's fist with his own. "Who is it?"

"Mom"

“What?” After getting over his startle response, Richard started to laugh hard enough for the soda he was drinking to almost come out of his nose. “You crazy fuck.”

When Marc also stopped laughing he said, “Well you got to admit, that’s someone even pussy hound ‘Richard Don Juan’ can’t make…so pay up bud.”

The older brother hesitated for a moment and stared, “Who says I can’t…and you only said ‘get to first’ didn’t you?”

Marc couldn’t believe that his brother was serious until he looked at his wild eyes. Finally he said, “Get real…are you’re really going to try to…?”

“Damn right…and I’ll tell you what bro; fifty says I can get more than you can.”

Marc was almost jack lighted but by the time he regained his composure, his practically involuntary response was to stick out his fist and say, “Oh man…okay…good to go.” This was the first outward expression of a long undercurrent

between them. They both found their mother attractive. They had talked about it when they were younger and at the stage where 'catching a peek' of their mother would lead to weeklong discussions of what one or both of them had seen.

Stories and Lotion

The plotting and planning began, and as with all of their bets, it had nothing to do with what would be won or the consequences; it was only about the winning. It never mattered how long it took or how much effort they had to exert, as long as they won.

Before the bet, what went on between Annette and her sons could best be characterized as ordinary. The usual familial squabbling and yelling mixed with generous doses of warmth and affection. After the bet, both boys started paying much more attention to their mother. They were more considerate, more attentive and more complimentary. Annette thought it was because her husband had left her and she was grateful for the kindness…she was hungry for it.

Richard was physical with her. He looked for any excuse to touch her. He hugged her more, he held her arms as he kissed her in greetings and then there was the lotion. Annette always took care of her skin and it seemed like she kept a bottle of lotion in every room. So one day as they were sitting in the kitchen Richard said, “Let me do that for you mom.” Annette was a bit surprised but she handed the bottle to her oldest son. He did her arms and legs and they both enjoyed the satiny stroking.

He only did it up to his mother’s knees and after a short time he handed her back the bottle. She thanked her son without noticing the beginnings of his hard-on as he rose and left the room. Without overdoing it, Richard found more and more opportunities to do it for longer and longer. Annette would put her legs on him as they sat on the couch and she would drowsily close her eyes as her son rubbed her. She took some notice when he moved up to her thighs with his gentle slippery fingers, but it felt too good to give it serious attention.

Richard's hand on his mother didn't escape Marc's attention. He was thinking about telling Richard that the whole thing was crazy and they should give it up but he knew he would have to listen to Richard's bragging and calling him a 'pussy' for months. He figured one of them would maybe get a feel and that would be the end of it. So he took a deep breath and let his compulsion to beat Richard overpower his reluctance. He set his mind on his mother and came up with his first plan, never thinking about the maze he was about to enter.

Knowing that his mother didn't sleep well and often stayed up watching television late into the night, Marc thought of using it to his advantage. He also knew how much she enjoyed conversation. She could listen for hours to her sons telling her stories about the details of their day. She even enjoyed their competition because they were funny and good-natured even in their name-calling.

Marc started getting up in the middle of the night to sit with his mother. He told her that he also couldn't sleep and at one point he asked her if she would like him to read her. Annette had always talked and joked openly about sex so when some of the stories her son read had erotic passages,

she didn't think much about it. After a few nights the stories he had printed pout from the Net got harder. Marc read to her about cousins who fell in love and had to fight their families to stay together; he read one about a brother and sister who survived together in war-torn Croatia and ultimately became lovers. She found the stories as stimulating as their talks about how far people will go when they're in love.

Most nights Annette was as glad to be up as asleep because she knew Marc would read to her. He had a quiet gentle voice that lulled her while paradoxically the content stimulated her. At one point he suggested he read in her bedroom so that if she fell asleep she wouldn't be troubled to get up. The first night in her bedroom he read her a story about a mother and son. It was graphic and Marc figured if he could get her to listen to a story about a mother having sex with her son he could win on that. He hadn't even fantasized how far it would get.

Annette had her hands resting lightly between her legs under the sheet. As her son described the part where the mother first opens her legs and willingly accepts her son inside her, she became excited. As the story progressed the

mother and son fell in love and in a scene where they lost control, her husband was in the next room. Annette was totally absorbed inside the story as the young man had sex with his mother.

With hardly a move she eased and pressed her fingers over her hooded clit. Her breathing changed and Marc began whispering. He began fitting in things that could have been from Annette's life. She got hotter and started to moan. Her mind raced and she was lost in emotion and flowing juices. She whispered, "What's her name…what's her name?"

Marc brought his lips to his mother's ear and said, "Annette." His mother came. She came with a long moan that she tried to control when her awareness flashed but it was too late. When she returned her arched hips to the bed and realized that there was no way to cover up what had happened, she covered her face with her hands and started crying.

"Oh Marc…I'm so ashamed…I don't know how I let that happen…God what you must think of me…"

“Mom, it was beautiful…beautiful to watch you come…all you did was feel good and that’s why I’m here with you…please don’t cry.” She stopped and looked up giving him a warm smile. He was moved.

“Thank you sweetheart,” she said before kissing him…too short to be a lover’s kiss and too long to be a mother’s. “Please don’t tell your brother what happened.”

“Of course not” he had said and of course the first thing he told Richard the next day was “I made mom come.”

Richard was stunned at his brother’s description but not enough not to say, “Well you know bro, it was mom who made herself come and not really you that did it…but I guess you do have a leg up on me…for the moment.”

That night Richard was determined to make something happen. His timing was perfect. Annette had a bad day at work and was still shook up from the incident with Marc. Shaken and stimulated, she could think of nothing but sex all day…her pent-up emotions ached for release.

Richards's leg rub that evening reached Annette's inner thigh before she knew it. Richard talked as he massaged making up a story about how lonely he was and how he could never find someone to be with...someone as sweet as she was. In her rational head Annette knew better but her son was appealing to the motherly part of her...the part that wanted to protect and take care of him. So when he ended his sob story with a plaintive kiss, her lips parted at the insistence of her son's lips and her legs parted at the insistence of her son's hands.

He asked her just to let him kiss her and she let him. She let him kiss her lips her neck and her breasts. She let him kiss her belly and when he raised her skirt she let her son kiss her pussy over her panties. All the while she wrestled with her confusion. Assuming it was all her doing with both of them, she wondered why she was seducing her own sons.

She wondered as he kissed, she wondered as his mouth found her clit and then she wondered no more. She came. She came with his lips and tongue pressing and easing on the nub over her panties much as she had done with her

fingers in the presence of her younger son. There were two distinct wet spots on the filmy material: one where his mouth had been and the other where her pussy had been. Richard also told her that he wouldn't tell Marc.

Lady Pauline had told Annette that her life would change. It sure was changing but could this have been what she meant? Annette went for a reading and without revealing what was going on, was glad when Pauline told her that she was on the path that would bring her and her family happiness. Annette felt her money was well spent.

Competition Stiffens

The first one to gain entry into his mother's pussy was Richard. Only a few days later he played up his loneliness card. He went into her room deep into the night. He said, "Mom, I didn't want to bother you but I needed to talk to someone."

Her instincts kicked in. "Honey, you can always talk to me; you know that…don't you?"

“I do mom but it’s hard to say…can I hold you for just for a while…I’m going crazy…do you know what that’s like…just to need someone… so badly…?” She knew and he knew that she did. So Annette opened her arms to her son and after affectionate kisses on her neck led to hungry ones on her lips, she could feel the hard length of her son’s cock on her thigh.

Her oldest did the all the things he had learned to induce women to yield to him. The fingers and hands, the lips and mouth did the convincing. He didn’t have to go far because his mother was ready to give in.

Mother and son were soon naked with flesh upon flesh. The first entry of her son’s full cock into her wet opening caused an explosive “OH God…” to release from Annette’s lips. It was filled with anxiety, relief and unique excitement. The wall in front of the ultimate taboo had been breached. Her son’s cock was moving inside her pussy…pleasuring him…pleasuring her. She felt the length of him going in and out as she practically creamed all over the long shaft.

His hands were all over her, pushing up at her breasts and reaching under for her ass. She could hardly breathe as her son fucked her. Neither of them could hold on for long as the fervor of the mother-son union increased. He gave it to her steadily without varying the pace and without a word. It wasn't that long after Richard started sending semen into his mother's pussy that she thought she was about to come, but he finished before she could. It had felt good and she didn't want him to feel bad so she held him and didn't betray the fact that she hadn't come.

When Richard told Marc that he had, as he put it, "Dipped his candle," Marc didn't want to believe it. He was stupefied. His brother had actually had sex with their mother? She had spread her legs…and he had been in her pussy…? The thoughts ran around his head for days until they settled in a place where he finally came to believe them. He was in a way glad of his brother's success because it meant that maybe he could have her too.

One week later Marc made love to his mother. She hadn't come to terms with the sexual encounter with Richard, and Marc was the one she talked to. Without actually telling him what happened, Annette tried to sort out her feelings with

him. She went on about how people had responsibility not to always give in to their urges. She said, “I don’t know what kind of mother…or person I am…I do things I shouldn’t…I…”

“Mom…” He knew exactly what she had done because Richard had given him the blow by blow. “You’re a wonderful mother…and a special person…” He was jealous, angry, desirous and too many words to contain in his head. “You’re full of love and you do things out of kindness…and I love you for it.” Whatever else he was feeling, he meant every word. The game was starting to bother him. “You don’t have anything to feel guilty about…maybe other’s do.”

Annette thought that Marc was talking about reading the erotic stories to her and said, “No, no baby…you didn’t do anything.” She kissed his downcast face and he gently kissed her forehead and eyes. He wanted his mother and it had nothing to do with any bet. He wanted his mother.

They kissed for a long time and as each kiss became more passionate they both began anticipating the same moment…the moment of penetration…when a son would be inside his mother. Marc began taking Annette’s clothes

off and even though she was offering no resistance he hesitated. “Can I mom?” He asked.

“Yes baby.” She was beyond contemplating that she was about to make love to the second of her sons. She only knew that she wanted to. When mother and son were naked they held each other in a loving embrace. They did what only humans do…waited for the moment of entry to make it sweeter… put it off until they ached…kissing…touching. They stood and explored each other.

What first got Marc’s attention were his mother’s nipples. They were a dark hue of reddish brown and quite large. He took one of the full cones in his hand and sucked on the end; his tongue circled the hardening tip. His mother reached down and massaged the cock that seemed alive in her hands. She was not expecting the pre-cum that wet her palm as she caressed over the crown.

Annette hesitated when she realized how far they had gone but when her son put his finger in her pussy and her own wetness appeared she let it carry her. They kissed again and Marc’s hand rested for a moment below the small of her

back and then roamed over the globe of her ass. One of his fingers played at her pucker without penetrating but it sent a shiver through her belly and an urge she hadn't experienced before.

Marc took her hand and led her to the bed. He sat cross-legged and patted the spot where she could sit facing him. He wanted to slow it down because he had almost come in her hand as she stroked and massaged him. He told his mother that he loved her breasts and showed her by fondling and sucking until the nipples swelled and became engorged. He put his hand on his mother's pussy and gently massaged over the lips and clit until she moaned and could no longer stand the anticipation.

Annette mounted her son easing the big cock into her wet center. When she had it all in her, she hugged him and smiled a long "Ahhhh…" pressing her breasts into his chest and wrapping her legs around his back. She began a circular motion with her hips as she held him and spoke in his ear. "It's so good to have you in me like this baby…making love to your momma…"

“Yes mom, that’s what I want to do…love you and make love to you.” They kissed as the grinding continued. Marc put his hands under the meaty globes of his mother’s ass as she started to rise and fall on the thick pole that filled her pussy. Her nerve endings fired as she felt the engorged cock of her son satisfying the emptiness, satisfying the ache she had felt for too long. The passion she felt for her son at that moment was unexpected.

Marc knew from experience that he would have to turn her and mount her if he wanted to control when he came but he had let her go on for too long. She was rapidly raising and lowering herself on him and it felt too good to stop. He was lost in the feelings when he told her, “Mom I’m gonna come…I’m gonna come.” He didn’t have to tell her.

Annette felt the first eruption of her son into her pussy before he said anything. She answered his releases with her own and got louder with each “Yes” and she clenched her pussy with each motion, using her son’s cock to bring herself off. She liked the thought and feeling of having Marc’s cum inside her. She put her hand where they joined to feel their wet union. When they finished she held his face

and put her nose on his and said with a smile, “Oh God that was good, wasn’t it baby?”

Marc’s answer was a long kiss filled with, “Mmmmm…”

Richard and Marc ‘Do a Number’ on Annette

Having sex with their mother became the focus for the two brothers but Annette still limited it. Had it been left to them, she never would have gotten out of bed. But the inability to assess what was really going on, not only with herself, but any two sides of the triangle, led her to try and keep the sexual encounters at a minimum. She didn’t always succeed. Lady Pauline wasn’t much help. When Annette asked her advisor if she should feel guilty about what she

was doing, Lady Pauline had said, “Well…yes and no." But if you follow my instructions, everything is going to work out.”

Annette thought that they each might know she was sleeping with the other. She couldn’t bring herself to talk about it with either of them and neither Marc nor Richard ever mentioned it so she left well enough alone.

There was also the business of a pre-trial conference that was scheduled with Joe and his lawyers. A lot was riding on it and she was in the process of preparing for it. The sex sometimes eased her and calmed and sometimes it did the opposite. For Marc it was a time for closeness and loving and for Richard it was mostly a time for fucking. So it wasn’t surprising that it was Richard who tied her up.

On a whim he went into his mother’s room early one morning with four lengths of rope and a bandana. She was asleep on her belly when he took the sheet off her. By the time he had her first ankle tied she was awakening. By the time he tied the second ankle she realized what was happening. She could have stopped him of course but she

didn't. He tied her wrists to the headboard and when she said, "Richard…" he told her to shut up. He rolled the bandana and gagged her.

During the preparations Annette got wet. Initially she was excited by the prospect of the game but that soon faded. There was little play involved. He called her a bitch and fucked her. He hadn't taken her panties off before tying her and when he pulled them down they rolled and dug into her thighs. He managed to get his cock into her pussy and pounded into her.

As her son gave her the full length of his cock full force, the small amount of lubrication that Annette had secreted seemed too dry up. She could feel herself getting sore as her oldest son continued driving into her pussy that became less yielding with each stroke.

Finally after a rapid fire hammering, he came. When he untied her she turned and said, "Richard, please don't do that again." Richard shrugged and left the room.

Annette spent that day feeling uncomfortable and anxious so she was relieved when that evening Richard went out and Marc was gentle and comforting. He invited his mother to bed with warm words and loving hands. He touched her for a long time.

After taking her top off he removed his mother's bra and she lowered her eyes as he began fondling her breasts. He stopped and held her shoulders until her eyes met his. "Mom, please don't feel ashamed…there's nothing to be ashamed of…we're just loving each other. I'm proud of you mom and I'm proud that you want me…I don't care who knows it."

"Oh sweetheart, I'm not ashamed of loving you…I'm just a little confused" She gave him a warm smile and said, "Sweet baby Marc…come make love to your momma and make everything okay."

He took off the rest of his mother's clothes and kissed the insides of her thighs as he bent over to take down her panties. He stroked her as she basked in his fondling. He explored all his mother's openings with considerate fingers

and then took his own clothes off. He led her to the bed and he was taken by her simple grace as she prepared herself for him.

He looked between her opened legs and could hardly believe that it was his mother. Her pussy was moistening waiting for his mouth and his cock. The body before him was everything he could want; it was everything he did want.

Marc straddled the supine figure of his mother so they could suck each other. She raised her knees a few inches to open wider for her son. As he began eating her pussy he felt her mouth reaching for his hardened cock and taking in the engorged head. He lowered his hips enough for the top of his shaft to fill his mother's mouth as she rested her head back on the pillow. Her lips tightened around him as her tongue played...as his tongue played.

He tasted his mother's juices as he searched through the lips of her soft pussy and went into the opening. He sucked the lips and flicked inside her as her sounds encouraged him. He brought his wet tongue to her clit as the confusion of

sensations washed over both of them…his mouth on her pussy…her mouth on his cock. Slowly she moved on her son's mouth and raised her hips to get more of herself in his mouth as he gently stroked more of his cock into his mother's.

For a while, whenever he licked her, she took the cue and licked him; when he sucked so did she. But when their passion overtook them, they just gave in to their urges. He drew the clit into his mouth with sucking lips and she moved her mouth and tongue on his cock and on his shaft. When she sucked hard on the engorged head, he was done.

That was the moment that Marc was thinking, 'I'm going to come…I'm going to come in my mother's mouth.' He pictured her pretty face and he exploded. The first burst of cum that he fired into her mouth triggered her off. When she opened her mouth to moan, the second volley escaped. Annette close her mouth over her son's cock again as electricity went through her clit. She was coming…he was coming…she was happy. Her son was coming in her mouth and she was happy.

Mother and son came in each other's mouth until both were drained. Her last suck was a long hard draw and he felt as if he had almost come again with his final spasm. Annette did come again as her son's relentless tongue lashed her soaked pussy and clit. As he turned and came to hold her in his safe arms, she felt as if she never wanted to move from that spot or that feeling.

One and One Makes Two

Richard was always searching for the next thrill. Marc knew it but he was still taken by surprise when his brother approached him. "Listen to this." Richard was excited. "I planned this whole thing out. Oh man it's going to be wild…we're going to double–team mom."

"Have you flipped?" Marc said, "She's not going to go for that…and I don't know if I am either."

Richard folded his arms and gave his brother a look. "Stop being such a pussy…she'll go for it because we'll work it. Listen, tonight I'll leave and say I won't be back 'til late. You

two get it on out here on the couch and leave this shade up enough so I can see in. When you have her going I'll let myself in and…things will take their natural course."

"Natural course my ass; what a dumb idea."

"It won't be a dumb idea if you don't make it one…I see you two…you're getting cozy…if you go for it she will too. Look bro, this is part of the deal; if you want out…then just quit." After some wrangling and pressure, Marc gave in.

Annette and Marc were kissing on the couch when she asked if he wanted to come to her bed. He said, "This is nice, and I feel so lazy, why don't we just stay here?"

Richard watched as his mother and brother took off their clothes. He felt a bit uncomfortable as his mother took Marc's cock into her mouth. If he would have examined his thoughts he would have realized that it wasn't because he was watching his mother suck his brother, it was because he was watching his mother suck his brother with tenderness and love.

She moved differently than she did with Richard, she even touched Marc differently. If he paid attention Richard would have known that even though his mother loved to have sex with him, she had sex with Marc because she loved him. The distinction was lost on him.

What wasn't lost on Richard was his mother mounting his brother. She held the long staff and guided it into her pussy. He watched as she raised and lowered herself and he watched the swaying movement of her breasts. He was stiff and anxious to join in. He let himself in while his mother's back was to him; she was totally absorbed in the love-play.

When he came close enough for her to feel his presence she turned and stopped. Hugging her breasts she said, "Oh God…" and was clearly startled.

Marc held his mother's arms and said, "It's okay mom." Her incomprehension began to clear as Richard approached and unzipped his fly. She watched as he struggled to get his already hard cock out. She realized then what they both wanted.

It was all going by her so fast and what she managed to say was “I don’t know…” as Richard came toward her. His cock was out and he brought it near to his mother’s lips. He uncharacteristically touched her face and the gentle gesture led her to close her eyes. She couldn’t say she hadn’t thought about this possibility when she was with one of them; what she couldn’t say was how she felt about it. She opened her mouth and accepted her older son’s cock as her younger son began grinding up into her pussy. It felt good…two cocks wanting her…two cocks moving inside her…and it also didn’t feel right.

Her mouth was around it, her pussy was around it, but she couldn’t get her head around it. The mother who was almost forty years old was as excited as she ever been with her son’s two big cocks in her, but her thoughts wouldn’t leave her alone.

Annette tried for a while to concentrate; two cocks filling her mouth and pussy, four hands roaming her body, her breasts, her ass. It didn’t matter that they were the two cocks that she wanted inside her, it mattered that the two cocks

were inside her at once. She pulled off Richard's saliva coated cock and raised herself off of Marc saying, "I can't do this…" They heard the door lock after she ran into her bedroom.

The next day the inevitable 'We Have to Have a Talk' talk, took place. Annette said, "I know you've both probably been telling each other about what's been going on but nobody's been talking to me about it…and I don't know if I even can talk about it now. I love you both but maybe this is getting too complicated too fast…so maybe we should all just step back a bit and stop until we catch our breath and figure out what's happening here."

Marc said, "Look mom, last night was a mistake…I'm sorry. We shouldn't have done that but we…I don't know…mom, as far as I'm concerned this is the best I've ever felt in my life." Marc spoke as if Richard wasn't there. "Being with you is all I care about now…it's not only the sex mom…you know that don't you?" Marc took her hand.

Annette looked at Marc's eyes and answered with equal sincerity, "I know sweetheart…I know." At this point Richard chimed in.

"Yeah mom, we have a good thing going here…let's not screw it up."

"Well" Annette answered, "Let's see what happens…I wish I knew how this will all sort out…I don't know if I'm doing the right thing for any of us…oh God…I don't know anything. I can't even remember how it started or how we got here." Neither of her sons offered any suggestions.

A Walk and Talk in the Woods

It was a holiday but it was Richard's turn to work at the job that he and Marc shared. Annette and her younger son took the opportunity to 'get away from it all.' Annette's favorite spot was a hidden clearing in woods not far from their home. They took a blanket and some food and followed the trail through the thick growth of massive oak and hemlock

trees. Marc was wrestling with telling his mother about the bet. He said, “Mom, can I ask you something?”

“Anything baby”

“Let’s say I had done something that I wasn’t proud of to…uh…Richard. Do you think it’s the right thing to tell him about it?”

“Well honey I think it matters. Why do you want to tell him…is it something that’s important for him to know or is something you just want to get off your chest?”

“I’m not sure mom.”

“The way I try to decide a thing like this is to ask myself why I want to tell the other person. If I’m doing it because I feel guilty and it’s just going to hurt them more, then it’s a selfish thing to do. It would be honest but it would also be unkind…I think it’s more important to be kind…don’t you baby?”

“I think you’re right mom.” Marc reached for his mother’s hand as they reached the opening between the trees and decided to spare her the hurtful ‘truth’ about their bet.

They sat on the blanket and listened to the quiet. The surrounding trees gave a cathedral quality to the absence of sounds that usually assaulted their daily lives. Soon the singing sounds of distant birds and air playing with leaves came into focus. Some times are right for just being and not doing. That was one of those times. Marc put his arm around his mother’s shoulder and kissed her lightly on her cheek and temple. She turned and gave him a smile that needed no words. The moment was filled with profound gratitude that they had each other.

They say that if you count the words that people who are intimate share, within three months it reaches a million. Some stay with you so you can take them out when you need them. That afternoon Annette told Marc, “You know sweetheart, you’ve taught me something…you’ve taught me what good sex is. And it has nothing to do with positions, or acrobatics…when you love someone; just wanting them is good sex. I have that with you baby and sometimes just

holding hands like this and thinking that later tonight you're going to take me…that feels so good."

"I know what you mean mom and I've learned some things too. I know that age doesn't mean anything and when you love someone the way I love you, it's not that I just want to be with you…I have to be with you." Their lips met and a moment of peace gratified them.

They spent the afternoon kissing, eating, and talking. Sometimes the most ordinary of days are the most special. Both of their awareness's were heightened. They knew where they were and what they were doing. They were alive to every sound and fragrance, every touch of the other's lips. They embraced until the chill descended and when they went home, they had an indelible day in their hearts.

His and Hers Fantasies

Since Marc and Annette did so much talking to each other it was inevitable that the topic of fantasies would come up at some point. When Marc asked his mother about it she

was a bit shy about at first but ultimately she told him about some of hers and he told her about some of his. They decided it would be fun to act some of them out. Marc thought his mother's 'Stranger in the Mall' fantasy sounded interesting so later that week they tried it out.

It was late in the afternoon when Marc met his mother at Lord and Taylor. As arranged, she was in the lingerie department. When he got there she was talking to another customer about which bras were most comfortable. He browsed by them for a few minutes and then picked up a lacy and filmy bra that wouldn't hide much. He walked over to Annette and said. "I think this would look terrific on you." The other woman's jaw dropped a few inches and looked at the young man with wide eyes waiting for Annette's reply.

Annette smiled coyly at Marc and said, "Why would you say that?"

Marc said, "Well it's sexy...you're sexy...so I think you should be together." Marc put the underwear as close to Annette's body as he could get without actually touching her.

When Annette pulled the bra to her breasts and said, “Hmmm…maybe you’re right,” the woman, who was by then in a state of amused shock, excused herself with a story she would tell all her friends by nightfall.

They both laughed a bit but stuck to their roles. Marc said, “On second thought, maybe the bra should have cut outs…something tells me you have large lovely nipples and it would be a shame not to display them…so your lover could take them in his mouth and suck them until they turned rosy.”

“Ooh that sounds like a nice idea …do you have any other ‘nice’ ideas?”

“With a woman as good-looking as you, it’s hard not to have ideas. What’s your name?”

“Mrs. Terry.”

“Do we have to be so formal Mrs. Terry?”

“Well young man, how do you think you should you act to a woman old enough to be your mother?”

“Well Mrs. Terry, I think you should act tenderly…gently…lovingly.” He looked around and when he saw that nobody was near he took her hand and led her behind a rack. He put one finger on her lips and she touched it with the tip of her tongue. He slid the finger over her chin, down her neck and over the top of her breast. She wore a light sweater and he moved only that finger over the soft material until he had traced all the curves. He ended on her nipple, which he could feel through the sweater and bra.

She said in a voice that was thickening with desire, “Now that we know what kind of bra I should have, what do you think about the panties?”

“Well…” he said, “…you’ll have to tell me something first, do you shave down there?” His finger roamed over her skirt to point between her legs.

“Yes…my lover likes to lay his tongue on the smooth soft skin and lick…and lick…”

“I’m sure he does pretty lady, but you’re going to need a specialty store at least two steps above Lord and Taylor and one step above Victoria’s Secret to satisfy your requirements. You know, I think you’re going to need something silky that will expose enough of what’s under your skirt…I would be able to tell you a lot more if I could just take a little look.”

“Well,” Annette said, “I don’t see why not”

They went into the mall area to the unisex rest room. Annette went in and stayed a few minutes. When Marc saw nobody around he told Annette to unlock the door. He went in and saw that her skirt and panties were off. She was breathing hard and as he looked at her she began rubbing her pussy. He said, “Before we talk about the right outfit…tell me Mrs. Terry…if your lover was here, how would you make love to him?”

Annette continued rubbing her pussy, “I would have him sit there…like this.” She led Marc to sit on the closed seat. “I would take out his cock like this…and I would sit on him…like this.” She eased herself onto her son’s erect pole. “I would do it like this so I could keep from coming too fast…because I know that’s what I would want to do…come all over his big cock that’s sticking up inside me.”

Marc lifted his mother’s thin sweater and bra over her breasts in almost one motion as she continued to ride him. He kissed her neck and bowed his head to reach the nipples he wanted suck on. She was slow and moaning with each rise and fall. He let her continue for a while and then someone tried the door. They stopped until there was silence and Marc whispered over his mother’s giggle, “What else might your lover do to you?”

She thought for a moment and got off him and then held on to the sink with her back to him. “I thing he would be in me from behind…so he could get deep inside…until I could feel his balls up against me.” Marc was excited by his mother’s talk, which was becoming more explicit than usual. He approached her from behind and after bending his knees drove himself into her pussy. He looked at her

face in the mirror that displayed all the passion behind her closed eyes. “Yes…” she said, “…yes…like that…that’s what he would do…he would fuck me like that…”

When Annette opened her eyes she saw Marc in the mirror. Her mind shifted momentarily and she thought, ‘my son is having sex with me…my son is in my pussy.’ For a moment she lost the fantasy but it was no less exciting to her that the hard cock inside her belonged to her boy. She reached back to hold his ass and bring him deep into her. When he pressed forcefully, he hit her spot and she took a deep breath.

Marc said, “Your lover’s a lucky man Mrs. Terry…to have a pretty pussy like yours and…” Before he could finish the sentence he realized by her sounds that she was going to come. He wanted the ‘stranger’ in her fantasy to come with her and rapidly sank his cock into his mother’s wetness over and over until he started releasing warm cords of cum into her pussy.

As her son came, Annette rubbed her clit a few times intensifying her climax with explications of, “Oh yes…make

me come…oh yes…" When they finished they both looked at the door and laughed wondering just how loud they had been. He left first saying "Perhaps we'll meet again some time Mrs. Terry; it's been a pleasure."

Annette said, "Yes maybe we will; and thanks for all your help young man" She left a few minutes later.

A few days later they decided to play out one of Marc's fantasies. He always thought of it as 'The Experienced Hooker." It didn't go exactly as planned.

Annette was wearing lots more make-up than she usually did as she sat at the hotel bar. She was wearing a fairly tight fitting outfit but had tried not to overdo it or be too conspicuous. She looked mid-thirties at most and that didn't stop a few men of various ages from hitting on her. She was surprised at first, and flattered; and with the more boorish ones, annoyed. So when Marc came in, she was pleased to see him and relieved.

He solicited sex from her as planned and they agreed on five hundred dollars for the night. They went up to his room and she began undressing. He could tell that she wasn't wearing a bra by the way her breasts moved but he was surprised to see the sheer black top of a nylon body stocking when she started undressing.

Her nipples and tits looked great and he was already getting hard but before she took off her skirt Marc said, "Before we get to it, can we talk a little…do you mind?"

"I don't mind anything as long as you're paying for the time honey." He asked her if she was with someone and she said, "Not anymore, I live with my son who's a little younger than you."

"Does he know what his mother does for a living?"

"We don't talk about it but I'm sure he knows."

"Have you ever had sex with him?"

“No.”

“Would you?”

“When he gets older, if I thought he could handle having sex with his mother I would do it…he’s the only thing that’s important to me…I would do whatever I had to…to make him happy.”

“Even sucking your own son’s cock?”

“Yes…sucking my own son’s cock.”

“Letting him fuck you anywhere?”

“Yes, letting him fuck me anywhere and everywhere.”

“You sound like it wouldn’t just be ‘letting’ him as much as ‘wanting’ him.”

“Is that so hard to understand? I want what every woman wants, a person inside her that cares about her. And I’d rather have a loving son inside my pussy than a stranger who just wants to get off. I’d rather have my son telling me and showing me how much he loves me…making me feel it when he sucks on my pussy.”

“You weren’t being honest before were you?”

She looked into his eyes and said, “No”

“You’ve had sex with him…haven’t you?”

“Yes…I have…I do…and I will…tonight when I get home he’ll be waiting for me like he does every night…to take care of his momma…he’ll put his warm arms around her and his big cock into her and everything will be okay.”

When she said that Marc lost interest in the fantasy they had planned and said, “Mom let’s just make love…forget about that other stuff for now.”

“Yes sweetheart…I love you very much.” Annette removed her skirt and he saw his mother’s smooth pussy. The body stocking was open at the crotch displaying her ass and pinkish opening between her legs.

“Mom, you look unbelievable in that…God…” Marc kneeled before his mother and started licking on the lips and hood over her clit. He could taste her moisture as it built from his sucking. She began moaning and he guided her backwards with a gentle push on her thighs. She sat on the bed and he continued sucking. She eased onto her back leaving her feet on the floor as her son ate her pussy…the way she had described…making her feel cared for…and loved.

He undressed himself and moved her back on the bed to enter her. His penetration was smooth and he enclosed her arms inside his as he made love to her. As the length of him measured the depths of her, he felt her excitement and also her unease. “Mom, it’s going to be like you said…everything is going to be okay.”

“Oh Marc, I wish I knew that for sure…when you’re inside me like this I think that maybe it can be…” Marc continued

stroking evenly in and out of his mother's pussy as she spoke. "Yes baby like that…when you're making me feel so good…giving me what I need…making me feel it…but later…when you stop and I'm alone…I keep going over it…I have sex with my son." What she didn't say was that the exact phrase in her head was, 'I'm having sex with both of my sons.' But she let it go as Marc's insistent long cock made it's way into the center of her body.

She took it all into her and felt that those moments were the ones that made it all worthwhile…as he stroked her and loved her and fucked her until everything else was forgotten except the satisfying ache that her son was creating in her pussy. She held on as long as she could under the persistent pleasure his cock brought her. The last words she said before coming was "Kiss me."

He gave her an unending kiss as they moved on each other and their orgasms built. She cried out and dug her nails into his back as her high arch raised him over her and he let himself go…coming…coming so much in his mother's pussy. She wouldn't let him move and stayed in his arms for an hour before they got dressed and went home.

Endings and Beginnings

The next day Richard called his mother a bitch for the second…and last time. He assumed he was in charge and could do and say whatever he wanted to. Maybe if it was a different day he would have been able to but after her experience with her ex-husband Annette wasn't the same woman. In a blatant display of braggadocio Richard took out his cock and told his mother, "Come here bitch and suck me…then I'm going to fuck you in the ass."

When he said it Annette knew how it would all resolve and that it wasn't going to be as hard as she feared. If fire could come out of a person's eyes, it would have come out of hers. She walked up to him and controlling the slap she felt like delivering across his face, she said in the most quietly determined voice he had ever heard, "Richard…no you're not." She didn't have to tell him what he then realized; he probably wasn't going to have sex with her again. He didn't take it well.

“Do you think you’re just going to cut me off and go on fucking Marc? Forget it. You just think about this…if I tell Joe and his lawyers what’s been going on, what do you think you’re going to get…? Nothing but trouble.” He stormed out of the room.

Annette was terrified and went to Pauline and asked what to do about Joe and her sons. Pauline said, “Don’t worry about Joe…and let your sons go.” Annette asked what she meant by that and Pauline said, “You know…just let them go.”

The conference was the next day and she was about to fall apart. She cried until she was exhausted. When she told Marc what had happened between Richard and her, Marc held his mother and told her. “Mom, I’ll talk to him…it’s crazy…he would just be spiting himself…he wouldn’t be able to finish school and…”

“Marc You didn’t see him; he was crazy…maybe he’ll make some deal with Joe…maybe…”

“Mom, I’ll take care of it…for now please don’t do this.” He took her in his arms and stroked her hair until she calmed. He kissed her a few times and after a while she fell asleep. He covered her on the couch and went to find his brother.

Early the next morning Annette woke with a start. She was almost groggy when she called “Marc…Marc honey are you here?” When her son appeared from the kitchen she peppered him with questions. “What happened…where’s Richard…are we late?”

“No mom it’s only seven and I talked to Rich for hours last night…I…don’t really know what he’s going to do…at least he listened to me but he didn’t say much. He left and didn’t come home last night.”

“Oh God…he’s going to tell Joe and…”

“We don’t know that…maybe I can talk to Joe…we always got along and …man I don’t know.” They went to the conference and Marc sat by his mother’s side. He shook Joe’s hand and Annette and Joe just glared.

About five minutes into the meeting Richard walked in. Annette looked like a frightened dear and Richard said, “Sorry I’m late…” and then sat by his mother. There were almost tears of gratitude in her eyes as she touched his hand.

Before the proceedings got too far along, Marc started to talk to Joe and Joe’s lawyer said, “Please address your remarks through me.” Joe waved him off and Marc continued.

“Joe, you were never a bad guy and I know you cared about us, so why are you doing this? Mom’s not asking for the moon…she just wants enough so we can live and finish college. Were we all that bad to you Joe?”

Joe looked across the table at Marc and gave the sort of a smile that would have been accompanied by an affectionate tap on the head a few years back. “You’re okay kid…” Whether Marc’s saying something to Joe had anything to do with it wasn’t clear but when the conference was over Joe had agreed to give Annette almost what she had asked for;

in exchange, Annette dropped her suit and relinquished any future claims.

When they got home they all hugged and Annette kissed each of her sons and said, “Thanks for standing by me and thanks for standing up for me…I love you both.” She could feel the strength of spirit she used to have returning and she felt as if she had to make some decisions.

Richard knew it was time for him to leave and he said he had an appointment to look at a small apartment near school that he was trying to rent. As Marc walked him to the door he said, “Well bro I guess you won …” He gave his younger brother an affectionate wink and left.

Marc returned to Annette and as he reached for her she said the last thing he expected, “We have to talk.” He knew that nine out of ten times, when a woman says that to a man, the man isn’t going to be happy. He didn’t beat the odds.

Annette said, “Honey, we’re coming to the end of this thing.” Marc didn’t need to ask what ‘this’ was. He did try to

get the ‘why’ but his mother wouldn’t talk about it. What she said was, “I know it’s probably a mistake to do what I’m going to do but I need to…I want to. Just please don’t misunderstand, it is going to be over.”

With that she again did the last thing he expected, started unzipping his pants. Her warm hand brought out the flesh that began unfurling at her touch. She leaned over and took the expanding knob into her mouth. Marc took his mother’s breasts into his hands and then tried to lift her blouse out of her belted skirt. Annette stood and pulled the blouse out and took off her bra. She kissed her son once and then went to her knees before him.

Annette cupped him in her hands and mouthed a good portion of the stiffened shaft. Her lips and tongue worked back and forth on the front third of his cock as her hands massaged the back of the shaft and massaged as he built up momentum and volume for his release. When he leaned over to take one of her bare breasts in his hand she could feel him accelerating. With her nipple between his fingers he intermittently pinched as he came closer. This wasn’t their usual love play where she would take him up and

down until he couldn't stand it. This was one steady climb without pause.

She sucked him beautifully. Because she felt it would be the last time she would have her son in her mouth, each entry was savored lovingly. Marc put both his hands behind her head and gently stroked into his mother's mouth. With each motion she tried to take more of him…and more of him…until she could take no more. She ached for it inside her, filling her pussy but she knew she had to deny herself that pleasure if she was to do what she had promised herself she would do.

She knew he would explode in her mouth and she was ready for it. Annette wanted to leave her son with the memory of his mother loving him…one last time…kneeling before him…taking and swallowing him as an expression of what she wanted to do but could no longer allow.

She pumped him and sucked him and there was no way he could wait. Her mouth moved almost as fast as her hand and his stabs into the soft wetness behind her lips were in sync. He cried "OHHhhhhh…" as the intense first shot of

cum flew to the back of her throat. Annette never stopped pumping and he kept saying, “Ohhh…Ohhh…Ohhh…” Each succeeding jet had the intensity of the first when it left him for his mother’s mouth. His knees were almost shaky as each stream filled her mouth and left him more exhausted. She sucked until only saliva coated his sensitized cock.

After finally coming to an end he wanted to satisfy his mother but she wouldn’t let him. He wanted to make love to her but she wouldn’t let him. He tried to ask her why not but she wouldn’t let him.

Days turned into frustrating weeks and when he held her and kissed her he could feel her fighting him, fighting herself, and her tears. Finally he told her, “I love you mom, but this is just too hard…wanting you and…I talked to Richard and I think I’m going to move in with him…what do you think?”

Annette fought with her desires and said, “Okay honey…okay…just know that I’m always loving you.”

Richard was in heaven: sharing the apartment off campus with his brother, enough spending money, and enough co-eds to spend it on. Marc was glad for what they had but a vague dissatisfaction gnawed at him. He did try, especially with Linda. She was one year ahead of him but they had a lot in common. They shared a few courses, a love of films and then a bed.

Linda found Marc sexually exciting; due not in small part to the experience he had with his mother. During their first encounter she said, “You know, you have a talented tongue…where did you learn that?”

Marc laughed, “You don’t want to hear that story.” He returned to her pussy and sucked her nub until she almost screamed. He put two fingers into her and found her ‘G’ spot about three inches up and flicked it quickly. The orgasm she had shook her. She didn’t know it was possible to come that way or that hard.

She was so turned on; she tried to do the same for Marc. She took him in her mouth and sucked him with variation. She used her tongue and lips and even her teeth occasionally. He could tell that his wasn't the first cock she had in her mouth. But it was the first cock she wanted to swallow; it was the first cock she anticipated with pleasure the prospect of filling her mouth with cum.

It wasn't that Marc didn't enjoy it because coming in a good-looking girl's mouth felt good, period. And there was nothing wrong with the sex he had with her later that night but somewhere, somehow, there was a 'disconnect.' Marc couldn't help but compare it to the last time he was with his mother…in her…with her in a way that made it hard to be with others. He understood only too well that were two ways to be inside a woman, physically, and emotionally. He had one without the other.

Linda wasn't the last girl to be surprised when after a few dates Marc stopped calling. They all felt they were both having a good time. They were, but Marc needed more.

Annette mirrored her son's feelings. She went out with a few men and over a period of six months went to bed with only two. Even though she had continued the pill and felt safe with the first guy, she still made him wear a condom, refused to have oral sex and found it more a boring inevitability than fun.

The second was the last she ever expected to sleep with…again. Joe called one night and asked her to dinner to, as he said, '…clear up a few loose ends before the final papers were drawn up.' What the hell, she thought.

Annette enjoyed being out with him. He was funny. He acted like he did when they first met; he was nice to her. So after a few drinks and a few laughs and a few suggestive comments about how sexy and appealing she looked, he brought her home and again she thought, 'what the hell.'

In bed, inside her, it was familiar. It was too familiar. It was mostly about him as it had always been. It wasn't terrible but they both knew that it was the last time and that was fine with both of them. Joe gave Annette a kiss goodnight and they wished each other well.

That chapter was closed for her and it also made her realize what she wouldn't be doing. She wouldn't be out in the flesh market looking for what she knew wouldn't be there for her. What she would find in the following months was something she already knew; substitutes for love are hard to come by.

Richard Puts On a White Hat

When Richard called Annette to tell her that he was coming over to talk to her she was leery. She prepared her defenses and sentences for whatever he might say or do. She wasn't prepared for his plea. "Mom, you're making a big mistake…I know that whatever you're doing, you think it's for a good reason. Mom, two people have been miserable for almost a year…you and Marc. We go out but he's not any fun and he's not having any fun. Whenever he talks, even if he doesn't mention you, I know that you're the one he's talking about and there's no question that you're the one he's thinking about…how about you…are you happy?"

"Oh Richard it's complicated."

“Why is it so complicated…you think about him the way he thinks about you…don’t you?”

“Yes…I do. Richard, where can this go? I’m so much older than he is…his mother…and Pauline told me to let him go…she’s been right about a lot of things…I shouldn’t go against that…sometimes Richard it’s just too much to think about.”

“I can’t believe what you’re saying…you taught us to think for ourselves and not let other’s decide for us what to wear or what to believe…and now you’ve given that power to…Lady Pauline…she’s going to decide how you should live your life? Why…because it’s easier if someone else does it for you?” There was a long silent pause and Annette close her eyes, took a deep breath, and let out a sigh of air.

“Mom,” Richard took her hand. “I know you were under a lot of stress for a while…I should have been there more for you but I’m telling you now…take back your life. That means taking chances and not doing things because of what

everyone ‘out there’ thinks. Mom…when I get back to the apartment, I’m telling Marc to come over here.”

Richard wasn’t sure what her response would be because it took her a while to say, “Okay.”

Marc and Annette

When Marc arrived they were both almost shy with each other until Annette said, “Is this what you want baby…oh honey, can we do this?”

Marc said, “Yes…yes…yes. Remember that day in the woods mom…that’s what we can have…that’s what we can give to each other. What else matters?”

“Right now, looking at you…my handsome boy…I think you’re right, nothing else matters…I’ve wasted enough time.” They kissed a soft healing kiss that was tender. They kissed deeper with the relief of estranged lovers that had again found each other. They kissed with invitations.

Annette took her son's hand, led him to her room and said, "I want this to our bed…only ours…for our loving…only ours."

"Mom, I've wanted that for a long time now…tonight is going to be our first night…just like we were starting new…just like you were a new bride and I was your man."

"You are…my love, and I am your new bride." The kiss they shared was a seal on their new beginning. And when he lifted her dress and put his hands inside her panties, kneading and spreading her ass, she knew. She knew that she would give that to him, as an offering of love. She knew that he would be the first and only man to possess her that way. She knew because he loved her. She knew because she loved him.

Deeper and Deeper

Annette knew that what she could never give to Richard or anyone else was meant for Marc; that the closing of physical love to her older boy would be the willing opening of a new

kind of loving for her and her young son…that she could now give it all…all for her love.

She was his mother and that was why she had always held something back. She had never let him know how much she wanted him to come in her mouth…how much she ached for his hardness in her pussy…how much she wanted to 'let go' and scream when she came. But she had finally reached the point where she could accept that she was a mother who had sex with her son, a mother who wanted to have sex with her son because he was the one she loved.

Finally she felt she could be what she wanted to be, his mother and everything else he needed and she needed to be for him. She knew it would take time for her son to understand fully what she was about to tell him but she said it anyway. "I'm yours love…I'm yours."

She pulled her dress over her head and smiled as her son unhooked her bra and took down her panties. "Let me just look at my beautiful bride" he said. Her nipples stood out as her son walked around her planting an occasional kiss on her belly…on her breasts…and then on her pussy. When he

was through he kissed her deeply on the mouth and touched her nipples with only his fingertips. As his tongue played with hers, he touched her clit.

She reveled in his attentions and yet was anxious to present him with her gift. When they were both naked in bed Annette reached into the night table and put her fingers into the open jar of lubricant. She fisted it down the length of her of her son's straining cock.

For Annette at that moment, the idea of a mother giving her son anal sex was an ultimate yielding. Without thinking of the consequences her son's big cock might engender, Annette put her head on the pillow and raised her haunches to offer her ass to her son. "Come baby…come put it in momma's ass…do it love…do it." Her younger son's cock was hardened into a pillar as he approached the rounded flesh of his mother's waiting ass.

He set the thick knob against his mother's asshole and pushed. She took a quick intake of air as her son passed her anal ring and then relaxed. His first penetration was exquisite to her. He found a short rhythm that took his cock

deeper into his mother's ass with each stroke. "Yes baby…that's right…that's good…in your momma's ass…oh sweetheart…yes…ohhh."

The willing mother had steeled herself in determination but could still feel the pressure and stretching the entry of his firm young cock had caused. He was opening her to her limit but it was okay, because it was her love's cock that was doing it to her…her loving son's cock that began to fill her ass…and nothing could feel better.

As he pressed more of his cock into her, the compliant and open mother gave her anal virginity with the same love with which her son took it. As the strokes became longer and deeper she stretched to be more accessible and he opened her wider. When he drove the steely shaft deep and hard into her vulnerable flesh, she surrendered to it. "My love…my love…my love…"she stoked him with her words as he stroked into her depths. Her son was as deep in her ass as he was in her heart. If there were anything more she could have done to show it, she would have.

Marc pushed himself entirely into his mother's tight hole. The satisfaction of filling her that way was unexpected. It wasn't just more…it was different. He had something he hadn't even known existed, something that didn't have a name. He had what was missing. He was thrilled by her loud exclamations and exhortations for him not to stop…not to stop…never to stop. "No mom," he told her. "I'm never going to…always in you…in you…fucking you…sweet mother."

As he slid more easily in and out Marc looked with pride at his mother's beautiful ass as she accepted him into her forbidden opening. A warm wave bathed him with love for her as he leaned and kissed her back. "Mom" he said, "You're the one I want…the only one." He took his mother's breasts into his hands as he stroked toward their mutual release. Long, even, steady insertions rode in and out of his mother's tight channel. He was deep inside his mother's ass and it was where he felt he belonged.

Amidst all her physical sensations, Annette knew that there were few who could understand the pleasure a mother could feel being filled that way by her son. It was her son's cock that was inside her and she embraced her awareness

of it. She let the thoughts go and watched in her mind as her son kneeled behind her…holding her breasts…caressing her nipples…driving his cock home.

Marc could feel her pleasure and it multiplied his own. The tight ring that his cock had stretched to its limit gripped and massaged him as he slid his cock in and out of his mother's ass. "Mom it feels so good…so good…to love you this way." And with all of him, he was loving her.

And as happens in those rare moments, they both wanted it never to end so much that they thought it might happen. That's what his mother meant when she said, "Don't stop love…don't stop." She meant don't let this feeling ever end…don't ever stop wanting me…don't ever stop loving me the way you're loving me now.

With every plunge of her son's thick rod that opened her physically, Annette resolved to open herself to him without reserve. She would be what he wanted and whatever he needed. As she took him deep into her ass, she accepted that she was doing it as his mother as well as his lover.

Each stoke of pleasure into her ass told her that she would be a mother who would love her son with all of herself. Her pussy and her mouth would be there for him as a lover, as a bride and as a mother. Annette knew that all the ways she would open herself for him would be another way of opening her heart to him.

Marc watched his big cock spreading his mother's asshole. With each penetration he felt the small channel constricted around his shaft in a tight grip. He had to apply a lot of pressure to get it all the way inside her and he realized she had to feel it. He knew she was taking it for him…opening herself to him…telling him she was his.

He couldn't help but drive deeper and harder knowing he would soon fill his mother's ass with his cum. "Mom, I love you so much…Oh…it feels so good to be in your ass…you're so tight…does it feel good to you mom…does it hurt too much?"

And even though he felt twice as big and twice as hard as he ever had when he was in her pussy she still said, "No love, it feels so good I can hardly stand it…don't stop baby…love

me like this always." She wanted to tell him more…what his cock was doing to her…stretching her …spreading her…making her want to come forever…but she could hardly catch her breath.

Annette reached back to open herself even wider for him. She moaned loudly with each delving of her son that looked for the end of her. She waited with anticipation for the ejaculation that would fill her ass with her son's love juices. Marc was pulling his cock completely out of her ass before each entry to enjoy the sight of his mother's open hole taking him in.

The first cord of cum reached her asshole an instant before his last re-entry. Annette could feel hot cum coating her. The slick juices facilitated the piston action as Marc released a voluminous series into his mother's ass after burying his cock as far in as it would go. She felt like she was gushing as she came amidst the lubricant and the cum her son had poured into her ass. As he continued to release into her Annette reached for her clit and came again with long crying moans of "*Ohh love…ohhh*…love…my love…"

The satisfied mother and son lay quietly in each other's arms for a few minutes; the only sound breaking the silence was their hard breathing and later the kissing. Annette looked down at the gently swelling cock in her hand and said, "Well honey, that was so wonderful but it seems that maybe it was only a start. Do you still have something more for your momma?"

As Marc reached between his mother's opened legs he said, "You can bet on it mom…you can bet on it."

THE END

A Husband for Mom

Yes, it's true I went to his apartment that night with thoughts in my head that couldn't be called 'nice'. I wanted to get back at him for what he'd done to me months before. Do you know what it is to think about something day after day for months? Well I was going to do him one better…even if he was my son.

That night was the most…I don't even know what word to use. My most recent lover in a long line had just left me…it would be a joke if the cliché didn't happen to me…forty-year-old man…twenty-five-year old secretary…enough. It wasn't as bad as when my husband left me after five years of a happy marriage. He was a soldier that went and got himself killed in a freak accident while training recruits.

My getting blind drunk that night a few months ago was no accident; neither was what my son did. Adam, my only boy…the one I waited for after two girls…my Adam. Adam who had stayed to comfort me after seeing the condition I was in…who helped me into bed. He saw the nightdress

came up as I slid down on the bed…he saw between my opened legs. What he didn't see was panties…how could he when I hadn't put them on?

Did he think I was asleep? Probably. I did everything I could to make him think so. The only thing I heard was his soft voice say, "Ohhh…God…" My eyes were closed and I was breathing evenly when I felt him get on the bed. I stopped breathing and I was sure he could hear my heart when I thought; my son is going to have sex with me. He didn't.

When I felt his warm breath on my thighs, I had to stop myself from squirming. When I felt his mouth on my pussy, I had to keep from moaning. When I felt his tongue on my clit, I had to keep from coming. I couldn't.

When he started, I thought I would bite through my tongue. He licked the wetness off the folds of my pussy and then his mouth and tongue found every crease and crevasse. A few small sounds escaped my pursed lips but he paid no mind. The hardest thing I've ever done was not crying out the first time I came. It happened so quickly I was surprised.

The second time I came, I tried to keep my back from arching. I think he didn't know because by then he was grinding on the bed. I could hear what I imagined was his hard cock sliding along the sheet under him…he was making noises that were partially muffled by my pussy. He was whispering "Gloria…Gloria…Gloria…" My name sounded so sweet.

He reach lightly under my nightdress only once, probably just to feel how big his mother's breasts were. I felt a slight jolt as his hand crossed my erect nipples. The third time I came he must have been coming too because he would have realized I wasn't asleep if he hadn't been in the throes of his own orgasm. He left the room and I didn't see him until the next morning.

Adam was the last of my children to leave home. Jenna and Renee both married before they were twenty and Adam moved to an apartment, just a few months before the incident. He had stayed that night to support me…be with me…to comfort me. He comforted me too much. 'Poor' would be a good grade for what my sex life had deteriorated into. It was the best I had since…I couldn't remember.

I had no idea how it would go in the morning…if he would say anything…if I would. No one said anything. He gave me a little kiss and told me to hang in and then he left. It seemed as if I thought about that night for a hundred days.

Every parent claims to love his or her children equally. It's okay to say it to spare the hurt but of course it bears no semblance to the truth. I was much closer to Jenna than to Renee. Between Renee and me it was mostly 'live and let live' and she handled everything herself; most of the time she even called me Gloria instead of mom.

With Jenna it was different; there was a strong bond. She came to me with every problem and more often she came just to be in my presence. She hugged and held and wanted to cuddle even into her teens. She never did anything overt but the way she talked about other girls and the way she hugged me made me think she was gay-or something. When she got married, I just hoped it would work out.

Jenna and I shared our feelings and she was the one I usually went to when I wanted to talk. I just wasn't sure if my 'problem' wasn't too much to share.

Adam was my youngest and that's only part of the reason I loved him so much. I like males. I like their looks, their feel, and their smell. I was, for as long as I can remember, hyper-sexed. I am now. It never took much: the sight of a flat stomach, a smile, a kind hand, the smell of after-shave, sweat or skin. How many times a day could my body go into chaos? How many times could my brain sent electricity and chemicals coursing through my body?

Sometimes I despaired, I prayed to God to make my desire small, "Please God don't let them see what they do to me because when they know, then I'm done, I'm lost, I'm theirs." I lost the ability to tell whether I was using the men or they were using me; whether I was cheating on them or they were cheating on me.

I also missed being married. I enjoyed being a wife and sharing my life. I wanted to be with someone who

understood that ‘us’ means more than ‘me’. I was getting depressed thinking that time had passed me by.

Adam was always my handsome boy and just the sweetest child. It brought me peace just to watch him sleep. When he was young he would lie in my arms for hours and I would talk to him about my life as if he could understand. He’d look up at me with those big eyes and say, “Don’t worry…I’ll take care of you mom.”

When he got older, It was me who ended up lying in his arms for hours…he never got impatient…he never got up until I did. On one occasion I told him he was very good to me and he said, “That’s because I love you.” He bent down and kissed me on the lips. His mouth was closed but it was a long kiss for a son to give his mother. Still I thought that the sexual stimulation happened only on my side of the kiss. I was annoyed at myself for my thoughts.

I always felt a certain tension or electricity when we were together. I liked the way he looked and I won’t lie; I liked the way he looked at me. Even before that night I’d had some thoughts a mother doesn’t usually find in her head

about her own son; then I wasn't sure where they were taking me.

I didn't know how to handle that night anymore and I finally spoke to my oldest daughter telling her of my unthinkable thoughts and even hinted at my shadowy urges to carry them out with Adam. Jenna said, "Mom, why him…don't you think he's probably like all men…just looking for a quick screw and then the hell with you? And he's your son…Jesus…you're losing it…you can't…it's not right to do something that everyone says is wrong…just because you have desires.

I wasn't sure if she was talking about me or talking about herself. I said, "Why not…it is love isn't it…do you think it's so easy to find?"

She got a little flustered and said, "well…I don't know…you just shouldn't." It got a little hot and I figured there was no place for the discussion to go because we were both having trouble separating reason and emotion so I just said, I guess you're right honey" and left it at that, even though I was anything but settled.

When I looked in the mirror and didn't like what I saw, I decided to start exercising to get rid of a few extra pounds and put what was left back into the shape I once had. After a few months the work I put in became evident on my body. I was so proud of myself. I wanted to show off for someone.

Adam came over one day and he was telling me about his activities and watching me as I finished the dishes. I turned to him and lifted my tee shirt up to expose my slimmer belly. "Look honey isn't this good…God what a difference…and it's so much firmer…come feel it." He came to me and put his hand on my belly.

It felt nice. I hadn't had a man touch me in months and for me that was a record. Masturbation kept me in check but it wasn't the same. Adam said "It's great mom, but you don't need to do any more…you feel great. He surveyed my belly with the flat of his and then unexpectedly his hand moved up high enough to make contact with the rounded bottoms of my breasts. My blood started to simmer. I figured he would move his hand down and I didn't say anything. I felt

the springy nipple tingle as his hand kept brushing up to my breasts and he said, “You feel good mom.”

My breathing became audible and I was surprised to hear myself say, “Oh…thank you honey.” It was a strange conversation for a son to be having with his mother but as long as we talked he was fondling me. I waited a few second and said all flustered. “Oh honey …I have so many errands to run…if I don’t get started…” I got up and kissed him on the cheek and said, “I’ll talk to you soon hon.”

When I returned to the empty house after shopping, my juices started to flow. Late that night I called Adam and told him I was coming over; I didn’t ask him. He was a bit surprised and hesitant and then said, “Okay mom, sure…just give me an hour to get cleaned up. When I arrived the place was in some semblance of order and I just imagined what it looked like before I called. We sat and the discomfort he had in my presence of late surfaced. He said, “So what’s up?”

“What’s up? Does something have to be up for a mother to visit her only son?”

He snickered a small laugh and shook his head. “No of course not mom, I’m glad you came. Anyway I wanted to show you this…” He went into the bedroom and retrieved a small collage he had made. It was an abstracted nude of a woman from the back and side. The face was turned away and my heart jumped when I thought that I wanted it to be me. I wanted it to be my body that my son was fashioning with his hands. At any rate I would have found it beautiful even if it wasn’t me and he weren’t my son. He handed it to me and said, “It’s for you mom.”

“Oh Adam, it’s great…I love it…you always do such nice things.”

He said quietly, “No mom, I don’t always do the nicest things.”

I wasn’t sure what he was referring to and I became alert. “What do you mean baby? You’re always so sweet and considerate.”

“Mom I did something I’m ashamed of with…this woman…and…”

“Oh honey,” I interrupted him in my nervousness. “When you’re with someone you love…it’s all okay as long as both of you…well…”

“Mom…listen…it’s hard to admit this but…she was asleep and I…I was sexual with her and I…”

I started breathing hard and I just decided to come out with it. “Baby…you didn’t do anything wrong…you did everything right…the woman loved everything you did…she loves you and…she felt that you loved her and she felt it every time you made her come.”

“Oh my God mom, you were awake? Oh Jesus…I just saw you and I couldn’t help it…you looked so beautiful…I wanted to…it’s been bothering me ever since.”

“It’s been bothering me too baby…bothering me that I wanted more of it…more of you.” I went to my son and we

embraced. I kissed my son with a lover's kiss and he responded in kind.

When I started unbuttoning him he said haltingly, "Is…this…okay mom?"

I told him, "I don't know Adam…I don't know." And then our hands began to explore.

When my bra came off he looked at the breasts he had touched and fondled them in both his hands. His mouth went from nipple to nipple and he sucked hard as if trying to again taste the sweet milk I once gave him. I could feel the heat rising to my face as I put my hand on the big bulge between his legs. What am I doing? I thought. I had no answer and I kept on doing it.

My nipples prickled from my son's attentions and I started feeling his tugs on the rubbery tips down to my pussy. When I managed to free his cock, I was surprised to feel how thick it was in my hand. With only a few strokes it stood out like an iron pipe. It had been so long since I'd had

anything like it inside me. My first urge was to mount it and just hump until I came. I didn't do it because I didn't want my son to think I was a total crazy slut. Then I realized, what could he think anyway when he had his mother's tit in his mouth and she had his cock in her hand? I tried to assuage my concern by getting him to tell me I wasn't doing a terrible thing. "Is this okay baby? Does it feel good? Do you want to be doing this with your momma?"

"Oh yes mom…yes…yes." He kept saying yes as he reached into my panties to touch the wet pussy he had sucked on so beautifully so long before. He brought his fingers to his lips and tasted my juices telling me, "I love the way you taste mom…I couldn't get enough of it that night…I've wanted to taste you again for so long."

We took off the rest of our clothes and stood nude facing each other. I told Adam, "Close your eyes honey." I touched him up and down feeling the different textures of hair and skin. His toned muscles were firm under the pressure of my fingers. His cock sprang when I ran my palm over the top of it. His ass made me hot to have him in me but I wanted to prolong the moment because I wanted to feel him touch

me…and maybe I thought there would still be time to back out before we went too far.

I told him it was his turn and as I stood there exposed and willing, my son surveyed every inch of my skin. His hands roamed and explored. He started with his fingertips on my face and lips and then he caressed my neck. The flat of his palm went from the top of each of my breasts down across the slope to the nipple where he lingered, gently urging the tips into erection. He went down the flat of my stomach just above my pussy and I braced for the caress of his hand and fingers. Instead he reached behind and stroked my back and ass. I could hear him breathing harder as took each cheek in hand and spread me. I reflexively opened my legs for his hand but that was not what I got.

Adam's cock had penetrated me; my son was inside me. I opened my eyes in surprise but the feeling I had between my legs told me I wouldn't stop him. I raise one leg to his hip and more of my son's thick cock got into more of me. I wanted it all. He put his hands on my ass and I raised my other leg and wrapped it around his waist. I'm not a small woman but he bore my hundred thirty pounds easily. I

moved on his cock as we kissed and he carried me into his bedroom.

A blanket had been thrown over the bed and Adam threw it off with one hand. He got on the bed with me hanging on, still inside my pussy. When my back hit the sheets I unlocked my legs. He had an almost possessed look when he said, “Now I’m going to have you mom.”

I never considered any response except, “Yes love…do it…whatever you want…do it.” It was so good. All I remember saying for the first ten minutes as his cock found it’s way deep into me was, “Yes” and “Oh honey…oh honey.” He kissed me as he entered me time and again and he made me feel as if I was more than just a pussy for him to be in. He made me remember the difference between having sex and being made love to. His hands stroked me along my flanks and he touched my face lovingly. He asked me to open my eyes and when I did I looked into the eyes of love. He filled me with his wide cock so that I felt every inch along the slippery channel. I thought that nothing could feel as good.

I was wrong. It even felt better when he said, “I love you mom…I’ve always loved you…and wanted you.” It was the love of a son for his mother and the love of a lover for his mother and I knew that I wanted them both.

I’d never come before only from penetration but somehow at the end of his strokes he contacted my clit. It was all I needed. I almost howled when my first orgasm hit. I didn’t expect it. All of a sudden I was over the top and furiously grinding on my son’s cock. He continued giving me his length and I had to stop him because I was so sensitive and out of breath. After a few minutes of kissing him and telling him how good he made me feel, I allowed him to move the hard cock that had remained inside me.

This time I was ready and I tried to time my orgasm with Adam’s. I slowed him and speeded him until I felt myself at the brink. I couldn’t believe the control he had considering he was inside his mother’s pussy…having sex with her for the first time. He came when I urged him to. I was almost breathless when I said, “Adam, come inside me…come inside me now…I want to feel you shooting into me…come baby…come.”

As I spoke he responded. All he repeated was 'Yes mom…yes mom" as his cum coated my insides. The volume must have been astonishing as I felt it drip after he finally pulled his cock out of me.

After lying together entwined for a while, my son's young cock began pressing on my thigh. Not that I didn't want to go another round, but a twinge of uncertainty hit after coming twice and the edge was off my insistent desires. I said, "Maybe we should stop for tonight honey." Adam asked me to stay the night but when I demurred he was sweet and didn't press me. He took me home after a few loving kisses.

The next day Adam called and wanted me to come over – I didn't have to ask why. I told him I couldn't but that I would call him that night anyway. I was having second thoughts and I went to see Jenna. By the time I left things were not better.

I didn't mince words and I told her I had been to bed with Adam. Her reaction was the last one I expected. I was sitting

across from her and before she said a word the biggest tears I had ever seen filled her eyes and started rolling down her face. I was stunned. My first reaction was heartbreak at seeing my daughter crying almost uncontrollably. I went to hold her and comfort her but I couldn't understand her upset. I said, "Baby…baby…it's okay…what I did shouldn't bother you like that…talk to me honey.'

When she calmed a bit she said, "It's not that mom…it's me…it's me…" She was holding me and I suddenly realized that her hands were seeking to touch me sexually. "Mom, I love you…why not me …why not me?" she cried. She started to kiss me and I let her but I didn't kiss her back. I wanted nothing more than to let her make love to me for her sake, but I couldn't do it.

I kissed her face and said, "Oh Jenna honey…I'm sorry…I can't …I'm just not built that way." I held her as she sobbed for a while and then we talked for a long time. She told me she had only recently come to accept her feelings for women and that I had been a taboo fantasy of her adolescence whenever she would allow it. She told me that she didn't love her husband and felt that her whole life was a hopeless sham.

My whole body was wracked in pain for my dear Jenna and all I could do was assure her that she could still choose to live a satisfying life. I held her for an hour telling her that I loved her and would be there for her no matter what she decided to do.

When I went home I was emotionally and physically exhausted. The last thing I was ready to deal with was Adam sitting on the sofa. He had kept a key of course but I was still startled to see him. He approached and started to say something, which I cut off. “Adam” I said, “Go home now.” He left without a word and I lay on the bed in my clothes sleeping as if I were drugged until morning.

When I woke up I was soaked in perspiration and I wondered why we go through all the things we do for love…but I knew what the answer was for me; when it’s good, there’s nothing better. The next thing that came into my mind was Adam…and the feelings he’d made me feel again. I knew I couldn’t fight it and the heat built up all morning. I knew he worked until four and I didn’t want to bother him at work but I called him anyway. When he

answered I said, “Baby I’m sorry I sent you home that way last night…can you come over when you’re done…your momma needs you.”

At five he came in and I told him we had to talk. I said, “Sweetheart, I know it’s confusing…being with your mother…but what does all this mean to you? I need to know what you think is going to happen…I guess I mean what do you want to happen?”

He said, “I’m not sure what’s going to happen mom but I know that I want you and I want to be with you…not just once…I want you to come and live with me so I can wake up next to you in the morning…I just want to be with you all the time. I know it sounds stupid but I would marry you if I could and live with you as my wife. I’m sure I’ll never find anyone that makes me feel the way you do.”

I said, “Oh honey, it doesn’t sound stupid at all…it sounds lovely.” I went over to where he was sitting and kissed the mouth that had given me the words I wanted to hear. I went down on my knees and took off his shoes. I unbuckled his pants and when he lifted himself I took them off along with

his briefs. I looked adoringly at his cock because it was swollen into a full erection already. I said, “Baby it makes me feel so good that you get so hard for me…that you want me that much.”

I put the knob in my mouth and tasted my son’s cock for the first time. I inhaled his scent and it made me squirm as I took more of the shaft toward my throat. His fingers wove through my hair and I could feel them tense as I began to gently rock back and forth along the length of him. His cock felt hot on my lips. As I sucked, I envisioned the cum he would release into my mouth. I wanted to watch the pleasure in his face as I sucked him to orgasm.

He moaned and started calling to me as I took him out of my mouth to lick the shaft. I started down at the firm skin of his sack and licked up until I reached the swollen knob. His cock was up so high it practically touched his belly as I licked it back. My teasing tongue was too much and he implored me, “Suck me mom…please suck me.” I returned his cock to my mouth and he exhaled a sigh as I mouthed and tongued the thick meat. I wanted to take care of him like a good wife takes care of the husband she loves.

Adam clutched at the hair in his hand as I held the big shaft and sucked on the knob. He said. “I love your thick hair; it’s such a beautiful rich color.” It’s a deep brown (with a little help) and down to my shoulders. I looked into his smiling eyes as I felt the tug across my scalp. It felt good and I wanted him to pull it even harder as I sucked him. At that moment everything about him was so beautiful to me. His strong legs and the well-muscled chest, his handsome face and the love that covered it as his mother sucked him.

I took his free hand and put it on my breast. I could feel his excitement through the pressure from his fingertips. He tensed and I took the shaft in one hand and pumped it as I sucked. Although he had stayed in me a long time when he was first in my pussy, I could tell that he was about to come. He said “Oh…oh…oh…OH…OH…” louder and louder as the force of his first release hit the back of my throat. I struggled to swallow and keep sucking. I pumped furiously and the next releases seemed as hard and full as the first. My son was coming in my mouth and I loved everything about it: the taste, the love, his pleasure, and my pleasure. It felt like a husband was taking his wife’s mouth for the first time as much as a son was taking his mother’s.

By then I was at a fever pitch and I wanted him to take all of me. I knew I had to give my son time to recover and I was surprised how little it took. I sucked his cock clean and in a matter of minutes I felt it expanding in my mouth. I kissed him and told him to have all his clothes off by the time I came back. I stripped as I walked to the bathroom where I found my aloe cream. When I returned I took my naked and stiff young son by the hand into the bedroom. I got on the bed and raised my knees as I spread my legs. I lubricated my pussy and my ass in anticipation of the wide cock's entry. As it turned out only one hole needed to be greased.

My son looked wide-eyed as I presented myself and I said, "Come baby, give your momma…and your wife…what she needs." He was on his knees in front of my openings when he took a finger and gently began circling and exploring my asshole.

He said, "You're so beautiful all over." He began inserting his finger and stopped to ask, "Can I mom?"

I said, “Of course honey.”

I thought he wanted to put his finger into me but instead he brought the head of his cock to the tight entrance. Before I knew it the wide cock had pushed through the grease and the constricting anal ring to enter my small channel. It was tight and hot and the pressure was an altogether new experience. I liked it, and I liked it that it was my son and my new husband that was fucking me in my ass. I wanted to hear the words from him and I asked him, “Is that what you want honey, to love your momma as a wife?”

“Yes momma” he said. I want to have you as a wife as much as I want to make to love to you…as much as I want to be inside you like this…in your ass.” The width of him had me stretched to my limit and I imagined that I would be sore when he was through with me, but it didn’t matter. He speared into me, he stabbed into me, he impaled me with a cock that seemed to grow with each entry. I didn’t realize how big he was until he filled my ass. There was no turning back and there was no place I wanted to go back to. As he did me, I felt he belonged there…and anywhere else in me he wanted to be. I was glad to be giving myself to my son that way; it felt so good to have him inside me.

I knew I was on the edge and that if I would just touch my clit I would come, but I waited for my son as he stroked long and hard in and out of my ass. Soon his sounds and insistent pumping told me he was about to come. During his last few entries he stayed deep in my ass and that was when I let myself go. The first spurt of my son into me was forceful. I couldn't count the number of hard streams that followed. I was filled with his meat and with his cum. I was filled with him. I was a mother whose son had just fucked her and in the midst of wisps of shame and disbelief, I wanted more.

If there is such a thing as a whole body orgasm, I experienced it. As I came I was taken over and I heard a faint siren-like noise. It wasn't until I decelerated a bit that I realized we were both pretty loud. The last of his slow wet stabs into my ass still felt good. Every part of my external body was relaxed yet every cell inside me was jumping with delight. The last flood of loving at my son's hands left me in a place I had only dreamed of entering. I was wrapped in the most comfortable blanket ever made, my son's arms.

When we finished there was a sweet raw feeling when his cum-coated cock left the confines of my small grasping hole. My feelings threatened to overflow when he held me close and dreamed, “Let’s go somewhere where nobody knows us…so we can live together and I can say to people ‘this is my wife Gloria’ or ‘have you met my wife Gloria?’ Wouldn’t that be great mom?”

The thought of him as my young husband, sharing my bed every night excited me and I said, “It sounds wonderful honey…just hearing you call me your wife sounds wonderful…I love you baby and I love that you want what I want.”

A few days later I heard from Jenna. She was calmer with everything so I thought it might be nice if we all had dinner together. I invited them to my house.

I was cleaning up at the sink when Adam came up behind me and put his hardening bulge against my ass. I laughed, “No, no, no, I have to get everything ready.” He kissed my neck and touched in all the places that set me off and said all the things that make me melt. The clouds in my head

wouldn't dissipate and I knew that my meager protest wasn't going to work. I gave in to my son, but mostly I gave in to myself. I let him strip me to the waist and as he stimulated and suckled my breasts I could feel the moisture build between my legs.

It didn't take Adam long to get the rest of my cloths off and I felt a bit embarrassed and aroused as I stood naked before my fully dressed son. He said, "Let me just look at you mom…you're so beautiful." I could feel that he looked with as much love as lust; it warmed me as I stood on the cold tile under the vent.

I was facing the window over the sink I felt his hand trace the line down my back, into my waist and across the top of my ass. I had my eyes closed when I heard his belt unbuckle and the sounds of his pants coming off. The next thing I felt was the hot meat of his cock against my ass. His hands were then at my waist as he kissed my back. His weight urged me forward and I leaned on the porcelain edge with both hands. My ass jutted back for balance. I spread my legs. I wasn't sure where he was going to enter me and at that moment; I didn't care.

I felt his hand directing his cock between my legs and the head was at the opening of my pussy. I was wet enough for the entry even though I could feel the fullness of his erection stuffing me as he pushed farther up into me. My son's cock was inside me and the relief was palpable. My usually heightened sensitivity and the fact that the cock inside me belonged to my son prodded me straight up. I was astonished by how quickly the orgasm overtook me. I hardly had the time to tell Josh I was coming before my moaning made it clear.

Rubbery legged, I held on to the counter as I became aware that Adam was still methodically stroking into my pussy. His hands now held as much of my breasts as they could hold and he bit and kissed my back as he repeated, "Mom…mom…mom…" I loved the sound of it as he fucked me. Adam stayed in me long enough for me to climb to heaven again and be able to wait for the ejaculation that would send me over for the second time. I was exhausted but after the satisfaction he gave me, I could only call him my 'bad boy' and kiss him long and hard.

I rushed but Jenna was late anyway. When she arrived, Adam and I were waiting for about forty-five minutes. I was surprised because I assumed she'd be with her husband. Not only was she alone, but also she was dressed…well undressed would be more correct.

When she took her jacket off I was caught off-guard. Jenna is even bustier than I am and there was no doubt that she wasn't wearing a bra. Her nipples were clearly outlined by the thin material that was obviously stimulating, and the blouse was tight enough to reveal the complete shape of her breasts. Her skirt was short on the top and bottom and her makeup was dark and dramatic. Adam, who usually paid little attention to Jenna said, "Wow, what are you done up for."

Jenna shrugged and said, "Oh, I don't know…I thought I might go dancing after this." I think she'd had a drink or two before coming over because she was airy and flirtatious and giggly throughout dinner.

When we got to dessert, I thought to myself that maybe my daughter was trying to seduce me. When we took the dishes

to the kitchen and I turned unexpectedly, I realized I was wrong. Jenna was sliding her whole body along Adam's back. It was close quarters but not close enough that she had to rub her tits and crotch against him. She was trying to seduce him, not me. I was upset and couldn't sort out the rush of thoughts when I saw her whisper something to Adam. I went back to the living room and they both whispered for a few minutes until Adam said loudly, "Hey, why don't you just take off."

Jenna grabbed her jacket and made her way out the door. I followed her out and stopped her and said, "Honey what's going on…where are you going?"

She was teary and took both my hands, "Mom, I'm so sorry. I…I thought Adam just wanted to screw you…and if he would go with me, well then I could show you that…well…I don't know…I guess in my stupid head I thought you'd come to me if I could show you…but I think he loves you…the way he said it, I really think he does. I'm sorry mom…tell Adam I'm sorry too…maybe you could explain it to him."

She left and I went in to Adam. And asked, “What happened baby?”

“Nothing mom, forget it.”

“Jenna told me…now you tell me.”

“I don’t know, she must be nuts. I swear I never did anything to bring it on but she was sticking her tits into me telling me she wanted to come over to my apartment later tonight and do…all kinds of…stuff. I told her to get lost… I wasn’t interested and she pissed me off. I would never do anything to hurt you and…” He circled his temple with his finger. “…I think she’s just gone.”

“No baby, she’s not ‘gone’. She’s just very unhappy and she feels she’s in a situation she just doesn’t know how to get out of…and she’s sorry.” I explained what was going on with Jenna’s and that she needed our understanding. After some talk Adam reluctantly agreed to let the incident go.

We had some more wine and I began to tease him, “Weren’t you the least bit interested…she’s got a great body doesn’t she?”

“Yeah” he smiled. “But this is the body I want.” He reached and gave my boobs a playful squeeze. I laughed and in a moment his hands ceased playing. They began seriously fondling my breasts and he said, “This is what I want…not Jenna’s but yours.” He touched my lips and said, “This is the mouth I want, not Jenna’s or anybody else’s.” He kissed me and continued touching my lips. He said, “This is where I want my cock to be.”

I got fired up and awkwardly got his cock out. He pushed it into my mouth. He gave me too much and I thought I would choke. He pulled back and apologized but I returned him to my mouth almost immediately. This time he slowly inched it in and as I relaxed I calmly allowed it to go deeper than I thought possible. Although I didn’t take it all, I came close. I could feel the knob down my throat and I was still able to use my tongue. I could tell it was exciting to Adam and he was breathing deeply through a small opening between his lips.

After loving my son with my mouth to the point I thought he might come, I pulled back and said, “Come to momma’s bed, I want to show you that no woman could love you as much as I do.” I remember that wonderful night for two reasons. I thought it was the best sex we ever could have and I was wrong.

In my room he said, “Let me see the pussy I love.” I pulled down my skirt and panties at the same time. He looked me up and down from my waist to my heels. He ran his hand from the top of my inner thigh down the sheer black stocking and up again. He did it with both hand and gently urged my legs apart. His mouth went to the pussy I had trimmed for him and I pulled his head against me as his tongue found the sensitive nub. I wanted it hard and he pressed me perfectly. I stopped him before I came because I wanted him inside me.

I wanted more than just his beautiful cock inside me, I wanted all of him inside. I loved him for loving me and choosing me and protecting me. When he penetrated and entered me, his cock in me made me feel it all. Sometimes

you have sex and everything you do is the same but it feels a whole lot different. As soon as my son entered me, I knew it would be one of those nights.

My nerve endings were sparking; his cock felt harder, my pussy felt wetter. Each stroke felt as deep as it could go but the next one went deeper. Wherever his hands lit, I felt the shocks: across my nipples, along my thighs and on my belly. Then his finger was in my ass. I was stimulated in so many places I couldn't keep my attention focused. I let the feelings wash over me and wrapped my arms around my son.

Each of my son's penetrations into my pussy felt loving and right. His cock filled me from my opening to the end of my channel and I could feel me stretching to accommodate his wide cock. I felt each inch as the length of him filled me. Each loving stroke into his mother's pussy told me how my son felt about me. Even before I came I knew I would explode. I knew that for the moment it was as perfect as it can be. I loved and was loved, that was what made it all worthwhile.

My son's lips came to mine asking the questions of love and my mouth and tongue answered. I felt a release of fluid in my pussy and I didn't know if it came from him or me. We both came with our mouths locked together and our sexes joined. It was one being that came, one cum made of both of our juices. We stayed in each other's arms without a word for a long while, enjoying the spell.

The first sound we made was gentle laughter and Adam said, "So mom, are we going to do it…move…and hold hands and kiss on the street?"

I laughed and said, "Yes sweetheart but when you're kissing me on the street don't call me 'mom' or you're gong to raise some eyebrows." I kissed him with more than my lips and told him, "I love you Adam…momma's going to make you happy…I just know it."

He said, "I know you are mom…and your new husband is going to make you happy too." I could feel his heart and I was grateful because I knew that my son loved me. I felt his cock engorging as his thickness rose against my thigh and I

was grateful because I knew my son wanted me. I had more than a mother could ask for.

THE END

A Love to Share

I was always too embarrassed by my desires to do anything about them. As he got older it got harder; everything got harder: looking at him, being near him, and his…hardness. He probably thought I never noticed the bulge in his pants when I wore something sexy…and when I didn't. I knew he wanted me…I wanted him…and of all people, he had to be my son.

Not that I didn't love him as a son…he was always kind and sweet and obedient, but I had come to love him as a man…a man with a hard body and a hard…God I do go on but it was always there…the pictures in my head…the wetness between my legs…watching him and fantasizing…always fantasizing.

We lived together and alone…alone as you can only be in a big city apartment with people all around you…crushing you with their presence…stacked above fifteen others… and below twelve more…people struggling not to be swallowed in the maelstrom…like me.

Today I laugh at the bits of nonsense I concocted in a never-ending series of seductive imaginings. There was one I liked where I have this heart to heart talk with him and I shyly enlist his aid. “Oh Eric, I’m so ashamed to ask you to do this for me…but I don’t have anyone else…It’s hard for a woman alone…” He’s solicitous as always and shows his concern.

“What is it mom…you know I’d do anything to help you, don’t you?”

“Yes son, but this is so… I need you to buy me a…sexual aid…I just can’t do it myself…” The sweet boy agrees and comes home with a dildo and a vibrator. (Which I have more than my share of in reality) I ask him if he loves his momma enough to ‘help’ her and he comes with me to the bedroom.

I take off my dress and get on the bed on hands and knees and close my eyes. “Honey, take momma’s panties down.” He gets on the bed behind me and obeys without a word. “Now run the vibrator on momma’s pussy to make me wet.” Actually I’m wet before he does it, even in my fantasy. He lets the vibrator do its work for a while but he can’t resist

running his fingers across the slippery opening… slowly moving the lips apart to probe his mother's secret place.

By now he's breathing hard and I tell him how good it feels. Then I say, "Now put the dildo into momma's pussy." My eyes are closed but I hear him unzipping his pants. His hand is on my hip as he introduces his hardness into his mother's waiting, wet pussy. I say, "Oh thank you baby, it feels so good, just like the real thing…almost like your lovely thing would feel in me."

He starts to pump in and out of my creamy opening and says, "Does that feel good momma…having it inside you…am I doing it good momma?"

"Oh honey", I tell him. "It feels almost as good as having a man like you in me…but I couldn't ask you to do such a terrible thing to your momma… could I baby?"

He unhooks my bra so that my breasts hang free and sway before he gathers them in his hands. He says, "No mom…you can't…we can't…we can't." He continues pushing

himself up into me me. I come hard (in and out of my fantasy) and my eyes are still closed when he pulls out of me. I thank him for 'helping' me and give him a kiss.

Then it's my turn to 'help' him. I sit on the bed with my eyes closed and tell him to put the dildo in my mouth but it's my son's thick flesh that gets stuffed into my mouth…the soft skin over the hard shaft tastes so good…I suck him for a while and then open my eyes. I'm 'shocked' when I see what he's doing. I ask him how he could do such a thing to his mother…making his own mother suck him…he tells me, "It's because you're so beautiful…and you fill my heart with love." That's how he talks in my fantasies and what makes my days worthwhile is that he sometimes really does say things like that.

I'd fantasized sucking him so many times I didn't know anymore if it was wrong or right…all I knew was that I wanted to…suck him until he called his momma as he came…suck him until I tasted his thick cum…suck him…suck him…my boy…my Eric…my love…my finger would be in my pussy and my thumb on my clit…he's filling me…making love to me… and I'm telling him what I've been waiting to tell him…"Eric yes…inside me… love…love…you're in me…

I've waited…I didn't let anyone have me…I've been waiting for you love…for your hardness…only you…Ohhhhhh yes sweetheart…do your momma's pussy…" Then the words would ring in my head…words I thought would never leave my lips…"make your momma come…fuck me Eric…fuck me…make me come baby…all over your big, hard, mother-fucking cock."

I came then…and I came now just thinking about it…it's good…but not as good as it could be…not as good as I want it to be…not as good as it will be when my son has his cock buried deep in my pussy and pours hot cum into his mother's hole.

"My God" I thought. "Where is this coming from? I went to Catholic school…I still go to church… sometimes…I can just hear this story reverberating in the confessional…it's going to take more than three Hail Marys to expunge this from my record. What's it going to take to expunge it from my head…my body…that aches for him…?"

It never took much. The smallest event would trigger me for days…sometimes months. I remember the day he

brought me roses. When I asked him what the occasion was he said, “I just wanted to do something for you…because I know you would anything for me.” That set off my other favorite fantasy. I’m sitting and reading when Eric comes up to me. I have a short dress on. He say’s “Mother I know this is going to be hard for you but I need you to do this for me” He starts picking up my dress. I lift my arms and he takes it off. I’m not wearing a bra. He fondles my beasts and I cast my eyes down without a word. “Mother I can’t help myself anymore…I have to have you. I’m sorry to make you do this but I want you too much to stop…” I hear him unzip his pants and he says, “Mom…it has to be you…you have to suck my cock.” I open my mouth without looking up and I feel his hard cock fill my mouth. “Now suck me…mother…do it for me…” I do it for him…I lick him and I suck him and he comes and he comes and then he lays his head in my lap…and sucks me until I come.

Those were my thoughts and the more I indulged in them the more I became afraid of myself…of what I might do…what if I tried to seduce him and he was repulsed and angry…and what if he wasn’t…?

I had no one I could really confide in except for Stephanie, whom I told almost everything to - except that the feelings I was talking about related to my son. She was a widow who lived on our floor. She was about seven years younger than I, sweet and pretty. She spent a lot time at our apartment and she was like an aunt to Eric.

We had a lot in common. Since I was divorced we both were available, and both not girls anymore. We both had sons; she had two and I had one. When we became close, she confided in me about an incestuous episode she had with her oldest.

She told me how when her husband died she had taken Steven with her to clean out the cabin that they owned at Green's Woods in order to sell it. The story she told me had me wide-eyed because of my own incestuous feelings for my son.

I played the story so many times in my head; I can still hear her voice as Stephanie said, "I was still upset about my husband dying even though we'd grown apart. In the last year we hardly ever had sex. Maybe that's why I drank so

much that night. We had worked all day and were both tired out. There was only one double bed and somehow we both ended up in it even though there was a couch. About a half-hour after going to bed I was just on the edge of sleep. I felt Steven's hand reach over and rest on my breast. At first I thought he had done it in his sleep. I didn't move.

I was wearing a long nightgown that had ridden up and then I felt him raise the back of it to my waist. His hand grazed my bare ass. I was groggy and not really comprehending what was going on. I was mostly on my belly and one knee was raised higher than the other. I'm so ashamed to tell you this Julia but you're the only person who's been there for me…"

Stephanie's eyes filled and I took her hand in mine encouraging her as she continued to share her difficult story. "Steven put his hand on my pussy and just left it there…I should have stopped it right there…but I didn't…I think he was waiting for me to stop him…but I didn't…God Julia, it felt good and I hadn't felt good in such a long time. And then he…pushed his cock into me and started stroking in and out of my pussy.

Oh Julia…it was only a matter of a couple of minutes but I started moaning…I heard myself and pulled away. I couldn't believe what I had done…and what he had done and I said, 'Oh no…God…what are you doing? Steven…what have you done…you were inside me…how could you…Steven…why? Steven…say something…I know you've been through a lot but…a son can't do that with his mother…it's wrong honey…it's wrong.'

You know Julia…with his stuttering…how alone he always was…how they made fun of him…God…it almost broke my heart when he said, 'Mother I just…wanted to love you…just love you.' I can't tell you how long it took him to get that sentence out.

I told him 'But a son can't love a mother that way…and a mother can't want her son to do it.' I was sitting up against the backboard and I froze when he hardly stuttered and said to me, "Mother, if you didn't want me, why was it so wet between your legs…why did you move the way you did…?"

I couldn't answer and I must have just muttered 'Oh God…' when he reached his hand into the top of my nightgown where the top buttons were opened and he exposed my breast. I kept saying, 'No baby…you shouldn't…' while he held my breast and suckled on my nipple…harder and harder."

I heard Stephanie's breath catching as she said, "Then I stopped him Julia…I moved his head off me. I took a blanket and left the room. He called after me and started getting up but I was firm and told him to stay in the room.

The next morning I was so upset I left everything in a mess and we drove home. I told Steven that I forgave him because we both drank too much wine but that nothing like that would ever happen again…and nothing has Julia but I can't help going over and over it…I'm glad I told you…do you think I'm terrible?"

I told her "Of course not honey…sometimes things happen and you just have to go on and leave them in the past." Her eyes filled and she kissed me with a little sigh of relief.

Time passed and when Stephanie and Eric started going to the movies and taking walks more and more without me, I understood but I became concerned. Eric was starting college and I had mixed emotions when he decided that he would go to the local community college instead of going to an out of town school. I was happy he would still be near me. He said one of his reasons for staying home was so he could 'take care' of his momma but I knew another reason was Stephanie. When I asked him if Stephanie was too old for him he said, "Don't be silly mom, I just like being with her and anyway, what does age matter? I like that she's older and I like the way she looks…she reminds me of you in a lot of ways."

I laughed and said, "Well we may look a bit alike but can you imagine me with a guy your age?"

"Sure mom" he said, "Why not? You look terrific; any one of the guys at school would be lucky to have a woman like you." It gave me a secret thrill that my son thought of me that way. At any rate, Eric and Stephanie saw more and more of each other and when Eric was in his last year they

decided to get married. If my life were a movie or my fantasies were reality, Eric would have realized he loved me and on the day of the wedding…well if wishes were fishes we'd all cast nets in the sea.

I shouldn't have been surprised when Stephanie came to talk to me; after all she was a bright, intuitive woman. She said, "Julia, I love Eric and I think I could make him happy but there's a something I have to know. You know because of…I just have to ask you…have you and Eric ever been physical with each other?"

My guard went up and I said, "Why do you ask?"

Stephanie sort of smiled and said, "Listen Julia, we've been friends for a long time and we can be straight. Unfortunately, I know about these things…I see the way you two look at each other and talk about each other…Julia honey you're not even insulted I asked…I just have to know…believe me I understand these attractions but I couldn't handle the complications of you actually…you know what I'm saying."

My head went toward all kinds of deceptions where I swore her to secrecy and said that we slept together to drive a wedge between them…but I loved them both. I told her the truth. “No Steph, we never touched each other that way.”

They were married on Parson’s way, a path along the ocean near where we vacationed when Eric was a boy. It was very private and I cried.

Despite what most think, people don’t cry at weddings because they’re happy. They cry for lost opportunities, they cry for beginnings that aren’t theirs, and they cry for their unfulfilled desires. That doesn’t mean they’re not also happy for the couple; both are true at once. Our lives happen all at once but we look at it one piece at a time. I was happy for them and I cried.

I didn’t see too much of him or them for the first six months. After that Eric came over alone more and more. I would make him dinner sometimes; but most of all, we sat around with a bottle of wine and talked. I could hear some dissatisfaction in his voice from time to time but he never really complained. I on the other hand complained all the

time, mostly to myself. He stopped coming over and I was lonely and unhappy. The few dates I had were uninteresting and nobody I met came close to inspiring me to abandon my self-imposed celibacy. I masturbated a lot. I thought about my son a lot.

I was surprised when Eric called me the week-end after he and Stephanie had been away to celebrate their first anniversary. His voice on the phone was sad enough to break my heart even before I had any idea of what he was going to say. When he actually got to it he said, "Mom I couldn't say this to you face to face, that's why I've been avoiding coming to see you…but I have to say it. Something's not working out for me with Stephanie…it's not her fault…oh mom, I don't want to hurt her but I don't know what to do…you're the only one I can tell…and you're the only one I can't tell."

"What do you mean Eric? You can tell me anything…you know that baby…I would never judge you honey…I'm here for you baby…just tell me and you'll feel better."

“Mom, I may feel better but I’m worried about…how you’ll feel…Mom, the last few months have been so hard. I realized so many things. I may have married Stephanie for the wrong reasons…I love her but there’s something else driving me… she tries and she…I thought I could do it but I…love someone else too…I want someone else…Mom I’ve been fighting this for years and I can’t keep denying what I feel anymore.”

I thought that if my heart beat any louder, I wouldn’t be able to hear another word. “Oh God” he went on, “for years I told myself that it wasn’t real…how could a son want to…love his own…mother that way…but I think about it…too much…”

“Oh honey…it’s okay…it’s okay…tell me…tell me what you wanted to do…I’ll understand”

“Mom, I’ve wanted you since I can remember …it’s always been you…since my first girlfriends…when I felt their breasts, it was yours I was touching; when they took me in mouths…I saw you…” His voice got heavy “…even with my own wife… sometimes when I’m inside her…it’s you…your

mouth…your…pussy…you. How can I even think these things? But it's so strong mom that here I am saying them to you. I'm talking to my own mother about being in her pussy…I can't believe you don't hang up in my face…I know it's hopeless to want you this way…and now I think I'm trying to make Stephanie into you…mom, what am I going to do?"

"Listen to me honey…this whole thing isn't just a fantasy on your side…I hope you'll understand but…a lot of what you feel is because it's…what I feel too baby…you're feeling what I showed you…I don't know, maybe this thing is just an obsession on both our parts and sometimes the idea is a lot sweeter than the reality. Ricky…here's what you're going to do…you're going to come home baby…you're going… to…fuck me."

I let the words hang in the air. His breathing deepened. I said, "Maybe after that we'll both be through with this crazy idea…where are you baby?"

"I'm nearby…I'm…"

“Come home honey…momma’s here for you…waiting for you.” He hung up without saying anything but I knew he was on his way to me.

I wanted to be beautiful for him; I wanted to be powdered and perfumed and made-up to perfection. I was going to be a far cry from that. The best I could manage was a satiny bra, panty, and nightgown set. The face and body would be ‘au naturel’, for better or for worse.

When the door opened he said, “Oh mom, I was so stupid…how could I not know…?” I stopped him with a kiss and put my hand where I had so long wanted it to be. I could feel him stiffening to my touch as my tongue ran over the surface of his for the first time. After opening my robe he reached into the top of the thin bra taking out my breast. He said, “Mom you’re so beautiful” as he fastened his lips around my aroused nipple. His sucking took me back to the pleasures of feeling him at my breasts when they were swollen with milk for him.

His hand went between my legs to the soaked-through panties that evidenced my wanton desire to have my

son…there in the wet…inside me. We almost fell as I pulled him to the couch where I wanted an end to the waiting. I took my panties down exposing myself. I didn't want anything but him inside me. My voice was imploring, "Please baby…now…be in me… now…"

My son's cock looked massive as it emerged and approached my opening. It split me and spread me and filled the needful emptiness. I could hear and feel the moisture that surrounded his cock as it traveled its stuttering path to the depths of my belly.

I was lost in the feelings of his cock massaging inside me when Eric's voice returned me to awareness. "Mom, I can't believe I'm really in you…fucking you…it's better than I thought it could be…oh God…how can I be feeling so good…fucking my own mother…?"

"It's okay baby" I told him. "You're where you're supposed to be now…inside your momma's pussy…yes baby…where I need you to be…filling me…where you need to be…inside your mother…who loves you…loves you…OH…OH…" I came with a shudder, unexpectedly. My orgasm was shockingly

longer than anything I had experienced in masturbatory fantasies. When I finally crested, ordinary reality began to loom.

Panic started creeping in the form of goose bumps along my skin as my son responded to my coming with an accelerated pace. “Eric…no…no…don’t come in me…I don’t…” Before I finished he pulled out of me and then sat up, panting. I said, “Oh thank you honey…I have no protection and…oh sweetheart when you were loving me I wasn’t even thinking…I’m sorry…” His cock was still hard and pointed as he sat.

I went to the soaked head and leaned to engulf it in my mouth. The combination of tasting the juice I had produced for him and the sensation of having the flesh I had fantasized over actually in my mouth set me squirming. I was sucking on my son’s cock and I couldn’t imagine a sweeter thing.

I cupped him in my hand as I worked as much of the shaft as I could toward my throat. Eric leaned back and his eyes closed as his face registered the intensity. The volume of his

moans increased as my hand glided along the long shaft. My lips pursed, my mouth sucked and my tongue licked; he began to come. I almost felt as if I could come with him as my mouth flooded from the hard spurts of my son's warm cream.

As he finished coming in my mouth his sigh was musical and he said, "Mom, I know this is going to sound like…mom, nobody ever sucked me like that in my whole life…no one ever took me so far down…and when I started coming in your mouth and you kept sucking…I …I can't describe it…it was just unbelievable."

"It's because your mother loves you honey…that's what you felt when I sucked you…you felt me loving you." He kissed me until I was literally dizzy.

We both knew without saying that it wasn't going to be as simple as a one-time thing. When we broke from the kiss he said, "What do we do now mom?"

I said “The first thing I do is get on the pill.” He kissed me and held me. I kissed him and held him and I thought about how my fear of getting pregnant by my son was coupled with the desire to do so; to feel my breasts fill again with milk for our child. I accepted the contradiction without conflict.

Over the next weeks we talked ourselves blue about what to do. Eric cared about Stephanie and still had feelings for her. He told me, “I feel like I’m all she has and I don’t want to hurt her anymore…I love her but she knows something’s not right and she’s always doing all she can to fix it…but how can I tell her mom? How do I tell her that I love you in a way that I can’t let go of…that I want to love you this way…that I want you so bad sometimes I…?”

I tried to comfort him with words but I had no answers; so I comforted him with love. Whatever moments he could steal to be with me I greedily embraced. I became my son’s mistress. We went on with all the pitfalls and foibles that clichéd triangles engender but the lovemaking made it all worthwhile; the loving made it more than worthwhile.

I loved him beyond words and it was probably because he always made me feel loved. It was more than the sex and more than him saying “I love you”; he made me feel it. He’d look into my eyes and tell me that the world was a livable place because of me or that everything tasted better at dinner because he was looking across at me. When he touched my face for no reason and smiled, my heart melted. There was nothing he couldn’t ask of me.

At first I found it hard to think of him making love with Stephanie when he wasn’t with me but I came to accept that he loved us both. We talked about it and that took it out of the shadows. I was also able to give him something that she couldn’t.

About a month after we became lovers, he told me that he had tried to have anal sex with Stephanie but she found it too painful and had been become afraid of it. Of course I knew what he meant by telling me. I smiled and kissed him whispering “yes” in his ear to his unasked question.

I prepared myself for what I thought could be an uncomfortable experience. We kissed and fondled for a

very long time probably because of my uncertainty but finally I was stimulated enough to throw caution to the wind. I lubricated both of us and opened myself for my son. He approached me from behind and the entry of his swollen knob past the tight anal ring was eased by the grease on both of us. His cock was in me and I was surprised. There was a hot pressure but a good hot pressure. As he slowly pushed more of his shaft into me he asked if I was okay. I was more than okay. My son was in my ass and it felt like as much a gift for me as I had intended for him.

After getting over my trepidation I was astonished to find that I had managed to take the complete length and width of my son's cock into my small channel. As he drew in and out, I was relaxed enough to let myself drift into a fugue state. With each penetration into my ass I let the sensations wash over me…the way his swollen knob opened and closed me…the way he stretched me around his girth…the way he stuffed me full with his shaft…I enjoyed the idea of it almost as much as the fact of it. He said, "I've thought about this for a long time mom…it's so good to be in you this way…I love that you would do this for me." He moaned as his pace increased and I felt him slap against the globes of my ass at the end of his full penetrations.

I told him, “I love that I can do this for you but this is for me too love…it feels good to me too…to have my wonderful boy loving me…everywhere…everywhere”

Eric held my hips and I felt him start to lose control. I eagerly anticipated him coming inside me. He repeated “Mom…mom…mom” as the first releases began filling me. “Mom…I’m coming…I’m coming inside you…in your ass…in your ass…”

“Yes love…in my ass…come in your momma’s ass.” I admit that I had small sense of satisfaction as his slick fluid coated my insides…that I could give my son something that Stephanie couldn’t…and I reveled in the last plunges that my son made into my ass as the soreness his big cock would ultimately produce, began to evidence itself.

I was momentarily satiated and happy. I held him as if he was mine forever and the world consisted of two. When I awoke, feeling the effects of my son’s loving, he was gone. I had a sweet note and an empty bed.

We went on as lovers for a few more months but the situation between Eric and Stephanie deteriorated and he decided to tell her. I advised against it; I was afraid. Anything seemed better than the possibility of losing him completely. He said he couldn't go on the way things were and he was adamant.

He called me the next day and said, "I told her mom and she just froze. I started to explain and she started crying saying, 'I knew it…I knew it….' Mom we talked and she cried all night, it was the most terrible thing I ever went through. When she asked me if I wanted a divorce I told her I didn't…because I loved her…and she cried even more. By the end of the night she let me hold her…I'm going to stay home with her today and …I don't know what's going to happen but…I love you…I'll call you."

What happened was the last thing I expected to happen. After a time, Stephanie and Eric came to an understanding. She said she could live with it if he loved her. Maybe she understood because of the incident with her own son. Somehow things actually got better between them.

Probably some of it was due to it being all out in the open and him being more loving to her because he wasn't deceiving her anymore. At any rate I got to see him a few times a week and after a couple of months, Stephanie and I had a tearful reunion and resumed at least a semblance of the friendship we once had.

On a particularly amorous night Eric made a suggestion, "Mom…you know, you, me and Steph…we all love each other…what do you think about the three of us…?"

"My first reaction was, "are you nuts?" I'd never been with a woman and never really thought about it past the usual stray thought.

Eric started cajoling and touching me in the ways he knew always got me going. "You never know mom, you might like it…I can't tell you how many times in the last few months I've thought of having my two ladies together…the two most beautiful women in one bed…wow." He laughed. "I know Steph would go for it…"

“Do you mean you already talked to her about it?” He laughed again. I shouldn’t have been surprised that Stephanie had agreed…if she felt half the way I did.

By night’s end he had aroused me into reluctant acceptance. I had spoiled him up to now by indulging all his fantasies and I guess he’d done the same for me. I guessed that one more ‘unconventional’ turn on the road we were on wouldn’t matter that much.

Things were a bit uneasy when the night came for us all to ‘get together’. By the second bottle of wine we were laughing and the trip to the bedroom almost seemed to naturally follow all the kissing that Eric was passing around. Neither Stephanie nor I knew what to do and since it was Eric’s ‘party’ he took the lead. He took our clothes off. A twinge of envy passed. My breasts and nipples were fuller and larger, but hers rode higher. I guess we were ‘checking each other out’ when Eric said, “This isn’t a competition; you’re both the most beautiful woman in the world.” He brought us together and Stephanie and I kissed. It was sweet but my passion wasn’t ignited until I felt my son’s hand on my pussy…teasing and probing.

Eric 'directed' us and before long Steph and I were in the sixty – nine poison with his hands roaming over both of our bodies. I liked it…probably because she was doing things to my clit that my son usually did to me – and more than likely to her too. When we were all 'warmed up' he got what he came for. I could tell from his reaction that we were enacting the picture in his fantasy that had brought us together.

Stephanie and I were side by side, holding our legs up and apart. Eric's cock got huge and hard. He wanted to fuck his wife and his mother at the same time. He came up to my opening on his knees and then penetrated me a few times and then went to his wife's pussy. He alternated between us, sometimes quickly and sometimes lingering. I was amazed that he managed to bring us both off without him coming.

I wondered whose pussy he would come in…and I guess he had thought about it too because he was on his back between us smiling when he said, "Now come to me my two loves." It was clear what he wanted as his cock pointed to the ceiling. We both began licking and sucking. Sometimes

our lips met in our un-orchestrated efforts and we kissed. When Stephanie was sucking on the head or shaft, I was licking; when I sucked, she licked. He was stroking our hair repeating, “beautiful…mother…beautiful wife…” Between us he didn’t last long. The first spurt shot into the air without warning; his moans came with all the rest of his releases. We loved him with our mouths as we each took some of the jets that never seemed to end. When he finally sighed in exhaustion, he gathered us both in his arms and said, “I love you Steph…I love you mom.”

Eric knew without either of us telling him that this was a one time event. We had done it for him but our hearts were looking for something that wasn’t going to be found in the center of a triangle. And ultimately that was the problem. If it was only sex, maybe we could have made the sharing or the combinations work…I knew Stephanie and I knew myself…we both wanted more.

I was wondering when the green eyed monster was going to show his face and the first indication was Eric telling me at times he couldn’t come to me because ‘Stephanie this and Stephanie that.’ He also told me she asked him if she should have her boobs done and when he asked her what triggered

that ‘crazy’ notion, she said so that they would be as big as mine. I guessed that the inevitable ‘tug of war’ was on.

In a sense it was easier for me because I saw him less. I could show him I wanted him more because I really did. I dressed for him in sexy underwear. I thought of ways to turn him on. There was a particular painting of a nude we had seen in a museum called The Shy Lover that he was taken with. I found a picture of it on the net and when he came to dinner one night, I was waiting for him in bed. My hair was up as in the picture. I wore only the one stocking she wore and I struck the pose she was in when he came in the room. He made such love to me that night I could hardly catch my breath.

We took a drive one night and about a mile from the house I took his cock out and started sucking on it; not because I was trying to ‘compete’ but because I wanted to. We laughed because he could hardly get it back into his pants when we parked. When we got into the house, I took him to the bedroom and said, “I want you in my ass” I found myself saying it more and more…not because she couldn’t do it for him but because I liked it too. I loved looking at the pleasure in his face as he loomed above me as I held myself

open for him. I loved the depths he would reach in me…it sent a shiver through me when I anticipated it.

That night I remember sitting on him and he was restless. He was very taken with the lovemaking and in his passion he was uncharacteristically rough. I was speared on his pole and he was meeting my rise and fall with hard thrusts. He pulled on my nipples, squeezing and pulling the erect tips until they were sore. He dug his fingers into my hips as I moved my ass up and down on his shaft. He usually called me 'Mom' or 'Momma' when we made love but that night he kept calling me Julia. "Julia…my Julia…I love Julia…I love fucking Julia…fuck me forever Julia…" I felt my wetness increase as he caressed my name in his mouth.

Calling me that way shook me from my usual reverie and I thought of my self as if I was outside my body, "Julia…what are you doing…how can you do it…your own son …fucking him again and again…your son…in your mouth…in your pussy…his cum…in your ass and you let him…but you want it there…don't you Julia…?" I knew that nothing could deter the power of my desire to have him there…and everywhere.

I also knew by the way he spoke about her, that he loved Stephanie…and I was glad that he did…I just didn't want him to stop loving me. My feelings piled in a jumbled heap when he told me, "Stephanie's pregnant."

Later that night as we lay naked side by side, Eric was gently stroking my belly and asked, "Mom, do you think it's crazy that I want to have a baby with you also."

I laughed first and said, "Probably no crazier than what we've been doing all this time…After all SON, you have been fucking your mother's brain out." Eric laughed and then I got serious. "I guess it's not that crazy that you thought of it because I've imagined what it would be like carrying your baby too but honey I really don't think…"

"No mom…I know…I just liked the idea…for all the reasons we both know we never would…but it felt nice to think about it."

“You know baby, I think it’s just another way to be close but we have lots of them…don’t we love?” I put my hand over his flaccid cock and it immediately sprang to life.

“Yes mom…we do” he said. His fingers found my holes and his attentions concentrated on the rosette that he was probing for our mutual pleasure. Most of the times when my son had my ass I was on hands and knees; and he penetrated me from behind. That night I wanted to look at him as he put himself into me and I spread myself while on my back. His first entry required more force than usual. He hadn’t used much lubrication and I knew the rubbing at my stretched ring would hurt later but I didn’t want him to stop. I winced a bit as he drove his cock to its length. I felt every inch of my son’s cock in my ass but his pleasure brought me pleasure.

As my son fucked me I wanted to tell him, “Stay…stay…and fuck your mother every night…stay…and do this to me every day…I’m here to love you…I’m here for anything you need…just stay…” Something kept me from saying anything.

He plunged into my ass full force and with every stab he said, “Yes mother…yes mother…yes…” My ass was on fire and his cock felt bigger in me than it ever had. I was filled to completion and stretched to the edge of feeling torn apart. I waited for the soothing cum to ease the membranes that had been rubbed raw but kept fucking me as if he could go on forever.

Finally I pleaded with him, “Baby…please come…come in me…I need you to come…it’s too much love…give momma your cum…please baby…please…”

He responded by raising his hips and with rapid-fire insertions he filled my ass with his cum as he said, “Yes mom…for you…this for you…for you…” I held my pussy and the relief was intensified by own orgasm. At that moment, I understood my hopeless situation …It was a beautiful loving but one I realized that had to be relegated to the place of cherished memories. In the peaceful aftermath, Eric kissed my breasts as I put my hand down to touch where he had been.

Calm descended on me and I made a decision for both of us; or more to the point, for the four of us. I told Eric, “Honey it’s time. I love you more than you’ll know and I always will but it’s time for us to go on. It’s time for you to go to Stephanie and be with her and make a home for your baby.”

By his half-hearted protest I could see that he knew I was right. He made love to me one last, lingering, perfect time. It was perfect because it was gentle and filled with love above lust.

Like most stories, mine doesn’t end with the last line. I don’t regret the love I shared with my son; it will always be in my heart but now I’m happily anticipating being part of their lives in a different way while creating a life of my own. Time will tell; my hopes run high.

A Maternal Affair

My lifelong attraction for her was ignited in one instant. I came home early from school and was going upstairs to change. I passed by my mother's room and she was standing in front of the mirror in her room with the door open. She was naked from the waist up. When she saw me all she did was sort of bring her arm across and say, "Hi sweetie, how come you're home so early?" I stammered something about the special clerical day and she said, "Oh" and I went on my way.

I was amazed. This was not an everyday thing; my mother didn't walk around half naked all the time. The most I'd ever seen was her thighs when she put stockings on. I'd looked at her full breasts and big pinkish nipples and she'd acted as if it was the most natural thing in the world. For a moment I thought that perhaps she didn't realize...but how crazy is that? A person knows when their clothes are off don't they?

Mom and I lived alone in a fairly large house that was paid for with insurance money we got after my father died. I never really knew him. Mom worked four to five days a week and didn't go out much. We always had a great relationship and I told her everything…except about how I started to feel about her after that day.

My nightly fantasies, both wet and dry, progressed from my seeing those beautiful boobs to my imagining I was touching them and then every other part of her. She was a pretty woman then and still is; it always amazed me that a body that well formed was hidden under the plain clothes she wore. It never really impacted on me that it was my mother that was the object of my sexual desires. She was just the woman I wanted. I watched every undulation of her ass and every movement of her breasts when she wasn't looking.

I had one recurring fantasy that stayed with me for years. On many agitated nights I used it to bring me closer to sleep. I would walk in to the house and hear my mother in the den on the phone. I could see her through the slight opening of the door but she didn't know I was there. In my imaginings she'd wear a white nylon negligee through

which I could make out the outline of her breasts and nipples. Her hand is between her legs and she slowly rubs as she talks.

My mother says into the phone, "...I don't care Gina...I've lived with this for a long time and I'm ready to say it and I'm ready to do it.... I want Robby...He's always been the one I wanted and now I admit it. I want him to make love to me...I want him in my pussy, in my mouth...oh God, Yes I know...but I don't care and I'm not ashamed...oh Gina I'm aching...I'm aching all over and all I can do is touch myself and think of him..." She says her goodbyes and hangs up. My mother closes her eyes and continues rubbing her pussy; she's whispering my name. I walk in and go over to her. I kiss her and slide my hand over her fleshy breast to her swollen nipple. She looks up at me and says, "Oh my baby...momma's been waiting for you." We make love on the floor many times. At the end of each fantasy I come in my mother's mouth.

It wasn't until I was in college that anything actually happened between us. It began when my grades started to slip. I couldn't concentrate and didn't care. I was getting depressed. I came home on weekends and just hung around

the house. My problems in general weren't different from most guys my age. I wanted a woman. Specifically, it was a lot different. I was thinking about my mother more and more.

I wasn't bad looking but I was painfully shy. I wouldn't have even gone to my high school prom if mom didn't coach me on what to do and say with Karla. It was just the hardest thing for me to even talk to girls that were in my classes.

When mom saw my grades she flipped. "How could you go from A's to C's and D's?" I told her how I couldn't concentrate, especially with girls on my mind. She said, "Oh honey, that's nothing I'll help you and we'll fix it." First she got me a tutor, a junior named Brian. He helped a little mostly because he became a friend that I could talk to. Mom encouraged my non-existent 'love-life' with advice and attempts to fix me up. My grades still stunk.

After a semester of exasperation she said, "Robby, what's going to be? I hate to see you throw your future away...I'm worried...who can I get to help you?"

"Sharon" I said.

"Sharon who…me?" "Yes mom, Sharon you"

"Of course baby…you know I would do…"

"No mom you wouldn't and I wouldn't expect you to…I just can't keep it in any more so I'm going to tell you…I love you…no mom don't say it… I know you love me but I love you differently…I want you…I want you sexually. I'm sorry mom…but it's true.

I'll never forget her kindness at that moment. I expected blows to rain down on my head or at least a screaming diatribe but all I got was her soft hand on my cheek when she said, "Let's talk about this Robby…let's think about it together."

It was the best day I'd had in years. What a relief; everything was out in the open and we talked about it all. When we had both said everything we possibly could and she had told me how lovely it was to be wanted but how crazy it was and all

the reasons we shouldn't, I said, "Ok, you're right mom…but I'm still going to want you forever."

My mother looked at me for the longest time and said, "All right baby…I'll try…I'll love you that way if that's what you need…but listen to me honey - it has to be my way and Robby…you have to keep your grades up and you have to promise me that when I say it's over…it's over." We shared our first kiss and I was pleased by the unexpected entry of her tongue into my mouth. She unbuttoned her blouse but left it on. Her sheer white bra lifted easily over her ample breasts and I almost froze not knowing how and when to touch them. I was emboldened when I finally stroked them and she moved sinuously with a soft murmur. Her voice came out in breathy whispers when she said, "Oh God…I can't believe I'm doing this with my own son."

I'd like to say what a wonderful lover I was that first night but that would be far from the truth. We kissed for a long time and we were both a bit shy. When I had mom's panties off she looked at me, a bit unsure of herself and said, "Do I look all right or are you disappointed?" I could hardly speak because she looked so good to me. I told her what a wonderful body she had; my stiffness was ample evidence

of what she did to me. Up close her full breasts looked as beautiful as they did in my dreams; I loved that they were big and translucent so that just a hint of fine blue-green traced through them and across her round puffy nipples. Her pussy was well trimmed and I could see the swollen lips that my hard cock had spread only in my fantasies; they were a bit shiny from the fluid around them. I kissed and sucked on them without really knowing what I was doing but my mother was moaning and that made me feel good. She tasted like something I could never eat enough of.

Mother went down on her knees. She said, "You have a lovely cock Robby" and took it into her mouth. I watched myself pass her lips and felt her tongue press along the underside of my fully expanded shaft. She hardly began sucking on it before I was grabbing her head and a torrent of cum exploded out of me. My mom was sucking my dick better than in my wild imaginings and that was just too much to control. I watched as the shaft, shiny with cum, went in and out of my mother's mouth. After leaving every drop either on or in her mouth, I started to apologize and said, "Oh mom...I'm sorry I came in your mouth...I couldn't help it."

My sweet mother stood up and kissed me and said, "It's all right love; you're supposed to come in my mouth." She then sent me off and told me I should go back to school the next day and not come home until I had an 'A' on an exam or a paper.

Picturing my mother waiting for me at home, open and willing, turned me into a demon at school. You can imagine how hard I studied after that and you can imagine how hard I was when two weeks later I came home with my first 'A'. That was a weekend of firsts. I was almost twenty but it was the first time I would be inside a woman. I was as nervous and excited as I could be thinking that my mother would be my first.

Mother attempted some foreplay with kisses and touches but I only had one thing on my mind. Mom gave a little laugh when she realized it was hopeless and took her panties off. She opened her legs and used her fingers to show me the pink. She said, "Come my love."

The first penetration into my mother's pussy was exquisite. As my cock found it's way into her, I told her that it was all

I ever wanted. Her wet vagina squeezed my stiff cock as I pushed up into her belly. There was no better feeling. I was fucking my mother and she was smiling up at me. I didn't know much more than to do what came naturally as I pressed in and out of my mother's hot wet opening. I made up with enthusiasm what I lacked in experience and in the morning mom laughed and said, "I certainly didn't expect to be your first Robby but it was quite a surprise when I turned out to be your second, third, and fourth during the same night." She got serious then and kissed me softly on the lips and said, "I'm proud that you wanted it to be me baby."

I know she didn't have an orgasm that night but she told me how good it felt to have me in her and how she loved the way I filled her up. It didn't take too many weekends before she was coming as much as I did.

I learned; I had help. In addition to being the sexiest woman I knew, she was a great teacher. Over the next months she taught me how to be a lover and how to pleasure and satisfy her. She didn't have to teach me how to love her.

She never let me get 'excessive'; we had plenty of oral and straight sex but she always put me off when I suggested anything adventurous. I knew where her limits were and I wasn't complaining. She always downplayed the affair and kidded that I'd soon tire of the 'old lady'. I never did and those days were just the best.

Once my mother visited me on campus and I took her to a place a bunch of the guys had rented. It wasn't a fraternity thing, just a room with a T.V. and some weights. I told mom that it was where my friends brought their girls. She asked me if that was why I brought her. I just started kissing her and opened her blouse. I had my hand inside her bra when Brian and two other guys walked in. She jumped and practically ran out of the room. I apologized to her but the incident didn't hurt my reputation. For the next few weeks, guys I hardly knew were asking me about the 'hot older woman', especially Brian. Long after the others forgot about it he was still pumping me for details.

It turned out that Brian was very turned on by what he saw because he had a thing for mature women. After long talks on the subject he admitted that he found his mother sexually attractive. I liked Brian and I trusted him. When I

finally told him that the woman he saw me with was my mother, he flipped. "How…what…God…" He bombarded me with questions. "You actually had incest with your mother…how did it feel…did she…?" On and on until he got to the real question that was roiling in his brain, "…I wonder if I ever could?"

We talked about it from every angle for weeks until he decided he was going to do something about it. His father was often away for weeks at a time and he was now alone with his mother. He came up with all kinds of wild schemes but finally settled on talking to her about it. After a few tentative starts with hints and innuendo they finally had a conversation about it. He just wasn't sure what she'd said.

He told me about it the next day. He said, "I asked her about a son having sex with his mother and she told me that it should never happen but that sometimes when people really love each other things could get out of control. Then she said that she thought it could also happen if the son took the mother against her will. Now I'm just not sure if she was telling me…Robby, do you think she…?"

I said, "Whoa man, I'm not getting into that one. You're going to have to find your own way...just go slow."

The next time Brian's father was out of town he told me, "Brian, I found my way."

I said, "What do you mean...what happened?"

He said, "Late last night I went into my mother's room and stood by her bed. I could tell she was up by the way she was breathing and moving but she didn't say a word. She was on her stomach and wearing a short nylon top. She didn't have panties on and the top wasn't covering her ass. Her legs were slightly apart and I could see a bit of her pussy. I had brought in some rope with me. I tied her hands to the bed and she never moved. When I finished, she raised herself on her haunches so her ass was in the air and said, 'Brian, what are you doing? This is wrong...oh God...please don't fuck me Brian...please don't ...please don't.' I told her she had no choice and when I put my hand over her pussy and started rubbing it, she was soaked. I was so hard I didn't wait for anything. I just put my cock into her and stated fucking.

As I gave it to her, one minute she'd say how good it felt and the next she'd say how wrong it was.

I came pretty quickly but I stayed on her and kept touching her. When I got hard again, I put it in her again from behind. Man, she has the most beautiful ass you ever saw. I pushed into her until I was up against it. She was grinding it and yelling into the pillow, calling me a mother-fucking bastard and every other thing until finally she said she was coming. She squeezed every drop of cum out of me until I was drained. I untied her and left. The next morning we didn't talk about it. All she asked as I left was whether I would be coming home before the weekend. I just smiled and she smiled back."

I listened to every word of Brian's story with my mother and me in mind. There was no way I was going to wait until the weekend to go home. I went home that night and told my mother the story. She was as turned on by it as I was. I skipped school and she skipped work the next day.

The next term I graduated and on my last day of school mom said, "Honey, the time is here. Remember your

promise. I love you sweetheart and I don't regret one minute of what we did but we both have to get on with our lives now. Come give your momma a kiss." I tried to convince her that we could go on the way we had been but she just shook her head 'no'. She could hardly speak and I could hardly hold back the emotion but I kissed my mother long and hard and moved out of her bedroom that night.

I soon moved out of the house. Mom said I should stay but there were two things I couldn't do at once: look at her and not touch her. We both resumed what some might call the semblance of a normal life. We spoke often and I put on a good front for her but still took enough opportunities to tell her how much I missed what we had. She always said something to the effect that it was wonderful but we both had to go forward. She told me about the men she saw - thankfully without details. She seemed to fall into a pattern; she'd see someone for a month or two at most and then it would be over. This went on for almost a year until Perry moved in with her. I went out a lot with Karla and the best I could say is that we were both comfortable and it was convenient.

In the meantime things with Brian and his mother had sorted themselves out after a close call. I spoke to him after it happened and he said he was in the shower with his mother when his father came home unexpectedly. They didn't hear anything with the water running until he knocked on the bathroom door. Brian said he was actually inside her when it happened. Somehow his mother got his father to go out for something and they were able to get themselves together before he came back. That night she asked him for a divorce. Exactly one week later he was out of the house.

Brian said that the night his father left, his mother almost seemed possessed. He said, "Every time I came, it was only a few minutes later that she was working me up again – not that it took that much. She kept telling me how happy she was now that I could fuck her every night. I'll tell you man, we wore each other out that night; my cock was sore the whole next day." Brian said that it wasn't long after that they made each other promises. They knew they were in love and intended to stay together. I envied him.

I lived about twelve miles from my mom and went over for dinner ever weeks or two so I wasn't surprised when she

invited me one Saturday night but I was concerned when she said we had to talk. I figured maybe it was about her job or Perry or maybe...I didn't really know what to think or hope for. When I arrived she was dressed in a blue dress I always loved her in.

When I got there it was the worst of the possibilities I had considered. She told me that it was getting serious with Perry and that he was talking about marriage. We talked about all the pros and cons but I couldn't bring myself to ask her if she loved him enough to spend forever with him. I guessed she loved him enough or we wouldn't have been talking. As I left that night, my whole body ached and I was moved to kiss her full, the way we used to. I tasted her mouth and inhaled the fragrance of her sweet skin and then I stopped. "Why torture myself?" I thought. I left and said, "I wish you happiness whatever you decide mom and I'm here if you need to talk or anything."

I went out with Karla that night and I fucked her with a vengeance. I pulled at her and pounded her and almost choked her with my cock. She seemed to enjoy it well enough but I didn't. I broke it off with her the next time I

saw her. It wasn't what I was looking for and it wasn't going anywhere.

Over the next few weeks mom called a lot and seemed to be leaning toward marrying Perry. I told her I was happy for her and when she asked about Karla I said that everything was great. She said quietly, "Good honey…good…that's good."

The next day she called and said, "Sweetie I'm in the car just driving around…can I come up to you for a bit?" I told her it was fine and when she came in we sat and had some wine. We were talking casually and as we sat across from each other, I watched her eyes fill. "Robby" she said, "I think I made a mistake…and I'm afraid I'm about to make a bigger one. I miss you so much…oh…this is probably the biggest mistake of all…oh honey I don't love Perry…I'm not telling you this to interfere with you and Karla; I know you love her now and I want you to happy but I had to tell you…"

"Mom, I said, there is no Karla. I don't love her and I'm not even seeing her anymore…mom, it's always been you."

"Oh Robby honey, it's all so impossible. Whoever I'm with…I'm thinking of you …nobody touches me with love like you…sex isn't enough…I need what you gave me…but how can we…?"

"Mom, we can because it's right for both of us…don't you know…we love each other?"

"Yes but baby I'm eighteen years older than you…by the time I'm…"

"Sweet Sharon…mom…none of that matters. How we got here doesn't matter. Who knows what crazy thing tomorrow brings let alone years and years into the future? Mom, do you love me?"

"Of course darling…Oh honey…I didn't even know if you wanted me anymore."

"I've never wanted anything more than you…because I've never loved anyone more than you…but I don't want to just have an affair with you mom, I want us to have something

more...something new...I don't even know what to call it but I'm ready to see where our love will take us...are you mom...without any reservations?"

"Yes baby...I'm ready...no more affairs...I'm ready to start loving you forever...I'm ready to do anything to...be yours...I'm ready to love my beautiful boy."

We went into my bedroom and undressed each other between long, deep kisses. I'd almost forgotten how silky her skin was, how fully her breasts filled my hand, how wet her pussy could get. I wanted everything at once and my hands roamed all over her. I held my mother's sopping pussy for a moment in my palm as she inhaled deeply. I felt the puffy circles behind her erect nipples between my fingers as I sucked on the tips. They seemed longer and harder than ever and I was practically chewing on them when mom said she could feel it all the way down to her pussy. She pinched my nipples playfully as she pulled away from me to get to my cock. I could feel her hunger as she filled her mouth with me. Her head bobbed as she frenetically drew back and forth on the shaft. She used her tongue to paint my leathery sack with saliva and then

continued to the tip where she sucked out the small amount of white cum that had appeared.

The first time my mother had sucked my cock, all I heard was the ocean rushing in my ears and all I felt was the urge to come. This time the delight of her mouth on me was there to savor. Every movement of her soft lips on my shaft registered, every lick of my mother's hot tongue left a trace of electricity along my cock. I looked down at my beautiful mother and could hardly believe the moans that came from her were because her son's cock was in her mouth - because my cock was in her mouth. She looked up at me and said, "I missed this Robby; I missed all the things you did to me. I missed the way your cock fills me. I missed loving you".

The most beautiful sight in this world is when someone filled with love is looking at you. My mother looked up at me that way.

I urged her to stand so I could take her dress off and hold her warm sweet body on mine, so I could kiss her with all the love I felt for her. Between each kiss she repeated, "You're my darling...my darling...my darling..." My hand

massaged between her legs and she lifted one foot onto the bed to give me access. I slipped my cock up into my mother's warm and slippery pussy and returned my lips to hers. We could have stood there all night.

I let my hands glide up and down her silky back to the curve of the meaty globe that I kneaded with my fingertips. I slowly raised and lowered myself as my cock slid up into her. As we kissed and touched and loved she said, "I want you so much Robby…more every day…I want to give you everything." I was so hot for her at that moment that even being in her pussy wasn't enough for me. I wanted something I'd never had from her and reached around to her ass and slipped a finger that was slickened by her pussy juices deep into the small hole. Her mouth was by my ear and she was repeating, "Yes…yes…yes…"

I alternately played with her pucker and drove my finger into her. I could tell she liked it by the sounds she made as she squirmed around on my probing finger. As my finger moved around inside her ass she said, "Yes honey…make me yours…that's what I want…to belong to you…make me yours baby." I directed her onto the bed and she knew what I wanted because it was what she wanted. Her round ass was

raised and her hands spread the globes in anticipation of my entry. She said "Do it baby…do it…put it in your momma's ass."

I knew I should probably get some lubrication to get into her small hole but I didn't want to wait. I used saliva to ease the initial insertion. The sight of my mother waiting for me to put my cock into her behind had made it into a straining straight rod. I pushed hard to get passed the tight ring and she let out a loud "OH". The knob of my cock was on fire as her ring closed around the back of it. It seemed as if she had stretched to the limit to accommodate my fullness.

As I started to force the shaft deeper into her ass she started talking loudly as if to mask the pressure she must of felt from having my thickness opening her that way. "Yes baby" she said. "Yes Robby…yes…I've waited for months to have you in me again…day after day I went over it…telling myself it wasn't fair to you…you're my son…but all I could think about was having you back in my arms and mouth and…back in your mommy's pussy…I even wanted you there…where your big cock is filling me up now." The deeper I got into her ass the louder she got. "Oh honey…nobody ever…fucked me there…yes baby…in your

mother's ass...for you...only for my baby... what I need...oh...your so deep in me...it's so good to have you in me again...fuck me Robby...please fuck me...please fuck me..."

Her whimpering had almost become crying and I soothed her with my hands and words telling her how much I'd missed her and how much I loved her. My pumping slowed almost to a stop as I ministered to her but she wanted more. "Don't stop baby...please don't stop...fuck me...fuck me...do it for me...do it for your mommy...do it baby...do it..."

I pounded into her and gave her what she wanted. "Yes mother...yes...this is for you...for you..." As each stroke speared into my mother's hot ass she cried out with pleasure. I gave her the full length of my cock until I was pressed up against her meaty globes. It felt so good to know that my mother needed me this way and loved me this way. I pumped hard enough to make a slapping sound as I contacted her fleshy spheres. We were both almost incoherent when my orgasm hit. When the first shot of cum jetted into my mother's ass, she screamed and came with spasms and trembling. I'd never seen her experience

an orgasm that intense. As her whimpering sighs decreased she turned to share an unending kiss.

There are times when words fail; that was one of those times. It seemed as if we were both in a state of non-ordinary reality; the place where your emotions allow you touch the love that surrounds us all but is usually just out of reach. Before we fell asleep my mother whispered, "I loved having you in me like that…so big…I was so filled with you…I thought you would split me…but it was so good sweetheart…so good." I kissed her eyes good night.

Hours later, a soft light illuminated my mother's lovely breasts as I awoke. She was up and watching me. We just smiled at each other as she glanced at my hardening cock. I took her beautiful heavy breasts into my hands and I felt the weight of each as her nipples elongated into my palms. She gently stroked between my legs and I asked her, "Mom, when did you know?"

"You mean about wanting you honey? The first time I had you in me I thought, 'after waiting all this time this is what I need; how strange…my son's cock is inside me and I'm at

peace... it's incest...I'm his mother but I'm past that now... because I know it's my son's love and my son's loving that I want...my son's loving is what I need.' Most of the time, I never thought I could really have you because I thought that I shouldn't. I figured I was going to get old and never have the only one that could make me happy. I thought...oh baby it doesn't matter now...all that matters is that we love each other...and you're in my hand...and in my mouth..."

With that, she straddled over my legs on all fours and my cock slowly disappeared into her mouth. As her tongue pushed and pressed she took me to that 'other' place. No one could do to me what she did and I said, "Mom, everything with you is the best."

She stopped long enough to smile up at me and say, "That's because I love you the best." I watched enraptured as my cock filled my mother's mouth. Both of her hands surrounded me as her thumbs massaged my balls. She rolled her hot tongue around the swollen spongy head and then took the knob between her lips and sucked it hard. Time and again she teased me as I waited for her mouth to envelope me. When finally she filled her mouth with my cock, I started thrusting as much of it as I could get into her,

over and over again. She rubbed the sides of my shaft with both hands as she sucked. Every once in a while she would relax her throat and take most of the length of me down; I couldn't believe the sight or the sensations I was feeling.

I watched my mother loving me. I watched my mother sucking on her son's cock until I couldn't watch anymore because my unstoppable eruption had begun. I bucked up into her mouth and she stayed on me as my moans punctuated each release. I couldn't tell how many times I filled her mouth with my cum, but I didn't see a drop escape her lips. When she had sucked me dry I was exhausted and she came up and kissed my forehead and said, "My sweet tasting boy...my sweet love"

She started getting up but I pulled her back in bed and began licking the outer lips of my mother's pussy. They were glistening with her juices. My tongue slid easily all over the fleshy covering and into her inviting hole. I snaked in as far as I could reach and flicked at her insides. She moaned when I licked my way to her clit and applied pressure with the tip of my tongue. I circled with the mix of my saliva and the juice from her wet pussy and I could sense the trembling of her soft thighs besides my head. "Oh

Robby baby, don't ever stop loving me and don't ever stop wanting me. I need your love…I need this…I need this…"

My mother was squirming and grabbing my head as I sucked her. She couldn't stay still; she raised and lowered herself off the bed. She stiffened and stretched her hands and legs as her moans and exclamations got louder. Finally she said, "Give me your cock baby…give momma your big cock."

I wasn't quite ready to enter her yet but I laid my cock over her soft wetness and slid up and down over it. My mother's spreading pussy brought my cock to life. Within a minute I sank my hardened shaft into my mother's waiting opening. She made a sweet noise as I penetrated her fully and I asked her, "Does that feel good mom?"

"Yes baby, it feels perfect. When you're in me this way I want it to go on forever."

I stroked her with my love and with my cock until we were both bathed in perspiration and continued until I could feel

the heat inside her from the friction. The walls of her channel grasped at me as she involuntarily flexed and practically flailed her arms. My pitch and grunts and pounding got higher and harder as we both got closer to orgasm. I reached up deep into her belly until it seemed my cock was at the end of her and our bodies touched at every point. She begged for release. "Come in me love…come in your momma…oh Robby…Robby…make me come…baby…now…make me…oh God…come with me…OH…OH…OH…"

The first hard stream of cum shot into her and she laughed at the relief of coming. She bucked a few times while we both thrashed. Her arms and legs wrapped tightly around me as I fought to complete the last thrusts that left her pussy filled with my hot cum. After a long satisfied sigh, she placed lots of small kisses all over my face and I laughed because I could hardly breathe from the strength of the hold she had on me. And that was our hope for the future; the hold we had on each other.

As she lay in my arms afterwards she said, "If this is the first night of our 'something new', I can't wait to see what tomorrow brings." Her soft tender lips reached for mine.

Tomorrow rarely brings what people expect. We were no exception. We were uncomfortable in the community we lived in and moved. We wanted to be together as much as possible so we opened a toy store using most of our resources. What we knew about business could fill a thimble but we were friendly and worked hard to develop a small following. We eked out a living until the economy turned and unemployment rose drastically in our town.

We were working long hours and I became irritable and a lot less loving. It was a slippery slope that took me from blue to black. I started stopping off for a 'few' and came home later and later. I even accused her of 'looking' at other men. My mother became unhappier and that only annoyed me more. At my lowest point I took up with one of the waitresses at the bar.

The affair was as unsatisfying as the taste it left in my mouth. I didn't like her and the sex was never once as good as it was with my mother. So why would I do it? Why indeed.

It didn't take long for my mother to figure it out. She was so hurt and uncomprehending she could hardly utter a word to me. I battered her with inanities about 'suffocation' and 'moodiness' and my 'we're not married' line. My rationalizations probably hurt her as much as my actions. She said she couldn't live like that and I said, "Fine, go."

A day or two later I heard from Brian; we had stayed in touch and spoke every few weeks. I asked him how things were going and while talking about his relationship with his mother he said something that struck me; he said that being with his mom had showed him that when you love someone, you want to give more than you take. When I thought about it I realized that was what my mother had been doing all along; that was how she loved me. When I came home she was asleep on the couch and I just sat and watched over her. All I could think was that I loved this woman and wanted her to be happy.

That night when I saw her start to pack, the enormity of what I had done hit me. I couldn't breathe. I knew in my heart how much I needed her but somewhere else I thought she would always be there no matter what I did. The sight of her suitcase brought my life back into focus. I begged her

to stay and give me the chance to make it right. I promised to stop drinking and said to her, "Mom it doesn't matter that we have thirty dollars in the bank, I only need you; please let me be your love again."

My mother's forgiving heart opened to me but it was years before I forgave myself. That night she told me why the remark I had made about not being married had been so upsetting to her. We were lying in bed and I told her about the fantasy I had had for years about her on the phone. She laughed and said, "I've had one of my own too baby." I kissed her and urged her to tell me about it. As she began to talk I rested my hand on the satiny material that covered my mother's pussy and massaged gently.

"From when I was a girl," she said, "I fantasized about my wedding day. It starts after the ceremony and I'm in a room alone waiting for my husband to join me so we can change and leave on our honeymoon. I take off the dress and I'm in all the frilly white garters, underwear and stockings when my new husband walks in. It's a little embarrassing...when I realized that I loved you as a woman and not only as your mother, you were the first actual person I ever put in my fantasy...and when you see me standing there and you say,

'Let me love you, my beautiful wife'. So when you said that stuff about us not being married it kind of jolted me."

"I'm sorry mom…I…"

"No baby, that's not why I'm telling you this; I'm telling you because I want to be close to you and let you understand." She covered the hand that was rubbing her pussy and continued. "You see baby, for me we were married…we were always married…you were always the one who came to me on my wedding day…every time I had the fantasy…you came as my husband and made love to me…"

"Tell me what we did mom."

"No baby, it's better if I show you what we did."

My mother went to her drawer and took out a white bra, panties and stockings. She put them on and stood before me. I told her, "Let me love you, my beautiful wife." She opened her arms to me as her eyes filled and I felt a tightening in my throat. We kissed softly at first and then as

hungrily as if it was that first day. I devoured her mouth as her tongue teased and promised. I started to say, "Mom I'll never..."

She covered my mouth with her hand saying "No baby, shhhh...everything is okay...momma's here. " She reached into my briefs and touched the hardness she always brought me to. I went to my knees and pulled off her panties and started sucking the moist lips at her center. I held her legs apart at the junction of the silky stockings and her smooth thighs. I could always make my mother come quickly with a circling pressure on her clit. Her short spasmodic cries and the unintentional pulling of my hair soon announced her first climax.

My mother took a few shaky steps to sit on the edge of the bed after coming. I stroked her hair as she rested her head on me. When she caught her breath, she began kissing my cock over my briefs. The straining hardness became evident through the tented cotton. She reached in to free me and I was so stiff I thought she would break it off. Any discomfort was quickly eased as her mouth enveloped me.

I'm convinced that nobody could ever suck me the way my mother does. Her hands, mouth and tongue could each do me in. When all three are attending at once, it's as intense as it gets. I had to stop her a few times because I wanted to come inside her. She took a few more long licks on the underside before I had to pull away.

When I brought myself back from the brink, I spread her legs and prepared to enter her. I sank deep into her pussy immediately. I couldn't remember her ever being so sopping wet. When I gave her the few more inches I had left, I hit the spot she calls her 'pleasure place'. As I contacted it over and over my mother said, "Yes baby, that's it...there...there...yes...I have all of you in me...oh Robby...my sweet son...you're my husband...my lover...everything..."

As I approached the moment of exquisite release, I thought, "Yes mom that's all I ever want to be." I held the globes of my mother's ass that were at the edge the bed and began pumping my ejaculate into her. Each hard stream led to another. Somewhere in the distance I could hear her coming too as the rush enveloped me. It was like the opening of floodgates as more and more cum poured into her saturated channel. I pushed deep into her a final time

taking her breasts in my hands and pressed them between my fingers - probably too hard. The mixture of noises that came from my mother became muffled as I covered her mouth with mine. I stayed pressed into her long after we each finished our final diminishing spasms. It was a moment of exquisite peace. That weekend I surprised her with matching gold bands.

As it turned out, business turned around when a little stuffed animal called a "Beanie Baby" came out. We sold them as fast as we got them. That took a lot of pressure off and we settled into a new life that surprisingly included Brian and his mom for a while. We were 'unfaithful' with them. Actually we never saw them but our 'affair' with them began when I talked to Brian one day and he said something about his always thinking that my mom was a 'hot piece of ass'. I laughed and said, "Do you want to tell her that; she's sitting right here?"

He took it as a challenge and said that he would. I put her on and after they were done talking and I had finished my conversation with him, she told me all the things he'd said. He told her how beautiful he'd always found her and what

a spectacular body she had. I asked her if it turned her on and she smiled and her raised eyebrows said "yes".

That incident gave me an idea. I asked my mother if she thought phone sex with Brian and his mom might be fun and she said she'd be willing to try it. We talked it over and agreed that we would only do it if all four of us were on at the same time. We got headsets so we could talk 'hands free'.

The first time we did it Brian talked to my mother. I had told him that she sometimes fantasizes about 'rough' sex and that's where he went with it. Mom had on a light knit dress and I suggested she take off her bra and panties, which she did. As he started telling her how he was going to strip her, I could see was getting hot but she wasn't sure what to do about it. I unbuttoned the top of the dress and exposed one of her breasts. I put it in her hand so she could play with the nipple. I watched it stiffen as he described how he was going to touch her all over. I took out the other tit and fastened my mouth on it. I didn't know what Brian's mom was doing on the other end but I could hear him breathing harder as he spoke.

Brian was quick to pick up the cues my mother gave him. When mom said she could feel him behind her he said "Yes Sharon that's right…I'm going to fuck you in your favorite hole…I'm going to butt-fuck you so hard you're going to think a steel pipe was shoved up your ass…I'm going to stretch that dark, hot hole of yours with my big cock."

Mom was really into it now and she was just repeating, "Yes…yes…yes" over and over. By this time I had her dress up to her waist and was licking the sweet juices on her pussy. It was sort of a paradoxical situation, Brian is going on about how he's going to practically rape her and I'm gently circling my mother's clit with the tip of my tongue. At any rate, mom was going crazy.

As Brian started talking about shooting hot cum into my mother's ass, I realized he sounded like he really was about to come. I found out later that his mother was sucking him while all the talking was going on. When he did come, there was no doubt about it; he was gone and yelling. This brought mom close and she said, "Make me come baby…make me come." I fastened on her clit and drew it between my lips, flicking and sucking until she raised her

ass and gave a loud sigh. She stroked my hair and said, "You make momma come so good honey."

Over the following months our game of 'virtual unfaithfulness' evolved so that I did Brian's mom sometimes and she did me or mom did Brian while I 'worked' on her. The game trailed off over time. I guess none of us was interested in taking it to any other level because each of us loved the person we were with.

Today mom is fifty and it seems like yesterday and a lifetime ago that I first made love to her. It's been an unconventional life so far. The road isn't easy for any of us and we more than likely find the unexpected - hopefully along with acceptance, joy, and love.

I still find her as sexy now as I did the first time she turned me on. Last night we sat on the couch and kissed for about an hour before we went to bed. I love kissing her and I love loving her. She told me that it makes her happy that after all this time we still want each other as much as we do. She told me, "Robby, I love doing everything with you honey but I have to tell you, that the first time I let you have anal

sex with me I thought I was doing it more for you than me. I wanted to give that to you but now when we do it, I do it for me. Do you know, when I fantasize at work sometimes, you're always filling me that way…deep in my ass?" She said the last part in a whisper and laughed. Even now she's a bit embarrassed to say things like that unless it's while we're having sex.

Of course as soon as we went to bed she was on her stomach and my hands went to her ass. I urged her onto her knees and her pussy and asshole were well exposed. I licked her in both places for the first time and it sent a shiver through her. I stood and started on her pussy. I pushed in to the hilt and her wetness coated my cock. The bed bounced as I speared into her and at the end of each thrust she yelled into the pillow. I came out of her pussy with her juices slathered over my cock.

I approached her at an angle. I bent my knees to position the knob of my cock on my mother's asshole. Her honey on my cock was enough to ease the initial insertion although she did inhale a loud "OH" as I entered. When I started pressing into her the movement of the bed again bounced her up to meet my cock, which went deeper into her. Her

moaning sounds told me how much she liked it, and then she told me. "Yes baby…like that…yes…I love it when you do it like that…oh fuck…yes…Robby…Robby…"

As I penetrated to her depths, I slowed and made each insertion long and deep. I loved listening to the sounds of pleasure escaping my mother's lips when I pushed my cock as far into her ass as it would go. As my hard shaft was squeezed in her hot channel, I could feel myself getting ready to come. When I couldn't wait anymore, I began giving it to her as fast and as hard as I could. I wanted to hear her voice as I filled her ass with my cum and I said, "Tell me what you want mom…tell me what you need."

She said, "I want you honey… you… in my mouth…in my pussy…I want you in my ass…I need you in me…loving me…loving me…"

Cords of cum exploded out of me and as our slippery juices mixed, I heard my mother's loud cries of orgasm. Even when I thought I was finished, mom brought one last exquisite release out of me. As we rested in each other's

arms and I listened to my mother's trailing soft murmurs I said, "How can we both come so hard after all these years?"

Mom smiled and said, "Because we love each other baby…because we love each other." We kissed for a long time.

THE END

A Model Mom

It was difficult for me to watch her stretch and exercise at home every morning. She did that in addition to her workout at the spa. She wore black shorts and a black tee shirt; neither covered much. She always wore a bra when exercising but her nipples were evident anyway. It's difficult to watch a beautiful woman bending and spreading even if she is your mother. At least it was for me.

She usually was up before me and when I came to greet her she always had a smile and a sing-song "Good morning Christopher, how are you?" She would stop to do her ritual with me. She would kiss my eyes and then point to two spots where she wanted me to kiss her. It could be her cheek, her neck or the corner of her mouth: each morning, different places. She didn't know what she did to me.

I've seen my mother in her bra and panties many times. It's possible you've seen her too. She was a model and she's been in lots of catalogs and some ads in magazines. She was in "New Woman" for skin cream. The ad said, "Now 53 can

look like 35 again". Mom is seated with her back to you. You can see her smiling face in profile and a hint of the curve of the full breast under her arm. The way she's lit makes her look like unending smooth skin from head to toe. It's another picture for my scrapbook.

I had always found my mother attractive. When I was very young I thought she was pretty; when I got older I knew she was sexy. As a teenager I started masturbating with her in mind, almost always her. She has lovely breasts and I took every opportunity to look. The soft mounds in her bra always intrigued me and when she went without her bra, I was hard all day.

On rare occasions she would have a friend stay over and mom and I slept in the same room because the guest used my bedroom. I remember watching her undress in the dim light; I devoured her nipples and ass with my eyes and the mystery between her legs fired my imagination.

Mom is just turning forty now; she started modeling when she was thirty and I was nine. An agent saw her in a mall and gave her his card. I think she got a lot of work because

her looks combine 'mature', 'sexy' and 'girl next door'. She was always there for me even after her career began; she never used it as an excuse not to do things with me.

Her name is Alexis but she modeled under the single name 'Jennifer'; which is what she preferred to be called. I have pictures of her beautiful body from every angle. Most boys had things like Playboy, I had mom.

I loved going on the shoots with her whenever possible. I'd go into her dressing room and sometimes help her in and out of the clothes. Nudity is common on the shoots: sometimes she'd change on the street behind a blanket, sometimes she'd take off her bra in front of me when she was in a hurry. Once she sat topless for fifteen minutes and did her makeup while I sat behind her looking into the mirror.

I had sex for the first time in Las Vegas. Mom had a shoot there and she took me with her as a present for my eighteenth birthday. She fell asleep on my shoulder on the plane and I got hard. Her smells were intoxicating even though she wore very little perfume. I could smell the

powder she wore and her fragrant hair. I could smell her warm skin.

She had the light airline blanket on her. I pulled it to her shoulder. I slid my hand under it and laid it on her breast. I closed my eyes and pretended to be asleep should she awaken. She didn't. Her breathing stayed even for a long time as I gently molded my hand to her full breast and fondled it. My cock strained in my pants. The soft sweater let me imagine I had had my mother's bare tit in my hand. My fantasies took flight until the announcement of our landing made her stir and I reluctantly let go.

When she opened her eyes and stretched I asked, "How was your sleep mom?"

She smiled the warm smile that always made me melt and said, "It was lovely dear, very sweet."

Mom spent the day working and I spent the day getting 'charged up' looking at all the beautiful women at the casinos and hotels on the strip. I made the acquaintance of

a waitress who let me know that she also indulged in extra-curricular activities. I had been with a few girls and done a few things but I was still technically a virgin. I was determined to be one no longer. I made an appointment with my new friend. When mom left for a meeting with the client, the girl came up. We sat for a few minutes and talked and then I heard a knock at the door. It was my mother.

She looked in and said, "The meeting was cancelled and I thought we could spend the time together." She had seen my 'friend' and just said, "Honey do something for me; please ask her to go."

I gave the girl some money; she shrugged and left. Mom came over to me and said, "Have you slept with a woman before?"

I told her I hadn't. "Honey this isn't the way to do it, you don't know what that girl might have and wouldn't you want your first time to be with someone you care about?"

"Sure but I was just so turned on today and I'm never going to have the person I really want."

"Why wouldn't you?"

"Because...oh... you wouldn't understand mom."

"Maybe I would sweetheart... I know you were touching me on the plane."

"Oh...God...you weren't sleeping...and you let me?"

"I was sleeping at first but when I felt you fondling me I woke up. It felt good and you were touching me so lovingly I let you do it." She kissed me fully and said, "Since you've grown up, you've been turning me on; let me be your first. I haven't made love in such a long time; it'll almost be like a first time for me too. Just promise me one thing baby, after tonight, you won't ask me again. It will just be something for us both to remember."

She took the blankets off the bed and turned off the lamp. I turned it back on and said "I've seen you in the dark but I've been waiting a long time to see you in the light." She laughed and we turned on every light in the room.

She took all her clothes off and stood unashamed in front of me. Her beauty overwhelmed me. I'll admit I'm not very objective because she's been the object of my love and lust for so long but I still think that my mother naked would impress anyone. I didn't know what to kiss or touch or finger first.

I started where I started as a child, sucking on her nipple that reached out for my tongue as it entered my mouth. The soft guttural moans my mother was making sent a line of electricity through me. I stood and gazed between her legs. I was mesmerized. I saw the fine beads of moisture that were forming on the fine trimmed hair through which I could see my mother's reddening pussy lips. I moved to the folds between her legs and mouthed her hungrily. I could almost feel her swelling in my mouth as the juice covered my lips. I could feel her smile as my tongue slid along her opening to find her clit.

"Darling" she said, "You're making me feel so good; I'm so wet for you...darling...darling" I loved hearing that endearment for the first time from my mother's mouth: the beautiful mouth that would bring many first pleasures to me that night.

I worked my way around her body with kisses and licks. I took my clothes off because I thought either the zipper or my cock was going to break. Mom looked at me fully erect and said, "You're going to make a lot of girls happy with that."

I said, "I only want to make you happy with it." I knew I was bigger than most because I've seen enough in the team locker room; I just wasn't sure I knew how to use it. Mom helped – a lot.

She opened her pussy lips for me and showed me her swollen clitoris. I licked and sucked at the pink until my mouth and chin were soaked. I could feel her start to vibrate as she said, "Baby...baby...you don't know what you're doing to your momma...it's so good...OH...OHH..." She stiffened

and arched pressing her pussy against my mouth and holding my head. The sounds she made as she came were an aphrodisiac to me. "Oh my honey...yes do that to momma ...there...there...yes...fuck...OHHH..." With her final cry, I almost came without my cock being touched.

It was touched. It was sucked, licked, and slathered over before my mother was done with it. My first entry into my mother's mouth was almost a shock: her warm lips and tongue massaged the tightly stretched skin on my shaft and she circled the spongy head until I thought I would explode. I fought to keep from coming, wanting her to suck me forever. She kept telling me how big it was in her mouth and how much she loved sucking me. "My beautiful big cock" she called it. "All for your momma...all for me" she said. It was a miracle I lasted as long as I did. I blew my first load into her mouth. By the time I was done there was cum on the bed, on her face, on her tits and I can't imagine how much was in her mouth. I didn't know there was that much cum in me.

I thought I was done but my mother had other ideas. About five minutes later I was hard as a rock again after she played with me, telling me, "I can't wait for you to be in me...in

your momma's pussy...the pussy that wants your big cock so badly...now baby...now."

When my cock finally entered my mother's sweet pussy she said, "Easy baby...easy...OH...it's so big...you're so hard for your momma, aren't you? This is what I need honey...I need you in my cunt, in my pussy...fucking me...fucking me." It was what I needed too. She was so wet and I told her how good it felt to be so deep in her. "You're so good in me baby," she said, "filling me all up". My mother's slippery passageway was a haven for my cock, a warm safe place I never wanted to leave. With every slow push in and out of her, she whispered something sweet. Her hands stroked me, as I loved her with my cock. I had dreamed and fantasized of being inside my mother so many times; this was better than all my imaginings.

We fell into a rhythm and enjoyed it for a while and then she'd shift. I saw every part of her from every angle. I loved taking her from behind, holding her tits and getting high enough in her to feel myself against her ass. I loved hearing the sounds my mother made because my cock was in her. I loved hearing her tell her son how good he made her feel and how much she wanted it from him. With my cock

buried between my mother's legs I whispered to her, "I'm in love with you."

In the few hours before dawn she slept in my arms with my hand gently resting on her breast. I inhaled the sweet aromas of our lovemaking; the feel of my mother's body touching mine burned itself into my sensory awareness. I made myself stay up because I didn't want the night to end and I didn't want to face a tomorrow in which all our loving was only a memory.

The next day came despite my efforts and we went home. Not a moment went by that wasn't colored by the rainbow of that night. During the following months even the gentlest effort to push past a hug or a kiss on my part was set aside by my mother's smile to remind me of my promise.

I didn't press her no matter how intense my need became because a painful change came over her during this time. The work started to dry up. The agency stopped calling and she started getting depressed. It wasn't the money; I had a

job and she had invested well. That they didn't want her anymore tortured her.

I was afraid as I watched her slowly descend into obsessions and depressions. All I heard was, "When did I get ugly? Am I fat? Am I out of shape?" Once she said, "Chris, do you think I should have my breasts made bigger? All the models today are so big."

I told her "Mom you have the most perfect breasts I ever saw. They fit your body and your body is perfect."

She thanked me and came to hug me. She stayed in my arms for a long time as I soothed her with stroking hands and words. I wanted her so much and I wanted to help her so much more. That was the last display of emotion I saw from her for a long while.

Her body wasn't the problem. It's the modeling business: where the appetite for 'new' faces is voracious and after a certain age they throw you away. At 39 she was just too old. Of course I told her how beautiful she was and tried to

soften the blow but the fact remained - that part of her life was over. She was lucky to have gotten as many years and as much money as she did. She didn't want to hear any of that kind of talk.

She went to different doctors - same name: Dr. Feelgood. So it was uppers, downers and sleeping pills. I was going to move out but she was becoming helpless. A few nights I had to help her to bed. I left her in bra and panties. I kissed her pretty face before leaving. Each time she gave me a small smile and slept. I tried to help in every way I knew how. But after all was said and done, as far as my life went, I'd come to accept certain truths: I loved and wanted her, and I was losing her.

One night I went into her bedroom. She opened her eyes and just looked at me as I sat on the bed. I didn't say anything because I was breathing so hard. I opened her nightgown to her waist and exposed her. I fondled and kissed the breasts I was longing for. I started to take one of her perfect nipples into my mouth. There was no reaction and no words. I kissed her and said, "Mom I love you; I want to sleep with you."

She shrugged blankly and said, "If you want."

I'd been waiting to hear a word of sexual encouragement from her for a long time but not those words, that way. It pained me to hear her because I knew what she was saying: "I don't care if you sleep with me, I don't care if you don't; I don't care if I live and I don't care if I don't." I left the room. We didn't say another word to each other during the following day.

It had been a particularly brutal summer. The next day, the clouds became ominously dark. By nightfall it was teeming: hot, thunderous unceasing sheets of rain. I was trying to get mom to eat something. I asked her what she wanted and she said, "...I want to model...I want to be a model like I used to be."

I couldn't stand it anymore. I grabbed her wrist and took her into the backyard. I yelled at her over the din of the pounding rain: "I want it not to be raining, I want to be in Paris, I want you to be happy, I want...Las Vegas...I want you to love me again."

We stood for a moment as the water cascaded off us and then she started crying. She turned to me and came into my arms. She held me as tight as she ever had and she began trembling. She said, "Oh Chris honey...I'm sorry baby... I'm sorry".

She kissed me as if we'd apart for years. Her mouth clung to mine as her tongue made promises it would soon keep. Her wet lips then slid over my face covering it with kisses. "Come inside love" she said. Those words revived us.

She wouldn't stop kissing me. I didn't want her to. She kissed the rain from my eyes and licked it from my lips. Our clothes ended up in a puddle in the middle of the floor. Our hands explored every inch of each other's body as we kissed long and languidly. Her nipples responded to my mouth and elongated as my tongue circled the soft flesh around them. My mother's soft hands hardened me.

She built my excitement to a fever pitch and she finally opened her legs and said, "Come to me baby, I want you".

I entered her slowly and the relief was transporting. I pushed my cock deeper into my mother's pussy and her sweet juices eased the way. I spoke to her as our rhythm meshed. "It's so good to be in you mom...inside you...my beautiful Jennifer..."

She said, "No love...your Alexis...your Alexis...oh I need you here baby."

Her words started to make me cum. I stopped and kept myself from pumping to complete satisfaction and was able to stay inside her. I was so high on the sex that I hardened again after a few minutes of her talking and stroking me. I turned her so she was on top and she sat up and rode my cock.

"Chris baby, your so deep in me this way I can feel you at the end of me...oh Christopher you take good care of your momma...I love this feeling...don't stop loving me...please don't stop...promise me Chris, promise me."

"I promise mom, you never have to think about that. I'll always be here, loving you."

"Will you baby...will you?"

"Yes love, yes...yes...yes." I punctuated each word with a hard thrust up into her belly and each punctuation brought a deep moan from her. I watched as my stiff rod appeared and disappeared into her pussy. My cock was slathered with my mother's juices that eased my way into the depths of her center.

She closed her eyes and threw her head back as short loud cries came from her. "Chris...Chris...love me...fuck me...fuck me...fuck me..." Mom came hard, impaling herself on my stiff rod over and over until she shuddered and sighed and rested on my chest laughing. "God that was good, the last time I came that good we were in Las Vegas."

She started to move and I said "No mom stay there." I held her ass. We kissed again stopping only for words of love as our tongues played to stirrings below. I wanted never to be

out of her. I sat up and we held each other, still connected. I felt her hard nipples and soft breasts on my chest. I put my finger into her ass and she responded. I responded. I was stiff again as my mother gently ground her hips. As she took me up I thought of every place in her I wanted to be; every place I would be before the night was over.

I sucked as much of her big tit into my mouth as her pussy pulled on me. I drew on the nipple and grazed it with my teeth and my mother let out a little squeal. She laughed as I went for the other tit. When I had made her nipples into puffs of sore pink flesh, I took to her mouth. I was ravenous for her and her lips were as swollen as her nipples when I finished kissing her. I flipped her on her back before she could bring me off and stroked her pussy, holding back as we both rose to a higher plateau. She held my ass and said, "Never stop baby...never stop wanting me like this...never stop wanting your momma's pussy...your pussy...your pussy...your pussy..."

I couldn't imagine ever not wanting that pussy or not feeling the way her loving made me feel. This time I didn't hold back, I put my thumb on my mother's clit and waited just long enough for her to come with me. I shot the first jet

of cum and mom responded with violent thrusts as she held on to my shoulders. Our moaning commingled as did our cum. She kissed me long and hard until we were done – for a while.

Each time I fell asleep, my hard cock would wake me up before we'd had an hour of rest. I took it to my mother's mouth and she sucked it excitedly, wildly licking the shaft from the tip down to my balls. The last time I came in her mouth it was early morning, as I sucked her clit and felt her taking cord after cord of cum. With a long moan she quivered in orgasm. I heard her soft words, "Oh...so much cum...so much cum...so good baby..." We licked each other clean and slept until noon.

When I awoke, I expected to feel my hard dick resting up against my mother's warm ass as I had in the middle of the night but she was already up. I found the table set and mom was smiling as she poured the coffee. "It's a good thing I don't have to go anywhere today...I can hardly walk." We both laughed and before she could point, I gave a sucking kiss to both of her nipples through the white tee shirt she wore. She looked at me seriously and said, "I never came

like I did last night." She gave me a gentle kiss with her soft smile.

That day I used three rolls of film taking pictures of mom. When I had them developed, she thought they were pretty good. It helps that she's a great model. I got interested and took some courses and learned my way around a camera.

The first session where I asked mom to pose 'sexy' for me was a disaster – as far as picture taking went. No sooner did she show some skin and give me that 'I have something for you' look in her eyes than I was on top of her, unbuttoning and unzipping. It also didn't help that what she had for me was that crazy-making body that I could never get enough of. We did lots more love making than picture taking.

As time went on, I took shots of her from every conceivable angle and in every possible pose. We posted some of them at a free picture web site and she got lots of fan email. The pictures also turned up at other sites that had 'borrowed' them. One called her "Sonia the beautiful busty mature" and that name has popped up all over the web. I don't know where they got the 'Sonia' from but the rest fits.

Last night, when we went to bed I asked mom why she had changed her mind about her 'one time deal', she said, "My mind questioned if we should be lovers, but my body answered that it wanted you and my heart answered that it loved you."

Her words sent a jolt to my cock and it sprang against her. As she kissed me she wrapped her hand around me and said, " I love this cock and I love when it fills me and spreads me and makes me sore." She bent over me and I pushed the swollen knob that stood on the fully erect staff into my mother's mouth. She knew now what I liked and sucked me so well, teasing with her tongue and massaging with her lips. She took the cock out of her mouth and ran her lips and tongue and teeth along the shaft. She licked out the pre-cum that appeared at the tip squeezing more of it out by pressing her fingers under my throbbing cock.

I told her how much I wanted her to be mine and she said, "I am for you baby, for my sweet Chris...momma's pussy is only for you baby...I'm your lover, your momma, I'm your pussy."

I was raging hard and wanted to be inside her. I directed my mother to her hands and knees and approached her from behind. I pointed my cock at her pussy and her willing folds slid open to accept the thick meat into her waiting channel. Her cunt made wet sounds as I pumped a few times to drive deeper into my mother's hole. I reached to cup and fondle one of her big tits that were hanging and freely swaying. Mom moaned as my cock stroked the walls of her pussy. She licked her lips and asked for more. "Give me your big fat cock baby...give it to your momma...it's for me isn't it baby...for me?"

"Yes mom" I told her, "It's only for you...always for you." I picked up the speed of my thrusts and began banging hard into her sopping cunt with every inch of meat I had for her. She was moaning loudly when one of my long strokes inadvertently plunged my cock into her ass. She screamed.

I didn't realize what had happened; mom was whimpering and I asked her what was wrong. She said, "Oh honey you were in my ass and I didn't expect it...it was so big in there...is that what you wanted?"

I didn't realize it until then but I did want it. Looking at her round ass as I was pushing into her pussy had been tantalizing. I said, "Do you think you could take it mom?"

She said, "I'll try baby. Just do it slow."

I put my dick into her pussy to wet it. Her juices coated my cock and I placed the tip against her pink pucker. I slowly pushed past the ring until the rim of my cock was in her ass. Mom continued to exhort me to be gentle. I could hear the apprehension in her voice. "Easy baby...yes...oh...easy...you're so big...in my ass...oh honey...it's good..." I slowly pushed deeper into my mother's ass and I could feel her relax a bit. The channel was hot and throbbing and it almost felt like a hand as it pulsed around my cock.

I started stroking into my mother's ass and told her how good it felt. She said "Yes baby...I like it...I like how big your cock feels in me...oh...don't stop...don't stop." She reached back and spread her creamy globes as she buried her moans in the pillow. As I pumped harder into my mother's tight

chute I could hear the intensity of her muffled sounds. I leaned over her and went to rub her clit as I fucked her. I was surprised at what felt like cum juice soaking the hairs of my mother's pussy. I increased the speed of my strokes and by her noises I knew she was close.

My first spurt lubricated the way to our orgasms. It was almost like a yelling match as we both came. Even after coming her ass held me so tight, I continued stroking her as she called to me, "Chris...Chris...fuck...yes baby...my baby...so good for me baby...so good."

We held each other for a long while afterwards and she told me that she had what she needs now: her son, her love. And now I have what I've always needed and wanted, my model mom.

THE END

A Promise Made

I lived in the Coney Island section of New York with my mother and father when the world was a different place. It was like living within walking distance of Wonderland. The air was filled with the colors of the sideshows, the sounds of the rides, and the smells of the food stands. No matter how many times I was in the midst of it, I was always filled with awe. Even in the winter when everything was closed, the streets exuded excitement.

Another source of excitement I found at home. My mother had the most beautiful body in the world; at least that's how it seemed to me when I was young. I used to tease her about how sexy she was. She always called me her 'sweet liar' but I knew she was pleased whenever I told her. She never dressed to call attention to herself but the graceful curves of her breasts and hips were hard to miss. She would prove to be the focus of my sexual awakening and focus of sexual 'everything else' in my life.

The first time I ever touched my mother in a way that made my heart seem like it would pound out of my chest, we were in the house of horrors. It actually was nothing more than a dark tunnel that had flashing lights on masked dummies. I pretended to be excited about the ride and as I playfully held her arm, I pushed the back of my hand into the side of her breast and kept it there. The soft sweater and rounded fullness gave me feelings I didn't know what to do with. That was the trigger that shot my feelings for her in a direction most sons don't go in.

A few years later I had her lovely flesh in my hand. My mother and father had just finished one of their frequent fights and he had slammed the screen door and left. She was crying audibly in their room and I walked in to find her sitting on the bed with her face in her hands. She must have been in the middle of getting dressed when their fight started. She was wearing a white cotton bra and panties. The only other thing she had on was a tan stocking.

I was overwhelmed by the sight and stood stark still until she felt my presence. She was too upset to concern herself with her state of undress and when she looked up she only

said, “Oh Bobby…” as she kept on crying. I walked over to her to soothe her and stroked her soft blond hair.

I said, “Don’t cry mom…he’s a piece of shit.” By that time I hated my father for the way he treated us but this was the first time I had ever said anything like that to my mother. Her head was on my chest and I was looking at the full creamy cleavage that filled her bra. As I stroked her neck and shoulders I let my hand brush over the soft cotton bra. When I did it a few times and my mother didn’t seem to mind, I held one of her breasts and began fondling it. She was slow to react; then she covered my hand with hers and said, “Oh honey, you shouldn’t do that.” I told her I just wanted to touch her because she was so beautiful and she said, “No baby, I’m not beautiful any more, I’m just a used up woman that your father’s tired of.”

I was emboldened and said, “If he is, he’s an idiot. I would never get tired of you. Mom…If I wasn’t your son, I would want to be with you all the time…if I were the kind of person that you would want…”

“Of course you would be Bobby…”

“I wonder what it would be like mom…do you ever think…?”

“Oh Bobby…I…” She stopped talking and just stared off.

I said, “Would it be terrible if I just touched you here for a while?”

She hesitated a moment and said quietly, “No Bobby, it wouldn’t be terrible but…just for a minute.” I took the straps down and uncovered the full warm flesh. My mother closed her eyes. I had seen her breasts naked a few times before, in the dark when she thought I was asleep, but seeing the big pink nipples on her fair skin made my already hard dick press mercilessly against my fly. As I touched her she said, “Oh sweetheart…it feels so good…so good to be wanted again.”

For a long while, I followed the contours of her silky curves, thinking how beautiful the fine green veins looked under the translucent skin. I watched her nipples harden as I rolled them between my fingers. I wanted to do more but I

was hesitant and not even sure what to do. My mother sat there for the first ten minutes not moving. Then I heard her breathing steadily deepen as she put her hand over her panties. I watched in fascination to see what she was doing but her hand hardly moved. She seemed to be flexing and circling gently with her fingers. I asked, “Mom, can I kiss you?”

She opened her eyes and gave me a sweet smile, “Yes baby…yes.” I tasted her lips for a long time and then moved to her nipples. I held both big cones in my hand and alternately suckled. As I pulled deeply on the elongated rubbery tips I felt her flinch. She began shaking a little and saying, “Oh God…what am I…Oh Bobby…oh Bobby, oh…OH…OH.” I didn’t know what was happening; I thought maybe I was hurting her.

I said “Mom, are you okay, should I get you some water?”

She took the hand that was not between her legs and drew my head back to her breast. “Don’t stop, Bobby…don’t stop sucking.” I sucked her nipples hard, almost expecting sweet fluid to fill my mouth. I lashed the rubbery tip with my

tongue and her body twitched as she moaned. Finally her breathing calmed and she gave a long exhale. I must have looked at her with surprised naiveté because she then said to me as if she needed to explain, “You made me come Bobby.” She looked between my legs for a long moment and I was embarrassed by the evident bulge. Then as if she had decided something, she stood up. As she pulled up her bra she kissed me and said, “That was lovely Bobby, you made your momma feel good but promise me you won’t tell your father or anybody what happened.”

I said, “I promise mom; anyway, I wouldn’t tell that fuck if his hair was on fire.” I’d never said ‘fuck’ in front of her before but she just laughed and gave me a small kiss on the lips. I was ‘buzzing’ for hours after that and when I found one of her stockings in the bathroom; the intensity came back to me.

As I held the sheer nylon over my nose and mouth, I started rubbing my cock. I could smell her: her flesh, her legs, her sex. All my fantasies coalesced and I imagined myself between her creamy thighs. I was in her and she was smiling. I was in her and she was happy. I was in my mother’s pussy. I was fucking my mother…fucking her and

fucking her. As cum exploded from the tip of my jerking cock, I didn't even hear myself calling out, "Mom…mom…mom." It wasn't until my mother came to the door and asked if I was okay that I realized what had happened.

For days after that my mother gently rebuffed my attempts to touch her by saying "We shouldn't honey," or "your father will hear us." Although I masturbated a lot, I was still so frustrated that I told my only close friend Lee about the episode with my mother. I guess I wanted to re-live it. Lee made me re-live it time after time. He couldn't get enough no matter how many times or ways I told him the story. He made me describe every detail, every day, especially of my mother's body.

It didn't take long for it to come back and haunt me. Lee's mother called mine. It turned out that Lee had tried to feel his mother up. Between the slaps he took he must have said something like, "Bobby's mother let him." My mom convinced her that it was just adolescent fantasy and it never happened. Boy was she pissed. She glared at me for two days without saying a word. When she finally did, we had a long talk and I really understood what I had done.

Besides my apology, I determined never to go back on my word with her again; promises had to be kept. I told Lee that I had made it all up.

About a year later, I had sex with my mother. Things had gone from bad to worse with my father but mom felt she couldn't leave because we had no place to go and she had never had a job. I always told her that when I finished school I would get a job and we would move out.

On the night it happened my father was passed out drunk on the couch. When I came in she was standing all disheveled with her hands on the back of a chair, looking at him shaking her head. When she saw me she gave me a look of resigned desperation. I went up behind her and wrapped my arms around her.

We stood for a few moments and my cock hardened against her ass. She reached back over her shoulders and caressed my neck and put her fingers in my hair. I unbuttoned the dress and put one hand under her bra. There was no resistance. I lifted her dress and she stepped out of the panties I pulled down. I reached under her ass and held her

soft cunt in my hand. There was only a fine silky covering over her pussy lips. My arm rested between the well-rounded globes of her ass as I stroked my mother's humid center.

I took out my cock and attempted to insert it into my mother's pussy from behind. Mom realized that I was having some difficulty so she helped by putting one foot up on the chair and that gave me easy access to her moist opening. She pressed the head of my cock into her waiting pussy. With each push I went deeper into her channel. It was a tight fit and my mother's closed-mouth whimpers let me know that she liked what I was doing to her.

Our moans were hard to contain and my mother's fierce whispers were strained as she turned her head to get close to my ear and say, "Yes baby…you want your momma's pussy don't you…you love your momma don't you…you want to put your cock inside me don't you baby?"

I put my mouth on her ear and said, "Yes mom … yes…yes… I want your pussy…I want you mom…I want you…" My father was only two feet from us and I knew she was looking

at him with loathing and gloating as my cock moved up into her belly. Her son was fucking her as he lay there drunk and she was glad. I had never felt anything like it in my life. My mother's pussy seemed to be sucking on my cock as the walls of her channel grabbed the shaft inside her. With each stab of my swollen manhood my mother caught her breath. When she couldn't contain herself any longer she reached back and put her hand on me to stop me. She put her leg down and my cock came out of her.

Mom took me by the hand and led me to the bathroom upstairs. She took off her dress as I took off my jeans. She leaned over the vanity and used her hands to spread herself for me. My long shaft penetrated her pussy again and I started pumping harder as she grabbed the sink for balance. I pulled her bra under her breasts and took the globes I had longed for into my hands once again as I looked at her in the mirror. I couldn't believe that this beautiful woman who was my mother was letting me fuck her, wanting me to fuck her, telling me too fuck her…fuck her forever. That was all I ever wanted to hear.

Each gliding stroke into her slippery cunt brought me closer to the edge. I didn't know if my mother used

anything to keep from getting pregnant but at that moment I didn't care. She must have known that I was about to come because she stopped and said, "Wait baby…wait." She turned and there was a fierce look in her eyes. She kissed me hard and was flushed. When she pulled back she was talking under her breath unintelligibly. She reached into the cabinet and took out the Vaseline. She slathered it on my cock. I almost came as she rubbed it on. "Now" she said, "Fuck me in the ass… fuck that bastard's wife in the ass…fuck your mother in the ass …" I didn't do it.

I wanted to have her any way I could but the way she was out of control was alarming and made me stop. I just felt that it wasn't the right thing to do, not at that time. She was almost in tears, crazed and at the edge. She turned and looked at me with the pent up emotion of all the bad years on her face and slowly she dissolved. I've never seen tears that big or copious. She shook in my arms for ten minutes and when she finally calmed, she kissed me and said, "Thank you baby…thank you for loving me." I stroked her and soothed her for a long time and when she calmed, she began touching me tentatively. She took my cock into her hand. She said with a raised eyebrow and a smile as I hardened, "You might have done some damage with this

thing." She kissed me deeply and as she rubbed along the shaft she said, "Let momma take care of you."

In the space of one long kiss, my mother made me come. Her hands felt like velvet on my cock. She drew back and forth with her fist almost encircling the thickness of my shaft. I grabbed two handfuls of her hair as I felt my explosion approach. I moaned in her mouth as the first jet of cum made audible contact with her skin. I splashed on her belly and then on her thighs and I could feel her massaging the cum on her pussy while her tongue played in my mouth.

The next morning my worst fears were realized. I had spent the night anticipating my mother's remorse even though I felt none of it. I was only filled with love and desire. As soon as we were alone, we had the inevitable 'talk'. Through her tears mom said, "I'm so sorry baby…I've made such a mess of things…involving you…I was so angry and frustrated but it was selfish of me…it can't be right…doing these things…"

I kissed her cheek and held her and said, “We only loved each other mom…was it so bad to have me in you…loving you?”

“No baby…no…I don’t mean that it didn’t feel good…it felt wonderful… but…oh honey, if you weren’t my son there’s no one I would rather have…loving me…”

“Mom, I can’t pretend that I don’t want you…are we just going to…mom, I love you…I love you”

“Oh sweetie…I love you more than…oh God…I don’t know…I…” As we talked I stroked her back and gently kissed her cheek and neck each time I told her I loved her - which I did…and wanted her more than I had ever imagined wanting anything. Her breathing deepened and the talk stopped. Everything hung in the air and remained unresolved. She kissed me on the lips and said, “You’d better get to school, it’s only a month to your graduation” but not before her tongue had sought out mine and caressed it.

We didn't talk about what happened again but during the next weeks we spent every moment we could together. The more we found ourselves alone, the more kisses we shared. We walked every day on Surf Avenue amidst the crowds, sharing hot dogs and fries from Nathan's between kisses. We followed the shore to Brighton where we would find a place to hold and touch and kiss.

The summer Sunday when we had kissed so much her pink lips were swollen, I was so hot for her I could have taken her right there on the street. We went home and my father was there. Mom said she was going to take a bath. I went up to my room and a few minutes later I whispered, "Mom…mom…as I tapped on the bathroom door. She opened the door a crack and then let me in. She stood in front me naked as the thudding water filled the tub. She came to my arms without a word and I kissed her as I fondled her breast. There was a patina of moisture covering her skin from the weather and the water and her heat. It wasn't until the water on the floor reached her bare feet that we realized it had overflowed. She turned it off and came back to my arms. I undressed and when my cock was released it strained up as my mother's open hand began stroking and petting it.

After about five minutes, we heard yelling from downstairs. It was my father yelling up, “What the fuck is this water on the kitchen floor…and why isn’t my supper ready?” My hand was on mother’s soft pussy as she called down to say that she would be down as soon as she was finished. I covered her mouth with mine as a wide smile broke out on it.

I sat on the closed toilet seat and mom straddled me. She impaled herself on my rod that was practically pointing to the ceiling. She raised and lowered herself on it as I watched her pink tipped tits undulate. I took one into my mouth and mom sat down fully with a little cry. I was speared completely into my mother’s pussy. She began grinding her hips. It must have been ninety degrees in there and the sweat was pouring off of us. I could feel my cock moving on the walls of her slippery channel as she said, “I love having you in me baby…my beautiful Bobby’s cock filling me…better than anyone…oh God it’s so big…always love me baby…always…”

She raised and lowered herself on my stiff pole over and over again. I watched as my shaft disappeared into her and I was driven by the thought that my mother's creamy pussy was wrapping itself around her son's cock…that my cock was filling my mother's pussy…my mother was fucking her own son as I was fucking my own…beautiful…wonderful…wet…mother.

I held her tits as she held my shoulders. She said, "Oh God…I shouldn't be doing this…" but she looked at me with love as she fucked me. A barely audible "I love you" escaped her open mouth each time she came down on me and my cock reached up into her belly. I looked down at the beautiful sight of my mother's pussy engulfing my cock.

As she started to come, she bit her lips and dug her nails into me. As soon as she did that, cord after cord of my cum shot up into her. I felt like I would never stop coming. She bounced on me with her head flung back until she had coaxed every drop of cum from me into her womb. After a long sigh she buried her face in my neck and said, "Oh my God…oh my God." I touched those red nail marks on my shoulders for two days with pleasure.

During the next week my mother seemed so conflicted I didn't know how to approach her. Sometimes she was tender and accepting of my small kisses and hugs and at other times she was almost angry in her refusals. The pattern developed that if I waited long enough she would want me enough to let something happen.

It had been over a week since she had even touched me and finally after a few false starts we were kissing as lovers. I wanted so much to please her; I caressed and kissed each part of her body as I undressed her. We were in the den and mom was sitting on the couch with her legs spread.

It was the first time I had tasted her. I had worked my way along her tender thighs. My head was in between and she was telling me how to pleasure her with my mouth. I learned fast and I loved doing it. That was the afternoon we almost got caught. I was licking her clit with the flat of my tongue and using the tip to circle the edges of her wet button. My father came home earlier than expected. She was making crying sounds with each of my licks. We both jumped when a bang at the door almost made my heart

pound out my chest. “What’s the matter with you?” He yelled. “You still feeling sorry for yourself?”

At least we were smart enough to have locked the door. My mother answered, “Just leave me alone.”

We heard, “Aah fuck you” as he walked away. I looked at mom as if to ask ‘what should we do?’ and she just directed me back to my unfinished business. I heard her muffled attempt to come quietly as I sucked the rubbery nub until she arched her back and pressed my head hard against her cunt. When she finished, I went out the window and came back through the front door a few minutes later.

At about two that morning mom came into my room and it was my turn to try and come without making any noise. She sat on my bed with her filmy nightgown on and leaned over my cock. For some reason, certain nights stay with you. That was one of those nights. For whatever combination of reasons, I was excited beyond the norm. Every lick of my mother’s tongue and suck of her lips was intensified. Her breasts felt softer and her nipples harder. Her fragrance filled the room. She whispered, “I want to suck you.” As she

traced the length of me with the tip of her tongue from my balls up to the leaking tip she said, “The more I try to stay away the more I want you…oh Bobby…your cock in me…”

My mother filled her mouth with me and my cock was supercharged. I knew I wouldn’t last long if she kept sucking me and rubbing me and licking me the way she was doing. She engulfed the head and kept flicking her tongue across it as her soft lips pressed the flesh they encircled. I thought of stopping her but I couldn’t and just let go. I still don’t know how I kept from yelling out as bolts of cum shot out of me into her mouth. There was so much cum and I was so far down her throat I thought it would choke her but she never stopped sucking as I came. As I sent the last of the spurts into her mouth, I saw some of the thick cream at the corners of her mouth. She took it in with her tongue and swallowed one last time. She touched my face with a sad smile and kissed me as she left me to drift off into exhausted sleep.

My mother let me make love to her so infrequently that sometimes I wondered if I would ever have her again. Of course to me, at that time, two days seemed like an eternity. Finally, after a period of her having endless fights with my

father, we did have the sex she had asked me for the first time. By then it was the right time. We hadn't talked about it after the first attempt, but one afternoon I came home from school and mom was waiting for me in the bedroom. She was dressed in silky underwear and those tan stockings and garter belt.

She beckoned me over to the bed and exposed my cock. It almost sprang to her lips. I loved the way her tongue massaged my shaft as her lips sucked on the swollen helmet. She seemed to instinctively know how to relax her throat and took almost all of me down. It was excruciating. She stopped sucking and looked up at me. She said, "I want something baby."

I said, "Dressed like that, I think you're going to get it."

She smiled and she said, "Yes but I want something special…I've been thinking about it for a while." She got on the bed on hands and knees and showed me her lovely round ass. I could see the pinkish pucker as she spread and it was liberally greased. She took a deep breath and said, "I just hope I can take it."

Looking at that beautiful ass, I sure hoped so too. At that point nothing was going to stop me from trying. For a few minutes I just ran my hand over the curves and then put a finger in to explore the hot opening. My mother started to squirm and her breathing told me that she was getting excited. I then positioned myself behind her and my stiff cock pointed its way to my mother's smaller hole. Even though there was a lot of lubricant, I still had some trouble getting the thick head past her tight ring. She yelped and I finally pressed in and her moaning got louder as my throbbing meat went deeper into my mother's hot channel.

It felt like a gloved hand was squeezing my cock as my mom said, "Yes baby…I'm taking it…your big cock…in your momma's ass…fucking me…fucking me so good… don't ever stop…only your cock Bobby…that's the only cock I want in me…I'm so proud of you baby…the way you love me…the way you're fucking me… " We were both slick with sweat and her dripping hair threw off droplets as her head bobbed.

I didn't know what to expect since it was the first time I had ever been in her ass, but the way it grabbed my cock as I rocked in and out her, left me no doubt that I would want to be doing it again.

As my pulsing cock speared in and out of my mother's ass, she said, "Oh honey…I never thought I would let a man be in me like this…sometimes I think I'll go crazy thinking about all this but I want it to be you…my…love…my Bobby."

As my cock buried itself, enraptured in her ass, it felt like it was on fire. I could only imagine what my mother was feeling as I watched the full width of my cock stretching and plunging in and out of her small tender hole. I grabbed her tits and squeezed them as the uncontrollable eruption began. I said, "Mom, mom…I can't wait…oh, oh…I'm coming…I'm coming inside you."

"Yes baby come with momma…yes…in your momma's ass…do it…do it as hard as you want baby…do it…so good for me baby…so good to have my love inside me…what I need…what I need…" The hot liquid just poured out of me into her. I filled my mother's ass with slippery cum and

pounded as fast as I could, releasing jet after jet. Once her tight channel was coated with my cum, I could give her the whole length of my engorged meat. She was pushing back as hard as I was pushing forward and she took every inch of my cock. We both made so much noise that after it was over I wondered if they could hear us out on the street.

Mom turned over and held me so hard I could hardly breathe. She was almost frantic. “Oh Bobby…I want to let you love me…promise me you won’t do what he did Bobby…promise me you won’t get tired of me…tired of loving me and wanting me.”

I whispered fiercely in her ear as I held her close, “Mom I’m going to want you every day, I would never get tired of being inside you…I want you to be mine…I want this to be mine…” I reached and held her pussy. “…And this to be mine…” I put my finger deep into her dripping asshole and said, “I could fuck you here forever and not get tired of it.”

She kept kissing me and touching me and saying, “Yes…yes…yes…yes…always fuck me…always…always…only you Bobby…nobody else…only you inside me…making me

come all over your hard cock" She kept saying those things until I was throbbing for her pussy and we both had come again.

Although I was always certain of her sincerity at the time we made love, her convictions didn't often carry over. Some things however did change. My mother never let my father touch her again after that night and she probably made him insane by no longer caring how much he ranted or raved or drank.

A few months after I graduated she filed for a divorce. She moved to a small one-room apartment and told me she loved and wanted me too much to let me live with her. In a crazy way it made sense to me and I understood, probably because I loved and wanted her as much.

I remember that apartment fondly. It sat over a grocery store and the bed was up against the window that looked down on the street. At night in the dark you couldn't see in but you could watch the world go by.

I helped her move in and on the first night she was to be alone, she asked me to stay. I looked at her standing before me and she seemed shaky and vulnerable. I kissed her softly and took off her dress. She put a pillow on the sill and lay across the bed on her stomach looking out at the night sky as a hot breeze gently played on her wet skin. I kissed the moisture off her back and neck and reached my hand into her panties until I could feel the moisture generated by another kind of heat. Usually I kissed and touched her a long time before entering her pussy but that night she was ready quickly. I took down her panties, slid my cock into her and gently rotated on her ass as we faced the open sky. I fantasized that we were starting a new life, one where she would be as much a wife to me as a mother.

My cock stayed hard in my mother's pussy with hardly any movement from either of us until she reached back and urged me on. I steadily gave her the length of me and we both started to drip as the tempo and friction increased. I moved back a bit on my knees to stroke the perfect curves of her ass. Nothing turned me on like my mother's body. Wherever I was in her, I seemed to fit perfectly. I always missed feeling her nakedness against me when we were apart.

I watched my cock as it repeatedly penetrated my mother's pussy. When I pulled it out and saw the shaft slathered with her juices, I put the head against the small pucker and pushed. I loved the way her rosette grasped my cock after I penetrated it. I pressed up into her, and her tight channel squeezed my width. I held her hips and began driving my cock. There was no longer a sky or a room for me, only me inside her. I plunged and pounded and she took all I could give her.

When I was in up to the hilt I stayed, pressing up against the round globes of my mother's ass, filling her…stretching her to the limit. She moaned steadily and I leaned over her back so that I could take her pussy in my hand and massage her clit as I fucked her. I stroked deeper into the hot alley as she relaxed.

I rubbed my finger around the point where my cock was entering her and the noises she made sounded like crying. I hesitated a moment but she said, "No baby…don't stop…please don't stop…please…please…" I guessed that the physical intensity had opened her emotions. I continued

pushing deep into her hole watching the inflamed rosette appear and disappear into her ass with the stroking of my cock. She reached back to grab me and I sensed that she couldn't wait any more. She whimpered with the vibrato caused by my contact when I was in her as far as I could go. As I returned to the gentle rhythmic gliding she said, "Bobby come in me…please baby…now…now…"

With the release of my first stream of cum into her ass, she grabbed her pussy and came with a staccato "OH…oh…oh…love…yes" I kept coming until she had squeezed every drop out of me. I watched her gentle shuddering as I pulled out of her. I knew she would be sore after taking her that way but she never complained. I took some of the cum from the tip of my cock and spread it like a soothing balm on my mother's inflamed asshole. She sighed gently until I finished.

When she turned and held me, she asked me all the questions she always asked herself, knowing my answers…and her own. "Oh honey…how can I keep on doing this with you…my own son…why do I want you…all the time…inside me…in my mouth…in my pussy…what kind of mother wants her son to come in her mouth…in her

ass…what kind of whore…?" I stopped her and calmed her and loved her with the words she needed to hear.

It took a year for the divorce to become final and when it did, things changed. Mom asked me over more and more. We made love so much more and it seemed she wanted me all the time. She laughed more and teased me with her body in ways she would have been ashamed of in the past. When I asked about it she said, "I'm just not angry anymore…because it's over…I'm sorry I put you through it honey but I realize now that at the beginning it was revenge that was doing things to me …but now honey, I know that I want you because I love you…because I want to please you…because I need you."

I felt like I had just taken a deep breath of ocean air as she spoke. I felt good enough to tease her. "Need me…for what?" I said.

She smiled wide enough for me to see joy in the corners of her eyes. She came close and put her hand over my cock. "Need you to love me…be with me…be in me." My cock strained as my mother said, "It doesn't matter that you're

my son…it only matters that we love each other. We're going to be together love…in all the ways. I'm going to make it up to you baby…your momma's going to be open to you…open for you…always."

She managed to get my swollen cock out as we kissed. My mother went down on her knees and swallowed as much of the throbbing meat as she could. With two hands she massaged my balls and the root of my shaft as she sucked me. I knew we would have lots of time for long slow passionate lovemaking sessions in the future but at that moment I had only one thought…I wanted to be inside my mother. I made her stand and turned her to the wall. She put her hands out for balance as I lifted her dress and pulled down her panties. Her round ass came out to meet my cock as I sank into the wet confines of my mother's pussy. There was a relief I felt that was unlike anything I had experienced during all the other times I had been in her.

"Yes Bobby…yes son…fuck me…fuck me…fuck your mother…" As I drove deep into my mother's hot channel she said the things I had always wanted to hear. "My beautiful son…fucking his mother…yes love…in my cunt…so deep in my cunt…yes baby, your mother loves you and wants

you…here for you…my legs are open for you…fuck me forever Bobby…OH…OHHH…fill my ass Bobby…fill me with your sweet cock son…fill me…" I pulled out her sopping pussy.

My mother bent over low until her head was almost on the wall. She spread her ass cheeks and I couldn't wait to even lubricate her small hole with her juice. She let out a long moan that was almost a cry as I penetrated the hot tender alley that my cock stretched open. "Oh love…love me…love me…"

As her ass squeezed my cock and brought me closer to release, I was finally where I wanted to be…inside my mother…knowing that she was feeling good and proud to have her son fucking her…to have her son's cock deep in her…as deep as it could go…her son's cock that would be filling her mouth, filling her pussy and filling her ass until she cried out with pleasure.

As I crossed over the edge, I told her, "I do love you mom…I'm always going to love you…with all of me…with

my heart…" I thrust into her hot hole as I told her, "This is all I ever want…this…this…this…"

She took me into her with love and met every thrust with one of her own. She made me come. We both felt the shot of the first release and my mother laughed as the soothing cream coated the insides of her ass. She made me come some more. Soon she started yelling, "Yes my baby…yes…yes…" as her orgasm hit. She made me keep on coming. She bucked and twisted but I managed to stay in her as the final spasms of her coming coincided with the last pulsing cords of cum from my still hard cock. I knew I would have to have her again, and as would often be the case, I felt like I could fuck her forever.

Forever is a long time but we're a few years into it and I still feel the same way; she shows me that she does too. When she looks at me, I can see the love in her eyes; when she touches me, I come alive. And when she kisses me, each kiss is a promise…a promise of love that has carried us through the last three years…a promise kept.

A Proper British Mother

She thought she was pretty slick, tracking me down after all those years. She'd fallen on hard times and I was doing very well. Wouldn't any son help his mother out in a situation like that? He would if he was a sucker.

All I knew about my mother I'd learned from my father Aidan. They'd lived in London until I was two and she threw us both out having gotten involved with a member of the upper crust. We weren't good enough for her any more so my father and I headed to America where he started a technology company. With dad, five years of 'cyber-schooling' and some natural aptitude we developed the "Technix' program that made us more money than we could spend. Before he died dad was smart enough to sell before it hit the fan.

Now my mother was down and out and probably looking to me for a bailout. Out of curiosity I told her I'd meet her; so I took the Concord, planning to stay only a few days. I decided to throw the bitch a few bucks to get her off my

back and be on my way. They say if you want to make God laugh...tell him your plans.

I arrived at her property and saw two huge old houses, one of which I later found out her parents lived in. I went to hers and when she tentatively opened her arms in greeting I didn't move, partly because of my hostility and partly because I was stunned at the sight of her. She was a startlingly handsome woman. She must have been almost six feet tall because I only had to look down two or three inches to meet her eyes. What stopped me even more was that I was looking at a face that was very reminiscent of the one I saw in the mirror every morning.

She had snow-white hair pulled up and back and youthful unlined skin that contrasted with it. We sat in the parlor and when she crossed her impossibly long legs, I couldn't help but linger on the creamy thighs. "James", she said, "Thank you for coming. There are so many things I would like to tell you..."

I cut her off, "I'm sure you do but lets get to the point. You want money and I...was just curious where I came from." I

looked between her legs to make her uncomfortable. She acted as if she didn't notice.

"Yes James but that's not all. It's true that my parents and I need money; the taxes on this property are more than the selling value and we have no place to go but..."

"What happened to your Lord or whatever he was?"

"I'm not quite sure to what you are referring but I have been alone here for many years."

"Now tell me why it is you think I owe you anything?"

"James, it's not a question of owing...James...aren't you glad to see your mother?"

"Mother? That was an accident of birth; after twenty years you'd like to reclaim the title because it suits your needs?" I started to fume. "Look I'm going to my hotel and I'm going to think this over. I'll be back here at five tomorrow."

She tried to call me back but my thoughts and emotions were coming to a rolling boil and I walked out. As I considered the situation two things drove me. First, my accelerating anger at the audacity of this woman who had no use for me as her child but now expected me to come to her rescue, and secondly, she excited me to the core. The money was meaningless but my emotions were barely in check.

By the next evening, I still hadn't decided what to do when I walked in her door an hour late. My delay served its purpose as I witnessed her agitation. I wondered if she noticed mine as I felt her sexual pull on me. She was almost a cliché of the prim and proper woman in her suit, but nothing could hide her voluptuous curves. The mounds of her full breasts were apparent under the jacket and the curves of her ass were well defined under the skirt.

If she looked below my waist, she would have seen me swelling. In the confluence of my desire and my wish to humiliate her for her 'crimes' against my father and me, I heard myself say, "I'll pay all the taxes for you and your

parents and give you what you all need to live on but I want something." I paused with each word and pointed at her. "I. Want. You."

She looked at me uncomprehendingly and said, "What do mean James?"

I said, "Look, I'll make it simple for you: You take off your clothes and I screw you – clear enough?"

The baffled look remained; "James, I'm…your mother"…she looked at my sneer and continued, "…How could you…you want me to…?"

I started for the door and said, "Hey, you and your parents…have a nice life."

As I reached for the handle I heard, "No…James…wait…"

I turned and came close enough to almost feel her fierce breathing. She looked at me for a long time before she said, "Very well...this one time."

"Look" I said, "This isn't an auction or a negotiation; it's what I want when I want it and how I want it." Again she looked long and hard...then she slumped a bit and exhaled. Her breath became labored and she began unbuttoning her suit jacket.

I stopped her. "I told you - how I want it." I somehow thought it would be particularly humiliating for her if I exposed her from the bottom up. "Take off your skirt and panties." I assumed she was not the kind of woman who walked around without underwear; I should have known not to make assumptions.

As her skirt dropped her pussy was exposed. After getting over my initial surprise, I saw that it was quite beautiful. The hairs were trimmed and lay flat; they were unexpectectedly fine. The outer lips formed a perfect flower around the hood, which covered an obviously large nub.

I instructed her to sit and spread her legs. She moved the tails of her blouse aside and I had a clear view of my mother's center. I just looked for a long while hoping to make her uncomfortable. I walked up to her and lifted one of her bare legs by the ankle. I let my hand glide along the sculpted form from ankle to calf to inner thigh before reaching between her legs. I was taken by surprise when my hand came back with tiny beads of moisture off the ends of her hairs. I put my fingers to my nose and showed her a wrinkled expression to embarrass her. She actually smelled quite sweet to me.

I unbuttoned the blouse and waited with anticipation after ordering her to take off her bra. I wasn't disappointed. I wondered at the grace of the full jutting breasts. They didn't look like they belonged to a forty three year old mother. They had an inviting weight that had defied the years. They were the color of cream with hints of the fine aqua veins below the surface. I held both of them and began to fondle them. I pulled on the nipples to distort their beauty. I looked into her eyes for distain. I waited for an expression of loathing to cross her face. I expected a haughty icy glare. I saw none of them. I couldn't read her expression; what was

she thinking? I wanted to see her anger so I could take out my cock out and stick it under her stiff upper lip and then down her throat. I saw no anger and it stopped me. I only felt the heat coming off her body.

"Shit..." I said. "...I can't do this."

I told her to get dressed and after a moment of surprise and hesitation she said, "James let me talk to you..." The phone rang before she could continue and I heard a lot of "Yes mum... and "all right mum..."

She hung up and said, "My parents are so anxious to meet you; would it be a great imposition for you to go over there for a moment?"

I said "Whatever" and we walked to the other house after she collected herself and dressed.

The woman who answered the door had a joyous expression on and about exploded with,

"James...James...James" as she hugged me until I thought she would never let go.

"So much for British reserve" I thought and laughed out loud.

"James this is your grandfather" I shook his hand and I was moved to see that his eyes were full. "James" she continued, "we've waited so long...your mother looked for so many years...and now to have finally found you..."

I was confused and looked over at my mother and saw large tears rolling down her face. "Mum" she said, having difficulty getting the words out, "James and I have to talk but we'll come again soon."

"Of course dear", she said coming over to kiss my cheek, " It's such a blessing having you back" she whispered to me, ... "thank you for bringing back Samantha's spirit... thank you." My throat tightened and I just smiled at her.

As we crossed the lawn I said, "You were looking for me?"

"Of course I was looking for you...you're my son. I was insane when you're father left with you. It took us a year to find out he'd gone to the States and changed his last name. We kept looking for six more years until we couldn't afford it anymore and no one could give us any more hope of finding you. It was only because of the article about you and your father that had the names Aidan and James in it that I thought it might be you."

"I didn't know...dad said that you...I guess...what really happened?"

"We were at each other's throat, quite literally. I was to have you after the divorce because of his violence and he just took you and disappeared."

We went back into her house and I said, "He told me you'd thrown us out to be with someone else...I guess he didn't want me looking..."

"Someone else…God, my heart was broken… I thought of you every day…I couldn't even be with anyone since I lost you."

"Oh Jesus…Mother…and then I go and… I'm sorry about…"

She put her fingers to my lips, "No love…I understand…didn't you see how attracted I was to you when you walked in the door? I let you because I wanted you to…" Her soft hand caressed my face. "…Because I still want you to."

She kissed me with an exploring tongue that quickly found mine. Her taste made me hungry for her. She laughed as she began unbuttoning her blouse. "Well there won't be any surprises for you."

I was surprised at how much more exciting her big breasts felt in my hands this time and how quickly her nipples responded. After taking the rest of our clothes off my mother held my cock that responded by looking bigger

than I'd ever seen it. She said, "Now that's a nice surprise for me."

She led me to the spacious bedroom and as I stroked her white hair she said, "It's been like that since my twenties... I never had a reason to dye it before."

I told her "I love it...just that way."

I sat her on the bed and she opened for me the way she had earlier but this time I was overwhelmed by the urge to taste her. I kneeled and held her knees apart as I took her into my mouth. As the flat of my tongue pressed on my mother's clit, she held my head and said, "Oh yes James...just that way."

I ate her until I felt her climb toward release and I stopped. I sat by her and she gave a feigned sad expression, "Ohhh, no more?"

I laughed, "Yes more, much more...beautiful Samantha." We kissed and I stroked the breasts I knew I would never tire of.

I'd never seen such large enticing nipples. I took one of the rubbery ends into my mouth and held it between my teeth as my tongue massaged and flicked it. Her small sounds were musical. She reached for me and I could feel her smear the tip of my cock with its pre-cum. She brought a finger to her lips and wrinkled her nose as I had done to her before. We both laughed in each other's arms.

My mother took the same position I had been in with her and held the meat of my shaft to her smooth face as she closed her eyes. When my cock was in her mouth I was transported. She moved on me with moans and a hot tongue. It was excruciatingly good. I watched the thick meat stretch her lips and fill her mouth. It was as if she had been my lover for years. Her soft hand cupped me as she sucked with love and lust. The sounds she made as she pleasured me told me of her excitement. My mother's lips and tongue were doing things none other ever had. I felt my straining cock swell to its limit in my mother's mouth and I knew I couldn't take much more and wanted to be inside her before I came.

I urged her up and she impaled herself on my rigid upright rod and kissed me with her arms around my neck. She

moved slowly up and down on me and I could feel our joining point with my fingers as I held the globes of my mother's well-rounded ass. I began fantasizing about wonderful ways of enjoying it when she distracted me with warm loving kisses. I never had anything this intense this soon with any woman and I said, "I never believed in 'love at first sight' before."

She smiled, inches from my face and said; "This isn't love at first sight my sweet son...we've loved each other for twenty three years." She forced my cock higher up into her until she had me as deep in her belly as I could go. She was moaning and reacting as each movement sent spasms through her. She ground her creamy ass on me and said plaintively. "James, don't go away again: don't ever go away."

I held her close and said, "I'll be here until my hair turns white." I smiled. "Right here...inside you – I don't plan to move for another twenty three years." She kissed me as she laughed and resumed her grasping rhythm.

My mother's pussy massaged me and it felt like her slippery sheath was fitted to me by design. I could almost hear her juices coating my cock. I could feel her strength as she rode me. She was physically perfect for me and she wordlessly showed me what was going on inside her belly and her heart. I caressed one of her breasts and reached behind her with my free hand as she controlled the rhythm. I put a finger into her small hole and felt her react. When she finally spoke, it was almost a whimper. "Oh yes James, do that…do everything to me…I've waited to be loved like this…by someone who loves me…so filled with you…my lovely son…inside me…oh…oh…your making me…" As she inhaled deeply, I started to come in her. I pushed up so hard I almost bucked her off me. She held on and sped up until a long high-pitched moan escaped her lips in the form of my name. It never sounded so good to me. My mother came on me as I came in her. As our juices mingled, we rejoined our missing parts. In the peaceful calm that followed, a mother gave her son the most tender of kisses.

The morning after that long loving night, I awoke to a gentle stroking across my back. I turned and saw my mother's beautiful concerned face. "I'm sorry," she said. "I couldn't wait to talk you love. I was so intoxicated with you

last night but this morning I was so afraid. Have I done a terrible thing? Do you think...?" I stopped her with a kiss.

"Mother, I love you and I won't ever settle for anything less than the love we shared last night. Never think anything else." I held her warm body close to mine and hardened immediately. She reached for the cock that was so stiff for her and pulled on it while moaning into my mouth. I entered her wet center and after all of me was in her I stopped moving. I held her hips still while a few involuntary spasms ran through her. It was a beautiful torture to stay that way as I kissed her and fondled her breasts. My mother's channel grasped my cock and after an excruciatingly long time neither of us could wait any more. I finally began moving my dick along the walls of her vagina.

"Oh James, I love having you in me...my sweet son...when I would lie here touching myself during all those lonely nights, I imagined what it would feel like having a big cock like yours pleasuring me and being able to say all the things I've always wanted to say to my true lover...that's what you are...my true lover...and now it's better than my fantasies because you're in me...you're...you're fucking me...oh

honey, I can say it now…you're fucking me…my son is fucking me…my true lover is fucking me and it's wonderful…wonderful and I never want it to stop…never…never…"

"No mom I'm never going to stop…I'm going to fuck you always and in every one of your beautiful holes…" I was building quickly to a fever pitch and the words came shooting out of my mouth telling my mother all the ways I was going to love her.

"Yes love…yes…in your mother's mouth and in your mother's ass and in your mother's pussy…wherever you want love…whatever you want love…I'm here…I'm here…yes…fuck me James…fuck me…OH…OH…I'm…I'm coming love…oh yes son…make me come…make me come…hard…hard…"

I pumped with enough force to make my mother squeal between moans as I filled her pussy with the cream of my love. I stayed hard enough to continue long after the last jet shot into her. When we finally lay side by side, my mother put her fingers between her spread legs and brought some

of the leaking cum juice to her lips. "My beautiful love...my beautiful son," she intoned as I watched the pink tip of her tongue play on her wet fingers. Witnessing her delight inflamed me and I straddled her, putting my coated cock into her mouth so I could look at her smiling face as she sucked my cock clean.

"Sweet James, am I good for you love? Am I as good as your young girlfriends?"

I laughed, "None of them come close to making me feel what I feel for you and I no longer have any 'young' girlfriends; I only have my 'young' mom now, my beautiful mother." I kissed her and tasted a hint of myself that remained on her tongue. "I want you come back to the States and live with me."

"Oh James can we do it? Can we can be together like that and love each other and take care of each other?"

A week later we were on a plane to the States for a 'trial run' to see how my mother would like living there. I joined the

Mile High Club without any physical contact. Mother talked to me almost all the way across the Atlantic snuggled up to me and whispering things like. "I never thought it could be so good James. It's like love for the first time and I want you all the time. It's almost all I've thought about for the last week." She came up right to my ear and said, "Your cock was made just for me, for my mouth and for my pussy. The last person I expected to be the last person I'll ever want is my own son but I know it's true when your big cock is inside me. Does it embarrass you to have your mother talk to you like that?"

I said, "It doesn't embarrass me, it makes me crazy but I don't want you to stop." She didn't.

By the time we walked through the door of my house I was about to detonate. I kissed her and almost tore her jacket and blouse getting my hand into her bra. Her nipple was elongated and hot to my touch. I was about to carry her to the bedroom in mock swashbuckling form but mom had other ideas. She went to her knees and freed my straining dick. It was almost purple from the blood that pulsed through it. She took the thick crown into her mouth with kissing sucks as her tongue circled the head. As more and

more of my meat disappeared into my mother's mouth, she stroked and cupped me. She slipped a finger into me from behind as she sucked and the unexpected new sensation set me off. I think I howled as I came in her mouth with spasm after spasm of hot cum. After an orgasm that left me barely able to stand I opened my eyes to find my mother staring seriously at me. She said, "I love you so very much" and kissed me with her desire and need bared before me. Between her whimpering kisses I heard, "Please love me...please love me."

I took her to each room in the house kissing her and saying, "I'm going to love you forever here...and here...and here." When we got to the last room I kissed the tear from the corner of her eye and told her, "and in whatever house or country or universe our bedroom happens to be in, I'm going to love you mother and make love to you just like I'm going to tonight."

That night she was on fire. Her energy was an unflagging as mine. I took her in my mouth and wouldn't let her up until she had come four times. It was the first time I'd seen love milk come from a woman's pussy. I was glad it was from my mother's. In exhaustion she said, "I don't know where you

learned that but please don't tell me and don't tell me who you did it with."

"Mother" I said, "That's all in the past. Everything is for you now. We're for each other now."

"Sweet love, come to me, come to me." My mother opened her legs and pulled them back with her hands on her calves. I saw the pink pucker exposed below the trimmed pussy and wondered if she wanted me there. I didn't ask. I wanted her there. I placed the knob of my cock on it and she said, "Yes...yes...yes..."

I tried to push past the ring. She didn't tell me to stop but the sounds she made told me I would need lubrication. I didn't want to leave so I reached for some of her pussy juice and wet my cock. I went into her ass and the tight rubbery ring constricted behind the rim of the crown. As I pushed deeper into the slim channel, the pressure around the shaft increased, as did my pleasure. I told her, "Mother it feels so good to be in you this way. I've never been in a woman's ass and now I'm in yours...it's so good...it's so good."

"Oh James…James…no one has ever done this to me before and I'm glad it's you…your big cock in me…your big cock in your mother's ass. James, tell me I'm good for you…tell me you'll always want me…tell me." As I drove deeper, her hot channel wrapped itself tightly around my throbbing cock; and I told her all that she wanted to hear because it was everything I wanted to say.

I wanted to be even deeper into her so I urged her onto her hands and knees and approached her from behind. I drove into her and her moans made me wild. I bit her back and pounded as much meat as she could take into her hole. I took one of my mother's big swaying breasts into my hand and pinched the stiff nipple and enjoyed the sounds it elicited from her opened mouth. I was giving her long hard strokes and she urged me on. She went for her clit. As she rubbed she said, "Yes…like that…fuck me like that…don't stop…James…lover…lover…lover…fuck me…oh fuck me…yes…make me cum…make momma come, baby…Ohhhh…"

I pumped through my mother's orgasm and started to erupt. The lubricating hot cum filled my mother's ass and I watched the cum coated meat speed in and out of her

asshole as it delivered it's jets into her. For the longest time she just kept repeating the word "Lover...lover...lover..." Afterwards I held her in my arms as she stroked my face lovingly with her soft hand and said, "I'm going to give you everything you need...sweet son...everything...everything." She slept in my arms and didn't move until I tasted her warm morning lips.

Mother is approaching fifty now and we've never spent a night apart since our first time together. As I'm writing this, we're on one of our trips to England and as I look out at the morning mist our hearts are clear. Lately she asks me more if I'll still want to make love to her, as we get older. I answer the same way each time she asks. "We're not going to get *fucking* older, we're going to get older, *fucking*." She laughs every time I say it.

Abduction

He was watching his mother sleeping gently on his shoulder as the pilot announced that they were about twenty minutes out of San Juan. He inhaled and Maria's sweet scents filled him: the shampoo, the makeup and the smell of her. It was a smell that usually aroused him. He had come to accept of late that almost everything about her aroused him: her full breasts, the shape of her legs, her laugh.

It was also arousing when his mother sampled the wares of their business. It was called "Lingerie Plus" and although they catered to what's known in the trade as 'full figured gals'; she had plenty of the smaller sizes at home. He'd seen his mother's nipples through ever color of nylon and it never failed to stiffen him.

She had started the business with the money her mother left her and when it came time to get rid of the abusive leach she had married, it wasn't a problem. She had the lawyers.

Maria was moving back to her childhood home of Puerto Rico and he was sorry; but he was excited to be a twenty year old taking charge of her businesses in the U.S. and living alone.

She awoke before landing and put her arm through his and it pressed against her breast as she kissed him on the lips. "I'll miss you sweetie but I already have the reservations for you to come every two months for a weekend – as long as you want to"

"I want to mom" he said. She kissed his lips again and his thoughts flashed, "I wish it was your naked body I was kissing." He accepted the thought.

Robert looked off into the distance and smiled. His mother asked, "What are you thinking about Roberto"?

"I was remembering the time your 'sister' Linda came to visit." They both laughed.

Maria had told Robert that a twin sister, separated from her at birth, had tracked her down and was coming to visit. She asked Robert to entertain her until she got home from an important meeting. Maria then came in with a wig and all made up differently. She had him convinced for about fifteen minutes until he saw the small beauty mark on the top of her breast when she took her jacket off. He remembered how she flirted with him and turned him on. They had laughed about it for months.

They landed and picked up their luggage. They were going to meet the new man in Maria's life whom she'd met on the numerous trips to visit her family. They got into a cab that pulled up just as they left the terminal. Before she could tell him the destination, someone got in from the street side and the cab pulled away.

"What the hell..." Before Robert could finish the man showed a gun and told him to shut up.

He obviously knew who they were. "Maria Lucas this is going to be a one hundred thousand dollar cab ride" he said without an accent.

Robert looked at the man and his first thoughts were that he was handsome and didn't fit the stereotype of a criminal; then he remembered Ted Bundy. They rode for about thirty five minutes during which the man explained that if the money would be wired by the next day, he would let them go. They reached the town of Fajardo and the cab pulled into what looked like an expensive beach house.

They were taken through the garage into the downstairs one room apartment that had all the decorations and paintings removed; the cold sparseness was at odds with the beautiful day outside. They tied Robert to a chair and took his mother up to make the call. Maria said, "Don't worry Roberto, I'll get them the money and we'll be all right."

"I told you to shut up bitch" the man said. As they went up the stairs the cabbie spoke in Spanish and called the man Marcos.

In the ten minutes they were up there, Robert worried about his mother but was strangely calm. He thought that

he'd had a good life even if it might be short. If he could have one thing more, it would be to have her.

Marcos brought Maria down and tied her to a chair facing Robert. The man looked at Maria and put his hand on her breast, "You're quite big titted whore" he said.

Robert began yelling at him "Leave her alone you …"

The man yelled back, "You shut up or she gets hurt; do you understand?" with that he pinched her nipple and she yelped. "And you, he said to Maria, You don't do what I tell you, he's in for it – you got it?"

Maria nodded and whispered "Yes."

The abductor proceeded to unbutton her blouse and exposed the black lacy bra she wore. "Nice tits huh kid? Hey I asked you a question."

"Yes they're nice" Robert said as he cast his eyes down.

Marcos pulled her bra down and took her tit in his hand allowing the swelling nipple to show. "How'd you like to suck on that?" Robert didn't answer.

Marcos pushed Roberts chair until it touched the other and he said, "Suck it".

Robert leaned over and took his mother's nipple and some of her soft flesh into his mouth. Marcos untied one of Robert's hands and said, "Suck it right".

Robert fondled his mother's big breast and sucked. He heard her moan. "How could she be turned on in this situation"? he thought. "The same way I am" he realized as his cock hardened.

He kept sucking until he thought he tasted a bit of sweet liquid. "How can I be tasting my mother's milk?" he wondered.

Maria Knew how; she could feel it. It had happened a few times before. Since giving birth, once in a while in her cycle she would lactate. Now it felt good to have her son drawing her milk again. When he stopped sucking, a droplet sat on the end of her nipple and Marcos took it on his finger and put it to her lips. She licked it off and closed her eyes.

Their captor laughed and said, "Hey Don Juan, you ever eat pussy"?

Robert saw the man take his mother's tit in his hand and knew she would pay if he didn't answer. He said "Yes".

"Good" Marcos said, "Now you'll show your mother how much you've learned".

Robert watched as the man pushed Maria's skirt up and pulled her panties down around her ankles. He untied Robert, showed the gun and said, "Go to it boy".

Robert got on his knees and looked at his mother's pussy. He could see droplets of her juices on the ends of the fine

flat hair. "This is crazy he thought", she wants this – and so do I."

He pushed his face between her thighs and heard his mother say, "Roberto take off my panties. He took the filmy black nylon off her ankles. She wanted to give her son full access; and she did. He took his mother's pussy into his mouth and began licking and sucking as if she had taught him how to find her most sensitive spots. When he began pleasuring her clit, it sent paroxysms of electricity through her body. He heard her importuning with closed eyes, "Oh God…Oh my God …don't stop Roberto, don't stop."

He sucked his mother to orgasm. She shuddered as she came and called his name over and over inflaming him. She sighed and slumped contentedly in the chair. "Bravo" Marcos said as he clapped and laughed. He looked at Maria and said, "Turnabout is fair play isn't it"?

He tied Robert and untied Maria. "Do him" he ordered.

Maria unzipped her son's pants and exposed the almost rigid cock. The man sneered at her, "Do you like his cock Maria? Tell him. Tell him what you want him to do with his cock. TELL HIM."

"Yes I like his cock. It's beautiful...my son has a beautiful big cock...a cock I want in my mouth...the cock I've always wanted inside me".

With that she took her son's stiff meat and filled her mouth with it. She hungrily sucked and moaned as Robert tried to process what he was hearing and what he was feeling. Maria sucked her son into frenzy. Her tongue licked out the pre-cum as she licked the big spongy head. She felt her son tremble when he reached the back of his mother's throat. Suddenly Maria stopped and turned to their captor, "That's it; basta, no more. Marcos please go upstairs and leave us for a while".

Robert was dazed, "What the hell is going on here?"

"Oh Roberto she laughed, you're going to kill me. Marcos is my boyfriend...I set this up. I know how you feel about me. I've seen you hard for me for months now and I wanted to give you an experience you wouldn't forget. It was sort of a going away present – for both of us. There was a lot more to come in the plan but I started having second thoughts: maybe you'd think it was unfair or..."

"Mom you really are a crazy bitch" he laughed.

I'm sorry" she said "I don't know what I was thinking; I thought it would be fun."

"Mom this was the most exciting that ever happened to me. I sucked the pussy I've always wanted and I'm looking at the most beautiful sight I've ever seen." She stood there with only her skirt around her waist, exposed to her son.

In a moment their lips and bodies met. "I want you in my pussy Roberto, I want you."

He led his mother to the bed and they shed the rest of their clothes. He rubbed her sopping cunt with his palm. Maria then guided her son's straight steel pole past her engorged folds. It felt excruciatingly good to both of them. Her channel held the wide shaft and it felt like a hand to him as she flexed and he pushed deeper into her. They spoke as they found their rhythm of thrusts and grinds.

"Roberto, I've wanted to be with you like this…oh sweet Roberto it's wonderful to have you filling my pussy. You drove me crazy with your mouth…tell momma you want it too."

"Momma the only woman I ever wanted as much was Linda." Her laugh felt good on his cock as she moved.

Her laugh slowly melted into moans as her son pushed deeper into a place she could not remember another man being. The end of his cock touching that spot set an ecstatic charge off in her. The charge exploded into orgasm.

His mother's arching back and thrashings sent Robert's streams of cum into her belly. They both felt the hot jets that now coated his cock and lined her channel. Her grasping cunt drained every drop. They took the first of many rests they would need that night. Maria said, "I hope you're going to use those tickets I bought and come see me often".

"Mom, as long as I have you here, I'll keep coming and coming." And he did.

THE END

Acting Out with Mom

Listen to what she whispered in my ear…don't just read it…hear it as I heard it…the warm air of her breath…her lips almost touching me…her fragrance surrounding me. Feel what a simple declarative sentence has the power to do. "I want you," she said. Yes, she had said things like that to me before and yes, she had kissed me before in a more than motherly way…but that didn't count did it? After all we were only acting.

My mother Connie was pretty well known in the community. She had starred in the local theater productions for about four years and I always ran lines with her. By the time she approached dress rehearsal, her emotions were at performance level. So when she said to me, "I want you," I was stirred.

My heart beat with uncertainty along the drum line of acting and reality when our lips met. We read parts together even when there was no play to rehearse for. We had brought each other a measure of comfort with our special way of saying 'You are loved.' It was warm and safe when we kissed and touched. The controlled heightening of

emotion and sexual feelings took us to a plateau where we both respected the dangerous edge…until that moment.

We didn't break the kiss. Our lips met and we gently stayed in a magical place for a long moment. At that time we didn't speak about it, it just became our way.

It would be foolish to say it wasn't sexual but the mood was also loving and comforting. The first time I touched her breast, we were doing a scene that preceded the characters making love. She only wrapped her arms tighter around me and kissed me harder. When weeks later I attempted to reach under her bra to fondle her bare flesh she removed my hand. I didn't do it again.

My mother's last two relationships could better be termed, 'train wrecks' and the most I had given to other women had been a few months of my time and very little of myself. At that time, the fact that my relief came at my own hands after kissing and touching her was something I accepted. I was satisfied because I felt I was getting more from my mother's warmth and love than I would from sex with a

stranger. When my mother told me that she was happiest when we read together kept me going.

So when she told me she had met a ‘nice’ man at work and had enjoyed a few dates with him, I told her I was happy for her. I wasn’t. I wasn’t that mature. I was only thinking about me; I was afraid it would spoil our special times together. I met Tom and he really did seem sincere and ‘nice.’ Shit.

I wondered why she had hid the fact that she had gone out. I wondered if there had been more than just dates between them. I was of two minds…and both of them hurt my head. Maybe I should just be happy for her and let things be or maybe I couldn’t just let her go. Mind one never had a chance.

It was also at that time that mom told me about Sara. She was a woman in her fifties from India that lived with a man in our building. I assumed he was her husband. Mom told me Ravi was her son. Sara and Mom became friendly and spent quite a bit of time together. After a few months my mother confided that something was going on between

Sara and Ravi. I said, “What do you mean?” She wouldn’t go into details but she hinted that their relationship was sexual.

I was turned on by that revelation and made it my business to befriend Ravi. I liked him and it really doesn’t take much to get a person to open up if you’re sincere with them. I remarked a few times how attractive I thought his mother was and he didn’t disguise his praise either. He needed someone to talk to and after ‘feeling me out’ he realized I wouldn’t be judgmental about whatever he disclosed to me.

It turned out that he and his mother had left India when their involvement was discovered. Sara was married to an uncaring husband and had turned to Ravi early on. I had more than a passing interest in the details. Ravi told me, “My mother craved my affection and was always very physical with me. We shared our feelings and in time I felt comfortable telling her my fantasies. One late night when we were home alone and after a few beers I was telling her that oral sex was the most exciting thing for me and she just said, ‘would you like me to do that for you?’ I wasn’t that surprised and she ended up sucking me that night.”

I said, “Wait a minute…you just tell your mother a fantasy and she blows you?”

He laughed and he said, “Well it was a bit more complicated but really that’s what happened…more or less. That went on for the longest time but we never had other sex. She never even took off her sari. It wasn’t until almost maybe six months later that I finally had sex with her. I remember I came to her bed when my father was not home and told her I had to do it with her. She let me and from then on there wasn’t a minute that went by that we weren’t doing it or thinking about doing it. We were having suck a good time we. Then we got careless. My father’s sister caught us. We actually ran away that day and after a while ended up here.”

I confided in him what was going on between me and my mother and I wondered aloud what I could do. I told him I was becoming consumed with wanting her and jealous of this new guy in her life. He said maybe he’d talk it over with his mother and see what she would suggest. It would never have occurred to me but I was happy about the prospect.

About a week later he invited me over. Sara wasn't in a sari as she sometimes was but had a plain white cotton dress on. It was thin enough to reveal the outlines of her breasts. I could tell by the darkened area, which I assumed were her nipples that she wasn't wearing a bra. She gave me a kiss on the cheek and we sat around drinking Cobras and talked. She asked me straight out, "Why do want to make love to your mother?" I used a lot of words but basically it came down to a simple answer, I loved her. Sara said, "Okay I will help you."

The next thing she asked was whether I was experienced in lovemaking. I hemmed and hawed and Sara said, "Okay…you know nothing…did you tell her how you feel about her?"

I said "No".

Sara laughed. "Stupid boy…how can she know if you don't tell her…and even if she knows you must tell her anyway. Anyway it is going to be easy for you because I know your mother."

Ravi laughed also and said, “Yes it’s going to be easy for you because I also know my mother, don’t I mata?” Ravi went across to his mother and began unbuttoning her dress. She smiled and flushed as he exposed her mocha breasts with deep brown nipples. I had no idea what I was in for until Ravi motioned me over with his head and winked, “Don’t worry Rob, we’ve been planning this for a while”

Without much ceremony Sara took her son’s cock out and began sucking on it. I watched in fascination as she worked her fist and mouthed him at the same time. I was turned on enough to venture a hand onto his mother’s breast. When no red light flashed, I bent down and sucked on her nipple. I felt a hand on my cock and Sara looked up at me and smiled.

She took me out of my pants and left her son’s cock to attend to mine. I saw Ravi smile as his mother made me hard and then placed her warm saliva filled mouth over my thickened meat. She alternated between us and it was a good thing because if she had continued on me too long I would have shot off in a minute.

I could see she was getting excited when she attempted to fit the heads of both of our cocks into her mouth. She gave us both a long lick and stood to take off her dress. I saw that the dark pussy area was shaved clean and she said, “Okay boys now it’s time to take care of momma.”

We went into the bedroom. I got more experience in one night than I’d had my entire life. Sara moved easily from position to position and cock to cock; she never seemed to tire or run out of juice. The only time we used lubricant was when we both took her at once. She had me on my back on the bed when she mounted me. She leaned over until her tits were in my chest and then Ravi came up behind her. I saw him put some grease on his mother’s hole and then drive the head of his cock through her tight anal ring. That was the loudest she got. With two cocks in her she came close to losing control.

I’d never seen a woman in the throes of passion. It was a beautiful sight. I started fantasizing about my mother…that it was her voice telling me how much she loved having my cock in her…her moving on me…massaging my cock to spill it’s seed in her…to fill her pussy with my cum.

Come I did…over and over. Sara wasn't quite there but Ravi continued banging his mother's ass until she screeched. When she did come and he released into her, my cock was still hard enough inside her pussy for her to gyrate and use it to bring her to full satisfaction.

We had fun for weeks but more and more I wanted it to be mom. Listening to what Sara had said had taught me something and knowing what she liked to hear taught me more.

The night I began saying things that a son isn't supposed to say to his mother is etched in my memory. I asked her to read a scene with me. It didn't take her long to realize that I had written it. It wasn't Shakespeare but it was everything I wanted to say…and everything I wanted to hear.

The title was "Acts of Desire." I wasn't trying to hide anything. I said to her, "It's about a son who loves his mother and wants to make love to her. She began breathing hard and I said, "The scene opens with a mother and son reading a scene together."

We began reading:

Son: Mom, I'm in love with you. You're more than a mother to me…and that's what I want you to be. I love you as a woman…a woman that fills my heart. I want to love all of you…the mother and the woman…I want everything with you.

Mother: I love you too Rob but you mean you want to make love…with me…your mother?

Son: Yes mom, of course I do. I've loved you that way since my first sexual urge. When I was a boy I used to tell you that I wanted to marry you when I grew up. I still feel that way. I want you to be mine…like a wife is to her husband…and like a woman is to the man she loves.

Mother: Oh honey we should talk about this…

Son: No mom the time for talking is over. It's time to act. I'm going to kiss you and I'm going to take your clothes off and there's only one thing for you to say – yes or no.

The directions didn't call for Connie to blush but she did. I put down the script and approached her, looking into the black of her eye. I kissed her with a true lover's kiss. I stripped her to the waist as we kissed and she said, "Yes." As I fondled and suckled her bare breasts she said, "Yes." I told her to lift her arms and took the dress over her head. When I removed her panties and held her moist pussy for the first time, she said, "Yes."

I led her to our marriage bed where I would take her for the first time and she would become mine. She removed my cloths and I leaned back on the bed with my stiff cock straining and said, "Come mother."

My mother's lips slid over my cock-head and down the shaft. As she bobbed I felt her nipples and tits contacting my thigh. I took one of the meaty globes in my hand and stroked it between my thumb and fingers. I felt her nipple harden into my palm. At first, she was slow and deliberate.

Her soft lips explored the hard shaft. She took me out of her mouth and ran her lips and tongue from the base to the head.

I couldn't take the teasing. I took my cock in hand and guided it back into her mouth with one hand resting behind her head. She responded to my urgings and sucked as if she was trying to draw my cum from the tip. She sucked me with love and desire and her hair cascaded around my cock as she moved.

Her whole body was moving as she went up and down the shaft. Sara had sucked me but this was different. I could wait with Sara; with my mother I couldn't. I yelled, "OH" with the first explosion that surprised me with lack of time between the urge to come and the release into my mother's mouth. I guess she was surprised too because she came off me for a moment and a volley went at her cheek. She took the rod in hand and stroked me hard and fast while closing her mouth over the top of my cock. The jerking caused a second intense set of releases that made me yell again. As I came with the final spurts, I began hearing her moaning as she swallowed the cum that filled her mouth.

A mother had sucked all the juice out of her sons cock…and it was my mother…and my cock. I lay there stunned with the enormity of what had just occurred. She came up and rested her head on my chest. “Are you going to stop loving me now that I did that?” she asked.

I didn’t understand the question and answered with one of my own. “How could I stop loving you?”

“I don’t know honey…maybe you would think it was wrong that your mother took you in her mouth…and…I guess I’m just wondering myself what kind of mother I am.”

“Mom, you’re the kind of mother with the most beautiful tits in the world.”

She laughed and said, “Be serious.”

I stroked her hair and said, “You’re the kind of mother that makes her son proud…the kind that loves her son so much she’d let him come in her mouth.”

“I do love you” she said, “But I think I was more a horny mother that wanted you in her mouth for herself.”

“That’s even better mom…the best part of it was you…my sweet mother’s mouth.” I touched her lips and they parted. “You’re the one I’ve always wanted to have…since the first time I started thinking about it…thinking about your beautiful breasts…and what it would like to be in your pussy…” I touched the wet lips between her legs and she closed her eyes. “Do you know something mom? The first time I came, I was thinking about you.”

“Is that true honey? Me? I never thought…” Even though I had just been in her mouth, she seemed embarrassed at the thought and I could see her face redden a bit. She kissed me deeply and then put her head back on my chest and started asking herself questions as if she was talking to me. “Honey, can this work between us? Could you love me…and want to be with me…like a woman…not just as your mother?” I gave her the answers I hoped she wanted to hear.

She laid her hand over my cock and the erection that was building sprang stiffly. She stroked it smoothly as she talked. “You’re hard for your mamma aren’t you baby…hard for me…you do want me don’t you honey…like I want you?” She straddled me and eased herself onto my cock guiding it up between her wet lips. Her pussy felt moist and I penetrated into her channel as she lowered herself until she was completely impaled. A smile lit her face as she reveled in the feelings that my cock caused when she moved her hips around.

Her breasts looked enormous hanging toward my face as she leaned forward. I gathered as much of the flesh as I could in both hands and she said, “Do you like your mommy’s tit’s baby…do they feel good? Do you like fucking your Connie?” I answered the questions that we both knew needed no answers.

I brought one of her big tits to my mouth and began sucking on the nipple. Her sounds were intense. We all vary in sensitivity I guess; mom seemed to be in the group on the extreme edge. Each tug on her nipple elicited a groan as she began raising and lowering herself on my cock. I let her

swollen nipple out of mouth and she sat up to more fluidly move on the cock that impaled her.

As she spoke it all came out as statements rather than questions. “OH sweetheart…it is good isn’t it…good to be in your momma’s pussy…so I can show you how much I want you…how much I love you…you know that don’t you baby…don’t you…that your momma’s going to do everything for you…everything to make you happy?” She rode me harder as she said, “And your cock is for me…to be inside me…in my mouth and in my pussy…yes in momma’s pussy…in momma’s pussy.” Her talk was exciting both of us.

I looked between her legs to see our connection. I watched. I was entranced as my cock disappeared into my mother’s pretty pussy. I liked her neatly trimmed pubic hair and the pinkish coloration of the area. I thought I could feel my cock getting harder as it rode up inside my mamma’s belly.

I loved her naked body. Anyplace I touched felt like silk. Her scent filled my nostrils and I reached to hold my mother’s ass for the first time. The firm globes filled my hands and I spread and closed the cheeks as she went up

and down on my cock. She leaned over to kiss me and we remained with our mouths and sexes locked for a long moment. Then my mother began a whimpering moan in my mouth and accelerated it as her hips accelerated over my cock.

As she rose and lowered herself on me I met her with thrusts of my own. Each time we made the full connection she let out a breathy “Ohhh…” alternately she called me her love and her Rob.

I closed my eyes for a while to experience the sensations that were jumping from my cock to my brain as my mother’s pussy grasped and massaged the stiffness that was in her. Wet sounds emerged from our joining and I wanted to look. I wanted to see her pussy as she took me into it and coated my dick with her cream. I wanted to see her tits as they bounced and swayed with her movements.

Because I had come in her mouth not long before I was able to enjoy watching my mother come without being taken over. She dug her nails into my chest bounced with abandon as her head moved in all directions. She was

almost as loud as I was when I came. I stayed rock hard inside her as she used my pole to bring herself off. She squeezed her eye's shut as she let out a final, "Eeeeee…" and slowed to a standstill, as I remained deep and stiff inside her pussy.

I turned my mother over so that she was on her back. My urge for her ass was almost as strong to possess her as for the sex of it. I pushed her legs back to her breasts and she held her thighs displaying her pussy and ass. I put a finger into my mother's asshole and stretched it a bit. She knew what was coming and she just said, "Yes." My cock was still sopping from her juices and I immediately applied the head of my cock to the smaller opening. The pink lips of her pussy were enticing and as I pressed the tip of my cock into her ass, I touched the soft lips.

I pushed into her hot hole and she let out the longest "Ohhhhhh…" I'd ever heard. I began methodically pulling out and pushing in deeper with each stroke.

With half of my cock into her I asked, "Is it good mom? Is it good to have your son in your ass?"

With almost a breathless cry she said, “Oh yes Rob baby…yes it’s good…it’s so good.” I pushed in the remaining part of the shaft and filled her ass with my cock. I stayed in up to the hilt. The pressure was enormous…my mother’s channel squeezing my cock…my cock stretching her channel.

Once I had her fully penetrated, I was able to stroke smoothly and evenly. At that point I no longer had to ask my mother how it felt. Her pleasure was evident by the way her hips were moving and thrusting to get more of my cock into her ass. She reached to touch my cock as the shaft went in and out of her hole. The sounds she made were unmistakable. My mother liked having me in there. It sounded like she liked having me in there as much as I liked being in there.

My mother’s ass felt perfect for my cock…I was wrapped and massaged and milked in a glove of flesh that made me feel like sparks could come off any part of me. Inside her…in my mother’s ass…it felt like the place I would always want to be…the place I would always need to be. I said, “You’re

mine aren't you mom…all for me?" I drove in and out of the tight hole that held me as if it didn't want to let go.

"Yes I'm yours darling…momma belongs to you." I held her legs and spread them wide as my cock burrowed into her depths. I pulled out for a moment and looked at the pucker that was pink from friction and openly waiting to receive me again. My cock went back in without my holding it and I resumed giving it all to my mother.

Mom started rubbing her pussy and it looked shiny with her juices. She began her climax with a mixed cry and laugh and she was saying, "Yours…yours…yours…" as her orgasm reddened the tops of her breasts. "Yes baby…yes…keep doing that…I'm coming love…I'm coming…"

I wouldn't stop. I kept looking for the end of her with my cock. I found it with my balls on her smooth creamy skin and I released the first jet of hot cum inside her ass. She cascaded into another orgasm and I sent streams of my seed into her until there was no more in me and no more room in her. I collapsed onto her lips and my words of love became my tongue in her mouth.

We both smiled through a long quiet moment as our breathing evened and synchronized. As I held her in my arms, I could feel her softness melt into me…her thoughts caressing me…her heart loving me.

Mom laughed and said, “If you keep going at that pace I don’t think I’ll last out the week.”

I said, “You better last a lot longer than that because I intend on doing it to you every night for the rest of our lives. And then I asked her, “Mom, do you know how much I love you?”

She said, “You just showed me baby…not too many mothers are loved that way by their sons…I can still feel you inside me…filling me…in every secret place.”

I took her comforting big breast in my hand and said “Mom, I have some more ideas for roles you would be great at playing…mother, lover, slave, mistress, wife…”

She laughed and cradled my wet cock into her warm palm and said, “When do we start rehearsing?”

THE END

Another Day in Paradise

By the age of nineteen, Jason's life was already a long strange trip. His story had armed robbery, rape, and incest in it. He'd read about things like that in books and seen it in films. He just didn't expect to be the character in the lead role.

When Jason was still young, his mother and stepfather, Janice and Carl, moved to a small beach town. It was close enough to the city in which Carl had opened an office for him to commute. He spent most of his time there and didn't always come home on weekends, which always served as a bone of contention between Janice and Carl.

For Jason, it all started with lotion. The beach was the equivalent of heaven to Jason because that's where he got to be with his mother without any distractions. Their house practically sat on the beach and before and after the tourist season, it was usually desolated. His mother was a sun-worshipper and they went out every afternoon and weekend. Janice would hand him the Coppertone to 'do

her'. He must have slathered lotion on his mother's back and legs a thousand times over the years without thinking about it until that day in May when reality shifted.

He got hard. He wasn't sure what he was feeling. The confusion of excitement and guilt washed over him turning him crimson. He missed the father he never had to talk to. Jason's father had been an officer in the Marines but was accidentally killed in a live-fire exercise when Jason was five. His mother, who always explained things to him, was now unavailable. He calmed himself and waited for it all to subside. That night he was in turmoil. His mother must have asked him ten times if he was okay; he wasn't.

The next day as they sat in the dunes, he almost said no when she handed him the plastic bottle. Awareness now dogged his every thought and act. As soon as he opened the cap, the smell triggered a response. The white cream was now sensual in his hand. He started on her shoulder blades and became aware of how soft her skin was. Skin he had run his hand down so many times before, now felt different. The toning of her muscles from her daily run was evident to his touch. He slid down her long flanks. Had he come this close to the top of her rounded ass before? He couldn't

remember. How could this be the first time he ever felt the silkiness of her inner thighs as his fingers came so close to the mystery between her legs?

That night was the first time Jason made himself come thinking about his mother. He had had a few nocturnal emissions caused by murky images of women like her, but never thought of them as 'mom'. He went out to the dunes and in the mild night air, touched himself. He thought of her, of touching her. With his eyes closed he watched as she touched him back. She kissed him back. She let him…she let him. The force of his release surprised him. He watched his ejaculate shoot a long distance from where he stood. Afterwards he sat in the sand feeling relieved that the feelings were gone. Somehow he thought it was over. By the time he returned to the house he realized how wrong he was. His mother was in a long tee shirt without a bra. He watched her stimulated nipples move against the cotton. Within minutes he had to turn away; he was hard again.

Janice was a beautiful woman and everyone noticed. Carl noticed everyone noticing; that made him a pain in the ass. He was always accusing her of leading men on or having affairs. When she came to his office a few days a week to

help with the books he gave her a hard time about the way men looked at her. He swore he'd leave her without a penny if he ever caught her screwing around. She knew he had the power to do it.

In point of fact, Janice had two short affairs. One was with an actor in the community theater group she played in and the other was a lifeguard. She realized after a few years that her marriage was a mistake. Her husband didn't satisfy her in any way. He was obsessed with making money, which he was very good at, and 'banging' Janice, as he so delicately put it, which he was very bad at. The excuses she used to refuse him sometimes bordered on the absurd. She had invoked 'fatigue syndrome' a few times and once even told him that there wasn't enough sunlight that day and the deprivation made her unable have sex with him.

From anyone but Carl, Janice was always hungry for physical contact. She hugged and kissed everyone she knew. She was easily aroused and usually stayed aroused until she could find the time and place to masturbate. Even when talking to strangers her hands would end up on their arm or shoulder. It wasn't calculation or artifice. It was just the way she was.

The sensual effect that touch engendered was always welcomed, especially from her own 'handsome boy'. When she and Jason would walk in a mall or on the street she always wanted to hold his hand. When he grew tall enough, he would put his hand in the small of her back as they walked and gently stroke her up and down. She always smiled when he did that. She didn't smile lasciviously or seductively; she just smiled. When he was done, his last stroke would lightly brush over his mother's ass. She accepted his touch without any comment.

There was another side to the full-breasted beauty. She could look at times like a 'sweet innocent' but that didn't mean she was 'soft'. She could be tough as leather when she had to be. Jason always remembered the first summer on the beach when a big hairy guy came up to where they were sitting and called his mother something like 'sweet cheeks'. She stood her full five ten and with steel in her eye and voice, she walked within six inches of him and said, "Move on or you'll be sorry you didn't." The guy believed her and so did Jason.

Things starting going bad from the night his stepfather 'caught' them. Carl had been on Jason's back all night. Jason loathed him by that time. For all the times his stepfather had barked his orders at him, Jason couldn't remember him ever saying "please" or "thank you" to him. When they all settled down to watch a video, Janice had her legs across Jason's lap and he idly ran his hand from her knees to her ankle. Carl noticed that Jason was hard. He controlled himself for the moment but that night, Jason heard them screaming at each other.

"Are you screwing around with your own son now you whore?"

"What the hell are you talking about you crazy fuck?" Janice thought he had really gone off the deep end when he told her what he saw. She told him that he was being ridiculous; she said that boys Jason's age probably always had a hard on. She figured it was just Carl's jealousy run amok. After hours of arguing and threatening, he convinced her that the best thing was for Jason to go to live at school.

All relationships are complicated. When they sent him away to school, the love and desire he felt for his mother became tinged with anger. Jason couldn't understand how she could allow them to be apart. He listened to his pain in Eric Clapton's guitar and Janis Joplin's voice waiting for it to go away. It was the music his mother had listened to. The feelings always came back.

Through the years his fantasies took on a harder edge. At eighteen, he was picturing himself behind his mother's full round ass and plunging his cock deep enough to make her scream. He was never sure if it was a scream of pain or pleasure.

He was about to graduate and leave for college when his mother made one of her frequent visits to school. As he had gotten older, she confided in him. She talked to him about everything - sometimes too many things. She told him when she had her period and how tender her breasts felt. She even admitted her affairs to him and on that particular day she said, "I don't know Jason, I thought as I got older my sex drive would lessen but I want it and need it more than ever."

She didn't realize what she was doing to him until he said with a quiet ferocity, "I need it too mom...I need it too." He held her arms and began kissing her. She was so stunned she didn't react at first.

He pushed her to the bed and as he was about to get on top of her, she looked into the black of his eyes and softly said, "Jason...stop." He did.

His face showed the remorse he felt as he said, "I'm sorry mom, I've been thinking about loving you for so long that I don't know what I'm doing anymore." They talked for over an hour as he poured his heart out to her. When he was spent she took him in her arms and held him. She put her face in his hair and kissed his head. She stroked his cheek with her soft hand and then kissed his lips. She took his hand and placed it on her breast. She touched him until he came.

As she left the room she said, "Jason, I've got to think; I'll call you. I love you." Her call came sooner than he expected. It was the middle of the night. She said nothing he expected.

"Jason, I need to see you. There's a bus at ten tomorrow morning; please come home."

When he got home he had no idea what to do or say. His stepfather was gone and his mother was dressed for the beach. She said, "I'll be out there honey…come out so we can talk." He put on a suit and followed her. The afternoon sun was waning when he got to the empty beach.

Janice lay prone with her eyes closed and Jason said, "You look great mom." She didn't answer as he reached for the lotion. He straddled her legs and coated his hands with the white cream. Jason unhooked the top of his mother's bathing suit and began coating her back. As he reached towards her shoulders, his cock contacted her ass.

Janice said, "Honey I know what you want but I can't do it… I can't let you…Jason…and it's not just that I'm your mother…Oh God, I shouldn't tell you this but it's true…it's that I want you to…I want you to…and if we start…"

As he kneaded the slick liquid into her back, he rubbed his hardening shaft between her meaty globes. She said, "Jason." He didn't know if it was 'Jason stop' or 'Jason don't stop'. His answer was to move his hands to the sides of her breasts and begin fondling her. "Jason" was the only word she said for the next thirty minutes.

He was slow and deliberate. He raised himself and removed the bottom of her suit. His greasy hands and slippery fingers found her pussy. He was surprised that it was shaved smooth and clean. He liked the feel of the velvet flesh between her legs. He massaged and explored to the sounds of her soft moans. She made no attempt to stop him when he drove a finger deep into her ass. His caressing and probing of her every inch continued at a torturously slow pace.

Janice was still on her stomach when he finally pulled his suit down and put the swollen head of his cock against the opening of her pussy; she was as primed as she had ever been. He ran his slick hand down the length of his steel hard shaft and then ran the length of it deep into his mother's waiting channel. She hugged her elbows close to herself as if to gird herself for her son's onslaught. It was an onslaught.

Besides it being the biggest cock she'd ever had inside her it was also the angriest. All the frustrations of his wanting her, blaming her, and needing her became focused on the joining of his cock and his mother's pussy.

Each of her son's hard thrusts into her was welcomed with shock and pleasure. Each time his cock found the end of her she called his name. Even though her son's cock filled her, she raised herself and gave him more access. He took her breasts in his hands and drove the last few inches to the depths of his mother's humid pussy. Finally she made a long high-pitched sound and by her clenching he knew she had come. He pulled out of her throbbing pussy and stroked himself twice before the first cords of cum shot to her shoulders. The last of them went down her back. As she lay there breathing deeply, he ran his hand with his cream from her neck down to her ass.

When his mother got up she put her suit on and took his hand leading him to the water. It was ice cold against their hot skin but they dove in. When they came up she put her arms around his neck and said, "Thank you for not coming in me...I take the pill... but thank you anyway." She kissed him and he tasted the sweetness of her tongue and the salty

water. She looked at him with an enigmatic smile and said "Now what?"

Now what? turned into more than either one of them expected. Fifteen minutes later Janice was rubbing her son's cock again. In the time it had taken them to dry off and go back into the house, she had changed her mind three times. Her first thought was "Okay it happened but it's never going to happen again." Her last thought was, "God it felt so good...I need him again...now." So she went into his arms and kissed him slowly all over his face and eyes and rubbed his responsive cock.

Jason pulled down her top exposing her breasts. He held one from underneath and used his index finger to play with her nipple. He asked her, "Mom, did it feel good when I was in you?"

Janice laughed. "You know how it made me feel. You just want to hear your momma tell you how good you did her don't you?" She got serious and began whispering in his ear as his cock got rock hard. "I loved it baby...I loved having your big cock so far up me I could have screamed...and I

want it there again...and I'm going to want it there again and again and again." So he put it there, every time she wanted him to and every time he wanted to.

They had sex, they had more sex and then they made love. Within weeks of frantic trips back and forth to school and spending every waking moment that they could together, the testosterone and estrogen of lust mingled with the oxytocin and vassopressin of affection and love.

As they loved into the hot summer, they spent more time together in the dunes. They swam together and once made love in the water. They were out past the breakers in the late afternoon when most of the tourists had gone for the day and Janice had her legs wrapped around her son's waist. They rarely touched when anyone was around but that day Janice kissed her son as they played. Jason got hard and put his hand on her pussy.

Before long neither of them wanted to wait until their usual late night meeting after Carl was asleep. Jason managed to get his cock into his mother by pushing aside their suits. They smiled at a couple who floated by them and did all

they could not to be obvious about it. It was awkward and chafing but fun. He was barely touching the bottom and his mother bobbed slowly on his cock to the rhythm of the buoyant water. He held her ass in hands as he attempted to rock her harder along the rod that filled her.

Her salty tongue played in his mouth as she drew herself onto him by locking her ankles around his back. Her fingers dug into his back as she attempted to get more leverage to move her hips. Jason slid his hand under Janice's nylon bottom and put one finger into her ass. He knew that his mother always came quicker when he did that. As he pushed in with his finger he could feel the bulge of his cock on the other side of the thin membrane.

Janice began biting on her son's ear before moving to his mouth as she started to come. When they were alone they both usually climaxed with loud exclamations; they managed to keep it down that day by locking their mouths together. They laughed as much as they moaned when they came. When they talked about it later, they agreed it was fun but they both preferred the sweet languor of touching each other for a long time and then fucking each other for a long time, on a blanket in the sand or in bed.

At that point they both wanted the same thing, to do it all together forever. How? That was the question. Jason came up with the crazy idea and Janice was desperate enough to agree. The first part was Janice's fooling with Carl's books to get some money for them to start with. The second part was a special one-act play for Carl.

On their specified night, Carl came home at about 11:30. As the garage door clanged down and he opened the door to the house, he was greeted by a man with a gun. The man he saw was all in black including a cotton mask covering his whole head. Only blue eyes showed through. The man directed the trembling Carl to the bedroom with the gun pressed against the back of his head. All of Carl's questions were answered with one whisper, "Shut up or die."

When Carl entered the bedroom he saw his wife tied to the bed, her eyes covered and her mouth gagged. Her blouse was torn open and her skirt was raised. The man tied Carl to a chair at the side of the bed and gagged him. He didn't cover his eyes. The man whispered, "I didn't expect you but you're just in time for the show."

Carl watched frozen as the man took a scissor from the bureau top and cut off Janice's panties and bra; he made appreciative noises as he surveyed her tits and pussy. He roughly grabbed a tit and tweaked the nipple. She made resistive noises under the gag and wriggled but she was bound too tightly to move far. Carl's eyes opened wide as the big hard cock came out of the man's pants. He straddled Janice and held the rod against the soft pussy lips until they spread and yielded the hole. He pushed past the hairless opening and sank in to the hilt. A muffled cry came from beneath Janice's gag. Carl watched as the man began fucking his wife long and hard.

Carl looked like he was struck dumb as he watched. Jason and Janice went to the second part of their plan. Jason pulled out of his mother and lifted the mask enough to expose his mouth. He began sucking on the folds of his mother's cunt. He licked all over the smooth pussy and drew the elongated clit into his mouth. Janice began to moan.

Whether she would have been able to mask her pleasure and pretend she wasn't enjoying it at this point was moot; they wanted Carl to know that his wife was getting fucked and liked it. Even under her gag her husband recognized the sounds he had never been unable to get out of his wife. He became infuriated. The words weren't entirely understandable but it was clear that he was calling his wife a 'fucking whore' and worse.

Jason whispered something in his mother's ear and took off her gag. He stuck his cock in her mouth and let her suck him for a while. Again he said something to her and untied her legs. He put her legs on his shoulders. He began fingering around his mother's exposed pucker. He teased her tender asshole as she began to writhe. He took some of her juice and put it on the small hole. Her cry reverberated around the room as Jason entered his mother's ass. As he plunged in and out of her, the screams of "Yes...yes...yes" had Carl apoplectic. When she yelled that she was coming, he was practically bouncing in the chair. Janice let out a long sigh when her son pulled his wide cock out of her.

Jason whispered to Carl that this would all be over and he wouldn't return unless he called the police. He coughed at

the smell of Carl's sweat and stinking aftershave. He told Carl that he knew where he worked and warned him again that he would come get him if he told anyone. With the gun pressed into his stepfather's ear, Jason relieved him of his Rolex and jewelry. He went back and loosened one of his mother's hands and mouthed silently, "I love you" and left.

They were right about Carl. He couldn't stand the fact that his wife was screwed by another man and enjoyed it. He moved out the next day and filed for divorce. He told Janice she would be well taken care of when all the paperwork was done because he knew that under the circumstances he couldn't get out of paying.

A week later, Jason and his mother were in the dunes. Nobody was around. "I like you in blue eyes" his mother said. "What happened to them?"

Jason said, "I threw those contacts away, you'll have to take me as I am."

Janice took a deep breath and said, "As long as you have this cock to give me." They kissed and touched for a while feeling the sun and their passions warming them.

As their breathing got harder Jason said, "Mom, let me see you touch yourself." He'd been imagining what she looked like as she masturbated for a while. She smiled and called him a 'wicked boy' as she took her bottoms off and put some cream on her fingertips. She reclined on the blanket spreading her legs, exposing herself fully to her son. She closed her eyes and used her left hand to cover and rub her pussy. Her right hand reached into her top and took the nipple between her fingers. As she began to writhe gently, her knees came up and she exposed her clit to one slippery finger. He saw the pink inside her and it reminded him of the color of the open shells at the edge of the shore. She circled and rubbed and tapped her swollen nub in all directions.

Jason was totally turned on by the sight of his mother's body and what she was doing to it but mostly by the look on her face. What made him hardest was the way she said his name as she approached her sweet soft orgasm. It was mostly a long sigh and a smile that lingered as she opened

her eyes and saw her son taking pleasure in her. She propped herself on her elbows and looked at his bulge. She said, "Your turn; I can see you're ready."

Jason's dick sprang as he removed his suit. He said, "You do it for me mom."

Janice greased her hand and sat by him taking the long rod in her fist. He closed his eyes and she said, "You know baby, I've never actually seen you come…when you come in me, sometimes it feels like it's shot out of a rocket launcher…now I'm going to see how far it goes for myself…" As she spoke she jerked him harder and faster. He started to moan as his sperm filled balls began to rise. Her words accelerated him, "Yes baby…shoot your big cock…come for momma…come for momma…come for momma."

Janice's fist was a piston and at that point nothing could have stopped the eruption. Her son came fast, hard, and loud as she continued pumping. His yell drowned out her surprised "Wow" as the first cord of cum shot into the air. As she squeezed the last spurt out of him, her laughing registered. "That was amazing Jason; no wonder it feels like

it does when you come in me." He hadn't seen it but he certainly felt it.

The sun was going down and they wrapped themselves together in the blanket, rolling around and playing. After a while the kissing became passionate but they went from fire to ice in an instant when they heard a voice say, "You fucking shits, you thought you were so smart." They looked up at Carl and two other men coming out from behind a dune.

The warrant turned up the Rolex. Jason was smart enough to get rid of the contact lenses, gun, and clothing but not the watch. Carl had recognized Jason's cough, put the plot together and went to the police. Throughout the trials Jason shook his head and muttered, "My fucking cough?"

Mother and son were charged and tried separately with conspiracy, armed robbery, unlawful detention, fraud, and a slew of other charges. In addition, Janice was charged with forcible incest on her son. Most of the charges didn't stick even though Carl had pictures from his investigator. The gun, which was never loaded, of course was never found

and there were enough 'my words against yours' to muddle the outcome. Jason ended up with probation and Janice was sentenced to nine months mostly because the books she had 'cooked' were for a corporation and not her husband's personal money.

Within a few months, Jason had violated his probation; he wasn't caught. He falsely applied for conjugal visitations with Janice, as her husband, and was granted them. The first time he went through the prison gate he broke out in a cold sweat; he thought they might never let him out. When he entered the sterile room after being searched and saw his mother's face, it made it all worthwhile. She looked worn but still had a smile when she saw him. As he came to her arms, she said, "Fuck it all honey, we have each other."

They say that comedy is tragedy plus time. They would laugh about a lot of what happened and all that they went through much later. They would tell each other the story over and over...when it was history. They always agreed about that first conjugal visit; it was as sweet a memory as they had.

He touched her then for the first time in seven weeks. He put his hand inside her denim shirt and felt her breasts and nipples. His mother's big tit seemed heavier than usual. He said with a bit of alarm, "Oh mom your not...?"

She looked at him strangely and said "Not what?"

"Pregnant...?" he asked.

She laughed when she understood. "No...I've just been eating like a pig in here while waiting to get out."

He liked the few extra pounds on her and he could see her rounded-out curves when all her clothes were off. They got on the cot and talked about all the things they would do when she got out. They touched as they talked. They warmed as they touched. Her son's cock began to throb as it thickened. She ran her fingers lightly up and down the shaft. For him it was sometimes more torture than pleasure when she played with him that way: running her nails...flicking her tongue on whatever it could reach. This was one of those times. All he could think of was being

inside her...inside that place his lips were kissing...inside that place his hand was touching...inside that place his finger was probing.

She didn't make him wait long. She joked "Since you came here as my husband, I should do my wifely duties" She took the knob of her son's cock into her mouth and sucked hard as her tongue ran around the rim. One hand cupped him as the other hand stroked him. He watched her in awe of what she could do to him. His cock expanded to its full width filling her mouth. He moved gently counter to her and more of his thick shaft approached her throat. She did him slowly to keep him hard for her other holes. When she finally drew back and came off him, his cock dripped with her saliva.

Janice got on her son and positioned her smooth opening over his rigid pole. She eased herself down on it slowly; knowing from experience the depths it could reach. The more of him she took into her pussy, the more her increasing moans excited him. Soon she was impaled and when his tip hit her spot, she gave an involuntary shudder. She tossed her head back and gyrated, keeping his cock moving along the walls of her stuffed channel.

She slowed to savor the feeling of the way he filled her. She looked down at her son as he delighted in touching her breasts and nipples and told him, "I thought about this everyday for weeks…having your hardness up inside me…I wonder how many mother's would do this if they knew…oh honey…you'll always want to do this to me…won't you…won't you baby?"

"Yes mom…always…anyone would want this with a mother as beautiful as you…with a pussy as beautiful as yours…" They both began to move in concert as they raised each other to a higher pitch.

"Did you save your sweet cum for your mother baby?"

He laughed, "You never have to worry about me not having enough for you mom."

She laughed too. "I know baby…I'm always amazed by the way you come…I love the feel of that first shot exploding in me." She leaned over and began fervently kissing her son.

Their mouths sucked and licked as their tongues played. They continued until they were breathless. She bit on his ear and urgently told him, I want you in my ass baby…now…I want to feel that big hard cock stuffed into your momma's asshole…I want to feel it when you give me that hot cum of yours…deep in my ass… so deep in your momma's…"

Before she could finish he had turned her and then put her on hands and knees. She was trembling as he opened her asshole with his thumbs. His cock was so hard he could direct it to her waiting hole without touching it. He grabbed her hips and pushed in. His mother responded with a squeal but encouraged him with, "More baby…more…more." He pushed deeper into his mother's hot alley that clamped and squeezed his wide cock. Her asshole was stretched to the limit. It was so tight around him; he began to imagine what it must be like for his mother to have that thick pole shoved so far up her ass. She squirmed but reached back to pull him even deeper into her.

By the time she finally said, "No more baby…no more…it's too much," he had his whole cock in her. They began fucking and each stroke was a velvet spear to the mother

and a gloved hand to the son. They fucked each other to the brink of the precipice and went over together. His first shot was what she wanted, an explosive bullet of hot cum that filled her ass; so was his second. He continued until they were both shaking and his cream leaked as a soothing lotion from his mother's tender asshole. As he emptied her of his cock, she welcomed the feel of his coating balm on her inflamed membranes. They held each other in a satisfied silence for hours.

When Janice got out, they moved south and ended up in Saint Simons Island where they had jobs waiting and a beach nearby. The first year they hardly saw the beach. They both worked overtime and really wanted nothing more than to live a fairly simple and 'normal' life, together. That was the plan.

You know about plans. The jobs they got were through someone Janice had met when she was 'in'. They were at a high-end men's club. When you came down to it, a 'titty bar'. They both worked behind the scenes. Janice did office work and Jason drove big spenders, who were called 'whales', to and from the club and any other job that Bill, the owner, had for him. At first Janice was a bit concerned

what Jason's reaction to all the 'young' bodies would be but she needn't have worried. He treated a few of the sweet ones as friends, and ignored the 'druggies' and the others. He wasn't interested because he felt he had the best.

The problems came early on when they found themselves short on funds. The club catered to a large clientele but had a reputation for after-hours activities. They called them "Fetish Nights"; they were very lucrative. They would cater to that group of men that had a particular inclination on different nights. Sometimes it was the younger looking girls dressed as 'Teenies', sometimes it was 'Women on Women'; once, it was 'Shepherd's Night'. When Jason first heard about it, his first thought was, "What's exciting about men dressed up in robes and sandals?" Then he realized the kind of 'shepherd' they were talking about and laughed at his own naiveté.

When Bill approached him about one of the special nights, Jason was interested, although later he felt that he should have known better when Bill told him the stupid title of what he had in mind: "The Old meets the New- Starting the new Year off with a bang." Jason and Janice's May-December romance made them a natural for the event. It

would really have spiced things up if anyone knew they were actually mother and son.

When they talked about it, they figured that all the money they could make would go a long way. After many misgivings, they decided to do it. They talked about shutting out the spectators in their minds and just making love. It was easier said than done. When it was their time to 'perform', they were on what basically was a large padded table. About twenty-five men surrounded them as they mounted their 'stage'. Jason was bare-chested already and Janice had on the usual nylons, heels, and lingerie but she looked unusually good. The men hooted appreciatively.

Music started and so did they. They kissed and Jason exposed his mother's full breasts and rouged nipples. Janice kept her eyes closed as much as possible even though Bill had told her to smile at the men. When only her nylons and heels remained on, she couldn't block out all the remarks about her 'tits and ass'.

When Jason's cock came out, the men clapped and when he stood before his kneeling mother and she took the head

into her mouth, he relaxed a bit. Even in front of a crowd, her knowledge of how to suck her son hardened him quickly and fully. She held his cock with both hands and stroked. She licked and blew his cock into a throbbing rod. She took one of his balls in her mouth and then ran her tongue all over both of them.

Janice's round upturned ass proved to be too much of a temptation for one guy who reached out and touched it. She was jolted and everything stopped as the bouncer escorted the man, none too gently, from the room. After the proper admonitions, Jason and Janice were able to regain their composure and get back into it.

Janice had lubricated herself beforehand in case she was nervous but her son's attention to her pussy started her own juices flowing. He licked his mother's pussy with the tricks his tongue had learned from her and she responded with small shudders. When he entered her, she was ready as she always was for him. Bill had told her to make as many 'noises' as she could for the crowd but she didn't have to put it on. It felt good when her son's cock filled her and she moaned as she always did when he'd thrust his fullness slowly into the depths of her pussy.

They fucked in three different positions and then he approached her from behind. His mother's ass was greased and waiting for his entry. The remarks began getting to him as he pumped his mother's ass. He stayed hard because her ass held him so tightly and squeezed mercilessly as he stroked her. At times he would pull completely out of her and to the delight of the men around, the small hole didn't close immediately. She was carried away and her waiting pucker was relaxed as it was for her son at home.

Jason now just wanted it to be over. He wanted to get his mother out of there and protect her from the leering eyes and shouting. He pumped her hard to bring himself to orgasm. His first jet exploded inside his mother's ass but he was told he had to give the crowd their 'money' shot. He pulled his cock out and jerked the remaining cum onto his mother's back and ass. When Janice felt him come, she faked an orgasm. It didn't fool Jason but the crowd appreciated it. He would make it up to her later. As he massaged his cum all over his mother's body, it reminded him of their first time on the beach.

The customers had got their money's worth but the price was too high for Jason; he would never do it again. When they got home, Jason's eyes were filled as he apologized to his mother. She kissed him with a small smile and said, "You loved me, how could that be bad?" All night she answered his remorse the same way, "You loved me…that's all…you loved me."

By morning, He was gently inside her again, holding her close, embracing and kissing her with whisper touches, moving slowly in her and lingering as her velvet hands stroked his back and ass until they came. They both had unusually soft and quiet culminations with the long, deep entries of her son causing longer, deeper sighs.

They stayed in bed most of the morning talking and holding each other. Janice told him as she touched him, "I love that you're mine and you want me. I know there are a lot of pretty girls out there but you're here with me and I'm glad. You know baby…the first time I saw how big you were when you got hard I was a little afraid…you filled me so completely…but it felt so good…" She laughed, "But the first time I knew you were going to have anal sex with me…I was very afraid…I still can't imagine how that big thing of yours

gets all the way in without splitting me…but it does and I've gotten to like it …a lot."

He drew her to him and stroked over the rounded globes behind her. "You probably think I'm just saying this now mom, but I think you have the most beautiful ass I ever saw."

She laughed again and said, "You must if the number of times you've been in it is any indication." He laughed also and began kissing her with the passion his swelling cock couldn't hide. He toyed with her pussy from behind and then placed his finger on the hole he wanted. He inserted it past the anal ring that usually cinctured tightly around his cock.

They were on their sides facing each other and Janice reached around to do to her son what he was doing to her. Her finger found entry and they both probed as they kissed. He rolled over on top her and spread his mother's legs by her ankles. Janice didn't want him to stop to get a lubricant so she put her saliva on the tips of her fingers and transferred it to the tip of her son's swollen cock.

It was the first time she tried to take him in without being well greased. The saliva eased the initial insertion past the tight opening but he had to press hard to force the big cock deeper into her ass. Her asshole felt like it was on fire. She knew she would be sore after he was done but she didn't care; she had her son where she wanted him. He was fucking his mother the way she had always wanted to be fucked – with love. It didn't matter if he was in her mouth, in her pussy, or in her ass. It didn't matter how sore he could make her; he loved her.

Jason let go of one of his mother's legs and went to her clit. She grabbed her calf and kept her legs spread to keep her hole as open as possible as he pushed deeper into the hot grasping channel that was resisting his entry. Jason took some juice from his mother's pussy and put it on the shaft when he drew it back. Janice was now completely opened and yielding to her son's forceful advances. Janice knew how much he liked taking her that way and she told him how good it felt, "Yes honey…give me your cock…give momma all of your cock…I love it when you're in me like this…I love giving you what you want…all of me…every inch of me filled with you…nothing better…nothing better than

my baby fucking me like this..."As he got excited and speared her more quickly, he could almost feel her clit swelling as it engorged with blood.

He waited for his mother and held himself back as she came closer to the edge. When he finally heard the sweet words, "Baby...oh...I'm coming...come with me... Jason...come in me...fuck...OH..." He let go. The initial discharge was a bolt of cum that felt like a projectile to her. She made pleasurable sounds as each subsequent hard spurt filled her with her son's soothing cream. As he continued rubbing his mother's sensitive nub, a second eruptive orgasm surprised Janice. She felt her insides explode and experienced an unusual release of her own fluids as her son's slippery cock continued to release the last seeds of love into his mother. What she said when they were done was, "Oh my God...what was that?" They both released a satisfied and exhausted laugh.

Neither of them wanted to move from bed even when they had recovered sufficient strength. Janice turned on the radio and they listened to a program that was playing Miles Davis. They talked about dreams, wishes, and plans as they often did holding each other after sex.

Janice confided that when he was in her, sometimes she fantasized that they were high school sweethearts and got married so that she could be pregnant with his child. He told her it was a lovely fantasy and that she was his high school sweetheart because he'd loved her since then - as a woman as much as a mother. They talked of exotic beaches and foreign cities that would probably be out of reach for years but the sweetness of the words lingered on their tongues.

Janice asked him to tell her what they would do on 'their island' and he described a perfect day in paradise from breakfast served to them in bed to the midnight swim on a deserted white sand beach. He told her how the moon would make her bare breasts the color of pearls and how he would love her.

As he spoke, she bent over to take him in her mouth. He lightly ran his fingers over her breasts as she began to raise and lower her head over his cock. He loved to watch her nipples become long and rubbery as she sucked. He marveled at how much of his big cock his mother could

take to the back of her throat before drawing back with her soft lips tightly encircling his full girth. Janice tasted the sample of cum that oozed on her tongue and anticipated the full expression of his desire for her. She sucked her son with a passionate urge to please him and to hear him tell her how good it felt when he came in her mouth.

Her hands constantly moved up and down her son's shaft; they caressed his balls as she ran the flat of her tongue over and around the top of his cock, which by then looked twice the size of normal. The thick rod was as hard as she had ever tasted it. He began moving with her, flexing at the hip so his cock went deeper into her mouth. Over all the times she had sucked him, Janice had learned to relax her throat enough not to gag when her son took her that way. Although she couldn't t swallow him completely, most of him was inside her mouth and throat. He stroked her hair and called her "My beautiful girl" as his cock throbbed in his mother's mouth.

Janice took another inch of her son's cock when she sensed his impending release. When she took him that deep, he couldn't keep from cresting. Jason's first expulsion of thick cum shot to his mother's throat. She pulled back so that the

head of his cock lay on her soft tongue and he filled her mouth with the juice she thought of as her son's 'sweet semen'. She couldn't get enough of it even though it seemed to him that he had expelled countless times. She never stopped sucking and while she was still drawing on the head of her son's cock, he would shudder with each sucking kiss she gave his cock after licking it clean. He told her what she waited to hear. " Oh mom...that was...God...you wiped me out." That expression from him would 'carry' her for the rest of the day.

It seems that the smooth roads were paved for other people because almost one year to the day of their arrival, the club burned down. Bill decided not to re-build. Jason and Janice ended up moving from place to place finally ending up in Arizona. They stopped searching for Paradise early on because they both realized they had it in each other.

Jason is as old now as his mother was the first time they made love. She's as soft on him as he is hard for her. When things get tough, they hear the words Janice said that day in prison, "Fuck it all honey, we have each other." They have each other still.

Asking for It

"Oh my God!" That was all I could think when he asked me. When I told my son I wanted to give him something special for the holidays, the last thing I expected him to do was point and say, "those mom." I looked at him like he was crazy or maybe I was because he couldn't have been pointing to my breasts, so I mumbled something and just looked at him.

He was staring back into my eyes and he kissed my cheek and said, "Mom, "You're so beautiful...just once, I'd like to touch you." I heard it right. I guess the sane thing to do would have been just to laugh as if it was a joke and walk away but I was incredulous so I continued the conversation.

"Honey, why would you be interested in an old lady's boobs, especially your mothers? There are plenty of young girls out there that would be..."

He cut me off and said, "Look I'm sorry I said anything, let's just forget it; why don't you buy me a shirt?"

Was I smart enough to let it go...of course not? What could be wrong with a little more 'communication'? And of course I was intrigued, and that's what got me into trouble. "Sweetheart is it that you're curious about women because...?"

"Mom I've slept with enough girls and I'm not curious...what I am is...I just think about you all the time and you...make me feel different than other girls do. You're the only one I'm really attracted to."

"Oh Tommy honey that's so sweet but...maybe it's because since your father died, you've been alone with me in this house. It's been ten years...this is probably all my fault...I probably kept you to myself to much...I should have made you go out more...I..."

"Mom it's not your fault...unless you're to blame for being so beautiful and having a body that would make any guy hard."

I felt myself turn crimson. I know I'm all right looking for someone pushing forty, but I'm not God's gift to men...but...I stood looking into the eyes of someone who thought I was. It's not that I didn't know Tommy found me attractive but I always thought his complimenting my hair or my legs was as his mother...and the big bulge I often saw in his pants; I figured that was just a young guy's hormones...and since I'm a very physical person, when he touched me I always thought it was...'innocent'.

He moped around for days and was mostly uncommunicative so when the holidays came around I thought to myself, "Oh what the hell, it's not such a big deal...and it's cheaper than a car." When he came home I sat him down next to me on the couch and said, "Happy birthday Bucko; you have five minutes and not a minute more."

I unbuttoned my blouse, reached back and unhooked my bra freeing my breasts. I'm very fair skinned and blushing brought a pink flush almost to my nipples. My boobs probably look bigger than they are because I'm slim. "He's getting a bonus," I thought, because they were swollen from my period. They were also sensitive and tender.

Tommy said I was beautiful and I closed my eyes so he could enjoy his 'gift' without feeling self-conscious. I waited in anticipation of his touch. I flinched a little in surprise when instead of his hands; I felt his mouth on me. His warm lips surrounded my nipple; his tongue massaged the rubbery tip, and he suckled.

My second surprise was how it made me feel. I don't know what I thought my part in this whole thing would be but I was feeling the effects of his sucking down to my pussy. He cupped the tit and began gently fondling it as his mouth continued attending to my nipple. "What am I doing?" I thought. "I'm letting my son fondle me and I'm so wet it seems to be dripping down my thigh."

I started to float and lost track of time as he went from breast to breast and nipple to nipple with his hands and mouth. I felt stimulated, sore and alive. It must have been at least a half hour later when Tommy said, "Thank you mom, that was best present I ever got. I love you for doing this."

I sat there stunned and realized he was buttoning my blouse. I managed to stutter, "...Your welcome dear..."

I spent a restless night and the next morning I was in a daze. I didn't know what to think or how to think it. I came into the kitchen and Tommy had made the coffee and was leaving for work. He came up to me and put his lips an inch from mine. I didn't move. He whispered, "Good morning mom"; and then his mouth gently caressed mine. He laid his hand on my breast and his thumb crossed over my nipple. In my fog all I could focus on was the fact that I wasn't stopping him.

I was relieved when he released my aching breast. He left and said, "See you this afternoon." It was my day off and I was left with the turmoil of my life whirling around me. I knew I had to sort it out before my son came home.

After getting through the muck of my thoughts and the maelstrom of my feelings, I had it all set. As soon as my son got home I would tell him in no uncertain term that this whole 'business' was over. I paced for the rest of the afternoon until I heard his key in the door. Before he could

say "hello" I said, "Tommy, I know this wasn't your fault but we've got to stop..." I never finished the sentence.

"No" he said and kissed me. "Because I love you and I know you love me." He kissed me again and I was in his enfolding arms. All I managed was a few 'buts' as I tasted his contagious desire. His hand slipped under the light bra and I felt my nipple stiffen between his fingers.

When he reached between my legs, I pulled back and adamantly said, "NO, NO, NO."

He said, "All right mom" and went back to kissing me.

This became our pattern over the next few weeks. He knew when I said something like "We shouldn't," it meant "Yes baby do that to me," and when I said "NO", it was a line he shouldn't cross; and he didn't. The problem for me was that my handsome, dark haired, blue eyed, desirous, and desirable son was making me blur the line; like letting him put his hand in my panties and glide it over what he called the smoothest ass he ever felt. I liked it. I liked it too much.

Most of the early 'goings on' seemed to take place in the kitchen, in the morning; which led to fantasies in the afternoon and masturbation at night. More and more I was wondering...this...and that...and what it would feel like to...?

The first time I touched the bulge in his pants, we were kissing on the couch. The only light was from the TV that we weren't watching. I was surprised how far down his leg it went. He immediately reached between my legs and this time I didn't protest. I started breathing hard as he reached into my panties. I was slick and his fingers came up wet to my clit. His fingers felt better than mine on me. He held my swollen nub between his fingers and gently rubbed. I had never done myself quite that way and it was exciting enough for me to squeeze his cock more in reaction to what I was feeling than any attempt to masturbate him. The difference was lost on him because after a short while he was saying, "Oh...oh...mom...mom..." and I felt him jerking and coming. I unzipped his pants and put my hand in to rub the last few spurts out of the thick cock I was touching for the first time. I wanted to come so badly.

His hand was still on my pussy and I whispered to him, "Rub me like you were doing before baby." He was kissing me and telling me he loved me and I was climbing. I got so excited I dug my nails into his arm as he did that wonderful thing on my wet clit. When he put his fingers into me, I heard a low moan coming from my mouth that started in my belly. It had been three or four years since a man brought me off; and when I started to come, I made a noise that sounded like squealing. I was breathing hard as I petted my son's sweet hands and fingers. I felt the total relief of the orgasm for a moment but if ever there was a time for second thoughts, it was right then, after my son had just made me come.

Second thoughts, third thoughts and fourth thoughts plagued me for days. I didn't let Tommy kiss me, touch me or come near me. I told him I loved him and I didn't blame him but I needed to come to grips with this thing that was going on between us. He said, "I understand mom, but I'm never going to stop loving you and wanting you and needing you." That didn't help.

That night I fantasized about my son. I put my hand between my legs and started to masturbate. It was like

watching a movie. I heard my voice narrating in my head. As I rubbed, I told myself this story about how my son would love me:

"He's kissing me and his hands will soon be on my breasts. It's where he always goes first. He bares them and fondles them until he sees my nipples harden so he can tug on the long tips. The points, which connected us nineteen years ago, connect us again. My breasts which were heavy with milk are now heavy with maturity and they warm in my son's hands, the hands that find me at all hours of the day and night. He kisses me and says, 'I love you mother...it's ok...everything is going to be all right.'

I'm wearing the white lacy thong and stockings he laid out for me. He puts out the things he wants me to wear. I always put them on. He'll make me wear the veil. I'll be the bride tonight because he wants me to be all things to him. Tomorrow maybe I'll be the whore...or the slave...but in the end my son will have me...like he will every night.

His wet finger is on my clit and I'm starting to get lost in the wash of feelings that come over me when he does that

thing: slow circles over the button and tender strokes over the soft puffy lips. A thousand kisses and a thousand bouquets of 'I love you' melt me...and wet me. I surrender to the garland of his love and the hardness that's in my hand. I stroke him impossibly upright into the staff that will soon reach into my belly where he will go deeper and deeper into my center asking, 'is that you...is that you?'

Finally in exquisite relief my body will answer 'Yes...yes love...that's me...that's your mother...there...there...' and I'll come and many times come again, and for a sweet moment...I'll forget. And when the ecstatic moment passes, I'll be left with my son above me, his juices coating my insides." I come hard as the fantasy ends and the stinging whip of my thoughts begin to snap at me.

I had to talk to someone. I figured my sister Jan would probably be the only one I could trust; the only place I might find concern and advice rather than condemnation.

I visited her the next day and made a lot of small talk because it was hard for me to start but finally I said, "Janice

honey, I don't know how to tell you the trouble I'm in...its Tommy..."

"What is it babe, is he sick?"

"No sweetie, it's nothing like that...it's...I've been...sort of having sex with him."

"What...How...?"

"Oh Jan, I just don't have the strength to do the whole thing with you but you know how good-looking he is and how lonely and depressed I was...it happened...and now I'm so confused...I love him Jan, he's everything I've ever wanted...everything...he's the person we've talked about finding since we were girls. He loves me in a way that always makes me feel special...and he's so good for me Jan, and exciting...I almost come when he just touches me."

"Babe...Babe...don't cry. Let's talk about it...it sounds like you should be happy. I know it's complicated and I don't know anything about something like this but...what is there to cry

about...you found someone to love...someone who loves you back.

"But he's my son Jan...and...I can't stop myself...I want him all the time...how can I want my own son to make love to me...want my son in me...in me...?"

"Look, I'd give anything to feel that way again...with anyone. You're both adults and you're in a situation that not everyone is going to understand – but they don't have to. It's for the two of you to work out. If it's what you both decide you want...hey, the whole world is looking for that kind of love...you found it at home."

The encouragement I got from Jan was unexpected but welcome. Somehow I felt better. When my son came home that night, for the first time, I was the initiator. I kissed him and told him that I loved him very much. It made him happy and he was surprised. He said, "Well I love you too...very much." His kisses were passionate and helped assuage my fear that I would again regret what was about to happen between us. He took my top off and my nipples were already elongated. I felt more relaxed and the warm

feelings bathed me as my son stroked my heavy breasts. The tingling reached between my legs before my son's hands did, and it wet me. When he reached into my panties, his finger easily entered my opening and teased my pussy. I invited my son to bed.

When we reached my room, I could see the hardness of him straining in his pants. It was the hardness of my loving son that I wanted filling me. I undressed him for the first time and enjoyed touching each place I exposed. I stroked his smooth muscular chest and back. I grasped the cock that fueled my fantasies and reached behind to his strong ass. As we touched each other, he kissed my neck and said, "Mother...mother...mother..."

The words sent nagging doubts flitting as he reached down to put himself inside me. Doubts, like pins pricked into me as if puncturing my skin, but nothing could stop the relief I felt when the heart of me welcomed my son's stiff flesh into my wet center. Nothing could keep me from saying, "Yes Tommy...yes...yes...be inside your mother...where she needs you." He filled my pussy and the slow rhythmic insertions took me to realm of thoughtless abandon. All I could do was revel in the feel of him along the walls of my

vagina, engorged in my pussy, fucking his...mother...fucking...his mother...fucking his mother.

I rested in my son's arms after all the times he made me come. As his loving hands gently soothed my flaming body, I asked him if he was ashamed of me. He said, "Mom, don't you know how much I love you? I'm proud that you're my mom...you're the one I want to spend all my nights with."

"How could you be proud? When I...do things that no mother..."

"That's when I'm the proudest of you...that's when I love you the most," he said.

I looked in his loving eyes and saw the truth of what he told me. I wanted to love him so much at that moment...I wanted to pleasure him as he had pleasured me. I went to the long cock lying on his leg and kissed it. It sprang to life, as I tasted both of our juices on it. When I first put the swelling knob into my mouth, I knew I wouldn't be satisfied until my son came in my mouth. I had never let a man come in my

mouth. I was almost forty years old and this was the first moment I understood why a woman would want her man to fill her mouth with his cum. I now loved my son that way and I wanted to do it for him, and more than that, I wanted to do it for me.

I sucked and rubbed the long shaft that had been in my pussy not long before. Having it in my mouth excited me. My tongue traced the shape of the spongy helmet and the veins that I had seen swell when he had gotten hard for me. I grabbed the shaft with one hand and my pussy with the other, as my body wouldn't stay still. My son took my breast in his hand and all the sensations played me. I could feel his tension building as I sucked and masturbated him at the same time. I stopped long enough to kiss and lick up and down the shaft and tell him that I was proud that he was my son and that this was what I wanted.

I felt his fingers press into my breast as I returned him as deep into my mouth as I could. All he said was, "Mom...I'm...OH...OH..." I sucked and jerked him and the first forceful stream of cum hit the back of my throat. I controlled a small gag and swallowed as more jets followed. The sounds of my son's pleasure made me glad and I

continued to milk the juice into my mouth. The last few licks across the tip of his exhausted cock made his body twitch.

I continued rubbing my pussy and put my tit into my son's mouth, feeding him. He held the big tit in two hands and he drew the nipple forcefully between his lips. He kept pulling on it and my body remembered how he used to draw milk from my swollen breasts. My pussy ached for release and I asked him to do it for me. He went between my legs and took my clit as he taken my nipple. He called me his "beautiful cunt" and it was the first time that word was beautiful to me.

I told him that my cunt was for him as I approached the most intense orgasm of the night. I cried out "Son...son...yes...like that baby...just like that for mother..." My body began to wrack in spasms. I arched my pussy high into the air as he continued sucking and I called to him, "Make me come...make me come..." He made me come and to my surprise within a moment he made me come again. "Oh love, you're so good for your mother..." I held him so tightly, he could hardly breathe and I told him, "I'm never

going to let you go...never...I don't care...about anything anymore...my baby...my baby..."

I woke up happy the next morning, for the first time in a long time. I wouldn't let him go to work and neither did I. We stayed and played and didn't leave the house. I became determined to live the cliché – 'Today is the first day of the rest of our lives'. I told my son, "From today on, I'll never refuse you. All I'm going to do is love you. If you want me, I'm yours."

He wanted me. He wanted me with my legs spread and all of me open to him and that was how I wanted to be. He touched the warm lips of my pussy and before I knew it, he pushed his big cock into me and said, "This is where I want to be mom." I wouldn't let him stop all day.

We talked about moving away to live in a place where we could be a couple that holds hands walking down the street and kisses at the movies; he talked about going back to college and finishing his degree. It was a day that was better than any fantasy.

About a week later I was having a particularly bad night and I woke him up. I needed the comfort of him and his loving warmth. I told him I was feeling down and upset and he just held me until I felt that little 'click' in my head that usually takes me from feeling terrible to feeling better for no particular reason. I did feel better and I appreciated how kind and concerned he was. I was so vulnerable and filled with love for him. I loved that he had grown into a good person. I kissed him for it. Then I kissed him for me.

I opened my nightgown and took a bare breast to his mouth. My nipple responded to his attention as his hand stroked my flank. He slid under the panty-like bottom and caressed one globe, spreading my ass. My head started to spin off into fantasies. I wanted...everything.

He slept in briefs and they were now stretching at the crotch. I was beyond caring or thinking. I took his briefs down and saw the longest, widest, straightest, hardest cock I figured I would ever see. He was up on his elbows and I told him, "Lie back baby and let momma take care of you." I grabbed the shaft that my fingers couldn't quite get around and brought it to my mouth. I kissed it and felt it jump in my hand. I engulfed the crown and moved my

hand along the length as I sucked on the fully expanded head. The taste of my son's pre-cum on my tongue excited me. My son's thick meat filled my mouth as I descended on the shaft. I couldn't believe how much was still exposed.

The thought that I was sucking my son's cock was still new: illicit and thrilling at the same time. In my lonely nights of masturbatory fantasies I had concocted some far out scenarios but never in my wildest imaginings was my mouth filled with my son's cock; yet I was trembling with excitement that it was there, and that my son wanted to love me that way.

The noises coming from both of us told me that there was no way I was going to stop before he came. I told him the other thoughts that were swirling in my head between my sucking bouts. "I love the taste of your cock Tommy...I love the soft skin and hard shaft...I love to watch your pleasure when you're in momma's mouth...I want to be good for you baby...I want to give you the best sucking you ever had..." I licked him from under his big balls to the tip of his leaking cock head. I almost swallowed the crown and used my tongue to massage the hard shaft. I asked him, "Is momma doing you good baby...is this what you want momma to do?"

By his sounds, he seemed to like my talking as much as my sucking.

I cupped him in my hand and massaged the big leathery sack as I began bobbing in frenzy. I heard his moaning get louder and felt him tighten and rise. I prepared for the onslaught of cum from my sons throbbing and jerking cock. I knew what happened the last time, but I still wasn't ready for all the jets that came following into my mouth. I welcomed it as my pussy tingled and juiced. I swallowed some of the cum my son was giving me but I knew more was on its way. I took my mouth off him to keep from choking but continued pumping the long shaft. His cum was everywhere. On my face and breasts and belly. As he moaned I said, "Yes love...yes...yes..." When he finished with a long sigh, I kissed his glistening cock and coated my breasts with my son's milky love.

I was beyond repair. The only thought in my mind at that time was "I want his cock inside me." Over and over it played in my head. I didn't give him a chance to recuperate. I went back to massaging and sucking the cum-slickened cock. It was only moments before he was hard for me again. I took my son's cock and brought it to the slick lips between

my legs. The massive rod penetrated my wet opening and I slid down on it feeling the friction on the walls of my vagina. He reached up and took my breasts into his hands as I rocked on him. He pressed and squeezed and pinched and told me I had beautiful breasts. I covered his hands with mine as he pressed and pulled the aching globes.

As I rose and fell on my son's rigid shaft, I felt completed by the fullness between my legs. I experienced new sensations that no man had ever provided before. I put away the thought that it was my son that was bringing me so much pleasure; that it was my son in my cunt. I rode his big cock until I could no longer contain the orgasm waiting to charge through me. Finally I heard myself, almost out of control, accept who was fucking me. "...So big for me...so hard for me...for your mother...for mother...for mother..." I came almost screaming those words as Tommy bucked up into my belly releasing another torrent of lubricating cum allowing me to finish the last spasms of my thunderous orgasm, hard and fast.

The best orgasm of my life notwithstanding, as my son lay in my arms, the demons of doubt began dancing in my head. "You just fucked your son...you sucked him...you

fucked him...his cum is all over you...your son's cum is inside you..." It hit me full then, my son's cum was inside me and we hadn't done anything for protection. Not that it didn't flash while he was in me, but while I was feeling so good, I glossed over it with thoughts like...what are the chances...one time...I'm older...famous last words.

So it wasn't a complete surprise later on, when I was late. I'm never late...but I was late. I panicked. I bought a pregnancy test and in the few moments while I was waiting for the results, it hit me. If this was the price I would have to pay to be with him, it was all right. Even if I was carrying my son's child, it was all right. I would be lying if I didn't say I was very relieved when it turned out that I really was just late and not pregnant, but I learned something about myself: more than anything, and at any cost, I wanted my son to be my lover. I no longer had to hide from what I needed: the love and the sex. I needed to have my son's love inside me and I needed to have my son's cock inside me.

It was about a month later that Tommy was scheduled to start college upstate during the summer session. I couldn't bear to be apart from him so I proposed that we move up there and start a new life together. We were both deliriously

happy at the prospect. I was turned on and he was voracious for his mother's pussy. As for the cliché about being careful what you wish for – my son's cock was inside me so many times that night, I was sore for the next two days.

It was a very exciting time in my life: a new home, a new job, a new town and a new love. I felt like I was on my honeymoon. Tommy was very attentive, buying me little presents, holding my hand whenever we went out, and best of all, doing me until I couldn't see straight. We quickly developed certain rituals. Some people go on about 'spontaneity' but I'm not complaining about one routine my son puts me through each night.

It always starts with me sucking him until he hardens in my mouth and then not letting him come. I tell him, "If you want to come in mother's mouth you have to make mother come in yours." He knows what gets me off. He starts by licking my pussy all over until my inner and outer lips are covered with his saliva and my juices. Then he massages the hood over my clit with the flat of his tongue. I tell him, "Mother likes it when you lick her that way baby." His tongue darts in and out of my vagina and then he returns to my swelling nub. He pulls the hood up with his fingers

and fastens his lips over my clit sucking it into his mouth. His tongue works me until I'm in a state and saying, "That's my good boy..." over and over. He knows I'll come soon and intensifies the pressure and speed as he circles the pleasure button. Within a moment the hot wash of orgasm is inundating my insides with waves of the best feelings I've ever known and I'm calling my son, "Tommy...Tommy...oh...don't stop...don't stop loving me...oh...don't stop..."

When I calm, my son climbs up my body, kisses me and says, "Never mom, never...never...never..." And I'm at peace.

Early on, after we moved, my equilibrium was disturbed when I came home early from work one day and decided to surprise my Tommy by meeting him by the diner that I knew he hung out at every day until I got home. I found him but I also found too many beautiful girls with too many beautiful bodies there. I looked in a corner and saw him kissing a slim blonde – until I heard a voice behind me say "Hi"...It was Tommy. The back of the head that was kissing the girl looked something like Tommy's and I guess my anxiety did the rest. When we left he knew I was off kilter and he asked me what was wrong. I said "I guess I got a little

worried when I saw my 'competition'. They're all so young and pretty and...young."

Tommy laughed, "You don't have any competition mom; you give me more than I could ever get or want from those girls. From you I get love. I don't need anything else."

"Oh honey, I want that to be true so much. All day at work I was thinking about how much I need you...how much I need you to be with me..." I then whispered to him, "...how much I need you in me...how much I need to be yours...you've made me yours baby...momma belongs to you now...all yours." He was all over me on the way home and inside all of me when we were finally in bed.

The word that best describes how my son does me when I think about it is 'powerful'. I think it's the hard thickness of his cock that really makes it look and feel so strong. Maybe it's just that it fills so much of me that gives me that sensation, but always makes me feel safe, and satisfied.

I got a bit 'clingy' that night after the incident and wouldn't let him stop. I made him 'prove' that he loved me. After coming in me a second time, he turned to toward his sleep position but I was having none of it. I took him in my hand and began fondling him, talking in a voice I never used, a little girl voice. I told him, "Mommy needs more baby...mommy needs her Tommy's big hard cock inside her...mommy needs for her boy to fuck her..." It thrilled me that he got stiff so quickly and sent a jolt through me when he flipped me and drove almost all his meat into me without his usual playing and teasing. His hard strokes pounding into my pussy made quick work of both of us. It was a relief when his cum lubricated me enough to take as much of his thick cock as I wanted.

He said, "Mom I could do you all night and all day and it still wouldn't be enough for me." He laughed as he gave me a last stroke with the full length of his strong cock. "I love having a mother with such a hot pussy...and hot everything else." He proceeded to do my 'everything else' through the night.

When I was married, I probably enjoyed anal sex best of all, but I hadn't attempted it with Tommy. Given the size of

him, my reticence wasn't surprising but it felt like I was keeping part of me from him. On a special night, I overcame my reluctance and he had all of me. As he touched and fondled and prodded me with his fingers, I readied myself. When he touched my small hole I said, "Yes honey, there...do me there...put it in there." I reached into the drawer and took out the lubricant I had prepared. I slathered his dick and put a thick glob on my pucker and into the opening. On my spread knees I rested my elbows on the big pillow and raised my ass in the air and told my son, "Do it slow sweetie...put it in me and..." He didn't need much encouragement. He was excited to do it and his first entry was a shock. As I became accustomed to the full presence in me, I relaxed and began enjoying long deep stabs of pleasure. He massaged deep into the muscles of my ass with his thumbs as he gave me what I wanted to give him, more pleasure. His moans matched mine with each fulfilling plunge.

The deeper he went the better I felt. The combined feeling that I was giving my son all I could, and sitting on the edge of extreme pleasure and pain was an aphrodisiac to me. I had all of him in me and I was glad. Glad to have my son in my ass, glad to fuck for him and suck for him. The thoughts

sent cords of current from my nipples to my cunt and asshole. I almost screamed at him, "Pound me...pound me...give me...all...oh...give me your cock...in momma's ass...yes baby...in momma's ass..."

He turned me over onto my back and lifted my legs straight up holding my ankles on one forearm. He put his cock back into my ass, impossibly deep. It was what I wanted, my son's big cock in my ass. Once he was in me I knew that it would become my favorite again, as long it was my son that was doing me, in me, pounding me. I wondered if he would ever end as he stuffed my ass with all his meat. My tits shook with each of my son's insertions. Finally I felt his balls on me and was grateful. If he'd had any more to put in me, I think I would have passed out.

"Oh mom...I'm in your ass...my cock is in your ass...it feels so good to do this to you...does it feel good mom?" Then he kept repeating, "Oh mom...oh mom...it's so hot...and tight...and good...and...fuck...Oh fuck..."

"Yes baby, I like it there...momma loves it...yes...in my ass." I could hardly comprehend how all of his big cock had

gotten into me. I was filled with him and filled with love for him. I told him. "It's for you...my ass is for you...all for you...everything...yes...yes." The first stream of ejaculate was unexpectedly hard. I could feel him coming in me. He lost some control and slapped my ass. It stung as he continued pumping his cum into the tight chute. It triggered my orgasm and I laughed with pleasure as my son and I finished together.

"Oh mom that was great...it was unbelievable...oh man." He rested on me, kissing me as I held him in my arms while my tight ring kept him in me. "...It was amazing to be in you there," he said.

I told him it was where he belonged; and I was there for him whenever and however he wanted me, that every part of his mother was for him and only him. I meant it. I said, "Promise me you'll come to me for anything you need and never be ashamed to ask me for whatever you could imagine a woman could do for you...promise me...promise me love...because mother's for you now...all of me is for you now." I held his cock and kissed him urgently as he promised that it would always be only me. It was wonderful

to be there for my son that night and during the many nights he kept his promise.

Over the four years we spent in that town my son was there for me also. He never let me feel anything but loved, especially when I went through a period of doubt and depression. At one point I felt that I was being selfish in not letting him go on to a more 'normal' life. I told him I was already getting to be too old for him and it would only get worse. I came up with a plan. I would stay with him until he finished school and then I would let him go. He laughed at me and told me I was 'nuts'. He said, "Do you think there's any way I would let the best thing in my life walk out the door? And don't people with gray in their hair need sex and love?" He kissed me softly and told me, "Forget it mom, you're not going anywhere without me."

And I didn't. We moved to Silicon Valley where Tom did well and the gray certainly made an appearance on me. He wouldn't let me dye it. I could live with threads of silver on my head but there was no way I was going to leave it on my pussy. One night I went into the bathroom and shaved myself clean. We had never talked about it but I told him I did it for him; I didn't even know if he would like it. As it

turned out, I needn't have worried. He was so turned on; he licked and sucked it for half the night - definitely a good decision.

I had so much sex with my son in the beginning; I asked and he did, he asked and I did. I expected either his or my desire to wane. It never really happened. We may not have been staying up all night the way we used to but we never went a day without some kind of sexual contact.

We were fortunate and unusual; we were each what the other wanted and needed. There was one incident that made this clear. My son asked me if I would have sex with him and his friend Steve. I said, " I'm not sure how comfortable I am having sex with anyone but you, but I love you honey and I want you always to be able to get what you need at home so I'll do it if you want me to."

The night came and I was nervous as hell. I'd met Steve before and he was a nice guy but he didn't know we were mother and son. I made myself up and did the sexy stockings and ass hugging short skirt thing that my son likes. We had drinks and Tommy whispered to me to go

into the bedroom and wait. A few minutes later the door opened and my son walked in, alone. He said, "I sent Steve home...I realized that it was an exciting fantasy but I didn't want the reality. I couldn't stand the idea of another man with his hands on you...or in you. Mom, I never want anyone to touch you but me."

I think I cried a little and said, "Thank you love, that's what I want too; only you...my baby...my love. Come make your mother happy."

I felt wanton and free that night and loved my son more than I ever had. I showed him with my body: my body that took his full manhood into every part of it. It was a special night that brought us closer together than we had ever been. I remember the tenderness with which my son touched and petted and stroked me telling me I was his only love. He licked my bare pussy for the longest time slathering the outer lips and then sucking them into his mouth. When his lips surrounded my clit I had already come once and the slow even circling of his tongue on my swollen nub brought me off again.

He laid his cock on my opening and slid it, rubbing the inner lips without actually entering me. I held off as long as I could and finally pushed his cock into me. The relief of having the big cock where it belonged allowed me the luxury of a long exhaled sigh. The more he filled me, the more I wanted. I felt his width along the walls of my grasping channel and smiled up at the handsome face above me.

Tommy must have been having second thoughts about even asking his friend over because he wanted me to tell him over and over that I would never let anyone else touch me. As he began pushing his cock to the depths of me, I told him, "No love...never... no one but you...momma's mouth is only for you...my pussy is only for you...my ass is only for you...yes baby ...yes...deeper...fuck your momma like you'll always do...like only you'll do...like only you could do...love...love...love." As he forced his big cock up into my belly, I felt him touch the places inside me I knew could only be for him. I escalated with each powerful insertion of my son's cock. And then all I could feel were exquisite shafts of lightening going through my pussy. I pushed my hips up to meet the muscular body above me and wrapped my arms around it as the vibrations started. I told him the

simplest and clearest truth I felt at that moment, "Oh sweet love...oh...you fuck your mother so good." I came for the third time when I felt my son's first powerful stream of cum. Love filled me as my lover filled me.

That was a while ago but I think back fondly on it. I won't say how old I am now (I don't even like to write the number down) I'll just say we've shared quite a few years together. We still share our name as a 'May-December' husband and wife in the community and we definitely share our bed every night. But it was always more than just the sex, and it still is. That's why it's so good. That's why I'm so glad my son asked for what he did many years ago. That's why I'm happy.

THE END

Behind Her Smile

The first time I saw her naked was five years after we had been living alone together. She came out of the shower with a light blue towel around her body and a white one covering her dark hair. As she walked by me to get to her room, she reached up with both hands to make an adjustment and the body wrap fell around her ankles. My eyes were filled.

"Oh my God" She said as she froze for an instant. "I'm sorry Kyle". To my own shock I said, "Don't apologize Danni; that's the most beautiful sight I've seen in a long time."

Danica looked at me with a strange smile and went to get dressed but those five seconds set off a chain of events that would have lasting effects. A small event, a word and everything that was, was no longer.

The colors burned themselves into a fantastical vision: the black hair on creamy shoulders, the deep pink of her open mouth, the softer pink nipples on wonderful globes, a dark triangle between white thighs and startling blue crystals

sparkling as they looked at me - all turned into inexhaustible fuel.

I'd lived with Danica since I was thirteen and she was 27 when my parents were killed in a car accident. She was my mom's best friend and I had no other family close enough or willing enough. She was 'Aunt Danica' for the first year or so but as I got older she became more of a friend than a guardian. She's younger and more full of life at 34 than most of the people I know in their early twenties.

Danni loved to talk and touch. We'd sit for hours holding hands discussing anything and everything. Although she didn't go into sexual details, I knew that she hadn't married because all her relationships proved unsatisfying in one way or another.

I always wanted to be around her because of her loving nature. She often touched my face and said with a wide smile, "Hey ugly, did you break any girl's heart today"? Nothing made me feel better than her calling me "ugly".

I can't say that Danica didn't participate in my erotic dreams but I never thought they could become physical reality until the instant of that smile. The question was, did I hear the unspoken words she sent me or did I invent them?

A few days past and it struck me that life is too short and too long not to pursue the chance for happiness. How long did it take for the last year to pass - a minute? How long does a day take to pass in misery - forever?

I waited for Danni to get home from work. When she opened the door, before she could say hello I put my arms around and kissed her fully. With my mouth on hers I waited for any of the dozen reactions I had imagined. She kissed me back.

Her eyes opened wide and she said, "Wow, what did I do to deserve that"?

"You didn't have to do anything" I said, "All you ever have to do is be you".

For two people who discuss everything, there was very little talking for the next hour. We undressed each other and I marveled at her skin. I ran my hands over her velvet breasts and belly over and over as Danni moaned softly and stood with her eyes closed. When I reached behind and gently traced the slope of her round and perfect ass, I felt her shiver. I let the tips of my fingers play over the smooth globes from her waist to the back of her thighs. She had me in her hand and I hardened.

We went to her bed and she smiled as she opened her legs for me to enter her. I started to push past the folds and had some difficulty because she was dry. I said, "Danni, if you don't want to do this..."

Before I could finish she said, "No love, I do. I'm just never really wet down there; I'm sorry".

We kissed and touched for along time and then I ran my tongue down her belly and found her pink nub. I licked and slathered her with my saliva and tasted some of her moisture in response. She was wet enough for me to enter

and her hips began to gyrate as I filled her and slowly drew in and out. As each stroke climbed higher into her belly she said, "Oh, it feels good Kyle, it feels good".

I was in her a long time and we were both slickened with sweat. I knew I would come soon as she held my ass and pulled me into her. I pumped shot after shot of cum and heard her say, "Mmmm yes baby yes; come in me, come in me".

We held each other for awhile and I said, "You didn't come did you Danni"?

"No baby but its not you, I just don't."

"You mean you've never come?"

"A long time ago but lets not talk about that now; it felt wonderful and I loved feeling you in me. You know I would do anything for you; don't make it something more important than it is. We're here for each other, that's all that counts."

I love Danni and I would have done anything to take the sadness out of her voice; I just didn't know how. I wanted her all the time and she responded but I always felt that something was missing. We made love often that first week and she opened herself to me only physically - until that rainy Saturday.

It was a day when you'd say "It can't rain this hard for this long": pelting, pounding rain as if the heavens had opened. It was late afternoon and dark as night. We sat on the bed playing the two person 'solitaire' card game we often played for hours when she reached for me. "Make love to me Kyle, make love to me soft and hard and long".

She had a faraway wistful look and I said, "Do you mean something like - fuck me gently with that chainsaw"? Danni started laughing out loud and we both were in hysterics as she hugged and kissed me.

Her mood had lightened and she undressed us both saying, "I'm going to do everything; you just lie there".

For the first time she took me in her mouth. She seemed more excited and talkative. "I love your cock Kyle; I love how hard it gets for me and how it fills me up completely when you're inside me". She licked and sucked with soft moaning sounds that made me want to explode. I was caught in the paradox of wanting to come and wanting not to; I stopped her.

She said, "I want to watch us" and turned to face the mirror on the closet door that happened to be open. Danni impaled herself on my hard rod with her back to me and began raising and lowering her hips and ass. I never realized how beautiful her ass was until I saw it this way. I fondled it and could feel a slight tremble run through Danni's body. I licked my finger and pushed it gently into the small pink opening.

Danni stopped bouncing and reached back putting her hand over the finger that was exploring her asshole. "No…oh, oh…no" she kept repeating but didn't stop me. She moved on my cock and I could see her glistening honey on it. She was dripping.

I took my finger out and inserted my thumb into Danni's ass. I moved it in her in all directions. She responded by wildly rubbing her clit and loudly calling, "Kyle, Kyle…OH God… OH…" Her orgasm shook us both. She bucked and shuddered until wave after wave finally quieted into small ripples. Then she started crying.

It began softly and then grew into a great release of tears and shaking. I held her and stroked her and soothed her until she was spent. "Please tell me Danni, please".

After a long silence she said," that's the first time I've let anyone touch me there since he left me".

"Who left you Danni?"

"His name was Robert and he was the first man I ever loved. He was my teacher in high school and he called me right after graduation. I knew he was married but I was so infatuated and flattered by his attention, I didn't care. He

made love to me for almost a year. We found a way to be together almost every day even if it was for fifteen minutes.

He wanted me from behind. It was what his wife wouldn't give him and he almost always took me that way. I loved him and would have done anything to please him. When he moved away with his wife and all the promises he made me, I was ruined. I called and wrote him dozens of letters. He answered a few and then stopped; when his phone number came up unlisted, I was finished. Until tonight, until you my sweet Kyle, the thought of a man having me that way filled me rage."

"Danni, I'm never going to leave you."

"I know love, I know." She smiled, "Now come fuck me gently with that chain saw".

Danni pulled her legs back with her hands behind her knees. The folds of her cunt opened and the pink of her inner flower showed. I could see tiny beads of her love juice on the fine hairs surrounding her sweet pussy; the sweet

pussy I soon had in my mouth. I licked down to her waiting pucker and heard her whimper as my tongue teased and moistened it. My straining cock was now aching to enter the hot dark confines.

I pushed past the tight ring and the pressure surrounding the head was exotic: new and blissful almost to the point of pain. Before I could go deeper Danica said, "Wait Kyle, not like this".

I thought she had changed her mind but it was the position she wanted changed. She got on her hands and knees and said, "Take me like this Kyle, I want to be yours".

I came up behind her and reached between her legs to rub her sopping cunt. Some of her juice had leaked down her thigh and I gathered it up and wiped it on the purple knob of a cock so hard and pulsing, I hardly recognized it as my own. I entered her ass again. This time I pushed inch after inch slowly up into her. The heat and gripping tightness excited me almost past the point of hearing Danni's moans and exclamations.

"Oh Kyle…you're in my ass…so deep …so big, so good…yes… for you, only for you…yes baby, fuck your Danica…oh…"

I pumped her in a manic combination of lust, love and desire to master and possess; a desire to be have her, and yet be one with her. I was completely in her. I felt her start to shake. With a long "*Ohhhhhh*" she pushed back on me and started to come. My first jet of cum lubricated the excruciating grasp her tight tunnel had on my cock. I bucked in and out of her ass as the hot streams of cum coated my cock and her asshole. With each deep entry she let go to another level. With moans and cries in between she said, "I'm yours…I belong to you…anything for you…always for you Kyle…oh…oh… mmm".

With her final shudder Danni collapsed on the bed and then started laughing a relieved laugh. "Whew, that made up for a lot of years of not coming."

I laughed and kissed her, "We're not nearly done love; we have lots of years to come".

Bizarre

All my life or at least as far back as I can remember I thought I was strange. I thought only I had ideas, desires and inclinations like these. I suffered for it. They started when I was twelve and continued unabated until as a forty three year old woman, I've had my first taste of relief. I'm still amazed that the one who has brought me some peace is my son.

The trigger or trauma or blessing that opened my sexual life was the last spanking my father ever gave me. I can hear what he said before taking me over his knees, "Rosemarie... Rosemarie, there are consequences." I cried and I came. I couldn't catch my breath and I didn't know what happened. What I felt between my legs and throughout my body frightened and thrilled me. I'm not sure if he stopped after that because he felt I was too old or he recognized that something was different. That night I masturbated for the first, second and third time in my life. I don't remember what I thought about but I do remember how much I wanted to come.

I loved coming, I wanted to come all the time and the things that set me off seemed not 'normal'. As I grew older I liked kissing and touching with boys well enough but they weren't the things that fired my imagination. When I was finally in bed with my fantasies I thought about being a pony and my master brushing me and bridling me and riding me. And I would come. I thought about snakes... invading and wriggling in my slippery place. And I would come. I thought about things in my behind - which is the only thing I ever actually did. I must have had almost everything under the sun that would fit in there as I masturbated time after time.

I had enough dates and I went to bed with two boys in high school, more because all my friends did than because it meant anything to me. It seemed like a lot of 'come and go' about nothing. When I was in college I met Stewart who was a nice boy. Marrying him because he was a nice boy was not a nice thing to do to him or me but I did it.

I woke up at twenty-three with a baby an empty job and an empty house after the divorce. What I was full of was determination to fulfill myself. I went back to school. With help from my mom, who was now my only blood relative

besides my son Danny, I became a legal secretary. My life in general was better because I could provide for the son I loved more I could have believed, but my sex life was worse. I'd just about given up on men, more from my own reticence than from their shortcomings. I was too shy to tell and too afraid to do. On the few occasions I hinted, I heard things like "That's sick" or "You're kidding, right?" Right.

By the time Danny was seventeen, I felt like a frustrated old maid but I went on for him. I worked out religiously and most people at the spa and yoga class couldn't believe I was forty.

I thought it was the final straw as far as my head was concerned when I started taking notice of my own son. I had taught him some Hatha Yoga and he would stretch and take a few positions with me when I worked out at home. I loved his lithe body and I knew better than to tell myself that he didn't turn me on. In some way I saw it as an improvement because most of my childhood desires were in the background. Now all I ever fantasized about was Danny: Danny in my mouth, Danny in pussy, Danny in my ass.

I masturbated every night for a year with my son behind my eyes. I hoped he didn't hear me through our bedroom's adjoining wall because I'm loud if have a particularly powerful orgasm.

Thanksgiving changed our lives. I was behind in some work and had to have it in by Wednesday. Tuesday evening Danny had gone out and I used his computer for the first time. I clicked on a folder named Dictionary and it opened about a hundred JPEG images. After the first I was hooked. It had a logo on the bottom from the site it had been downloaded from, Mother-Son Galleries. Half the pictures were of older women having sex with younger men. The others were either of women in restraints, or pregnant and lactating women.

For a moment I forgot who I was and thought, "Why would my son be interested in pregnant women?" For the same unfathomable reasons my fantasies ran from snakes to my son's young cock. A cock I wished I had in me now as those 'mothers' in the pictures did. I closed my eyes and rubbed myself to orgasm, which didn't take very long.

I worked late into the night and was totally exhausted by the time I was finished. The next thing I remember was a tingling in my left nipple and as I came out of sleep Danny was saying "Mom get up and go to bed."

Still groggy I whispered "Hi sweetie".

Danny caressed my hair and smiled. My head leaned and rested on his thigh. Almost in trance I turned my face and kissed his cock over his jeans. He was hard. He had to be hard before I kissed him. I looked up for his reaction and he leaned down and gave me the first kiss I'd had as a woman in ten years. "Danny... Danny..." I repeated as I hurriedly unbuckled his pants. His long and wide up-turned cock sprang as I reached for it with my mouth. It was hot and sweet to taste.

"OH mother, suck my cock... yes... I wanted you to do this... I wanted to fuck you for so long..." My son was breathing hard and started to fuck my mouth. He became mindless and I felt him reaching for the back of my throat with his cock. I tried to extend his pleasure by pulling back and

gently sucking on the engorged head but he couldn't wait. He called me as he came..."Mother... MOTHER... MO... THER..." His hard quick spurts of cum surprised me and the amount surprised me even more. My mouth was filled and I'd never swallowed cum before but I didn't want him to stop so I let the thick jelly slide down my throat and continued coaxing and squeezing more out of his jerking rod.

"Oh mom, thank you... thank you... "

I stood and held him and kissed him. "No, no darling it gave me so much pleasure. I loved doing that. I thought it was only going to happen in my imagination... oh love..."

"Mom let me make you feel good."

"Yes baby, we have lots of time to make lots of love tonight."

"Only tonight?"

I laughed, "No love; not only tonight, any night, every night. Come to mother's bed; I have so much to say to you and do to you."

I began undressing as soon as we got to the bedroom and when I was down to my bra and panties, Danny said, Mother can I take your bra off, I've always wanted to do that?"

"Of course darling there's nothing you can't ask me."

He pressed my breasts over the satiny bra before removing it. My nipples are rather large and dark and they showed through. I gave him a playful look and said, "That's not the first time you felt your mother's tit tonight, is it?"

He looked a bit perplexed and said, "How did you... ?"

"Lets just say I 'felt' it."

As he fondled me, I started to gently massage his stirring cock. I said, "Honey, tell me about the pictures in your computer."

"Mom, did you... ?"

"Listen baby, it's ok. I don't think there's anything wrong with them; I just want to know what you need. When I was a girl, I wish I had someone I could talk about all the things I felt... just tell me baby... I promise I'll understand."

"All right mom... I hope you won't think I'm terrible... sometimes I think I'm terrible... they're all about you. I've wanted to..."

"Honey, tell me all of it. Did you want to fuck your momma? Did you masturbate thinking about me?"

"All the time mom... I stroked my cock and wished it were you doing it... I thought of you coming into my room every night when you thought I was asleep... you would suck me off into your mouth and leave... I fantasized about forcing

you to fuck me, prying your legs open and then fucking you in more ways than you could imagine. Oh mom, I wanted to fuck you all the time... but there's more... when I looked at the pictures I wanted to get you pregnant. I wanted you to have my baby... I wanted to see your tits full of milk for our baby... just like you were my wife and my mother... that's the terrible part."

"Oh sweetheart I don't think you're terrible; I think you're beautiful and I think that's a beautiful thing to want. I would be so happy to give you what you want and what you need."

I led my son to the bed and told him, "Come make love to me, come put your cum in me, I want whatever you want."

After a few months of learning how to love each other, I became more open with Danny and let him see more of who I am. He knows how to treat me when he comes home and I'm wearing my collar and nylons. He's my master then and I obey his every whim or suffer the consequences. He gives me a good beating; he gives me the best beating.

Just finding out what each other's inclinations were made it all so much better. He told me how he fantasized about licking my smooth pussy so I shaved it for him. I told him how it excited me when he said my name as he made love to me; so between each lick of my pussy he would say "Rosemarie... my Rosemarie."

He's a quick study and last night was a good example. I told him, "Danny, I was bad today", he's learned what I need and said, "I'm going to have to punish you; young lady." He punished my ass with a hairbrush and only stopped after I whimpered and promised to be good. He then told me because I told the truth he would make 'daddy's little girl' feel better. He soothed my ass with aloe gel and worked his fingers into the small hole I love him to play with. He kissed me there and licked the gel into my ass.

When we were both ready he put me on my back and said, "Open as wide as you can for daddy." He knows how wide I can open because he's seen me, and it excites him. I'm limber enough from years of yoga to put my ankles behind my head. My pussy and my ass are totally accessible to him and last night he took my ass. He knows how I like it and he knows I can take it. My son has a nice thick cock but

maybe from years of pleasuring it myself, it doesn't hurt when he fucks me there. I like it as well as having him in my pussy. It felt good having him put the cool gel and then his hot cum into me.

Last week he called me from work and said "I won't be home tonight but make sure you lock the door because I heard there was a burglar in the area that molests the women he robs."

Later, when I heard the door opening I got wet. He came in hooded and grabbed me at knifepoint. He blindfolded me and tied me and made me do horrible, wonderful things to him with my mouth. I thought he would choke me with his big cock. I'd never it seen it so fiery red and jumping. He wasn't satisfied no matter how many times I sucked him. He tortured my nipples, and chewed my clit, and made me come, and made me come, and made me come.

Danny's been my lover and master and husband for almost a year. I haven't gotten pregnant yet but for now we're just letting that care of itself and I'm taking care of him. And every night, he's taking care of his mother.

Danny asked me what other people would think if they knew how we lived. I told him that there would always be those who can't understand and I would tell them what "fuck you" really means: "I wish you sex like I have: sex that fulfils you, sex with someone who understands you, sex with someone who loves you."

THE END

Breakfast at Mom's

"Good morning Robert, what would you like for breakfast?"

"You know what I want, but since you won't give me the slightest thing, I ask you for, I'll just get some coffee."

"Oh Robert, it's too early in the morning; why are you doing this?"

"You're the one who always says that the only way to get through something is to talk it out until you're done; so I'm talking.

"Robert, this isn't just 'something'; this is crazy."

"Why is it crazy that you're attractive to me? Lots of men find you attractive and want to go out with you. I see what they see. I just want to touch your soft skin and be close to you. Just open the top button so I can slide my hand in."

"No, I can't Robert… I'm not a whore… I'm your mother. I can't let you do it. Please stop it. I'm begging you."

Nola was almost crying. She'd tried everything she could and it was getting worse. Her son Robert had been the perfect son for nineteen years. Everything about him said "normal". He went to school, became a mechanic and went out on dates.

About three months ago, he started making sexual innuendos in front of her. He told her how sexy she looked and what a nice figure she had. He complimented her legs and said she should model stockings. She just laughed and thanked him thinking he was just being cute and playful.

After a few days of that he started asking her questions like "mom, what size bras do you wear and what size panties and stockings?" They seemed a little strange but she thought perhaps it could be curiosity or maybe he wanted to buy her a present, so she answered them. She even explained the different sizing telling him her bra size was 36C American but 80C European.

The questions got more detailed and intimate. She had always answered his questions about sex when he was young and now talking about her first experiences with him had re-kindled the excitement. When it got to the point of him asking her if she had ever had anal sex she began realizing that it wasn't about curiosity or presents.

They were having breakfast and she was wearing a nightgown as she always did before getting dressed for work. He said "you know mom, most women your age start to sag but you still look great without a bra."

Initially she almost said thank you but then she thought, "What's going on here...?" She said, "Robert, is that a way to talk to your mother?"

"It is when she looks like you. You have beautiful breasts: is it terrible that I tell you?"

"It's not terrible and I'm flattered but you should be telling these things to the girls you go out with not to me."

"I don't want those girls anymore. I don't really find them attractive any more. I want a woman who's sexy and smart - like you mom. I want someone who makes me feel like I want my hands all over them every time I see them. I just don't feel that with those girls."

"Give it time baby: you'll find that woman."

"I already have; it's you mom. You have a body any man would want to make love to. Why wouldn't I want to touch this beautiful breast?"

She saw his hand coming but she didn't stop him until it was too late. She gently removed his hand but not before his fingers brushing across her nipples caused them to become erect.

She thought, "It's just the physical touch that did it. I haven't been touched in so long, if a stranger in the street accidentally bumped my tits I'd probably get turned on."

What she said was, "Honey this isn't appropriate." He walked off without a word.

For days after that he kept asking to touch her. She refused but he was persistent. Nola thought that maybe if she gave in a little he would be satisfied or at least he would calm down enough to listen to reason.

"Look honey, if I let you put this lotion on my legs will you talk to me reasonably?"

Nola sat on the couch with her long legs across his lap. She had just shaved her legs and the lotion felt soothing as he massaged it in. His hands slid easily along the silky smooth skin up to her creamy thighs. She closed her eyes and thought of how long it had been since anyone had touched her like that. Her second marriage ended badly and she hadn't even wanted to go out for the last five months. When his hands started gliding dangerously close along her inner thigh, she returned from her reverie.

"Only up to here please. Now talk to me. I care about you and I want to know what brought this on."

"What brought this on is my hard-on for you"

Nola was stunned into silence. What baffled her was that he was behaving as he always had in all other ways. He went to work, he spoke to his friends on the phone, he took care of all the things he usually did around the house but the sex talk kept coming up. Again she tried talking to him.

"Robby, have I done something to upset you?"

"No."

"Is it that I didn't keep my body covered enough in this small apartment? Have I teased you? Is it that I only wear a small towel around me when I come out from the shower that started this?"

"No."

"Then what is it?"

"What it is is I want to take you to bed."

"But you can't; I'm your mother."

"You keep saying that. Don't you think I know you're my mother? You're my mother and I want to be between your legs. Is that plain enough?"

"Robby we have to talk to someone about this; we can get you help so you won't feel this way."

"Mom I'm not crazy. I don't want to not feel this way. It feels good to want you. I like thinking about your long legs and how your ass looks in a tight skirt and how it would look out of a tight skirt. I'm just at the point where I'm not going to go on with the charade of pretending I don't want to sleep with you. I'm not going to pretend I don't want this." His hand rested on her panties as his finger searched over her clit for her opening.

Nola put her hand on his and fought the urge to rub with him. "Noo... no..." He took his hand away.

"Mom, I know you have needs don't you? I think you need me in you as much as I want to be there - don't you?" Her mind clouded and she became aware of the moisture between her legs. She thought "yes I need it" but it came out, "how can I let you ...how can I..."? He showed her.

He put his hands on her hips and she didn't stop him. He pulled down her panties and she lifted her ass to let him. He guided her to turn and get on her knees on the couch. She held on with both hands as he entered her.

"How did this happen?" she wondered. "My son's cock is in me. My son is fucking me and I'm letting him. His big cock is filling me up. What am I doing? Oh it feels so good...so good to have a man in me again...oh I need this...he's so far in me with his big cock...I am a whore...I'm a whore who's getting fucked by her son..."

"Mom...mom...you're so beautiful...I finally have my cock in your cunt...I'm fucking you so deep and you're so wet. That's where you want my cock isn't it mom?"

"Yes...Oh God... Oh...you're in me so deep I can feel you on my ass...oh Robby you're fucking me and I don't care...I'm a whore for my son and I don't care."

Her juices flowed as her son's cock explored the hot dark wetness between her legs. She couldn't remember ever having her channel filled so completely or a cock that touched the spot her son's cock was touching so deep in her belly. He reached around with both hands and the buttons on the top of her blouse came off as he struggled to free her breasts. He pulled the bra down exposing the perfect globes. They felt full and bursting as the still clasped bra pushed them up and out. His fingers circled the roundness of his mother's breasts and nipples. She was on the edge of orgasm and began trembling.

"Robby, tell me you love me...ohh...tell me I'm not a whore."

"I love you mom and you are a whore: you're my whore. Every time I fuck you, you're going to be my whore. Every time you want my cock inside you, you'll be my whore."

"Oh...yes, I want your cock in me...my son's...cock..." She went over. "Robby...yes...yes...I'M...COMING...OHHH...ROBBY...your... whore...FUU...CK...MEEE...OHH...OHH GOD."

Wave after wave hit her as she came on her son's cock. Just as she thought she was finished he slid his finger into his mother's ass and a final jolt rocked her. He stayed in her rock hard as she finished spasming and grinding her ass on his pole.

Robert took out his glistening cock and put it to his mother's lips. When she saw it, her cunt began to ache for it again. "Now mom, show me what a cocksucking whore you really are."

As she opened her mouth to accept her son's pulsing meat she said, "Yes... I'll be a cocksucker for you...I'm your whore."

She sucked on the head and tasted herself on him. He began fucking his mother's mouth and she spread her legs to rub her swollen clit.

Then she surprised him. He was down her throat. His mother knew how to deep throat!

"You sly bitch" he laughed, "where did you learn that? Ohhhh... that is good. Nobody ever swallowed my cock before. So mom, this isn't the first big cock you've sucked is it?"

His mother stopped sucking long enough to tell him, "no but it's the best. It's the one I want... to fuck my puss...the one... I want... my son to fill...his mother's...pussy with..." She licked his balls between the words and then returned the now straining rod to her hot mouth.

All he could think about now was coming. He felt his balls tightening. He wanted to come in her mouth, on her face, in her ass. He started to pull out of her mouth to fuck her

again and she grabbed his dick and started jerking it. He exploded. The first jet of cum hit his mother's cheek and slid down her pretty face. She opened her mouth and aimed the second cord at the back of her throat. He bucked in her hand and the next shot landed on her tits and dress. She wrapped her soft lips around the big head and took the rest of the sticky milk into her mouth. She sucked and licked and swallowed until only saliva covered his dick and balls.

The next morning at breakfast, the same words echo in the small kitchen. "I want you now...I want to touch you... I can't wait until tonight..." Nola says, sitting naked, as her son approaches.

This and "Eleni" will have to be my last posts for quite a while. It's been great and I'd love to hear from you. (Leave an anonymous message after you vote) Thanks. I wish you good fortune and love, Mikel

p.s. (family plug) try my sister Em's stories. She writes under Emmah and she's the best but don't tell her I said so.

Conning Mom

"Listen Marie I've been trying to talk to you for weeks about this but I'm so ashamed...I don't know how..."

"Hey babe I'm your friend, right? Just say it; it's ok."

"Yeah, I guess, well it's Tommy; he won't leave me alone."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh shit...well he's saying terrible things and doing ..."

"Come on hon; you'll feel better if you get it out."

"He says he...needs me to have sex with him... and he's been feeling me up. Every time I turn around, I have to take his hands off me. It's awful. He won't stop." Lorraine started to cry and her friend put her arm around her.

"Come on hon, it's not such a big deal; he's just a boy"

"A boy? He's eighteen and how can you...how would you feel if your Frankie did that?"

Marie let out a little giggle, "I don't know; I might be flattered that he found me sexy."

This made her friend laugh and Lorraine said "Oh come on; be serious. I have a problem."

"Tell me what he says exactly Lorraine"

"Well he says he has no girlfriends and the girls don't like him because he doesn't know what to do and that I'm the only one he wants anyway...crazy stuff like that."

"I think I smell a rat Lorraine"

"What do you mean?"

"Hang on to your garter belt girl but I thing I know what brought this on."

"What?"

"Ok, but if you breathe a word of this to anyone I'll kill you. It's Frankie he got it from... my Frank."

"Frankie?"

"Look, about two months ago Frankie came on to me with those same lines only I was naïve enough to believe them at first."

"So what did you do?"

"I slept with him."

Lorraine's mouth was visibly open and it took her a wide-eyed moment to recover. "You didn't."

"Oh I did babe...I did and I do. He was very convincing, my little actor. I thought he would cry one day when he told me how the girls made fun of him and all so I let him kiss me and I rubbed him until he came in his pants...and then...well...things progressed night after night."

"You mean he makes you have sex with him every night?"

Marie giggled again. "You're not getting this girl. Every night it turned into more and more until we got to point where I was having as much fun as he was. By the time I caught on to the little bastard's game, I was hooked. Listen Lo, we've both been single moms for a long time and I wasn't getting any more than you. It feels good Lorraine; that's all I can tell you. I take care of him and he takes care of me and it's a lot better than Mr. D. - not that I have anything against a little help but the real thing beats the rubber thing any night of the week."

"Oh Jesus, do you mean you do everything with Frank?"

"Everything plus...oh don't look so shocked; when someone eats your pussy as if honey was coming out of it, you might do 'everything' too." Lorraine cast her eyes down with a hapless sigh.

"Look babe, I'll talk to Frankie; I'll get him to make Tommy back off."

"Yeah...ok...thanks..." They kissed each other's cheek and Marie left Lorraine who looked more confused than ever.

That night Marie spoke to Frank. "Listen Mr. Fix-It, I know you've been 'coaching' Tommy on how to get into Lorraine's pants but it's not working, so cut it out."

He started with his innocent 'Who, me?' routine and then laughed out loud. "How do you know about that mom?"

"Lorraine told me."

"Well the funny thing is, the idea actually came from him. Tommy's been complaining to me for years about his problems with girls and everything I told him never seemed to work. I really felt bad for him. Then when I started getting turned on to you - you sexy bitch..." He reached over and gave his mother's tit a squeeze; "...I said all those things to you to get you into bed."

Marie slapped his hand playfully, "And then you told him that it would work for him."

"Righto, mom."

"Well you were wrong; and by the way, have you told the whole world you're screwing your mother?"

He laughed, "No mom, I never told Tommy about us. The only reason I suggested it to him is that all he ever talks about is his mother's ass: how round it is, how beautiful it is. He's been talking about it since the day he accidentally saw her naked. He told me the day it happened how she was

getting into the shower and bending over the tub. She didn't know Tommy was home and the bathroom door was opened enough for him to see. I tell you mom, he's been obsessed with her ass ever since."

"Well if he's built anything like you, good luck to her."

They both laughed because they had once tried anal sex. Marie wanted to see what it would be like but Frank's big cock turned out to be too much for his mother's small ass but they were both content to focus on other things.

Frank began to focus now and his mother saw the look on his face that the sex talk had produced. She laughed and said, "Come over here; I want to see if it's as big as I remember it."

Marie undid her son's pants and the big meat was swelling as she freed it. She took one hard breath as she opened her mouth as wide as she could to accommodate what she knew would be only half of her son's thick cock. She thought she would choke to death on the few occasions she had tried to

take more. Frankie wasn't complaining; she sucked enough of him to make him more than happy.

She loved to listen to him moan as she stroked the shaft with her lips and tongue. She loved hearing him tell her that no one had ever sucked him like she did and she also loved knowing that he would be sucking on her pussy soon. And the best part for her was the sweet punishment of that big cock inside her; she loved how her son fucked her...and fucked her.

At almost the same time, Lorraine was doing the dishes and Tommy was standing by keeping her company. Her confusion and anger at her son's attempted manipulation of her was building. Finally she said, "You think you're cute don't you."

Tommy was somewhere else in his head and misread her tone. He said, "Not as cute as this." He playfully tapped between his mother's ass cheeks.

The wet slap across his face stunned him. She had never hit him before and she was filled with remorse as she watched him redden. "Oh I'm sorry Tommy...but..." She started to cry.

He put his hand on her shoulder and said, "Don't cry mom, I'm sorry; I shouldn't of done that. I won't do it again. I won't do anything again." He turned and walked away.

Lorraine stopped him by the couch and said. "Listen honey, let's sit and talk about this. I got angry because you were trying to do what Frankie did just to..."

"What do you mean, 'what Frankie did?' What does this have to do with him? I told him how I feel about you, that I love you and all and he said I should do something about it."

"You mean you didn't...?"

"Mom, all I told him was that I had seen you once and..."

"Seen me once what?"

"Well I saw you without your clothes on and since then I realized that it was you that I want to be with...you know...and that's maybe why I have trouble finding girls because...I don't know...because they're not you."

"Oh honey, I thought...oh it doesn't matter what I thought but you'll find someone who..."

He interrupted her and said fiercely, "Don't you understand I've loved you and wanted you ever since I can remember. This didn't happen yesterday. This isn't a game. I love you, I love you...I love you."

His face was right up to hers; she looked into her son's eyes and saw the depth of his desire. She was overwhelmed. Her apprehensive lips met his for reasons she had not begun to understand. The kiss took her past understanding. She was caught in the maelstrom of intoxicating fluids that coursed through her. She wanted him.

Tommy's hands roamed over his mother's body without finding rest as they kissed. He was kissing his mother but what made him hard was that his mother was kissing him. His mother's tongue was in his mouth and his mother's hand was on his cock. Every space between their kisses was filled with him telling her he loved her.

He undressed her quickly and she helped him. He threw the pillows off the couch as the sight of her totally nude before him had him straining in his pants. All the creamy skin against the dark blue of the couch was starkly beautiful. He undressed himself and directed her onto her hands and knees. He got behind her and cast his eyes over the perfect globes of his mother's ass. He stroked the curves around to her dewy pussy and touched her until the fine hairs were saturated. Her eyes were closed and her breath was labored in anticipation of her son's cock. When he finally guided it into his mother's wet hole she began to tremble. She felt herself gradually being filled as his cock found its way deep into the humid conduit. He reached to hold the conical breast that heavily filled his hand. The nipple was hard in the center of his palm and his mother moaned softly as he gently massaged her aching breast.

When her channel was totally gorged with her son's shaft he was at her ass. He massaged it with his thumbs as his final thrusts hit her sweet spot. A responsive moan followed each contact. "Tommy, Tommy...baby...momma's filled with you...my Tommy in me...yes baby..."

He leaned over her back as he gave her his cock and almost whispered, "I want your ass mom...I want your ass."

"Ok love...ok baby..just don't hurt me...do it slow baby."

He pulled out of his mother's cunt and saw that her hot juices covered his cock. He placed the engorged knob on his mother's asshole and evenly pressed the thick end past her ring. He wasn't sure if the high-pitched note his mother squealed was from pleasure or pain. He had waited so long to have her this way; he didn't ask. Her voice was almost whimpering when she said, "Oh baby, it's so big in me ...oh...oh...push in me easy baby...easy"

He went deeper into his mother's ass and she cried out. He was where he wanted to be, where he had fantasized he

would be but his heart held his urge to push deeper into her. "I'll stop mom," he said as he began to withdraw from the hot sheath of his mother's tight passage."

"No love...stay", she said as she reached back to hold her to him. "Be in your momma's ass. I want you there. I want you to come there. Please let me do it for you baby."

"Mom, you don't know how much I love you."

"I know baby, I know...come in me love, come in me."

Tommy put some saliva on the exposed part of his shaft and pushed in again, gently working the length of his cock until it was fully up his mother's ass. This time it felt different to Lorraine. She had pushed past the pain and the fullness of her son's cock in her felt good. It felt good to do it for him and it felt good that he wanted to do it to her. She raised her ass higher and bit the pillow as she felt him driving into her toward orgasm. She anticipated the lubricating cum as he told her he was coming. She bucked back against him as she felt the spurts filling her. She

grabbed her cunt to come with her son. Their sounds went on for a long moment after they were both finished – finished for the moment. As she held her son who covered her with kisses, she smiled and said, "If this was a con...don't ever tell me." He never did.

Tommy and his mother lived as lovers for about eight months and filled their nights with each other. They saw a lot of Marie and Frank and talked openly about their common situation. The four of them were very close so it was especially upsetting to Lorraine when Frank broke it off with his mother. He'd gotten involved with a girl half his mother's age and when she found out about it, Marie raised the roof. They stopped sleeping together because Frank was unwilling to give the girl up.

What frightened Lorraine most was the conversation she had with Marie when Frank moved out. Lorraine went over to comfort her friend and Marie was frozen. Lorraine had never seen Marie cry and she wasn't crying now; she just seemed dead. She spoke in a monotone and looked at her friend without seeing her. "Lo, it's worse than my divorce. My own son...I did everything he wanted...do you know I told him I didn't care anymore if he slept with that girl...I

just wanted him back. I threw myself at him...he just doesn't want me anymore..."

Lorraine had trouble finding words that would help her friend. She had grown so close to Tommy; she'd always loved him but the added dimension of being his lover had intensified it to the point where all her energies were invested in him. She could no longer imagine a life without him. Thinking of him leaving her as Frank had left Marie clouded her mind with fear.

That night Tommy came home a half-hour late from work. Lorraine was on him as soon as came in the door. She kissed him with anxiety, "Where were you? I was worried."

"Mom, It's only twenty after, I had to finish up at work. What's got into you?"

"You, I need you baby. I need you to get into me." He laughed and before he could say anything she was on her knees freeing his cock. She got more of his cock into her mouth than she usually could because he didn't have time

to harden fully. It felt strangely good to be sucked that way. As he stiffened Lorraine sucked him manically. Usually she was slow in her ministrations. She would lick her son's shaft and leathery sack until he throbbed for her mouth. She would take his cock between her breasts and tease the tip with her nipples. There was no play now. She wanted him to come. She wanted proof of his desire for her in her mouth.

Very quickly she had it. The force and intensity of her sucking and rubbing brought him off only minutes after she started. The first blast of cum to the back of her throat calmed her a bit and she hungrily squeezed the base of his cock as she pulled back with her mouth along the shaft time after time to get all his juice. After he caught his breath Tommy said, "Whoa, what was that all about, mom?"

She was almost shaking as she stood and told him about Marie and Frank. He shook his head and smiled at her. "Mom, come inside with me."

He led his mother to the bedroom and sat by her on the bed. Her eyes brimmed as he slowly unbuttoned her blouse.

"Mom, close your eyes." She obeyed. Tommy took his mother's bra off and gently stroked her back and breasts as he spoke to her. "Mom, I love you. I'm not Frankie and I'm never going to leave you. It was always only the sex for Frankie. For me, the sex is only another way to say I love you. It's wonderful making love to you but it's wonderful because I love you. You're my heart."

His mother was breathing deeper and more easily as Tommy took her skirt off and continued stroking her. He put his hand between her legs and said, "I'm here..." He put his hand across her breast, over her heart and said, "...and I'm here...always."

She was comforted as his kiss sealed his pledge. As she reclined and opened her legs she said, "Be in me love."

He was slow with her and she was pleasured with each stroke as he filled her pussy with inch after inch of his hardness. Her moist channel soaked from his loving. Her voice was a whisper as they rose together. "You're so good for me baby...I need you for everything...I never knew how much I needed you...to love me...to make me yours."

His mother's pussy grasped him as she spoke, it held him as a hand as he stroked into her belly. He didn't know anything could feel this good until he'd had his mother, his mother who wanted him, his mother who loved him. They kissed long languid kisses and their tongues played in an echo of their lovemaking. He strove to find her end with his cock that ached to release into her. The rhythm of her hips synchronized with her son's as they pulled each other up to orgasm. Her hand came to rest lovingly between her legs where her son was pleasuring her. His finger pressed the sensitive pucker of his mother's ass and she came. She arched and let out a long exquisite moan. She stayed up and when she felt her son filling her she came again. Their juices joined and their lips held each other until the peaceful descent found them calm in each other's arms: lover to lover mother to son, year after year.

THE END

Dawn & Son Come Together

Call me Dawn or any other common name. My real name is common but my experiences have not been. I have some lines around my eyes that I've earned straightening out the wrinkles in my life. People say I'm pretty; one of my exes said that I had a body that begged to be touched. It's gotten me into trouble before. It's probably more my appetite for living and loving that betrays me.

I read a lot and if you have a problem, I'll listen and probably have some reasonable advice; I just don't seem able to help myself. That's why I was knocking at the door of my only son two years ago when I was up against it. We fought all the time but he was the one I always turned to and he never refused me. Relief flooded through me when he opened the door.

I fell into his arms and sobbed hysterically, "Oh Josh, I killed him, I smashed him...oh God...they're going to put me in prison forever...Josh, what am I going to do?"

"Slow down mom...okay...okay...just tell me...it's going to be all right..." He stroked my back as I sobbed into his neck. At the back of his concern for me, I could feel that the sensations attendant to my body had registered; he started to stiffen against my thigh. These weren't new feelings. I calmed and he said, "Now tell me."

It all came out in one breath. "That animal tried to force me and when I stopped him he kept after me and I ran to the kitchen and he chased me and I grabbed a cutting board and he came at me and I hit him in the head then he fell and was bleeding and I just ran..."

Josh sat me down, stroked my hair until I breathed easily and went to the phone. When he returned he said, "You didn't kill anybody; Kurt answered and I hung up; he sounded fine. I'm going over there."

"No baby please don't...please..."

"Mom it's going to be fine. Just wait here." I was worried but I knew Josh could take care of himself. I had often admired his well-muscled and well-trained body.

When he returned a few hours later he said, "I guess clerking at the law office came in handy. I threw enough legalese at him to cover a mountain with snow. It's over mom." I rushed into his arms and kissed his face all over.

"Thank you baby...thank you...thank you...thank you..."

"I knew that sleaze ball was a piece of crap but you wouldn't have listened to me anyway and what the hell were you doing in his house at two in the morning when you know the guy for only a few weeks?"

"It wasn't supposed to be anything...I didn't think..."

"Right, you didn't think."

"Oh Josh...not tonight ...please." My body slumped; I was emotionally spent. He came over and held me. He got hard and began kissing me. He fondled my breasts for a while and then I moved his hand away. This also was nothing new. My son wanted to sleep with me. The kissing and the touching had progressed over the last year. We had talked it about it time and again. It sounds crazy, a mother rationally discussing the topic of having sex with her son, but you have to understand, we talked about everything. We were friends. He was twenty-two and I was thirty-nine; seventeen years separated us but not much else. Even though he pushed, I pulled, and we fought ...we loved each other.

That night he pressed my buttons more than usual. "Sometimes mom, I think you really don't care what you do to me. Every time I see you, I leave wanting you. You can't imagine what the frustration is like."

"Oh come on Josh...don't you think I know what frustration is...I'm getting near forty... but I still need...sex...it gets so bad on some nights, I want to go to a bar and leave with the first guy who hits on me; but I don't. Oh Josh, I don't because it's

wrong for me...because I have to have feelings for the person."

"Don't you have feelings for me? You say you love me...if you did, you'd do something for me. Can't you just give me some relief? It's not like I'm asking you to fuck me." "Josh its crazy talk. You're just all turned on because of what happened tonight. I can't let you start...you won't stop if I do; and damn you...you know I have feelings for you...you know when I kiss you...I...I can't have sex with my own son."

No sooner had I finished the words then his mouth covered mine, his tongue covered mine and after a kiss that sent juice coursing between my legs, my hand covered his cock. It was the first time I had touched him there. He felt large even through the denim. I felt my son's hand baring my breasts and I felt my nipples engorging. I fought the fog in my head. All I could manage was a weak, "Please don't fuck me...Josh...please don't fuck me."

"I won't mom, I won't...just this time...let me come on these beautiful tits" I acquiesced with my silence. He took his cock out as I sat on the couch. He put it between my breasts and

rubbed the fleshy globes on the ramrod his dick had become. He had me lean back and he straddled me. The length and width of him surprised me as the electricity I had been trying not to let loose went through my body. When he reached back and palmed my pussy over the thin knit pants I wore, I let him. I loved him.

The first cord of hot cum hit my neck and the second splashed all over my mouth. Almost in delirium my tongue licked my son's juice and brought it into my mouth. I delighted in the taste of him as he returned to push between my tits and covered me with cum. When he was finished, he went down to the floor with his eyes closed for what seemed an eternity; I think he was afraid to look at what he'd done to me. We remained in silence until he heard my voice, probably filled with hot insistence say, "All right you bastard...you've got me crazy too. Now bring your big cock over here and finish what you started."

I took my pants and panties down with one push. The hair on the pussy my son had never seen was matted with perspiration, and my juices. His mouth found mine and smothered the litany of "I love you". He approached my opened legs with his hardened mast and I thought I would

come just anticipating my son's penetration. He stuffed my pussy full of cock and I responded with noises and thrashings that must have surprised him. He said he'd never seen a woman so beautiful. He loved me.

The exquisite fit in my pussy intensified the consolation of having waited so long for what I wanted as much as my son did. He delivered excruciatingly slow and complete insertions of his full length into me; I reacted in contrast. The less he gave me, the more I bucked and tried to pull him into me, the more my hips gyrated, the more I wanted. Finally I pleaded, "Do it Josh...do it...do it...please."

He was giving his mother what he had been waiting to give her for months. His cock seemed to become the instrument of all the pent up desire, frustration and love he felt. He gave me every inch and I welcomed every inch. He came with all he had, pounding the length of him into the depth of me, stroke after stroke of long hard cock into my wet grasping pussy until my cries banged off the walls. My heels kicked into him so hard when I came, I was afraid I had hurt him. My cries became short quivering sighs and then silenced. I was overwhelmed. I dressed and left without a

word. As the door closed, I heard my son's fading inquiry, "Mom...mom...mom...?"

Josh came over to my apartment early the next morning and when I didn't answer the door, he let himself in. The sight of me sprawled across the bed and the bottle of sleeping pills on the nightstand must have frightened him. He shook me and I awoke. He yelled at me, "How many pills did you take?"

I became alert and realized what his wide eyes were asking. "Only two honey." He breathed his relief as I soothed his arm with a gentle touch. "Don't worry baby; your mother's crazy but not that crazy." He leaned to embrace me and I held him off. My eyes must have flashed when I said, "Listen to me Josh, that will NEVER happen again...nothing will ever happen again."

He pulled back and cast his eyes down and said, "I'm sorry mom; I thought it was good for you too."

I glared at him, "Don't you play games with me. We both know how good it was for me. Look up at me Josh....I won't be pulled in...I can't...I can't." After a quiet moment I told him, "Josh, I have to be away from you for a while."

His physical distance over the next weeks was accompanied by emotional distance. We spoke but it was mostly the nonsense 'weather' talk that most people waste each other's time with. After a few months, Josh found a job and himself a thousand miles away from me.

I missed him terribly and I tried to get the emotional closeness we had shared back over the phone. Things got better and we talked and joked more easily. I spoke to the one friend I had and put things in a better perspective. I reflected on all the assumptions I had been using to guide my life and realized that most of them had been unexamined. With regard to my son, I began to question why two loving adults had to spend their lives in miserable loneliness when each had found the other. I decided after months of reading and talking and thinking that the box society had put us in was made of cellophane. I still wasn't sure I could break out.

I called. "Josh, let's meet for a weekend somewhere between us. I looked in to it and there's a great deal for a weekend at the Beau Rivage Hotel in Biloxi. We can talk and see the shows and maybe spend a day in New Orleans. I miss you baby. What do you say?"

"Mom, do you think I'm going to start saying no to you now?"

We met three weeks later and he came in later than I did and came up to my room. We hugged and the first thing I thought when his arms were around me was, "Oh shit; here we go." The tingles in all those places started right away.

We had a lovely dinner and managed to talk about everything except what we both wanted to talk about. We sat having a drink waiting for the Cirque Du Soliel show to start when Josh said, "Mom, are we going to talk about us or is this a weekend calculated just to drive me insane?"

I touched his face and looked into his loving eyes and said, "No baby, I didn't come to drive you crazy; I think I came to love you." The kiss he gave me in the lobby of that hotel ranked close to the ideal one I had in my mind.

I was holding on to him for dear life as we rode the elevator up and went into his room. He slowly undressed me as I trembled before him. He punctuated everything with kisses. I was in the arms of the angels. His hands felt like silk on my nakedness. During that night I touched a timeless eternity.

He was on my center with his mouth, as I stood open legged. I could hear my own whimpers as my son's tongue explored, and circled, and entered. He kneaded the globes of my ass as he pleasured me. I abandoned my thoughts and transcended to the place where there is only feelings. I surrendered to my first orgasm as I flushed across my breasts and cried out loud enough to penetrate the confines of the room. I held his head there as he continued licking and sucking and felt a second wave undulate through me, taking me over to an echo of my first release.

After coming so beautifully I sat on the carpet and languished in the warm feelings. Josh didn't rush me. He undressed fully and sat across from me. The most vivid memory of that night is the picture of me sitting over him and holding his nakedness to mine with my legs wrapped around him. He held me and we cradled in each other's neck. We sat stroking each other's back. At that moment I knew how much he loved me.

I felt his hardness rising under me and uncoupled to the sight of his erection springing skyward. I bent and took him in my mouth. I separated the multiplicity of sensations: the soft skin on the flat of my tongue, the hardness beneath it, the taste of the anticipatory juice that leaked from his tip, and the fullness of him from my lips to the back of my throat. I caressed him with both hands as I sucked. He leaned back on his elbows and alternated closing his eyes and watching; I loved him with my hands and mouth.

As his exclamations became louder and more closely spaced, I knew he was about to come. Nothing could have prepared me for the detonation. The first volley hit the back of my throat full-force. I fought my instincts. I kept sucking and massaging and he responded with countless

shots of cum into my mouth. He collapsed onto his back and I was glad to hear his moans of pleasure as I licked off what remained on his helmet and shaft.

I lay on top of him with my head on his chest and drew my elbows in as he wrapped me in his strong arms. There was no world outside; I was safe.

It was about fifteen minutes later that my son entered me for the second time in our lives. He was slow, deliberate and loving. As he completed every empty inch of my pussy, I knew I had found my lover and my love. We reached for each other's end with our hips and he touched the place that sent flames through me. He turned me and I sat impaled on the thick mast. He reached back and stimulated the tight pucker, finally forcing a finger in. It felt good. He urged me to him so he could take my engorged nipple into his mouth. He sucked hard. I knew we were both approaching our climax.

My son rolled on top of me again and lifted my legs by the ankles. Impossibly, he was deeper in me than before. I took all of his cock into me and gave him all of my heart. With

each insertion my son said, "I love you mom", with words and without. We came within moments of each other in a wash of commingled juices.

"I love you." We've been saying that to each other for the two years since I went back to live with him.

We never made it to New Orleans that weekend but I wasn't sorry. I didn't have to go anywhere to find anything; everything was in that room. My search ended in his arms and I realized that there are only three things that matter in this world. The first is love, and the other two don't mean a damn.

THE END

Don't Do That So Good

Janice drank, a lots. It started with the disintegration of her marriage. The bastard, as she referred to him when she was being kind, had left her. The 'joke' of it was that she was 38 and he left her for two nineteen-year-olds. Actually, he left her for one nineteen year old who has a twin sister. Whether anything actually happened between the three of them was speculation but she wouldn't put it past the bastard.

Janice still raged at the fact that he had made her work all those years, always complaining that she spent too much, when he had all those hidden assets. Thank God she had a lawyer who found them. The bastard was paying now; neither she nor her son Jimmy would ever have to work again but what she had gained monetarily she had lost in self-esteem.

That's probably what started the drinking and the little exhibitions. Janice desperately wanted to feel desirable again; wanted to be wanted. She took off her bra and started

wearing blouses that would 'happen' to open enough to show a good portion of her full breasts. She took off her panties and started wearing skirts one size tighter than she used to. The curve of her ass and the sight of tit-flesh were not lost on her son Jim.

On a few evenings Janice came home so drunk he had to put her to bed. He didn't undress her but he spent a long time looking in the open blouse and hiked up skirt. On a few evenings she wasn't as drunk as she appeared to be and enjoyed the warmth of feeling his eyes on her and his hands on her as helped her to bed.

Jim was shy and had been basically overwhelmed by his father. If he had a dollar for every time his father had seen him lost in thought and yelled, "Get up and do something you *worthless* lump" he'd have enough to buy his mother anything she wanted; and now he did.

Jim adored Janice. He loved her face and her kind hands on his, he loved the warmth of her body when she hugged him, and he loved her smell. Even though he didn't like high

school, after graduation he took computer classes four days a week because she asked him to.

The first time he touched his mother he thought he would collapse from the excitement. She had come home bleary eyed and gone directly to her room. She had taken her top off and fell asleep on her side. Jim went in after a few minutes to see if she was all right. When he saw her nipples for the first time, he was transfixed. They were mocha colored and covered the top of her tits. He watched his mother's breasts gently rise and fall with her breathing and got a straining hard-on. The longer he looked, the more he wanted to touch. As his desire took him he felt a tremble in his arms and legs. As he reached for her tit he tried to think of what he would say if she woke up. He couldn't think and he didn't care. The ocean was in his ears and his mothers beautiful breast was in his hand.

He gently fondled her and let his finger trace around the big nipple. After a few minutes, his excitement grew but at the same time calmness surrounded him. Janice began to become aware of the sensations. She was so tired that she didn't move nor open her eyes. She languished in her sons

touch. As she became more awake her breathing pattern changed and Jim released her breast and left the room.

Janice's mind raced with conflicting thoughts: "how good that felt, how could she let him do that, how nice to have him want to touch her, what kind of mother allows her son to fondle her breasts when she could stop him"? Janice froze; he was coming back in.

Her eyes stayed closed as he quietly re-entered. She heard him unzip his pants. Her tit was in his hand again; firmer this time. He was breathing hard and she opened her eyes just enough to look through her long lashes in the dim light. He wouldn't have seen anyway. His eyes were closed as he rubbed himself while his palm moved across her stiffening nipples. She looked at the big cock so close to her face. She could smell his heat. "My God" she thought "is he going to come on me? Am I going to feel my son's hot cum on my tits or face"? An involuntary sound came out of her throat and he stopped and left.

Neither of them slept well that night and each of them masturbated with the other in mind. Both of their

awakening thoughts were of a son fucking his mother; and in one case, then fucking his mother again.

At breakfast Janice kissed his lips instead of his cheek. It was a quick kiss but different and a line of juice went through him. They spoke easily and he went off to class but computers were the last thing on his mind. When he came home, Janice had prepared dinner and was made up. "What's the occasion mom?"

"Does there have to be an occasion for a mother to make her son dinner?" They both laughed because the answer was 'yes'. They had been eating out or bringing in for a long time now.

"Anyway you look very nice, mom"; and she did. The makeup made her eyes dramatic and the low cut dress showed her breasts to their full advantage. He couldn't stop thinking about how much he wanted her and the wine was fueling his feelings. Janice drank lots more than he did and was stirred.

Jim then did the bravest thing he'd ever done in his life. He started to talk to his mother about how he felt. "Mom, could a son love his mother so much that he would do things to her"?

Janice became wary and wide eyed. "What do you mean Jimmy, against her will?"

"Well, no but if he wanted to touch her or something."

"Jimmy, we all have desires and at certain ages like yours, they can be very strong. There's nothing wrong with that but a mother has to be stronger and would never allow her son to do things to her unless he forced her."

"What did that mean?" he wondered. Is she just boozed and not making sense or is she saying...? He made up his mind as to what she meant. They drank into the night.

When she gave him a sloppy kiss goodnight he let his hand slide to the top of her ass. She smiled and turned to go to her bedroom. When he came in a half hour later she was

naked on her belly and seemingly asleep. She felt him tying her hands with the wide ribbon to the brass headboard. As her legs spread when he tied her ankles to the thinner brass rods at the foot of the bed, she got wet: not just wet but viscous. He laid his hand on his mother's ass and traced the curve from her waist to her thigh. Janice 'woke up'.

"Jimmy, what are you doing; why am I tied up?"

At first he didn't answer; he stopped then took a deep breath and exhaled. He put his hand between his mother's legs and held her wet pussy. "I need this mom and if this is the only way I'm going to get it, then I'm going to do it this way."

"No Jimmy, you can't touch your mother like that. Listen baby, I know what your going through. I need things too. Untie me and we can talk about. Maybe I can let you touch momma's breasts but we shouldn't do more than that. Jimmy, even if it feels good to both of us we shouldn't do more than touch."

"No mom, I'm beyond just touching your tit, I'm going to do everything to you. I know you would never want me to and you'll probably hate me but I want you so much I have to. It's all I can think about."

"Jimmy, you're my son and I could never hate you no matter what you did but even if I wanted you as bad as you want me you, you still shouldn't put your cock into your mother."

He got on the bed behind her and lifted her hips slightly. As she said, "Oh no, no" she held the position which would give her son easy access to her pussy. He entered her cunt and pushed into the liquid channel. Had she not been so wet, her pussy would not have been able to accommodate his large cock so easily. There was no feeling in his life that had felt better than moving in and out of his mother's cunt. It felt so much better than his hand or the hands of the few girls he'd gone out with that had made him come. It felt so much better to his mother than her hand.

"Oh, oh Jimmy, you're fucking me…no…oh you're in my cunt and you shouldn't be… but you're fucking me so good…fucking your mother so good…"

At the sounds of her words he came. He pumped cum deep into his mother's belly as he reached to get his hands between the sheets and her tits. He spasmed time and again and Janice was inflamed by her son's cum in her, but his quick ejaculation caught her before she was ready to come. She was on the ceiling as the big cock slid out of her.

Janice didn't know what to do or say. She closed her eyes and slowly started to grind her cunt into the wet sheet as she lay on her belly still tied up. Jimmy began stroking her back, stroking the sides of her breasts, her ass, and her cunt. For almost ten minutes she felt his hands, his fingers, and then his tongue find her tenderness and her holes. She couldn't stand it any more. "Jimmy you're not going fuck your mother again, are you?"

He answered with his cock in her, with long measured strokes. "Again and again and again" he said as he plunged into his mothers waiting cunt. This time he fucked her until

she was raw and sore. This time his cock found all her secret places. This time her orgasm hit first. Her voice betrayed the lust she felt as she cried out, "Oh fuck yes...oh...oh...in my cunt... oh, oh, oh..." It turned into a cross between moaning and crying: "Oh Jimmy, Jimmy, I let you fuck me...I let you fuck me".

Now he was ready to come again. His second explosion was more intense than the first. There wasn't as much cum as the first time, but the four or five jets he shot into her seemed to send electricity through his body. As he lay on her back with his cock still swollen in her, he just repeated "Mother...mother...mother..."

After a few minutes he untied her. He couldn't read her emotions. She looked at her son and took his face in her hands and said, "I know this wasn't your fault, we're not going to talk about this again". She took a nightgown from the drawer and went into the bathroom. As she left he saw his cum running down his mother's thigh.

Jimmy put on his briefs and went into the kitchen and could hear the shower running. He waited nervously. He went to

the bathroom door and thought he heard Janice sniffling. "Mother, are you all right"?

"I'm ok dear; I'll be out in a minute."

When she came out, her dark hair was slicked back. Her body and pretty face had small beads of moisture still on them. She wore a nylon nightie of Bridal White that ended above her knees. He could just make out the darker circles of her nipples and the patch between her legs. She looked so young and vulnerable and the sad smile on her face almost broke his heart.

"Mom please come and talk to me. I'm sorry if you think what we did was wrong but we can't make believe it didn't happen."

"Please Jimmy… we don't have to…we…" Before she could finish he took her hand and led her to a chair. He sat her down and brought his chair as close as he could get to her. He took her hands in his. She memorized his well muscled chest and arms and looked down.

"Mom, this was the best night of my life and I can't just forget about it. Do you need me the way I need you?"

"Of course I need you, you're my..." He stopped her.

"No mom I mean do you need me to be in you. Do you need me to make love to you?" She sat silently with her eyes downcast.

"Mom, I will not let you get up from that chair until you talk to me. I don't care how long it takes." She sat for what seemed an eternity to him and finally took a deep breath and raised her eyes. She seemed on the brink of tears and swallowed hard.

"Mom, just tell me what you felt before; what you're feeling now."

"All right... I...I loved it. I loved having your big cock in me... I was never so wet and I never came like that. You filled me and I felt like I found what was missing for so long." As she

spoke he took her breast in his hand. "I feel your hand on me now and I'm afraid...because I'll never want you to stop."

"Mom, I untied the real ribbons from your hands and feet, now you have to untie the ribbons that tie you to what other people think. We can't throw away a love we both need."

"Come to me mom" he said as he opened his arms to her. His mother's eyes brimmed over and she came to him with mixed cry and laugh that said "Yes".

Janice straddled her son as they kissed. She ate at his lips and mouth and tongue as if she was starving. One of his hands reached under the nylon and pushed up her tit as he palmed it. The other hand reached behind and he put a finger into her ass. They kissed the kisses of new lovers. His cock ached because she pressed against it. His cock ached because he wanted her so much. He lifted her slightly and pulled off his briefs. Janice guided his cock into her.

Jimmy sighed as his cock found its haven. It slipped up high into her wetness. His mother was completely around him.

Her son was completely in her. He pulled the white nylon over her head and she wrapped her arms around him as her belly and breasts pressed into him. She clung to his mouth and moved on his cock until the only thing she wanted was to do was come; and not come: just feel like this forever.

Jimmy put his two hands under his mother's ass and lifted her as he stood up. She opened her eyes wide in surprise but still wrapped her legs around him and he stayed in her. He smiled and said, "I'm taking you to bed".

As he carried her she said in his ear, "Always take your mother to bed: my lover, my Jim."

He sat her on the edge of the bed and pulled out of her. He brought the big cock to her face. She inhaled the heady sexual smell and kissed the knob and shaft. "You're only my second man and I never took him into my mouth. When we first got married I didn't think wives should do that and later when the bastard was screwing around on me I wouldn't give him the satisfaction of having me any way he wanted; but I want you to have me and I want to have you."

Janice wrapped her lips around her son's cock and began sucking. Her tongue instinctively knew what to do. The way she sucked let him know that his cock was where she wanted it to be. Janice turned her eyes to the side and could see the two of them in the dresser mirror. She loved what she saw: a mother sucking her son, Janice sucking Jim, she sucking him. He smoothed her damp hair with both hands as she lovingly took as much of the thick meat as would fit in her mouth. She wrapped her hand around the rest and squeezed it gently back and forth. Jim wondered, "How could anything feel this good"?

He found out when he came in his mother's mouth. His body shook as stream after stream shot to the back of her throat. It was sweet cum to her and she couldn't get enough. She sensed his pleasure as he cried out "Oh mom...oh mom" time after time. It inflamed her desire to please him so that she sucked harder and harder and wouldn't stop. When he was drained, his cock was slick with only his mother's saliva and he collapsed in her arms. They spent the night inflaming and satisfying each other.

Jim got up early the next morning and went to shower. He stood under the warm stream feeling good until the hot

water gave out. He returned to what he now knew was their bedroom. He was surprised to see his mother with her face beautifully made up. She sat on the bed with her legs spread. She wore a see through bra that barely contained her full breasts. Her pussy was bare. He smiled at the sight. "And who are you getting ready for?"

"For my son" she answered playfully.

"And what is your son going to do when he sees you like this?"

"He's going to put his big cock in me. He's going to do his mother like he did her last night; until she can hardly see straight. And then he's going to do her again until her cunt is so sore she begs him to stop fucking her."

"Is he a good boy who listens to his mother?"

"No he's very bad; he keeps on fucking her and doing all the things he should never do to his mother."

"What shouldn't he do to his mother?"

"He shouldn't spread her legs and suck on his mother's pussy - but he does it. He shouldn't suck on her nipples so hard that milk almost comes out of them - but he does. And he shouldn't make her take him in her mouth and suck him until he shoots his cum stream after stream down his mother's throat."

"You must be very ashamed of him."

Her tone changed and she became serious. "Oh no, I'm very proud of my son. I'm proud of how he takes care of his mother in every way. I'm proud of how good he fucks her and I'm proud of how good he loves her."

She kissed her son soft and long. He loved her long and hard. He found every opening and they all yielded to him. She sparked him again and again until he exhausted her.

Their special first days led to many special nights over the course of a year as lovers. On the anniversary of their first

time, she made him the same dinner and his 'gift' came again wrapped in ribbons, and came again.

Exhibit 'A'

Conner Prescott's mother was stimulated and surprised. All she was doing was trying on a few pairs of shoes for him. She wanted his opinion for the spring catalogue. He looked at her legs and she realized that she liked how he looked at them.

After that night she became aware and thought twice before 'modeling' something for him, but ended up doing it anyway. The white stockings, the veils, and the garter belts were all examined as she tried them for her son. He assessed each garment and talked to her about them but as far as Abby was concerned; his eyes along her legs told the story. It wasn't that she was unaware of her sexuality it was only that she hadn't connected it with her son before this. He had always connected them and the hardness in his pants confirmed it.

Abby Prescott headed a company of thirty employees that sold mail order bridal accessories. She took over when her husband died at forty. Most expected her to fail but the company had more than held its own through nine years and some tough economic times. The business was almost everything to her and she measured her personal success with it.

This had been difficult for Conner after his father's death because most of his mother's energy was directed away from him. As an only child he was lonely more often than not. He sought refuge in troubling fantasies.

He didn't know why but things seemed to be changing. Now when they listened to music together, she sat close enough for him to him to feel her breasts against his arm. Now she tried on sexy clothes for him and exposed her creamy thighs. Abby's attention was turning toward her son and it was not unwelcome. Conner's fantasies were turning toward his mother.

Although she still traveled a great deal, when she was home they began doing everything together. Abby became

practiced in her 'displays'. It excited her to show him not quite enough. She knew which skirts rode up to which point on her thigh. She knew which blouse would show her braless breasts when she bent over without exposing the nipple.

On the day before his nineteenth birthday she took Conner to Cleopatra's. She used to go with her husband but hadn't been there since his death. Cleopatra's was a sex club masquerading as a dance club modeled on its namesake in Paris. 'Members' could go upstairs where they could watch or participate.

Abby and Conner drank a lot and danced a little and then she led him upstairs. He was boggled. People were crowded around some of the rooms watching others making love. Some were dimly lit and others were bathed in light. There was a room that had a foursome in it fondling each other as the music played. She led him to a cubicle with four people around it. They all had their hands through holes in the walls but you couldn't see in. After a few minutes a laughing disheveled young woman came out and he understood.

He was amazed when his mother asked him, "Do you want me to go in?"

His cock jumped as he said "Yes."

She had never done this before and became wet at the prospect. Conner stood by one wall and another young man was opposite him. Two women finished the foursome. Rhythmic drums and bass played as eight hands reached for Abby. She knew where her son stood and she faced his wall. She pulled down the top of her dress and his hands found her breasts. She swayed to the music but never changed her position as her son kneaded her tits and rolled her big nipples between his fingers. The hands on her legs and ass added to the excitement. After reaching a fever pitch she rubbed herself and came. She left the room flushed and tipsy and kissed Conner for the first time as woman that was now more than his mother.

Conner was sure he was going to fuck his mother that night - but he was wrong. She kissed him but never let him go passed that. He was disappointed thinking it was a one time

crazy thing and he'd never touch her that way again. He was wrong again.

The coming days brought him more visual delights and more titillation for her. Abby took to not wearing panties and to wearing 'sweater bumpers' around the house: nipple rings which kept her nipples in a seeming permanent erection – which did the same for Conner. He was excited by her and wanted to spend all his time with her; this was when their arguing started. He asked her to go with him to a movie, to a concert, to dinner. She had to work, she had to work, she had to work.

Two weeks after 'Cleopatra's' things escalated. She was asleep in the corner of the couch with her skirt high on her thighs. Her legs were open enough for him to see more than he could stand at that moment. He went over to her and put his hand on the soft lips between her legs. She stirred as he worked two fingers in to his mother's pussy. She opened her eyes sleepily and smiled a languid smile at him. She took his hand and eased it out of her. She brought his fingers to her mouth and sucked her juice off them. She said in a whisper, "Are you ready for me baby?"

He thought, 'Am I ready? I've had a hard-on for you that could have broken off for the last two months. Is that ready enough?' "Yes momma, I'm ready, he said."

"Take me to bed then."

He carried her into her bedroom as she kissed his neck and playfully kicked her legs. He dropped her on the bed and she laughed as she bounced once and then opened her arms and legs. He unbuttoned her blouse as she smiled with her eyes closed. He finally saw the nipples she had been keeping from him. They were hard and long and circled by gold rings. He sucked one as he cupped the breast elongating it through the top of his hand. It was his ice cream cone with a candy top. He licked and ate it and the top of her tit made a popping sound as it left his lips. She laughed pleasurably when he did the same to her other tit. "Did baby find a new toy?" she teased.

They'd both found new toys; each other. She reached in and massaged his cock into a rod as he hiked her skirt to her waist. Conner didn't know what to touch first on her

exciting body. He got to everything. He got in everything. He was in her hand and he stopped her before he exploded. He was in her cunt and he pulled out before he exploded. When his mother sucked his cock, he couldn't pull out before he exploded. His cum coated her mouth as she jerked every ounce he could give her.

He was panting when he was done. According to Abby, he wasn't done. It didn't take much more than feeding him her tits to get him erect again.

This time it was slow and measured. Her experienced hands and mouth took her son to the edge without letting him go over. She did all the things she had done with her husband but was even more excited by them. She'd never been as wet as when her son's thick cock entered between her opened legs. She locked her ankles on his back as he pushed deeper into her cunt.

Abby had never come without a hand or mouth on her clit but her son's body was making contact and she felt herself starting to lose control. She tried to stop herself but couldn't. She bucked into his cock as she felt him at the end

of her channel time and time again. She called his name as she arched into the unexpectedly intense orgasm. It was the first time anyone had made her come before she wanted to.

In the first months the lovemaking carried him through the days and weekends when she was away; but as time went on he wanted more. Not only more of Abby's body but more of Abby. The Springsteen concert was missing something without her to share it with him. The movies and restaurants held no appeal without her.

One Saturday morning he went to the museum and spent two hours in front of one painting. It was called 'The Kiss.' They say the difference between great art and entertainment is that with true art, you're somehow changed by it; after the movie or music or sculpture you're just not the same. After 'The Kiss,' Conner was not the same. He had gone into a world where two people were one and he knew with all of him that this was what he not only wanted, but what he needed out of life.

The next day when she came home he said, "Mom it's hard for me to say this but I need you to be with me."

"I'm with you sweetheart, I'm crazy about you."

"Mom I mean more than just a day or night here and there. Couldn't you get someone to run the business? Maybe you could sell it; it would bring enough so you'd never have to work, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, but it's important to me; what would I do without it?"

"We could enjoy each other."

"Oh honey I love making love with you; you're the best. We'll have time for that."

"That's not what I'm talking about. Mom maybe this isn't the best thing for both of us. Maybe we should spend some time apart and see."

"Don't go Conner, I love having you here when I come home."

"Mom I'm sorry you don't want what I want."

Conner left that day and stayed away for a week. When he called, his mother asked him to come over for the night because she was leaving on a trip the next day. He said he couldn't. The next time he called it was another week later. Her voice was softer. "Conner baby don't you miss me? I miss kissing you baby. Come over tonight honey; I have some things to show you."

He wanted to come to her but he said, "I'm sorry mom but I'm leaving for a while. I'll be in touch soon."

He left her warm messages every few days when he knew she wouldn't be home. Each time his voice created an ache in her center. He stopped calling.

An agonizing month later her days were filled with worry and longing; his days and nights were filled with Abby. When he finally called the sound of her voice almost overwhelmed him. "Sweet Conner, why didn't you call?

Baby…baby… I've been waiting; I didn't know where to get you."

"I've been traveling, thinking and…miserable."

"Oh honey…not as miserable as I am. The first week all I could think about was you not being here with me …and in me. I missed you touching me. I couldn't satisfy myself without thoughts of you. Then It wasn't only the sex, I missed you baby. I missed talking to you and seeing you; I missed sharing with you. Then I missed your presence. I realized that my head was filled with: I'll go here with Conner, I'll show this to Conner, I'll talk this over with Conner. I knew that nothing was more important than us. Conner…I did it baby." She didn't have to tell him what it was.

It was twelve years later and Abby Prescott was reading the paper when her son Conner kissed her cheek and joined her for breakfast. They didn't often travel memory lane but he was feeling nostalgic that morning. "Do you know what today is?" he asked.

Abby thought for a moment and said, "Well I know that tomorrow's your birthday."

"Actually that's how I remember; the first time I touched your breasts was the day before my nineteenth birthday at Cleopatra's. Can you believe that was twelve years ago?"

"Don't remind me" she laughed, "I'm closing in on fifty fast enough…this is where you tell me how beautiful I still am."

He got up and took her nipple between his fingers as he kissed her fully. "That goes without saying mom; you're sexier now than you ever were."

She laughed easily, "You probably think so because my tits have gotten bigger since I put on a few pounds."

He took the tits he loved into his hands and said, "I wouldn't change one ounce of you or one minute of the last twelve years."

He lifted her nightgown and went between his mother's legs. He licked the ruddy lips that still became quickly engorged at the touch of her son's mouth. She stroked his hair as he sucked on her. "Oh Conner, Conner..."

She loved saying his name. It had been her maiden name and it made him feel all the more part of her. He made her come as only he could. She had long given up trying to control her orgasms. She couldn't stop it now any more than she could when she awakened this morning to the feeling of his hardness against her ass. He had pushed into her wet center as he gave her the words of love that she always knew were true. Her cum now felt thick as honey.

She was a little heavier than that first night at Cleopatra's but not by much. Her body may have lost its edge but it certainly would still command attention if she walked into a boardroom or a bedroom: as when she walked into the boardroom for the last time to sell her company. But it was more than attention she found when she walked into the bedroom with Conner; she found forever.

Four Snapshots of Mom

My mother went off to England for a week to visit her sister. It's been two day's since she left and I can't wait for her to return. It seems like forever when you're as close as we are; close as lovers for who've lived together for seventeen years.

I'm going through a box of snapshots I've taken over the years. When I started university, I took a course in photography and my mother was my favorite subject from the beginning. Almost all of them are your usual mom in front of this and mom in front of that pictures but there are a few 'others'.

I'm holding four of them and in a way they frame our relationship over the years. Of all the pictures I took of her in any state of undress, only two show her face. I always kept my promise about that.

The first picture is one I took during our first year together. Mom was getting undressed. She's in white panties and bra

and she's stepping out of a black skirt. She's smiling at me. I am sure of one thing; there is only one smile like that in the universe. It says "I love you; everything is going to be all right."

Her eyes shine and the red lipstick makes her slightly open mouthed smile that much whiter. The auburn hair cascades to the middle of her back. You can see how full her breasts are but the unusually long nipples don't show through the heavy lace as they do when she wears the black sheer bras that make me crazy. A bit of her sweet round ass shows out of the panty's edge.

I took that shot about a month after our first time - which still amazes me because it evolved so naturally. There was no Sturm and Drang only a long conversation. We had lived alone together for five years after my father died. Basically what mom said was, "Honey, when you were younger I dismissed the way you looked at me as my imagination. Then when you became that sullen teenager that said five words in three years, I saw your eyes lingering on my body when you thought I wasn't looking. After the night I heard you masturbating and you said my name, there was nothing left to imagine; but it started me examining my

own feelings. It's clear to me now what I want. I just have to know one thing baby, is this just a fantasy for you or do you want to sleep with your mother?"

I told her how long I had wanted her and she was in my arms. I was far from a great lover that first time but I made up for it with enthusiasm and the ability to get hard every time she looked at me. She made me feel as if I was good for her. What I remember most is how hot her body felt pressed up against mine, her nipples in my chest and the wet grasp of her channel around the cock that was so hard for her.

The next picture is one I kept in my wallet for the last year at school. My studies and seminars kept me from home a lot and I couldn't count the number of times I came looking at it. Mom is lying across the bed. I must have been on the floor taking the picture because it goes across the top of her body. Her head is tilted back so you can't see her face. She's wearing white stockings and shoes. Her feet are on the floor and her legs are open. Her bra is pulled down under her breasts, holding them high enough to see the full length of her erect nipples. My mother is opening herself for me and

the slickness inside her pussy catches the light. This was the night we promised ourselves to each other.

We said that when I came home from school, we would never be apart again. We made her bedroom our bedroom and we kissed a vow that made us more than married. We took each other into our mouths and hearts that night and made 'us' out of her and me. I put myself deep down her throat that night and I was so turned on I tried to devour her cunt and clit at the same time. My mother's juices filled my mouth and I strained to keep from filling her mouth with mine too soon. Her tongue slathered my cock as the milky fluid seeped in anticipation of an explosive release. My mother loved me with her mouth that night as she would do with all of herself in the years to come.

I've made love to my mother so many times since then but I don't need a picture to remind me of how I came that night. I remember feeling her vibrate in a new way that seemed to run through all of her. It triggered her hands into an almost reflexive rubbing and pressing on my cock as I started shooting spurts of thick cum to the back of her throat. It was excruciating to feel her continued sucking as she swallowed jet after jet. My mother's love juices inflamed

me more as she climaxed and I thought it was impossible to come that much for that long.

That lovely memory makes the next picture that much harder to look at. It's mom and her friends from work at the Christmas party seven years ago. Her arm is around someone I'll just call 'the woman'. You can see she's pretty and her body stands out even though she's standing next to mom. She'd been over our house a few times and she was full of life and friendly. We got to talking at the party and after a few drinks, the talk became intimate.

Of course I didn't tell the woman this but a few nights before the party I attempted to have anal sex with my mother for the first time. She was willing to try it to please me. It was a disaster. She ended up crying from the pain and I stopped. Whether I didn't lubricate her enough or gave her too much too fast I don't know but I soothed her and told her it wasn't important and that we never had to do it again. We did so many things so many ways, it really wasn't important. But...

As I talked to the woman at the party, she told me about her recent divorce and her inability to find a compatible lover. I'm not dumb; I know where this kind of talk can lead but mangy dog that I was; I let it go on. She asked me if I could give her a ride home after I dropped my mother off since she lived in the next town and her car was...and all that.

The things she said to me on the way to her house had to have been fashioned by the Devil. No matter how many drinks she had I never expected this. She told me that she found me attractive and of all things somehow she worked these words into the conversation: "I like it in the ass."

If this had been a slapstick movie, I would have banged myself over the ear three times to see if I really heard that. I'm not going to go into the details of the short encounter at her house but I'll just say she had a beautiful ass and she did like what I did to it.

When I got home I felt like slime. I looked at my mother's face and thought "I've thrown away gold for a moment of nothing."

She knew it had taken me too long to get home but she didn't say anything. I stumbled through how I had gotten into this political discussion with the woman and wasn't she nice and all that.

We went to bed and I was just holding her when she said, "I'll understand if you're interested in someone else. You're still young and I'm just fooling myself to think you'll find me attractive as I get older." If a heart makes noise when it breaks, I heard it.

I loved her so much, how could I be so stupid? I wasn't stupid enough to confess. I knew it would be selfish and hurtful. I told her with a conviction she had to feel, "Mom I love you more now than I ever have and I want you more than I ever have."

I fucked her into believing me; because it was true. I went deeper into her that night than I ever had. Not only deeper into the channel that responded with waves of spasms around my cock, but deeper into her being. I've never touched another woman sexually in the past seven years

and I haven't wanted to. I promised her that with every stroke of pleasure that she gave me.

The last snapshot is one I took last week. It's the only one that shows her face and her bare breasts. Mom is sitting unashamed on the bed in blue nylons. Her legs are closed and her hands are squeezed between her thighs. We had gone out to a new French restaurant and she still had a string of large pearls around her neck and the pearl hoops I bought her when we were in Madrid. You can just see a hint of last summer's tan that contrasts with the milky whiteness of the full globes behind the mocha circles of her nipples. She wears the few pounds she's added in seventeen years well. Her small waist still shows off her breasts that are now beginning to yield to the years. I get hard thinking how that voluptuous body yielded to my hands and mouth and cock on that night.

Her lipstick is only slightly visible because she made me come to her and sucked me as I stood there preparing to take the picture. She was impish on that day and after I took the picture she made me sit on the chair she uses when she tries to hide the fine lines around her eyes. She doesn't believe me when I tell her I love the lines. She doesn't

believe her long hair would be as beautiful even if she didn't color it. She doesn't believe I love the fuller flesh; but it's all true.

She put on soft jazz and sat on me. She moved on my cock and I reached for her swaying tits. She slapped my face playfully and said, "Customers are not allowed to touch the performers."

We both laughed as she placed my hands behind the chair. She rubbed her ass on my cock to the music and it stiffened as it had when she took me in her mouth. She ground on me back and forth and side to side until I felt myself leaking from the tip. My mother played my cock until I couldn't help but reach and kiss her sweet tasting mouth. As s the song ended she said, 'Ok."

I said, "Ok what?"

"Ok screw me my foolish man."

We both laughed as I got up with her legs wrapped around my waist. We dropped on the bed and I entered the pussy that still responded with juices to my thrusts as it had for years. I turned her over and she held the dowels of the headboard as I guided my cock back into the waiting wetness. I slid along the backs of her thighs as I held the globes of her meaty ass. My swollen cock reached for the end of her as I fucked into her. I put one hand between the bed and her tit and held it tightly as my thrusts followed her moans. I kissed her back and said, "You're my pussy forever aren't you mom?"

"Yes baby...your pussy...for you...for you..."

When she finished I kept moving in her juicy center and brought her back to the brink again. When I told her, "Mom I'm coming" she reached her hand to her clit and rubbed herself to orgasm as I filled her with my milky love.

Late into the night we held each other, touched each other and came for each other.

I look at this last picture and it's still the smile I love best. The smile that says after seventeen years, "I love you; everything is going to be all right."

Getting to Know Mom

It was a usual Friday night, beginning with my usual visit to mom's house for the weekend. It became the most unusual weekend of my life. When I arrived, mom told me that she'd seen an article in the paper that Unitech was accepting applications for summer jobs by e-mail. They were going to pay ten bucks an hour to students with computer experience.

It sounded like a perfect way to spend the summer before starting college in the fall, so I quickly sent in the application which said they would set up an interview by return e-mail if I met the requirements. Mom and I ate the dinner she made and I remember asking her if she was okay, because she seemed to be totally distracted.

I was nervous about the job application, and I wasn't sure I had got all the details straight so I went on the computer to look at the e-mail I had sent. When I opened the folder, I saw mine and one that mom had sent. I checked mine and everything was fine. I thought that mom always deleted

everything because whenever I used her computer it was always clean. But there was this e-mail that was sent at three in the morning, and when I looked at the address, it had the word erotica in the title. I felt a little guilty, but I couldn't resist opening it. It said,

Dear Em,

Thank you so much for the stories you've shared about you and your son. You let me know that I'm not alone. I have feelings for my son and it has been very difficult for me to accept that. I was always a highly sexed person and my husband said that my appetite wasn't normal. He didn't complain for the first five years of our marriage, but when he became interested in other women, he found me too demanding. We're not together anymore.

Your writing shows what a sensitive woman you are, but I didn't know if it would appropriate, or if you would have time to let me tell you about my situation, and maybe get some advice from you. I don't think I could ever act on my fantasies, but there isn't anybody I know that I can talk with about this subject. Whatever your answer is, thanks anyway, and I'll keep reading as long as you're writing.

Sincerely, Paula

It's difficult to describe that moment. So many things were going through my mind at the same time. I had to read it about three times before the idea sunk in. Amid all the mixed emotions reading about my mother's sex life, one thing was undeniable; I felt a stirring in my groin that mom thought about me that way.

This was about as exciting as anything in my sex life had been. I was eighteen and still a virgin. I still blushed around girls had little idea what was going on. Like the time I was making out with a girl I had been seeing for a while. We were on a bed and she said, "I want you."

I wasn't sure what she meant and I said, "I want you too," and just went on kissing her without doing anything else. You would have thought I was waiting for an engraved invitation. She broke up with me a while later and told someone it was because I was too inexperienced. No doubt about it.

I was totally charged up by what I had read. I must have looked at the words, 'Highly sexed', and 'Feelings for my son' about a hundred times. I spent the rest of the night imagining the unimaginable. I couldn't sleep thinking about having sex with my mother. I was anything but turned off by it. I knew that a son isn't supposed to want his mother that way, but I was wanting her from the tip of my stiffened cock to every position I imagined her in. I had gone triple X with my mom in a quantum leap. I almost had to stifle a yell because I came so hard.

I hoped that mom would write to that author again so I could read what she was saying. I got up around eight the next morning and after having coffee with mom I went to the computer to see if Unitech had answered. That was one reason; actually, I was more interested if Em had answered.

I had to go through mom's bedroom to get to the small sitting room where she kept the computer. As I walked through it I was struck by both her presence and her absence. She was there in the cobalt blue dress that still graced the chair she had left it on last night. She was there

in the fragrance of powder that added silk to a body I knew needed none. I knew it even though I had never actually run my hand from her calf to her thigh, or from her neck to the small of her back, where the curve of her ass rose to meet it. She was there in the hint of lavender that you could inhale if you came close enough to her skin. But she wasn't there in the bed where I could only imagine what her pussy would look like with her legs splayed, waiting for her son to enter her. Since reading that e-mail, that was the picture I couldn't get out of my head. And I didn't want to.

At the computer, there was nothing in the in-box, but when I looked at the sent e-mails, there was another one that mom had sent. I guess Em wrote her back sometime early Saturday morning and mom must have deleted it, but she didn't realize that her sent e-mails were being automatically saved for the day. Mom wrote,

Dear Em,

Thanks so much for your answer. I appreciate your warnings that these things can be difficult and that once that physical boundary is breached, there's almost no turning back. It just seems to be

getting worse for me all the time. I've had enough of men to last a lifetime, but just being near my son stirs a hunger in me that I've never experienced. I know that the excitement of incest is part of what's driving me, but I'm so drawn to him. His name is Paul. When he was born my then husband said, "We have to name him Paul, because he's so you." Even though he's only been with me on weekends for years now, I've felt him as part of me, always. Em, I'm actually aching for him. I could go on, but I'm afraid I'll embarrass both of us. Thanks for being there.

Love, Paula

All of Saturday served to accelerate my feelings. I fantasized, I masturbated, I decided, and then undecided, and then decided again to do something about it. I left the house in the afternoon and shot some hoops with my friends. I even missed the lay-ups. That evening when I came home, I couldn't stop looking at my mother's body. In my crazy head, mom was telling me something. The top she wore looked a little bit tighter; the skirt looked a little bit shorter. The heels were a little bit higher.

Yes, I'd noticed she had nice tits and ass before, but it hadn't been attached to my desire. Yes, I'd noticed before that her legs looked great in stockings, but I'd never thought of my hand being between her thighs. No, I certainly never imagined that the first woman I might try to sleep with would be my mother. But my sex soaked brain was telling me to try, and the hard-on that hadn't gone down all day agreed.

I could barely eat dinner and when we were done I asked her if she wanted to sit on the back porch. It was a warm June evening and we sat on the love-seat. It would have been nice to have a fragrant breeze and a million stars over us, but it was overcast and rather humid. I put my arm over the back of the love-seat like a kid on his first date at the movies, angling to rest it on his girl's shoulder.

I never would have said anything if I didn't have the confidence those e-mails instilled. My heart thudded in my chest and I said the only thing I could come up with all day to see if any of this was real. I said, "Mom, I've been having feelings about you." When she asked me what kind of feelings, I started to freeze up and got nervous. I didn't think I could say anything.

But mom said, "You can talk to me Paul; there's nothing we can't talk about."

I said, "I think you're pretty." Boy, talk about whimping out.

She smiled and said, "Thanks baby." In the silence that followed, her eyes said, 'Say more.'

I said, "Mom, I get excited when I'm with you. I know I shouldn't because you're my mother, but I do."

I could hear her breath as she said, "We can't always help the way we feel, I know that, but you can tell me; I won't be upset." I looked at her breasts as they stretched the soft cotton of her top.

I said, "Mom, I want to do things a guy isn't supposed to want to do with his mother." She looked like she was searching for the right words. She was breathing deeper and with each breath her tits came out farther.

She said "You really feel this way about me Paul?"

Before any reasonable thought could stop me, I impulsively bent and kissed her rising breasts. I was more shocked than mom was. She looked at me for a second and she said, "Paul...what are you doing?"

I didn't want to talk; I didn't want to explain about the e-mails. She had let me kiss her tits and as I said, "I don't know mom...I want you." I leaned in and kissed her neck. I held a breast that filled my hand and said, "They're perfect."

She said, "Oh Paul...baby..." She looked into my eyes and then her lips were on mine. It didn't last long, but it was lots more than a mother's kiss. She was trying to catch her breath. She pulled her top out of her skirt and when I realized what she was doing, I watched with building excitement as she lifted her top to her neck and her tits bounced a little. She put her thumbs in and pulled the soft white bra down under her breasts exposing both of them.

What struck me first was how big her nipples were. They practically capped the ends of her tits which were being held out to me by the uplift of her bra. Mom cupped one of her boobs and offered it to me. It was smooth and elongated. A few fine green veins that decorated her big nipple only added to its perfection. I took it in my mouth as she closed her eyes and held my head. She said, "Yes baby, yes, yes..." She said it softer and softer as she stroked my hair.

I took her other tit in my hand and felt the velvety flesh as I sucked. The tip of the big nipple became erect and even I knew that it meant that mom liked what I was doing. The tip of the nipple in my mouth felt rubbery and a little bumpy. The areola around it was smooth and puffy. It felt velvety on my tongue. I drew hard on it, almost in expectation that it would once more release sweet milk into my mouth. Mom moaned as I sucked.

I stopped for a moment and said, "I like the way you taste and feel mom," She smiled at me.

She said, "And I like the way you make me feel." She unbuttoned my shirt and ran her hand over my chest, breathing harder all the time. When she took off her top and undid her bra, her tits came down only a bit on her chest, but the ends still had a upturned angle that made them look more like the tits of a woman in her twenties rather than one in her thirties.

Mom took charge. She unbuckled my pants and then her skirt. She still had her heels, stockings, and panties on and I was down to my shorts. I looked between her legs and saw her mound but her panties weren't sheer enough for me to see her pussy. I sat there waiting to do whatever she wanted to do next. She wanted to kiss.

We kissed and I fondled her breasts as we did, because she had already let me do that. I was reluctant to touch her pussy until she gave me permission. It was surreal. Our relationship had gone from ordinary to extraordinary in only hours. I said 'We kissed,' but you have to understand what those two words were doing to me. This was my mother's tongue in my mouth. Her lips moved on mine hungrily and we were almost devouring each other.

The way mom kissed me made me feel as if it was a sexual kiss and a loving kiss at the same time. And for the first time I felt as if I would have a lover. My mother's kisses were promising me that. My hard-on was straining and after the longest time I felt her hand caress my cock. She broke the kiss to say, "You really want me, don't you baby?" It sounded more like she was surprised than asking me a question.

I said, "Of course I want you mom, how could I not want a beautiful woman like you?"

She said, "And you're sure it doesn't bother you that I'm your mom."

I said, "Does it look as if it's bothering me mom?" I pointed to my bulge. Mom pulled the waistband down exposing the full length of my hard-on.

She said, "No baby...no my beautiful, big, hard, baby." She pulled my shorts off and took the shaft in her hand. It was so stiff it was practically pointing up at me. She bent over

and as her mouth approached the thick head, I could feel her fingers on my balls. Her warm lips encircled the plum and mom's wet mouth and tongue began their work. I'd been sucked by a few girls, but I'd never come while they did it. It sounds crazy but it wasn't that big a deal with those girls. I don't mean it didn't feel good, but I wasn't out of control.

Being in my mother's mouth was a different story. The fact that it was mom who was sucking me certainly had a lot to do with it, but it was also how she was doing it. Her hands and mouth and lips and tongue all seemed to be stimulating me at once. If she hadn't stopped after a few minutes, I wouldn't have stood a chance at any kind of control.

She said, "Oh you taste good; you're so big and hard for me aren't you baby. I want you inside me. momma's going to be better for you than anyone you ever had."

I said, "Mom..."

She looked at me and either read my eyes or my mind. Her expression said it all as she inhaled and put the tips of her fingers on her lips. I said, "Mom, I want it to be you; I want that more than anything. Just help me...show me...I'm not sure how to make you feel good."

She stopped for a moment and then her smile became warm and reassuring and she said, "Don't worry baby, it's all going to be wonderful." She threw her leg over me and reached back wrapping her fist around the shaft. She was about to put me inside her when she stopped and said, "No, we'll do that later, for your first time, I want you to take me." She went onto her back and opened her legs. She said, "I'm glad you want me to be your first girl, I mean your first woman..." She laughed. "But you do make me feel like a girl again, a proud girl whose boy is going to take her for the first time. Come to me baby, be inside me." She rubbed her pussy a few times and said, "Oh God yes, be inside me Paul, I've been waiting for you to be inside me."

I took my dick in my unsteady hand and placed it on the soft curtain of skin. With one push it opened for me and I entered my mom's pussy. I thought I knew what it would feel like, but when I actually felt my cock sliding into my

mother, I knew that I didn't know anything. Because it had nothing to do with thinking; it was all feeling. It was almost dreamlike with my swollen knob pushing her folds apart to enter the wet flesh that enclosed around mine, the throbbing width of my cock as my mother moved and massaged it, the deep insertion into the depths of her as farther into her center I penetrated. And my mother all the while saying, "Oh yes Paul, yes, like that, you're doing it so good baby, yes...yes...yes..."

I was inside my mother's pussy, inside her body, with my hard flesh penetrating her soft flesh. She was closed around me, holding me, massaging me, and I was outside myself, feeling exactly what the word ecstatic means. I had a lover and it was my mother.

I moved inside her knowing all along I couldn't keep doing it for long. It was too much. But I didn't need much instruction for that part of it. I moved, she moved, we moved. It didn't matter, this angle, that angle, slow, fast, she pulled her legs back, she wrapped them around me, she spread them. It all felt so fucking good.

Mom knew what she was doing; there was no doubt about that. Each time I pressed into her, she did something with her hips and her muscles that made me feel as if she was stroking me as much as I was stroking her. She guided me wordlessly with her finger tips or her hand and when I got it right she moaned or sighed with an, "Mmm..." that told me that my cock was getting her in a sweet spot. As for me, none of it could be wrong. Being in my mom's pussy made all of it feel good. Just looking at her with her thighs spread was awesome enough, but for a boy who'd never had a woman, to be stroking his cock into his mother's pussy was staggering. Each time I penetrated her open flesh, I thought 'This has to be the best anything could feel, ever.'

The point of no return came sooner than I wanted, but I was proud that I held on as long as I did. As we moved together, mom was saying things so softly I could hardly make them out. I heard her say, "Yes," a lot and at one point I thought she mumbled, "Fuck me," or at least I hoped that was what she said.

She started to buck up at me and that did me in. I stroked as fast as I could after telling her, "Mom I'm coming...oh

mom." Actually each word came out as long as a sentence while I released my cum into my mother's pussy.

"Yes baby," she said. "Come inside me, come inside me." There was relief, there was amazement that I had just come inside my mother, and there was a disquieting question – was I good enough for mom to let me do it again? As the last of the body rocking blasts left me, I realized from mom's voice that she was still in control and she hadn't come.

When I was done she held me and said, "Yes baby, stay inside me, sweet baby."

I kissed her neck and I said, "That was so good mom, but you didn't come did you?"

She said, "No, but it's okay, I will." I was hoping that meant that we would be having sex again soon. It did. I was inside her after about five minutes had passed. And that time she actually came before I did. I can't remember how many times I had her that night but it lasted until four in the

morning. All we did was fuck. There was a time I wanted to stick my cock in her mouth, but I didn't want to push her. I said all we did was fuck; that sure wasn't a complaint. We did it doggy style, she sat on me, she rode me, her legs found so many positions to angle me into her that each one made it feel different. During that night, I learned more about sex than in all the years that went before, but what I didn't learn about was more important.

After our screwing marathon, I must have had so many chemicals coursing through my body that I was up after only a few hours of sleep. Waking up in my mother's bed and remembering everything we'd done got me hard. I was tempted to wake mom and have sex with her again, but she was pretty wrecked after being awakened so many times through the night. I decided to leave her in her deep sleep. It was about nine o'clock on what felt like the best Sunday morning ever. I was full of energy and I knew that guys would be starting our usual game at the park, so I went. There would be plenty of time for fucking when I got back. I never played so well.

After a few hours of playing we went for pizza and then went back and played again. After that it was beers. Then

someone said that there was a baseball game at the university and there would be some kind of party afterwards for the incoming freshman class. So I went to the game. I went to the party. There was dancing, there was making out.

I know what you're thinking. How dumb can you be? I hadn't even called mom. I was feeling so confident after my accomplishments during my fiery night with mom that I wanted to test out my new-found skills. They worked. I had never in my life made out with a girl on the first date. And this wasn't even a date. I danced with this stranger twice and we were going at it, and she was telling me that she wanted to see me again. This kind of thing didn't happen to me.

When I finally got back to my mother's house it was evening and I was ready to go at it again with her. But I only had to look at her face to see that something was wrong. And that she had taken something. This was not new. In fact one of the reasons that the judge awarded custody of me to my father was that she often took something. It might be weed, or pills, or booze, or anything else she'd gotten hold of. That was one of the reasons I didn't know my mother very well. When I was a kid, I saw her once a week, if that

much. At that age I didn't understand why, at times, my father wouldn't let me see her for months.

Now she wasn't wrecked, but her speech was slow enough for me to know that her altered mind was somewhere else. I said, "Hey, how's it going mom?"

She said, "Yeah." She hadn't gotten dressed and I could see under her robe that she wasn't wearing a bra. I started to stiffen and moved to her taking her tit in my hand as I tried to kiss her. She moved back and said, "You've got to be fucking kidding me."

I said, "What's the matter?"

She said, "Look Paul, this was all a mistake."

I said, "Last night was a mistake? Mom it was great; you said it was great."

"I know what I said...I know what I thought, but I'm an idiot, a fucking idiot." That was two more 'Fucks' than mom usually said in a year.

I said, "Did I do something wrong, are you pissed because I went out?"

"No Paul, you didn't do anything wrong, you're a boy, and I don't know what I was thinking. I thought it was about the sex for me." She hesitated a minute and then said, "Okay listen, it's not your fault, I'll try to explain some of it to you, but it's so damn embarrassing. I had this idea about you and me, and it got stuck in my head, I thought it was what I wanted...oh shit...look, I'm not saying it wasn't good. It was good, you were good, and I did want to have sex with you, but sitting around all day today, I realized that I was really looking for something more than sex. I need someone who can give me what I always wanted...what I couldn't get from your father. It's a sharing; it's intimacy that only has something to do with sex, but not everything. Oh for Christ's sake, I'm going on about something you probably have no idea what the hell I'm talking about."

"But mom," I said, "I thought I was good for you?"

"It's not you baby," she said. It's me. I just can't go through all this stuff anymore. I'm sorry...I'm sorry I can't do this. I'm too old for you and I need someone who's older and understands. It's probably too late for me and too early for you...bad timing honey." She took a deep breath. "You'll be fine, and I didn't mean to snap at you before. You're where you should be at your age. Just have fun and forget what happened...and forgive your old drunken stupid mother." A couple of tears rolled down her face.

I said, "Oh come on mom. I'm sorry, I should have called you; I should have come back earlier...don't be mad at me."

"I'm not mad at you, I'm mad at me. Please baby, I made a mistake, a terrible mistake...just try and forgive me."

I said, "Mom I'm not going to forgive you for the best night of my life."

She gave me a small smile and said, "Oh sweetie...then treat it as a onetime experience and take something positive out of it."

I said, "Mom..." and started to reach for her.

She shook her head and said, "No baby...maybe you should go."

I felt bad. She seemed so wounded and I'd never seen her so vulnerable. I said, "I want to stay here tonight."

She said, "Paulie, we're not going to have sex."

I said, "I heard you mom, okay, I just want to stay with you. Why don't you get dressed and we'll go to the diner and get something to eat."

She let out a deep breath and said, "I...oh okay, yeah, I'll get dressed...okay."

We sat in the diner for about two and a half hours, talking. Mom said, "Thanks for staying with me tonight Paul; it makes me feel a little better that you don't hate me."

I said, "How could I hate you? You're my mom." She smiled. I said, "I don't know if I should tell you this, but I went to this party this afternoon and I was different." She asked me how and I told her how confident I was and how I saw things differently.

She said, "I'm glad baby. I guess we're not going to erase what happened last night, but maybe it can help us get to know each other better. I guess after that, we can talk to each other about practically anything."

I said, "Sure mom."

She said, "What I was trying to tell you about intimacy is that it's what makes things worthwhile. It's a sharing of, well, everything. You're together with someone in a way that connects you all the time, even when you're apart. I've had very little of it, but I know that it's what I want."

"It sounds great mom." I said. "I guess talking like this is something like that."

"Yes Paul it is. When you can open your heart to someone and trust them with it, yes, that's an important part of it."

So we shared a chocolate cake and lots of things we'd never told each other. I learned about her relationship with my father from another perspective than I'd grown up with, and I told her about my fears with girls and what I hoped to do with my life. She took my arm as we walked home and said, "Thank you for this Paul. I didn't think I would feel good ever again." Whatever she had taken had worn off and she was clear eyed again. When we got home, we went to sleep, in separate beds.

In the morning, I checked the computer; bad news on both fronts. Nothing between Em and mom, and Unitech said they had more applicants then they could handle and weren't setting up interviews at present. I told mom, and after thinking for a minute she said, "I don't know if this would work, but maybe you could put up ads to fix

computers." Mom lived in a development with three big buildings with hundreds of apartments."

I said, "I don't know, I guess I could fix most of the usual things that go wrong."

She said, "Give it a try."

I told her I would and then I said, "Mom I want to tell you something, after talking last night, I felt bad about something I did. I read your e-mails."

She said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "I was on the computer and in your sent folder I saw the e-mail you sent to that person on who wrote stories, and I read two of them. I'm sorry mom, I shouldn't have, but after looking at the first one I...I'm sorry."

She covered her mouth for a moment and then said, "Oh, now I understand...well I guess that's all water under the

bridge. I'm glad you told me Paul, and I'm glad you want things to be straight between us from now on...that's good."

I said, "Do you forgive me mom?"

She said, "Of course, we're not the same as when that happened, are we?"

I said, No mom, we're not. I think we're better."

She smiled and said, "I think we are too."

Mom's idea worked. Within days of leaving tear-off numbers on a flyer I'd made up, I started getting calls. I told people I wasn't a professional, but I was cheap. There were only a couple of people I had to tell to call someone else in. For the most part, it was mostly problems of the 'Forgot to put the plug in' variety. Some people even told me to come back once a week just to do a 'Clean out'. I was making more money than I would have at Unitech and I was in mom's complex three to four times a week. I usually stopped by and we had coffee, or she made me lunch, or we just talked.

I found out that my mom was a nice person. And you don't get to know someone by spending 'Quality time' with them; you get to know them just spending time, period. After a few months I saw another difference. I said, "Mom, is it my imagination, or are you taking less stuff?"

She laughed and said, "You noticed huh? Yes, it's not that I planned anything; I just don't seem to need as much to get by. I'm feeling better." Then she thought for a moment and said, "No, I shouldn't say I didn't do anything, I think since you've been coming over...I don't want to disappoint you. I am feeling better. I'm glad it shows."

I said, "It does mom, thanks for telling me." I got up and said, "Gotta go to work, see ya." I gave her an exaggerated kiss on both cheeks and she hugged me. I said, "Oh, I had an idea. How about next week, we take a vacation together?"

She laughed and said, "Have you lost your mind? I can hardly afford not being on vacation, and besides, this is first job I've had in a while I might actually be able to holds on to."

I said, "No I was talking about a different kind of vacation. I'll stay with you for the week and we'll do stuff together. I'm in and out these buildings almost every day anyway."

She said, "Sounds like fun. Okay I'll try and come up with some things to do and you do too, okay?"

I said "Yes ma'am," and left.

It was a great week. I had no memory of ever being with her for more than a day or two at a time. We had fun. We went to the movies, to the zoo, and to the beach. But that wasn't what made it special, it was being together. I thought we would never run out of things to say to each other. It was an amazing feeling, to say whatever you thought and felt to someone who was always opening up to you too, and listening, and understanding.

I did hold back one thing. Not that I was hiding it, because I felt that she knew what I was feeling. So I'd be lying if I said I didn't think about my mother sexually. The night we

had together wasn't something I was about to forget. It was my first, it was amazing, and it was with my mom. So yes, when I looked at her body, I wanted her, but there was more to it now. I liked being with her: I liked talking to her. No, it was more than 'like', it was 'need'.

One day, as fall approached she said, "I've been thinking about something; why don't you live here when you go back to school. It's closer, and you'd still be able to make some extra money around the buildings. What do you think?"

I said, "I'd like that mom, thanks. I miss you on the days I don't see you."

I could see she was moved and she said, "Do you baby? I miss you too."

I gave her a hug and it turned into my holding her. She stayed in my arms and gently kissed her lips. It was soft and mom's lips parted. The tips of our tongues touched for an

instant before mom pulled her head back without letting go. She said, "Paul, what's happening here?"

I said, "We're falling in love."

She said, "You can't fall in love with a thirty-seven year old woman...especially one that's your mother."

I said, "I can, if you can fall in love with a nineteen year old who's your son. Can you mom?"

She said, "It's too late to ask me that question. I think I'm already there. Do you really love me Paul; is this about sex?"

I said, "Yes mom it's about sex, but it's not only about sex. Of course I want you; you get me crazy when I feel your body this close to me. But if you said that we couldn't have sex, I would still want to be with you, and talk with you, and spend time with you, because yes, I really love you mom."

"Oh Paul, during these last few months I've been asking myself if I could really be feeling this thing between us, or am I just fooling myself again?"

I said, "It's real mom, and I know what you were talking about when this first started. I want you for everything mom. Do you want me?"

She said, "Yes Paulie, I do. Just promise me you'll fight with me to keep this working and that we won't give up."

"I promise mom." I guess you could say that those were our wedding vows. And that night was the beginning of our honeymoon, which was a Saturday night, just like the first time I had sex with my mother. But this one was even better, because there was love.

After a long lasting hungry kiss, mom said, "Let's go to bed baby." We went to her bedroom and I stripped her slowly against every instinct I had to get into her pussy as soon as I could. But I did want it to last. I'd been with some girls

since I first had mom, and my staying power was pretty good, but I wasn't sure I could last as long with my mother.

Mom had other ideas anyway. She said, "I've been thinking about doing this for days now; I want you in my mouth." She pulled my pants down and as I stepped out of them she took my cock in her fist and said, "Yeah, that's how I remember it, thick, and big, and hard...ooh." She was on her knees in front of me and she opened her mouth wide to accept me. She moved toward me and I moved toward her.

Mom fit her mouth around me and I said, "Ohhh..." as her lips and tongue began their massage. I stroked her hair and closed my eyes and I felt both of her hands on my balls and cock while she sucked. By the way she was doing it, I knew it wasn't going to be like the first time when she stopped after a minute or two. She sucked as if she was going to the end. She knew that I would come, and she knew where I would come - in her mouth. I knew it too.

She wrapped her fingers around the shaft and stroked evenly up and down the length of me while her other warm hand cupped and massaged my balls. How long could I last

when the mother I was in love with was doing that to me - not very. I could feel her love as she sucked hard on the head and then took as much as she could down her throat. I watched as my pole slid between her lips. When she took my cock out of her mouth to lick up the shaft, I could see how engorged and swollen the crown was. It was almost purple and when mom sucked on it between her lips, it felt like a stretched balloon, in fact all of my cock was so hard, it stung.

She rubbed the knob along the inside of her cheek and then I felt myself going impossibly deep down her throat. She looked up at me with love and that made what she was doing to me even more intense. In one second I went into that place where everything explodes at once. I called, "MOM, MOM, MOM..." I didn't have to tell her I was coming. Without realizing it I grabbed her hair as the first cord of cum shot out of me. It stiffened my whole body and with each successive discharge, I yelled, "OH...OH...OH..." I didn't just cream, I poured it into her mouth. I can't imagine how much cum my mother swallowed; it seemed like it would never stop coming out of me. She kept sucking, long hard draws along my shaft. I gave her all I had. She made me shudder with each release until I was depleted, and

satisfied, and filled with love for the woman that had made feel that way.

We got on the bed and I held her in my arms. I'd never know a more contented moment. I knew she loved me; I knew I loved her. And I knew that lovely body I held would bring me years of pleasure. And I wanted to pleasure her as well. After telling her how much I loved her, I kissed my way down her belly and over her mound. I liked how she had trimmed her pussy with a runway of neat hair above her smooth lips. I liked the taste of her shaved pussy when I licked over it, getting the first flavor of her juices.

My mother's was the first pussy I'd ever eaten and I knew by the sounds she was making that I'd be doing it to her again. She directed me a little here and there but I knew enough to work the swollen little nub that was full of sensitive endings. Her clit emerged from the hood of folds and I licked and sucked on it as she began to thrash. Mom didn't seem able to lie still as I massaged it with my tongue. Within moments, mom was coming. She gave a high-pitched cry of, "PAULIEEEEE..." and I had a hard time keeping my mouth on her pussy as she bucked up.

When she settled a bit I sucked hard and she had another spasm, almost as if she was coming again. Her whole body stiffened and then she shuddered as if electricity had gone through her. I kissed her clit and she almost jumped. I moved up and I kissed and sucked on her nipples that were also so sensitive that she squealed a little as I did it.

I held her a while and asked her whether she'd had one or two orgasms she said, "Oh God, I can't tell, all I know is that I don't get to feel like that very often."

I said, "So I was good for you mom?"

She laughed, "Oh yes; you were good for me baby."

After letting her rest for a few minutes, I was ready to go. Her scent was going to my head and I wanted to be inside her. I sat up stroked her tits and then I rubbed her pussy. She was as ready as I was.

The first time I was inside my mother's pussy, I thought nothing could ever feel better. I was wrong. I don't know if it was because I loved her so much now, or because I thought I wasn't going to have her anymore, or anything else. I was sure this time was better. Now she was waiting for me. As I moved over her, she gave me a smile and put her hands behind her knees. She pulled her legs back and apart. Without using words, she was saying that she was giving herself to me. For me, I don't think there could have been a sexier sight than a mother with her legs spread open for her son. And her eyes said that it wasn't only her body that she was giving, but also, her heart.

I directed my cock to her shiny opening and entered her pussy with a long deep stroke until I was totally immersed in her wet flesh. She gave a long moan and I felt it go through me. I stayed in her, buried to the hilt. I said, "This is where I want to be mom."

She said, "Yes baby, this is where mommy wants you, so deep inside me." She took her hands from her legs and put them on my ass holding me inside her. I felt her heels on my back. She gyrated and moaned, moving her hips as best she could with me on top of her. She said, "Oh I missed you

inside me. Even when I thought that this could never work, I still thought of how your cock filled me up that night." She flexed her hips and humped up a few times and said, "Yes, I missed you baby; do it, do it."

I began stroking her with long deliberate insertions, savoring every inch of friction along the walls of her pussy. When I pulled back, I came out until the tip of my cock was just inside her folds. When I pushed back in, I drove to the depths where I hit the end of her and heard her make a sound that told me that she was completely filled. Again and again, I embedded my cock inside her, penetrating her softness with my hardness. Soon we found a rhythm and moved into the place where lovers join.

I took one of her legs and put it on my shoulder and I could tell that mom liked the angle. She said, "Ooh yes that's good, OH yes, OH yes, OH yes...I love you so much Paul...it feels so good baby." I felt her love and how much better it made the sex that I felt that love for her too. I kept flexing my hips and increased the speed as mom's words matched my strokes. I took one of her tits and wrapped my fingers around it. I wanted to bend down and suck on the big puffed nipple that was stretched out of the top of my fist. I

knew I couldn't get my mouth to it at the angle I was fucking her, so I massaged it between my fingers and that heightened mom's reaction.

She said, "Paulie, you're going to make me come," as her breaths got harder and closer together. That was exactly what I wanted her to do. I felt strong on top of her, and each powerful thrust made me want to make her come.

I said, "Yes mom, come, come on your boy's hard cock, hard for you mom."

She "Yes, on my man's big cock, you're my man now Paulie, aren't you, tell me, tell me, tell me."

I could hear the acceleration in her voice and I said, "Yes mom, I'm your man, who's going to love you, and fuck you..."

She arched high, and I raised myself to let her, as I continued to drive into her pussy. She said, "Yes...Oh God...LOVE ME, FUCK ME, OHHHHhhhhhh..." She was

loud as she came and I kept thrusting. Her orgasm was long and loud and felt almost as satisfying to me as it was to her. When her body dropped back down to the bed, she trembled with a few aftershocks that seemed like spasms. She said, "OH, OH, OH...oh my God...what was that...oh love I haven't felt that good...ever." She put her arms around my neck and pulled me down to kiss me.

I had come out of her when she finished climaxing and as I kissed her I returned my still hard cock to her warm wet place. She said "Mmmmm..." and I could feel her smile as we kissed and I stroked. I kept stroking long and deep. She said, "You were always so strong love, and now you're going to be strong for me aren't you baby, I can feel it when you're in me, you'll help me get clean, so I can be good for you, won't you baby? That's what I want, to be good for you."

I said, "Yes mom, I will, we're going to do it all together, just you and me." I stroked deep into her pussy with powerful thrusts and she responded. I took her long legs and held them by the ankles. I pushed them back and as I pushed into her I looked at her fine butt. I let one leg fall on my shoulder and felt the firm flesh of her ass. I put my finger

on the pink pucker and rubbed a little. She made an encouraging sound and I put my finger inside her.

She opened her eyes and said, "Take me there Paulie, I want you to." She said, "Yes," almost to herself. Then she said, "I never let anyone before, but I want you to." I was taken aback. I hadn't thought about having anal sex. I was just getting used to the idea of any sex with my mother.

I said, "Mom, it might hurt you."

She said, "I was always afraid of it, but I know it'll be good with you. I want to baby...if you want to."

I looked at her round ass and the small inviting hole and said, "Yeah I want to mom." She took some saliva from her mouth and put in on the small hole. She didn't need to, because when I took my cock out of her pussy, it was soaked with my mother's juices. I placed the head on the rosy circle.

As gently as I could I pressed in. Mom took a deep inhale and said, "OH."

I said, "Is it okay mom?"

She said, "Yes baby, I'm okay."

The anal ring squeezed my shaft just below the knob that was now inside her. It was tight. It was hot. And when I pushed in, it felt good. It was like a hot fist clutching my cock and massaging its way up and down its length as I managed to get a stroke going. It was more than I expected. It was more than mom expected. She said, "Oh God Paulie, oh God, you're so big inside me, yes baby, yes...don't stop, don't stop."

I was so glad it felt good for mom, because it felt great to me, and the last thing I wanted to do was to stop. I penetrated her a little faster to see how much she could take and she kept saying "Yes," so I stroked harder and deeper until I had inserted myself completely into her. I couldn't believe I had gone from total inexperience with any women

to the point where I was buried to the hilt inside my mother's ass. She moaned as I pressed my balls against the sweet round globes at the end of each stroke.

As I penetrated and stroked, I understood that it was more than sex that my mother was giving to me. I told her, "I love you mom; I never felt this close to anybody, I'm inside you, and you're inside me."

She knew I wasn't only talking about where my cock was. She said, "Yes baby, that's what I've always wanted, and I'm glad it's with you. Yes love, yes, you're inside my heart." I continued to accelerate the pace and despite the heat and friction of her tight hole, I was able to get a rhythm going. She said, "Yes honey, do it like that. Oh love, I didn't know it could be this good. Don't stop, don't stop."

With one hand I fondled one tit and then the other. I slid my hand over her belly down to her pussy and used my thumb to stimulate her clit. She surprised me by starting to come after a few seconds. She cried out "Aaaaiiieee..." and grabbed onto my back for support as she gyrated and thrashed from side to side.

I was close enough to my own orgasm to let go and begin filling her with my cum. I said, "MOM YES, OH FUCK YES..." as her tight ring milked my cock of all its juices.

I could see the pearly semen on my shaft and on her pucker as I moved faster in her now well lubricated hole. She kept calling out to me, "Paul, Paul, OH YES Baby, OH...OH...OH..." It felt as if I was filling her with the love that was flowing through me. I knew what it meant for my mother to be giving herself the way she was, and for me, it was our most beautiful act of love.

As we both finished coming her tight grasp kept me inside her. Mom sighed and wrapped her arms around me as I eased myself on top of her. She gave me a long soft satisfied kiss and I said, "Mom, I'm going to love you forever."

She smiled and said, "I know."

It sounds like the ending of a story, but in real life, things go on, things happen. Not we weren't happy for a long time,

we were, for years. It was a new chapter in both our lives. I went to school, got a part-time job and mom worked. We struggled financially, but we got by. We lived as lovers, as husband and wife whenever we closed the door to our home. It sounds strange, but to us it was the most natural thing in the world, we loved each other and that's how we acted. In public we were more careful, because it's foolish to ask for trouble. We didn't care that few would understand.

We did make friends with one couple that we met on the internet, Jim and Sandy. They were a couple of years older than we were, but not much. They also were a mother and son and had been living together for seven years. They didn't live far from us and we spent enough time to get close to each other.

At that time, I was twenty-three, mom had turned forty and I got this idea in my head. It started because of all the attention I gave to her nipples. I loved sucking on them and she loved my sucking on them. I did it so much of it that she told me one day that for hours after making love her nipples ached. When I apologized she said, "Oh no baby, I love that feeling. It's like when you make me sore

sometimes from being in me for a long time." She smiled and said, "It's like having you at work with me the next day, I feel you, and I think about you."

The idea had its genesis after the first six months of making love, when I began tasting a sweet fluid from mom's big nipples. Mom said it couldn't be, but when we looked it up, we found that a woman doesn't have to be pregnant to lactate, and that constant stimulation could start it. After that, the sweet juice coming from her nipples gave me ideas. I thought about her having my baby. And then every time I came inside her pussy with my bare flesh inside hers, I had the urge to make her pregnant. Of course I knew that she was taking the pill but I started imagining what it would be like.

Jim and Sandy probably added fuel to the fire by telling us that they had actually tried to have a baby, but they couldn't get pregnant. And that led to one of our fights. When I first said something about it, she said, "You're kidding, right?" When I told her I wasn't, she became anxious about it. She said, "Let's think about this; I'm not a kid anymore."

I said, "Mom, you're young, you're strong, and you'd be beautiful." I kissed her and took her tit in my hand. I said, "I can just imagine what your tits and nipples would look like swollen with milk, and your belly carrying our baby."

She said, "Oh sweetheart, believe me, if I were younger I would love to have your baby, I would be proud to, I mean it love, but I don't think I could go through all that at this stage of my life. It's hard, believe me. Listen honey, haven't things been good with us, don't you always know how much I love you, don't I show you?"

I said, "Yes mom."

She said, "Do you ever want anything from me in bed that I don't give you?"

I said, "No mom." It was true there were times when the urge would just strike me. She'd be reading a magazine or something and I'd go up to with a bulge in my pants and before I knew it I was in her mouth. I said, "Okay, forget it."

"Then let's not mess up a good thing," she said. "This would be crazy. We both work; I can't do it. Just listen to me and let it go. And why are calling me 'Mom' all of a sudden?" Since we'd been living together as lovers, I'd almost always called her Paula.

I said, "Maybe because you're making decisions as if I was your boy again. And maybe it's because you don't want to have my baby, maybe you're ashamed of me, and what we do, and who we are."

I just ran off at the mouth and mom became livid. She said, "How could you?" She was almost spluttering. "How could you say something like that to me when you know damn well how I feel, and how I show you the way I feel every day. When did I ever give you one reason to doubt me? That's terrible...my God..." She went from angry to crushed in one moment. The tears rolled down her cheeks and said, "All I do is love you...I'm never ashamed...never..."

I felt awful and I went to her and put my arms around her. I said, "You're right mom, it was a terrible thing to say. I know you're not ashamed. I just got this thing in my head.

It seemed like you wouldn't even talk to me about it, but it still wasn't right. Do you forgive me love?" I kissed her wet eyes.

She said, "Oh honey, of course I forgive you. You know I'm proud of you don't you, and proud of us? I didn't mean we can't talk about it. But when you said I treated you like you were still my boy...you'll always be my boy, won't you?" She gave me a hurt look.

I said, "Of course I'll always be your boy." She kissed me and caressed my cock the way she did whenever she thought I was upset with her. She usually tried to make me feel better with sex, and usually it worked, because, why wouldn't I feel better after coming in my mother's mouth, or pussy? She made me stiff and told me how proud she was to be the woman I wanted. She whispered in my ear as she wrapped her fingers around my cock. "And I'm proud of what you do to do me with this...you make me come so hard baby, you know that don't you, don't you?"

I said, "I do know it Paula, and I'm proud that you're my lover, and my mom, and you're my wife too, aren't you baby?"

She said, "Yes I'm your wife always. And maybe for now we could just think about me having your baby, and it could be a sweet fantasy for both of us to think about when you're inside me?"

I said, "Yes Paula...Paula, my sweet wife."

We made love. As I stroked her she said, "One day you're going to come inside me and make me pregnant, and mommy's going to have your baby, and I'll be so proud that you wanted it to be me." Mom's orgasm was quick and intense and she held me fiercely after she came.

And then Hell came up and swallowed us whole. Mom and Sandy were coming back from the supermarket when a fucking drunk driver ran a stop sign and broadsided their car. I hope he rots in jail for the rest of his life. Sandy was

killed. This beautiful loving person that I saw hours before was gone forever.

Mom was critical and comatose. They thought that somehow her head had banged sideways into the window even though the bag had inflated. She was on the opposite side of the impact and had only minor physical injuries. The trauma was causing her brain to swell. It was a horror show.

I spent day and night there. After a two days Jim came and stayed with me. We waited and waited and most of time they told us nothing except, 'We're doing all we can.' Fuck. My life was going down the drain. Jim cried and held mom's hand as if hoping that if she lived, somehow his mother would also. On the second day he said that mom squeezed his hand. I ran to get the doctor, but the nurse said that it was just a reflex and very common. We waited some more.

Jim was distraught, and I wasn't far behind. All I had was the hope that the doctors held out that she could come out of it at any time. What her condition might be they couldn't tell because of the head trauma.

On the fifth day mom woke up. It was wonderful and terrible. She was confused and didn't remember anything. She hardly spoke and slept all the time. It wasn't like in the movies where the person wakes up and everybody is cheerfully getting back to their lives. The next day while the doctor was examining her, she pointed to me as if trying to remember and said, "Is that my husband?"

The doctor said, "No Mrs. Miler, that's your son, and he's been here since the accident, looking after you."

She said, "Oh." She looked off into the distance and said, "There was an accident." You could tell by her flat tone that she had no idea about any of it. During the next two days it became apparent that there was a change in her personality, a definite lack of emotion. I hoped it was temporary. Mom had been a passionate person, whether we were talking about a movie, or fighting, or, making love. Now, nothing fired her up. She was quiet, docile, and spoke in a monotone that I hated to hear.

After a few more days, the doctors said there wasn't more that they could do and that since she had begun to remember some small details of the past, hopefully her progress would accelerate. They also said that the longer it took, the less chance of it all coming back.

When the swelling went down, I took her home and although she could get around, she spent a lot time in bed. She was a strange mixture of able and unable. If I told her what to do, she was fine. Left to her own devices, she could hardly initiate any actions. I left her lists of things to do and Jim and a neighbor stopped in, since we had only one income again and I had to go to work.

A week went by and there was little progress. When I came home one night I found her in bed distractedly putting lotion on the same arm over and over. I said, "Let me do that for you mom." She rested on her side and I put it on her legs and arms. The nightgown was loose and I reached down her back to with the lotion and she made soothing sounds.

The memory of her soft skin against me exploded in my brain. She wasn't completely on her stomach and I slowly stroked over the breast I could reach. I did it again and then stopped, thinking better of it. I didn't know what to expect. She didn't jump or yell and I returned to the back rub. She said, "Paul, why did you do that, I'm your mother."

I wanted to tell her how much I loved her and wanted her, but I said, "Sorry, it was an accident."

She said, "Oh, okay." The repercussions of the touch came the next day. I brought her breakfast before going to work and she said, "Paul I had strange dreams last night, I don't remember the details. Paul, will you tell me the truth about something?"

I said, "Of course mom."

She said, "Did you ever touch me like you did yesterday...while I was asleep?"

I was horrified. I said, "Mom! I would never do that."

She was very dispassionate about the whole thing and kept asking me questions seemingly more out of curiosity than anything else. I think that her body remembered my hands on it, and I was glad of that. She said, "Paul were we ever intimate?"

I thought that the truth might upset her, but she asked calmly and I just said, "Yes."

She made a little 'Hmm' sound and said, "Were we intimate more than once?"

I said, "Yes."

She said, "Many times?"

I said, "Many...many times."

She said, "Did I seduce you, or did you seduce me?"

I said, "We seduced each other."

She said, "Do you think that's why I thought you were my husband after the accident?"

I couldn't take the questions anymore. I rested my head on her breasts and just said, "Oh mom..."

She stroked my hair and said, "I guess that's a yes...so strange...my son was my lover." She sounded far off. "But I can almost understand it, you're good looking, and so sweet, and so loving. You know Paul, it doesn't seem wrong to me, but I can't remember. Was it good Paul, did we love each other well?"

I said, "It was perfect mom, even when we fought, it was perfect."

She said, "Do you want to touch me Paul...you can if you want to."

I was in a state of turmoil. She was inviting me to touch her, but she wasn't Paula. I gave in to my temptation hoping we could both wake up from this bad dream. I pulled down the top of her nightgown and cupped one of her tits pushing the flesh toward her expanding nipple. I put it in my mouth as I had so many times before. I sucked hard on the nipple and mom said, "Oh that's nice Paul; that feels nice." It wasn't Paula talking, it wasn't my mom. I couldn't go on.

I pulled the nightgown back up over her breasts and said, "I have to go to work now mom, I'll see you soon, okay?"

She said, "Okay," as if nothing had just happened. I knew that if I had slept with her, I would never forgive myself. It would have felt as if I were taking advantage of the stranger my mother had become. It would have felt like I was cheating on mom.

As more time passed I worried. I had no encouragement until I came home from work one day and mom said, "Oh Paul, I'm glad you're home." That statement under normal circumstances would not be remarkable at all." But my heart jumped, because she had smiled and there was some

life and excitement in her words for the first time since the accident. She said, "I remembered some things. We went to the lake and rented a paddleboat, and we had ice cream on the lawn and it dripped on my white dress, didn't it?"

I said, "Yes mom it did; that's great! The doctor said that it may come back little by little. I went to kiss her as I normally did, but I thought I might freak her out so I kissed her on both cheeks. She kissed my lips, but not for long. She gave me a warm smile. She shook her head, and said, "Are you sure you didn't tell me we were lovers just so you could get in my pants?"

I said, "Mom!"

She laughed, "I was only kidding." I was relieved. It was her first joke. She said, "I know we were close, I can feel it, I'm sorry Paul."

I said, "There's nothing to be sorry about; I'm just happy you're getting better."

She said, "Give me a kiss." This time it was a lover's kiss and it lasted, and she said, "Mmm nice."

The next night she remembered more things that we'd done, and lots of what was going on in the world, but nothing about our lovemaking. So I was surprised that when I was about to go to bed, she called me into her bedroom and said, "Paul it doesn't matter if I remember or not, I want you to touch me like you did the other night." Most of my reluctance was washed away by the tone of her voice.

I began by sucking on her nipples and this time I did it for a while. I remembered what she had once told me, that a mother's tits were made for her child. As I fondled and sucked on hers, I believed that they were made for me. I tasted some sweet fluid and I left it on my tongue and took it to mom's mouth. When she tasted it she looked at me in surprise. I said, "It's okay mom, it's because I do this a lot...we both used to like it."

She smiled and said, "We still do sweetie." It was nice to hear an endearment from her, I had missed them. I lifted her

nightgown and kissed her belly down to the top of her panties to gauge her reaction. She was breathing harder and obviously didn't want me to stop. I pulled her panties down. I licked her the way she liked; I sucked her the way she liked. She closed her eyes and gave in to it.

I used the tip of my tongue on her clit and she made some of the old noises. Her juices were flowing and she was holding my hair and sometimes pulling it as her excitement grew. That was something she hadn't done before. It seemed as if there was newness to the experience for her. When I sucked her whole clit between my lips and massaged it with my tongue, mom started to come. It was great to hear and see her in the throes of her orgasm. She cried out and said, "Ohhhh...yeeessss...ohhhhh....." She sighed as she finished and said, "That was so lovely dear...you must know me, don't you, you know how to make me feel good...but I don't remember what you like Paul."

I said, "It doesn't matter, you will."

In the best of all possible worlds or in a movie, her orgasm would trigger a flood of memories and all would be as it was, but I was happy enough with the fact that she had wanted me, and spoke to me lovingly after she finished. She said, "I feel good with you Paul, and close to you; you make me feel safe." I wasn't sure if she wanted me to stay with her for the night, so I kissed her and got up to. She said, "NO!" in an agitated way and she pulled me back down and said, "Stay with me please, I love you, stay with me."

I held her and said, "I'll always stay with you love, I'm here. There's nothing to worry about." She slept quietly in my arms. Even though she had been upset, I was glad to see more of her emotions coming into play.

And that would be the key. In the next five days she began remembering more of the events that were tied to her emotions until she said, "When I called you my husband in the hospital, it was because you are my husband and I'm your wife, aren't I?"

I'm not ashamed to say that my eyes filled with tears when I heard that. I held her and said, "Yes Paula you're my wife, yes, yes you are."

She put her hand on my cock the way I was aching for her to do and said, "Then come and be my husband."

We kissed for a long time as we stood by the bed. I savored her mouth and tongue playing with mine. It was the same and it was different. Our hands found each others body and touched. We took off each other's clothes. Mom's skin seemed especially sensitive and my fingertips across her breasts and nipples sent a slight shiver down her body. I wanted her pussy. I cupped it and rubbed it and slid a finger along the folds until they split and parted. I fingered the wetness within and brought the dewy moisture between both of our lips as we kissed. Mom licked it and I told her, "That's your love for me."

She said, "Yes darling." It wasn't a usual word for her. I liked the sound and the breathy way she said it. I reached behind and held the full globes of her ass. They were soft and firm and pliant all at once. She kissed my neck and then my

nipples. She went down on one knee and took my cock in her hand. She said, "You're so thick and hard for me." Mom was always fascinated and proud of my physical response to her sexuality. It didn't take more that a caress or the sight of her bare flesh to show my craving to be inside her.

She took the swollen knob into her mouth and sucked on it. She did it longer than usual. I couldn't stand not moving, so I began flexing my hips to get more of my cock into her mouth. She stayed still as I went in and out of her mouth. I controlled myself not to push in too far to keep her from gagging. Between the warm wetness of her mouth and tongue, and the sighs she made as she did me, I easily could have come, drained and satisfied, as I had often been after coming in her mouth, but I wanted to be in her pussy, the way we used to be.

I pulled back and directed her to the bed where she lay back and opened her legs. My cock practically directed itself into her. He pussy opened to accept me and she gave a winsome cry as my first penetration joined us. With each entry into the wet passageway I went deeper and mom responded with an encouraging, "Yes." She held my arms and pulled her legs back and said, "I want this Paul, I want you."

I said, "I always want you Paula, like this, like this, like this."

Mom said, "Yes, baby, yes."

As I pumped her with deeper penetrations, I said, "This is where I belong, mom."

She said, "Yes baby, I can feel it, you belong inside me, in my pussy, in me, in me, Ohhh..."

She kept moaning and I pushed in as deep as I could go with powerful thrusts that she encouraged by saying, "Yes darling, hard, like that."

I felt part of her again, I had my Paula back, I had my mom. Each stroke confirmed to me that we would again be as we once were, part of each other, inside each other. I could feel her slight bucks as her back arched in anticipation of her orgasm. After a few more thrusts, a high pitch "*Ahhh*..." pierced the room and mom started to come. I quickened the tempo of my penetrations because I wanted to come

with her. Many times in our lovemaking it didn't matter, but at that moment I wanted to be with her physically as well as emotionally. My quick hard strokes brought us both off.

I called to her, "Paula...mom...," and began releasing my love-milk into her pussy.

She could feel me letting go inside her and she said, "Yes love, come inside me, fill me, fill me..."

I think that I literally did fill her as I kept coming, seemingly with no end. I could see the pearly glaze all over my shaft and on the lips of her pussy as I slowed and felt the last shudders of my mother's orgasm.

Mom laughed in relief and said, "Oh sweetheart, it's good to be back."

I said, "Don't ever go away again."

She held me and said, "I won't baby, and you, don't ever stop wanting me like this."

My kisses said, 'Never.'

He Hurts Me

"A son is supposed to love his mother isn't he Nan; why doesn't Jay love me?"

"Of course, he loves you, Carolyn; he's probably just going through a phase."

"A phase doesn't last for years. Since Matt and I split, it's been getting worse all the time. I think he really hates me now and he's all I have."

I started crying and my friend couldn't get me to stop. Nan is a good friend to me and when the tears subsided, she listened as if she was hearing the story for the first time.

"He used to be so warm and loving: he hugged and kissed me before he went to school and he never left without saying 'I love you mom'... never. Now he won't say a word to me. If I touch him, he pulls away as if I have the plague.

All my family is gone and I have one son and he hates me." The tears returned.

It hurts so much to love someone with all your heart, be willing to do anything for them and then not be able to do anything. I felt helpless.

"What can I do Nan?"

"Oh Carolyn I don't know what to say, I know he refused to go for counseling a while back...do you think he's angry at you because he blames you for Matt leaving? Or maybe it's because you worked so much and left him alone. Did you talk to him about these things?"

"It's hard to have a conversation by yourself but I have to do something. He's graduating and he already has a job. When he moves out I think I'll never see him again. I'm going to give it one more try tonight.

I got home and it was late so I came in quietly. Jay was in his room and I heard sounds. I went to the door and heard him saying, "Mom...mom...mom..."

I almost went in because I first thought he was calling me, needing me. Then I realized; he was masturbating. I was totally confused. He hates me; how could I excite him sexually: I'm twice his age, I'm his mother. It all sped through my mind but all I could think was "maybe I could use this to get through to him and get him to talk to me."

I opened the front door loudly as if I had come in again and then called to him "Jay honey can I talk to you please"? He didn't answer. "Jay, please don't do this to me; come out for a few minutes."

Finally he said, "I'm tired, I'll talk to you tomorrow."

I knew I would have to do something drastic. The next day was Friday and I left work early to get home before he did. I guess I figured if he finds me attractive maybe I should try and get his attention that way. I showered; I shaved my legs

(and all the other places I usually shave) powdered and perfumed myself and did a Cleopatra number with makeup. I have dark hair and blue eyes and the purple eye shadow and jet black mascara have a pretty dramatic effect.

I put on the sexiest outfit I own: black silk stockings and heels, black see through bra, the top of which shows a little under the low cut black dress. This is as good as I get. I'm slim and that makes my breasts look big. The bra pushes enough of me out so it's hard not to notice and the dress is short enough to see all the leg you want. It seemed crazy to be dressing for my son but I was desperate.

He came home. He noticed. He looked hard whenever he thought I wasn't looking. I put my hand on him and said, "Hi sweetie, how are you."

"Fine, where are you going?"

"Oh I have a date with a guy from work." He pulled away from me and started to walk off. "Jay you promised me you

would talk to me today; please sit down here just for a few minutes."

"I didn't promise anything, anyway what is it?"

He reluctantly sat in front of me. As we spoke I realized I was leaning over to talk to him and he couldn't take his eyes off my breasts. "Jay I don't want to lose you, you're all I have. Tell me what I've done to make you hate me, to make you hurt me. Is it that you think I made your father leave?"

He laughed out loud. "That prick? I was never as happy as the day he left. He was miserable to you and you could see how much he cared for me by the number of times he called after moving to California. Look, why don't you just go and have a nice conversation with your boyfriend or your lover or whoever he is and leave me alone?"

"Jay you know I don't have a boyfriend or a lover"

"Well it looks like you're planning on changing that tonight. That outfit should get you some action."

I started crying, "I...I don't even have a date...so..."

"What do mean? You said..."

"I know what I said but I got dressed for you"

"Why?"

"So I should look good for you. So you would talk to me. So you would love me again."

"Oh fuck...all right... I don't care about anything any more so here it is. I love you. I love you too much; that's the problem. I can't stand that you go out with anybody. I can't stand what I want to do with you. I can't stand that how I feel is going to make you think I'm terrible. I can't show you what I want so it's better if I stay away from you. It's better if I never touch you, it hurts too much. It's better if I never kiss you."

"Oh Jay…baby…no it's not. It's not better that you never touch or kiss someone who wants to be touched and kissed." I stood over him and my mouth on his told him everything. My tongue showed him what I wanted and his tongue said "yes."

"Sweetheart, take me to your room; I want to hear you call my name with me on your bed and me in your mouth and …"

I'm not sure he knew what I was referring to but it didn't seem to matter. He picked me up in his arms and carried me as I kissed his face and neck. He dropped me on the bed and pulled my dress over my hips. Almost before my panties were down, his face was between my legs. His lips and tongue lathered my pussy and his stubble was rough on the tender skin where I had shaved. He sucked in my clit so hard, it shocked me. It was too much stimulation at once and I cried out. He eased back and soothed me with the flat of his tongue. He pulled the sheer bra down under my breasts and my nipples responded as he took my flesh in his hands. I ached for him.

He stopped and took off his shirt his hard athletic body excited me. When he took his pants and briefs off I just looked dumbfounded. I'd never seen anything like it. "My God, how can you possibly be that big?"

"I don't know mom but you must have had something to do with it."

I haven't been with that many men but I think if I'd seen anything like that I would have run. I wasn't running now; all I was doing was getting turned on.

He straddled me and put it between my breasts. He moved back and forth pressing them around the big cock. I took some of the head into my mouth each time it approached my lips. He was pinching my nipples tighter with each entry into my mouth. He stopped for a moment and just looked at me.

"Tell me what you want me to do Jay"

"I want you to suck me mom."

We were both on our knees on the bed when I took him into my mouth. My lips stretched around his thickness and he was at the back of my throat before even half of him was in my mouth. He moaned as my tongue worked and my hands massaged his balls and the rest of his shaft. I was sucking my son and I didn't care what that meant to anyone but me. I could feel him loving me again.

I could feel myself dripping and I reached down and my hand came up shiny and sticky. I showed it to him and said, "Look what you do to your mother."

My son smiled at me and said, "Let's not let all that beautiful lubrication go to waste."

He put me on my back and I prepared myself for his entry. I watched his cock approach and was struck that it was straight as a steel rod. Then I was struck by the way it filled me. They say that most women can accommodate a man of almost any size. I had my doubt as my son's huge shaft penetrated my opening. He was up in me, deep in my belly and I felt it. I knew I would be sore after he finished with

me but I didn't care. I wanted him to do me until I was raw so I could feel him tomorrow even when he wasn't in me. He did me raw.

He made me come with his mouth and with his cock and only sheer will kept me from screaming out. As he pumped me he found my end but there seemed no end to the pain and pleasure I felt, and no end to my desire for more.

I wanted him to take me in every way possible that night. I turned on my stomach and said, "Do it Jay; I want you to do it."

"Mom," he said, "no it would be too much, it would..."

"I want you to, I want you to, I want you to."

Although his cock was slick from me, he knew it wouldn't be enough. When he came back from the bathroom he was slathering his dick with Vaseline or something and he was rock hard. I braced as the head of my son's cock pushed past the tight ring. I breathed a sigh of relief; I thought the worst

was over. It wasn't. I was closed so tight around the shaft it seemed that he couldn't move his cock in me. He could; he did.

I'm not sure why I wanted him there so badly but I did: maybe to show him that I would deny him nothing, maybe so he could have mastery over me, maybe so he could dissipate his anger by using me this way. It didn't matter; I wanted it.

He pushed into me deeper and he was moaning as the tight channel milked his big cock but he still asked, "Am I hurting you mom?"

"No darling" I answered "It feels good." Both were true; and the deeper he went the more it hurt and the better it felt.

He kissed my back, he fondled my breasts and he said, "Oh Carolyn...my beautiful Carolyn...you're so good to me...I'm so sorry I..."

I stopped him. I wanted him only to feel good. "No darling, it's past, it's over. There's only this now: only you in me, only us taking care of each other."

I could feel his cum start to shoot into me and the added lubrication eased me into the pleasure of his hard pumping. I heard the words I wanted to hear with me in his bed.

"Oh...oh...mom...mom...mom..."

When I awoke the next morning, my son was on his back; up - but still asleep. I took the big cock into my mouth and as I licked and sucked, I let my teeth lightly graze the tender skin. Jay awoke and said, "Ooooh that hurts but it feels so good."

I smiled, "I know son, I know."

THE END

His Mother - The Whore

I'm not proud of a lot of things I've done. I'm hoping they're all behind me now but I don't blame anyone who has their doubts. I have a reason for thinking that this second chance might turn things around for me; I'm in love.

My name's Madeline and I've been in love too many times. My infidelities...lets just say that the short list of the ugliness is that I was a terrible wife and worthless mother. By the time my husband divorced me and took my fourteen-year-old son Lyle to live in London I was two years lost into a coke habit. It's a miracle I didn't end up homeless or dead. I did end up on the street.

For two months I lived by sleeping with strangers. That's too clean sounding for a dirty business: I fucked and sucked strangers for money. Believe me there was no resemblance to "Pretty Woman." The only saving grace was that I was smart enough to insist on protection but there was no protection from the humiliation.

The miracle was Jean who took me in and helped me get cleaned up. She's more than the family I never had. It took me two years until I was in any shape to even try and contact my son. When I did try, I made hundreds of phone calls from the States to England just to hear, "He's not here" or "Call back tomorrow."

Jean taught me not to expect too much and with her sound advice I did get through to him. Over time my son and I developed a loving long-distance relationship. We wrote, called and e-mailed enough for me to say we know each other again.

I'm not bitter against my ex-husband for keeping Lyle away from me. He had no reason to believe I'd changed. When I first spoke to Lyle, I could hear the anger of a son whose mother had abandoned him but I was his mother and thank God that was enough to keep him talking. It took a year until he would say what I hadn't heard since his childhood: "I love you mom." I cried like a baby after I hung up.

What I wasn't prepared for was my reaction when we finally met again five years after he left. He came for a visit and to

do some business for his father. Even though he'd sent me some pictures of himself, when he got off the plane, I saw the most beautiful face I'd ever seen on a man. Before I'd even realized who he was, a line of electrical juice went through my belly. I hugged his firm body and he sat close to me in the taxi ride to his hotel. I wanted him to stay with Jean and me but his father insisted otherwise.

We planned outings and dinners for the week he would be here and I was beside myself with excitement; all kinds of excitement. I started beating myself up about it but the feelings wouldn't go away. I told Jean, "This is nuts but if I can't talk to you I'm done so here goes: I've gotten to love Lyle all over again this last year because I see what a wonderful person he's become; but seeing him in the flesh these last few days...I can't get away from...shit...Jeannie I'm physically attracted to him."

"Oh boy...Maddy honey you know I love you and I'm always here for you but you should think long and hard before you do anything about this. You know you haven't been out with anyone in months and maybe that's getting to you."

"I know Jeannie and you of all people know that's not like me. I was always a sexual being, and in my stupidity that's one of the reasons I ended up on the street, but I just haven't been interested for the longest time - until now. I feel alive again; I'm thinking about him every hour of the day but I don't want to screw up my son for the second time."

"Listen sweetie, just because you feel something doesn't mean you have to do anything about it. Just be with him, enjoy him and love him; let the other stuff take care of itself for now."

She was right of course and I did enjoy him and love him but I also wanted him. As he was leaving for the airport I asked him if I was what he expected. He said with a laugh, "You're a lot sexier than I expected."

He gave me a quick kiss on the lips and as his hand left my back it crossed the side of my breast. That was all I needed. All I could think about for the next week was, "Did he do that on purpose or was it an accident?

I closed my eyes and masturbated all week with pictures in my head of my son's hands on my bare breasts; it was all I needed to come. We spoke and wrote and when the topic turned to sex, he described one of his girlfriends as having a good body but not as good as mine. That sent me on flights of fancy and fantasy. It's amazing how little it takes. Thinking of the things he could do to my body kept me coming for another week. Sex became a staple of our conversations. After a few months we even got into graphic detail. He actually asked me what a woman likes done to her 'down there', as he put it, and I told him. As I prescribed what a tongue should do to a clit, in as delicate manner as I could, I imagined my son's tongue on his mother's clit. In my imaginings after that, every part of my son was in every part of his mother.

I was transported with elation when he told he would be returning soon for another week of business in the States. I went shopping and bought lacy bras and panties telling the dumb half of my brain that it was only because it made me feel good to wear them. The other half knew that it made me wet to think that my son might see me in them or out of them.

There wasn't much left to imagine when I met him at the airport this time. He kissed me and his hand went to the place it had left three months ago; to the side of my breast. It lingered there. On the ride to his hotel he told me how much he wanted to see me, how much he missed me and how he had convinced his father that it was important for business that he come. He held my hand with one of his; the other rested on my thigh as he spoke. My pussy juiced.

When we got into the room he said, "Mom, all I think about, is loving you."

Our first lover's kiss sent more moisture between my legs as my son's tongue played with mine. His two hands kneading and pressing my breasts made me ache. His fingers rolled my nipples and his breathing told me that he wouldn't need fancy underwear to get him up. There was little subtlety in our undressing that first time; it all came off fast. My son stared at my body. I didn't think I could blush anymore but I felt the flush as his heated glances crossed my bare breasts and thighs and pussy while he said, "Look at you... look at you."

I didn't look at me; I looked at him. I looked at his long straining cock and thought it was as beautiful as he was. I told him so. He said, "That's wild. I never saw it turn up like that; it's so hard it hurts."

I kneeled and held the velvet heat to my cheek. "Let momma make it better."

I took the thick knob of my son's cock into my mouth and as I sucked it I thought of how good it felt to finally bring my son pleasure instead of pain. I licked the salty leaking tip and then sucked on as much of his shaft as I could. His fingers combed through my hair as I massaged the parts I couldn't fit into my mouth. The more I sucked and rubbed the more he repeated, "Mom...mom...mom."

I know he wanted to fuck me as much as I wanted him to, but I also knew there would be all night for him to be in my pussy and anyplace else he wanted to be. At that moment I wanted him to come in his mother's mouth. I wanted a tangible taste of his love to fill his mother's mouth. I wanted his cum on his mother's lips and tongue.

I caressed him with both hands and he yelled, "OH...OH."

My son's first jet hit the back of my throat. The only good part of having known too many men was that now I could please my son. I could swallow and suck and massage as every spurt became a balm soothing our past. I took every drop and kept sucking until he couldn't stand. As he collapsed on the bed I held him as his words sang to me, "Mother...you're so beautiful."

It wasn't long before my son's cock sought my attention again. I knew what I wanted. Sex is rarely just 'sex' sometimes it's about power or domination sometimes pleasure or retribution. That night for me it was for absolution. I wanted my son to fuck me in the ass until it hurt. I wanted the pain that would make me feel better.

After rubbing his cock stiff, I offered my ass to him and said, "Fuck me there."

He had trouble getting his big knob into the small hole and I lubricated it with saliva. As he pushed into my tight

channel, the pressure and pleasure and pain released tears that had waited five years to flow. As I cried I told him, "I'm sorry baby...I'm sorry I wasn't there when you needed me...I'm sorry..."

He leaned over and kissed my back and stroked my breasts saying, "It's all right mom...don't cry...it's all right."

I told him to fuck me hard. I wanted him to pound his way to forgiveness but he didn't do it. His touch told me he didn't need to. He kept telling me it was all right. He used his cock to love me. His gentle rhythm in my ass calmed me and I was grateful that the good person he had become wasn't poisoned with hate. I reached under to caress him as he stroked me. I pushed back on him until his cock was so far in me I thought I would scream and when his lubricating cum filled my ass, it pleasured me to orgasm.

I wanted to kiss him forever after that and almost did. We slept entwined for a few hours and when I awoke my son was kissing my eyes. I smiled without opening them and took his mouth to mine. When he had kissed the breath out

of me, I said, "Darling boy, it's getting late and your mother has to get home."

"Please stay, mom; sleep here with me tonight." His imploring eyes and hard-again cock convinced me.

We showered together and I licked and kissed him all over. He fastened on my wet nipples and sucked each of them pink and puffy under the warm water. He held his slippery body next to mine and moved all over it. I didn't let him in me because I wanted to heighten the experience. He gave a little boy look and said, "Mom look at this."

I laughed and looking at his almost bouncing hard cock told him, "Don't worry baby; momma's going to take good care of that later; here's a sample."

My son's cock was big even semi-erect; it was lots bigger after teasing it with my tongue. It looked huge when it came out of my mouth. Having his sweet cock in my mouth thwarted my plans. I couldn't wait either. I needed to feel him filling his mother's pussy.

I led him back to bed. My son ate my pussy to distraction. He asked me if I would always let him love me this way. My throat almost closed with emotion as I told him. "All of me is only for you... your mother's pussy is always here for you. I'll never let you go again."

He filled me with his cock all night. With every thrust that filled my every hole my love and lust grew. By morning his staying power had overwhelmed me. I was exhausted, sore and more than happy.

His return to England tore my heart out and each day away was torture. I was addicted again; but this time it was to my son's love and loving. It could be worse. Now he says he's talking to his father about opening an office here and he will be making more trips starting next month. I told him, "I'm here; I'm waiting, for always."

Just This Once

9 p.m. --- "Honey, aren't you going out with your friends tonight?"

"No mom, I just don't feel like it"

"Sweetheart, you worked all week and you should get out. I know it's been tough – your first job and all..."

"Its not tough mom it's just a bore. They gave me the job because I work out and I'm strong enough to lug cartons."

"Oh baby I know you'll get a better job soon and I really appreciate it that you're helping me make ends meet. I hate putting this burden on you but it's just you and me. In a couple of months your grandma's pension will kick in and I won't have to send her money. And if I get a raise maybe you can go back to school."

"Mom, I don't care about school it's not for me. Working and being here with you is fine so lets not keep going over the same thing."

"Ok no fighting tonight. Let me just give my baby a kiss for all he does for me. Mmmm. David that's quite a kiss."

"Well mom you deserve a kiss for all you do too."

"Thank you love but from the way you locked lips with your old mom I think its time you called on Gloria."

"Well mom that's not going to happen. I broke up with her last week."

"Last week? Why didn't you tell me? We could have talked about it. I thought you liked her after all these months. I'm sorry baby I thought you finally found one that would last more than a few dates."

"She was all right but I guess my standards are too high and I don't want to go out with someone just for the sake of going out. I have my needs but I want to satisfy them with someone I love."

"That's wonderful honey but that takes time. You have to share lots experiences with someone to get loving and intimate with them. I'm interested; tell me about your ideal woman."

"She's beautiful, she's smart she your age and she has soft big breasts like these."

"David what are you doing? I'm your mother you shouldn't touch me that way. Please take your hand off my breast. Thank you. Now why are you talking crazy?"

"It's not crazy, its how I feel. You're the one I've shared experiences with since dad died and you're the one I love and you're the one I want to be intimate with. Was it so terrible to have my hands on your breast?"

"Of course not; I'm a woman and your a handsome young man but just because it feels good doesn't mean I can let you do it. Look, were both a little lonely: lets just listen to some music together and forget this happened. Come lay in mommas lap and I'll stroke your hair. That always calmed you when you were a boy."

"All right ma."

10p.m. --- "David, I was just wondering. What brought all this on all of a sudden?"

"All of a sudden? You must be joking. I've been feeling this way for a long, long time. It hurts me too look at you. I think of nothing but you and I've wanted to talk to you about it forever. Can I tell you about it without you getting upset?"

"You can tell me anything. And maybe it's best if you get it out and we can get past this thing together. Tell me everything in the way you want to tell it, I'm here baby."

"When I was twelve, I was watching you ironing one day. It was hot and you opened your blouse a couple of extra buttons. I'll never forget the sight of your breasts. They were spilling over your white lace bra. Watched those beautiful tits moving back and forth as you ironed, I was turned on to your body and stayed turned on."

"That night, I walked out in the woods and rubbed myself thinking what you would look like without clothes. It was the fist time I ever came. I thought about holding your tit and sucking it, as this strange milky stuff came out of my dick. I was saying, Mom, mom, mom, out loud."

"My legs were rubbery and I was afraid I'd done something wrong. When I came back into the house I knew I would never look at you in the same way again."

"After that I never missed an opportunity to watch when you got dressed or took a bath. I've seen every part of your body, and I loved everything I saw."

"Oh David I'm sorry. I should have realized and been more careful. This is my fault."

"It's only your fault for being beautiful. Looking at you was the best part of growing up. Now I need more, mom. I need your help."

"I would do anything to help you. Just tell me."

"Mom I need to touch you: I need to know that you want me to."

"Oh baby, baby, I hate to see you so distressed: just let me think for a few minutes."

11p.m. --- "All right David. I want you to get it out of your system and see that it's not worth being all upset about; so I'm going to let you touch me, but just this once. Just touching, just this once, ok?"

"Yes mom: but first I have to give you a kiss that's been waiting eight years... Oh your lips are so soft... mmmm... and your tongue sliding over and under mine. Mom you taste so good. I've wanted to smell your neck and face for so long. Ohh... let me kiss your eyes and put my face in your sweet smelling hair. Mother, give me your mouth again... tell me how it feels."

"It feels wonderful David. I can feel your kisses all through me. It's been so long since I've been kissed. You make your mother feel loved. David, your hands feel so good on me.Yes... take my dress off sweetie but no more. I'llstay in my bra and panties and you keep your briefs on. Remember your promise... Now come to the den: we can hold each other and watch TV."

12 a.m. --- "Mom, your legs are so smooth and your thighs are like silk."

"Oh David, it feels like electricity going through me. Your hands gliding inside my thighs so close... so close... ohh...yes it feels good with your hand in my bra...can you feel how hard mother's nipple is love? Oh yes... I want you to suck on

it...that's it; just pull my bra down baby...here, suck on mommy's tit like you used to."

"Oh mom, I'm so hard for you. Look at what you do to me. Please put your hand in and just hold my cock. Ohh that's it... yes mom, hold my balls in your warm hand. Yes... Mmmm... your nipples are so long and hard and I love the fine green veins I can see on your tits. Oh mom I have to feel my body on yours: please take off your panties."

'Yes sweet love but just to hold each other...just t hold...And touch...ohhh... David. I feel how hard your cock is for mommy... yes it feels good when you touch my cunt that way. Can you feel how wet your mother is for you? Mommy's cunt is so wet for her boy. Yes baby yes... Leave your finger there...ohhhh...mommy's so exhausted, come to momma's room so we can lie down."

1 a.m. --- "Its so nice being held and touched by my boy like this. I love having your strong arms around me. It makes me feel safe. I love what your hands and fingers do to me baby and I love your cock. I didn't know it was so big. I can hardly close my hand around it. I know I shouldn't but I

want it. How can I want my own son's cock...but I do. I want to kiss it, and lick it, and taste it."

"Yes mom do it, do it for me, put your sons cock in your mouth. Ohh mom your tongue is so hot... yes mom, lick it like that."

"Oh David you taste and smell so good to me. I love all of you but maybe you should call me Carol for tonight."

"No mom I want you. I've been aching for my mother- not Carol. And tonight, I'm going to be in my mother. My mother's mouth, my mother's cunt. I'm proud to have a mother who loves her son enough to give him what he needs-no matter what others may think.

"Oh baby you're right. For tonight, I don't care. I'll be your lover, I'll be your cunt, I'll be anything you want. Yes baby, give mommy that huge cock. All I can think about is stuffing it into my mouth...Mmmmm..."

"Oh mom your sucking me so good... yes.blow me...suck me mom...ohh...I'm fucking my mother's mouth...oh mom I can't wait...ohh I'm gonna come... aaahhhhhh. Oh mom so good...so good... but I didn't mean to come in your mouth. I'm sorry mom."

"Don't be sorry love. I wanted you to come in my mouth. I wanted to taste my man's cum and swallow it. I would do anything to please you. Sweet cock... let me clean you off with my mouth...Mmmmm..."

2 a.m. --- "Mom I'm sorry I woke you. You were asleep for a few minutes and you looked so beautiful with your legs opened that way I had to taste your cunt. The sweet juice is on my tongue. Here taste it."

"What a nice way to wake up, with your son's mouth on your clit. I love it. I see you're hard for your mommy again. I want you in me but first make me come with your mouth. Yes lick around the folds like that... mmmm... Now use you tongue. That's my good boy; suck mommy's cunt baby... oohh yes... here yes... let me show you my clit. Yes honey it's almost like a little cock for you too suck on. Oh

sweetheart...oh... oh...yes do that with your tongue all round it... both ways... Yes... on my clit... oh. I'm shaking. Mommy's coming oh...oh.. Press with your tongue... yes...yes... God yes... oh my God...yeeesssssss... oh love, love, love."

"Mom I'm so glad I could make you feel good. Having your tits in my hands and your cunt in my mouth made me want to fuck you so bad. I need to fuck you I need to be in you."

"I need you too son. Just be gentle. That big cock is a weapon. Yes baby that's it ohh.ohh...its... easy...yes ohh. You're in mommy's cunt... yes... slowly...yes baby fuck your mother... fuck your mother good...fuck my pussy... oh its so wet for David's cock...David's beautiful huge cock is in Carols pussy...David's cock is in his mothers cunt. Keep fucking me David don't stop...don't stop fucking me. Fuck me harder. Fuck me harder...I'm your cunt...your cunt...baby, baby...it's for you...David, David, David ohhhhhhhh..."

"I'm coming in you mom I'm coming in your cunt mom... mom..."

"Yes come with mommy... yes shoot all your cum up into mommy's cunt... yes it's so hot... I feel you...fill me with your cum...cum for mommy... fill me with your big cock all the way up into me...so far up in me. Yessss... Harder, harder, harder... make me come... only your cock...make me...ohhhh son... so good...so good"

3 a.m. --- "Mom that was so good. I can't believe this is going to have to last me a lifetime but I promised it would be for only one night. I'll keep my word: no matter how hard it will be not to touch you...not to make love to you...but I'll do it."

"Oh, my good boy: you promised - but I didn't. This is your place now, tonight and every night- in my bed, in my mouth, in my cunt... in my heart."

Letters to His Mom

When I came to the doorway of my room, my mother was reading at my computer. If I didn't see what she was doing I probably would have either made up some lie about what she was reading or gotten all self-righteous about her invading my privacy; but I didn't do either. I didn't because most of her left breast was exposed and she was rolling the nipple between her fingers as she read. I knew what she was reading. It was a story called "Letters To His Mom" and I had written it.

After a few moments, my mother sensed my presence and turned to look at me. Her eyes were bright and opened wide. She said, "That's me in the story isn't it?" I shook my head in assent. "And you're the one who becomes his mother's lover. " I nodded again. "All this time, " she said, "I thought it was just an adolescent thing... the way you look at me... the way I feel... but it's not is it? When did you start writing?"

"When I started wanting you mom"

"You... want me to do all the things the mother in the story does... taking her son in her mouth... letting him... Oh God I can't believe what this is doing to me. I started reading when I saw the title and... "

"Why don't you finish it mom? You might as well know it all... it's really only for you that I wrote it... that I had to write it... only to get all the feelings I have for you out of a heart that can't hold them any longer"

It was almost noon but she had worn her nightclothes thinking she would be alone for the day. I could still see the creamy breast inside the silky aqua nightshirt. My mother continued reading. Her breath became heavy and I saw her hand reach between her legs. Everything in the story was a thinly veiled chronicle of what had happened, except for the sex. Ironically, that part would prove prophetic. My mother and I would in some way or another make every scene a reality within the coming month.

When she finished reading she stood to face me. Her eyes were wet. "I guess you got the ending. " I said.

"I got it honey, but that's not how it has to be. " She walked over to me and kissed me fully. That sounds simple and straightforward; it was anything but. When she kissed me, all the longings of the past met all the possibilities of the future. Her nightshirt fell off her shoulders to the floor. This is the story she'd read.

Letters to his Mom

Dear mom,

I'm sending this to you because I want to know what you think. I hope you won't be mad but I wanted to write down our story. I won't let anyone see it if you don't want me to. I didn't put in all the things we said the first time because I was so excited I couldn't remember all the details. I wrote it as if I was watching and changed our names because it was easier for me to say what I really felt. (Maybe when I'm done you could help me fix it?) This is the beginning.

Your loving son, 'Justin'

* * * * *

"Please, just don't tell your step-father I'm doing this. Okay baby? He'll kill me if he finds out... especially since I won't do it for him. "

"I won't mom; you know I won't. Just keep on sucking mom; it feels so good. "

"Yes baby. " Katherine took her son's hard cock back into her mouth and sucked him off for the second time in an hour. His supply of cum seemed inexhaustible since she had started giving her son oral sex three days before. She had walked in on him when she heard him masturbating and he was embarrassed until he realized why she had come in. It was the most exciting thing that ever happened to him.

On that first afternoon he was on the bed. She teased him as he covered up telling him that he didn't have to be shy in front of his mother. She drew the sheet off, and as she watched his cock, it reached for the ceiling again. She sat

beside him and took him into her mouth without a word. A few strokes in and out of her mouth were all she needed to send her son over. He quickly came and she just smiled at him as she left the room. The little froth on her lips answered his questioning mind. He really had just come in his mother's mouth. He made no sense of why it all happened. He didn't know how to act or what to do; all he knew was that he wanted her to do it again.

The next morning, after his stepfather Wayne left for work, he stood behind her in the kitchen and tentatively kissed her neck. She stood still as he continued for about five minutes. She turned and got on her knees. He had only a few experiences and he was probably rough in his excitement. He was holding her head as she sucked. His cock was probably larger than most and on that day; he seemed to want to shove the whole thing down her throat. She sweet talked him and massaged his balls and told him, "Let mama take care of you baby, mama knows how to make her boy feel good. "

He let go and she swallowed as much as she could, working the shaft and his balls at the same time. Each time the shaft entered his mother's mouth more of it disappeared. She

was slow and deliberate as her lips dragged and pushed against the thick meat. When she sucked hard on the helmet and circled it with her tongue, she felt his balls rise anticipating his orgasm. His mother stepped up her action knowing what to expect. She got what she expected. Her son's hot cum flooded her mouth. She liked it. (I think you did; didn't you mom?)

When he came back for more day after day she said to him that maybe they should slow down because she didn't want to get caught, but stopping was the last thing he wanted to do. He was so crazed with what she was doing to him that he spent his day thinking up ways to force her if she wouldn't continue. In the end he realized couldn't hurt her that way because he loved her; he loved her very much.

* * * * *

Dear son,

I like what you wrote, especially the last sentence (and of course I liked what you did). It got me excited to remember

those first times; it made me happy to pleasure you that way. I miss you. Please send me more; you're doing it very well.

With September on the way, the heat isn't as bad as it was. I can't imagine the trees being as pretty here in this concrete city as it is outside Boston in the fall, but I'll have you here and that's the best.

Your loving mother

Dear mom,

I'm glad you're not mad about it because it felt good to write about us. I wish I were there right now, touching your sweet pussy. Here's the next part.

The son who loves you

* * * * *

Justin knew that Wayne always went out on Thursday nights. He loved what his mother was doing to him but even after only a few days, he wanted more. He decided to try to get his mother to let him fuck her. He wasn't sure how, but to him she was the hottest piece of thirty-six year old ass he had ever seen, and he wanted it. When they talked the day before, his mother had explained some of the frustrations of her marriage. It sounded like she was saying that she needed sex more now than she ever had.

When his stepfather left, Justin went to sit by his mom. She smelled fresh from her bath and he said, 'Mom, could I ask you a question?"

She said, "Of course dear. " He then asked if he could kiss her first. She laughed and said again, "Of course dear. "

He kissed his mother for a while, making-out as if she was his girlfriend; he put his tongue in her mouth. She made noises like she liked it and she played with his tongue too. He asked her if she had sex with Wayne anymore. She said, "Only when he forces me... I made a mistake when I married him... I didn't love him but when your father died

seven years ago, all we had left was a pile of debt. I guess I thought that I would like him more as time went on... but I liked him less. I hated it when he touched me and that made it all worse. Sometimes he... baby... I have you now and that's all that matters. "

Justin opened his mother's blouse and she wasn't wearing a bra. He told her she had the most beautiful tits (you do mom) and filled his hands with them. He admitted to her that he wanted her but he had never been in a woman's cunt before. She said, "Be in mine Justin, be in mine. "

When his mother opened her legs for him, he could smell the sweet heat. Her long creamy legs spread and she said, "Kiss me there baby". He placed a hundred kisses along her silky thighs and across the swollen lips of her pussy. Justin raised himself above her and his mother positioned his cock at the entrance of her tender cleft. He was so hard it hurt.

The first time he pushed into his mother's pussy, he knew he would never be the same. It was with astonished awe that he realized he was actually inside her velvet folds. There

were no words to describe the excitement, the relief, and the love he felt as his swollen dick worked it's way deep into his mother's belly. He pushed in and out of her slowly because he wanted it to last forever. Her cunt was wet and that made it feel even better because it told him that his mother felt good having him in her. Her channel was closed around his thick cock and the fit was perfect. As he stroked deeply into his mother's hole he knew that he'd found his lover.

Her hands ran from his back across the curve of his ass as she spoke to him, "It's so good my baby... so good having you in me... having you loving me... yes honey... push into your mama's pussy... " When he reached the point where he couldn't wait anymore, he pumped hard and as each of his spasms sent a long shot of cum into her, she put her fingers on her clit. Very quickly he heard his mother saying, "Yes baby... yes... yes... " and her hips pushed up again and again until she let out a long sigh. They held each other and kissed for a long time.

* * * * *

Dear son,

It was lovely to get your writing and my body remembered it as I read. I got wet again. (I remember making myself come but it's lovelier now that you do it for me.) I hope in the next chapter you'll describe how we felt when those things were happening. I know for me it was more than just the sex. I wasn't just a horny old broad; I was loving you.

I didn't want to upset you so I never explained what brought me to your room that hot August afternoon. It was the day that your stepfather hit me for the first time. It was only a slap and a shove but I felt frightened, and alone. When you came home I was sitting in the kitchen and you must have sensed something because in addition to your usual kiss, you stroked my hair two or three times. You made me feel loved and cared for; I almost burst into tears at that moment.

I knew you found me attractive by the way you had been looking at my breasts and ass for the past months and I even saw that the pictures on your computer were of 'mature'

women. When I heard you masturbating, I wanted to show you how I loved you; I also needed to be close to you.

It made me happy to love you that way because you had filled a heart that was empty and soothed an ache I thought I would have forever. When your velvet skin was in my mouth I tasted love and when you were inside me I was complete. I love you. Write more, more, more.

(I know I'm hopelessly old-fashioned, but do you think it might elevate the tone of our story if you used more gentle terms instead of the 'F' and 'C' words? – not that I haven't used them myself)

Your loving Mom

Dear mom,

I'm glad you told me those things and I hope you know that I never thought of you as any kind of 'old broad'. You were right; I had been thinking about your beautiful body a lot. I would get hard watching you move and reach and bend. I

dreamed of taking your bra off and sucking on your nipples. The reality of having you made my fantasies pale by comparison. I started missing you as soon as you got on that plane to New York. Talking on the phone last night was a relief in more ways than one. (I hope you had fun too) And I'll try to write 'sweeter' because you're so sweet.

Love you, 'Justin'

* * * * *

For weeks after that they snuck around. They loved each other whenever an opportunity arose. It was wonderful and it was frustrating. He wanted to make love to her, sleep with her, and wake up in her arms and then make love to her again. They fantasized about living together as lovers; always close enough to have each other when they wanted.

On a special Thursday night, his mother dressed up for him. When her dress came off, he saw the one-piece stockings and garter made of nylon. When she turned around to show it off for him, her ass was perfectly framed.

She put her hands on the rounded globes and spread them gently. She said, "I want to give you this tonight, baby. "

He was never so hot in his life. He got down and started to lick his mother from behind. He tasted the sweetness of her pussy and after licking her he pushed tongue in as far as it would go. When she got on the bed, he was almost shaking with the excitement. She had prepared a lubricant and put it on her puckered hole. When he approached her, she reached back and stroked it on his cock. (He was hoping he wouldn't come just from her hand sliding along his dick. He didn't) He put the pulsing head of his dick on his mother's asshole and pushed in. It was hot and tight and made his cock throb. The deeper he got in her, the better he felt. It felt so different, almost as if her hand were squeezing it. He couldn't imagine feeling better. As he pushed in and out of her pressure filled hole she made sounds like she never did when he was in her pussy. They were moans and groans and at one point he thought that maybe he should come out of her but she reached back, urging him on, urging him deeper into the small hot tunnel.

He plunged into her time and again until all of his cock was in her. The sight of her full breasts hanging and swaying as

he pounded in and out of his mother's ass inflamed him. He could see her small hole stretched to the limit and he asked if he was hurting her. She said, "It hurts good baby; don't stop... I want it from you my baby... I want it. "

The cum blast was nuclear. He couldn't stop coming and by the way she sounded, neither could his mother. He thought he couldn't love her more.

* * * * *

Dear son,

That was a special night for me and you brought it all back. You now know how much your mother loves it when you do her that way but first times always have a precious lasting wonder to them. I wanted to give you what I've never given to any man. When you filled me with all of you in that place, it was all I could want. When your butterfly kisses covered my back as you pushed your wonderful hardness into me, I was where I wanted to be, forever. That

was the moment I knew we had to be together and I had to get away from Wayne.

Oh my love, I miss you so but I know it won't be long now. When you stepped in to help me on the day we told him I was leaving, I was so proud of you. I know his outburst was just because of his ego. Imagine, me leaving HIM. The lawyer says that the bloody nose he gave me is going to cost him plenty. In a few weeks you can join me here to start our new life. Meanwhile I'll await your next letter; your next call, and I'll await you with all of me open with anticipation. (It made me laugh when you said it, but it was 'nuclear')

P. S. Found a nice apartment for us in Queens. Even though it's an hour commute to my job down in the city, I think we're going to like it there.

Your loving mother embraces you

Dearest mom,

I can't wait to see you and touch you and share more nights like we did at the motel before you left to go to Aunt Peg's. I'm glad you found an apartment for us. Being with you in the motel all night while we waited for the early morning plane gave me a taste of how good it will be when we're finally together. I'm sorry I didn't let you get much sleep (not really) but having your silky skin up against me all night kept me up too. Here's the last part until I see you. I intend to write more about the times we'll have after we're together so I'm not sure about an ending.

* * * * *

The motel was close enough to the airport to hear the jets throughout the night but Justin and Katherine were too busy to notice. She was nervous about flying and leaving and the prospect of a new life. Justin did all he could to keep her mind off things even though that wasn't his main intention. What he wanted to do was to have her again and again. It was the first time she was on top of him when they made love. He liked looking at there, sitting on his hard cock with head back and eyes closed. He took her big breasts in his hands and massaged them as his mother gently raised and lowered herself on his cock. He could see

it glisten with her juices when it was exposed. He rubbed her nipples until they were puffy and pink and the tips looked like erasers sticking out. Her pussy swallowed all of his cock. She sat down fully and ground her hips. He could fell the warm flesh of her ass pressing on his balls. She reached down to kiss him and tell him how much she loved him. He held her around because he didn't want to be away from her and her loving, even if it was for only a matter of weeks.

She sat up and teased him, asking him how long he could stand not moving in her. It was a short wait. He started bucking and she began spearing herself on her son's long shaft. He grabbed her tits as they came and she repeated, "Baby... baby... baby... " over and over. He shot load after load into her and when he was done, she was smiling and slowing raising and lowering herself. She looked at him and said, "I'm going to have you all the time when you come to me baby... all the time. "

I can't wait. Your lover and son,

'Justin'

Dear Love,

I hope you're here even before you get this letter. If that night is any indication of your stamina, you're going to wear this old lady out. I'm going to love it. My dear love, your mother was sore for two days but I had a tangible reminder of where you're going to be for a long time. When you're in me that way, all doubt dissipates and the center holds. Hurry to me love. Set your alarm; I know your plane leaves early. I'll be at work thinking about you.

Your mother who's loving you

That was the story that brought my mother and me together. And on that first day when she stood naked and gave herself to me, I gave myself to her. We've lived together for five years now and I've probably written about fifty stories about our life inspired by her hands, her mouth, and her embrace. It's always an imperfect description of her perfect love. My ending would be that Justin and Katherine loved happily ever after.

Mom & Jeff & Dee & Me

When my best friend finally told me that he had been sleeping with his mother, I was stunned. We had been going out 'double' since junior high and I knew that women were always on his mind so when for months he didn't want to go out, I thought something was up. We were seniors and right before winter vacation I told him, "Stevie, I have Linda and Dee lined up for the weekend, can you get your mother's car?"

"No man, I can't make it; I have some other stuff to do."

I said, "Are you nuts, you wanted to go out with Linda for a year and now she wants to go for a weekend and your turning it down?"

"Danny, I'm going to tell you something but if you ever tell anyone, I'll break your face...understand?"

I laughed, "Ooohh big doings in Stevie-land."

"I'm serious."

"Oh all right...what is it, you know I'm not going to say anything."

"Ok...well...I've been with someone for the last few months and...I was going to tell you sooner but...it's my mother."

"Get the fuck out of here...what are you saying?"

"We've been sleeping together Danny"

"Fuck me...whoa. Hey you're not off in fantasyland or yanking my chain are you?"

"No man...it's real."

"How'd this happen?"

"Oh man...I don't even know. One night she's telling me how lonely she is and how she can't find anyone and she starts kissing me. You know what she looks like...I mean just those tits...and before I knew what was happening ...well..."

"You went to bed with..."

"My mother, right"

"Boy oh Stevie boy; what's going on now?"

"It's intense man...we've been screwing night and day, any place and every place; she even did me in the car one day. I think she gets off doing it in places where people can see us."

"Oh man I would flip if I saw you doing your mom."

"I'll tell you Danny, I think she'd like it."

I laughed, "Ok man I'll be over tonight. What time does the show start?"

"You think I'm kidding but I'm really going to ask her. I'll call you later."

When I got home my head was buzzing. My mother and I always had a great relationship and we always kissed both cheeks hello and goodbye ever since I can remember. That night when I came in, I gave her a quick kiss on the lips instead. She looked at me quizzically but didn't say anything.

Later on, I was considering all the things that Steve and I had in common which I'd never thought about before. Both of our mothers had married and divorced while they were young, we were both the only child and they were both beautiful women. I felt strange the first time I did it, but that night I looked at my mother as a sexual being. I examined the swell of her breasts and the roundness of her ass and I would be lying if I didn't admit that I started thinking what it would be like to do to my mom what Steve said he was doing to his – even if I didn't quite believe him.

After dinner the phone rang and Steve asked me to come over. He didn't go into details but I didn't really think I was going to watch him have sex with his mother. When I got there, I expected to hear what a dope I was to believe him but that's not what happened. His mother was in a slinky dress that showed off her well-proportioned body. No sooner was I in the door than she said, "Daniel, can we trust you not to say anything about this to anyone?"

I said, "Of course" and we went downstairs to the small guest apartment they had made out of the basement. Before I even sat, Steve and his mother were kissing. Within a minute she was down to bra and panties and on her knees. I watched in awe and with an awesome boner as she sucked his cock. Steve had his eyes closed but every once in a while she looked over to watch me watching. My hand was on my crotch and when her panties came off and he started to bang her from behind I almost creamed in my pants.

When they were done she looked over at me and asked, "Did you like that?" I nodded; I could see that my watching pleasured her.

I went home promising myself that I would never do that again. It was too frustrating to watch and not participate. What stayed with me though, was the look on his mother's face as he did her. It was so much better than a porno film because the heat and the emotions were genuine. She was really feeling good.

I stayed up with my mom and I listened to music for about an hour while she read. I was watching and thinking and before long, I had to get out of there and masturbate. I kissed my mother 'good night' on her soft lips and said, "I love you".

There are many kinds of "I love you" and we always said that to each other when we left the house or went to bed. The "I love you" that I said to her that night was the 'other' one. My mother is a smart and sensitive lady and when I looked at her and said it, she knew which 'I love you' it was. She hesitated for a moment and then gave me the usual "I love you" and the usual kiss.

I tried in the next few days to act 'business as usual' around my mom but we could both feel the tension and now it was sexual tension. It seemed that we were both reluctant to talk about it so I decided to do something about it. I went up to her and kissed her fully. My heart was beating while I awaited her reaction. It was none of the ones I might have expected. She said with a soft half-smile, "Daniel, I'm not ready for this."

I smiled back and just said, "Ok mom."

My urgency to have my mother intensified over the following weeks. I couldn't look at her as I once had. Her lips were now lips I wanted to kiss, her breasts were breasts I wanted to hold, and her body was the one I wanted to possess. I didn't press her but I didn't give up either. Over months I drew my mother to me. It was excruciating. It took weeks to until she kissed me back. When I held her breast she said, "I'm not ready." When weeks past and she put my hand on her breast, I reached between her legs. Again she said, "Danny, I'm not ready."

We stayed at each plateau for what seemed an eternity to me until almost six months to the day of our first kiss I came home to find her in the bedroom, waiting for me. She said, "I'm ready for you now Danny."

I'd never seen my mother completely nude and the sight was overwhelming. Her body looks almost average when she's wearing clothes so I was surprised by how hot she looked standing in the dim light by the bed. I think it's her unusually small waist that makes everything else stand out. I told her she was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen. I took one of her tits into my hand and it overflowed. I cupped the pear shaped softness and began sucking on the protruding nipple. She undid my pants and in a moment I was as naked as she was. She touched my cock and it jumped. I said, "I want you so much it's getting me crazy."

She smiled, "You don't have to be crazy baby; I'm here for whatever you want. I'm ready and I want you too."

I put my knee between my mother's legs and nudged them apart as I kissed her. She opened into a wide stance. I went to taste her pussy and stayed to lick and suck her as a long

uninterrupted musical sound came from her open mouth. My mouth was covered with her juices when I returned to the soft lips and tongue that played with mine. At that moment, all I wanted was to be in her.

Once on the bed my mother opened for me as I approached with a raging cock in my hand. I quickly penetrated the lubricated opening of her pussy and felt the exhilaration of finally being in her after months of waiting. I pushed into the wet haven and it was perfect until...something was wrong...I felt my mother stiffen...she started to cry - talk about frustration.

After getting over myself, I tried to comfort her and find out what was upsetting her. As she cried in my arms, I figured she was having second thoughts because I was her son. That wasn't it at all. When she calmed she told me the story.

"Danny, the reason I'm having so much trouble is that...I met someone about eight months ago. His name is Jeff and he's a pilot. It started about the time we started. I thought I could handle it all but...I guess it's different this time...there

are things about me you don't know but now I want to tell you" She curled under my arm and with her hand on my chest continued the story.

"I was very young when I started having sex and I developed an appetite for it. I guess a lot of my relationships have been 'unconventional'. There were times when I went out with more than one guy at a time. The things I like to do are part of the reason your father and I split up. He just wouldn't or couldn't understand. I'll tell you Danny, it doesn't feel good when your own husband thinks you're a whore. I want you to know these things because..."

I kissed her forehead and told her I thought she was wonderful. She kissed my cheek and went on.

"Well I could always 'juggle' men but with you it's different. I love you. You're my son but I think I love Jeff too...I'm so confused but I didn't want you to make love to me and not know about him."

"Thanks mom. Right now I don't know what to think about all this but I know I love you and I want you more than anything."

"That's what makes this so hard; I want you very much too. Do you think you can still love me until we sort this whole thing out honey? Do you still want to make love to me?"

I answered with my mouth on hers and she reached for my cock. I hardened in her soft hand. I kneeled to enter her again and held her legs apart by her calves. My straight cock found her pussy without guidance and reached into my mother's belly. She put her hand at the spot where I was moving in and out of her to touch the cock as it moved. She moaned a little "Mmmm...it's good Danny...good to have you in me...my baby..."

We found each other's rhythm quickly for first time lovers. Her pussy held me as I stroked and my mother began a steady stream of talk as we climbed to come. "Yes baby...I love the way you're fucking me...oh, that's good...don't stop...do me harder ...yes...I'm here for your beautiful

cock...in my pussy... my baby's in my pussy...I have my boy...yes love harder, harder..."

I pumped into the wet center until she had all of me in her and couldn't wait another second to come. The first jet of cum I shot into her pussy set her off too. I was loud and my mother was louder as we found release from the long wait to have each other. As we lay spent my mother petted my still hard, cum coated rod and said, "Beautiful...my beautiful cock...beautiful cock."

After a wondrous night of lovemaking, the morning brought more questions than answers. We decided to let things evolve and I agreed to meet Jeff.

It would have been easier if on the night we all went to dinner he turned out to be jerk; no such luck. I actually liked him and we talked easily. I could see their genuine affection for each other but all through the evening I felt my mother's reassurances. Her hands touched my face and arms and when they strayed under the table, they brushed my cock. I didn't know what they were doing to Jeff.

Before dessert, Jeff proposed that we all go to his apartment. We all exchanged looks that resolved into assent. When we arrived it didn't take long for me to realize that this wasn't mom's first time with two guys. She took charge and pretty much directed who and what went where. Before any clothes came off she had both of our cocks in her hands. She rubbed us hard and then got down on her knees. She alternately sucked each cock for a minute or two until they were both straining and jumping.

I thought I would be uncomfortable with another guy doing my mother but I found myself so turned on to her that it didn't matter. All I wanted was to have her. I took her skirt down as she sucked Jeff off and when she realized what I wanted she positioned herself on spread hands and knees to give me access.

I was pumping my mother's pussy while holding and separating the rounded full globes of her ass. I'd never had a woman's ass and I wanted my mother's now. My cock was slick with her juices when I pulled out of her pussy and I pushed it past the ring and felt my mother squirm a bit while a small shudder shook her ass. When more of my cock filled her small channel, I could feel how much tighter

and hotter it was than her pussy. She took her mouth off Jeff's cock to moan, "Oh Danny...oh...you're in my ass...oh..." She resumed sucking Jeff's cock with an audible, "Mmmmm...mmmm."

It was excruciatingly good to be in my mother that way and the sight of her sucking only added to it. When all of my cock was in her, I pumped her with long hard strokes. I couldn't believe how much of Jeff's was down her throat. She took all of both of us but she seemed to be at her limit by the sounds she was making. Jeff's face displayed the gratification he was experiencing as my mother sucked him and I watched him stiffen in anticipation of his climax. He held her head with a long moan and came in her mouth as she stroked his flanks. He collapsed in a heap when he finished.

As I pounded her ass she asked for more. "Harder Danny harder...Ohh... I love it hard like that...yes baby...like that...for momma...yes...yes... yes..." With each "yes" of hers my cock was buried as deep as it could go and the pounding brought us both off. I felt myself erupting into her ass and the slickness made it easier to piston in and out of her. I took hold of both of my mother's tits and I came calling to

her; my name on her lips warmed me as she shook in orgasm. It was the most intense sexual experience of my life.

We went home and mom asked me to lie with her until she fell asleep. I held her naked body next to mine and we talked. "That was so beautiful tonight mom...I've never had sex that way...have you?"

"Well Danny...I..."

"Oh... mom, I'm sorry...what a stupid thing to ask you. I shouldn't make you uncomfortable and..."

"It's ok Danny. I've had a lot of experience...but this was a wonderful one. I'm so glad I was your first. It makes it special for me too...and I loved having you in me like that." She reached back and covered my cock with her hand. Within a minute it no longer fit and my stiffness found her wet pussy. My memory of that night is of spending a lot more time in her than out of her.

Over the next few months I found myself making love to my mother with no particular pattern or schedule. Sometimes she went and stayed by Jeff for a few days and others times it seemed like she couldn't get enough of me. I never got enough of her. Mother and I talked often and she always encouraged me to see women more my own age. She said, "Darling, we have a wonderful sexual relationship and a bond as mother and son that will always be; but you should have someone of your own generation to be with: someone who likes the same music and movies and books. You need that don't you?"

I said I was happy just being with her but she always brought it up. She started spending more time away so it wasn't a complete surprise when mom said, "Honey, would you be terribly upset if I married Jeff?"

I told her truthfully, "If that would make you happy, it's great." I kissed her softly and she returned my kiss with passion.

"Baby, that doesn't mean that I don't want you to love me anymore. Jeff understands that." I kissed her again flooded

with the pleasure of knowing that I would make love to her again. She smiled and said, "Now go find yourself someone to share the 'other stuff' with."

That was easier said than done. I was determined to find someone who would fit in to my life without changing it. I came close with Cindy. We had 'changed partners and danced' once; and from the sex we had and all her talk about nothing being taboo as long as nobody got hurt, I took a chance. I invited her to mom's wedding and went for broke. I took her into the room where mom was changing after the ceremony and she watched as I kissed my mother the way I always did now: fully and with my hands roaming over her breasts and ass. Boy was that stupid.

Cindy just froze and had very little to say after we left. I started to explain the situation and what I was looking for in a person who could share my life but it fell on deaf ears. She was 'outta here'.

The person I was looking for turned out to be someone I had known since elementary school, Dee. We had gone out on and off for years but never pushed past the first stages

of occasional sex. In my frustration one night, I told her that I had made love to my mother. She said, "I'm so glad you trusted me with that Danny, I've done things I've never told you because I didn't want you to stop seeing me. Sometimes I like being with more than one guy and I've even been with a few girls. Do you think that's terrible?"

I assured her that for me that was the best news I'd heard in months and went on to give her all the details about mom, Jeff and me. She wasn't put off, she was turned on and I was in heaven. We had the best sex we ever had that night. Her pussy was never so wet and her mouth was never so willing and I had the second beautiful ass of my life.

The first night of what would become 'The Foursome' was amazing. Dee took to mom and it was hard to get her off my mother's pussy all night. Mom wasn't complaining. Dee also found Jeff attractive and I teased her later that she had as many orgasms with him as she did with me. There's a picture in my memory that stays with me from that night: mom is on her hand and knees with me in her up to the hilt from behind, Dee is lying down and mom is sucking on her pussy, and Jeff is straddled over Dee with his cock down her

throat. Incredibly we all came within a minute or two of each other.

Over the next few months, Dee and I moved in together. We lived close to mom and Jeff and miraculously it worked for a while. We met as a foursome on special occasions and made them very special. Mom and Dee had 'girls night out' and once in a while Dee enjoyed Jeff and I for a night. Then I asked Jeff to spend the night with Diane because I hadn't been alone with my mother for a while.

While I was deep in my mother's pussy she said to me, "Oh Danny this is the best isn't it? Having you in my pussy is what I want. I want you to fuck me...I want to suck you...you're what I need." As I went deeper into her belly, she began to whimper, "Danny...Oh...I thought it would be best for you and ...maybe for me too but it's not...it's not baby..." She started crying and I came out of her and held her.

"Mom you were all I ever really wanted and you're all I'll ever need." I kissed her, overwhelmed with my love for her

and said, "Let's do something about this now, before it's too late."

"Yes baby...yes." She pulled me on top of her and the way she wanted me got me hard again quickly. She was as wet as I'd ever felt her and my cock searched for her end with each thrust. "Yes...fill your momma...only you baby...fill me with your hard cock...do it hard Danny...hard...hard..."

I pounded her the way she needed it at that moment and it felt good to give it to her that way. After a minute or two she was clawing at my back and the sweat was pouring off us both. It wasn't long before I let a torrent of cum explode into her pussy. She hadn't come and was almost manic. She was on my cock with her mouth sucking off both our juices.

I was amazed at how soon she had me hard and ready to fuck her again. I sucked on her clit to get her closer to her orgasm before entering her. Her honey was sweet and she was thrashing before I was done. I took her from behind this time because she always said she came quicker when she felt me against her ass. She clenched her pussy around my cock as I fucked her. I could hear from her sounds that

she was almost there. Her hand went to her clit from underneath and I gave it to her as hard as she asked for it. She came with a sound as close to a scream as I had ever heard from her and I let go with more jets of cum than I thought I had left. She held me tight for a long while.

We made softer easier love for the rest of the night between talking about how we would handle the situation. As it turned out it wasn't as difficult as we'd feared. The situation as it stands today is that Jeff and Diane are living together. The divorce is being processed and mom and I are with each other, for each other, and happy.

THE END

Mom Has Her Ups and Downs

We hadn't fought in ten days, but she probably didn't realize it. When you see someone everyday, it takes a while to see them change. I knew that my attitude was different, so I was surprised when I reverted to my old ways.

I said, "Deena is picking me up, so I'll be late, if I come home." I'd been spending quite a few nights at Deena's, who had just gotten a divorce.

My mother took the bait as she often did and muttered, "I don't know what you see in her, a twenty-five year old that goes out with boys."

My old self heard, 'Why don't you go out with a decent girl instead of that slut.' And so in a knee-jerk reaction I said, "What is it with you Lorraine?" I exaggerated her name because she didn't like me to use it. "Do you want me to be like you, going nowhere, doing nothing, never getting laid?"

She was infuriated and she raised her hand. In my whole life my mother had never hit me, but I moved my face closer to her hand, daring her. She didn't do it. I had said it because I knew that she had lately moved into a separate room from Phillip, my step-father, and my old self knew that it would needle her.

She said, "What do want from me, you're driving me crazy. Why do you hate me? Tell me...tell me... I can't stand it anymore; you're always so mean to me and all I do is love you and try to do everything I can, so tell me what you want me to do, so we don't have to do all this fighting and..." I could see her anger turn to sadness as her eyes filled.

My 'new' self was immediately sorry and couldn't believe that I had got sucked in to say that. I touched her arm and said, "Don't cry Lorraine...mom. It's not your fault, it's mine." The strange words coming from my mouth stopped her and she just looked at me. I hesitated before deciding to confide in her, and then I said, "I've thought a lot about this and I think I know what it's all about. And I know what I want from you...and maybe you do too."

Her look was questioning and wary when she said, "...what?" I touched her face and she didn't know what to do or say, and then I stroked down her neck until I reach her breast and gently fondled it. She didn't yell or get crazy and that was surprising. She slowly moved my hand off and said, "Oh God, no, John...you can't want that from me...tell me that's not it."

I said, "I can't mom. It is what I want. I want you, and I know it now. It's all these mixed up feelings that's been making me so miserable to you. Mom I don't hate you...I love you. It may not be the way a son is supposed to love his mother, but I love you."

I don't think I ever saw her eyes so wide. There it was, out in the open. After years of showing her contempt, I told my mother that I loved her, and wanted to have sex with her. That's a big gap. You know how on TV how actors exaggerate and show surprise by standing there with their mouth open, well that's how mom was looking at me, and she wasn't acting. After the moment of stunned silence passed she said, "My God John, what...I never imagined anything like this...you think I knew...?" She searched my eyes and said, "John, I didn't...how could I?"

I thought for a minute and said, "Yeah, you're probably right. I just figured that since I felt it, you must have picked up on it. I'm probably still putting my own feelings on you." Since I'd already opened the door to the taboo subject, I walked through and said, "It's so strange mom, I can't believe that I'm almost twenty and I didn't realize it myself until lately, but I guess you always turned me on, even if I didn't admit it. I never let myself feel it, but I always thought that you were sexy." Looking at the expression of confusion on my mother's face I said, "Oh fuck...I'm sorry mom. I'm sorry for giving you grief all this time, I'm sorry I said any of this to you...you probably think I'm sick...forget it."

She said, "No, baby...maybe you're just confused, maybe you should see somebody."

I said, "You know something, that's the weirdest part of this, I don't feel as there's anything wrong with me, and I'm not sorry I feel this way. Since I realized all this, I actually feel good, I feel good loving you, and I feel good wanting you. The part that doesn't feel good is that you'll never love me."

She said, "I'll always love you John, but not...I don't know how you could...maybe I did something without realizing it, maybe I led you to think that..."

I stopped her and said, "No mom, you didn't do anything; none of this is your fault...I did this all on my own." There was quiet for a moment and I said, "You know, I think the best thing for me to do is leave; I'm going to get a room on campus. I guess Alex can give me some more hours printing..."

She said, "No you're working enough; you won't have time to study. No baby, we can work this out..."

I said, "How?"

She said, "I don't know...I have no idea right now, but I know I don't want you to leave."

I thought about it and said, "Okay, I just won't say anything about this anymore."

Mom said, "No, that's not going to solve anything. Look, I was taken aback when you told me, but I'm not a prude, we can talk about it, I just need to get used to...how you feel." She let out a breath and raised her eyebrows and said, "It's not every day that a mother hears that from her son."

I smiled back at her and said, "No, I guess not."

Well, we didn't talk about for a long while, and our relationship changed radically, for better, and for worse. The fighting was over, but the strain, and the quiet, and the looks, put a barrier between us. In a way, we were closer when we were yelling. Whenever our eyes met, I thought she was thinking about me wanting to screw her. And if that's what she thought, well, she was probably right. I did want to screw her, and more than that, make love to her.

What helped was talking about an idea I had for us to make some money on our own. Mom worked a low paying job and Phillip was as cheap as they come, spending most of his money on himself and his other women. He was doing the usual male menopause thing, younger and younger women. Mom was fed up enough to move out of his

bedroom, but not enough to move out of his house, which by the way, I never missed an opportunity to encourage her to do.

For about three years I'd worked for a screen-printer named Alex and had learned enough to think I could do it on my own. Since mom was an art major and could draw really well, I suggested that we design some tee-shirts and see if we could sell them to stores, or on the Web. We talked about it endlessly, coming up with different ideas. We decided to illustrate the funny one-liners you see on bumper stickers and do some kids shirts too.

We gave it a shot since it wouldn't cost anything until we actually had to print. Working together brought us closer, and I was finding more reasons to touch her on the arm or leg or back, telling her what a great job she was doing. At first I could sense wariness, but after a while, my hands on her became routine and she began to respond in kind. It all felt affectionate and I don't think that at that time it was sexual for her as it was for me. I'd grab her thigh playfully, or tap her on her bottom. The first time, she gave me a look, but again, it became routine. I'd say, "Nice drawing Lorainee," but I'd think of how good her body felt.

We tossed around names for the business and mom jokingly said, "Your first initial is Jay, and a nickname for Lorraine is Lo, so how about Jay-Lo's?" We decided on "Totally Tees as the official name, but between us, we always called it 'Jay-Lo's.'

After a month, we came up with twenty designs for adults and five for kids and I went to Alex. Since tee-shirts weren't his business, he let me make samples. We took them to some local stores and sent some out. I can't tell you how excited we were when we actually got orders. And they were almost all for the same shirts. There was one for kids where mom had done with the alphabet all over the shirt, with animals under the letters. And the drawings were great that she did for the shirts that said, 'Your Village Called, They Want Their Idiot Back,' and 'Official Member of the Piss and Moan Club.'

We rented a small barn and set it up with some used machines that Alex sold us, and we had enough orders to keep us busy and make some money. I think that feeling of independence was what made mom finally decide that

she'd had enough of Phillip. Within two months we moved out and rented a small house near the barn. I liked the feeling of living with my mother in 'our' house.

When I was younger I was into photography, so I took some pictures that we included in designs for some of the Tees. I'd always taken lots of pictures, so my mother was used to me with a camera. She always encouraged me and wanted me to take a course but I liked learning it on my own. I shot everything including her. Most of the shots weren't posed; she'd just do whatever she was doing and I'd click. So when I was shooting her one day and she went into her bedroom and I followed her with the camera, she wasn't surprised. She said what she usually said, "Oh John, I'm such a mess, do you have to do that now?"

And I said, what I always say, "Yes." Then I said, "Mom, would you do something for me?"

She said, "Of course."

I said, "Let me take some 'Cheesecake' of you."

She said, "Oh John come on, why would you want to do that?"

I said, "Because I'd like to have it." She looked at me. I added, "Just for myself, I'm not going to show it to anyone." She shook her head in an 'Oh alright' gesture. I said, "Sit on the edge of the bed and lift your skirt." She gave me that look again and lifted her dress to mid thigh and made a silly face. I laughed and took a few shots hoping the boner I was developing wasn't showing. I couldn't help thinking about what was farther up between those creamy thighs.

Mom's got a full body. She's not overweight, no matter how much she complains about it, but she curves where a woman is supposed to, and a little more in the tit department. When I asked her to lean back on her hands, she undid the two top buttons and sat back so that her tits protruded more provocatively than I expected. She said, "Is that what you want?"

I said, "Oh that's great,"

She smiled and shook her head as she sat up and said, "That's enough of that."

I said, "Come on mom, you said you weren't a prude."

She said, "I'm not."

I said, "So show me...do this for me mom...take off your dress and let me shoot you in your bra and panties." She said, "Are you kidding?"

I said, "Come on, you show more at the beach."

Hands on hips, she said, "Oh boy," in mock exasperation and then took off her dress. She sat back down and said quietly, "Okay?"

I said, "Okay," and clicked as fast as I could. Her bra and panties were black. The top half of the bra was lacy and there was enough tit showing to give me a full blown hard-

on. The bottom half was solid so her nipples didn't show. Her panties were also opaque, so I couldn't see anything more than the shape of her mound.

After only a minute or two she got up and put her dress back on and said, "Done."

I said, "Thank you Lo-rrainee," and gave her a salute.

She raised her eyebrows at me with an enigmatic expression as she shook her head and said, "I don't know..."

That night we were sitting together watching TV and her bare thigh was close to me. I rested my hand against it and moved slowly against the soft skin. I did it for a minute and got stimulated enough to move my fingers under her shorts. Mom said softly, "John, please don't." I stopped.

The next morning at breakfast, we talked a little about getting an order out and then I said, "Mom, I decided that I am going to live on campus; I can get a deal to room with

someone I know and it's not going to cost that much. I think that's best."

She said, "Are you moving in with a guy, or a girl?"

I laughed, "A guy, I've been spending so much time on the shirts, I haven't been out for a while."

Mom said, "What about Deena?"

I said, "That's done; it didn't really work out."

Mom said, "I'm sorry...and I'm not."

I laughed," At least you're honest."

She said, "I want you to be with someone...your own age, but I don't think she's for you."

I could have said a lot of things, especially about the 'Your own age' bit, but all I said was, "Yeah mom."

Then she sort of muttered, "First Phillip abandons me, and now..."

I said, "I'm not abandoning you; if anything..." I stopped going down that road and said,"It's not that far, and I'll come home on weekends to help with the printing; I'm only a phone call away."

She said, "I know, but it's so nice being with you; you've been so sweet and I'll miss you terribly."

I said, "I'll miss you too mom, but this is just too hard for me right now."

She knew what I was talking about and said, "Okay baby, I understand...it's hard for me too, knowing that I make you unhappy."

I said, "Mom, don't say that; it's not true. I told you before, I'm glad that I love you...I think I just need to be away for a while."

She kissed me and said, "Okay sweetheart."

Then I said, "Mom, would you do one thing for me before I go?"

She said, "What honey?"

I said, "Let me take one picture of you...nude?"

She took a deep breath and said, "Oh John...how can I be nude in front of you?"

I said, "Well, you just take off your clothes." She laughed, and I added, "And you know that it's someone who loves you that's taking the picture."

She took a deep breath and said, "Just one, and I don't want it on your computer or on your camera, one print and that's it, okay?"

I said, "Sure mom."

We went to the bedroom and as she took off her dress off she said, "Turn around." It seemed strange to me that she was about to be naked in front of me, but didn't want me to watch her take off her bra and panties. But, I turned around anyway. When she said 'Okay,' I turned to see her in a similar pose to the one I had taken earlier. She was on the edge of the bed with her hands behind her and completely nude.

I was awestruck. Her tits were amazing; full and heavy, sitting on her chest but with nipples still high enough to defy her thirty-nine years. The areola were large and perfectly round with tips that were erect. All that creamy skin in a curvaceous line from head to toe invited my eyes to caress it. Her long legs were together, so what was visible was the top patch of trimmed hair. I wanted to tell her to open her legs so that I could see her clit and the lips of her

pussy, but I knew that would be pushing it too far. I was already seeing what I thought I never would. Her face was turned sideways and she wouldn't meet my eyes, so I was free to revel in her body before taking the picture.

She said, "Come on, take it," and I took the shot. Again she said, "Turn around," and then got dressed.

When she was done, I said, "Mom that was a beautiful thing you did for me, and you are so beautiful, I can't even tell you."

I could sense her discomfort when she said, "Okay, but nobody sees it, right?"

I said, "Of course mom."

She said, "Okay."

It was terrible having that picture. It drove me fucking crazy. I could look at the body I wanted so badly but

couldn't have. No matter how much I fantasized or masturbated, I couldn't get enough. Finally I stopped looking at it for long periods of time, until I just had to take it out.

We talked more on the phone than we ever had, but coming home weekends was a double-edged sword. I wanted to be with her, and look at her, and smell her, but I also wanted more. She was always happy to see me, and she seemed to hold me longer and closer each time. One night I asked her dance with me while some music was playing. She had to know that I had a hard-on as she rubbed up against me.

The business was going well and we even had enough to hire a part time person to screen the shirts. Getting out from under our financial burdens allowed us to talk about other things. We considered the future and I asked her why she hadn't gone out since leaving Phillip. She said, "I'm not ready to get into that scene. Right now I'm happy being in the new house and fixing it up, and doing Jay-Lo's...I'll get to the other stuff when I get to it. How's it going with your new girlfriend?"

I said, "Oh, Wendy, I see her once in a while, but it's not going to go anywhere."

Mom said, "No? She seemed nice that day she came over to see the barn...she's a little older than you isn't she?"

I laughed and said, "Yeah, a little, she's almost thirty, but she's not old enough for me mom...I like mature women."

She hesitated and then said, "Why John?"

With a wry smile I said, "You know why mom, because of you."

We'd been avoiding the subject, so I was surprised but glad when she said, "Yes I guess I do know, but honey, you can't hold on to that fantasy, I'm twice your age, and I feel like I'm getting older by the day...and I'm your mother. Baby, baby, baby, this is something that can't be. I think about it so much, about how much I want you to be happy, about what I could do to help you..."

I said, "Mom, I'm okay, really, it's not so terrible to love your mother. Don't worry so much, we're doing okay, and things will work themselves out. Now what about Lorraine? What's going to make you happy?"

She said, "Oh I don't know, nothing exotic, just to feel good about myself, have someone who loves me."

"You have that mom." I touched her hand and she touched my face and said, "Oh Johnny..."

That night we celebrated a big order we had gotten out and we drank a lot of wine. Was it accidental that mom drank more than I'd ever seen? Was it accidental that she sat by me at dinner and became affectionate enough to be touching me with almost every word she said, or that she asked me, "What should we do now?"

I was feeling loose enough to say, "Mom, you know those scarves that I always used to buy you on all your birthdays?"

She said, "Sure baby, I kept them all."

I said, "I know mom; I even know where you keep them." I kissed her neck and said, "I bought them for your pretty neck, but let me show you something I keep thinking about them."

She said, "What?"

I said, "Come, I'll show you." I took her by the hand and led her to her bedroom."

I said, "Sit, and I'll show you my scarf dream." She sat on the bed.

I reached to the bottom drawer of her night table and took out a handful of the scarves. Mom looked at me glassily as I lifted her hand and wrapped a scarf around her wrist. I could hear her breathing get deeper as she said, "John...?" But she didn't stop me when I tied her wrist to the bed. All I could hear were her breaths as I urged her to lie back and then fastened her other wrist. I took a scarf and let it slide over her breast and down her leg. I tied one of her ankles. I

let my hand glide to the inside of her thigh and she caught her breath, but I stopped short of her pussy.

I brought another scarf over her body and then down to her free ankle. She writhed a little as her legs spread when I got the last scarf fastened. Seeing my mother completely clothed but spread-eagled didn't do anything to ease the hard-on I had developed tying her down.

I said, "This is what I imagine when I think that you'll won't let me love you." Her eyes were closed; her head was turned so that one cheek was on the pillow and I lightly kissed her vulnerable neck. She didn't say anything. I touched her tit with one finger and circled her nipple for a minute or two before touching the tip. Even over her bra and top, I could feel it expand.

My mother's response was a soft, "John...John..." The sound had a hint of anxiety in it.

After that gentle touching, it must have shook her a bit when I pushed up her dress hard enough to slide it under

ass until it gathered at her waist. She said, "OH," but still didn't open her eyes. I touched her pussy with my fingers over her panties. I could hear the brisling sound from the small patch of bush, and then I slid two fingers lower, over the soft lips of her pussy. She made a whiney sound as I stroked. I could feel the moisture begin to seep through her nylon panties.

I pulled her panties down far enough to expose my mother's pussy, but her tied legs didn't allow them to go lower than her thighs. I kissed the exposed skin above her patch and she whimpered, "Ohhh...I can't..." She began undulating as soon as my mouth rested on her velvety lips. My tongue opened the sticky slit and she said, "Oh no, John...God..." I licked inside her; her juices were honey to me. When I contacted the hood over her clit with the flat of my tongue, she began her litany of "Oh John...oh John..." that continued as I found my way under the thin skin to expose her clit.

Mom's movements became more extreme as I sucked and circled her tender clit. I hadn't really tied her tightly, and in her thrashing, one of her hands slipped out of the stretched out scarf. She grabbed my hair and squeezed, but she didn't

pull my head back. I sucked her clit between my lips and lashed it with my tongue. It was only a moment later that she let out a cry of, "I'm coming...oh God, I'm coming...AAaiiieeeee..." After catching her breath, she yelled out 'OOOOhHHHHHhhhhh...." and closed her eyes tightly as if a second wave had hit her. I'd only been sucking her clit for a couple of minutes, but she came hard. As she finished, her sounds tapered to, "Mmm...mmm...mmm..."

When she quieted, I untied her and she rolled to her side without facing me. I stroked her back. I had felt so good, eating my mother's pussy, and watching her come so hard, that I indulged my typical male ego and said, "Do you usually come like that or..."

The first words she uttered since it had all started were, "No...it was you." Then she started to cry.

I said, "Mom, I'm sorry, I shouldn't have asked you that."

She said, "It's not what you said...I'm just upset...and confused...I just let you do something...unnatural..." She

cried softly and I put my arms around her and spooned against her.

I said, "Mom, there's nothing unnatural about being physical with the person you love. We're not kids, and it's over between you and Phillip. How long haven't you slept with him?"

There was silence and then she said, "A long time."

I said, "Mom, do you love me?"

Whatever effect the wine had was gone and she said, "It's not about that, and you know it...we're talking about incest, we're talking about a mother and her son...you know what we're talking about."

"Mom," I said, "You may not believe this, but I don't think we're doing anything wrong."

She said, "I wish I didn't."

I said, "Do you?"

And she said, "Yes." I stroked her back and rested my hand on the smooth bare skin of her ass. She didn't move, but she said, "John, please...I need to be alone." As I left, I heard her muffled crying into the pillow."

So instead of feeling good about having some semblance of sex with my mother, I was feeling bad. And it didn't get much better the next day; her sadness felt like a weight on both of us. She walked like a zombie and hardly said a word. I went back to school wondering if she'd ever want me to come home again, but I left with the memory of her taste in my mouth.

I didn't have to wait long to find out if she wanted me home anymore. Before class the next morning, she called. She said, "Johnny..." and then there was a silence.

I said, "Are you okay mom?"

"Yes honey...I just can't talk over the phone...when can you come home, we can't leave what happened hanging in the air."

I said, "Tomorrow, I only have an early morning class. I can be home by noon and then stay the night until ten the next morning. Is that okay?"

She said, "Yes honey...thanks."

I got excited and said, "I can't wait to see you."

She said, "Johnny...we can't do that again." I didn't say anything and she said, "So I'll see you tomorrow?"

I said, "Sure mom, around noon."

She said, "I love you John."

And I said, "I love you too."

When I got home, she was in pretty bad shape. She didn't have to tell me that she hadn't slept in two nights, but I could see that she was trying to keep it together. She said, "Johnny I'm sick about all this. My stomach hurts so much I can't stand it; I feel as if my throat won't stay open enough for me to swallow, or even to breathe." At that she tried to catch her breath. She ran her hand through her hair. She said, "Johnny do you have that picture?" I didn't have to ask which one.

I went to my bag and brought it to her. She took it and started tearing it to pieces. As the pieces got smaller she got frustrated, and in a last attempt to shred it, her hands flew apart and she yelled "AHhhhh..." as the pieces fell to the floor. Then as if all the air had been let out of her, she softly started crying. What I could make out from under her breath was, "I should have stopped you," or "I could have stopped you," or both.

I said, "Mom, mom, it's okay..." and touched her arm to try and comfort her.

She said slowly, "Don't you understand? What we did can't be undone, it's forever, it's always going to be in our heads, always between us...what's going to happen to us...?"

I tried to be calm and let my voice soothe her. I said, "Mom, maybe this isn't the time to talk about why it happened. Let's just talk about what we can do now. Mom, you've accelerated this into a catastrophic event; it isn't. I'll let it go if you want me to. I won't look at you that way. For me, only a beautiful thing happened, and if that's the end of it, then I'll go back to the way we were, and it'll just be something from the past that disappears into the thin air. Nothing happened the way you're thinking about it. It was just an incident, only an incident ...that's all."

She came to me with her arms squeezing herself and her hands across her chest. I put my arms around her and enveloped her as she put he put her face on my chest. She stopped crying and I said, "Mom, all those questions you have about the future, I have them too. But the reality is that we can just do the best we can now, and let the future take care of itself."

She said, "I know you're right, but I have all these feelings, and they're fighting with each other."

I said, "You mean like we used to fight?"

She laughed, lightening the mood.

I said, "Sometimes we live for a while with opposite feelings until we can sort them out, right?"

She said, "When did you get so smart?"

I said, "I actually learned a lot from Deena, and I'm taking a course in it."

She laughed again and said,"John, I love you." It was the first time she said that kind of 'I love you.' She must have heard the difference too because she pulled her head back and looked into my eyes and said as if she was surprised, "It's true...I do love you." I leaned toward her and we kissed.

In the movie, "The Princess Bride," they talk about the top kisses in history. Well, in my life, this one topped them all. It was sweet, and loving, and passionate, and everything the other kisses weren't. It struck me as odd that that I had given my mother oral sex, and yet this was our first kiss. Like poetry that says more than the words themselves, the kiss said more than the physical connection of our lips.

When it ended mom said, "I'm glad you came; I feel better now."

I said, "I'm glad mom."

I went back to school and we talked every day. We were open to each other and when I told her how I loved her, she didn't shut me down. She listened. She could even say things like, "I realize now that I should be proud that you love me that way, because you make me feel desired, and I haven't felt that in a long time." She could even kiss me in a way that said she understood.

About a month before the school year ended, we were in the barn working together when mom said, "John, do you think you could move back in, I miss you, and I need you here."

I said, "If that's what you want mom."

She said, "That's what I want."

I said, "Mom, am I getting my signals crossed, or are we talking about the same thing here?"

Her eyes were downcast but she had the courage to say, "We're talking about the same thing."

I said, "Mom, are you sure you're ready for this?"

She said, "No, I'm not sure, but that's what I want." After a deep breath she said, "John, I love you, and I think I love you the way you love me, and I think what's scaring me the most lately is that I keep forgetting the reasons why we

shouldn't be together...the way you want us to be. It's just all so crazy...but everything is crazy. Just give me time baby. I don't know how much I'm ready for, but I want to try...I want to try and be happy with you."

My answer was a kiss that was as sweet as our first one, followed by more. We shut off the machine and I threw a few of the blankets that covered the printers on the floor. I sat and reached my hand up to her, my look told her that I wasn't going to push her. She sat by me and we kissed some more. Her tongue played with mine and I didn't touch her until she touched me. She moved her hand along my hardness and I said, "That's how much I love you."

She said, "I'm glad." I fondled her breasts and she took me out of my pants. When my mother's lips first touched the skin of my dick, I could feel the love in her heart. When she took the first suck and came up my shaft with a soft moan, I could feel the love in my heart. Wasn't it about sex? Of course it was; the sensations of a woman's mouth on me were as exciting as I could have imagined. But a mother was sucking on her son's cock, and that made it so much more. My mother was sucking on me, and that was everything.

She held the base of my rod and two of her fingers were on my balls. She sucked up and down sometimes pausing on the head to suck it, or use her tongue on it. It wasn't studied or scripted or planned. Everything she did came out of her urges at the moment.

I took off her tee shirt, unhooking her bra, freeing the heavy globes that hung and swayed as she mouthed me. I took one in my hand and massaged it through my fingers. I thought that my mother had the best tits I'd ever felt. I put her slightly puffy areola between my fingers and then gently pulled on the tip of her nipple. I wanted to suck on them but I was in no position to do it. I awkwardly reached over her shorts and touched her pussy. Mom didn't hide her excitement. My mother was blowing her son, and for the first time I sensed that she was not ashamed. I loved the feeling that she was doing what she wanted to be doing, and she was doing it to me.

I changed position enough so that I could feed her my cock and easily move in and out of her mouth. Her soft lips closed around the shaft as I slid between them. The warm

wetness of her mouth felt so good that whenever she pulled back and licked me, I quickly returned to it. At times she sucked hard, taking the spongy head between her lips. Her ardor and excitement mad me feel desired and made me want her even more.

When I was in my mother's mouth and she was sucking on me, I thought that was about the best feeling I could ever have, and even then, I still had a great urge to turn her, and put her on her back so I could strip her, open her legs and drive into her pussy. I wanted to finally be in that forbidden opening where I knew my greatest pleasure would lie, embedded, deep inside my mother's center.

But I sensed that she wasn't ready to have her son in that place, and that I would have to wait until she was ready to have me there, meanwhile enjoying the sensations of her sucking on me, and loving me with her mouth.

And that was where she wanted me to come, and that's what she told me. She cupped my balls and massaged them and breathlessly said the most unbelievable thing I ever thought a son could hear from his mother. She said, "Come in

mommy's mouth baby, come for me, give me your sperm, your love..." With that she sucked hard, up and down, while stroking the part of the shaft that wasn't in her mouth. I didn't have much choice about coming once she did that to me. I said, "Yes mom, I'm coming, I'm COMING IN YOUR MOUTH, OHhhh Mom...MMMMmmaaa..."

Jolts of cum spurted into my mother's mouth and I lost the control I usually had when I came. My eyes shut tight from the intensity of my releases and I kept saying, "OH MOM..." as I repeatedly shot cords of sperm between her lips. She tried to catch her breath but I kept coming and she couldn't keep it all in her mouth. When she took me between her lips, I had two final spasms and mom still sucked me for a while after I finished, leaving my shaft shiny with her saliva.

I said, "Mom you have no idea what you just did to me."

She gave a small laugh and wiped her lips and said, "Well I have some idea...it's probably like what you did to me the first time you took me in your mouth. I may have been confused that night, but I never doubted what you made me feel."

I caught my breath and said, "Let's see if we can do that again." She let me take her shorts and panties off. I opened her legs and sucked on her clit until she came. We were definitely done working. We went into the house and when it was time for bed I wanted to go with her, but she didn't invite me so I didn't say anything.

I woke up late and we shared a cup of coffee and I said, "I don't want to go back today...maybe I'll stay."

She said, "I don't want you to go, but you're going...you're not going to end up like me, with a lousy paying job. But you'll be back tonight, with your stuff, won't you?"

I laughed, "Oh you can count on that. And talking about your job, I think you should quit. Jay-Lo's is making enough for you to work at it full time, don't you think?"

She said, "Oh wow...maybe it could work baby. I'll look at the numbers. I guess if I spent more time at it, we could have more designs...we'll talk about it when you get back."

We had oral sex for weeks and no matter how much I wanted to, I never pushed her for more. I knew that the final obstacle to completing our relationship would have to be overcome by her. I'll admit that I was starting to get impatient when weeks turned to months.

The strange thing about the way it happened was that it wasn't in a moment of passion, or after drinking, or by my urging that we finally got to it. She just decided. We were on the bed talking after having oral sex when started smiling. I said, "What are you smiling about?"

She said, "I'm going to fuck you now." That from a woman who never curses. She said, "I want you inside me, I've wanted you inside me for a long time."

I certainly didn't want to dissuade her, but I still said, "Are you sure mom?"

She said, "Sure enough to have started taking the pill."

She surprised me by getting up quickly and putting her leg over me. Her smooth ass rested on my thighs. She smiled at me while she used her hand to make me hard. It didn't take long. She raised herself and positioned my cock to receive her pussy. She eased down on it and threw her head back when the length of the shaft slid up into her. She said, "Ahhhh..." and I exhaled at the same time with the feeling that if all the waiting I had done was just for that one long stroke up into my mother's pussy, it was all worth it.

I moved and thrust up to meet her and she said, "You're inside me...Ohhh...and it's good, so good baby...Oh yes, yes, yes...inside me, inside me." And I also thought 'Yes, yes...feel it now and remember it, because nothing is ever going to feel as good as being inside your mother's pussy.' I brought up my hips to penetrate deeply into that wondrous warmth and after a few more strokes, unexpectedly, she came. A long surprising cry escaped he lips as if she didn't know she was about to come. She said, "AHHHH...JOHNEEEEE..." and she rode me while a long high-pitched cry escaped from her mouth which was curved in an expression of thunderstruck pleasure. She looked at me wide eyed and laughed when she finished saying, "My God, where did that come from?"

I ran my fingers from her pussy to her heart and said, "From here to here."

She said, "Wow," and moved on me.

I said, "Yeah mom, do that, don't stop."

I was hard inside her and as she moved, she began getting excited again. She said, "I love you Johnny, but I'm worried, I think about us all the time now." She kept fucking me as she talked.

I said, "What are you worried about?"

She said, "Am I going to be enough for you, are you going to want a younger woman, are you going to leave me...?"

As she began to raise and lower herself on me, I made her do it very slowly. I spoke to her as her gentle stroking massaged us both. I said, "Mom, I know you're worried

about the future, our future. Mom you're the one I want. When I kissed other girls, it was your lips I wanted." I took her tits in my hands and said, "When I touched other girls, it was these that I wanted, when I was inside them, I was thinking about you...it was always you."

She said, "Oh John..." as she moved up and down on me a little faster.

I said, "You just have to imagine any and all possibilities, whether they happen or not. Mom, can you see a future where we always love each other?"

She said, "Yes baby, I can," as I pushed up in her pussy a little deeper.

I said, "Can you Imagine being my bride, marrying me, being my wife?"

She said, "Yes love, yes." She pressed her fingers into my chest and I could hear her wetness as her sex was repeatedly opened by my rock-hard pole.

I said, "Can you feel yourself having my baby, with your breasts swollen with milk, and your belly filled with our love?"

She said, "Oh...yes darling, YES..." With that she moved hard and fast, pumping myself into her. She cried out, "I'm coming baby, mommy's coming...OH...OH...come with me love, COME...COME..." I used my hips to piston my shaft into my mother's pussy and before I could tell her, the first cord of my sperm shot into her belly. Her voice smiled and said, "YES, YES, YES..." as I turned her to her back and mounted her to finish. My thrusts were powerful and I didn't want to hurt her, but I couldn't help driving hard and deep to penetrate as far as I could into my mother's pussy.

I needn't have worried because the pleasure was evident on her face. She said, "Yes baby, like that, like that, fill mommy, God yes, oh Johnny..." I gave her the full length of me and she responded by grabbing at me and writhing until a crescendo of both our cries of coming filled the room. I gave my mother my love, filling her with the proof of it until we both were spent.

As we rested in each other's arms, I let my fingers softly glide over her breasts and body saying, "Lorraine..." as gently as I'd ever said it, and "Mom..." as lovingly as I'd ever felt it.

I could hear the emotion in my mother's voice when she said, "This is forever, isn't it love?

I said, "Yes mom, it's forever...and by the way, you owe me a picture." She laughed before giving me the best kiss.

THE END

Mom Opens Up

"John, if your mother knew I was calling you she'd kill me; but I hate to see her this way. We've spent days talking and time after time she tells me how much she misses you and how empty she feels. Couldn't you at least spend some time over there or at least call her a few times a week? It's been a month since you left and her heart is broken."

"Aunt Dee, if this was anyone but you I'd tell them to 'jump in the lake' but you know I love you and you were always there when I had my problems with mom. I wish I could explain the situation but believe me, I call her almost every day but I had to move out or go crazy."

"Since when can't you talk to me? Johnny, maybe I can help; I've been around the block"

"Not this block...Oh Dee I don't want you to think badly about mom."

"Is it sex John?"

"Well... yeah...how did you know?"

Dee had had known John's mother Karen for almost all her life and Karen had told Dee of the dilemma she now wrestled with. Dee was a bit older, a bit wiser having been through the mill.

Karen told Dee that she didn't start out with any intention of saying all those things to her son but the night was clear, the moon was yellow and the sky was a starry dome. She hadn't seen him in three months and it was the longest she'd been apart from her son since he was born. They had just come back from dinner and too much wine and she said, " John, it's too beautiful a night to go in; lets sit on the swing in the backyard for a while."

"Sure mom. After all those sweltering days you don't know how good this feels." He was an engineer and his first job had taken him out of the country to work on a bridge building project.

"And you don't know how much your mother missed you."

"Well I have some idea," he laughed, "you called almost every night. It must have cost a fortune; but I'm glad you did because I missed you too. And I'm glad I've gotten my first paychecks so I can start helping out a little around here."

"I feel so good tonight, like a girl again, out with her young man." She closed her eyes and inhaled the fragrant air as they gently swung. "I can't believe it's been twenty years since…well anyway I'm glad you're home."

"Mom, tell me what you were like when you were a girl."

"Well I wasn't a girl for long, your father was only the second young man I ever went out with and I only knew him for three months before…everything happened."

"Mom, you never talk about it; it would probably be better for you if you did."

"What is there to say honey? One day he didn't come home and it took the police three years to find out he was killed...he couldn't have had more than fifty dollars on him...I waited so long...so long...but I had you and that's all I needed." Her warm lips on his cheek made him smile. "If insurance didn't pay for this house, I don't know what I would have done."

"How come you didn't go out more? You're pretty; you could have had a lot of boyfriends."

"Thank you sweetie. I guess I always thought your father would come back even after years had passed. Then I had work and you and everything. I guess I was shy too; we were only married for a month and he was my first...oh you don't want to hear all this."

"No, I do. I want to know what it was like for you."

"Well, all I'd ever done was kiss, your father said I was the best kisser he ever knew because..." She laughed out loud,

"...of my tongue." She turned to her son, stuck her tongue out and then continued laughing.

He was so surprised; mostly because he couldn't believe he had lived with her all his life and never realized her tongue was extraordinarily long. He laughed with her, "Let me see that again."

She showed him and he said, "Wow, I guess that would make you a good kisser mom. I can't imagine..."

She laughed, "You know you look so much like him; especially with that expression on your face. I remember the first time we really kissed..."

They were sitting with their arms and legs touching when he turned to his mother, and bringing his lips close to hers he said, "show me mom."

Their lips met and opened. Her tongue found its way to every part of his mouth before she pulled back. She took a deep breath; "Whew, I must be getting a little crazy tonight,

making out with my own son." As he sat back she realized he had been hard against her thigh.

"I just wanted to see what it would be like - you are a good kisser mom. You really should have a young man."

"The days for young men are over for this old lady." Her sad smile moved him.

"Mom you're not forty yet and you've got a nice figure and..."

"Oh stop, everything's falling down; I'm just an..."

"No mom you stop, you're terrific. Most men like busty women and anyone can see you've got what it takes."

She leaned back, closed her eyes and said with a wistful smile, "I used to love when he would touch me there for hours."

Her son reached across and gently fondled his mother's breast. She sighed as he unbuttoned the light cotton blouse and put his hand in over her soft satiny bra. He hardened even more as his hand crossed from the bare top of her breast to the nipple that now protruded through the material. He put his hand into the bra and the material rolled under her full breast. As his fingers traced over the nipple, he realized that his mother's tongue wasn't the only thing that was unusually long. He touched her and she lost track of time until he attached his mouth over the end of her breast. She moved for the first time to stroke his hair as he sucked his mother's tit again after so many years.

"Oh my baby, it's been forever since anyone touched me...I thought no one ever would again..." He sucked harder almost chewing the big nipple as his mother gave a little squeal of pleasure.

"Mom, I want you... I want to be your young man."

" Oh Johnny...I..."

He turned to his mother and his kiss made her ache for him. Her tongue pushed its way in and out of his mouth in anticipation of what she wanted between her legs. Her skirt rose easily to her waist as she raised herself and he pulled it up. They stood and he rested his hand on the wet panties that covered his mother's pussy. She held his cock for the first time. She traced its length down his leg and he throbbed at his mother's touch. She kissed him and said, "Come inside my beautiful young man."

She took her son's hand and led him to her bedroom. He undressed her and a soft languid smile played on her lips as her son once again caressed her breasts and kissed her long and slow. When his straining manhood was released she was inflamed by its size and tentatively stroked the velvety skin as it sprang to her touch.

She bent to kiss it and he was surprised when she told him, "I've never done this before." As she took him into her mouth he realized that she had only been married for a few weeks and was probably virginal in most things sexual. It struck him that though she was as close to forty as he was to twenty, he was the experienced one. He gently encouraged his mother as she sucked on him.

Her primal urges took hold and she caressed her son with her mouth and tongue. She tasted cum for the first time as some leaked from his tip and was pleased to taste the proof of his desire for her. She loved the hardness that told her she was attractive to him. She was filled when his words washed over her as she sucked him, "I love you mom...I love you mom..."

His first explosion took her by surprise and she wasn't sure what to do as his ejaculate started filling her mouth. She heard her son's ecstatic exhortations, "Don't stop mom... don't stop, don't stop..."

She didn't stop. She swallowed the love juice he shot into her mouth and continued sucking on her son until his final twitches and last exhalation. He collapsed on the bed and she curled into him as all he could say was, "Oh mom...oh mom...oh mom."

He didn't finish because his mother started kissing him. Even though he had come only moments before her tongue began to excite him again. He reached between his mother's

legs and as he held her mound his hands and fingers gently manipulated her. Her legs opened to his touch and she felt free in her vulnerability to his desires. She spread as wide as she could knowing it was more than just her legs that she was opening for her son. "I'd forgotten what it feels like, to be touched by someone who loves you."

She began musing as he fondled and fingered her center. "How could it be that it's my son who's making me feel like this, making me wet, making love to me. How could I want it to be my son who's doing all these things to me?" Then the thoughts hit as more wine wore off, "I'm about to let my son fuck me…fuck his own mother…what's that going to do to him…to us?"

She stopped the kiss and his hands, "Honey I can't…I'm so sorry I did this to you…I shouldn't have…" She started to leave the bedroom and he grabbed her.

"Mom wait…"

She pulled herself away and started crying as she ran from the room and locked herself in the bathroom. He tried all night to get her out until they were both exhausted and asleep on opposite sides of the door. In the morning she came out quiet and withdrawn. All his entreaties met with one-word replies. He left the house feeling confused and upset. She stayed feeling cold and empty.

Over the next weeks things got worse and John moved out. So when Dee called him, John was surprised she knew anything about his mother and her intimacy with him. "Dee I just don't think you know how deep this goes…look she doesn't want me around…I did something really bad and…you wouldn't understand."

"John I told you I've been around the block. The reason your mom spoke to me is…I had an affair with my son and it didn't turn out well but that doesn't mean it has to be the same for you two."

"What happened Dee?"

It was years ago and my marriage was not doing well. My husband was a powerful man who smothered me and screwed around besides. I'm ashamed to say I used my son to get back at him. I never thought he would use it against me because of how it would reflect on him but I was wrong. He ruined me in court and in the community; I had nobody. The worst part was that he turned my son against me. That's what's scaring your mom; she's afraid she'll lose you. John, do you love her as a woman?"

"Of course I love her Dee, I've wanted her that way ever since I can remember. She's the one I want Dee, I haven't been interested in anyone else since I was sixteen."

"John I know she loves you and I've been talking to her. I think she just needs you let her know that this isn't only about the sex for you. I probably shouldn't have even called you but I know you two have a chance to get it right."

"Thanks Dee, I love you."

John called his mother and told her he would come by that evening. When he got there she was all made up; when she saw him, her smile made her seem years younger. John noticed that his mother wasn't wearing a bra because of the sway of her heavy breasts as she moved. He tried to concentrate on what he wanted to say to her but it was difficult. "Oh Johnny I'm so glad you're here. You just don't know how your momma misses having you around. I didn't know how much I needed you. Baby, are you going to come home at least for a little while? We can go back to the way we were before all this..."

"No mom, we can't go back; you know that, but we can go on. I love you mom and I need you but I need you as a woman also. I've been in love with you for so long I can't be here and see you and not love you anymore. Couldn't a mother love her son enough to love him in all the ways?"

"I...yes love...a mother could."

Couldn't a mother love her son enough to take a chance that he would be the one for her forever?"

"Yes love...she could."

John was breathing hard as he approached his mother and opened her dress to expose her tits. He lifted her heavy breast to his lips and sucked the nipple hard enough to draw a moan from her. The tit was so full he almost expected to taste the milk he'd once sucked out of them. He asked her, "Would she let her son do this?"

"Yes John."

He put his hand under the dress and slid it between her stockinged thighs. His mother's sopping pussy was in his hand when he asked her. "Would she give her pussy to him...whenever he needed her?"

"Yes John, yes...she would be so good to him...take care of him." He put his finger up into her.

"And he would take care of her, wouldn't he?"

"Oh yes John. He would take care of his mother every night…he would love her…and make her feel like you're making your mother feel…Oh please John …now please…in your mother's pussy."

"Yes mother…now."

His entrance released a torrent of emotions and physical desires. His width spread her channel as his length plunged into her depths. His stroked his mother in a way that told her he loved her. They both felt more than the feelings of their bodies on and in each other. They held each other and became a lover's knot neither wanted to ever untie.

"Oh honey, you're in me and you're filling me all up," she said as she raised her hips to meet the thrusts that pleasured her. "My sweet son is in me, loving me…fucking me."

It was the first time he had ever heard that word from her and it pushed him higher into his mother's belly. She moaned with the gratification of having her son find the end of her and drawing her up to the edge of orgasm. Now

she wanted him to be the one who didn't stop, the one who pushed deeper and deeper into his mother's pussy, the one that did it to her forever.

He went behind her and lifted her dress to her waist. After finally getting his hard cock out of his pants he pushed his swollen meat into his mother's cunt. They were suited in height for this position and he fucked into her as she leaned over slightly and held the edge of the table. He couldn't resist fondling her heavy breasts as they hung and swayed to his attentions. " Ohhh you're in me...you're in me ...so many nights I wanted to come into your room and just get in bed with you and put you in me...but I promised myself I would never touch you that way until you touched me...and now you're in me love...you're finally in me."

"Yes mom, it feels good...you're good for me..." He kissed her back as he slowly drew the long cock in and out of his mother's pussy.

After pleasuring her for a while he removed her dress. She stood with her eyes closed as he examined the sculpted legs in hose and heels. He reached to her rounded ass and felt a

slight tremor as his hand described the full, extended curve. He rested a finger on his mother's asshole and circled it. He kissed the back of her neck as his finger slipped in and said, "you belong to me now, all of you."

"Oh John…I didn't want you to hate me or…John are you ashamed to have a mother who wants you like this and does all these things?"

"No mom, I'm proud to have a mother as beautiful and sexy as you to want me. These tits always made me hard and thinking about this ass has made me come for months now." He pushed two fingers up as far as they would go and said, "I want to be in you here mom."

"Yes baby…I'll do it for you…for you."

He went and came back with the lubricant and saw his mother on her stomach spreading her ass for him. He turned her over and said, "I want to see your pretty face." He pushed her legs up towards her breasts and she held them behind her knees as her ass spread for her son. He

could see the moisture on her pussy. As he lubricated his cock and then his mother's ass, she closed her eyes and began a long soft sigh.

He was steel hard now and he put the tip against the small pucker. A quick thrust took him past the ring and after a sharp "OH" from his mother; he slid deeper into the hot grasping channel. He began long deep hard thrusts into his mother's ass and he asked her if she was all right. "Yes love…oh…it's good baby…I thought it would hurt but I just feel filled with you…it's like a hot pressure…oh…your cock feels hot…it feels good…good to have my son's cock in me…fucking me…loving me…yes baby…do that to your momma…oh love…love…love…"

He pumped harder, encouraged by his mother's sounds and let her rest her legs on his shoulders. The feel of her nylons excited him and as he lifted himself to fuck her deeper, she opened wider for him. He felt himself approach orgasm and put a thumb to his mother's clit. "I'm gonna come in you mom" he said as he thrust past any chance to extend the pleasure they were both feeling.

"Yes baby come with your momma …come with your momma…come with your momma."

As he filled his mother's ass with his cum her noises got louder and louder. His final thrusts into her were timed with her coming as she called, "Baby…baby…baby…"

It was electrifying. He kissed her as she began to come. The multiplied sensations almost overwhelmed her. She felt like she was coming with her whole body. It was nothing like the few orgasms she had experienced. She trembled and shook and finally subsided into short intense spasms. All she could manage were moans. He pushed one last time as deep as he could go until he was against both globes of his mother's ass and she let out a long "*Ohhhhhh*…"

As his mother calmed, he stayed in her whispering endearments. He sat her up so they faced each other still connected. He took her sensitized breast into his hand. She felt the tug on her elongated nipples down to her pussy. He looked at her and said, "You're my beautiful woman, my beautiful mother."

"My sweet son, you're what I've always wanted." She ground her hips on the shaft that impaled her and before they kissed a kiss that would last through both of their second orgasms, she smiled and said, "And you're my beautiful young man."

Karen and John moved to another state and have been living as lovers for the past twelve years.

THE END

Mom Poses Nude

Ralph watched her all the time. "She's the one," he thought. She was the one he would finally possess. After all, she loved him, didn't she? She smiled at him and greeted him every morning...not like those other stuck-up bitches. He would fix up the basement apartment and she would come and live with him...it was all settled. Only Eleanor had no idea how she fit in with the plans of the smiling man from maintenance.

To Ralph, he and Eleanor Grant had been 'together' since she first came to Eastern University in the fall of '82. A few kind words from a friendly girl had become much more. He followed her to the dorms every night to protect her, he watched at the windows to catch a glimpse of her, he walked behind her to smell the perfume of her skin. Eight months passed and now it was time...she would be so happy with his plans.

He couldn't have picked a worse moment. Ellie had just broken up with her boyfriend of two years and found out

she was pregnant. Coming up behind her in the night and saying all those crazy things frightened her. The more she tried to get away, the more he shouted and tried to explain. The more she tried to get away the more he grabbed at her...pawing at the body he coveted. When she finally started screaming, his efforts to quiet her succeeded only after he stuck her with a penknife in the back. At the moment of impact, she had turned to protect the child only she knew she was carrying. Fortunately her screams brought two couples that had been smoking behind the dorms. The man was chased down and held until the police arrived.

The physical wound healed and left her; the feelings did not. Ralph was sentenced to five years and Eleanor Grant spent the next nineteen years uneasy and distrustful of men. She never married but with the help of friends and scholarships she was able to get her degree and bring up her son in a loving environment. Every spare moment was spent with Connor: teaching him, talking to him, loving him. He was her only outlet for physical contact. Even through his adolescence, she doted on him and Connor didn't seem to mind. They became each other's source of pleasure.

It was sexual from early on even if neither of them thought about it that way. As he grew to manhood, they had looked to each other for everything, why wouldn't they be impelled toward each to satisfy the strongest of urges? Even their fantasies meshed. Not a perfect puzzle interlock, but close enough.

Connor loved to draw; he was good at it. He made his world the way he wanted it to be. The drawings of his mother eventually became nudes. There could be no doubt that it was Ellie. Anyone would recognize the face; the body he'd drawn from stolen glances and his imaginings. She never saw the early works because he tore them up after they served their purpose. For Connor his mother would come alive off the page. She would come to him, kiss his lips, his chest and slowly down to his hard waiting cock. He imagined himself towering above her, looking down into the sparkling gray eyes just before she took him into her mouth.

Ellie...on her knees before him in his fantasy work...so many times he had imagined what it would actually feel

like...his mother's soft mouth closed around the width of his cock... licking...sucking...loving her son.

And how many times had it been Ellie with her legs opened...in her fantasy...with her son over her and then in her...holding her...protecting her? It was almost impossible to tell who had sent the first signal to the other; whose breath had caught first at the sight of the other or whose dark desire had been ignited first into raging sexual fires.

It was clear when one looked at the two of them together; they fit. At five–eleven and about 125 pounds, Eleanor was imposing. Her brunette hair cascaded to her shoulders and to the top of her breasts...beautifully formed breasts that at times, seem so full they might be swollen with milk. Her fullness as a woman only intensified the beauty she possessed as a girl. Her small waist and long legs accentuated all the places most eyes are almost involuntarily drawn to. In any case it wouldn't have been easy for a woman like that to find a man to hold her in the special way she wanted to be held.

Connor looked liked she wanted him to look. He was taller and stronger and she knew she could lose herself in his arms. Even when he was younger it brought her comfort to make herself small and be enfolded in that place where she felt safe. All the girls, and later the women he had gone out with always felt he could protect them. For Ellie that feeling was paramount.

Eleanor Grant became a part-time lecturer in literature at Community College. It was a proud day for her when her son joined her at the school to study art. Connor's facility for drawing was nurtured from childhood by Ellie with praise and lessons. He had drawn and painted his mother countless times over the years but she had never actually sat for him. When his second year term project was coming due, he agonized about asking her to help him. Finally he said, "Mom, would you be insulted if I asked you to pose for me? I can't think of anything more beautiful to paint than you."

Eleanor wasn't quite sure why he would think she would be insulted but she dismissed the thought and was touched. She said, "That's so sweet love...I would love to be your model."

When the day came for her first sitting she was caught unaware when Connor handed her a diaphanous draping that would conceal very little. He saw his mother's surprise and started to stammer. "Oh mom...I thought you understood...I'm sorry... I shouldn't have...it's okay if you don't feel like it."

Eleanor prided herself on being open and not fettered by the restrictive ideas of normative society. The leather-clad student riding on her Vincent Black Lightening was still part of her.

She told Connor "It's fine honey...I didn't think I'd be wearing anything." She laughed and went to put on the drapery. When she returned and sat, her son went over and tentatively arranged her. He left the material only one layer thick above her waist and exposed one of his mother's breasts. He told her she could have modeled for Michelangelo and it warmed her. During the hours she sat, in comfortable partial nudity, she came to a deepened understanding of Connor's talent and feelings for her. She couldn't help but notice the effect she was having on him.

Constant attention to his mother's exposed breast and thinly veiled curves deepened his awe of her beauty and his burgeoning desires. Emboldened, he asked her to rouge her nipple. He watched as she applied the makeup and saw it redden and become erect. He imagined his mouth on it, drawing on it, sucking it in with some of the sweet flesh behind it.

As he painted, he was drawn to the light: the light that reflected off the planes of his mother's draped body and the light that seemed to glow from under her translucent skin. He traced the line of her still upturned breast over the erect nipple with his eyes hundreds of times; she felt each look as if his fingers were caressing the rubbery tips.

His desires ended up on the canvas. It was evident in every curve of his mother's body; curves that viewers could easily imagine themselves running their hand over. As he painted, he wondered about the never seen haven between her legs and she wondered about the feelings... the wanting...and consequences. He wanted to put the brush down and walk over to her, tell her he loved her and kiss her lips as she

tilted her head back and welcomed him. He wanted to reach between her legs and touch her sex that would hopefully be wet for him...he wanted...but he kept on painting. They talked about art and literature for hours and they both thought about the unthinkable.

And so, it wasn't that surprising that Connor ended up in his mother's bed on a particular Saturday night shortly thereafter. It could all be seen as the result of an almost natural progression of causes with a decidedly unconventional effect. Events in one short week tripped over each other to get them to where they ended up.

Of course causes are complicated and these had long histories. Their mutual attraction had become evident over the years. She had often teased and flirted about having a boyfriend like him and he never let an opportunity go by to tell her how sexy she looked. He'd even once said that she looked like she would be good enough to eat...if she wasn't his mother...all to her laughing delight.

The Sunday before it happened, they had moved into a new apartment. It was only partially furnished because some of

the furniture wasn't delivered due to a mix-up. She asked him not to go out that night because she didn't want to spend the first night alone and she was feeling uneasy. He stayed with her.

One bed...she said it was 'silly' for him to sleep on the couch. More than one time that night he ended up hard against her; nothing was said about it. The first thing she did in the morning was to give him one too many kisses to thank him for being there when she needed him. Connor ended up hard again and Ellie knew it. She even made light of it by remarking, "Some woman is going to be very happy with that 'grand' reception in the morning."

She made dinner that night and dressed up to celebrate their new place. She wore a sheer, low–cut thing that had his eyes massaging her curves all night. A few days later they re-arranged some of the new furniture. When they finished, her 'aching' back needed massaging. She bared it as his hands ran over her warm velvety skin and then roamed to the sides of her braless breasts. He breathed hard as he touched the forbidden flesh. Each time his fingers made contact she made a small closed mouthed sound of pleasure.

On Thursday, she was lonely and needed holding. He held her and felt every inch of her against him. He touched her almost where he wanted to and told her how much she meant to him.

By Friday he was almost ready to bring it all out into the open. He haltingly began with, "Mother...if two people..." He stopped there but Ellie didn't need to hear the rest. She smiled at her son and kissed him softly on the lips, lingering. He saw her eyes close just before his did. She tasted like fresh whipped cream to him. On Saturday night, he was inside her.

'Accidental' is a word that doesn't fit that night; Connor made sure of that. He knew it was a point of no return and wanted to be sure he hadn't misread the signs. His bedroom was to be delivered the next day and so that would be the last night he expected to be in his mother's bed. Ellie was feigning sleep with her back to him as his hardness rose against her. He felt the almost imperceptible movements of her ass gently massaging and pushing back against the

stiffness. He whispered, "Mother...I want you... if you want me inside you, tell me..."

"Ellie said, "Oh sweetheart...yes I want you...but baby please be sure...this is incest...you're going to be in your own mother...I want you so much but I couldn't stand it if you hated me tomorrow."

"Mom, I'm as sure about this as I am that I love you." He pressed his hard cock against her ass and said, "Mom, open your legs." One of her legs came up to give him access as she sighed.

Eleanor's throaty voice urged him, "Yes baby...be in me...be inside me...that's what I want." As he entered his mother's wet grasping pussy, they knew that they would never be the same. Despite all the wine they drank late into the night, they had conjoined in a deliberate act. Perhaps the earlier kiss could be construed as 'accidental' and her hand brushing across his stiffness might have been 'accidental', but when he pushed the length of his cock into his mother's velvet hole, they were both wide awake and wide aware.

"Connor...Connor...love..." she crooned, "I hoped for this...I knew it would have to be you or nobody...I didn't want anybody else...ohh you're in me... I thought nobody would be in me again...I thought I was going to be alone forever..."

He slid into his mother's pussy with his engorged cock reaching deeper into her with each stroke. He told her she would never be alone again and never without him. Each thrust searched for her end and was welcomed into her with a wet ache. Her son was fucking her and it felt like the answer; her son was fucking her and it felt like love. She said, "Oh Connor...I've been waiting for you...for this. Push into me love...yes baby...it's been so long...Connor...Connor...I knew if you made love to me, you would fill me like this...I knew it would it would be good...so good..." Her body responded as her heart did with every entry of her son's cock. This was a different kind of pleasure, not just more but 'other'.

Connor turned his mother onto her back and entered her again. At that moment, inside his mother's pussy, nothing else mattered. He was fucking her as he would in a dream...in a fantasy...only his cock was actually inside his

mother's sweet pussy. Each entry filled him with wonder as he looked at her beautiful face.

He touched the ends of his mother's nipples with one finger and her nerve endings fired. He rolled them in his fingers and stretched them and as if he could coax milk out of them as he once had. He spread her long legs while holding her ankles. She'd never felt so wet nor so willing to be opened that way; opened to be filled by the cock she had been waiting for...her son's. It was the only cock she would ever let inside her. She was opened wide and vulnerable but she felt safe...because her son was over her...her son was in her. "Mom, can you feel how hard I am for you...how much I want you...can you feel how much I've always wanted you?"

"Yes love...I feel it...I feel it all the way up inside me...filling me...filling me so well...my baby...my big cock...my lovely son..." He filled and fit her in such a way that his thrusting stimulated her clitoris. He made her feel good. He made her feel loved. He made her feel safe. As her son fucked her, she felt her vagina spasm. She wanted to cry out to the rafters as her orgasm hit but held back as much as she could not wanting to startle him that first time. She was still loud and the sound thrilled him. He gave her more and she

responded with a high arching of her back and an even higher moan from the back of her throat. She wanted to tell him what he was doing to her, where he had taken her and how good it felt to be completed by his cock but it all came out as an unending "Ohhhhh..."

Hearing his mother come led Connor to shorter, harder, fever pitched stabs into his mother's pussy. As the first hard jets of cum coated the insides of his mother's pussy, Connor could only repeat, "I love you mom...I love you...I love you..."

After their first night of lovemaking, Connor awoke before she did and tried to get out of bed without waking her. As he started to leave the room she stirred and said, "No love, don't go...come to me." She got out of bed and went to her knees. Connor walked to the stunning vision of his naked mother waiting for him with her hair wild and tousled. She took the knob of her son's cock between her lips and he was electrified. They hadn't had any oral sex through the night and that was the first time his mother had him in her mouth. There was a veneer of their cum on him from all the orgasms of the previous night and his mother licked and sucked it off.

As she took more of her son's shaft into her mouth he was struck by the pinkness of her lips and nipples. Connor reached for his mother's big breasts and stroked them as he felt himself building in anticipation. Her breasts and nipples were sensitized by his attention to them through the night. Her whole body responded each time he touched them.

As Ellie continued sucking her son's cock, he became excited and pushed into her mouth too quickly. She had to retreat when the thick knob hit the back of her throat. She returned kissing his cock lovingly; covering the length him with her soft lips and then resumed her sucking.

His mother's warm tongue caressed the underside of his long shaft as her lips stroked and took in as much as she could. Ellie savored the taste of the skin on her son's cock as she felt his heat on her face. In her excitement and anxiety to pleasure him, her teeth elicited a moan. Her tongue found it's way along his erection from the tip to the base. Her sucking was punctuated by soft moans.

Ellie was surprised at Connor's control considering his youth and the incendiary dimension of a mother sucking her son. Rhythmically Ellie drew on the hardness and watched it spring when she stopped to catch an excited breath. After cupping his leathery sack, she held the backs of her son's strong legs and felt a small tremor as he approached orgasm. With the enormity of his fantasy unfolding before him, he couldn't stand it anymore and called to her, "Mother...I'm coming...oh God...I'm coming." He tried to pull back to avoid shooting off in her mouth but she held him to her. He released an explosive bolt of cum and she kept on sucking. It was unexpectedly exciting for her to have her son's cum on her tongue and in her mouth. He unconsciously squeezed hard on his mother's long responsive nipples and he heard her muffled squeal. She felt it deep in her pussy - a mother's pussy that craved her young son's cock.

Everything was different after that. They began developing a lover's relationship in addition to their familial one. Ellie still posed for her son and he became prolific. While she sat for him, she told him of her love and it inspired him. After their first time she told him, "I always wanted to please you...to do things for you. I didn't know if I could. I never

knew when it came down to it if I could actually take my own son's cock into my mouth; I never knew if I could let him...let you my love...spread me...love me...fuck me...the way you did. Now I feel so free...I can say it and I can do it...everything is here for both of us...and now I can love you...really love you."

In a matter of months he made dozens of paintings of her. He painted for hours even when she didn't sit. He took them to a gallery owner in the city and the woman was willing to show them...because she saw. She saw the feelings in the line, the form, and the color. She saw the excitement in the flush on the breasts and the love on the face. She saw a secret and the mystery of it. The paintings began to sell.

Of course Connor was still unknown and what he received for his first paintings wasn't going to make them rich but he was glad that people were willing to pay to own work he had done. Ellie was proud and happy for him but his success would come with a price tag.

Connor couldn't get enough of his mother and Ellie wasn't complaining. One day he showed up at her office in school

at the end of her conference hours. She was surprised and happy to see him. "To what do I owe this unexpected pleasure, she asked?"

He bent over to kiss her as she leaned back in her chair. "To your beautiful body", he said as his hands began exploring.

She let out a small concerned laugh. "Are you nuts? I won't be long for this job if anyone sees us...stop honey." He turned the lock and went back to her neck kissing up and down its length. Her "Oh God..." was resigned. She went to his lips and sought the now familiar tongue that had pleasured her pussy so many times. She stood to feel his body against her as they kissed. He lightly ran his hands on the sides of her body along the curve across her waist and hips. They kissed and kissed. She half sat on the desk as he unbuttoned her blouse and removed her bra. He fondled his mother's breasts as she began breathing harder. He lifted the skirt and exposed the prim white panties, unlike the ones she usually wore for him at home. He removed them pausing to kiss and suck the clit his tongue found after separating the fine moist matted hair that adorned his mother's pussy.

Connor took his cock out and hoisted his mother onto it. Ellie felt his strength as he held her on him. Her legs and arms wrapped around him but his hands under her ass and his steel rod in her pussy seemed enough to keep her there forever. She locked on his mouth as his tongue mimicked the gliding insertions of his hard cock into her wet center. Her hips moved to meet his thrusts. He took her to the wall and leaned her up against it. Ellie put her mouth on his ear as she moved her hips to take more of her son's cock into her. "Yes my love...my beautiful man...I love this...I love what you do to me when you're inside me...taking me...using me...fucking me..." At that point she knew that she hopelessly adored her lover...her son...and wanted it all with him. They finished quickly but were far from satiated. Ellie told him, "Take me home."

In the forty-minute trip they both built to a hungry edge. Little was said between furtive glances and reaching hands. Once inside the house, they went to the bedroom they now shared. When Connor returned from the master bath, his mother was naked and waiting for him. Her arms and legs were open and inviting him. She made him so hard so fast so many times doing things like that.

He was kneeling before her looking at her loving face and she took him in her mouth. He gently massaged his mother's clit as she sucked. With a wet slippery finger he touched his mother's asshole for the first time. She seemed to respond and he inserted one finger and then another. Ellie was stimulated to a point she hadn't experienced before. Each time she thought she was about to come, Connor slowed or stopped. He turned her and went into her pussy from behind. She positioned herself for the deeper penetration. It always seemed impossible that he could get any farther into her but he always did. She wasn't sure how she was getting from one plateau to the next higher one: whether it was by her son's design or by happenstance; all she knew was that she felt crazed and wanton.

Ellie felt each long entry of her son into her pussy down to her toes. Some nights her body was so sensitized the feelings bordered on the edge of pleasure and pain. When he was out of her for a moment she reached back and took the big cock into her hand. It was wet with her juices. Then on an impulse, she directed it to her smaller hole that still had some moisture on it from his fingering. As her son's cock stretched her tight ring and entered her ass, her heart

pounded from excitement and trepidation. She thought of how fully he filled her pussy and the thought of him in her tight hole sent the fear of being ripped apart through her...but she wanted him there. She wanted her son to have all of her.

As her tight channel became stuffed with her son's full width, it set her aflame. She didn't want to stop him from fucking her that way, no matter the consequences. "OH Connor...OH...you're in my ass...fucking me...fucking me...God...OH...yes...my wonderful boy...in momma's ass." As he put more and more of the shaft into her, she wondered if his cock would ever end. Her spasms escalated as she began rubbing her pussy and clit. "I'm getting fucked by son", she thought. "My son is fucking me... my son is loving me...with his cock...Oh God...he's in my ass...yes...yes...fucking my ass." Her fears eased and her pleasure increased even though the pressure and friction singed her.

As she felt each inch of him sliding in and out of her inflamed ring, she heard his voice almost echoing her thoughts. "Mom...mom...oh...I'm inside you...in your ass...your beautiful ass..." Connor mumbled, almost to

himself, "...Fucking...mother...in the ass...ohh...you want it there... don't you mom...you want your son...in your ass...don't you mom...?"

"Yes baby...that's what momma wants...my sweet son... taking me...in my ass...putting his big long cock up as far as it will go...I want you love...I want this more than anything...don't stop fucking me...don't ever stop fucking me...and don't ever stop loving me...will you baby...will you...?"

"No mom...no...always loving you...always inside you...in your pussy...in your mouth...in your ass...I'm never going to stop fucking my beautiful mother...never." They were both taken over by the force of the physicality that joined them and by the line of forbidden pleasure they had crossed. Connor's thrusts took him deep enough to slap up against the meaty globes as his mother gyrated. Her moans became almost screams as her son started losing control and pounded them both toward orgasm.

The first release of soothing cum poured into his mother's squeezing channel and Connor leaned over her, biting and

kissing her back as he pressed and pulled her flushed breasts. "Yes Connor...love...darling...come in my ass...come in my ass...come in momma's ass..." He came and filled her as she crested with a shattering climax that sent her body into paroxysms of pleasure. When finally they stopped moving and the last of his cum saturated her to overflowing, his mother caught her breath and told him, "Oh my sweet boy...I don't know how you could ever make me feel that good again...but your momma's going to make you try and try and try." They both collapsed into a laughing heap.

In the months that followed things were idyllic. She felt married and in love. She shared a special tape with him. Of all the women Connor had been with, his mother was the best...at everything. She could do it all and take it all. He thought of her body as being made for fucking...every hole open and willing. He had everything he wanted and more importantly they both had what they needed. Then they got more than they needed.

An administrator at the college saw the paintings and recognized Ellie. It wasn't hard to do. The sumptuous nudes were done in an almost hyper-realistic style. There was no

doubt about who was being portrayed and there was no doubt what was being portrayed. Like almost all avant-garde art, it was about the erotic and the sensual.

The administrator figured he really couldn't do much but the few letters he sent to a few people about the 'impropriety' became a few more e-mails. Most people couldn't have cared less but curiosity led some to the gallery and soon pictures of the paintings were on the Internet. The good news was that Connor sold a few more paintings; the very bad news brought out the piranha.

Ellie was anything but ashamed of her son's art but the unsigned notes and looks began to wear on her. And even though the board sided with her after a hearing concerning the 'morality' clause of her contract, just the humiliation of having to defend herself stung. That night she came home dark and somber.

As soon as Connor saw her face he realized what she was going through and without saying anything he took her in his arms and tenderly soothed her. He stroked her hair and back until he could hear breathing smooth out. He closed

all the lights and lit some candles. They sat on the sofa and between gentle kisses said, "You're the most wonderful woman I could ever hope to love...the best model...the best lover...the best mother...the best wife...fuck them all...they'll never have what we have...each other."

After taking her top and bra off, he took his mother's breast in his hand and began licking and sucking on her nipple. She responded with soft moans and his tongue circled the fleshy tip for a long time. Both her nipples were swollen and engorged before he stopped. He had her recline and lifted her dress without removing it or the thigh high stockings she wore. He took her panties down over the black pumps.

Connor made love to his mother's pussy with his mouth. Light massages with the flat of his tongue alternated with long licks along the opening to her hood and finally to the enlarged nub that it covered. She was whispering almost inaudibly touching his hair now and then as he attended to what he knew she needed that night. All he could make out was "Sweet love...always...yes..."

He loved her that way until he could feel her hairs wet and tasted her juices. He used the Bodansky technique he had learned from the tape his mother had shared with him and she stayed on the brink impossibly long. He then ended her excruciating wait by taking the clit into his mouth. He drew it in and stretched it with his lips...rubbing it with his tongue...seeking the wet crevice at its base with the tip...tenderly applying a grazing lick along its hyper-sensitive left side as her moaning got louder and her mumblings more indistinct.

He wanted to hear her say that she cared more for him than what they were putting her through and he stopped and said, "Tell me mom."

She instinctively knew and said, "Baby...baby...I love you...I'll always love you...nothing matters but that...you're what I want...I want you loving me...touching me...fucking me...make love to me honey...make love to your momma who loves you...come baby come."

Connor took his briefs down over the raging hard cock and went up to enter his mother. Her pussy was sopping and the

big cock went in more easily than usual. As he pushed deeper into his mother's belly she said, "Yes baby...that's what I need...that's what matters...having my son in me ...loving me...deep inside me."

Her pussy seemed like a velvet glove massaging her son's cock as he steadily stroked in and out of her. He was where he always wanted to be. He confided to her that whenever he had been with another woman he had always thought of her. "It was your pussy mom, your pussy...always your pussy that I wanted to be in. Oh mom, I can't believe I actually have you...fuck you...love you...every night...you can't know how good this feels." She knew.

As he fucked his mother, Connor reached down to feel the place where their bodies became one. He touched the pussy lips that surrounded his cock and stroked her clit. He entered her tight little hole with his finger and then gently probed her ass. By then Ellie was on sensory overload. She felt her orgasm approach and began raising and lowering her hips to meet her son's thrusts. Her need for his soft gentle touch at the start had been transformed.

"Harder baby, harder...harder...harder." She had never been so imploring...so needful. Connor raised himself and began pounding his mother giving her the full length of his cock, full force. "Yes baby...fuck me...fuck me...please fuck me...fuck me..." He came in her with great force and she almost lifted him with her high arching thrusts. When they were done, his mother curled into his arms and slept with fits and starts.

For the next few months, sex took center stage for them. It was a salve every night for the irritations of the day. It became the means and the end. They became adventurous and experimented with toys, positions, and finally people.

Connor got the idea to make a triptych of his mother: three paintings by three different artists combined into one work; each artist would concentrate on the figure with light from different times of the day. When Connor explained his idea and asked his mother if she would pose for two other student artists and him for the work, she agreed. The sex they had been having was liberating and even intoxicating. The thought of being naked in front of other young men with Connor excited her. That it turned into something

more wasn't that surprising. At some level they probably both knew.

The four of them had dinner together the night before the first sitting and Ellie liked both of her son's friends. Alex was an easygoing person who laughed almost all the time. He was slim and fine featured. Talbot, who went by his last name because there were three other 'Johns' in their class, was dark and serious. It was generally conceded that he was the most talented artist in the school. He and Connor were the only two that were selling works consistently. The evening put them all at ease with each other.

On the following Saturday morning they started working, Ellie sat by the window of the makeshift studio they arranged and the three young men set up their canvases. The light flooded and bathed the room and there was a lot of joking and chatter going on. When Ellie took her robe off the mood changed. The boys were transfixed. Some bodies can be beautiful to look at and yet not sensual. Ellie did not have that kind of body. Alex and Talbot were thunderstruck by the sensuality of her form. There was an indefinable emergent property there. What they were looking at was more than the sum of its parts. What they were looking at

was a woman that exuded her sexuality and it turned them on.

When they settled on the pose, the light bounced off the profiled plane of her cheek, hip and nipple. They worked for two days and agreed that that a few more sessions would be needed before each of them would finish. When Ellie went to her room to dress, the boys started talking. Talbot said, "I hope you don't take this the wrong way Connor, but your mother is...amazing. Her body gives off this..."

Alex laughed and interrupted, "Yeah, now I know why your pictures are so good...you probably stink but you can't miss with a model like that." They all laughed and Alex half kidding added, "Do you think she would go out with me?"

At the next session on Sunday afternoon, Ellie had a few glasses of wine and was clearly seductive: the smiles, the jut of her breasts and ass, and finally the joke that wasn't a joke. She told them that if they all painted her beautifully, there would be a 'reward'.

The final session was fraught with sexual tension. Ellie and Connor had only talked about it once in 'shorthand'. They both asked if the other was okay with what was going on and they both were. When the final brushstrokes were applied, Ellie went to examine the works. She stood without putting her robe on and strode naked behind the three young men who sat at their canvasses.

Ellie looked over Alex's shoulder and his view had her innocence brought out in the morning light, innocent but available. She kissed his cheeks with her hands on his chest and said, "Thank you Alex, you made me more beautiful than I could hope to be." She walked to Talbot's interpretation and saw her sexuality exposed to the bright light of day. She kissed him on the lips and was embroiled in the feelings he had evoked and only said "Thank you." When she saw Connors work of her at dusk, anticipating her lover and flushed with desire, she said nothing. He stood and kissed his mother. As their long embrace continued Connor invited the other two with a wave of his hand.

Talbot approached and began kissing Ellie's back, from her shoulder blades down to her ass. Alex used his hands

finding the places the other two weren't. He massaged the sides of Ellie's breasts that pressed against her son's chest; he reached between her legs to the pussy with its soft wetness that made his hard-on rage. His fingers sank deep into her hole. Ellie began moaning into Connors mouth as she skipped from the sensations each of them was producing in her.

Connor broke the kiss to suck on his mother's nipples. He held both tits in his hands from underneath and squeezed them inflating the already large swollen tips. He alternated drawing in and suckling the rubbery nipples that at times left his mouth with a popping sound. Alex joined him, taking over one of her breasts while Talbot licked at Ellie's thighs. They trembled slightly as she anticipated his approaching mouth and tongue on her cunt.

Connor took the cushions off the couch and set them on the floor. He urged his mother down onto her knees. She waited as the boys undressed. Alex was the most impatient and stood before Ellie with his flailing cock. He didn't invade her space but sort of waited to be invited. She smiled at this sweetness and reached for him. His hard–on practically pointed to the ceiling. As he approached, she

opened her mouth wide to accept the young cock. Alex closed his eyes tightly as she began sucking him.

Talbot approached her from the rear and looked to Connor for permission. Conner just shook his head in assent and Talbot entered Ellie's pussy, doggy-style. Connor was content to watch at this point. It was an odd sensation, watching his mother getting fucked by one friend and blowing another. He had some mixed feelings but it settled his mind when he thought that this was his choice; his mother was doing what he wanted her to do in addition to her own desires. He was emotionally distant at that moment. It wasn't his mother getting fucked; it was a movie of her getting fucked. He watched the two 'actors' moving in and out of her pussy and mouth.

Alex was quick. This was a fantasy of his come true. The thought of being sucked off by and older woman this way had been in his mind for years. He still hadn't connected the dots between his own attractive mother and the woman who was now sucking on his cock. Ellie knew he was about to come and took his cock out of her mouth. She fisted the quaking boy's throbbing cock as it shot streams of hot white

cum onto her neck and breasts. Coming in her mouth was only for Connor.

Connor was ready and he took charge. He directed Talbot to lie on his back and for his mother to mount the rock hard staff. She impaled herself on it, riding it until Connor urged her to lean over. As her hanging breasts grazed Talbot's chest, Ellie's asshole became accessible to her son. That also, was only for Connor. A quickly recovering Alex brought his still wet cock to Ellie's mouth. She took the slowly stiffening mass back into her mouth. Alex was where he wanted to be.

Connor knew it might be a difficult entry into his mother's ass without the usual lubrication they used. So he put as much saliva as he could on the palm of his hand and applied it to the knob that was now purple with desire. The first push took some effort to get his mother's tight ring stretched enough for his swollen head to enter. He heard his mother's sounds of distress even with her mouth full of Alex's by then hard cock.

It was easier after that. The young son slid deeper into his mother's chute and she felt stuffed and filled at every end.

The two cocks in her ass and pussy moved at a different pace and it was an exciting and novel experience. Right then Ellie was just feeling the feelings: in her mouth, in her pussy, and her son in her ass but she wanted to her the sound of his voice.

Talbot and Alex were in their own world. They moaned and grunted but none of the boys spoke until Connor did. He said to his mother, "Is it good mom...do you like it...?"

She took Alex's cock out of her mouth long enough to say, "Yes baby...yes..."

Connor then began talking to his mother, telling her things he always told her, as if the others weren't there. "I love you mom...you're the best thing in my life and I'm going to love you forever...just you...just you..." It was what she needed to hear.

Ellie moved on the two cocks inside her and their timing synchronized. Both slid along opposite sides of the common membrane as Talbot filled her pussy and her son

filled her ass. She had her first orgasm as she felt her son's thumbs digging into the rounded cheeks of her ass, spreading them as far apart as they would go as he began releasing his pent-up sperm into his mother.

As she cried out and came with her son, she called to Connor who stroked her and soothed her as he fucked her. Talbot bucked, forcefully lifting her with each thrust. Each entry released more of his shooting cum into her pussy and she could still feel her son's cock steadfast in her small hole even though he had come.

Ellie raised herself enough to take Alex's cock into her hand. She squeezed the tip and massaged it twice between her fingers before he started to come. Connor had pulled back and reached around his mother's waist to finger her clit. Alex came in her hands. Her juices covered her slick swollen nub and her son knew exactly how to rub it to make her come again. After a gasp, she came for the second time and rolled onto the cushions in total exhaustion.

There was a little uneasiness after they all recovered but it lessened with time and a few drinks as they sat around the

kitchen table. A half hour later Ellie was lying on that kitchen table with Talbot at her pussy, slowly lapping over the lips and hood as he pressed on her clit. Her son stood above her. Her head was tilted back at the end of the table to accept the cock he put into her open mouth. She sucked him as Alex watched in awe.

Connor's thick shaft dropped in and out of his mother's mouth as he raised and lowered himself. Alex thought it an impossible sword-swallowing trick as she took almost his whole length down her throat. Her hands reached back to fondle his sperm filled balls as she sucked him. Alex watched Ellie's pleasure as she sucked her son, her lips and tongue teasing, licking, pressing and in fervent motion. Connor's climax was fast and intense. Ellie let her son come in her mouth and swallowed his seed as she always did.

After he caught his breath Connor asked his mother if he could show his friends how he made her come. She laughed and said, "Sure." Talbot and Alex couldn't imagine what was to come next. The 'demonstration' blew them away. Connor used the technique his mother had learned from the tape on orgasm by Dr. Bodansky and had taught him.

Ellie remained on the table with her knees up and Connor sat beside her with his thumb placed at the base of her vagina. With the other hand across her belly, his fingers stimulated her clitoris. Through practice they had determined the most sensitive area, on her clit. As her son manipulated her, Talbot and Alex watched in awe as she began to come. They were stupefied when she didn't stop coming. They watched her vagina contract as she moaned and Connor continued the stimulation.

Ellie went through peaks and valleys but was orgasmic throughout. Her face and breasts flushed as they incredulously witnessed a woman in the throes of continuous pleasure for over seven minutes. Alex almost seemed shaken. When she finished she held her son in a strong embrace for a while and when she finally let go, they saw sparkling gray eyes and a wide smile on a face that looked like fresh make-up had just been applied.

When the two boys left for home Alex whispered something to Ellie as he went out the door. When she came back in, her eyes were misty. Connor asked what Alex had

said to her and Ellie replied, "He said he wished his mother loved him the way I love you."

The triptych sold for five thousand dollars at the gallery show a few weeks later. Ellie met Alex's mother Diane who stood by Ellie the whole time she was there. She told Ellie they had a lot in common, being single mothers who had sons that were artists. She plied Ellie with questions. She wanted to know how Ellie felt posing and what went through her mind. Finally she got to what was really on her mind. She said, "Alex asked me to pose for him but I didn't know what to say...I mean I didn't really understand why...compared to you I'm pretty average looking...I guess a part of me wants to do it but I finally told him that I was too shy and I thought I ...can I ask you something?"

When Diane hesitated Ellie said, "It's fine Diane ...you can ask whatever you want...I'm comfortable with the whole thing."

"Well what I was worried about was that I might have...you know...sexual feelings...being naked and all...and in front of my son..."

"Listen Diane, as far as your looks, obviously Alex sees the beauty in you that maybe you're missing...that's why he's an artist; but if you're uncomfortable having sexual feelings, then you probably shouldn't do it because that's part of what it's about...we get those feelings all the time don't we Diane...we're sexual beings...but that doesn't mean you have to do something or not do something about them at any given time...right?"

"I guess you're right...I don't know if I would have the guts to pose the way you do...but thanks Ellie...at least I feel better about wanting to. By the way, you look fantastic in the paintings...and in real life." She gave Ellie a kiss on the cheek and Ellie thanked her for the kind words.

A week later Ellie got a call from Diane who said she needed someone to talk to and Ellie was probably the only one who could understand. Diane was obviously agitated. Diane said, "I don't want you to be angry with Alex because it wasn't his fault...I made him tell me...after what happened."

"Tell you what Diane...after what happened?"

Diane spoke almost without taking a breath. "Well I decided I would pose for Alex but not completely without my clothes, so I had a peignoir on and I was really nervous and Alex started painting and then he came over to me and said he wanted to fix the material and he put his hand on my breast and I knew he wasn't fixing it; he was fondling me and then it was like you said...I was having these sexual feelings but then I asked him what he was doing and he said, 'I love you and I just want you to love me'...I didn't know what he meant and he started to kiss me...you know like real kissing but I stopped him and asked him what it was all about...and then I could see his eyes get filled with tears and he said, he wanted me to love him like you love Connor."

Diane finally took a deep breath and said, "Ellie my heart was breaking, how could he think I didn't love him? Then he started saying something about a tape and how he wanted to make me feel like Connor made you feel. It didn't make any sense until he said that Connor told him that you and he...were lovers. I guess at that moment I wanted to believe him because he was touching me and...Ellie...before I say another word...I know I have no right to ask but...was Alex lying...or was Connor making it all up...?"

"So Alex just said that Connor told him this...that's all?

"Well that and the stuff about a tape...why...what else...?

"Listen Diane, I like you and I think I can trust you...and it shouldn't matter as far as what you do, but if it makes it easier for you to know that you're not the only one in the world with feelings like this...then yes...Connor and I are lovers."

"Oh Ellie...God...I did it too...I really didn't think Alex would lie to get me to do it but...after it happened I started to doubt everything...I'm so glad you told me...thank you...now at least I have someone I can talk to. God Ellie it makes me hot just thinking about it...I let my son touch me...and I touched him...he told how beautiful I was and how much he loved me and it all poured out of him...Ellie he was so hard and I took him in my mouth...I thought he would go out of his mind...I never saw a man react like that...it made me feel so good...I was sucking my own son...his cock was in my mouth and then I had sex with him...more than once." Diane laughed and then Ellie did too.

Ellie could tell that Diane was turned on telling her about and it got Ellie going too so she encouraged her. "What was like having him in you, Diane?"

"Oh Ellie...it was more than anything I'd ever...Ellie, do you think that its just because it's...you know...incest that it's so exciting? I don't know...I never felt anything like it...my own son inside me..." She laughed and said, "Young guys can sure do it a lot of times can't they Ellie? He must have come back for more...I lost count." She laughed again and then got serious. "You know Ellie... in the morning...I thought maybe he would change his mind...because I'm his mother and all...but he wanted me again and again...Ellie I'm so sore...but he makes me feel good...I even feel beautiful...Ellie...nobody in my whole life ever wanted me like that."

Later that week, Ellie gave Diane a copy of the bootlegged Bodansky tape, which unlike the fictional "Venus Butterfly", really worked. After a few days, Ellie received and e-mail that just said, "THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU." . Six weeks later the term ended and Ellie left teaching.

Connor continued studying and painting. There were too many local news accounts about them, especially the one headed "Mom Poses Nude." It made it easier for her to decide to take a job editing while managing Connors fledgling career. The e-mails and calls dwindled after that.

Ellie didn't put much stock in intuition or pre-cognition but she began getting a feeling that she was being watched. She started looking behind herself more and more. It was probably peripheral vision that tipped her off the day she turned around at the mall and saw a figure turn immediately and walk away. Ellie stiffened as a cold sweat bathed her; she knew that walk. Not quite a limp but distinctive enough to recognize. It was Ralph's walk. She went home in terror.

Ellie wondered if it could be him after all those years and how did he find her? Not that it would have been hard if he'd tried. She was still Eleanor Grant and she still lived within thirty miles from the place he had known her.

The picture in the paper had set Ralph off again. Three and a half years in jail and fourteen out hadn't 'cured' him. In

and out of treatment and hospitals, hadn't convinced him that it wasn't all a misunderstanding and that she wanted and loved him. Then he went to the gallery.

His first note to her was a garbled rambling about her infidelity and what a filthy whore she was. It wasn't her first unsigned missive on the subject and she tried to put it out of her mind. Easier said than done; this one felt different.

The phone call to the police didn't give her much peace. Although one of the detectives was sympathetic, most of what she got was, "He hadn't done anything...maybe it wasn't him...they couldn't do anything until he did..." on and on.

Connor could hardly comfort her. She was uneasy except during some rare moments of lovemaking when she could lose herself in the feelings. Ellie couldn't even pose because she felt too vulnerable sitting unclothed in the middle of a room. The threat hung over them and Connor said, "Mom, we can't just give up our lives to this fucking maniac."

"I know baby, but what are we supposed to do...some TV show thing where we set a trap and the cops come in at the last minute and..."

"No mom...we find him...and then we beat the hell out of him... or we kill the fuck."

"God Connor...stop it...he didn't...now I'm starting to doubt if it really was him...and even if it was, we don't know if he has any intention of doing anything...I can see you're serious and that scares me...please don't say things like that."

"Mom, I'm not going to let him hurt you...I'm not going to wait until...what do you want to do...move...run away...?"

"No honey...I don't know...maybe I'm over-reacting...I just have to change my head... listen Connor...every day we go out there not knowing what could happen...cars, terrorists, flower pots, whatever...maybe the only way to feel safe is to do what you can do and..."

"That's just it mom...what should we do...I say 'kill the fuck'...then we'll feel safe."

"Oh honey...we'd be looking over our shoulder's even more...anyway, I could never do it...and I don't think you could either...could you baby?"

Connor hesitated, "Oh fuck...I guess not...but...oh fuck."

"Listen to your momma baby...we're going to be okay...I love you more than anything in the world...I hate to see you upset this way...sweet Connor, I would do anything to make you happy...come here...come to your momma." He came to her and they kissed long and lovingly. They took comfort in each other's caresses and the knowledge that each was there for the other. She took her son in her mouth and did the things most ordinary mothers wouldn't...and shouldn't...but this was no ordinary mother and son.

Connor's cock swelled in his mother's mouth and he lost track of time as she slowly and deliberately took him up. With delicate kissing and practiced sucking, she knew

where to do what. He had her tits in his hands as he often did when she sucked him. He never tired of touching them and fondling them and she always loved being touched by him.

The head of his cock mushroomed to a swollen knob over the ramrod shaft. She adored having his cock in her mouth with its spongy mass almost at the back of throat. She licked and pressed him to explosive urgency. Sometimes she could make him come quickly with a fast hard mouthing while stroking the exposed part of his shaft with her fist. Sometimes, like that time, it seemed liked she could suck him forever, teasing the cum to the tip, licking out the few oozing drops, and then building the rest to a reservoir that pressed at the boundaries it would inevitably burst.

She momentarily took her mouth off him, stroking him slowly with her soft hand and said, "I love your cum baby and I want it in my mouth...now you're going give your momma all you have...all your come is for me...like all your love is for me...isn't it baby...isn't it?"

Connor was almost shaking in anticipation of release. He would have said 'yes' to anything at that point but that didn't matter because the truth was...everything he had was for her. He let it all go when she returned her engulfing mouth to his cock. Each blast of cum rocked him as his mother's mouth filled. "OH momma, yes...yes...suck me off...suck me...suck me." After the first few releases, he looked to the sight of her taking him in. Some of the creamy thick fluid escaped her lips and made its way down the shaft. Most of it was in his mother's mouth and then down her throat. She liked it...because she loved him.

Connor became obsessed with Ralph. He spoke to the detective every few days pressing for information but getting very little. Connor even went into the garage and took out the antique Vincent his mother had taught him to ride. He figured he had a better chance of spotting him down the alleys on it. They had spent many hours together lovingly maintaining the 1952 Black Lightning bike and he always felt connected to her when he rode. He scoured the neighborhood and then the mall looking for Ralph. It was of course fruitless to look for someone he had only a vague description of in a town of thousands but it made him feel better to try.

A month later Connor found Ralph. The detective had come to like Connor and gave him the address of a residential treatment center. Connor convinced the detective he wouldn't be stupid about it.

On the day he confronted him, he felt almost as sorry as angry but did what he felt he had to. Connor rode up to a disheveled and obviously broken figure as he walked from the center. He set the front tire over the man's toes and held the frightened man's arms. He told him, "I know who you are Ralph and I want you to know who I am. I'm Eleanor Grant's son and if you ever talk to her, I'm going to kill you. If you ever write to her, I'm going to kill you. If she ever sees you anywhere near her, I'm going to kill you. Do you understand me Ralph?" They never heard from him again.

Their first years together as lovers had been a whirlwind. At forty five he loved and wanted her as much as ever but she had begun calculating, "When I'm...he'll be..." Most people have their 'Birthday Blues' on even numbered birthdays but for Ellie, it was number forty-five that had her staring a little harder at the fine lines around her eyes and increasing

the backward glances at her ass as she stood at a full-length mirror. Looking at her young son also made her think twice.

Even though he never fed her insecurities, Ellie worked out more, bought more creams, and worried more. She wasn't unaware that these were attempts to recapture youth but she went out and bought a leather outfit not unlike the one she used to wear anyway. Then she asked Connor to ride the Vincent with her.

It was a perfect summer evening and she took him to the hill where she and her friends had spent hours with boys when she was young. She laughed when she saw the condos that now filled the landscape. "I guess you really can't go back baby...can you?" She looked at the son she loved and said; "You know what honey...I have something better than the past with you my love...I have the future." He kissed her forehead and her eyes as he held her face in his hands. She got on the bike behind him and opened her jacket so he could feel her breasts against him; she rested her face on his shoulder and closed her eyes as he rode into the woods.

He found a small lush green open area and told her, "This is going to be our place, mom." They sat by a tree. They kissed quietly at an almost slow-motion pace. He bared her breasts and she looked around. "It's just us mom...you and me...and we're going to make love and no one is going to bother us." She believed him and went back to kissing him and he went back to touching every part of her.

Finally when Ellie could feel the arousal of her son straining at his pants, she opened his fly and took out the erect cock. After kissing up and down the shaft, she took off the leather pants and panties she wore. Connor sat with his back to the tree and Ellie straddled over him. He held his cock as his mother eased herself over it. Carefully she took it into her pussy one inch at a time.

When the long shaft was completely coated with her juices, Ellie impaled herself over and over, looking down at the sight of her son's big cock being swallowed by her pussy. As it rubbed along the walls of her channel, she savored Connors moans and the feel of his hands clutching at the globes of her ass. Ellie sat down on him completely engulfing the thick steel rod. All the years she had done without a man's love, no longer mattered. She had her son

inside her and that what she lived for...loving him and fucking him.

Her son's long cock spread and stretched her pussy wide...it reached up into her...nothing felt better...it reached to the place that felt like her end and she held him in her...squeezing his cock...gyrating slowly... intensifying the feeling. They looked almost like manikins with arms around each other but inside her pussy, the slightest movement of either, felt potentially explosive.

They both sat on the knife-edge of orgasm. They always stayed in that timeless other world as long as they could. Then came the slightest of movements that was enough to bring on the rush...the flood...the cum. This time it was Ellie. It was a little yell. "OH", she said. "...Now baby...now."

Connor felt the tightening of his mother's pussy around his cock as she flexed. She bounced hard on him, raising and lowering herself on his stiff pole. She felt each jet as it entered her. She didn't stop bouncing and squeezing until she milked all the streams of cum that her son could shoot up into her. When they were both spent, they rested and

listened to the tree rustle. They felt the peace that's all too fleeting.

Connors worked as a commercial artist in the following years continued painting his mother. One series of his paintings sold well enough to afford them some luxuries. The series were all of his mother's face. These were the only paintings of her that he didn't draw from life because he was too involved. He had videotaped her face and painted from the tapes and stills. They showed his mother's face as she came.

On the first night she posed for the series, he used the Bodansky technique on her three times. Her plateaus on the edge and orgasms totaled almost thirty minutes. His fingers worked her vagina and clitoris unendingly. At one point the emotions overwhelmed her and she whimpered and cried in the pleasure her son was giving her. Her pussy dripped and Connor licked her for a while in between to give her a respite. It thrilled and satisfied her and at the same time whetted her appetite for more. Her body coursed with endorphins and oxytocin and all she could think about was sex with her son.

She wouldn't let him paint that night; Ellie wanted her son with her...in bed...in her. First she sucked him. She wouldn't stop until he came. She wanted him to last a long time inside her. She wanted him to do what only he could do for her...all night long.

She took the lubricant and teased his cock with it; rubbing it all over him until his shaft and knob were completely covered. Then she got up on her knees and elbows letting him watch as she greased her rosette...pushing her fingers into her ass. She was past 'ready' for him by then. She almost begged him, "...in my ass baby...do it in my ass...long and hard and deep...I want you to fill me with all of you...all of your lovely cock...all for your momma..."

Connor had just recovered and he became stiff with desire for his mother's ass. He loved when she wanted it that way...cock in her...his hands tugging on her breasts...pulling on her nipples...fucking her until she was almost senseless...mumbling the loving, fucking words almost incoherently. He loved when she told him to fuck

her...begged him to fuck her...he loved when she came all over his cock...he loved the way she loved him.

Ellie and Connor lived as normal a life as they could under the circumstances. She had only questioned him once about it all. They were in church at Talbot's wedding. She said, "Baby...are you sure about what we're doing? You know you're giving up things to be with me...I can't give you..."

Connor stopped her and whispered, "Mom, I couldn't stop if I wanted to...and I don't want to because I love you...you give me everything I need and want...it's you and me honey." He kissed her cheek quickly and a smile crossed her face as her eyes welled.

If most relationships seem to succeed or fail on the basis of the response to crisis, then Ellie's and Connor's was no exception. The paintings were doing well and when Connor surprised his mother one day with tickets for a cruise, she was thrilled. It was ten days in Europe: ten days of luxurious food, accommodations, and entertainment. Ten days of Maria and Jorge.

Of the two thousand people on the ship, the fates had chosen to seat the most compatible, friendly, and pretty couple with Ellie and Connor. They hit it off the first night at dinner and decided to go touring together the next day. They laughed and had a wonderful time. Of course Connor had to answer his mother's inevitable question first by saying, "No mom I don't think she's prettier than you."

As they got to know the other couple better, they sensed something was unusual about their relationship and a few days into the trip, Maria confided to Ellie that their marriage was one of convenience. Maria and Ellie traded confidences and developed a sisterly relationship quickly and deeply. It turned out that Jorge was from an extremely wealthy family in Spain, needed a wife and was gay. Maria was from a good family, down on their luck – end of story.

Connor was taken by the dark smoldering good looks of the young Maria. Her features were fine and delicate and she presented the other end of the spectrum that she and his mother were on. They were two beauties of opposite type. He wanted to do a portrait of them together.

When Maria understood that Connor was a serious artist, she agreed. The four of them went to Ellie and Connor's stateroom after dinner on the sixth night. Dinner was 'formal' that evening and both women were in dresses. They both sat on the small couch in half profile facing each other. After Connor drew for about an hour, Jorge got bored and excused himself.

When they were alone Connor walked to his mother and took the straps of her dress off her shoulders. She had no bra on and he exposed her breasts. Maria's eyes showed surprise...then interest and excitement. Ellie had confided that Connor was her son and seeing her naked before him turned Maria on. Connor tentatively began taking the top of Maria's dress down. She wordlessly assented and he unhooked her bra. Her breasts were smaller than his mother's but well formed and pink tipped with puffy nipples that looked larger than they were because they covered so much of the tip.

Connor drew until he was satisfied he had enough for the painting and he then went and kissed his mother and said "Thank you" to both of them. Maria leaned over and gave Ellie a warm kiss. She stood without lifting the top of her

dress. She closed the gap of two steps that separated her from Connor and began kissing him. Connor was taken aback and looked to his mother; she seemed non-committal.

As Maria kissed Connor she extended her hand to Ellie who took it. Maria removed the dress and panties and Connor saw her smoothly shaved pussy, pink in its nakedness. She took down Connors pants and briefs together and began licking the semi-erect meat into hardness. Again Connor looked to his mother whose lips were curled in a half smile. Ellie said nothing. Maria attempted to lead Ellie to the bed and moved her mouth to her but she resisted. Maria reclined and opened her legs, beckoning Connor. He approached the woman and entered the tight wet hole. Maria began moaning as her pussy was stretched but a louder noise overtook her moans. It was Ellie. She was yelling, "NO, NO, NO..." as she pounded on Connors back.

Connor pulled out and stuttered in his confusion, "But mom...I...I thought...I thought you..." Ellie was crying now and Maria was dressing while attempting an incoherent apology. When Maria left, Ellie was still crying as Connor

tried to put his arm around her and explain, "Mom...you did it with...I thought you wanted this too."

Ellie took his arm off her and yelled at him in a voice he'd never heard. "You bastard...that was different...that was for you...you wanted her and not me...you..." She cried and wouldn't let him near her. She made him leave the room and when he came back three hours later, she was sleeping fitfully on top of the bed, still fully dressed.

Connor sat on the edge of the bed and he stroked his mother's hair, softly kissing her face as she emerged from sleep. She didn't know where she was until she felt the gentle rocking of the sea and remembered. "Listen mom...mother that I love...and mother that I know loves me, what happened tonight is never going to happen again. I only did it because I thought you wanted me to...just for the fun of it. I don't want anybody else...I don't need anybody else...you are all I need and want...this face...this heart...this pussy." He touched his mother in all those places.

"I'm sorry baby...I got crazy and it's just because I love you so much...no more other people, okay?"

"No more mom...just us...because it's all we need. This is all I need." His hand went under his mother's dress between the soft thighs and rested over the panties that covered her sex. They rustled over the hairs and moistened as he continued rubbing his mother's pussy. She kissed him hungrily and then he tasted her salty tear stained eyes and cheeks. "Tell me that you know that I'm going to love you forever mom...only you."

"Yes Connor darling...yes my heart...I know you're going to love me forever...only me...or I'll have to kill you."

They both laughed as she lifted her arms and he removed her dress. She looked so hot to him in the black stockings; he didn't let her take them off. He did let her take her panties off. She leaned over as they sat facing each other and filled her mouth with her son's big cock. Her tongue ran along the swollen ridge under the shaft and traced the shape of the knob until it throbbed. She took his balls in her hand and cupped them lovingly, massaging as she sucked.

She knew how to make her son come in her mouth; she also knew how not to.

That was a night for him to come inside her, to fill her pussy with his cum, to drench her insides with his juices. As she stretched out on the bed with her arms and legs spread, her son came to her. She took his cock in both her hands and smiled up at him as she surveyed the width and length he had expanded to for her. She directed her son into her hole. Her juices were evident on the hairs that sparingly covered her pussy and evident by the way the big cock was able to penetrate the opening.

As his cock slid up into his mother, they held each other and felt closer than ever. She slowly ground her hips to move her son's cock along the channel he filled so well for her. They had fucked in tubs, cars and trains, on chairs, tables, floors, and even once on the Vincent but tonight was for simply making love; him...on top of her...on the bed.

Connor surrounded one of his mother's breasts with his hand and engulfed the nipple in his mouth as movements synchronized below. He suckled until her nipple was raw

and sensitized. Their hips found their rhythm; it was a graceful dance that practice had perfected.

Her pussy tingled and he did the thing she liked. He came out of her and laid the long cock along the slit and over the clit. He rubbed back and forth. The mushroomed head stimulated his mother's nub and her pussy lips hugged the sides of his shaft. He did it until she couldn't stand it anymore. "...In me baby...be in me...be in me now."

As he sank into her depths, a long "*Ohhhhhh*..." escaped her lips. He gave her his length and she told him, "Only you my baby...only you can do this to me...only you..." He lifted her legs to his shoulders. She felt the stretch in her thighs but loved being opened this way because she could take more of her son's big cock deeper into her belly. He reached down to kiss her and put his hands under her shoulder blades. She felt safe, all wrapped up in him as he was as deep in her as he could get. He was up against her ass. As her pussy stretched for him, she felt completed. She wanted to stop time and keep her son inside her forever. "Are you going to always love me this way, baby...always?"

"Yes mom...always...always taking you like this...fucking you like this...loving you like this..." The heat and friction built inside her until she was on fire...a fire she never wanted to put out. He stroked long and deep into his mother's pussy and finally they let themselves go at the same time.

"Oh son...love...yes...yes...come in me...come in me." Each jet of his release painted her insides with his loving. Each spasm of her pussy told her son how much she wanted and loved him. Together mother and son made Art of living and loving.

THE END

Mom Takes It Slow

I found the papers scattered near the curb where an animal, or those big black crows must have torn open the garbage bag before it was taken away. I don't usually pick up things from the street, but the bright green ink caught my attention. The four pages were obviously torn out of a book and one was dated. They didn't seem to be in order; I started reading.

May 27

I was happy looking at him naked, thinking that it was my body that was making him so big, and hard. I wanted it so much, and I wanted it wherever he wanted to put it.

My channel became a sheath that grasped, and caressed, my young man. He was thick in me and I never wanted it to stop. I didn't know if it was so good because he was such an expert lover or because having sex with him was the most forbidden lovemaking I could imagine, but at that moment, none of it mattered. The only thing I cared about was that

he was inside me, and making me a woman who was desired again.

I asked him if he loved me and he said, "Of course I love you mom."

My mouth must have opened in astonishment as I read those words. A mother was writing about fucking her own son. I could feel myself hardening as I continued to read.

"Tell me baby…please tell me." I knew what I wanted to hear…and what I didn't want to hear was ‘Because you're my mother'. I wanted him to tell me something that would make it all right.

He must have instinctively known, because he answered, "I love you because you're a brave woman…because you're beautiful, and you feel good…and it feels right when I'm inside you like this, because you love me, and because we're for each other and you belong to me…don't you Lana?"

"Yes Andy, I do…yes baby." I thrilled at the sound of my name in his mouth, and he pressed deeper into my pussy. I wanted to hear it again and I said, "Lana would give you anything…everything…my sweet Andy."

He said, "Yes Lana…I can feel it…the way you take me inside you…Lana…Lana." Each time he said my name it was like a stroking, deeper into me than any man had ever gone, into a place that's physically inaccessible. It made me want to come. I surrendered to the sensations and my orgasm rocked me. I told Andy I was coming and he said, "Yes mom, come on my cock…come." The way he spoke, I knew he hadn't come yet. I'd never come twice with a man who hadn't finished once.

I was momentarily exhausted but I wanted more. I didn't have to worry. I would get more. I'd always read in books about lovers who made love all night. I thought it was a fantasy, until that night with my son Andy.

I was hard as a rock by then, standing in the street, unable to take my eyes from the pages. I wasn't sure if the next page

was a continuation or a new entry. It had some lines crossed out that I couldn't make out, and then it went on.

He let me rest a few minutes before starting to stroke my pussy with his hand. I was ready as soon as his slippery finger uncovered my clit and circled it with just the right amount of pressure. He picked up the signals of my body movements and sounds without my having to say anything. He knew how to press, where to press, and when to press.

He brought himself to my opening and his hardness opened my vagina; he filled me once more with his manhood. I was proud that the one who was making me feel so good was my son.

He stroked into me from different angles and each way produced different sensations. He was thick, long, and straight, and he opened me totally. I was glad that I was as wet as I was.

There must have been more to that entry, but I couldn't find it as I leafed through the papers. The next one I read continued in the same erotic and romantic vein.

He hadn't said much about my body, but I liked hearing him say, "You have a nice ass, mom." He felt it, and fingered it and it seemed to excite him. After stroking me for a long while he said, "When I'm ready mom, can I come in you?"

I said, "Yes darling, it's okay, come inside me; I want you to." As he took me and made me hotter, I wanted to say things I'd never said to any lover, that I loved his cock in me, that I wanted his cum to fill my pussy. I was too ashamed to say it to my son, but I wasn't too ashamed to feel it. I couldn't remember anyone staying inside me for that long. He seemed able to decide for himself when to have his orgasm.

He leaned down and whispered in my ear between licks with his tongue and that made me shiver. He said, "Are you ready mom? I'm going to come in you...I'm going to fill your pussy with my cum...I'm going to give it all to you."

"Yes baby," I said. "Fill mommy's pussy, fill me...fill me..." By then, I was ready to come again and when he touched my clit, I arched and began the spasms that stiffened my whole body. I cried out to him and the first cord of hot cum shot into my pussy. My son was coming in me and I was coming with him and everything was a swirl of liquid and thrashing and humping and pounding.

I was so relieved after climaxing, I started laughing and hugging him to me. I wrapped my legs around him and squeezed as hard as I could until he started laughing too. "I love you so much mom," he said as he placed a bouquet of kisses on my face. "I'll always love you, always." His kiss told me that it was more than sex and I answered him with my opened heart.

"My sweet baby, momma's always going to love you too." I couldn't believe that I wasn't self-conscious, even though I was naked, with my legs opened in front of my son. He made me feel comfortable and warm in his presence, as he stroked me with his hand and explored me with his fingers. I was finally with a lover who could touch my soul with as much feeling as he could touch my body. I could finally give myself to the man that I wanted to have me.

That was all, but that was enough. I had a rush to every part of my body. It was the most exciting thing I had ever read...and I knew it was all bullshit. I knew not one word of it was true, because I was standing in front of my own house, and my mom's name is Lana, and none of it had happened, because my name is Andy.

The fantasy I had been reading was in my mother's handwriting, in the green ink from her favorite pen. The most shocking thing about it was - how could I have never known how she felt? Sure, she had always been a warm loving mother, but I had never felt anything sexual from her.

Maybe I was jumping the gun...she was always scribbling and had some things published in local papers...maybe it was just a writing thing, a wacky flight of erotic fancy that didn't have anything to do with the way she really felt.

I went back and forth with it for hours and the only thing I was certain about was that she would never again be just ‘Mom' to me. Before she came home from work, I came

twice just thinking about her. I always thought that she had a good body and a pretty face, but those pages had changed my attitude towards her forever. My mother now seemed sexually appealing and maybe, sexually attainable. I imagined being inside her and the possibility that it might actually happen made it that much more exciting.

I couldn't wait for her to come from work. I wanted to look at her with my new eyes, listen for the words between the words, watch her watch me. When she finally did get home, I couldn't see a thing. I kissed her hello and told her that she looked great. She looked at me as if I was nuts.

She smiled and said, "Well, what's gotten in to you?"

I said, "Nothing, just saying hello."

"Oh, that's nice - are you sure you're not in some kind of trouble...do you need money?"

I said, "No mom, I'm fine." I had stopped taking money from her ever since I got a job in my senior year in high

school. After graduating I talked about getting my own place but she had convinced me not to rush and to stay at home for a while longer. She made dinner and she acted as she always had, just like my mom, not like the woman who wrote that she wanted her son to have sex with her.

While we ate I couldn't help checking her out. I looked at the swell of her breasts and imagined what her nipples would look like. I had only seen them once when I was younger; she was getting dressed and didn't know I was home. I remember that they covered the ends of her tits and were pinkish. Her boobs were also larger than I expected because she was so slim and never wore tight clothes. In the years that past she may have put on a few pounds but didn't look much different.

This may sound a little strange, but we had different last names so even her name turned me on, Lana Monzano...Lana Monzano; two rounded syllables on top, then a triangle of sounds like legs opened with another triangle at its apex. Okay, I guess I was going a bit nuts, especially when I stared at her.

I guess she saw the attention I was paying her and she said, "Are you sure nothing's wrong?"

I don't know what I expected to happen but was turned on and I just blurted out, "I found what you wrote."

Her eyebrows furrowed as she asked, "What do you mean?"

"I found what you wrote about you and me; it must have come out of the trash and I saw it on the street."

It dawned on her. "Oh my God. I tore up the book...how...did you read that whole thing?"

"No mom, there were only a few pages, and I just wanted to see what it was."

She put her hands over her face and said, "I'm so ashamed...I'm sorry Andy...I...oh God..."

I got up and went over to her. I put my hands on her shoulders and said, "No mom, you don't have to be ashamed...I liked it...I want to also..." I kissed her neck and was about to put my hand on her breasts when she yelled.

"No Andy...no...that was just...writing...I was just writing...it doesn't mean that we could ever do those things." She became agitated and stood to face me and a pleading look came over her face as her eyes met mine. "God, what have I done?"

"It's okay mom, you didn't do anything, it just got me turned on... I'm sorry I didn't mean to..."

"No honey, it's not your fault." She took a deep breath. "Let me try to explain this," she said. "It was just a fantasy that nobody was supposed to see. I was feeling so down. It just seems that all the men in my life...oh, you know...I was divorced from your father so young and then it was Paul and then it didn't work out with Steven...I don't know, I was feeling like I would never have someone to love, and that it was probably my fault."

"Well that's not true and you know it mom. If my father was any good, don't you think he might have stayed in contact with me instead of disappearing? And Paul was interested only in screwing you and every other woman he could get, including your so-called friend Claudia. And you really needed that son of a bitch Steven to push you around? It's no wonder you wanted someone who would treat you right."

I started getting hot thinking about sex with her again and I said, "You deserve it mom...I could love you like that." Her face was in her hands again and I put my arms around her and held her. She started crying and after a few moments she softened in my embrace. I kissed her forehead and put my hand on her breast.

She took a deep breath as my thumb crossed her nipple and then she took a step back and looked at me. Her eyes were filled and her cheeks were shiny with tears as she said, "We can't honey, we just can't." She went to her room and I didn't see her for the rest of the night.

The next day was Saturday so we were both off. When she finally came out of her room it was almost noon. "I guess this will be an elephant in the room with us forever if we don't talk about it," She almost hyperventilated. "So let's do it and be done. Just ask me what you want, and I'll tell you the truth, and it'll be over with."

"When did this all start for you mom?" I asked.

"It was probably somewhere inside me without me even knowing about it for a while, but the first time I actually thought about you…you know, this way, was just a few months ago, at the end of the summer." She hesitated and then seemed to straighten up as if she'd decided just to say whatever had to be said. "You had come from the beach and I was finishing the laundry. I saw your door was opened and I went to bring your things into your room. You were asleep with the sheet off you." She lowered her eyes. "You must have been dreaming or something because you were all…thick, and hard. I know I shouldn't have, but I got excited, and then my head just tripped off. 'Wouldn't it be wonderful to have someone want me like that, a man I could trust, a man I knew wouldn't hurt me, a man who

would love me and not leave me.' That's when I started writing that thing about you and me."

"Why did you throw it away, mom?"

"I realized I was getting caught up with it; I was getting too far into the fantasy. I knew I wanted someone in my life, and I was thinking about it all the time and how could there be anything between a mother and her son? I knew I had to stop and get real about my life, so I tore it up and told myself not to think about it anymore."

"Do you still think about me mom?"

She looked at me and I could see her mouth turn down and quiver when she said, "Yes."

I went and put my arms around her. She let me hold her for a long time and stayed wrapped in me. My hand held the small of her back. She was pressed into me and when I started to break away, she said, "Honey, just hold me for a few more minutes, would you?"

I said, "Sure mom." I knew that she must have felt me hardening against her. I put my hand under her top and stroked her back. I couldn't decide if I should unhook her bra. In the same instant, a desire to feel her bare breasts overwhelmed me and I quickly snapped the bra open with one hand. She stayed melted in my arms and my hand reached around as we kissed. Soft. The word ran through me. My mother's velvety, full breast, filled my hand.

She didn't resist as I undressed her. We continued to kiss until only a pair of sheer ecru panties revealed the darker thatch between her legs. I hesitated a moment and my mother pulled her panties down and stepped out of them. She stood in front of me and when I just stared, she turned her eyes down and began to squirm. She blushed; it looked like her whole body was blushing. I finally found my voice and said, "Mom, you're so lovely; you don't have to be shy, you look great."

She said, "You're a sweet liar, but thanks. I think every inch of me is tingling." I could see the effect on her nipples that were becoming erect.

I looked from top to bottom at the body that was making me hard. Every curve was right; the light and shadow accentuated her breasts and ass. I tried not to stare at her pussy, which was trimmed, but still covered by fine hair. I put my lips to her ear and whispered, "Wow."

I put my hand between my mother's legs and gently held her pussy cupped in my palm. I slowly moved my hand so that the heel of my palm contacted her clit. I whispered in her ear again. "Mom, tell me how you would write this scene."

She sort of moaned as I continued rubbing. "Oh honey…I cant."

I licked in her ear and continued to whisper, "Yes mom, say the words, I want to hear what you hear in your head."

She closed her eyes, and spoke softly, "My son is touching me and teasing me with gentle fingers that lights me up between my legs. I'm feeling very close to Andy as he does

wonderful things to me with his mouth and tongue. He tells me that he loves me."

When she said that, I said, "Yes, your son loves you very much." I then began kissing her neck and went down to her breasts. I took one of the swollen nipples in my mouth and almost expected to be rewarded with nectar from the thick rubbery tip.

Mom continued her monologue. "I've never seen my nipples get so long as they do between my young son's lips. He kisses me like a lover and a rush of amorous feelings course through me; I hadn't been kissed that way for years. When I can't stand it any longer, I get on the bed and open my legs. I imagined what I look like, a mother opening herself for her young son. I don't care."

At that point my mother got on the bed and I could see her wetness as she opened herself for me.

She said, "Be inside me baby; I want you inside me."

I could hardly get my pants off because I was so stiff. I could see mom react when she saw my hard-on. It was solid and straining and it was for her. I was hard for my mother and she said, "It's beautiful baby, beautiful that you want me so much." She lifted her legs slightly and held them apart.

Her wetness felt thick on her thighs. The sight of my mom on the bed with her legs opened had me transfixed. Watching her spreading it with her fingers so I could be inside her burned a picture into my brain I knew I would take out again and again in the future.

Even though she was offering herself to me, I was still tentative as I brought my cock to the wet opening. I almost expected her to stop me, but she just closed her eyes and waited for me to be inside her. I penetrated her, opening her with my stiffness and taking what she gave willingly. My hard rod slowly filled her pussy. Nothing felt wrong about it; it only felt good.

The relief of having my cock permeating her was evidenced by the long sighing sounds we both made. She said, "Oh Andy, you're inside me...it's so good baby...isn't it honey?"

I said, "Yes mom, it's how I'm going to love you from now on." I measured my mother's depths with slow rhythmic insertions and each one seemed to pleasure her as each stroke sent heightened sensations down the length of my shaft

Mom kept repeating everything as she got carried away in a stream of sensations. "Yes, honey, yes honey, don't stop, don't stop, please don't stop, please don't stop…."

"No mom," I told her, "I'm never going to stop. This is where I belong, inside you."

I fit my complete shaft into her and when I was at her end she said, "Oh Andy, Andy…it's like my pussy was made for you."

"Yes mom," I said, "All of you was made for me…all of you." I kissed her long, and stayed on her mouth, as I felt us both rising to orgasm. As we came in other's arms, I knew it would be the first of many that we would share. And it was.

THE END

Well, that's how I would have ended it if I had written it as a fictional story. And of course, it was fiction, because it was my fantasy, and not my mother's. She never wrote anything, and up to that point I had never touched her. It was the first time I had put my feelings for my mother into words. It was my first story about my mother and me, but not my first expression of the desire to have her.

I had put those desires into drawings before. From when I was young I could draw anything. It was sort of a hyper real kind of drawing, because I wanted everything to look exactly as I saw it. I would title them "Lana" and give them to mom. She loved them. In the ones I didn't show her, I drew her nude, as I imagined her. Anyone looking at it would know whom it represented. When I got older, I started putting myself in the picture – and in her.

The story had got me as turned on as the drawings ever did because I actually thought it sounded plausible. I wished I had found my mother's writings about wanting sex with me

but all I had found was desire, day after day. What happened after writing that fantasy was a story in itself.

I decided to act. I thought that if I could just have her, I would be happy. I concocted enough scenarios, but they were all the usual nonsense that you read about; I discarded them. I thought long term, with a plan that would nonetheless have short-term satisfactions. A close hug would carry me for a day; a kiss would be enough for the night. Nothing changed, but everything changed.

We had always been close and affectionate; the only thing different in the beginning was how I thought about everything. So the same hug I would have given in years past now focused on the feel of her tits in my chest. A small kiss on the lips now was the kiss of one lover to another, in my mind. I did this for weeks, holding her a little closer, kissing her a little longer.

And on the day I kissed her the longest, and when the edge of my palm rested on the edge of her breast, she said, "Andy, are you getting sexy with me?" I was struck dumb. From that little touch she was asking me that question? That

was my first lesson in learning something I would find out later, women know a whole lot more of what's going on in relationships than men do.

I tried to fudge my way out of it. "What are you talking about mom?"

She wasn't buying, "Never mind that, are you trying to have sex with me? I want you to tell me what's going on."

I sort of mumbled, "No...I just like you...I mean I love you mom and I guess I think you're sexy but..."

"That's sweet honey, but you know you just can't feel that way about me, and what do you think your father would say?"

Oh yeah, in my fantasy there is no father, but in my reality there is one - but I don't consider him mine. I haven't thought of him as a father nor have I called him that since I was twelve. He'd been around since I was four, and for almost fifteen years, he's disliked me only a little less than

I've disliked him. So I said, "He's not my father mom and I wish stop calling him that. My father is dead."

I guess I was still angry about that and mom softened, putting her hand on my face. "I know honey, I'm sorry, more sorry than you can ever know, but Ted hasn't been so bad has he?"

"No, he's been worse. He hates me, he cheats on you…fuck him…just tell me one thing and I'll shut up, do you love him, or better yet, do you think he loves you?"

Mom got quiet and I could see I'd struck a nerve, "Look, you don't know what it is to be alone with a young child, barely able to keep a roof over our head and food on the table."

This time I softened, "I'm sorry mom; I know you did what you thought you had to do, and you always made it all right for me, but maybe it's time to do something else for yourself."

"It's not that easy baby, do you think I can just go off and start again with nothing?"

"I could help mom, I'm working now and in a few months they said I'd be making more..."

She was looking me in the eyes and I could see tears forming in spite of her smile, "And don't look at me like that," she said. "With that wide eyed enthusiasm your father always had...and that handsome face your father had." One tear rolled down her cheek.

From the pictures I'd seen, I really did look like my father. Especially in his Marine uniform when he was only a few years older than I was then. I never got my head around it; it wasn't even a war, just a stupid accident while he was training some raw recruits. Just like the fifteen thousand that have been maimed and injured in Iraq, those we don't hear about. He also wasn't considered a casualty, because it didn't happen in combat. Looking at the pictures it was almost like looking at myself, waving, smiling, with an arm

around my mom. I guess it made it that much harder for her too.

So I held her, and she was so close, and so soft, and smelled so good. She pulled back and said, "I guess I just don't understand it, is it something I'm doing? Why do you feel like this?"

She wasn't intending a double entendre but we both knew I was getting hard and that was why she pulled away. "Look mom," I said. "I won't bother you, I won't kiss you if you don't want me to, but do you want to know what going on in my head?"

"Of course sweetheart, I always want you to tell what you're thinking and what you're feeling...I'm just trying to understand."

"Mom, it's what I feel and it's also what I think. And I know all the things other people might thing, but I don't care. Mom, I love you and even if I shouldn't, I want you. And

here's my fantasy. We both get out of here and find a new place to live...and we live together."

"You mean like lovers?"

"No mom, more than lovers, because we already have something together that's even deeper than that."

"But honey, you're a young man...and why would you be interested in me...physically?"

"Because I love you, and that makes me want you, and I think you're the sexiest looking mom I've ever seen."

"Oh God, I can't believe I'm having a conversation about having sex with my son. I must be losing it."

"Mom, maybe it's time to lose it, time to find a new 'it,' one that has some love and desire in it...or are you going to tell me that's what you have with Ted?"

"No honey, you know it's not, but..." I put my arms around her and kissed her deeply. She responded and I took her breast in my hand. She finished the kiss and said, "No honey, please, not here; I can't do anything with you in this house."

"Mom, tomorrow were going to look for a place."

"Oh God Andy, my head is spinning, there's so much to think about. Listen, I'll consider it under one condition. The physical thing has me tied up in knots, it's probably a crush, or an obsession, or some crazy fascination for you to have sex with your mother. I couldn't bear to have sex with you and then have you decide you made a mistake. What if I'm not even good for you...like that...?"

"You have to be good for me mom; we were made for each other." I kissed her again and just held her tight.

"I guess we're both just looking to be happy honey, so if you promise to go slow, and not push me, maybe we should find a place to live...to get out of here. You are right about that,

it's time to leave; I can't live without love anymore…but remember, separate bedrooms."

"Sure mom, I know we can work it out."

"Talking about working it out," she said, "I have to work something out with Ted."

She gave me a kiss, a long loving kiss, but not before saying, "I've lost my mind, but if you…would you love me forever?"

"No mom," I said, "Longer than that."

The next day we started looking and within a week we found a place we could afford and put down a deposit. Mom told Ted she was leaving and he gave her a weak-hearted argument but basically, he didn't make much of a fuss. She didn't ask for much. Surprisingly, he was actually decent about it and agreed to give her enough to get by for a while.

My excitement was at a fever pitch. She kept making me promise to go slow and that we would have to see what happens and that the important thing was that we would have a new start. I was thinking mostly about having her.

The day finally arrived when we moved out of the house and into our own apartment. There wasn't much to it, but a sitting room, kitchen, and one bedroom. Since we were going to ‘take it slow' I was to sleep on the pullout sofa. We were both nervous and jumpy.

The first few days were rough. We knew it would be a struggle financially and personally. Somehow I was feeling better just doing things with her. I realized I was feeling happy even though nothing had happened between us. My ‘up' mood was contagious and by the end of the week, I decided we should celebrate. We had bought a bottle of inexpensive Champagne to celebrate our ‘liberation.' After finishing it, we were both looser, and laughing at every silly thing we could think of.

When it came time to say good night, I kissed my mother on the lips and held her. I could feel her trembling. I said,

"It's all going to be fine mom, we're going to love each other and be happy together, no matter how tough it gets."

"I hope so baby," she said. I want that."

I kissed her again gently, trying to control my excitement. I could see her getting skittish even though through the champagne haze. I asked her to sit by me for a while and we just kissed. After a while I felt her melt and began fondling her breasts. She allowed me to undo her bra. Her bare tits were as feathery soft as I had imagined, full, with a silky feel. I felt her nipple become erect as I rubbed my palm over it. I put my hand on her pussy and she removed it saying, "Slow baby, remember, we're going to take it slow."

It wasn't two minutes later that I felt her hand between my legs. I was as erect as I could get in my pants and she said, "God, how could I do that to you; I still don't understand it." She started breathing harder and unzipped my pants. At that point, I think it was more to see how she turned me on than anything else. My cock was straining as she released it. "You're so hard for me, you really want me don't you?"

All I could get out was "Oh mom..." as she bent over to take me in her mouth. She held the shaft in her fist and took the knob between her lips and started sucking. I exerted all the control I could to stay calm so I wouldn't come too fast. I wanted the exquisite feeling to last. My eyes locked on the spot where her lips were closed around my shaft as she raised and lowered her head. I could feel her feel her tongue working on me as she sucked.

My mother was actually sucking my cock after all the waiting and fantasizing and all I could think was - I had to stop her. If I didn't slow down, I knew I would come in her mouth and that might be the last time I would ever have her. And I wanted so much more. I said, "Mom, let's go in the bedroom."

By the time we got to her bedroom, I had calmed somewhat. I sat on the bed and she unbuttoned my shirt. I opened her blouse and she let it drop but it remained tucked into her skirt. I said, "You have beautiful breasts, mom."

She said, "Oh honey..." as I approached to kiss her breasts, she cupped one and brought it to my mouth. Watching my mother offer her breast to me hardened me more. I sucked on the forcefully and let my teeth graze it.

She laughed and gave a little screech and said, "Easy baby." She went back down on me and this time took more of me into her mouth. Her easy strokes took me to the back of her throat but she didn't seem to have any trouble accepting me. She had already taken more of me than any other girl I had ever been out with.

And I realized that was what they were, ‘Girls.' The oldest had only been twenty-two. And now I was with my first ‘woman,' and I liked it that she was almost forty, and I liked it that my cock was in her mouth, and I liked it that she was my mother.

I was doing all I could not to shoot off in her mouth but mom was stroking my shaft up and down as she sucked me off. Every once in a while she would take her mouth off me and lick me with an enthusiastic, "Mmmm..." She still seemed surprised I wanted her that way. She said her words

in a disbelieving tone, "You want me, don't you baby…I make you so hard…you like mama to do this don't you honey?" The answer to all her questions was the same, 'Yes, yes, yes.'

She started to stroke up and down on my shaft as she sucked I knew I couldn't take much more without coming. Just the idea of my mother sucking my cock would have been enough, but I was actually between her lips and in her warm mouth. And her noises told me she was enjoying it as she moved her tongue along my shaft. I went straight up and let go.

I said as fast as I could, "Mom, I'm coming…OH…" I expected her to pull her mouth off me but she didn't. I could almost feel the recoil as I shot off my juices into her mouth. I couldn't stop coming. She never opened her mouth for a moment to catch her breath or keep from getting overwhelmed; she just sucked and jerked me until I had that last intense spurt which felt like I was about to come for a second time. She cupped my balls and massaged them as I finished and I finally heard how hard I was breathing. I said, "God mom, that was the most awesome thing that ever happened to me." Up until that moment, it was.

As she lay down beside me, she kept her hand over my wet cock and said, "I'm glad I could make you feel good."

I hoped it wasn't all over and I said, "Mom, now let me make you feel good." She didn't stop me or say anything as I kissed her nipples and sucked on them for a little while. I knew that the longer you waited, the better it usually was for a woman, but I wanted to taste her pussy right then and there. Her skirt was up on her thighs and I reached underneath it to take off her satiny panties. I pulled them down without any resistance from her. In fact, she raised herself to make it easier for me to get them off. She was wearing thigh high stockings that had a slight shine to them and I ran my hand over both of her shapely legs.

I spread her thighs apart and went down on her. I licked her slowly with the flat of my tongue, washing over her vaginal lips, her hood, and her clit. I finally settled on the spot where I knew those sensitive nerve endings gathered in anticipation of firing off together.

As I licked that part of my mother's pussy she said. "Oh honey, your tongue is so soft on that spot…yes…there baby…you found me…oh God…how do you know me so well?" I kept pressing and painting her clit with the tip of my tongue, snaking over it and around it. Her fluids were beginning to feel thick as cream. Each time I took her up to that precipitous point, she seemed higher and closer to orgasm. "It's so good," she said, "It aches…a sweet velvety ache that's making me want to come in my baby's mouth."

I took my mouth off her for a moment to say, "That's what I want mom; I want to taste you coming in my mouth, like I came in yours." I kissed the soft pliant lips and sucked her pussy as she squirmed until I returned to her clit.

She said, "Yes baby, your making my pussy feel so good." I was glad to hear the sensuous words from her and listen to the sounds that she wasn't trying to hide. Soon I heard her say, "Baby…baby…I'm coming…mommy's coming in your mouth."

I pressed and licked as she arched and loudly announced her orgasm with squeals of pleasure that approached a

scream. I stayed on her as she had stayed on me, rising with her as she arched and twisted. My mother was coming for me and it sent a line of pleasure that stayed with me until she stiffened and let out a long satisfied exhale. She drew me up to her while repeating, "So good…so good. Sweet love, come kiss your momma."

I kissed her and said, "I hope that was half as good for you as it was for me, because I know that would be enough."

"You're wonderful," She said, and she smiled. She was quiet for a while and then I could sense that she was regaining her strength as she sat up and pulled the sheet up to cover her naked breasts. I could see the consternation on her face and I wondered if she was sorry for what we had done and was reluctant to say anything.

Finally she spoke, "Andy, I have to tell you something. I've been seeing Robert at the office and you know I've mentioned that I like him and we're sort of involved and it wouldn't be fair to you…what just happened…it was lovely sweetheart, but we cant continue this because…I think I'm serious about Robert and…"

She went on like that and she spoke faster and more nervous with each sentence. My head whirled for a minute, but then it hit me. "Mom," I said, "It's okay, you're just getting panicked because this is all so strange." I stroked her hair and gave her a small kiss on the lips. "It's too good mom, too good to throw away. You're not seeing Robert are you?"

It was a small "No" that came from her. She looked sheepishly at me and said, "I'm sorry baby, I won't lie to you again."

"I understand mom, it's a little crazy for me too."

I shouldn't have been surprised because I knew how smart and intuitive my mother was, but it still floored me when she asked me, "Andy, did you ever make drawings of you and me, together?"

After stammering like I didn't know what she was talking about, she just looked at me with a ‘give me a break' look and I said, "Yes."

She asked, "Would you mind if I looked at them?"

I said, "Oh man, I don't know…I guess maybe a few of them; I'm not ready for you to see how completely nuts I am." She laughed as I went to pick out a couple of them. I brought her two of the tamer ones in which we were in an embrace with both of us nude. In one we were kissing and as I held her breast, she had my hardness in her hand; in the other, she was looking over her shoulder and smiling as I was about to enter her pussy. I was smiling back.

She looked at them and then looked at me seriously. "You really are an artist, they're awesome honey…and sexy"

"Thanks mom," I said, "But why did you want to see them?"

"I wanted to know if you only wanted to have me that way, or if you also loved me as well…I can see the answer in your

pictures." She came over and kissed me, probing with her tongue. She let me fondle her until she pulled back, and then with a smile, she wagged her finger at me saying, "Slow…slow."

Finally, I ask her what she was thinking and she said, "I'm thinking how satisfied you made me feel, and I was wondering…well, you know, I haven't done this in a while with somebody young…so…did I satisfy you like your girlfriends do? I know it's silly, but I wanted to hear you tell me."

"You know how good it was mom, I practically exploded inside your mouth…in this sweet mouth." I let my fingers trace her lips and then kissed her. I took the sheet from her and exposed her. I said, "You are a good-looking woman," as my hand slid over her breasts and belly and then down to her pussy. She opened her legs for me and I put my hand on her slippery vagina and clit. It made me feel good that my mother was so wet for me. I then put two fingers inside her and told her what was welling up in me, "This is where I want to be mom, here, inside you."

She took two quickening breaths and said, "Yes baby, yes."

She looked so pretty with her breasts exposed. I wanted her body bare so I took off the skirt that ringed her waist and the blouse that was tucked into the waistband. She was naked except for her stockings. She closed her eyes and rested her fingers over her clit. Looking at my mother's pussy, I knew I had never wanted to have a woman as much as I wanted her at that moment. I came to her opening swollen hard, with a knob that seemed to pulse with the blood that coursed through it.

For an instant, questions of doubt flashed across my mind. What if she didn't like it? What If I wasn't good for her? What if she wasn't right for me? I placed myself on her entrance and pushed in. With the first insertion into my mother's pussy, all questions were answered. Her soft channel enveloped me and my shaft slid through the wet flesh that held me until I filled her to completion. I saw the smile I had once drawn on paper, now on her lips, a smile that mirrored my own.

I stroked in and out of my mother's pussy and knew that no matter how many times I had imagined or fantasized the moment in drawings and fiction, it paled in comparison to what was happening. I was having her, I was inside her, and the then the words left my head. I only heard my mother saying, "Yes...yes..." and I got lost in the sensations.

A wave of pleasure coursed through me with each insertion into the once forbidden center of my mother's body. She moved to meet my strokes and the instinctive dance of lovers synchronized. I said, "I love you," a hundred times and it seemed to fuel her toward more frenzied movements under me. I pushed in until our bodies were in full contact and she held me there, moaning, and grinding.

I rolled her over on top of me and she was momentarily surprised. She shifted her position and began raising and lowering herself on my cock. I seemed to go in even deeper than before. Her eyes were closed as she pulled her hair back from her face and her breasts jutted out. She looked beautiful to me. I massaged her tits until the nipples swelled as she continued to use my cock to impale herself.

I could hear the sounds of my cock in her wetness as I reached behind her to hold the globes of her ass. She gyrated when she had me all inside her and it was a sensation I had never felt before. Then with a moaning cry in her voice she said, "I want to come baby, make me come, make momma come."

I turned her back over so I could control the tempo of my strokes and began to accelerate in and out of her. Her voice mimicked the rising of her excitement as we both got closer to orgasm. She got louder as she said, "Oh, Oh, Yes…YES…YES…I'm coming baby, I'm COMING." I could feel myself about to shoot off as my cock pistoned into her pussy. The longest, deepest, and hardest strokes I could thrust into my mother's belly, didn't seem too hard, too long, or too deep, for either of us.

A strange sound came out of my own mouth as the first eruption entered my mother's pussy. I could hear her still repeating, "Yes…yes…yes…" as my cum filled her. I release more into her with each stroke and it felt like I could give it to her forever. She raked my back as she thrashed and she wrapped her legs tightly around me. I felt her shudder under me as the final waves of her orgasm went through

her body. I couldn't believe I was still coming as my mother's pussy squeezed the last spurts from my cock. We both collapsed in each other's arms and were both too exhausted to say anything, but it was a sweet silence.

Her deep breathing told me she had fallen asleep and I looked at her lying besides me. And as good as the sex was, I realized that my happiness wasn't dependant on just having her physically, it was being with her, and doing with her, and working things out with her that mattered. I put my arm around her and fell asleep.

I dozed peacefully and dreamed in warm colors. When I awoke, she was standing naked in front of the full-length mirror that was on the back of her bathroom door, "You look great mom," I said.

She turned her head and smiled at me, "Well maybe once I wasn't so bad looking..."

I got up and walked over to her. I stood behind her and caressed her breasts as our eyes met in the mirror. I

whispered in her ear, "You're beautiful, right now." My cock was hardening as it pressed on the flesh of her ass. She reached behind and stroked the back of my head.

"Thank you baby, and thank you for wanting me like this."

I wanted to watch her in the mirror as I took her. I wanted her to watch me take her. I urged her over and she took hold of the arms of the chair that she usually sat in to do her makeup. I reached down and guided my cock into the wetness between her legs without waiting. Her surprised little cry came out as a short "Oh." As I began stroking into my mother's pussy, she closed her eyes and said, "That's so good love…yes."

"Open your eyes mom," I told her. "I want you watch while I make love to you."

She turned and looked at me in the mirror and then focused my cock as I pushed it in and out of her pussy. "Yes sweetheart," she said. "It's beautiful; you're so big and hard

going inside me...and I'm glad baby, I'm glad it's you...and I'm proud of you."

"Are you mom?"

"Yes honey, it's what I want too." She watched as I continued opening her and penetrating her with my hard shaft. I reached over and took her nipples between my fingers. I massaged them and pinched them as the tips became erect and she reacted with excited sounds. I kissed up and down her back and then stood again to stroke completely into her wet center.

"And I'm proud of you mom," I said. "And I love looking at you while I make love to you." I watched the fantasy that had become reality. I watched as my mother stood with her legs apart, taking me into her pussy, smiling with pleasure as I stroked faster and harder. Her pussy squeezed and responded as I gave her the full length of my cock. I was as hard as I could be as I enjoyed the total sensual and sexual side that my mother was showing me, without shame, or reservation. I was proud of her and prouder to be the one who was fucking her.

Mom responded to each of the long, deep, strokes she took inside her. With each of my entries into her pussy, she watched herself squirm and move and I felt her giving herself to me. We were both getting closer to orgasm and I wanted to be able to wait to come with her. It was getting more difficult each time she moaned and ground her ass as I penetrated as deep as I could. I pulled back slowly and watched the pink flesh that surrounded and massaged my cock. I knew I was about to explode and I reached around and gently massaged my mother's clit. As soon as my fingers made contact, she said, "Oh God, I'm coming baby…I'm coming."

I launched into a relieving flurry of penetrations that rocked both us back and forth. I told my mother that I was also coming as the first cord of warm cum went into her sweet pussy. With each penetration another release filled her with the final expression of my physical desire for her. I said, "For you mom, for you, because I love you…I love you…I love you."

My mother reacted as if she was beginning to come again and said, "Yes love, love me, fuck me...oh, I love you Andy, I love you...oh God, I'm coming, yes love...yes...yes..."As we slowed into the relief of satisfaction, my mother said, "I love you so much baby, so much...you can't know."

"I do know mom," I said. "You just showed me how much." She turned around as I came out of her and she held me. She kissed me differently. It was deep and as full of love as her other kisses had been. I didn't know how it was different from all her other kisses, I just knew that it was. We were no longer where we were; we were where we were going to be.

We went back to bed and we were content to be quiet and in each other's presence for what seemed an eternity in a moment. Her face was on my chest and she began kissing and sucking on my nipple. I stroked up and down on the smooth skin of her back and said, "Mom, that was unbelievable...being with you like that was the best."

I kissed her and she said, "Yes honey, tonight has been quite a beginning."

I reached over and placed my hand over her butt and said, "And this is quite an end."

Mom laughed and we kissed for a while. She got serious and said, "Andy, this is so wonderfully impossible, but if I only had one night left, this is what I would want to do with it."

"And if I had two hundred years," I said, "This is what I would want to do."

"You're right baby," she said, "I guess it's the same thing. It doesn't matter if you have a day, or a year, or a century, if you're not doing what's right for you... it just doesn't make sense. And you're what makes sense for me honey, right here, right now."

I didn't respond except to touch her. I touched her with lightly grazing fingers and nails as we kissed. Her nipples responded by thickening and her pussy responded with moisture that I could feel on my probing fingers. I then moved down to the pucker of her ass. I stuck a wet finger in

and my mother seemed to like it. I said, "You are some sexy thing mom."

As I rubbed and fingered her I was almost surprised when she said, "Do you want me there too honey?"

"I want you everywhere," I said. "I was thinking about it when while we were making love and you were leaned over; you really turned me on. Mom, did you ever…?"

"She turned crimson. "NO, of course not. I would never let any man do that…but I would let you baby, if that's what you want."

"Mom, how could anyone not want this beautiful round thing?" I took one of her globes and gave it a playful squeeze. I then opened her and put a finger on her pucker. Before inserting it, I took some fluid from her pussy. My finger penetrated and she made nice noises.

I lifted her leg and with the crook of my arm I held it up from behind her knee. This opened her pussy and I put

myself into her. I gave her a few long strokes and stopped. When I came out, a shiny thin coating of her fluids was on my shaft. I urged her over onto her belly and threw my leg over and mounted her as she stretched out. I put my cock on her small hole and pushed in. I didn't expect the heat and the pressure that came with the first insertion.

I watched as the thick knob split her open and stretched her to the point where I was questioning whether I was giving her too much. Her deep moan didn't sound as if she wanted me to stop. When I passed the ring and eased into my mother's ass, the pressure eased a bit and we both began enjoying it.

As I stroked gently in and out of her tight channel, I looked in awe at my perfect mom who was giving her son the ultimate gift of love. I could hardly believe that I was inside my mother's ass, taking her in a way I hadn't even dared to fantasize. But I had to believe my eyes as I looked at my mother's naked body taking me inside her, and I had to believe my ears as she said, between her moans, "Oh Andy, love, love, your thick cock is filling me, stretching me, taking me like nobody ever did before. I want to show you

how good I can be for you, yes baby, give momma all of it...give me your whole cock...I want to take it all for you."

For a moment, I became an observer and it wasn't Lana that I saw allowing me entry to her most intimate openings. I was witnessing the wonder of a mother opening herself and giving her body to her son against all of societies conventions, for the most beautiful reason, because she loved him. And I loved her.

I wanted her to know how much I was feeling for her at that moment but as she moved on me and I went deeper into her ass, all I could say was "I'll love you forever mom."

"Yes, my darling boy," she said. "Love me like this forever."

I gave my mother the full length of my cock and drove it deep into her ass until she was filled to the limit. I stroked long hard penetrations over and over into her and she said, "Yes baby, for momma, all for your momma. Tell me how it is for you baby, tell me."

I was moaning now too, "Mmmm...it feels so good in your ass mom...such a beautiful ass...taking my cock deep...so tight...squeezing my cock while I watch it going in and out of you."

And as I stroked into the tight gripping flesh, I told her the truest thing I could think of, "Mom, nothing in my whole life ever felt as good as being inside you, being a part of you, feeling us love each other this way."

It felt so good to me and in that moment of sweet pleasure I wanted it to be good for her too. I asked her, hoping for the answer I wanted to hear, "Mom, do you like it? Does it feel good having me inside you like this?"

She said, "Yes baby, yes, it feels good, and yes honey, I do like it. This is how I want to feel forever, with my boy inside me, loving me."

The sensations turned my brain to liquid, her tightness milked my cock with each stroke, her tits swayed with my pumping and I reached to caress and stroke her full hanging

breasts. I loved feeling their weight in my hands. I then pushed in to the limit and stayed against her meaty globes, grinding, as my mother took all of me inside her. She raised her ass a little more and I pressed until my balls rested up against her.

She turned her head then and I could see that she wanted me to kiss her. We reached for each other's mouth and when we connected, she kissed me with that different kiss, and this time, I knew what it was. "You love me, don't you mom, and you don't care about anything else do you?"

"No honey, she said. "I don't care what anybody thinks, I want to be yours like this, and do everything for you. I want it to be you in my mouth, inside my pussy, and yes baby, in my ass like you are now. I don't care about anything besides loving you, and knowing that I want you to love me like this, and fuck me like this, and never stop…oh love, don't ever stop."

As I pushed harder into the deepest part of her I said, "I won't ever stop mom." I knew then that it was more than just the sex we were having at that moment. I knew that my

mother would be there for me, ready for me, and that I would be there for her.

I took her then as if she had always been mine, as if she were my lover, my bride, my wife. I asked her as she had asked me, never to stop. She answered each penetration with a promise. "I'll always love you...I'll always want you...I'm only for you...for you love...for you."

With each stroke, we had slowly climbed to the precipice, And then I couldn't hold it any longer and I was saying, "OH, OH, Oh mom, I'm coming...I'm coming in your ass...OH MOM...OH..." The first hot shot of cum fired off and she pushed back hard so that at the end of each stroke, all of my cock was inside her.

"Yes baby," She said, "Come for your momma, show me how much you love me...how much you want me..."

As I pumped and released again and again, I held and squeezed her fleshy ass, holding it, and using it to balance my rapid-fire entries. It was an almost disembodied voice

that came out of me as I released volleys of cum into my mother's ass, "Fuck…*Ohh*…mom…OH…fuck…Yeah…Yeah…"

As I released into her, filling her to overflowing, she was grabbing at her pussy and saying, "Don't stop baby, don't stop…make me come baby…yes…yes…love…love…give momma your love…oh God, I'm filled with you in me…yes love …yes…" I felt the trembling of her flesh as I held her hips and knew from earlier in the night that it signaled her orgasm. Even though I had finished coming, I stayed hard in her tight grip and stroked her until I heard her final exhale into completion. When we were both done, I collapsed on her back and said, "Oh wow…nobody ever did that to me before."

Mom laughed with relief, "And nobody ever did that to me before either." And then she really started laughing. When she finished, she said to me, "Well so much for starting off slow."

No, we didn't start slow, and we had some hurdles to overcome in starting our new life, but it's been the best year I could have imagined. No, it hasn't always been easy, but it

has been wonderful, and I see that happiness isn't somewhere you get to, it's finding satisfaction in looking for it, with someone you love. It's the good times, and the hard times, and doing it all together. And that's been good enough for mom and me.

THE END

Mom Takes Three Strikes

My mother's name is Melissa; we all called her 'Missy' when we didn't call her mom. Everyone in my family had a nickname except for dad (probably because he was the one who gave them out). We were four boys and no girls. My oldest brother Phillip was called 'Bossman' - and he was. I for one always did what he told me. He doesn't really fit into this story because he moved out when dad did and I saw very little of him as I grew up. They were gone by the time I was eleven. Phillip was nine years older than I and he never slept with mom.

Johnny was 'Dragon' or 'D.Man', probably because he seemed to breathe fire when he was angry (often) and had a fierce temperament. He and dad never got along and at nineteen, he was the one mom took to her bed after dad left. I always liked him because he took me to the movies all the time told me all about the stars. I saw him kiss mom once and D.'s hand ran down over her behind. At eleven, I wasn't quite sure what was going on but I knew something was. I heard some strange explanations when I saw Johnny coming out of mom's room one morning but I learned that

we didn't talk about it and we certainly didn't mention it outside the house. I got all the details seven years later.

Dragon left and got married about a year and half after dad and the Boss left. I was almost thirteen then and I was turned on to the max by his new wife Karin who was dark haired and big breasted like mom. I visited them a lot when they first got married just to look at Karin. I think she knew why I looked at her so much but she thought I was 'cute' and always had a warm smile for me.

Things got heavy and complicated when only Tango and I were left in the house with mom. It wasn't hard to see why dad had called Paul, 'Tango'. He loved music and never stopped dancing. He was thin as a rail and I don't think I ever saw him stand still. At the time I found Tango in my mother's bed, He was twenty three and she was forty three. When I saw what I saw, I was sixteen and I wished I was him.

Missy makes you look twice. She has large almond shaped eyes and that's what probably defines her look. When she's made up, her expressive face, full lips and jet-black hair (helped a little now) makes her look like an exotic princess.

Even without the curves of her body, she exudes a sensuous aura. The curves are there; I was aware of them from a very young age. One of my favorite things was when she would hug me to her breasts and tell me, “You’re Missy’s little man.”

When I got older, my fantasies always began at her breasts. I would hold them and run my fingers over them until her long nipples stiffened. I probably imagined them to be long because you could see their outline through most of her bras; my imagination turned out to be more right than wrong.

My name is Greg but I never heard anything but ‘Babe’ or ‘Baby’ when anyone in my family called me. I was the ‘surprise’. After having three boys, three years running, I guess my parents decided to call it quits. Seven years later, I showed up (plans…ahh yes)

At sixteen, it was no longer a mystery what Tango and my mother were doing in the middle of the night; I wanted to see. In the years since sexual awareness had descended on

me, thoughts of my mother were never percolating far from the surface. I thought she was unspeakably sexy and obviously so did Tango and the Dogman. Dad probably once did too but he decided to trade her in for a ten year younger version when he moved into his CEO position.

It still makes me laugh to think what I went through to watch them that night. I almost killed myself. Mom's bedroom is at the back of the house on the second floor. There is a skylight – enough said? I looked down and Tango was on top of her doing what he was always doing, moving. He was in her and her legs were wrapped around my brother's back. I almost came because I started moving and my cock was pressed against the roof. I waited for him to get off her so I could see her naked. When he did, it looked like she had pushed him off. He threw on his pants, said a few words to her and left. Mom sat up over her knees and her elbows covered her breasts. Her face was in her hands. I couldn't see much and I was distracted because she looked like she was crying. I found out a few days later why.

I confronted Tango when we were alone. He was the one who was the nicest to me and I could come to him when I was in trouble, but this was different. My heart was beating hard when I said, “I want to know about you and mom…I want to know what its like.”

I could tell he was about to play dumb and deny it but he probably heard in my voice that I wasn’t going to be bluffed so he started with, “Look Babe, it’s complicated and you’re too young for this now…when you get older we’ll talk about it…” He started walking away. I grabbed his arm.

“Tango, I want to know now…she’s my mother…and I live here too…and I heard her crying when you were in there…”

“Man…you know…she’s moody…she’s always crying…oh shit, all right…we sleep together sometimes…I know you know it…we have sex…but it’s getting to be too much, I never know what she wants…one day she wants it then she goes off and says I’m not sincere – whatever that means, so then I can’t go near her for a week…I’m tired of it and anyway she knows I have a couple of girls at work… so I told her I was going to move out soon…but you’ll come visit me won’t you

Babe?" He gave me an affectionate slap and did a few steps as if he was boxing. I wanted to ask him what it was like to fuck our mother, actually be inside her but I knew he wouldn't answer. It didn't keep me from getting hard just thinking about it.

When Tango left, I moved into mom's bedroom and fucked her every night – in my fantasies. Actually in reality, for two years the closest I got to that was having talks with her about how I should behave with girls and what women like. Mom went out with lots of guys and most of it amounted to nothing. She always acted just like the Missy I always knew but I could never look at her and not think of Dog and Tango being inside her and why she didn't want me to do it too. I guess I built up some resentment over that one. It was a hard two years for me until they passed.

I was surprised when I heard a key in the lock at 9P.M. on a Saturday night. "Mom" I said, "Are you okay; why are you home so early?"

"Oh honey, I think I'm just going to give up...it's ridiculous...just a waste of time."

“What is Missy?”

“Going out…the whole man-woman thing…it just gets worse instead of better. I don’t just mean just tonight, which was a disaster, but…I don’t know…they all want to get in your pants and then when they do they haven’t the slightest idea…oh I’m just rambling…forget it…if not for you baby I would think there isn’t a man worth the time of day…I don’t think I’ll ever find someone to love this way…probably the sanest thing I could do would be just to give up sex.”

“Mom, you’re just forty five…somehow I don’t think that’s going to happen…not with your track record.” She laughed.

That kind of banter between us wasn’t unusual. We’d started talking her sex life – without the details of course and my sex life – which didn’t have too many details.

“I have an idea” I joked, “Why don’t I become your boyfriend and then you’ll have a guy you can depend on and I’ll have the best looker I’ll ever get.”

She came over and kissed my head, “You’re so sweet Baby.”

Of course it was a dismissive kiss, given without an inkling that I wasn’t joking at all. The hard evidence of that was in my pants. The low-cut black dress had set me off, but she didn’t have to wear sexy clothes to set me off. I knew what was underneath even if she wore flannel pajamas; beautiful pink tipped breasts and what I now thought of as the ‘succulent’ pussy that I’d seen fleetingly…the best body I could ever hope to fuck… And that’s exactly what I wanted to do.

I guess because of my brothers the ‘she’s my mother’ thing never meant anything to me and I really wanted her no matter what. At that point I was ready to translate fantasy into reality. I started planning how I would become Missy’s lover; and I hoped my plans didn’t turn out like most plans - a list of things that don’t happen.

My first ploy was to do things with her I had never done; she didn't have many girlfriends and kept pretty much to herself. Now I said "yes" when she asked if I wanted to go to a movie on the weekend. I said "yes" to lunch with her when we both had a day off together. I even agreed to go shopping with her. I complimented her on her dress and on her looks. I once even went so far as to tell her she had great boobs. I saw her face color as she gave me a playful smack on the arm.

I became her confidant, I listened to all her problems at work and I was there when things didn't work out with her dates. Whenever she started seeing someone more than a few times, I did everything I could to sabotage it. I went out and had a good time and came home to tell her all kind of sob stories about how lonely I was and how nothing was working out for me either. (I know what you're probably thinking - it gets worse) Soon she was depending on me emotionally and I began trading on that.

It started with, longer and longer hugs, telling her how comforting she was for me and moved to 'just' a caress here or there because I found her so beautiful (at least that part was true) finally I had a long talk with her. I picked a time

when I could see that she was feeling particularly down about her life; in other words, at her most vulnerable.

Basically the story I gave her was that I was distraught over my feelings for her, I wanted her and I couldn't get on with my life because of it. I told her I knew about her and my two brothers and it 'hurt me so' that she didn't love me as much as them. I laid it on pretty thick.

She said, "Oh Baby, of course I love you as much…it's probably wrong to say it but you were always the special one to me…my Baby…what happened with your brothers shouldn't have happened but with D. it was only a few times. Baby I was so distraught over your father leaving me for a younger woman and that was just my way of getting back at him, even though it was the wrong way. And after a few years I just wanted love so badly but it didn't work out with Tango because he wanted other things. Oh Babe, I love you…but how can I…not with you too…?"

I kept the pressure on her using guilt, love, need, and any other straw I could grasp. Missy, being the loving,

sympathetic person she was, after considerable 'back and forth', agreed to 'comfort' me.

We were sitting at the table and I brought my chair by her and began kissing her. A few minutes after out tongues began playing she said, "If we're going to do this thing Baby, let's do it right. Give me a few minutes and then let's get this out of your system once and for all. I'm afraid, baby boy, that your old momma isn't quite what you've made her out to be in your fantasies, but here's your chance to find out. After tonight I know you're going to go out and find a girl that can make you happy. Missy disappeared into her bedroom.

When I went in, she was sitting on the bed absolutely naked in a half-lotus. Her cleanly shaved pussy glistened in full view. She was rubbing lubricant on her fingers and smiling. She said, "At forty five, I'm afraid I'm not as wet as I used to be at twenty; and with that thing…" She smiled and nodded toward my cock. "Come here Baby."

I said, "What do you mean, mom?"

“Don’t play ‘cute’ with me” she smiled, “I’ve seen that bulge enough times to know what you have there.” I went up to her and she undid my pants pulling them down. I kicked them off and my mother closed her fist around my width lightly coating the length of my shaft. There was a hint of lemon in the air. After two or three strokes, she stopped. Under any other circumstances that act alone could have kept me going with fantasies for a month but these weren’t ordinary circumstances; I was about to fuck Missy.

I bent to kiss her and I was a bit ashamed because the kiss from her was so loving, and giving, and sweet. It didn’t stop me but it did slow me down. I didn’t grab and pounce as I had imagined because she sat me down next to her and tasted my lips and mouth, using her tongue to explore and tease. Her hand went under my shirt and ran over my chest stopping at the nipples to play. She lifted off my shirt and suckled, giving me a tingle.

Her dark hair was up and the silver hoops in her ears set off her nakedness. Her well-rounded breasts sat surprisingly high on her chest for a forty-five year old and the uninterrupted color of her skin from her face down to her toes was beautiful. It was probably the most erotic sight I

had ever seen. As we kissed, I fondled her breasts while still managing to run my hands over every inch of her. She made small sounds in my mouth.

My cock was straining and she laid her hand on it, hardly moving. I stretched my mom's erect nipple between my fingers and then cupped the heavy breast raising it to my encircling lips as she began to writhe. I sucked on it and moved the hardened nipple around with my tongue. Missy sounded like she was enjoying it.

My cock seemed to move of its own volition as it sought my mother's massage. She smiled at me and said I was 'lovely down there'. If I wasn't crazy enough by then, that did it. I moved to get on top of her to get what I came for but she slipped out before I could get my cock into her. She turned me on my back and as I reclined she said, "Soon Baby, soon."

She used her tongue all over me. She started at my feet and worked her way up to my eyes never touching my cock. When she was through she went to my center. She started with her tongue under my balls and licked and pressed

using the tip to tease its way along my shaft. She reached the tip with her tongue and took the pre-cum that had appeared into her mouth. When I thought it was as close to torture as it could be, she finally took the head into her mouth. I must have let out a noise of relief because my mother gave a little laugh with my cock still in her mouth. She held the shaft and sucked the top. I knew that if she would have rubbed up and down even once I would have shot into her mouth but I guess she knew that too.

She released my cock and then she straddled me, walking on her knees to bring her pussy to my face. I took her in my mouth and saw her close her eyes in satisfaction. I teased the flower of my mother's pussy to open for me. More than once she had told me about how little most men knew about the female anatomy. I had memorized the map and worked my tongue lovingly across the territory, finally reaching under her hood to the swelling button of her clit.

I gently pressed and prodded, circling and licking the engorged nub as she said, "Yes Baby…yes…there…there…" She let out a high pitched squeal and I could feel her shudder through my hands that rested in the small of her back as she came. She looked at me with a bit of surprise

and said, “Ooh that was quick…I didn’t expect to come that fast…or that good.” I looked into a smile I had never seen on my mother’s flushed face before.

She flipped off me and was on her back with her legs opened when she said, “Okay honey; now come put your love into your mamma.” I didn’t need an engraved invitation. I brought my cock up the entrance of her pussy and she took it in hand. It went from hard to steel.

I penetrated my mother’s pussy and I slid into juice that wasn’t artificial lubrication; she was wet. It made me feel wonderful to think that my Missy was wet for me. I pushed my cock deeper into her hole and she said, “Mmmm…I didn’t know if I could do this for you…but I’m glad baby…it’s good to have you inside me…you feel so right for me…oh yes…do that… deep into your mamma…fill me sweetheart…” Looking at my mother’s pussy lips move over my cock as I pressed in deeper was one of the sweetest things I had ever seen. I reached to the end of her channel and ground my hips until I heard a little screech from her. When I closed my eyes, I had to keep telling myself that I was actually inside my mother’s pussy to keep from thinking it was just another fantasy.

I gave her long strokes that traveled the whole length of both of us. Her noises were exciting me more than seemed possible. Even when I had fantasized about fucking her, I didn't imagine her enjoying it as much as she was. My cock was up inside my mother's wet cunt and she wasn't just letting me fuck her, she was loving the fucking I was giving her. That thought was enough to make me come. Just as I heard her sounds get urgent, I lost control. I pumped repeatedly into her and let a torrent of cum fill her pussy. She held me for a long time.

My sleep that night, instead of exhausted tranquility, was torn by a disturbing dream; Tango came back and he wanted mom again. She said that the only way to settle it would be for us both to have her. Mom was on top of me in the dream. I was in her pussy and then Tango put his dick in her ass. His cock was very long and slim and when he pumped her she told him he was the best and how much she missed having him do her. Stupid as it sounds; I woke up pissed off at her until she finally got me to tell her what I was upset about.

She said, “Listen to me Baby, you can’t drive yourself crazy about the past; it happened but it’s done…I love your brothers but this is different…God I hope it’s different because…Baby, you’re the one I want…the one I want to be with…the one I want loving me.” Her hand was in my pants before I could think and soon there was very little thinking going on.

During the next three days, I had more sex than I had had in the three years since I had become sexually active. I fucked her by every whim that struck me. It was a marathon I thought would never end. On the fourth morning, I got up late and came into the kitchen in my briefs. Missy was dressed and just about ready to leave for work. She looked sexy in the dark suit and stockings. I was feeling cocky and hot. Without even acknowledging the wonders of the night before or even a “good morning” I said, “How about a suck before you leave?” She looked at me strangely but I wasn’t thinking or paying attention. She came to me and sucked me.

That night, even tough the subtle changes in her attitude over the past few days had registered at some level, I chose to ignore them. We were in bed and I had her pussy once.

After about fifteen minutes, I got an urge and said, “Turn over mom, I think I’ll fuck you in the ass.” She sat up and a hard look covered her face.

“I think you won’t” she seethed as she slapped me across the face as hard as I’ve ever been hit. I was stopped in shock. I had never seen her raise her hand in my whole life. I mumbled something to the effect that we didn’t have to if she didn’t want to and she said, “You don’t understand shit do you…DO YOU?” Tears started rolling down her face. At that point she was absolutely right; I didn’t understand shit.

It took a few days until civility returned to the house despite my apologies, which fell on deaf ears – mostly because I really didn’t know what I was apologizing for. When I got up enough courage and stupidity to put my hand on her, I got that look again and she said, “Listen up, I am NEVER having sex with you again…or anyone else for that matter.”

It was weeks before an inkling of what had happened dawned on me. As the days went by, my thoughts kept turning to all the mundane things that had made up our lives. “It would be nice if Missy was home to talk to; it would

be nice if we could watch a video together." Hell, I even wanted to go shopping with her. My most recurrent thought became, "Fuck me; what an asshole I am." I had used her like they had used her; I had screwed her and I never realized what she was trying to give me. Sex is great but after you come, it's over; love is there forever. My mother was trying to give me forever.

Now I knew what to apologize for and I knew what I really wanted. I loved her, and I wanted for us to love each other. (Okay, okay, I wanted the sex too.) We talked about it for days and when she saw my sincerity, she forgave me but…the most I was getting was a kiss and a hug.

It was strange but it was okay. I told her "Mom, I'm giving it up too." She looked at me uncomprehendingly. "That right mom, I'm giving up sex because if I can't have it with you, I don't want it from anyone else. I'd rather be with you this way than not at all…it's okay…because I love you mom." She gave me a beautiful kiss and "no" we didn't have sex…then.

We went for four months (Which seemed like forty years) without sex. I watched her breasts and legs and ass get more desirable each day without a remark or touch. I loved her; I meant it and she came to know it. When 'The Trial,' as I came to call it, was over, we were sitting in a park just looking out at the lake and my mother simply said, "It's time Baby; let's go home." She kissed me with promises.

We went home and made some noise. I never regretted waiting because it made what came after, lastingly precious and intense. As soon as we got into the house mom unzipped me. She went down on her knees and I watched my cock disappear into her saliva filled mouth.

It was slow and deliberate as my mother's wet tongue painted from underneath my balls to the tip, slathering the shaft as she went. She almost swallowed the knob in her attempt to take me down. The pulsing suction on the helmet sensitized the shaft to its base. She moved her head slowly and the softness inside her mouth massaged my cock. The combination of being sucked that way and the fact that it was my mother who was doing the sucking took me to a fever pitch. I reveled in it until I knew I would have to pull out of her mouth or come. I wanted more of her

before I came so I urged her up and took her in my arms. I looked into the face of love and kissed her with passion and longing; I'd found a lost treasure.

I lifted her skirt and exposed the creamy thighs that showed above the dark stockings. When her panties were off, she took my hand and placed it over globes of her ass. She said, "I think we have some unfinished business my love."

I pressed a finger against the tender pucker and said, "Yes mom…I know…I know."

We were discarding the rest of our clothes as we started up to the bedroom and never actually made it. As she walked up the stairs, I put my hand between her legs and held her pussy, rubbing her wet center and pushing my fingers in and out of her. She stopped and put her hands on the stairs while opening herself to me. She said, "Yes Baby…make mamma's pussy cream…do it honey…do it."

I sank my cock in her wet hole and drove it in. I held her beautiful tit in my hand and rubbed across her stiffened

nipple as my shaft was held in the loving grasp of my mother's pussy. I said, "I love you mom…I love being with you…I love being in you… I want you for everything…is that what you want mom?"

"Yes love, it's what I want too…I want to love you and feel you loving me like this…showing me your love…feeling your cock in me like this…filling me…fucking me…loving me…" I took my wet cock out of her and spread her ass. I loved the sight of my mother's two beautiful pinkish openings. I put my finger against the smaller one and pushed past the ring with a short firm push. My mother let out a loud, "OH" and then said, "Yes baby…yes…inside…everywhere inside me…" One long firm push and my cock was inside my mother. I wanted to stay there forever. Her flesh was wrapped around my flesh and every movement sent signals of pleasure throughout our bodies; each stroke of mine that filled her opening connected us, drawing us toward one beating heart.

I pushed to the end and just held my cock deep inside her and said, "Do you know that I love you mom…do you know it now…can you feel it when I fuck you mom?" My cock was on fire as I stuffed her with it.

“Yes baby…I know it …I feel it…I feel it…yes love…yes…and your mother loves you…with everything I have…all of me…for you Baby…to have, and to fuck, and to love…oh sweetheart…it’s so hard in me Baby…so hard and so hot and so good…keep loving me and fucking me…keep fucking me…keep…oh…oh…fill me with your cum Baby… fill me…fill me now…fill your mamma…OH…I’m coming love…I’m coming…” My mother came and the spasms of her pussy were quickly followed by the first thrust that began filling her with my cum, and with my love. With each succeeding push up into her center I released more thick juice to commingle with her own.

That night, we made love to make up for all the lost time. When I looked at my mother’s naked sleeping body, it wasn’t with desire; it was with an overwhelming need. I had to wake her; I had to fuck her, I had to love her. Each intertwining and each joining connected us past the physical. At one point as I reached out for her she laughed, “You can’t want me again…?” My hard cock assured her that I did. Neither of us got enough until we both fell into an exhausted morning sleep.

We awoke to the sweetest of mornings. We kissed for an hour before getting out of bed. I touched her pussy once and she laughed as she jumped because it was so sore. That day was the longest 'high' I'd ever been on. We spent every minute of that day together. When we walked, Missy's body aligned with mine; from her shoulder to her hip she leaned against me and we stepped together in perfect rhythm. We shopped for groceries to make dinner together.

By nightfall I was hungry for her. Missy went to bathe but I didn't want to be away from her; I sat by the tub as she languished in the warm water. Her skin glistened with the light reflecting from the bath. Her breasts appeared even fuller and rounder in their slightly buoyant state. I reached for one and fondled the warm flesh as her legs responsively opened. Her hand seemed to go almost involuntarily between her legs as I pulled on the pinkened nipple. She gently moved two fingers down over the hooded clit and along her slitted opening. I cupped her tit and began massaging as her fingers entered her hole.

I came near to her face and kissed around her ear and whispered, “Put your finger in your ass.” She obeyed with a sigh as she found the small opening after raising her knees. My tongue played in her ear as I told her “You can’t know how much I love you…sweet Missy…sweet mom.” I could see her wrist pressing and moving on her clit as her finger explored along the channel of her ass. I urged her in whispers, “Come for me baby…you’re my ‘Baby’ now too…come for your love…”

I reached down, took her hand and placed it over her clit. I replaced the finger in her ass with my own and said, “Come for me…let me feel you come…come beautiful Missy…”

“Yes love…yes…you make me come…when you’re inside my pussy…or your tongue is on my clit…or your finger… deep in my ass…yes love…ohhhhhh…” She held the word as a long exhaled cry while the water rippled in response to her shuddering orgasm. I kissed her face that was beaded with moisture and ended on her wet lips, licking and sucking them until her hand reached behind my head to press me into an insistent kiss that she didn’t want to leave. When she broke the kiss, I saw her eyes fill and she said, “I don’t

deserve you." I told her she was crazy because I was the lucky one.

I was happy. I went to work happy and I came home happy. I wasn't totally naïve; I knew that down the road something usually lurked, slouching, waiting, and I knew enough not to go out looking for it. When it came, I wasn't ready.

Dragon had asked me to water his plants and feed the cats while he was away with Karin on a trip. I was finishing up and started looking at the titles of his perfectly arranged videos when I noticed three of them a bit forward from the others. I pushed at them to even the line but they wouldn't move. I reached behind and there was one marked lightly in pencil, "Missy". Only Dragon's obsession for order would have made him write that instead of "Gone with the Wind" or #272.

My heart raced, and what chance did I have not to watch it? I put it on and the first thing that appeared was a close-up of mom with dragon's cock in her mouth. I knew this had to be before me but I was still jealous - and excited. Missy was seated, sucking him and cupping his balls as he pulled

on her tits. It lasted only a minute or so and then there was a cut and the scene shifted.

Dragon and Karin were laughing as they sixty-nined. I didn't want to watch and fast forwarded until another cut appeared. Missy was now on a bed with her legs held high and apart; the lighting was different from the first one with her. Dragon was holding Missy's ankles and fucking her. I was frozen in fascination and caught by the intensity of their voices. Dragon said, "Oh Missy… I need you so much…I need this so much…you're the only good thing in my life…"

I heard her answer, "I'm here for you Johnny…I'm here…momma's here." As I watched them fuck my eye caught something at the corner of the frame. A part of a nightstand showed and on it was statue of a black bird. It was the replica of the Maltese Falcon that I had given Dragon for his birthday only a month before. I broke out in a sweat and they continued fucking.

With every stab of Dragon's cock into my mother's pussy she was calling out, "Johnny…Johnny…Johnny…with every stab of Dragon's cock into my mother's pussy, a knife went

into my heart. I shut off the video as a wave of nausea struck and I went up to the bedroom, hoping I was hallucinating. FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, there it was; the damned black bird on the nightstand. I found where he had the camera hidden and I threw it so hard to the floor it bounced into three pieces.

I wondered what I would have done if either of them had been within striking distance. I still wanted to think of myself as rational, and after calming I decided that I couldn't hurt either of them no matter what they had done. I thought, "I guess I can't force her to love me…and I had no right to expect it." It gave me a moment of peace and profound sadness.

I took the video with me to confront my mother. She was out; waiting for that hour was hell. I paced, fumed, and resigned myself as I formulated my accusations and diatribe. I had every word planned out but when she came in, the only thing that escaped my choking throat was, "How could you…how could you?" After many exhortations I finally told her what I knew.

My mother's face turned ashen and then she reached for me and said, "Oh Baby…oh Baby…it's not what you think…" I pulled away and started screaming at her as a torrent of tears and a wail passed through the hands that attempted to cover her face and mouth.

"Not what I think…not what I think…I don't think… I watched you fucking him…I watched you blowing him…you fucking whore…you…" I sat down defeated after the last of my exploding expletives stopped resounding off the walls.

Then my mother's tear choked words came in fits and starts, "Oh Baby…I love you…I'm so sorry you found out…I would never want to hurt you…but Johnny was in such pain…you don't know what he's been going through…Karin doesn't love him…she won't even have sex with him…he's been calling me and telling me how unhappy he is…and how much he needs me…he's my son too Baby and I felt so bad for him…He begged me come over and I did…only once…he begged me…he needed me…I did it but afterwards I told him…I told him it was a mistake…I couldn't love him that way ever again…because I love you…I love you…oh Baby, I'm so sorry…so sorry…"

I believed her. I showed her the scene of Dragon and Karin and she was angry at how he had used her; she was crying. I believed her and I held her. I believed her and I made love to her.

I undressed her as she cried softy. I touched her as I took her to our bed. I stroked her and opened her legs as she whimpered. I licked her pussy as her unending apologies to me streamed. I took her clit into my mouth and she calmed, and she came. I held her.

We each confronted Dragon separately and over the coming months we were both convinced that he was sincerely sorry for what he called his 'thoughtless and selfish' actions. Even when you love someone, it isn't easy. It took months of talking and loving before we had put it in the place called 'behind us'.

That was all a while ago and last night we celebrated our first year together in our new place. We celebrated in the way we always have, with wine and love. We planned to

celebrate by going out; we ended up celebrating by staying in.

We had our first toast and sitting across the table from her, I was struck all over again at how beautiful her smile was and how fortunate I was. I marveled at the body that filled out the dress she wore; the inviting full breasts over her still slim waist. I surveyed her long legs and thighs in nylons that caught the light playing over the curves of her calves…and that gentle smile…always that loving, gentle smile.

I walked behind her and kissed her neck resting my hand across as much of both breasts as I could. Even under the coarse cotton, the give under my pressing hand revealed the smooth softness beneath. I kissed her cheeks and could feel her face widen into that intoxicating smile. I began unbuttoning the dress and we both knew we would be in for the night. She turned and looked up into my face and said with almost pained seriousness, “I’m so glad you still want me.”

I felt my throat tighten as I told her how much I loved her. I unhooked her bra and took the dress off her shoulders. I

looked over the top of her bare breasts and saw her nipples stiffen to my touch. I ran my palm over each and heard a smiling “Mmmmmm….” in response. She said, “I like when you touch me like that love.”

I said, “Come with me honey” and took her hand. She stepped out of her dress and we walked to our bedroom. Seeing her bare-breasted in stockings and heels was almost enough to make me come. We stood and kissed slowly as we sought the familiar places our hands liked to go to; her hands rested on my ass as mine fondled the big tits I could never get enough of. Her tongue never stopped moving in my mouth whenever we kissed and it always excited me.

I took her panties down and she undressed me while she told me, “I want you inside me Baby…deep in me…like only you can be…” She came to my ear and whispered, “…fucking me…fucking me…” I held her pussy in my palm as she spoke; I felt her wetness…and she felt my hardness.

I kneeled a bit and she helped my cock find her hole. She wrapped her legs around me as I lifted her onto my shaft. My hands under her ass steadied her as she locked onto my

mouth. I liked the feel of her nylons on my skin. I bounced her some and she laughed into my mouth as we fell over onto the bed. She unlocked her ankles to give me deeper access into her pussy.

With my shaft engulfed in my mother, I wondered at how new it always felt when I was inside her. I had been in her so many times and yet that first deep plunge was always surprising…electrifying. I was deliberate with the long, slow, deep strokes that ran my shaft along the grasping walls of her channel. I kept up that pace until she asked for more. I gave her more and then more until I felt us both driving to the edge. I stopped deep inside her while I licked her lips and kissed her mouth, trying to keep her moving hips from making us both come. When I felt I could, I started again.

There are only so many times you can do that without being triggered to come. The need overwhelmed me when I felt my mother stiffen in anticipation of her orgasm. She raised her hips forcing my cock to her limit. It was more a cry than a moan that escaped her lips as my first stream released into her welcoming hole. "Yes Baby…yes…" she said in a deep guttural whisper, "…my best Baby…for your

momma…do it for your momma…in my pussy…I love you in me…coming in me…I love this…oh love…oh…”

There is no better feeling than fucking my mother and there is no sweeter sound than her enjoying it. As my cum poured into her, I opened my eyes to watch the pleasure on her face and the sight of a mother lovingly accepting her son into her pussy. Her legs wrapped around me and held me tightly; her arms wrapped around me and held me tightly. My mother’s love wrapped around me and held me tight.

I marvelled at how lucky I was to be loved by Missy and I still marvel, every day. And we were lucky that sometimes three strikes doesn’t mean you’re out…We gave it another chance and now we’re both safe…and home.

THE END

Mom's Cure

Up until I was almost nineteen, I could only remember one time where I truly experienced life. Now I'm not complaining about my childhood or upbringing or anything like that; we were fortunate enough to have enough of the necessities. What I'm talking about is joy, when your heart is bursting and you love everyone and everything; and I'm talking about fear, when you think you're whole world is about to crumble around you. I'm talking about feeling them both at the same time. It was the night I slept with mom.

We were both worried that night because she was going into the hospital the next day. It began with the headaches. It was unusual because I never remember my mother being sick, not even a cold. She just always went to work and did what she had to do.

At first the doctors thought they were migraines. I used to sit with her in the dark bedroom putting cool wet washcloths over her eyes. She said it made her feel better

knowing I was there. They gave her different meds but the headaches came back and then got worse. Finally they figured out that a small nodule was putting pressure on a nerve. They said they'd have to do a procedure to know exactly what it was. Even though they said it was unlikely, the told my mother that depending on what they found, it could possibly be 'dangerous' was the word they used so they wouldn't have to say 'life threatening.'

Mom had never been in a hospital and even with the tranquilizer they'd given her the night before she was scheduled to go in, she couldn't sleep. I heard her calling me and when I went into her bedroom she said, "Tom, could you stay with me please, I don't want to be alone…maybe until I fall asleep?" I started to bring a chair and she said, "No, come sit up here."

I sat on the bed and she moved closer to me getting into a curled position. I could actually feel her trembling through the bed. It was early summer and the second floor walk-up apartment was warm. "Are you cold mom?" I asked.

“I’m…oh I guess I’m a little worried. Could you hold me for a minute?” I moved down a bit and she came into my arms and I held her. She was still trembling and I could feel the moisture on her body through the sheet that was between us.

I told her, “You’re all wet, no wonder you’re cold; why don’t you change?”

She said, “Okay, yes I should; thanks. Would you get me a tee shirt from the top drawer please?”

I turned on the small lamp and handed her one of the oversized tee shirts she always wore to bed. She sat up to change. I turned my back but I could still see her in the mirror. As she began lifting the damp tee shirt I got excited at the thought of seeing her breasts. I flashed back to my younger days when I first became sexually aware. She was always big busted and many times I had gotten hard looking at her. Although I’d never seen her bare breasts, she usually wore a thin cotton robe after her shower without a bra. If she’d cross her arms just right, I could see the whole

contour of breasts and nipples. It had bothered me at the time that I had those kinds of thoughts about my mother.

One time I must have been staring; I don't remember exactly what she asked me, but I almost admitted to her that I was aroused looking at her and did she think that it was bad. I never ended up saying anything but I kept on looking. After a while it stopped bothering me. It just turned me on and she became one of the objects of my masturbatory fantasies.

When she pulled the tee over her head, I had a perfect view. My gaze froze on my mother's full breasts. They were beautiful. Her nipples were erect from the chill she had and the total effect was mesmerizing. She put the dry tee on and said. "Come back and close the light."

She held me again without the sheet between us and said, "Mmmm, that's better, thank you." She started talking softly and moving every now and then to adjust her position. "I'm sure I'll be all right, but you know, if anything happens to me I have a policy…"

“Mom, nothing’s going to happen, you’re going to be fine.”

“Of course honey … ” A long stream of sentences ran together until she was out of breath, evidencing her nervousness. “Oh Tommy, I tried my best; I only wish I could have given you more. It was always just you and I after he left us. I did my best and you were always so good, never any trouble…”

I cut in and said, “You’re a great mom; it’s all going to be okay.” I took a breath. “And I love you.” It wasn’t something I said very often and she was stopped by it. I gave her a kiss and she got teary.

“Oh Tommy, I’m…” I know that she didn’t want to worry me so she stopped short of actually saying she was afraid. I held her tighter and she was moving. I became aware of her breasts and her legs and her belly on me. I was getting hard. I kissed her head and she moved her face up for more as she kissed me back. And then I was really kissing her and she was kissing me back.

She began pulling at my shirt as I lifted off the tee she had just put on. The only light in the room came from under door but it was enough for me too see the desire on her face and her still young body. As soon as our clothes were off we went directly to the connection we both wanted. Her eyes were closed and she was just breathing hard and saying, “Ohh, ohh” again and again.

Mom’s legs were opened and I was on top of her. We were both reaching for my cock to put it into her. She got to it first. The initial entry was exquisite. I was in my mother’s warm wet pussy and she rambled between her soft moans. “Tommy…it’s been so long since someone held me like this…loved me like this.” It had been even longer for me; actually it had been forever. That was my first time. Everything was so strange that night; the fact that the first pussy I had ever been in was my mother’s registered somewhere in my head and I thought ‘It’s crazy - but I’m glad.’

I was as stiff and long as I could remember but long wouldn’t describe the amount of time it took me to come. Each penetration that slid the length of my cock into my

mother's pussy brought me closer. Each time she clasped me and ground her hips into me brought me closer.

It was so unreal. In all my fantasies, I never really expected to actually have my mouth on hers or my hands on her and there I was with my cock in her. I was between my mother's legs; in her pussy at that moment, the most unbelievable part was that she wanted me there.

I was fucking my own mother and it felt good; it even felt right. Nothing in my young life had ever felt as right as being in that woman, at that time. I was overwhelmed by it all: the sight of her naked body, the sound of my cock moving in and out between her legs, and the feel of her hands grasping and stroking and digging her nails into me. It really wasn't long before I was saying, "Mom…mom…mom…I'm coming…I'm coming."

I heard my own voice as if it was off in the distance as I released the first jet of sperm into my mother's belly. One volley followed the other as slowly I became aware of my mother's voice and the realization hit me, how many times had I come, fantasizing about being inside a woman? And

the wildest fantasy of all was coming true; I was coming in my mother's pussy.

She was saying, "Yes love, yes sweetheart…yes darling…" in answer to my calls to her. She never stopped moving and she had my ass in her hands and was pressing me into her. She kissed me and said, "Tell me you love me; tell me."

"I love you mama. I love you." She kept talking and moving and touching me, holding me tight inside her. It seemed only minutes until I was aroused again and I hardened inside her.

The second time I lasted lots longer. I could hear the smile in her voice when I started moving in her and she said, "Yes baby, you want your mama again, don't you?"

As I got stiffer, I drew in and out and said, "Yes mama, I think I've always wanted you." The second time I could follow her directive movements. The second time I could inhale her fragrance and feel the velvety skin of her breasts

and legs and belly. The second time I could hear my mother coming all over my cock. The second time was sweet.

My mother fell asleep in my arms and although I woke up hard a few times, I didn't wake her. I was worried about the next day and I wanted her to rest. I couldn't believe I might lose her.

We woke up to the alarm I didn't know what to say so I didn't say anything. I watched her as she dressed and she just gave me a slight distracted smile. We had some coffee and then I drove her downtown. The six hours it took to process her in to the hospital and then wait, and wait, until the procedure was finally done, was years long. When the doctor told me she was fine and it wasn't what they thought, the relief flooded me. When she was back in her room and I went in, she said, "I'm okay baby…I'm okay."

I hugged her and said, "I know mom; the doctor told me." I couldn't say anything else for a while.

After we collected ourselves she said, “I have to tell you something Tommy…” I figured that was coming and I knew she was going to tell me how our night together was a mistake and how we should never do it again. I was ready for it.

My mother held my gaze and said, “After the doctor told me I was all right, I thought about what happened between us and I realized something. I thought I would be sorry and ashamed.” She paused and looked at me even harder and said, “I wasn’t. I wasn’t sorry at all. Honey, I don’t feel like I’m supposed to feel; I’m glad we made love. Tommy, I have to know what you think; are you sorry?”

I was never so happy to be wrong. “Mom, that was just the best thing…of course I’m not sorry…if we were home I’d jump on you right now.”

She laughed, “Well we’re going home soon and I decided something; I’m not going to waste another day with worrying about what people may think or what I’m supposed to think. I know what I feel and…what I want to feel.”

We kissed in the cab until we were a few blocks from home. We practically ran up the stairs and we were undressing each other before the door even closed. Before we started making love she said, “Tommy, promise me something…that you’ll tell me you love me everyday.”

I said, “That won’t be hard mom.” I kissed her face in a hundred different places and told her I loved her a hundred times. Finally our lips held and our tongues played. Then our hands played. I touched and stroked every inch of skin on her naked body.

We remained with our lips inches apart. I said, “You’re beautiful” and kissed her top lip.

She said, “You’re beautiful,” and kissed my top lip.

We played that game for about ten minutes until I had told her I loved every part of her and she had echoed it back. Then she said, “If it makes you more comfortable to call me Rachel, you could, it would be okay…I don’t mind.”

I said, “Is that what you want?”

“No but…”

“Mom, I’m not making believe I’m with someone else…I’m with you, you’re my mother and I love you. I want to feel my mother’s breasts and suck on her nipples, not a stranger’s or some fantasy girl. I want to be in my mother’s pussy, your sweet pussy, and I’m not sorry that that’s what I want.”

“Yes baby…I’m glad you want me, because I want you too.” She placed her hand over my cock and it sprang in response. She said, “Oh!”

I laughed and said, “What did you think would happen when a sexy woman touches a guy like that?”

She smiled warm and wide and said, “You were always such a sweetheart; that’s why I love you so much.”

When her bra was off, I sucked hard on her nipples and the usually pinkish color looked almost red against the fair skin of her breasts. I was amazed at how beautifully they sat. She said, “You always liked my breasts didn’t you Tommy?”

I said, “You knew that?”

She smiled, “I could see the way you looked at them. I didn’t like it when other men did it but I liked the way you looked at them. One night I even had the urge to just open my robe for you…I’m almost sorry I didn’t…but you have them now, don’t you baby?” She held one of her breasts and fed it to me.

I made appreciative noises as I continued sucking my mother’s tit. I took it into my mouth past the nipple as if I could devour the whole thing. I fondled the other one as I sucked and felt her nipple thickening in my mouth. I sucked on the very tip and then rolled it between my teeth. She squealed and laughed and I kissed her smiling mouth.

When I took her panties off and she was completely nude, I just took in the sight. She wasn't a nineteen year-old centerfold but she was even sexier than that to me. I liked the fine lines that had just begun to show around her dark eyes. I liked that her breasts were real, and heavy in their maturity. I liked that she had enough flesh to fill my hands when I held her ass. I said, "Mom you have a great body."

She waved me off and was a little embarrassed when she kissed me and said; "I don't, but thanks for saying it." Then, my fingers found every crease, crevasse, and hole and then that perfect moment again arrived and I was in my mother again, in my mother's warm, welcoming pussy. Without the tension of the night before, her pussy was a velvet hand holding my cock in its loving embrace. Our movements synchronized, as each thrust into her pussy seemed to reach deeper into her belly. We echoed each other's rhythms, and sounds, and pleasures.

Many times things have more than one meaning. That was the case with my mother and me. I realized that day, as I pushed into her, sinking my cock into her pussy, it was a son loving his mother as much a son fucking his mother.

And when she opened her legs for me and accepted my hardness into her, she wanted love, sex, and her son.

I saw another side of my mother. She was anxious to try things; she was playful and I got the feeling it was as new to her as it was to me. She moved in ways that gave me access to her pussy at all different angles, she lifted her leg over mine, turned herself, and then turned me. I rubbed along the walls of her pussy, the folds of her labia, and the hood of her clit. Each angle felt a little different, a little better. The more I had of her the more I wanted. When I was in her pussy I pressed all of me into her until I heard her moan, until she took all I could give her.

I was spooned into her when she said, “Come to momma’s mouth, baby.” I wasn’t sure what she meant but she directed me to straddle her and put my cock between her tits. As I stroked between the softness of her breasts, her mouth met my cock and with lickings and suckings, she tortured it, wondrously. Her warm wet mouth and long licking tongue seemed to be asking me to come but instinctively, she stopped. She could tell I was approaching orgasm and she released me from the saliva filled haven.

She showed me things, wonderful things. She taught me how to eat her. “There baby…there…no…yes…up…around…press…press…” I was a good student, I learned to please her secret places and before the day was over, my mother had come twice in my mouth. I loved the taste of her…the smell…the feel of that slick button on my tongue.

That night wasn’t a night for sleeping. If one of us would doze off for a while, they would be coaxed back with gentle kisses and touches. I remember kissing her along her back as she slept. When she felt the hardness of my cock on her ass she made small loving sounds as she lifted her leg to open herself for me. She was ready and wet even when she was half asleep. I took her pussy from behind and she responded as I reveled in the fleshy globes of my mother’s ass. I kneaded and massaged them apart as I pressed myself deep into her belly. I reached my arm around her so that I could stimulate her clit as I rode in and out of her from behind. I waited until I heard her breaths shorten and moans lengthen. I felt her begin to arch and let out a high whine before she said, “Come with me Tommy…come with me baby.”

I pumped fast and hard and said, “Yes mom…yes…yes…” as my cum poured into her pussy. After each time I came, I thought, ‘I must be fantasizing this.’ But there she was, beside me, my naked mother, kissing my wet cock…telling me she loved it.

During those first weeks it seemed like I wanted her every minute of the day and she was right there with me, or one step ahead. She loved the sex and she had a teenage enthusiasm for it. The only time she was shy was when we weren’t doing it. When we were in bed she would do and say anything, when we were out, she would smile shyly and even flush a bit if I reminded her of what we did.

Our sex life was so good for both of us. We indulged each other’s fantasies. She liked it in the kitchen where I found her more than once with an apron over her bra and panties. She’d hold on to the stove while I pumped her from behind and she’d lift her leg on the stool to give me access to her pussy.

I loved to see her dressed in stockings and heels all made up. She didn't wear much make-up generally but when she artfully put on that purple eye shadow and black mascara it made her black hair stand out even more. With deep red lipstick against her fair skin, I found her beautiful.

That outfit usually meant oral sex. It always seemed to follow after the first time it happened. I guess it was because she could tell how good it was for me. Mom got down on her knees and teased me hard. She took my balls alternately into her mouth and licked them while my cock strained. I looked down at that beautiful, sexy, made up doll, my lover who was my mother.

Mom smiled up at me and her expression told me that she was proud to be sucking her son's cock, proud to be a mother who was taking care of her son and making him feel good. I didn't think I could feel any better. My mother's mouth and hands rubbed, and licked, and sucked, and stroked me, until I was literally ready to explode into her mouth. And then she stopped for moment. As I looked down at my swollen saliva coated cock, it sprang and strained to finish. She said, "You're my beautiful boy…and

this is my beautiful long hard cock…hard for your mama…aren't you baby?"

I said, "Yes mama…it's hard for you…" she was running her tongue softly along the shaft and I wanted to come so badly I could have screamed. I took hold of my cock and put it to her lips.

As my mother opened her mouth she said, "Mmmm…yes baby come in mommy's mouth". I could hear the smile in her words. She moved my hand off and fisted the rod herself as she sucked hard on the thick knob.

I let out a crescendo of staccato 'Ohs.' The sound built with my impending release. She pumped as I came and my hips flexed. With each jet of cum I let go, I forced more of my cock into my mother's mouth. Her hard fisting and squeezing seemed to pump more cum into her mouth than I thought I had in me. It was probably the most intense orgasm I'd ever had up to then. I remember the stray white drop or two that sat on her red lips until she licked them away. I still get hard thinking about it.

For her, the best thing I could do was act the part of her husband. She loved being the wife and fantasizing about our marriage. I guess it was something she felt she had missed out on in her life. One night I came home with a gold plated band and it moved her so much. She kept looking at it on her finger and she didn't want to stop playing wife all night. Afterwards she wore it around the house, and on a chain under her clothes when she went to work. I loved to see it between her breasts when she took her top off.

On the night I gave her the ring, when we went to bed, she said, "Tom, do you like being married to me?" I said, "Oh Rachel, of course I do honey; it's the best thing that ever happened to me. You're the best wife I could imagine. Now come and let your husband take care of you."

And her husband did take care of her…he took take care of his wife's pussy with his gentle tongue on the sensitive nub of her clit…circling, prodding, and pushing it to a back arching orgasm. And then I was in her, moving, and she was breathing hard and her hips gyrated under me and she said, "Tom I didn't take my pill; I want you to come in me…I want your baby in me." I panicked for a second and then I

remembered seeing her take the pill and realized it was part of her play.

I said, “Yes love, I want you to have my baby.” I entered her and held her legs apart. I massaged her pussy as I fucked her. My cock was between my fingers as I stroked the soft swollen lips of my mother’s vagina. I used my thumb on her clit and she came unexpectedly.

Her exclamations were loud and imploring. “Give me your cum, Tommy, fill me with your cum.” She bucked and remained in a high arch letting out a long “Ohhhh….” And then she followed it with a word I’d never heard her say, “Fuu…FUUUCK! Oh God, fuck me Tommy…fuck me…fuck me…fuck me…”

When she finished she was so surprised at the orgasm and her reaction, she started laughing so much I had trouble staying inside her. But I did stay inside her and then I stroked her and rode her until I came in her. My mother had given herself to me, from her sex to her heart and I was in love.

We talked all the time and got to know the things most mothers and sons never find out about each other. When I told her she was my first, she was moved and happy and held me for the longest time. When she told me I was only her second man, I was shocked. I knew she had gone out on dates and seen some men for only short periods but I was surprised that she had never slept with any of them. She wouldn't talk much about the man who fathered me but it was clear that he had soured her on men and she was determined not to be hurt and taken advantage of in the same way again.

As the months passed by, except for our special circumstance, we were like any two people who loved each other. People who love each other take care of each other, emotionally, and physically. I had found a decent job and I was feeling good about everything.

And then the headaches came back. She didn't tell me about it at first hoping they would just go away but after a few days it became evident to me that something was wrong. When she told me, I made her go to the doctor.

More fucking tests, more fucking hospitals, and more fucking waiting; I was anxious enough to spit flames at anyone who even told me good morning. Finally they came up with a diagnosis. It had to do with a pressure buildup of some fluid or other. The best they could offer was that as long as she took her medication when the symptoms started, (Can you believe 27 dollars for each fucking pill?) it 'probably' would be controllable.

By the time I got myself under control, a month passed and the symptoms recurred. Just as I was preparing to ruin the next few days with worry, my mother said we had to talk. We'd had some long conversations in the past but this one went from after dinner until two in the morning. I wasn't the same after that talk. Basically what my mother convinced me of, was that her situation was no different from anyone's, at any time. She said, "Honey, I'm going to die, but not today. Tomorrow can bring anything for any of us and I'm not going to waste a minute of what we have. The doctors said I'd be fine and I can't let you drive yourself crazy. I want you to do something for me. Will you?"

I said I would and she spent an hour convincing me that if I faced and accepted all possibilities, I could be done with it

once and for all. I fought the thoughts. At one point I almost cried and said, “I don’t want you leave me.” After a long struggle with it I did what she said; I swallowed it. She was gone in my mind; I was gone in my mind and then it was all gone. I saw it. That was when I understood what she was trying to tell me. There’s now, and it’s a crime to spend it in anything but love.

I kissed my mother’s soft lips and she knew it was okay. She smiled because I was with her. We touched and fondled and before long I took her bra and panties off. She made me lie back and took my cock into her mouth as I weighed her hanging breast in the palm of my hand. After a few minutes of teasing me with her mouth, she straddled me and looked into my eyes and said, “I’m so proud of you love, proud that you’re my son, and proud that you’re my husband.”

She brought her pussy to my lips and I licked and sucked until my lips and mouth were smeared with her juices. She tasted creamy and sweet. My tongue toyed with her clit and slathered the swelling velvety lips of my mother’s vagina. Her lips on my lips felt soft and puffy. Her eyes were closed and her smile of delight was contagious. She took a deep breath and let out a long sigh. “It feels so good Tommy,” she

said it as she reached back and took hold of my burgeoning hard-on.

She rubbed me for a while and then turned herself so that she could suck me as I sucked her. Her hips gyrated slowly as I pleasured her pussy and she made lovely noises with my cock in her mouth: that warm mouth of pleasure that held me as her tongue massaged, and pressed, and painted. If I could pick a moment of perfection to live in forever, that would be it; in my mother's mouth with her in mine.

Her stockings were still on and they felt sensuous as I ran my hand down my mother's legs. I held her thighs and could feel her begin to quiver as I took her clit between my lips and circled it with my tongue. She bobbed harder on my cock and the sounds she made became more intense.

I'm not sure who started coming first but it was close. We didn't always come at the same time but that time we did. She was making noises but she kept my cock in her mouth as she came. I released and tried to control my bucking because I didn't want to hurt her as I fucked her in the mouth. My mother swallowed most of the cum I gave her

but I guess there was just too much and some of it ran down my cock. When we both finished, she massaged it along my shaft and over my balls.

We were resting and talking idly as she nestled under my arm. I asked her if she ever thought that what we were doing was wrong and she said, “No baby, I don’t think it’s wrong; for me it’s been the most ‘right’ thing I’ve ever done. The only thing I do think sometimes is that maybe I’m too old for you, and you might get tired of me.” I assured her that it was never going to happen and she said, “I love what we have baby, I love being in love with you, it makes all the stuff at work unimportant and I don’t care that right now we can’t afford any fancy stuff. It just feels good to think about how I can make it good for my baby. She smiled and said, “And I don’t have to tell you about the sex, do I?”

I said, “Yes, you do.”

She laughed and whispered in my ear. “I love it; I love you. I love having you in my mouth and I love having you in my pussy.” She kissed me and I realized that I wanted to hear another sentence.

I said, “Mom, did you ever have anal sex?”

She cocked her head and with a quizzical look said, “No.”

It was my turn to whisper in her ear. “Mom, I want to be in your ass.”

“Oh God…” She paused a moment and then put her hand on my cock and said, “…if you want it baby, I want to give it to you.” She left the bedroom and came back with a jelly lubricant and said, “We’re going to need some help getting that into me.” She nodded toward my stiffening cock and then applied a coating on the shaft and over the purpling knob. It felt cool. It was the last time my cock would feel cool for a while.

When she began taking her stockings off, I stopped her. Her legs looked so good with the sheer shiny nylon covering reaching up to her creamy thighs. We always enjoyed lots of foreplay before we fucked but that time we just seemed to want to get to it. My mother got on the bed and on her

knees. She raised her hips creating a sight that could have made me come looking at it. I couldn't wait to put my cock between those round fleshy globes. I approached her ass, and taking hold of my slippery cock, I said, "I do love you; you're my beautiful baby."

All thoughts about what might happen someday had vanished. All that mattered was that it was my mother and I, right then, right there, joined in love. I was there, with my mother, about to take what she lovingly offered, herself. I was there, with my cock approaching my mother's small puckered hole. There, pressing the head of my cock through the ring that closed tightly around it.

She gave me entry. I pushed and held her hips so that my cock could find it's way deeper into her heat. It was much more than I had expected. More heat, more pressure, more pleasure. I thought to myself, 'It's really me, and it's really her. Tommy's inside Rachel. I'm in my mom's ass.'

I was half way in when she moaned, "Tommy, Tommy…Tommy…you're filling me up…so full…" I pressed more of my length up into her and she squealed a long

“Ohhh…” and I stopped. “No baby don’t stop, give me your cock…my baby’s long, lovely cock…give it to me…” I stroked back and forth until her ass was completely filled with my meat. I held tight to her until my balls rested on her ass and she said, “Ahhhh Tommy…I have all of you inside me now, stretching me open…my Tommy…”

Just at that moment she turned and opened her eyes giving me a smile that said it all. It had all the love and sex and beauty anyone could ask for. I’m sure it would be difficult for most people to understand how a son could have sex with his mother, let alone anal sex. But there I was with my cock deep in my mother’s ass and I knew that if anyone could see that smile, they might understand, just a little.

She said, “Tommy, I love you so much; do you know it baby…do you?”

How could I not know it? My mother was giving her body and heart to me, opening every hole for her son to fill, opening herself to be taken willingly, and lovingly, holding nothing back. “Yes mom,” I told her. “I know it every time I’m inside you, every time you give more of yourself to

me…like this." I rotated my hips to move in the tight channel that held me and she responded with a moan. "I love you mom, and I'm going to love to love you always…like this and in every way I can."

"Yes baby that's all I want, just for you to love me like this. Oh God, I never thought I'd feel like this and it's you baby, you that's doing it to me. Yes…yes…do it to me like that, fill me like that, spread me, give me your cock until I can't take any more."

She began twisting her ass in fits and starts and my cock was squeezed and milked until I knew it would be me who couldn't take any more, not my mother. I wanted to come so badly that I knew that I would have to finish no matter how good it felt to be her sweet ass.

I spread the meaty globes and looked at the bit of thin sheath of skin that came out each time I withdrew. Again and again I inserted the hard pole back in. With each push into my mother's ass I knew I was getting closer to coming. I reached under her to grab one of her swaying tits. I pulled on it letting it flow through my hand until only the

thickened nipple was left between my fingers. My mother moaned and I said, “You’re my love mom; you belong to me like this, don’t you?”

“Yes baby, I’m for you, whenever you want me. This too, even in my ass, there’s nothing I wouldn’t give you.” She reached back and spread herself with both hands, as I pumped deeper, and harder, spreading, and stretching her. “Yes baby, take your mama…I’m all opened for you, waiting for you, ready for you always baby…always.” When she said it, I believed her. At that moment I knew that my mother’s body would be there for me, that her mouth and pussy and ass would be given to me because she had given me her heart.

I gave her all I had to give. I pushed and pounded, as my cock seemed to get even harder as it became more difficult to get it all the way back into her. The friction had thinned the lubrication and it was getting hotter and tighter in her ass. She was moaning louder with each insertion and when I felt the immanent explosion, I said, “Oh mom, I’m going to come…I’m coming…in your ass…I’m coming.”

The first release of cum fired off into her, she gave a little laugh and said, “Yes, yes, come in me, come in me baby.” I came in her. Each release felt like a jolt to me as her tight hole squeezed and drew the shooting cum out of my cock and into her sore, small channel. I could see the creamy cum on my cock as my mother took it all into the coated walls of her ass. I was rubbing her flanks, from her breasts down to her thighs when she turned her head and said, “Tell me baby, tell mama you’ll always love me and you’ll always want me like this.”

I said, “Yes mom; I’m always going to love you like this, want you like this, just like this.” As I spoke, I felt that rising in my balls and the approach of what feels like almost a second small intense orgasm that happens only once in a great while.

With the final stroking came those exquisite last spurts of cum that I would send into my mother’s ass. She turned her head and I kissed her and remained on her mouth. I stayed buried deep in her as she collapsed down onto the bed with me on top of her. I stayed on her, inside her ass, not wanting to move for a long quiet time. When I began to withdraw, she said, “No baby, stay in me, I want to feel you inside me

like this; I want to feel you where you belong, inside of me." I stayed, where I belonged. And all these years later, we both agree, it's still where I belong.

THE END

Mother at the Edge

Janice was a house sitter. What kind of job is house sitter? You sit in a house. Well, there was a bit more to it than that, but that was one of the things she did for a living in the winter of 1999. By then, it was only Janice and her son Robert. He had taken a leave after a year and a half at college because she was having trouble making it financially without his help. She felt guilty about it, but hoped it would only be for a short while.

They lived near a community that was well to do, but they were not. Janice cleaned and painted and Robert did some of the electrical and plumbing jobs, draining the water from the large summer homes. The company, with only themselves as employees, was called “Janice Works.” Robert came up with the name because he thought she worked so hard. 1999, that was the winter that, against company, community, and national policy, the two employees became intimately involved.

Most of the work they did took place in the spring and fall and it was unusual to have a mid-winter job, but one of their customers had a home up by the Canadian border and had all kinds of problems in '98. So they agreed to 'sit' the house for the winter because the money would come in handy when Robert went back to school. Did Janice think that being alone with a good-looking man, who happened to be her son, would lead to anything? Did she think that spending every minute of a long winter with a young man whom she wasn't supposed to find sexy, but did, would lead to both of them in bed together? Good question.

It was bad enough living in the Snow Belt but the weather by the border was even more atrocious. The expensive house was, as advertised, isolated at the top of a hill with woods curtaining them off from the world. For the first week the solitude was exciting. Even though they went into town every few days, whenever they returned, it seemed like living on a deserted island. And she started noticing him. And he looked at her as he had been for a long time.

Robert could hardly remember a time when his fantasies didn't include his mother. It had been her smile that did it to him. Not that there was anything wrong with her body,

it was just that before his eyes wandered across her breasts and belly and legs, they always focused first on her mouth. As soon as he became aware of his sexuality, her smile had done something to him. Of course at that age he wasn't consciously aware of it, but at some level, when she looked at him, and her full lips widened, he was ignited.

His single strongest youthful fantasy focused on the day he thought he would be old enough. He imagined himself coming home at eighteen to find his mother in see-through nylon. She would smile that smile and her words were always the same. "Robert, mama knows what you've been wanting and today she's going to give it to you." She'd cover his cock with her hand and smile at its hardness. Then she would get on her knees and take his pants down. His mother would then close her eyes and open her mouth wide in anticipation of his thick meat. He pictured his already stiff cock filling his mother's mouth and she would suck and suck, and suck, until the cum poured from him to her. He would come in her mouth in torrents and tell her that no other woman could ever make him come that way. And she would smile.

For his eighteenth birthday Robert got from his mother a new camera and a kiss on the cheek. His fantasies changed and for a short time, they turned dark.

In the version that excited him most, Janice sits on the edge of the tub where he had put her. Her arms are raised over her head. Her wrists begin to ache as the rope around them pulls tighter. The towel bar that the rope went around gives a little as she pulls down when he touches her. She doesn't say a word as he roughly pulls on her tits. She dares not look up at him. He orders her, "Get in the tub."

His mother throws one of her legs over and manages to stand. She faces the wall and clutches the bar with one hand over and one hand under it. He pulls her hips back so that her ass comes towards him. When he taps the inside of her ankle with his foot, she spreads her legs. She feels the knob of his well-greased cock against the smaller of her openings. He pushes, she yells, and he's in her ass. She begs him, promising to do anything if he'll only stop. He can't stop; it feels too good. He continues driving his cock into his mother's ass as she pleads, and he comes.

The aggressive feeling didn't last. Spending time with her softened him to her again. He wanted to caress her and gently run his hands over the soft skin, over the curves, and into her secret places. He had a lot of time to think about it as he watched her during the slow moving days.

They did talk more than they ever had and barriers dropped after weeks with each other as mainstays. Janice admitted to her son that she was unhappy because she hadn't found someone with whom to share her life. He told her that he was interested in someone but never mentioned a name. And Robert was thinking about Janice.

The third week in, the TV broke and the repairman said it would be at least two weeks before he could get the parts and get it fixed. Instead of going into one of the smaller rooms, They played cards and games for diversion and then, most nights, ultimately settled for staring at the fire while music played. And Janice liked being with Robert.

One night after their weekly top to bottom cleaning, they were tired, and sitting in front of the fire. Janice was falling asleep on her son's chest and feeling very tender towards

him. He kissed her forehead a few times and stroked her hair. More asleep than awake, she stirred and tilted her head up to kiss him. Their lips met for two short kisses and then they fell asleep.

When Janice awoke an hour later, she was still resting on him and his hand was on her breast. She thought it had just naturally fallen there. She was amused and stirred when she noticed his hard-on. She smiled at her son and whispered, “Hi sleepy.” She kissed his lips once. He didn’t take his hand off her breast. And it felt good.

He said, “Hi sleepy yourself; why are we whispering, we’re all alone?”

Janice laughed and whispered again, “I don’t know why, it just seems like the thing to do in front of the fire, in the dark…” Before she could finish he kissed her, this time, fully on the lips, this time, while fondling the breast he held.

The heat of his hand warmed the whole of her and she could feel her nipple stiffening as the material slid across

the tip. Janice pulled back and said, “Whoa Bobby, I think this romantic setting is getting to us.” She moved his hand gently from her breast and said, “You’re not forgetting I’m your mom are you?”

He said, “No mom I’m not forgetting, it just feels so good to be close to you like and I want to show you - one more kiss?” She answered by leaning in and during the long kiss he again fondled her soft breast. It filled his hand and he must have been feeling its weight as he gently lifted it. He no longer had to wonder what it would be like to be touch his mother.

“Oh boy” she said, “I’m getting tingly.” She noticed the bulge in her son’s pants getting bigger and said; “I think you’ve had enough too young man.” she got up and went into the kitchen. He heard her say “Wow…” as she went to get something to drink.

It could have gone either way. Sometimes when people spends lots of time together they get on each other’s nerves or bored, sometimes it works the other way; a connection is formed that makes them want to spend even more time

together. He told her he missed her when she went into town; when she read, he came to sit next to her. They looked for each other. And there was his hand on her thigh as they sat in front of the fire, and there was his hand on her breast.

Around the house, in the following weeks, it was business as usual, except for the kissing. It started with a kiss 'Good morning' and progressed to a kiss 'let's have lunch' and a kiss 'passing in the hall.' Now these were more like pecks on the lips than kisses most of the time, and they often laughed as they did it, but some of the time they were more like kisses than pecks and then, they didn't laugh.

Janice didn't laugh when her son came up behind her as she was dusting, and put his arms around her, and his hardness on her. He was breathing hard and she was as alarmed as she was stimulated when he whispered in her ear, "Mom I want to have sex with you."

Janice pulled away and managed to stammer out, "Robert, what are you saying? No Robert, no, how can you even say

such a thing? Oh Jesus, I shouldn't have let that kissing go on…it was just playing Bobby."

He said, "I wasn't playing mom; I thought you loved me."

She momentarily flashed at him, "I love you very much and you know it; it's not fair for you to say it like that. This has nothing to do with my loving you."

"I'm sorry mom, okay, I know you love me but I just want to show you sometimes; is it so wrong?"

"Bobby listen, It was nice kissing and cuddling with you and maybe it was a little more than playing, I don't know, maybe it's okay for some people, but I guess it's too much for me to change the way I've thought all my life. I just can't imagine a mother having intercourse with her son - even if she wanted too."

"Do you want to Mom?"

She was stuck and the truth just came out, “Oh God, you are going to make me nuts; I can’t believe we’re talking about this. All right, I’ll tell you something.” she took a deep breath. “Look, I have feelings and thoughts sometimes, you know, and that’s why I let you touch me, but sex…”

“Mom, I’m not saying that is has to be intercourse; I would never force you to do something that would make you uncomfortable, but I’m going crazy. I want to show you how much I love you. I love spending all this time together but I’m so frustrated. When we touch, doesn’t it feel good? Should I not find you attractive because you’re my mother?”

“Of course it feels good honey and I’m glad you like the way I look, but how could we…I…I don’t mean to frustrate you baby…you know that I want you to be happy and I want to make you feel good…maybe, I don’t know, something else.”

He said, “What do you mean mom?”

She didn't answer but bent down and kissed his belly and then began kissing his cock over his pants. He couldn't believe it. She was kissing her son's cock as it hardened and even then Janice wasn't sure what it was leading to. Was she going to take it in her mouth? He tried not to display his excitement but she could feel it under her lips. He said, "I guess that would help mom, but could we go into the bedroom?"

Janice was excited enough to be resigned at that point and said, "All right" and got up. They made their way into the bedroom and she went to close the vertical blinds and turn out the lights. By the time she turned around, her son was on the bed with his pants off and his cock was reaching for the ceiling.

There was enough late afternoon light streaming in for her to get a good clear look. "My God" she said. She approached and tentatively wrapped her fingers around the shaft. She said the first thing that came into her head, "It's a pretty thing Robert."

Before the warm fog in her head cleared, Janice bent over and covered the top of her son's cock with her mouth. The sweet sounds and sucking noises his mother was making combined with what her lips and tongue were doing to his cock, made Robert realize that he would explode in ten seconds if he didn't stop her. He said, "Mom, it feels too good being in your mouth." He took her face in his hands and lifted her off his cock. She was flushed and obviously stimulated. "Mom, I always wanted to see you naked; would you take off your clothes so I can see how beautiful you are?"

Janice didn't say anything and he watched silently as she unclothed herself. After she finished, he was staring; she became uncomfortable. She thought that perhaps her body wasn't as attractive as the young girls he was used to. She said, "What are seeing Robert? Are you disappointed?"

"Disappointed? Mom, I can't believe how good you look. When your blouse and bra came off, I thought I would come right then." He fondled his mother's bare breasts and she felt better. He massaged her tits through his fingers. They were long rather than round and he liked their shape. They were soft and cottony and he liked their feel. "Mom,

it feels so good to touch you, you're beautiful." His words warmed her.

She had been right though; he had been staring. It was her pussy that surprised him. It was trimmed. With only a small thatch of hair above, the young man had a full view of his mother's pussy, and he found it entrancing. It was the lips of his mother's vagina that struck him because they seemed unusually large and swollen and he immediately imagined sucking on them. He put his hand on her and gently rubbed up and down. He slid one finger into her as far as it would go and it made her want more. It scared her how much she wanted more.

Janice got on the bed with one of Robert's legs between her two and she bent over. He held his cock for her and she placed the flat of her tongue on his shaft; he felt the softness of his mother's breast against his balls. With her mouth in control of his cock, he let it go as he watched her lips spread tightly around the shaft and begin to journey up and down. He didn't close his eyes and she became self-conscious. She said, "Close your eyes baby."

He said, “No mom, I don’t want to miss a second of the sight of my beautiful mother making love to me.” She returned his cock to her mouth and worked her tongue and lips feverishly. The young man’s cock throbbed in his mother’s mouth. “Ohhh Janice,” he said, almost moaning, “You’re doing things to me you never did even my fantasies.”

Calling her Janice and learning of his previous sexual feelings and fantasies about her, sent a tingle through her. She had a hundred questions for him about how it had started and for how long it had been going on, but she knew the questions would have to wait as she sucked on the thick meat that filled her mouth. His sounds gratified her.

Robert watched as his mother’s full lips worked their way up and down his shaft. He listened to her soft sounds of pleasure as she pleasured him. Janice took his cock out of her mouth and ran her lips sideways along the shaft. She teased the head with her tongue, circling above and below the helmet. She licked into the hole and felt some cream ooze out. She tasted her son’s pre-come that was meant to lubricate a woman’s pussy. She made a soft moan and then the teasing was over, Janice engulfed her son’s cock with her mouth.

Robert took hold of his mother's hanging tit and massaged it between his fingers, feeling the nipple in his palm. Janice became aware of her own lack of inhibition as she reached behind herself. She was masturbating as she sucked her son. She liked his meat in her mouth. She liked that he was big. She liked that he was hers.

She could sense the froth building in his balls, waiting to be released, into the warm haven of her mouth. He seemed to settle back to enjoy the pleasures of his mother's attentions when she cupped his sack. Janice closed her eyes and all the sensations of the warm wetness of his hard cock in her mouth, and on her tongue, reached down to her pussy.

It seemed as if no time passed. In the space it takes a lightening bolt to strike, her son was coming in her mouth. For a second she couldn't stay on him. She realized later that she must have opened her mouth after the first cord struck because there was cum all over him, but she returned, and took the rest, sucking, and bobbing, and swallowing.

Her son was calling out to her, “Suck me mom, suck me,” as he came with a young man’s force and volume. It was more than Janice expected. With his last spurts in her mouth, the realization of what she had just done sent a flush over her body. She had just blown her son and swallowed his cum. She wasn’t sure which one of them was more surprised.

Robert was still in his mother’s mouth when he heard her muffled noises as she continued to furiously move her hand on her pussy. She opened her mouth and let out short piercing cries followed by a long sigh as she came. When she finally collapsed on him she was mumbling. She curled up and he stroked her back and kept repeating, “I love you mom.”

Janice was overcome by what had happened and started berating herself, “I must be crazy…what have I done…?”

It went on like that until Robert finally got her attention. “Mom, mom, I love you.”

“Oh Robert I love you too but this…being cooped up here together, it must have made us both crazy.”

“Mom, I don’t feel crazy. All you did was love me, and if you’ll let me, I want to love you too.”

He reached under her and began massaging his mother’s vaginal lips. She didn’t know if he was going to try and fuck her or soothe her, but she pushed back and said, “No more Robert, no more.” She kept saying “No” as she gathered up her clothes and bolted towards the bathroom.

After a few quiet minutes she heard him come to the door and say, “Mom?” she didn’t answer and he said it again louder, “Mom? Are you Okay?”

“Yes Robert, I’m all right. I’m upset at myself, not at you.”

“Mom, I know you may never want to talk to me about this again but I want you to know something now. I never loved you more and I never felt like that in my life. You were the best I ever had.”

“Oh Robert, a mother isn’t supposed to be the best her son ever had, his wife is.” Her voice got softer and trailed off as she said, “A mother isn’t supposed to make her son come in her mouth.”

“Mom, please don’t be upset…open the door mom…please.” The lock clicked. He walked in and Janice was sitting on the closed john. He came up to her and cradled her head into his chest.

He put his arms around his mother and stoked her hair and said, “You didn’t do anything wrong mom, you showed me how much you love me; that can’t be wrong.” He bent down and kissed her and licked his lips as if he could taste a hint of himself. He said, “I’m glad you’re my mother.”

Janice was moved; she hugged him hard around the waist and said, “Thank you baby; I’m ashamed of me, but I couldn’t stand it if you were too.”

“I could never be; there’s nothing you could ever do that would make me ashamed of you.”

Janice was sniffling and motioned him out of the bathroom with a wave of her hand. He said, “Okay, but you get yourself together. I don’t care if it’s freezing and snowing; two hours from now, I’m taking a beautiful lady to dinner, and you’d better be ready.” Janice managed a smile, nodding a ‘yes.’

It took twice as long to make the usual twenty-minute ride to town in the heavy snow and wind. The restaurant was almost empty but a few of the ‘regulars’ from town were there. Mother and son sat across from each other and told each other the truth.

The first thing he said was, “Mom, if it’s okay with you, I want to talk to you about some things and I want you to give me word that you’ll listen without making up your mind before we’re through. Here’s the deal, in return, I promise never to bring any of this up again if you don’t want me too.”

Janice said, “Okay Robert.” She smiled and added, “But can I have a drink first?” He gave her a look and she laughed, “Just one, I promise I’ll stay sober.”

When the drinks came he said, “I want you to know that I’ve been thinking about this for a while now. These three months with you has changed my mind about a lot of things. I know what I want. Mom, I want you; I want to be with you. I’m not talking just about sex; I’m talking about how we are with each other, how much fun we have together and how good it feels knowing you’re there. Do you feel it too mom?”

“Of course I do Robert, it’s been the best three months I can remember, but honey you’re too young to even know what you want…you’re just too young.”

His answer was, “Forget about me for a minute, what do you want out of life? Is it the business or having a good time or a new house or…”

“No honey, it’s none of those things. You know what I want, someone to share with, someone to love, who’d love me.” She stopped for a moment and put her hands on his and said, “but you’re so young, and you’re my son.”

“Mom I’m not saying those things might not make it more difficult. Look, I’m almost twenty and you’re thirty-eight; fine, does that mean we can’t love each other enough to make it work, does it?” He kissed her softly and her lips warmed as he stayed on them. “I’m your son and you’re my mother,” he said. “That’s one of the reasons we can love each other more than most people. Other people don’t have to understand or approve, as long as we do.”

“Bobby, it’s almost too much to think about, so many things could go wrong. You’ll get tired of me, you’ll…”

“Mom, things can always go wrong with anything, we can make them go right if we take a chance; we have that chance now mom, a chance to be happy together for a long time, but we’ll never know if we run away from it. Mom, I can give you what you need; you just have to let me.”

“Oh Bobby, you make it sound like it could really work…I don’t know, I need some time.”

“Okay Mom, just promise me you’ll talk to me after you’ve thought about it.”

“Yes honey, I will.”

They both felt good and after dinner they sat close to each other on the ride home. They didn’t talk. The radio played softly and the snow fell hard.

When they got to the house, they said goodnight and Janice went into her room. She didn’t realize that Robert had stayed on the couch with the lights out for almost an hour. Thoughts of her son made it impossible for her not to touch herself. He could hear her through the walls as she masturbated.

The knock on her door was soft. “Robert?”

“Yes mom, can I come in for a minute?”

She was flushed and fought to compose herself. “Umm…uh, okay honey.”

She was on her back over the covers in her nightgown and he just came out with it. “Mom, let me make you feel good.”

She covered her face with the pillow and said, “Oh God.”

He took that as encouragement. It was, because when he reached under her nightgown and put his fingers in the waistband of his mother’s panties she raised myself so that he could easily pull them down. She turned her head under the pillow and again said, “Oh God.”

Her son gently opened her knees and since nothing happened for a few minutes, she realized that he was just looking at the sight of his mother’s bare pussy. She moaned when his tongue first contacted the folds of her vagina. They were loose and soft and puffy. He took the lips into his mouth and drew on them until she could feel the

stretch. She could tell that he liked what he was doing and what he was doing to her.

Janice could hear her own somewhat muffled closed-mouth sounds as he began to explore her pussy with his mouth and tongue. She longed to look at his face as he ate her, but she couldn't bring herself to do it. She knew that the pillow could cover her face but not her shame but it still made it easier for her to imagine that it wasn't actually her son who was eating her pussy. She kept the pillow over her face.

He could feel his mother's excitement grow as she became louder and her legs spread wider. At one point she reached down with both hands and stretched her pussy open, pulling the hood off her clit. He knew what she wanted and he sucked on the nub that used to embarrass her. It was so much longer than most of the girls she had known when she was young. She responded, and he sucked her more.

His tongue teased and traced the contours of his mother's clit until she put her hands on his head imploring him to return to the sucking. Her sighs of relief and pleasure

sounded when he took her back into his mouth. He sucked her agonizingly well. He brought her to the edge twice and each time she began to arch, he held back. Each time she came to the brink he could hear a cry behind her tightly closed lips.

The third time she went over and he sucked firmly and continuously as his helpless mother thrashed in orgasm. That time the cries couldn't be contained. Short stabbing wails pierced the quiet room as he relentlessly sucked his mother's clit. When a long sigh signaled her completion, he kissed the inside of each of her thighs and got up to leave. She flinched a bit from sensitivity when he laid his hand over her pussy and said, "Good night mom."

As he opened the door to leave she was still under the pillow when she said, "Robert? You were the best I ever had." She could sense his smile as he left the room.

The next morning he was in the kitchen having coffee when she came in. She smiled and walked up to him and hugged his head to her belly and said, "You're so good, and I love you very much."

He told her that he loved her and she said, “Robert, I decided something; I’ll let you have sex with me if you want to.”

She expected a different response and was surprised when he said, “No mom, don’t you see? I’ve been trying to tell you, it’s not just about that. It’s not about you ‘letting’ me. It’s about more than that; it’s about us.” He was getting louder and more upset. “You think it’s only the sex I want? You think I just want to fuck you, don’t you?” He grabbed his jacket and left the house as she called to him.

Janice heard the car door slam but didn’t hear it start. She walked out the front door and the moment the crisp air and blinding sunshine hit my face, she realized that she had said it wrong. When she saw that the car was empty, she walked to the back porch and Robert was sitting on the double rocker that faced the frozen pond.

Janice walked up and sat next to him. She only had a sweater on and he put his arm around her and said, “You’ll freeze, you crazy lady.”

“Robert, I was nervous and that’s why I said I’d ‘let you.’ That wasn’t what I really meant. I understand what you want baby. I want it too Robert. I’m just a little afraid.”

“I know mom, it’s scary, it’s crazy, but there’s only one way for us now, only way we can make it real. It means nothing held back, that’s how we’re going to be together. We have to let go and go for it.”

I said, “You mean like jumping off a cliff.”

He kissed her and said, “That’s it exactly mom, like jumping off a cliff, but I’ll be holding your hand, and you’ll be holding mine.”

“Come inside baby, she said. “Let’s go jump off a cliff together.”

As they entered the bedroom she said, “Robert, this is the only way isn’t it? This is how we give to each other…this is a promise isn’t it Robert?”

“Yes mom, it’s time for us to make that promise. It’s time for you to have your son inside you; to let your love inside you. You know what I mean, don’t you mom.”

“Yes honey, I guess I do; I guess I’ve known it for a while. Oh God. I’ve wanted to feel all this for so long.” She paused for a moment and then opened her legs for his touch. “Yes baby, it’s time for me to show you how much I love you, time for you to have your mama, and for me to have my son.”

They kissed with longing for each other’s body and each other’s heart. They took their clothes off and held tight together. She loved the feel of her thighs and belly and breasts against him. She took his hand and led him to the bed. She smiled that smile as she reached her arms open and beckoned her son. As he approached, her thighs opened wider and she touched the moisture she felt forming on her pussy.

Janice’s heart was pounding in anticipation of her son’s cock finding its way home, to the place it had never been, but

had always been part of. It stood erect at the pussy she was opening for him as both sought completion. He said, “This is how you’ll show me you love me from now on isn’t it mom?”

“Yes love, in my pussy; this is how I’ll show you. This is how we’ll be together, in my pussy. I’m not afraid anymore Robert. Be in me baby; be inside your mama’s pussy.”

He held his throbbing cock in his fist and with the head, he contacted the creamy lips that slid apart to expose the entrance that is wisely forbidden to most. Janice hoped and believed that they were ready and strong enough for what would come after the irrevocable step.

After all the waiting, and talking, and longing, He entered her; he pushed into her. She was joined with her son. The long sounding “OHHHhhhh…” that left her lips was pleasure, relief, love, and sex all blended into one satisfying syllable. His cock traveled into her pussy with a slow, long, insertion. He pulled back and gave it to her again and again. Each time he reached deep into his mother’s belly, she gave him the sound. When she momentarily opened her eyes,

she saw the flushed, transported, look on his face; it was the look of a son giving his mother love beyond her expectations.

Robert thought that there probably were other sons who had loved their mothers as he was loving his, but he still could hardly believe that the moment had arrived for him. He touched her all over to convince himself it was real. By her wetness he knew she wanted him and his steel hardness evidenced his desire. But as he pushed into his mother he knew it was more than sex he was giving her and getting from her. Every stroke into his mother's pussy brought them closer to it.

Janice, the woman, took her man's cock into her for sex, and Janice, the mother, took her son's cock inside her for love. A son moved in his mother's pussy and she became his, a mother moved on her son's cock and he became hers. At that moment she didn't care if the whole world knew what she was doing; the only thing that mattered was that he was inside her, filling her, fucking her, and loving her.

Janice held his muscular ass and pulled him tighter into her and said, “Give me all of you Bobby, I want it all.” She sensed that he was withholding the last inches for fear of hurting her, and when she asked him, he pressed as deep as he could, up into his mother’s belly. She felt the end of his cock connect and said, “Oh Bobby yes, God, there, ohhhh, you’re inside all of me love.”

She had taken all of her son into her and he stroked her full and long and hard until they were both pulsing and soaked; then he told her, “You’re inside of me too, mom.”

Her son’s blood-hardened cock strained and he felt strong and indefatigable. She was excited and totally engulfed. He was loving her like he could do it to her forever and never come. He kept giving her more and more and she began thrashing and arching. He kept up with her bucking and kept pressing into her creamy pussy. She felt so wet she thought she was ejaculating.

As she approached her orgasm and between short breaths she said, “This is the promise isn’t it Bobby, this is the promise, isn’t it?”

“Yes mom” he said, as she clawed at him “Yes mom” he said, as he pushed into her sucking pussy. “Yes mom” he said, as his balls reached the soft globes of her ass and he remained in the filled channel, stretching her, giving her, and taking her.

Janice let out two short loud noises that sounded like “HUH…HUH” and then she came. “Aoooowww…Bobbeee…Bobbeee…Bobby, Bobby, Bobby…” If he was trying to make her feel what she had never felt before, he had done it.

Robert still hadn’t come in her. He kept stroking his mother as she neared completion, and then he surprised her. He pulled out and went down on her. She squealed when he took her clit into his mouth and sucked the long swollen nub, suctioning it between his lips. She came again almost immediately and her second orgasm was shorter and more intense.

The sweat had matted her hair and Janice looked wiped out as a laugh of release and relief left her lips. The tail of her

orgasm fluttered and vibrated through her. He returned his thick, hard, cock to his mother's pussy and again she wasn't expecting it.

"Oh God," was all she said as Robert started pumping again into his mother's still moist opening. This time she knew he would come; she anticipated with pleasure the thought of her son filling her pussy with his cum. He still had the strength to wait for her and she could feel herself begin to climb again. He angled his cock from a different approach and held his mother's legs so that she was wide open.

She began thrashing and her words were almost unintelligible. "This is for always isn't it baby? Always…always…you're going to want your mama like this always, won't you baby?"

"Yes mom, always. I'll never stop wanting you; I'll never stop fucking you." He urged her on, "Come with me mom, come with your son, who loves you, who wants you…" He stroked her full and hard and she felt her pussy achingly sore, wonderfully sore, from her son's strong loving.

Within a few minutes, the exhausted mother said, “I’m coming baby, I’m coming love…come in me, come inside me, I want your cum inside me…please baby please, come, come…”

“Yes mom, yes. Her eyes were squeezed tight and her head was moving side to side as she felt the first blast of cum shoot into her pussy. She could feel the force of the ejaculation as her son filled her with his cum, as a mother and her son shared their orgasms. When the intensity eased, she said to her son, “Come to my mouth baby, come to my mouth.” He brought his dripping cock to his mother and she took the cream that coated it along her tongue. She took as much of his cock as she could into her mouth. She sucked on the still swollen shaft until it only glistened with her saliva. She went into his arms and they wrapped themselves vine-like around each other. Robert never slept in the other bedroom again.

Some things change and some things don’t. Some years have gone by and mother and son still jump off cliffs together. Aside from a few scrapes and scratches, they’re okay; still ages apart and still together, still mother and son and still intimate lovers. And lastingly, still in love.

THE END

Mother's Hard Choice

Madeline. It's about Madeline as much as it's about my mother or me. Mod-len. That's how she pronounced it. She would make me say it over and over. Madeline was our neighbor and my mother's friend for as long as I could remember. My mother was the only one allowed to call her Len or Lennie.

Madeline was the mother of Sharon who was six months older than I. Madeline and Sharon lived four doors down; they were there before Paul came to live with my mother, and after he left. They were there when I was unexpectedly born in that house three weeks before my mother was due. My mother always tells how Madeline helped keep her and me alive until the doctor came.

When I was fourteen Madeline and mom went into business together as travel and convention consultants for corporations. Once the business was off the ground, they traveled quite a bit leaving Sharon and me together for as much as a week at a time. We spent all that time together

which many times leads to 'things' but in our case we only became good friends. Besides my mom she was about the only person I ever spoke to seriously.

I felt comfortable enough with Sharon to tell her of the feelings I was developing for my mother, feelings that had developed slowly over time and circumstances. Mom and I lived in an old house that had only one full bathroom and the door was never locked. We'd knock and if one of us was in the shower and the other needed something, it was always, "come in..."

The glass shower doors distorted things enough for privacy but not enough to prevent ideas. I'd seen the shape, the curves, the dark and the light. I didn't think much of it until I got older...then I thought about it all the time.

When I thought of her as 'Carol' I could imagine she wasn't my mother...just a girl a bit older that I might look longingly at... a woman I might one day kiss, or more. After a while I dispensed with the subterfuge. I couldn't kid me; she was my mother and I wanted her.

The summer I went to a camp where I worked part of the time was a pivotal time in my life. For weeks I was away from mom. I remember the dress she wore the first weekend I went back home. It was knit and it showed off her terrific body. It was the first time I was overt with her. I said, "Mom, you look so hot in that dress; can I take your picture?"

She said, "Of course, honey."

I got the camera and she sat on the couch sideways with her legs one behind the other. I was excited enough to say, "Mom...could you pose...you know...sexy?" she smiled and hiked the dress up higher onto her thighs and pulled the top to reveal more cleavage.

She gave me a wink and said, "Don't show this to all the boys now...this is only for you." I said of course but I did show it to one of the boys telling him it was my aunt. I made up all kinds of stories for his and my amusement about how she posed for me and let me touch her. Mostly I kept it in my wallet and looked at it to feed the fantasies about my mother that made me come.

It was a few years after that when I finally spoke openly to Sharon and told her about my sexual feelings for my mother. Her response was accepting and caring as always, but still disconcerting. She looked at me confused and said, "Well Billy I guess you can't help the way you feel...I mean I know that your mom goes out with men sometimes but I always thought that she and my mom...you know..."

I looked at her like she was nuts. Know...know what? Her mother and my mother...what the hell was she talking about? Sharon saw that the thought had never crossed my mind and she said, "Look Billy I don't know anything for sure... maybe it's just my imagination..."

"Why would you say it then?" I asked.

"Well, the way they are with each other...you know, the way they look at each other and...oh it doesn't matter...it is whatever it is."

It mattered. I couldn't stop thinking about it. Obviously, Sharon was a lot more perceptive than I was because it wasn't long after that talk that everything left the realm of speculation.

I had only moved out of the house three months before the world turned upside down. My first job was a long drive from the old house and I was struggling too much with my sexual feelings towards my mother to remain in such close proximity to her. That didn't stop me from dropping in unannounced that day.

After using my key, and before I knew what was happening or even what I was seeing, I heard Madeline's voice. "Don't you knock...don't you call?" I stood there looking at a woman bent over the small table that usually had pictures on it. She was tied and her ass was exposed.

All I could say when my startle reflex passed was, "Mm...mom?"

My mother turned her head, not able to see me completely. "Oh God...Billy"

Madeline said to me, "We'll you're here...you might as well come in...this has more to do with you than you might think Billy-boy." She called me that often...probably because she knew I didn't like it.

So even though the first time I saw my mother in a sexual position wasn't the first time I'd seen her naked, it certainly was the first time I'd seen her tied and bent over a table. Her ass looked showcased because her navy blue skirt was down to her thighs yet held up by her spread legs and her matching top was still on. Her creamy skin almost glowed between the dark materials.

Madeline said, "You know we've had lots of talks, your mom and me...lots...about you...and lots of things." I didn't know what the hell she was talking about but I couldn't keep my eyes from the sight of my mother's naked flesh. Madeline was holding a short riding crop. She touched it to my mother's ass and said, "Like what you see Billy-boy?"

I didn't answer her but I said, "Are you okay mom?"

"I'm okay honey." Her voice was softer than usual.

Madeline gave her a quick snap with the crop across both globes and said "Shut up." My mother's "ohhh..." elicited an unsympathetic response.

I yelled "Hey!" and started walking toward them and said, "I'll untie you mom."

Madeline stepped between us and said, "Don't."

I guess I started to understand when my mother quietly added, "No baby, don't."

"I thought I told you to shut up." Madeline said as she gave my mother another swat with the crop. I watched with hardening fascination as Madeline spread my mother's cheeks with the fingers of one hand and inserted a finger of the other into the small opening.

When my mother moaned and said "Billy..." Madeline bent over and bit her fleshy bottom. This brought a louder cry from my mother.

Madeline raised her voice with each word as she said, "Speak when you're spoken to." She then raised the crop and delivered a snap with her wrist on the flesh that now had pink accents. This of course made my mother yell louder, which of course was what Madeline wanted, which of course led Madeline to strike her again...which of course was exactly what my mother wanted.

It was a side of my mother I'd only seen hints of. I wasn't sure what I even felt about it. As she stood exposed and vulnerable, I wanted to protect her...and I wanted to fuck her. The choice was made by Madeline; she turned to me and said, "Come here you drooling dog. You want to fuck your own mother don't you...you want to be a real mother-fucker don't you?"

I was amused by Madeline and stimulated by my mother so I played along. "Yes ma'am I do."

"The bitch told me you had a good-looking cock...take it out."

I unzipped and fought to get the hardened meat out of my pants. When I let go, it was fully erect.

Madeline laughed, "Well I guess we know what you think about this whole thing don't we Billy-boy?" She looked at my cock for a moment and then said, "The bitch was right; it is a nice cock...if cocks are your thing. I know the bitch likes them, so give her a taste Billy-boy."

I walked around the table and put my cock inches from my mother's mouth. She turned towards Madeline and said, "Please don't make me do this...he's my son...don't make me suck his cock...please Madeline...I'm begging you."

It wasn't until later that I found out about 'safe words' and understood that my mother could have stopped it all at any time. All I knew then was that my mother's beautiful mouth was right near my cock and the thought that she might suck

me fogged me over. Madeline slapped her across the ass and said, "Say 'ahhh' bitch." My mother opened her mouth and closed her eyes.

She sucked me, then she sucked me and moaned, and then she sucked me and wriggled all over the table. I wasn't thinking at the time or I would have realized that she wasn't sucking like a woman being forced to suck her son's cock, she was sucking like a mother that wanted nothing but more of her son's cock in her mouth.

It was surreal. My cock was actually in my mother's mouth and the voice in my head kept asking me if I was dreaming or fantasizing. I wasn't; those were her lips around my cock and that was her tongue massaging my shaft.

Madeline was watching and the sound of her voice betrayed her excitement even though her words tried to hide it. My mother was sucking frantically and Madeline could tell that I was close to coming when she said, "Hold on Billy-boy, there's a pussy waiting for you."

I pulled out of mom's mouth and went behind her. I touched her ass and then put my hand between her legs and investigated her pussy for while because I knew that if I started fucking her, I would come too soon.

I didn't want to come too soon because I wanted to come so badly. Nothing could feel as excruciatingly good as knowing that I would come...soon...in my mother's pussy. Out of the heated fog I heard Madeline's voice, "She's waiting Billy... your momma's waiting for her mother-fucker..."

"Oh God no..." mom said. "...not inside me...don't let him put his big cock in my pussy...don't let him fuck me..." Before she finished the sentence, I had penetrated the soft opening into my mother's forbidden recesses. It was wet and slippery and she was ready. I could feel the hold she had on my cock as I entered deeper and deeper with each velvet stroke.

It took a moment before the reality of where I was and what I was doing caught up with the maelstrom of my thoughts. I was inside my mother's pussy. Sometimes the idea of a

thing is more than the thing itself. Not that time. I couldn't even compare the feeling of being in her pussy to anybody else's. Sure the excitement that it was my mother added to it, but the sensation of her pussy wrapped around my cock was wondrous.

I gave my mother my whole cock and she said, "Yes...God yes..." Each word was long, drawn out, and filled with a breathy thickness. Her head was thrown back and I caressed her neck and then slid my hand over her clothed breast. I could feel the fullness and wanted the feel of her naked skin. I reached under her top and pushed the bra up. Her tit filled my hand and her back arched as I fondled the smooth satiny flesh. Her nipple felt long and rubbery between my fingers and I rolled it to the sounds of her responses. All the while, I never stopped pushing my cock as deep as it would get into my mother's pussy.

Madeline's demeanor changed and she leaned her face towards my mother. "Do you like that sweetheart?"

"Yes Lennie...yes."

"Does it feel good to have him in your pussy baby?"

"Yes...yes."

"Say 'Thank you' to your Lennie."

"Thank you Lennie...thank you...thank you."

As I continued stroking along the velvet lining of my mother's pussy, Madeline and my mother kissed...deep, full, practiced kisses. I wanted to be the one kissing my mother as I fucked her. I close my eyes and let her pussy consume me...it swallowed my cock and my mind as I filled my mother's center with my hard meat. Each penetration made the sound of water lapping on stones.

The stimulation was just too much...the sounds she made, the fragrance of her hot pussy, my cock inside it...stroking, grinding, pushing until I was up against her ass...my head and my cock exploded. Thick cum poured from me into her. I released three or four volleys that almost stood me upright as my mother's pussy filled with my cum. I held her

ass as I rapidly drove in and out of her. Her mouth was still on Madeline's mouth as the muffled moan announced her own orgasm. I stoked her long after the last drop of cum left me.

I had fucked my mother and as I stood there out of breath, I didn't know what to do. Madeline nodded her head toward the door and as I left, I saw her soothing and kissing her exhausted subject as she untied her.

I went home and was too revved to do anything but pace. I went out and walked myself to exhaustion. I needed to know what was going on with my mother...what she thought about what happened...what she wanted to happen...or not happen. I called a few hours later and when she said hello I could hardly get my throat to open enough to say, "Mom...are you okay?"

"Yes dear, I'm Okay...are you?" Of course I said I was but in reality, confusion reigned.

Unbelievably, we talked about nothing for five minutes; neither of us acknowledged that a few hours before I had been having sex with her. Finally I said, "Would it be okay if I came over tomorrow after work...I mean so we could talk...alone...I mean...Madeline won't be there will she?"

"No honey...you come over and we'll talk."

The next day as I drove to the house I flipped through a fantasy I'd often had about my mother. I 'break in' to the house, masked. She's frozen and I whisper all my orders to her so she can't recognize my voice. I force her up to the attic. I take all her clothes off and then tie her to a chair with ropes above and below her tits so they stand out even more than they usually do.

The dialogue played out in my head. She's pleading, almost trancelike, "Please don't do this..."

As I massage her tits and pull on her nipples I tell her, "It doesn't matter what you do...or what you say...I'm going to fuck you."

She shakes her head and says "NO...NO...no...no..."

I use my full voice and say, "Nobody can hear you mom...I'm going to fuck you." I take off the mask and she sees it's me.

She's shocked and says, "Billy...what are you doing...you can't...I'm your mother."

I say, "I know who you are...and you should know something too...before I'm done with you, you're going to have my cum in your pussy, and in your mouth, and in your ass." Her tits look enormous as I move in on her, my fully engorged cock is by her lips. I stretch her nipples that are pinched between my fingers and she responds by swallowing as much of my cock as she can.

By the time I got to the house, my fantasy had taken me into every hole my mother has. I was as sexually charged as I could remember but when faced with the reality of my mother standing before me at the door, I didn't really know

what to expect or say or do. Anything seemed better than the limbo I was in.

I usually kissed my mother on the cheek when I saw her, so I did. She leaned to accept it as usual. She took my hand and led me to the couch where we sat. She kept my hand in hers which was not usual. "Honey, I'm sure yesterday was as crazy a day as either of us have experienced but I want you to know...well first, I love you and I'm always going to love you..."

"Mom, I love you too...but you can't imagine...I've wanted to make love to you for so long...you don't know..."

"I know honey...I've seen it in you...I'm your mother and I could tell...and I've thought about for a few years too baby..."

I interrupted and started apologizing, "But mom...I shouldn't have forced you..."

"No baby...no..." She stopped me. "You didn't force me to do anything...it was what I wanted...couldn't you tell? It was

wonderful for me...having you and Len...it was..." She saw that the mention of Madeline changed the expression on my face. She put her hand on my cheek and smiled. "I love you baby...you know that don't you?"

She gave me a full kiss and I gave it back. We embraced and our tongues played. She put her hand in my crotch and my already hard cock got harder.

I cupped my mother's breast and she moaned gently. She said, "I thought we were going to talk...but this is nice." We kissed for a long time while I was deciding how to do it. Did she want me to throw her down and fuck her or what? The kissing had made me mellow but I figured I should take charge so I said in as authoritative a voice as I could muster, "Take your clothes off."

The way I said it sounded forced and stupid even to me, so it wasn't surprising that mom gave me a look as if I was crazy. Then it dawned on her what I was thinking and she gave a little laugh. "Oh honey...last night was...well it's just something we do once in a while...you don't have to act like...anything...just kiss me some more...love me some

more...with your hands and with your lips and with that lovely cock that was inside me last night."

She led me to her bedroom and didn't take her eyes from mine as she discarded one piece of clothing after the other. I fought to hold her gaze because I wanted so much to look at the breasts that looked enormous out of the corner of my eye and the sweet trimmed pussy she was exposing for her son.

When my mother was nude, she started undressing me. As she did, I feasted my eyes on all of her as she moved and bent and swayed. As soon as she had all my clothes off she said, "I want to do something I've never done...because I want to do it with you."

My mother went down on me. My cock was in her mouth and I wasn't sure what she had meant because she had sucked me just hours before...and I couldn't have been the first. I let it go and just went with what was going on. She was on her knees...one hand cupped and massaged my balls...one hand was on my belly...and she was sucking...and licking...and mouthing me with long deep strokes.

I felt myself actually going down her throat as she took almost all of my stiff meat into her mouth. I couldn't take it for long; she was relentless. I had accelerated in a steep upgrade and she wasn't going to stop. I wanted her to know I was going to come and I didn't know if I should pull out of her mouth. What I did know was that the last thing I wanted to do was pull out of her warm sucking mouth. In the end it didn't matter what I thought or did. As I yelled "Mom...I'm coming...," the first shot of cum fired off. She didn't pull back and almost involuntarily I held her head and started fucking her mouth as I came.

My mother sucked and swallowed as fast I let go. I could feel my orgasm on every inch of my skin. Each release that I thought would be my last - wasn't. I imagined the cum just pouring into her mouth and down her throat as my hips bucked with each spasm. Finally I had to sit and when I did, she licked into the hole and then she sucked off whatever coating still remained on my cock. She looked up at me and I said, "Oh mom...that was the most incredible...most..."

I couldn't finish the sentence and she said, "I'm so glad baby...that was the first time for me...the first time I ever swallowed a man's cum...my baby's cum..." She kissed up and down my cock while holding it in her hand and I could feel the stirrings." It usually took me at least fifteen minutes to recover but it seemed like only five before I was ready and aching to take her again.

I guided her back on the bed and spread her legs. I licked at her moist pussy for a while but I was too anxious to be inside her to stay even though her moans were encouraging me to. I entered my mother's pussy and she felt so fucking good. It felt like her body was made for me...a mother with a perfectly sized opening to be filled and completed by every inch of her son's cock.

It was perfect. My cock was being milked by my mother's pussy. Her heels were digging into my calves and I was inside her...her big tits in my chest...we were both loving it...and I wanted more.

I didn't even know what more I wanted until I started talking, while my cock slid in and out of her receptive

pussy. "Mom this is so good isn't it?" She responded with positive noises. "This is all we need isn't it mom...just my cock and your pussy...we don't need anyone else...just you and me..." Then I said it. "You don't need Madeline anymore do you mom...do you?" She stiffened. She stopped. She urged me off her.

"Oh Billy...no...this was a mistake...Madeline and I...oh fuck..." I tried to mollify her and then I tried to make light of it. I wanted to be back inside her. It wasn't going to happen.

"This is my fault..." She said, "I'm sorry honey...I thought you understood..." She was distressed. She gave me a quick kiss and a half smile before starting to get dressed. "This is who I am sweetheart...I just can't tear everything...and everyone, apart." She was right, I didn't understand.

During the next few days we spoke and I started making all the right noises. I thought that if I ever wanted to have her again, she would have to believe that I would accept the fact that she would always be Madeline's lover too. It worked.

Something kept telling me that once my mother and I had been lovers for a while I could get her to forget about Madeline. It took me a few weeks to convince mom that I understood the situation and that it was fine with me.

The truth of the matter was that I couldn't even look at Madeline without it causing an unease in me that would last for hours. There had always been something about her that set me off. It also didn't help that when I imagined them together I found it exciting. I guess I didn't want my mother to find it as exciting as being with me.

On the night my mother invited me back to her bed, she had been feeling lonely and Madeline had been away for a few days and had only called her once. We shared a bottle of wine at dinner and I was doing everything I could not to pressure her or come on too strong.

It was almost funny because I acted as if we were on a high school date. I complimented her and as we sat and talked I put my arm around her. It wasn't really much of a seduction because I guess we were both ready. I stuck my nose in her neck and told her how lovely she smelled. When I began

placing soft kisses up and down her throat, she lifted my face and we kissed.

I said, "Mom I..." before I could finish she interrupted me.

"Honey, let's not talk." I didn't say another word for the next hour. The best reason was that my mouth was full of her for most of the time. I suckled at her breasts and she seemed to enjoy it so I stayed fastened to each big nipple for a long while. When my mouth reached her pussy she seemed to enjoy it even more so I stroked her clit with my tongue until she came and I stayed on her until I felt her get stimulated again.

I ate her more forcefully the second time and massaged her pink pucker with my thumb. I drew the nub into my mouth again and again and felt it engorge. Each time her hips involuntarily raised, I stopped. After a moment my mouth returned to it's ministrations on my mother's clit and pussy. My thumb was inside her ass when she started pulling my hair with both of her hands. She came hard and loud.

I didn't give her much time to recover before I guided my stiff rod between her splayed legs. When I entered her, there were quiet undulations that seemed to go on and on. It wasn't that I wasn't excited to be inside my mother's pussy again, it was just that I was somehow at peace. I wanted to move slowly and feel each insertion to its fullest, and mom seemed to be at the same physical and emotional plane that I was. We kissed almost the whole way through. Our orgasms were only a moment apart with hers triggering mine.

Her hand cupped me and the first words were hers. "Mmm...that was so nice Billy...making love to me that way made me feel like we were the only two people in the world." I made an assenting noise and leaned to kiss her cheek. I wasn't sure if she was telling me something or it was just the feelings of the moment. I didn't push it. She never stopped massaging between my legs and I could feel the stirrings.

She turned so that we were both on our sides and while she put small kisses on and around my lips I took as much of both globes of her ass as I could fit into one hand. A finger found the small hole and pushed in. Mom squirmed and

began breathing harder through her nose. I hardened quickly.

I slid my leg over her and she went on her belly. My balls and cock rubbed on her ass as I moved over it while on my knees. We were both breathing harder than before. Mom held the slatted headboard with both hands and I felt the pressure of her legs opening against mine. She raised her ass as I rubbed on her. I opened her cheeks with both hands and let my shaft fall between them.

We both accelerated and I could feel myself breaking out in sweat thinking about putting my cock into my mother's ass. She made a small sound when she felt me put the head against her rosy pucker. After the first attempt to enter her I knew it would be difficult. I thought of taking some moisture from her pussy but realized it wouldn't be enough to get me into her small hole.

The last thing I wanted to do was break the mood but I had no choice. I got off her and said, "Stay there." When I returned with my cock coated with lubricant she was in the exact position I had left her. She was holding on to the slats

as if she was tied there. Her legs were opened slightly and her ass was raised.

I kneeled behind her and my cock easily penetrated past her anal ring. She let out a sound that was a combination of Ohh...ohh...ohh and Oww...oww...oww. I penetrated deeper, drawing out a long moan from her. It was hot, it was tight, and it felt good.

Unlike our first encounter of the night we were both vocal with words and noises. While I told my mother how good it felt to be in her ass, she was talking non-stop, "Yes baby...so good...fuck your mother...yes...yes...in my ass...oh...oh...yes..." The lubricant thinned and her grasp on my cock got tighter. I exerted more pressure to stroke in and out because there was no way I was going to stop to get more lubricant. Her noises became high pitched squeals as she moved her ass to meet my penetrating cock.

I didn't think anything could be as exciting as my mother's mouth on my cock when it happened, and then when I was inside her pussy, I thought that was it. But there I was, with my cock buried deep in my mother's ass and definitely

more excited. I pushed into her until I was up against her and time and again drove back in.

I had fantasized about having a women's ass but I never thought that my first would be my mother's. I couldn't imagine my cock being in a tighter place and still be able to move. By the noises she made I knew my mother would be sore after all the force I had to use to keep penetrating her but at that moment all I could think of was pushing faster and harder into her ass. I was glad when I heard her say, "Oh Billy...don't stop...it's so big in me...I'm all filled with your cock...don't stop...don't stop...keep fucking your momma...make me cum...make me cum..." We got louder and our rhythm became frantic as we drove to orgasm.

I was loud as I shot the first hard stream of cum into my mother's ass. She let go of the slat for the first time and reached under, rubbing her pussy, touching my cock as the fast hard strokes took it in and out of her throbbing ass. My cum became a lubricant and I was able to give her my whole cock with each succeeding release. Her ass filled to overflowing and after our last synchronized thrusts, we both ended up laughing with relief as I kept repeating, "Whoa...whoa...whoa..."

After we caught our breath she kissed me and said, "Well honey, that's my second 'first' with you." I told her she was my first also and she smiled and said, "I'm glad." After a quiet moment she laughed and said, "I don't know how many more first's I can take if they're going to be that intense." We kissed softly and were both drifting into sleep when the phone rang. It was Madeline.

I was annoyed but not as annoyed as I would have been had she called ten minutes earlier. I listened distractedly to my mother's half of the conversation. When my mother said, "We did..." and "...it was wonderful Lennie...," she looked over at me and smiled widely. I was busy getting myself into an antagonistic state towards Madeline for inserting herself into my life when I really looked at my mother. She had a look of joy on her face and I couldn't help feeling good even if she was telling Madeline about us. When she turned back to crawl into my arms after hanging up she said, "I'm so happy Billy." I cradled her and stroked her gently.

I told her, "I'm glad mom; I like to see you like that." I smiled and as I ran my hand down her breasts and belly I added, "I also like to see you like this."

She laughed and then after a quiet moment she said, "Billy, what do you think is going to happen?"

"Good things mom" was my answer. We slowly drifted off to sleep.

In the morning I woke up stiff with a misty memory of a hundred sex dreams filled with unrecognizable participants. When I turned, mom wasn't there. I found her at the breakfast bar having coffee. Her warm smile woke me up and set off the buzz that starts in your stomach and works its way down between your legs.

I walked up behind her and engulfed her in my arms, caressing her breasts that slid easily under two layers of nylon. I kissed her neck and she made an mmm...sound as she reached back and touched my growing cock. "Well good morning to you too," she laughed. "Come have some coffee

baby," she said. I remained behind her as she poured from the steaming carafe.

"I'd rather have you," I said.

She touched my face and murmured, "Sweet boy."

My cock contacted her ass that was a few inches off the back of the stool. I wanted it so badly I couldn't think of anything except getting inside her. I whispered in her ear, "I want you mom...I need you so much right now...I want to be inside you."

"Oh honey...yes...mamma's here for you." She got off the stool and stood with her hands on the bar. I had my cock out and lifted the nylon that covered her ass. Her legs opened as she said, "Take my pussy baby...take mamma's pussy." I slid easily into her wet hole and stroked her. I wanted to make her come quickly so I reached for her clit. I rubbed and stoked and she went straight up.

I spoke as each penetration went deeper into her pussy. "Do you know why I need to do this mom? Because you have the most beautiful pussy I ever saw...a perfect pussy for me...and you have perfect tits for me and a perfect ass for me...you give me what I need and you love me the way I need to be loved."

"Yes sweetheart...I want to be good for you...make you happy...give you what you need..." It wasn't long after that she stiffened momentarily and said, "Oh love...OH...OH...I'm coming baby...I'm coming..." She was panting when she came and when she finished she sat back down on the stool for support. She laughed and said, "God that was fast...you didn't have a chance to come did you baby?"

I said, "No mom...but I will." I urged her to slide back on the stool so that her ass was accessible. I held her cheeks apart and the head of my cock found her opening; she flinched.

"Oh honey...I don't know...I'm still sore there. Let momma take care of you with my mouth."

As fantastic as it was when I came in her mouth, what I wanted then was her ass. The memory of the night before was strong and the feeling of being in that tight hole was fresh in my body's memory. "I'll be gentle mom...I need you this way." Before waiting for an answer I started pushing in while the juices from her pussy were still wet on my cock.

She moaned loudly as I pressed in. As gentle as I was trying to be, her opening was still smaller than the object that was spreading and rubbing her tender flesh. I held her hips; she held the bar and bent over it opening her hole as much as possible for me. Perhaps because of her seated position, the sensation was even more intense for me than the night before. Maybe it was just that I wanted it so much and she was giving it to me.

I could feel the heat building as the friction of my cock going into my mother's narrow passageway intensified. I couldn't help speeding up and I couldn't help pushing my cock into my mother's ass harder and farther with each insertion. We were both inflamed and I enjoyed each thrust and savored the sensation of her response. Each time she shifted or twisted her hips I felt it on my cock. I was in the

deepest part of her and I pushed to keep every inch of my cock moving in her ass.

The idea of a mother allowing her son to do what I was doing was mind boggling. But more astounding was that it was my mother and her ass was open for me as her pussy had been. She was taking her son's cock into her as lovingly as a new bride takes her husband on their wedding night, to please him as much as to pleasure herself.

I heard her moans as those of pleasure because I didn't want to stop. They easily could have been sounds of distress. Her words gave me some ease as she said, "Billy...I'm so filled with you...my baby's big cock...in me...in me...OH...OH...OH..." Before I came, each thrust elicited the same response.

Finally I realized that my mother was being stretched to her limit and I couldn't keep back the flood of semen that had built up. I called to her, "Mom...I'm going to come...in your ass mom...in your ass..."

"Yes baby...yes love...give it to me... fill me..." She was thrashing as I began an unrestrained insertion, releasing what I been aching to give her. The first seconds were exquisite as I felt my mother yielding and stretching to take me all in to her depths. My cum powered into my mother's ass and I could hear her relief as the soothing fluid filled her and coated the raw membranes that had held my cock so tightly.

After flooding her with every drop of cum I had in me, I put my arms around her and kissed her cheek. She reached her hand back and held my head, pushing her fingers through my hair.

"God mom...that was so good...I'm so lucky to have a mom like you...you're so beautiful...you gave it to me mom...just what I needed."

"Yes baby...and you gave me what I needed too...I need you to want me like that...to want my pussy and my ass like that..."

"Did I hurt you mom?"

"No love...I'm just a little sore...but I'm always going to give you what you need."

I turned her on the stool and kissed her long and deep until I said, "Thanks for being my mom." She got teary and hugged me until there was a knocking at the door.

"Oh no..."mom said, "I forgot...we have an appointment...tell Madeline I'll be right with her." She ran off as I did up my jeans and answered the door.

Madeline came in and immediately said with a laugh, "Billy-boy, you look worked up...is the little lady also?"

I said evenly, "Madeline, would you not call me that please?"

My tone must have stopped her because she looked at me almost apologetically and said, "Okay Billy...is your mother ready?"

"She'll be out soon." She sat on the couch and I wasn't feeling the usual resentment so I asked her matter-of-factly, "Does it bother you...I mean that she's with me too."

"No Billy...it doesn't."

"How come?" I asked her.

"I'll tell you Billy...because I love her...because her happiness is more important to me than my own."

That stopped me. In later years I would decide that it was the best definition of love I'd ever heard. But then, it just stopped me. That day marked a change in my relationship with Madeline; I spoke to her differently and I looked at her differently. She in turn stopped treating me as 'Billy-boy.' At times the four of us did things together but after a few months Sharon stopped joining us because she had found someone and became deeply involved. It was only a matter of weeks before she moved in with him.

Madeline's empty nest longings became evident on the day of the picnic. She, mom and I went up to the mountains to a small park on a weekday. The park was empty and the day was ideal, a warm sun, a cool breeze and a blanket of blue for a sky.

We ate and talked and laughed and after stretching out on the grass for a while, Madeline turned on the portable player we had brought. We held hands and circled until we were dizzy and she made us all dance together until we couldn't breathe. When we stopped and looked into each others smiling faces, Madeline said, "I love you Carol." She turned to me and said, "And I love you too Billy, I really do." She kissed me on both cheeks and then she said, "I had a dream last night that we all lived together...wouldn't that be fun?"

I didn't know how to react but mom who was always sensitive to Madeline answered her right away and said, "Sure it would Lennie." She hugged her and told her we would always be there for her. I guess Sharon's moving out had affected her more than I realized because I saw tears in Madeline's eyes for the first time.

I held Madeline's shoulders; she seemed small and fragile to me. I told her, "We love you Madeline." Mom said that she should come to our house for the night so we could make it a twenty -four hour picnic and she accepted the invitation. I can't say that what happened was a complete surprise.

I guess I was a bit worried that Madeline actually was going to come and live with us but mom said that she only needed to hear that we loved her. I had begun to fantasize about the possibilities of an encounter between the three of us. The actual event was tamer than the scenarios I had concocted. After a few drinks together that evening, I realized that I wasn't the only one who had expectations. Mom went over and sat by Madeline and they began kissing and fondling each other. My mother motioned me over and took my hand. She said, "Honey if this makes you uncomfortable, we'll stop...we don't have to do anything you don't want to."

I said, "I'm not uncomfortable." Actually the straining in my pants was. I bent down and kissed my mother and then kissed Madeline. Two kisses, each sweet in their own way.

Madeline's tongue was much more tentative than my mother's familiar searching.

"Come loves," my mother said as she led us both to the bedroom. It started with mom and me undressing Madeline. Her body didn't have the rounded fullness of my mother's but was firm and well toned for a woman in her early forties. My mother went immediately to Madeline's pussy with her mouth and the reaction was more than I expected; she sounded like a woman who was about to come even though she didn't. Mom then stood and kissed her and I let my hands roam Madeline's taut body. Madeline and I stripped my mother.

The two of them next took off my clothes and we stood alternately kissing and touching each other. It was novel being kissed and touched in so many places at once. At one point as my mother kissed me deeply; I was treated to a new mouth on my cock as Madeline sucked me to full hardness. It was loving, but I could see that she was not particularly turned on by it.

As Madeline sucked me my mother whispered to me, "She doesn't like intercourse." I nodded and before long I realized that it would all be less than I expected. Madeline and I both suckled a breast and mom had a delighted smile as she held both of our heads against her. At that point I could hear Madeline accelerating again and she directed my mother the bed and went down on her. I straddled my mother and brought my cock to her mouth.

Mom took me into her mouth with kissing and licking noises as her pussy was being slathered by Madeline's tongue. Mom came and before long Madeline and my mother had switched positions. Madeline accepted me into her mouth but I knew that neither of us really wanted me to come there, so I held back. Mom made Madeline come even faster than she had. I guess they both knew exactly what sent the other one off.

It all sort of just ended and it was okay that I hadn't come because I knew I would be with my mother later on. We spent about a half an hour soothing and kissing Madeline who's quiet had a tinge of sadness to it. She told us that we had made her feel less alone and I guess that's about the best

anyone can do for another person. She left and I knew that we probably wouldn't repeat that experience very often.

After she left mom and I had a bite to eat and talked about Madeline and us. When we got to bed mom seemed somewhat agitated and she said to me, "Make love to me all night...let's not even sleep...I need you to be with me..." I said I would and that put her at ease. As it worked out, it was she who fell asleep after each time we made love.

The first time I came I was in my mother's mouth. Her hand cupped me as she bent over my supine body. I loved holding and fondling her big tit as she sucked me that way. I watched her bobbing slowly over the length of my shaft as more of me disappeared into her mouth with each stroke. I could hear the difference in her sounds that let me know she was enjoying bringing me that kind of pleasure.

I watched a mother loving her son...sucking her son...feeling her son loving her as he caressed her and as he told her. As I approached orgasm my body stiffened. I sensed my mother's anticipation and slight body shift as she prepared to take her son's cum into her mouth. The first release

contained all the pent up energy from the night's previous encounter in addition to the sucking she was giving me then. It was a hard come and it was voluminous.

She could take me as no other woman I had ever had. My mother gave me the best sex I could imagine. Always one more suck as I shot into her mouth...one more stroke on my shaft as she swallowed another jet of my cum...one more loving sound to let me know that my pleasure was her pleasure.

At about three in the morning she awoke and laughed when she saw me sitting up as I held her in my lap. "Oh my poor baby...go to sleep honey...it's okay...you can sleep now." I did but not before making love her one more time.

I urged her up onto me and she reached to guide my cock into her pussy...the warm wet pussy that's still the only one I want. She rode me with her hands on my chest as she rose and fell on the impaling rod. "You're always so good for me..."she said, "...so hard for me...aren't you, baby?"

"Yes mom...just like you're always ready for me and wet for me and waiting for me." I met her movements with thrusts of my own and each entry took my whole cock inside her pussy. I still wanted to be deeper in her so I held her and turned her. I held her ankles and pushed her legs back as I always did when I wanted her opened to her limit. I presses into her stretched pussy to get my cock as far up as it would go.

Each time I went into her belly she said an "Ahhh..." that came accompanied by a little cry. The tip of my cock touched her end each time I stroked into her. When I left my cock embedded in her pussy and moved my hips she said, "Ooooh...that's so good baby...my sweet baby...filling me...God yes...yes...yes..."

My mother was filled; every inch of me filled every inch of her. I stayed still inside her for a moment and she reached and held my ass. "Baby...baby...fuck me now...hard...hard..." I put her legs on my shoulders and began the final long, hard insertions that would bring us both to orgasm. I pushed and pounded and she responded with equal vigor telling me how good it was for her and saying, "Don't stop...oh love...do it to me...yes...like that....give momma

your beautiful cock...make me come...oh yes...I'm coming love...I'm coming on my baby's big cock...OH...OH..."

I'm sure that there are no words that can ever have the effect on me as those do. When my mother is asking me to fuck her and her legs are opened for me and she starts to come and my cock is pounding in and out of her ...it's like coming before I come.

Where could I go from there? Where I went was into one of the most powerful orgasm we ever shared. We both let go with more abandon...more noise...and more cum. I could feel the wetness of both of us in her pussy. We kissed and kissed and kept on coming. She was quivering and we held each other as if we would never let go.

Since that night a few months ago, I still don't know how things will end up for us but I think they'll be good things. I do know some things; I never want to let her go. I know that even though mom and Madeline still go on their trips together and have their time together, it all seems to be working. Most of all, I know that I'm happy she's happy.

THE END

Mothering the Twins

My brother and I are exactly alike and nothing like each other. Don't get me wrong; I still love Joel and I can't imagine not growing up a twin but it has its drawbacks. People see us as one unit. Joel couldn't go anywhere alone without hearing "where's Jamie?" and neither could I. And when mom used to say, "I can't stand it you're both so handsome; come give momma a kiss." Who kisses and who waits for the other to finish?

Waiting for the other with mom got serious. We'd had girlfriends in common before but never at the same time. Sharing was mom's biggest emphasis in our upbringing but we never expected it to extend to sharing her.

The thing with mom started at our graduation. Our father was working at home and as usual too busy to do anything with us. They run a Real Estate business called Real People and he's obsessed with it. Mom proposed that the three of us go somewhere special that night. She planned it all,

although she still maintains she didn't know it would end up the way it did.

When we dressed for the evening, the zipper on mom's dress stuck and she took it off to fix it. She was so annoyed she didn't seem to realize her robe was opened as she walked across the room to get the sewing kit. Mom is beautiful for a thirty nine year old. Mom is beautiful for a twenty nine year old. That night she looked spectacular. She had sheer nude colored thigh highs on to match the lacy panties and bra. We'd caught glimpses before but this was different. Maybe because we felt like we were going on a 'date' with her.

It was the first time we ever discussed our mother sexually. Joel said what I was thinking, "She has a hot body doesn't she?" That opened the floodgates.

We realized that we were turned on talking about her and spent a half hour on the parts we each liked. You would think the same things would excite us but it wasn't so. I went on and on about her big tits and Joel couldn't stop talking

about her perfect round ass. Finally when we were both crazy with the heat, I ventured, "Would you do her?"

Joel said, "Right here, right now."

We both laughed until mom came in and asked, "What's so funny you two; let me in on it" We burst out again.

We drove to the casino and it was a perfect June evening. We had dinner and saw a show. Mom said, "Aren't those girls gorgeous?" I said she was prettier than all of them. "I wish my husband would say things like that." She then added in a conspiratorial whisper, "He hasn't been interested in 'anything' about me for years."

I told her, "He's an idiot to pass you up."

She kissed me on the lips and I got hard. We played blackjack and we all drank too much. Joel and I each danced with her and after a few more drinks we all danced together.

When the band took a break we sat on a sofa in the lobby and that's when the crazy 'booze talk' started. Joel said, "You know mom, you're a lot hotter than either of our prom dates. Too bad we didn't take you; we would have had a much better time. We both thought we would have our first sex that night but I guess they didn't like us."

Now that was one huge lie but I know my brother's wacky head because I have one too. So I go where he's leading and say, "Do you think we're sexy mom? You didn't teach us too much about being with women so we're not always sure what to do."

"Of course you're sexy; if you weren't my sons I'd get a room and take you both upstairs right now."

Joel comes across with a brilliant, ridiculous idea; "Hey mom maybe you can help us. Let's get a room and you play-act to show us how do the right thing when it's time for our first."

Three Margaritas said, "Ok loves, let's go."

It started with "How do you kiss to show a woman you want her?" Mom demonstrated on both of us. When I was kissing her, Joel reached under her dress from behind and started massaging from her ass to her pussy. The pretense was over; we all knew what we were there for.

We never got all her clothes of but that just made her look even hotter. With her bra pulled down and panties off, everything we were interested in was accessible. If she was unsure about our experience before, once I started licking her pussy she knew. I worked her hood and cunt and clit until she was practically screaming. What made screaming difficult was Joel's cock stuffed into her mouth.

When she started to drip her honey on my tongue I turned her so I could enter her cunt from behind. It was so slick in her channel it felt liked she'd creamed on my cock. I was pushing in to the hilt when I saw Joel looking longingly at her ass. I stroked her for a few minutes and then pulled out. Joel could hardly contain himself as we switched. When he drove into her wet slot he kneaded her ass with both hands. I watched as her ass reddened under his pressing fingers. I

filled her mouth with my cock and she was almost delirious now. She was mumbling in between sucks and licks things like "My boys…oh yes…fuck oh…everything…in me…"

I couldn't believe how big and heavy her tits were as they hung in my hands. I was quickly joining Joel in not being able to contain myself. Mom had two cocks in her and four hands on her and her moans were getting louder and louder. The chances of the three of us coming at the same time were slim but there we were in a casino and sometimes you beat the odds: that time we did. Cum filled both ends of our mother as her spasms revealed two orgasms thirty seconds apart. We all collapsed in a panting heap with hands all over each other. Joel was smiling with his eyes closed as I kissed mom's mouth and told her how wonderful she was. I practically hardened again as her tongue played with mine. She whispered to me, "Your cock felt so good in me my baby."

On the way home mom keep going on about how we couldn't tell anybody and it was just the liquor and that she loved us but it would never happen again. Joel said, "Mom, do you think we're going to say 'Oh by the way dad…'when we get home?" (He was always the wiseass) And as for it

never happening again, well we were never in her at the same time again but she couldn't keep us off her individually. We touched her and teased her and kissed her at every opportunity. That was probably a turn-on by itself. Dad would be reading the paper and Joel would hold her ass or I would walk by and my arm would linger across her nipples. Whenever she wore stockings I couldn't help but run my hands up her long legs.

It became almost a competition between us. If she got it half the times we told each other, she was one busy lady those first few months. All I know is that she never really refused me. I did hear "Honey, please wait" or "not here" or "not now" but most of the time I couldn't wait and it was here and it was now.

One night I wanted her so badly in the middle of the night that I went to her bedroom door and when I heard dad snoring, I went in and woke her up motioning her out. She was all nervous and we went into the bathroom. Was this the most romantic setting? No. Was it good? Oh yes.

After we got through "are you crazy?" (Yes) She sat on the covered john and I pulled her nightgown down to her waist. Holding those heavy beautiful globes was almost enough to make me come. She looked up at me breathing hard as I brought my cock to her lips. She took a mouthful and I could feel her tongue massaging under the shaft. My mother licked and kissed and teased my dick knowing when to stop to keep me from coming too soon. When she had finally driven me to distraction, she did what she knew I loved. She grabbed the shaft and started jerking it as she sucked on the head. Intense is not enough to describe the come I have when she does that; excruciating is more like it.

I returned the favor by spreading my mother's legs and diving under the nylon to her cunt. By now I knew what did her. I knew where to lick where to suck and where to chew. She practically bounced on the seat as she came trying to keep the moans from escaping through the bathroom door.

Somehow at that moment I loved her more than I ever had and that was the first time I knew that it was more than sex for me. I made her stand and sat facing her as she sat back down on my thighs. I held her and kissed her for the longest

time. Even though I got hard I didn't let her put me in her. I wanted her to know. I stayed on her mouth as our tongues spoke. Then I looked at her and said, "I love you."

I had said that many times before to my mother but we both knew this was a different 'I love you'. Her lips came to my ear and whispered, "Oh Jamie, I love you too." We were someplace else.

'Someplace else' didn't make it easier for me. I only saw her have sex with Joel one time after that. I came home and heard her yelling in the bedroom. She was practically screaming, "Owww...stop, stop...owww it's hurting."

I went into her bedroom and Joel was fucking her in the ass. He was pumping furiously and she was obviously in pain. I pulled him off and said, "What the fuck is wrong with you? Can't you see you you're hurting her?"

He just pushed my arm away and said, "Don't make such a big deal, she can take it."

I held her and asked if she was all right. She was recovering and made excuses for him. "I'm ok sweetheart. He just got carried away and didn't realize..." But she held me and said, "Thank you baby."

After giving Joel a verbal kick in the ass he realized he was wrong and he apologized to mom. He's not a bad guy but he almost always thinks with the little head.

A few days later Joel and I were home watching a match when the phone rang. I answered and mom said I should meet her at a house on Crestview that she had just finished showing. She also said that I shouldn't tell Joel or dad. I said some girl I knew wanted to go to the movies and met mom.

The house was brand new and totally empty except for a card table that had literature on it and a few folding chairs. Mom said we needed to talk. We sat close and held hands and she said, "I don't want to have sex with Joel or your father ever again. I just want you Jamie."

"I want you too mom and it was starting to get me crazy even thinking about you with someone else." I kissed her eyes and face and lips as she smiled.

She purred a little as I stroked her breasts. After a few minutes she said, "What should we do baby? I don't think your father gives a damn about anything but selling houses and making money but I don't want to hurt Joel."

"Look mom, it's probably best if we just do it as soon as possible and don't drag it out. You talk to dad and I'll talk to Joel and we'll get it all sorted out."

"All right love." She looked around dreamily and said, "Wouldn't it be nice if this was our house and I could love you any time I felt like it?"

I kissed her long and slow as I unbuttoned her suit jacket and slipped my hands under her blouse to the fullest breasts I'd ever held. As I massaged them I could feel the nipples appear through the satiny bra. Her face was flushed and luminous in the dusky light that filtered through the blinds.

My cock was hardening in her hand and we stayed locked mouth to mouth until almost all the light was gone. I undressed her and said, "Mom just stand here and let me look."

She stood in front of me and turned slowly, smiling shyly as I sat and wondered at my fortune. I couldn't just look for long without stroking and caressing the velvety skin across her ass and down her quivering thighs. It was a little cool and I could feel the goose bumps appear as I fondled her heavy tits. She leaned to me and I sucked each nipple until it warmed and softened in my mouth.

I got down on the hardwood floor and separated her legs. I took my mother's wet center into my mouth and slathered it with my tongue. She moaned loudly as she threaded her fingers through my hair. Her sparsely covered outer lips spread easily to allow the darting tongue I would soon replace with my cock.

I urged my mother down to the floor and she lovingly opened for me. I ran my fingertips along every inch of her and teased her holes.

We kissed as I entered her. She said, "Jamie, I don't want anybody in me but you...promise me...promise me."

I promised with every stroke as I went deeper into my mother's waiting pussy. The unyielding floor held her and she moaned a cry each time I reached the end of her channel. With each cry she said, "Promise."

"Yes love" I said, "Only me and only you."

We kissed as I moved in her. She said, "You're only for me sweetheart aren't you?"

"Yes love" I said, "You made me for you."

We kissed as I came in her. We kissed as she came on me. We kissed and we kissed and we kissed.

Within a few days we had both done our 'dirty work'. Mom said that when she told dad, it was as if she had told him she

was going out for a walk. Of course she didn't tell him about us and they agreed to keep the agency together. Mom thought he probably had someone 'in the wings' because he was very breezy about it all. Joel and I had a long talk and by the end he just wished us well. For him it was just sex and he could get that without too much trouble.

About a month later mom told me, "I sold the house on Crestview – to us." She showed me the keys.

It's been two years since we've lived there as a couple. Joel comes over for dinner with his girlfriend and we enjoy each other's company. (Although he did say his girl said to him that she wasn't sure why, but we seemed a little strange. He told her he couldn't imagine what she meant.)

We do all the things couples do together. I feel married and I like it. Mom's taken to little games. She loves to make out because she says it makes her feel like a girl again. We sit in front of the television and don't watch for hours. She likes to play 'high school' where we kiss and she only lets me touch her in stages. She plays hard to get while I get hard period.

The bed is a lot more comfortable than the floor but we re-visit that scene once in a while for old time's sake. Last night we played 'honeymoon' and we made love as if for the first time. Mom wore white and was the inexperienced bride. I took her into the darkened bedroom and slowly undressed her. I looked at her big breasts as if I had never seen them bare before. As I sucked on her nipples I took her hand and put it down my pants. She touched my hardening cock with trepidation. She said, "Tell me what to do to make you feel good love."

I asked her to take me in her mouth and she kneeled to pleasure me. She took as much as she could because as always, she wanted to give as much as she could. I instructed her lips and tongue as if they had never tasted my cock before and she squirmed with excitement as she carried out my instructions. I strained to the back of my mother's throat and had to pull out when her licking and sucking took me to the edge of orgasm. I wanted to fill her mouth with my cum, but I wanted other things too.

I wanted her 'virgin' pussy and I adored it as I removed the moist white panties. Mother spread her legs on the bed and I told her to touch herself. She used both hands to rub and finger her clit and cunt. She said, "This is what I do when I think about you Jamie: when I imagine what it would be like to have you up inside me. Do it now love; I'm ready for you, waiting for you, wet for you."

I slid past the slick outer lips of my mother's pussy and filled her hugging channel with a cock that was so hard it hurt. The wet soothing home she had for it eased the throbbing into pure pleasure. I put her legs on my shoulders and sought her end with my cock. I put a finger deep into her ass and she responded to the stimulation. There was a crying kind of moan coming from her as the mounting rhythm took us closer to where we would each give our juices to the other. I wanted to stop and lick the honey I knew would be dripping out of her cunt but it was too late. She was coming. She yelled, "Hard, hard, hard..."

I put both hands on the bed and stroked as long and hard and fast as I ever had. One spurt ended on her belly as I came out of her but the rest filled her insides with hot milky cum. She was calling my name as she grabbed my neck

tightly to bring my body onto hers. I was on her as she kissed every part of my face. She said with a long exhale, "Ohhh that was the best."

"Of course, it was the best" I said. "That was your first and only time – wasn't it?"

We laughed into each other's mouth as we kissed.

THE END

My Mother's Tears

I was in my last year of high school and graduation was only weeks away. It was a scorching day in the middle of May; temperatures were in the high nineties. Nothing was going on at school so my best friend Tommy and I decided to skip school and go to a porno flick in the city. This was before we had computers and at least the theatre was air-conditioned, even if it was a bit musty.

The film is as crisp in my mind as if I watched it yesterday…a yesterday years in the past. We went in near the end; that wasn't exactly crucial as far as the plot was concerned. A busty mature woman was coming home late at night. She went to her room and stripped, revealing voluptuous curves; a body made for sex. She put on a bridal white nightgown that hid very little and went into a darkened room. The dim light revealed the sleeping figure of a naked young man.

The woman sat on the bed and without waking the youth began licking his cock. As he hardened she took the knob

into her mouth and began sucking in earnest. I found the scene arousing but when the dialogue began, I really came to attention. The guy slowly awoke and said, “Oh mom…I was waiting…I thought you’d never get here.”

She said, “I’m sorry baby; I couldn’t get away but momma’s here now…here to take care of her boy” She took his cock back into her mouth as he reached to take off her white sheer covering.

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing; I’d never seen a film that had incest in it and I’d never expected to see the fantasies that that played out dimly in the back of my mind, displayed in bright full color on a twenty-foot screen. I watched in rapt fascination as a mother lovingly sucked on her son’s cock. Her sounds were those of a woman who was turned on. She really seemed to be enjoying what she was doing. She had her fist around the base of the long cock and she bobbed continuously. She told him she was thinking about his cock all night long…thinking about sucking it…and fucking it. She laughed and said, “You know, you’ve made your mother a whore for this cock?”

She pumped his cock until it was a rock hard pole and then the woman mounted her son. The camera shifted behind her and her round full ass was visible; his cock was swallowed time and again by her pussy and he reached behind her to get a finger into her ass. As she rode him, I identified completely. It was Maya up there and she was on top of me.

I made Tommy sit through the whole thing again just so I could see that part once more. When we got out I asked him if he liked it and he said, “It was okay but the part about the mother and son was weird. I don’t think I could ever fuck my mom…but I could fuck yours.” We both laughed and I gave him a punch in the arm.

I wasn’t sure how he would take it but I was bursting…and he was the only person I could possibly talk to about it. I let it out and said, “You know Tommy, sometimes I think I could also…do mine.”

“Bobby…are you serious man?”

“Yeah I’m serious…maybe I’m getting crazy but I see her walking around the house in a robe without a bra or panties and I see the shape of her tits and ass…that beautiful…you know she may not have tits as big as the mother in the movie but they’re big enough…and she’s prettier…don’t you think?”

“Man, your mom’s good looking but…would you really…fuck her?” I didn’t answer but made a gesture and face that left him not sure…but I was sure.

After that movie I came to admit to myself what I wanted. I spent the next few weeks on the edge of my usual reality. My mother’s name is Maya and I read somewhere that in some language that means illusion; it seemed apt because I was starting to have trouble distinguishing illusion from reality.

Aside from my usual fantasies I was constantly thinking of ways to be in that movie with mom. It must have shown because she kept asking me why I seemed strange. I guess I was looking at her differently. I couldn’t help it. She would be sitting and reading and I would imagine myself walking

up to her and putting my hand in her blouse. She would bend over in the kitchen and I could see my image pressed up against her ass from across the room. She'd put her finger to her lips and it became me caressed in her mouth.

We lived alone and each night I thought of visiting her bedroom…to do what? I had very little idea. Finally I decided it was as a good a time to try whatever it was I was going to try. Had I considered if she would want me? Had I considered if she wanted me, would she let me? Had I considered that she might take a hammer to my head? No…no…and no. I wanted.

I knocked on her door and she told me to come in. She was just coming out of her bathroom. She was dressed in jean shorts and a white tee shirt…the same ones I'd seen dozens of times but boy didn't they look sexy that night. She must have spilled something on the tee because a small portion was wet where she had daubed water on it and her lacy bra showed through.

I was breathing hard, thinking how stupid I probably was to risk ruining all the good things I had with the closest person

in my life, but the flood of desire had inundated my reason. My thoughts were thick as molasses. I looked at her face. It was a face you could look at for years and never get tired of. An enigmatic smile always played around her lips betraying her complexity: kindness, sadness, and sex.

I didn't often go into her bedroom and she asked, "Is anything wrong honey?" I said I just wanted to talk. I was in trouble. I was getting hard just being in her bedroom with her.

I fumbled my way by asking her the kind of question she likes to talk about. I said, "Mom do you think we choose love or love chooses us?" She was thoughtful and started to talk about all the different reasons why our emotions cloud our judgment about whom we want to be with. She ended up saying that I should probably think through whatever I was considering before rushing into it.

My head was full of mush but I didn't want to stop. Soon I got to where I was going. I told her that Tommy told me about a film he'd seen where a mother has a love affair with

her son and I asked her, “Do you think that they could they be in love…like lovers?”

She looked at me funny and said, “Well I guess…today anything is possible…if two people…” I’m not sure what I thought that meant but I took it the way I wanted to. I closed the gap between us. I invaded her space and kissed her, covering one of her breasts with my palm. She was frozen for a second and then pushed me off. “What the hell are you doing?” When I just stood and didn’t answer, she said it twice as loud, “What the hell are you doing?”

I was doubly confused because I didn’t know what to say, and she had folded her arms under her breasts causing them to jut out at me. I was having trouble doing two things at once…looking, and thinking. I stammered, “I…I…I’m sorry…?”

She gave a look that cut through steel, “I don’t care if you’re sorry…I want to know what…” She stopped herself and calmed a bit. “Okay, sit down…what is this all about?”

She moved the notebook she must have been writing in toward the wall and we sat together on the edge of her bed. I told her the truth. I started with the movie and then it hit me as I said it…it wasn't that I just wanted to have sex with her…it was a lot more. I said, "Mom, I don't know how it could be…but I love you…and I wanted to love you like…mom, I know that a son isn't supposed to want to have sex with his mother…but I look at you…and I do…I want to make love with you."

"Look honey…this is…you're just going through a phase…you're confused at your age…think about what you're saying…touching your own mother…being inside her…listen to me baby…your going to find a nice young girl…let's just forget about this because…"

I broke in. "Mom, I'm not going to forget about it…I've been with young girls but you're what I think about all the time now…I think about making love to you…it's probably what I've always thought about…and it's not going to go away…I'm sorry if I upset you…I won't say anything anymore…but I know one thing…it's not going away."

She didn't say anything. She just got very quiet and thoughtful. After a while she seemed agitated and left. I sat alone for a moment and got up to leave. I noticed the notebook again. It was open to a poem she had been writing. I flipped through and saw there were dozens of them. From the open page a description leapt out at me, "...My dark lover with eyes of surprising light"... I wondered...I have dark hair and light eyes. The next stanza left me without doubt, "...his cherry tipped finger stirring my nipple..." My right forefinger has a red birthmark on it. Okay, I thought...maybe it could be about me but that doesn't have to mean that it's about her...but then again...

It was awkward after that and I felt estranged. We had always been so close but after that incident she wasn't the same. She still called me 'honey' and 'sweetie' but she didn't touch me or smile much. I felt cold; I felt alone. My fantasies continued but they turned darker.

I thought of my mother blindfolded and tied to the bed with her legs opened wide, knowing that she would be fucked at any given moment. I imagined her as my slave, ready to be had at my whim. I would order her down on her knees...I would make her spread herself so that both of

her holes were available to me…my cock would stretch her and fill her holes with my thick meat. I wasn't gentle and her tears didn't move me.

I usually couldn't continue that fantasy for very long because no matter how good I thought it would feel to drive my cock into her, I would imagine Maya's voice begging me to stop. That would make me shift gears; I didn't want my mother to beg me to stop…I wanted her to beg me to keep going…keep making love to her…until she'd had all the pleasures imaginable…the pleasures of her son giving her what she needed…and wanted.

Things deteriorated between us and we argued about stupid things; both of us were on edge most of the time. Finally mom sat me down for a talk. "Honey, this is not good. Both of us are in turmoil all the time…we have to resolve this. I think you're a wonderful son and I love you very much…oh God…listen to me baby…we're people and we have urges and desires…I understand what you're going through. I'm a woman and you know…I haven't been with a man in a long time. You're a handsome boy and…women have urges too…I probably shouldn't say this to you but maybe it would be easier for you if you knew something…I've had sexual

thoughts about you even before you said anything…that's probably what upset me more than anything…because maybe I'm the one who started you off on all this…damn…I don't know anything anymore but we can't just…"

Her face started to get red and tears formed. I went to her and held her. I knew now that she was the woman in the poem and I began kissing her face. She responded by kissing mine. Soon our lips met and my mother's warm tongue was in my mouth. She was making little moaning sounds as we kissed. I put my hand between her legs and she put hers between mine. I was holding my mother's pussy and she was holding my cock…but not for long. Mom broke away with almost a scream of "NOOOO…" and ran out of the room. A moment later I heard the front door slam shut.

I waited for her to return all night. At 4 A.M. she came in. Her eyes were swollen from crying and looked dazed. I knew she didn't drink but when things got tough she had resorted to pills in the past. She had taken a lot of pills.

I said, “Mom, I was worried…how could you go out at night by yourself and…”

“Honey…” Her speech was slow but measured. “I’m sorry. I won’t do that again…I promise…and you have to promise. That’s one of the things I decided. We can’t run away from this…you’re my son and I’m your mother…we’re going to be in each other’s lives forever so we can’t run away…do you understand?”

I was for anything that got us back to feeling good so I said, “sure mom…I love you and whatever you say is okay with me.”

“Okay baby…I love you too…” She took a deep breath and said; “I also decided we have to understand this…and be sure not to rush into anything we’ll be sorry for…” She was almost slurring. “So we have to go slow…I don’t want to lose you…oh Robbie…that was the sweetest kiss…maybe if we hold each other at first…and just a kiss… I think that would be okay…if you want to.”

Like I was about to refuse. “I would love that mom.” Her lips quivered a little and I guess I was nervous too but a few minutes later our tongues were playing again. My mother was a good kisser and we made out for along time. My hands stroked her back under the tee but I didn’t touch her breasts. After a while her breath quickened. Her hand slid down my chest and rested on my cock. I didn’t know if she expected me to do it or not, but my dick was straining in my pants and I took it out.

When she saw it her eyes opened. “God…it’s big.” It even looked big to me…thick and hard for my mother. She took it in her hand and began massaging up and down the shaft…she told me how good it felt to touch. I had closed my eyes and when her hand released me I figured she had had enough for the first time. That was when I felt the soft warm wetness.

Warm lips, warm mouth, warm tongue; my mother was sucking my cock. She had taken it into her mouth. She was having trouble because she had just bent over and was at an awkward angle. The head was very big and she couldn’t comfortably accommodate it. I could see the bulge it made

on one side of her cheek. She took me out of her mouth and stood back up. She put her arms around me.

"I'm sorry baby…I told myself I wouldn't…I…" My mother was apologizing for sucking me. I was going to explode from wanting to throw her down on the floor and fill her pussy with my cock and then fill it with my cum…but I kept under control; I didn't want to lose what we had started. I kissed her and told her how wonderful it was and then I surprisingly said the right thing for that moment.

I said, "Mom…let's stop here for now…we'll take it one step at a time…we have our whole lives…and I love you." She was so relieved she couldn't stop kissing me.

That night we began taking the first step. I had watched a late movie and mom had gone to bed but a few minutes after going to my room, mom came in and said, "Before we go to sleep…I just wanted to…" She gave me a lover's kiss and left.

A few nights later she said, “I’m going to bed honey, come to me in a while and say good night” In my mind, there was an unspoken understanding; I would come to her bed that night and make love to her. When I got to her room, she was dressed in expectation of a lover: perfumed, powdered and wearing her most provocative underwear. At first neither of us said a word; we just kissed. I didn’t touch her until she touched me. When she finally rested her hand on my rapidly swelling cock I undid her bra. Her breasts were beautifully formed cones and showed very little evidence of her age. There was a heaviness to them that made them feel even bigger than they were. I kissed and sucked on them, savoring the nipples that became erect as my tongue played and my teeth teased. She whimpered and I looked down between her legs where my cock ached to be.

My hand slid over her belly and into the filmy panties. I could feel the moisture on my mother’s pussy and then the soft folds were slipping in and out from between my fingers. A juice covered finger slipped easily into my mother’s hole. “Ohhhh…” escaped her lips and I probed deeper into her center. I couldn’t wait to be in her. I knew she was wet enough but by her actions I realized that she wasn’t ready in all the other ways to have her son’s cock

inside her. She went down on me. She took my cock into her mouth and wouldn't release me. She sucked me with excitement and unflagging determination.

It was all so fresh and exciting that I knew I couldn't wait long before coming. I had had oral sex with a few other girls but I never came in their mouth. It didn't matter to me before, but that night I wanted nothing more than to come in my mother's mouth. I wanted my cum on my mother's tongue and lips. Still, I expected my mother to pull back when I started to come; she didn't.

I let go with the first few jets and when Maya's mouth stayed on me, it took me to another level. I pumped cum into her mouth until she couldn't hold anymore and I watched rivulets of cream cross her lips and chin to her breasts. She was trying to catch her breath when the last jets shot to the back of her throat. She swallowed those and closed her eye's laying her cheek on my cock saying, "Oh love…oh love…" Then she told me she loved me and sent me from her room. This became our ritual and unspoken rule – I could be in her mouth but not in her pussy.

That went on for weeks and I would have thought that it would be enough…to come in my mother's beautiful mouth that way…but it wasn't…I wanted more. I started telling her how much I wanted her pussy…needed her pussy. Night after night I touched and fingered the opening that I wanted so much to fill until I couldn't wait any longer. I was hard as stone and opened her resisting legs wide. I approached with my cock in my hand and as I was about to insert it…I hesitated…I stopped. My mother's breasts were rising and falling as she fought for breath and then she said, "It's okay baby…it's okay…" I put the head of my cock against her opening and pushed. She didn't say anything but her sounds betrayed the mixture of pleasure and anxiety.

Inch by inch I made my way into my mother's moist opening. She groaned as her pussy stretched and filled with my meat. It was so tight in her hole it felt like her fist was squeezing my cock. My mother was letting me and I was amazed at how much she wanted it. "OH God…oh sweetheart…you're doing it to me…my baby…inside his momma…oh yes like that…like that…" Then it sounded like I was listening to her internal dialogue. "Oh God…I'm…doing it…I have my…Robbie…in me…my baby is…no…no…damn…don't…stop…oh…oh…oh"

I gave my mother almost the full length of my cock and she moaned loudly. She held my arms and urged me to turn. She sat over me, impaled, so she could control the amount of cock she took inside her. Her face grimaced and I saw that she was crying. My mother was loving what I was giving her so much it made her cry. I started losing control. The stimulus was just too much…being in my mother's pussy, hearing her moaning…it was no longer a choice…the cum blasted into her pussy and must have stimulated her to orgasm because she started flexing up and yelling "OH…OH…OH…" When I thought I was done she squeezed one more time and an intense last spurt of cum sent a bolt of lightning through my balls and cock. My mother was sitting on me with tears now pouring down her cheeks. I hadn't understood at all…she was saying, "NO…NO…NO…"

She cried for what seemed an eternity no matter what I did or said. I felt terrible for her. I apologized but she kept saying it wasn't my fault. I held her and when she quieted she said, "I love you Robert… but these terrible desires…I was taken over by all these…feelings…I wanted too much…I couldn't stop myself…but it can't be…it just can't be…a

mother can't let her son…fuck her…she can't…she can't." She dissolved into tears again.

My mother was so conflicted with desire and anxiety that later that night we ended up replaying almost the same scene. I heard the TV going at three and came out to find her staring off while sitting on the couch. I sat by her and when she realized I was there she said, "Oh Robert I'm sorry if I woke you…I couldn't sleep…Robert what we did…what I did…" I put my arm around her and she melted into me. "Robert…do you know how hard this is?" I knew how hard everything was. "I'm filled with all these feelings for you…you're so beautiful to me…but…I can't baby…I won't be able to stop." I told her I understood and kept my arm around her…soothing her with gentle strokes.

Within minutes and without words she was kissing my chest and breathing hard. I couldn't stop myself from reaching for her breast and fondling it. She didn't stop me. I massaged her tit and held the nipple between my fingers over the filmy material of her nightdress. Soon after, she was kissing over my cock and mumbling "my baby…sweet baby…" Then I heard "Oh Robbie…it was so good in me…your beautiful big cock…I want you baby…oh…"

Quickly she undid my pants and the knob was in her mouth.

As she tortured the head of my cock with her lips and tongue, her hand moved around and up and down the shaft at the same time. She took more cock into her mouth and backed off when too much went to her throat. She worked slowly to take as much as she could. Her moans increased as I reached under the nylon between her legs and manipulated over her bare pussy. I found the clit under the hood and was surprised. It felt so much bigger than I expected. I didn't have that much experience but I was sure the size of her nub wasn't usual. As I fingered her, the cocksucking became louder and more animated. I said, "Oh mom…that feels so good…you're sucking me so good mommy."

My mother stopped and gave me an almost pained expression. "Please baby…call me Maya…just call me Maya." I told her how good she felt and that I loved her. I called her Maya and she took my cock back into her mouth.

I wanted her to feel good. I would have done anything. I tried to do everything. I pulled out of her warm sucking mouth and I pushed her back on the couch. I went to her pussy with my mouth. I had never tasted her that way before and she resisted at first. “No baby…don’t make me feel like that…it’s too much…oh God…you shouldn’t.” In some way I felt as if she was saying that she didn’t deserve to feel good. I didn’t agree…and I wouldn’t stop.

I took the big nub between my lips and began working it with my tongue. It was slippery and smooth. I pushed my tongue into all the corners where her folds fought to cover the sensitive button. I sucked the fleshy protrusion into my mouth and suckled on it as if it were a big nipple.

My mother was making it difficult because she had begun thrashing. I stayed with it even when she bucked and continued the pulling and pressure on the source of her pleasure and release. I could feel her thighs begin to vibrate as she intermittently closed them on my face. I kept sucking her. She began a siren sound I had never heard and it continued building in intensity as she came. She shook and exhaled an almost mournful sigh as her orgasm ended.

I kept on sucking. She held my head and said, “No, no, no…no more baby…too much…” I knew I’d have to get past the super-sensitivity she would feel after orgasm to bring her off again. I kept on sucking through her protests. Soon she began to build again. It was faster and more intense than the first time. She rocketed to the top and crested with a yell as she pulled my hair. She repeated “Oh my God…oh my God.” When it was done she looked at me, slowly shaking her head from side to side. At her lips was a soft smile, and at the corners of her eyes, once again, my mother’s tears.

We lived in a limbo of love, lust, and confusion for almost six months when Maya came to me and said that we had to stop. She had been talking to a friend who had convinced her that the only way to come to terms with her dilemma was to first stop having sex with me. She thought it would be easier if she were away from me for a while.

Maya scheduled a week’s vacation and left…it hurt to be without her. We spoke every night for hours and that probably made it even worse. She said, “You know Bobby, you’ll move on…which I know you should do…but still…it’s

going to be hard for me when you find someone else…I just imagine you making love to a young woman…or getting married…and never touching me again…and…I can hardly stand it."

"Maya" I said, "that's not what it's like for me…I love you and I can't imagine anyone wanting you the way I do now…I want to be in you all the time…and you're what I'm always going to want…you're the one…you're the lover I want to be with…you're the wife I want to have every night…it's your body…your mouth…your pussy that I can't do without."

The next day Maya came back home. The first thing she said to me was, "I don't know any more now than I did before…and I don't feel any better about what I'm doing, but I know that I can't do without it…I need you too much."

That would be the scene where I carry her in my arms to the bedroom or we rip each other's clothes off and do it on the floor, but that wasn't the way it happened. We kissed for a long time; sweet unending languid kisses until both of our bodies were covered with them. It took an hour until the

last piece of clothing was off and everything that could be licked, was. We walked into my mother's bedroom.

Maya did something I didn't expect. She pasted her fingers with lubricant. She got on her knees and one elbow on the bed. I watched as she reached back with her free hand and greased the rosette between the rounded cheeks of her ass. She said, "I want this."

At that moment I wasn't sure…did she want me to 'punish' her for her desires…and mine? Could I even fit into her that way? I soon had both answers. My cock was raging from all the foreplay and I approached her from behind. She reached back and with her slippery hand coated my cock. I entered my mother's ass with less exertion than I thought would be needed. My mother let out a long "Ohhhh…" with the first entry, but she didn't seem discomfited as the knob of my cock stretched her asshole open. When I passed the ring, it became easier for more of the shaft to travel into her narrow opening. It was tighter and hotter than being in her pussy and I was surprised at how different the sensations were. I worked my cock deeper into my mother's ass and eased into the stroking. It felt amazing.

As the hard rod made its way in and out, some of the grease gathered around my mother's stretched pucker. I used my finger to spread it back. It felt good to touch the place where my cock was held by my mother's asshole. I reached down a little farther to massage her pussy as I pushed deeper into her ass. I took hold of my mother's hips and began pumping harder. I felt as if we were joined in a new way and I said, "You're mine, aren't you mom?"

As I watched her distended hole taking me in, it constricted around the width of my cock and she answered with almost a cry, "Oh honey, I've always been yours." I needed to hear more and I said, "Tell me mom, tell me that nobody is going to have you but me."

"Oh my sweet baby…nobody …nobody…your momma is just for you."

As my cock moved in and out of my mother's ass I became insistent in my excitement. "Tell me mom…say the words…tell me that you won't let anybody fuck you

again…only me…only me.” With each repetition I sent my dick into my mother’s hole…harder and deeper each time.

She was breathing harder and the words came out surrounded by air. “I promise love…I promise…nobody is going to fuck me but you…all for you…my mouth and my pussy and my ass…all for you baby…all for you.”

The friction was building to a fiery intensity and I didn’t want to think about what it was doing to her; I just wanted to keep pumping. At that point something happened. The noises coming from my mother were not the same. She had been loud in the past but this was different. It was guttural, from the back of her throat and the depths of her being. I was about to come and she almost stopped me with her sounds until I realized that they came from pleasure and not pain.

She said, “Oh God…I have to …I have to…Ohhhh…God…Bobby don’t stop…in my ass…baby…baby…yes, yes…Ohhhh…” My mother was coming…really coming. I heard it and I saw it. She was ejaculating. Cum was pouring from her pussy onto the bed.

I couldn't imagine what was happening…I didn't know women could come like that. It was the most exciting thing I had ever witnessed. I recovered my stroke before I could even think that I was about to come, I started shooting into my mother's ass. Cum poured from me as it had from her until her small channel was saturated and overflowing.

When she finished coming, mom turned under me and held me in a fierce embrace. "Oh Bobby…that never happened to me before…at first I thought I had to pee and then…God…I started coming and…did you see it…it came out of me…like… a man…but that feeling…it felt so good baby…oh God what are you doing to me baby?"

"I'm just loving you M…Maya…" I said…loving you…mom…mom…mom." She kissed me so hard it hurt…a wonderful hurt.

She said, "Yes baby…yes…your mom…your mom." I kissed the tear that glistened in the corner of my mother's eye…it tasted sweet.

Things changed for us after that night. Slowly over time Maya came to accept that no matter how unconventional, we had the right to choose how we would live our lives. She was much more at peace with herself. Paradoxically, the direction we took was probably more conventional than not. We lived more like husband and wife than incestuous lovers. Mom sold real estate and together we bought, fixed up and re-sold properties. For five years I came home at night, had dinner and went to bed with my lover who happened to be my mother.

Maya often told me that her day was often filled with thoughts of our nights. Although she remained shy about asking for things, she would call when we weren't together and say something like, "I was fantasizing about being in the kitchen in my bra, panties and an apron and then 'someone' came up behind me while I was cooking and…" Naturally that night I'd find her in the kitchen half undressed. There's something about a woman in that place and in that that condition that really raises my temperature and just about everything else that can be raised. She'd usually end up leaning over the small table and I'd take her doggy style, sinking into her pussy until we'd work ourselves up to a frenzied orgasm.

We made up games; Maya liked “Invisible Bonds.” When it was my turn, she would make me lie on my back perfectly still and perfectly naked. I would have to pretend to be bound and immobile. She would then tease me until I desperately wanted to fuck her. She would use her tongue until my cock pointed to the ceiling. She would stay dressed and then take her tits out to tempt me to touch them. She knew how much I loved to play with them and she would dangle them over me, letting them touch my thighs or chest as she licked at my cock. She’d brush the nipples across my lips waiting for me to suck them into my mouth and lose the game.

She almost always ‘won’ because after about five or ten minutes I’d have to move and jump her body. If I grabbed her I wasn’t supposed to ‘get any’ but she always laughed as I struggled to get my cock between her legs while she pretended to fight me off. Needless to say we always ended up fucking.

We talked about everything, even things that couldn’t be. At about five one morning, Maya woke up and was

evidently fretful. She got up and looked at something in one of her drawers and when she came back to bed she seemed relieved. I asked her what it was about and she told me she had dreamed she was pregnant and she went to check that she hadn't missed a pill. I told her, "You know mom…I fantasized a few times about that. I wondered what it would be like to get you pregnant. I imagined your belly gently swelling with my baby inside you." I touched her flat stomach and moved up to her breasts. "I can just imagine these filled with milk." Her tit filled my hand and had a pleasant weight to it. I flicked the tip of her nipple with my tongue and then put it in my mouth. I pressured it between my teeth and my mother squealed a little. I began sucking one of her nipples as if I could extract the sweet fluid. The nipple puffed with my attention. "Maybe I think about it because it would make you belong to me even more."

"Oh honey…it makes me hot when you talk about it like that" she said, "but we don't have to have a baby for me to be yours…I'm yours right now love…I do belong to you…I'll always belong to you."

I kissed her eyes and told her, "I know mom…I know."

We were both ready. I slipped into her pussy and held her with very little movement until she started squirming. As I began the long even strokes into my mother's pussy, she began musing in a faraway voice, "It's so different when you're in me this way love. I feel at peace…the whole day goes away and I can just float into feeling every inch of you…pushing the lips of my vagina…reaching along my channel into my belly…filling me…with your cock and with your love…and then when you're in my…behind…the heat and pressure…it gets me insane and I come that crazy way…"

She laughed and stretched her body up to meet mine…to swallow more of my cock into her pussy until I was in her up to the hilt so she could grind against me, trying to make contact with her big clit. I took her as my lover…when her man has her to possess her…I took her as my wife…when her husband has her to please her…I took her as my mother…when her son has her because neither of them can stop. As I released my cum into her, she was saying, "yours…yours baby…yours…"

We made love and we had love but love is not an exact science and love hates order. Her name was Ginny Meadows and she was a teacher I had in high school, Chemistry of all things. She was interested in buying one of the houses we had for sale and I didn't know it was she until we met at the site. We talked on the phone a few times and met a few times, theoretically to discuss the house, but the talk ended up far afield.

Ginny sensed something about my mother and me living together and I didn't dissuade her because I could see she was turned on by it. It finally came out when she asked me flat out, "Did you sleep with your mother?"

We traded confidences and it turned out that Ginny had always been attracted to her younger brother but nothing had ever materialized between them. Ginny was about eight years older than I was and I could see her interest. I could feel mine too. Why would a person jeopardize a good thing…the cock wants…but why are we so stupid?

The last time we met in the empty house, we both knew what we were there for. It was isolated enough that even

though the sun poured in through the curtain-less picture window, we felt safe doing what we did in front of it on the hardwood floor. Two coats were our bed and Ginny's legs opened to welcome the cock she so badly wanted.

Only it soon became clear it wasn't my cock that Ginny so badly wanted, it was her brother's. She called me "Donnie" about ten times. "Do it Donnie…do it." Fucking is fucking and it was far from bad but still I'd soon had enough of her instructions on what to call her (Sissy) and when to call her. ("Say it, say it…say it now, say it, say it…")

Finally I tried to turn her over and get something I was used to having some satisfaction with. She wasn't expecting it where it went. She screamed 'bloody blue murder' and the debacle was soon over. She never did end up buying the house.

I was never so happy that something didn't work out but I wasn't proud of what I had just done. I just wanted to go home. I expected my mother to be there but she wasn't. I tried her cell but couldn't get through and I left a message. I started to get a sick feeling in the pit of my stomach. What

if she had come by that house as Ginny and I…what if one of our employees…?

I waited for two hours and when the phone finally rang, it was mom. She'd been in an accident and was stuck in the hospital. She was okay except for being shaken up and some minor cuts and bruises.

The trip to the hospital to pick her up was terrible. There she was…while there I was…on and on. I didn't know how I could have felt worse. My heart beat out of my chest thinking about 'you don't know what you've got 'til it's gone'. When I got her home, I made her some tea and put her to bed. I watched her sleep all night. When she awoke in the morning and gave me a tender smile, my heart almost broke.

I kissed her gently all over; I embraced every part of her with my lips and mouth. When I reached her pussy I asked her "Are you okay…do you want me to…?"

She said, “I always want you to.” I licked her folds until I could taste the honey that dripped out of her. Her clit swelled as it became suffused with blood. I took the big nub into my mouth and lovingly stroked it with my tongue. Her knees come up and opened, leaving a beautiful picture I could only see in my mind. Her hands in my hair told me of her building excitement. My mother whimpered as I circled the sensitive area before painting it with the tip of my tongue. I could feel the response in the clit itself as she verged on orgasm. I could feel hands pulling me up to be inside her but I wanted her to come in my mouth. I pressured her clit in the way that usually took her over the top and she reflexively grasped two handfuls of my hair. I felt the tremble that signaled her orgasm; her hips flexed up and in a long exhale she called out, “baby…baby…baby…baby.”

I thought she would sleep after that but my sucking her only whetted her appetite. She wanted more. She urged me up and I straddled over her. She put my cock between her tits and moved the soft flesh around the shaft. I could see the tips emerge. I took the two nipples and rolled them between my fingers as they elongated. I slid my cock toward my mother’s mouth and she willingly accepted

it…she lovingly accepted it. I watched her tongue reach out of her mouth to massage the underside of my stiff column. Her lips caressed the knob with wet sucking sounds. I easily could have come in her mouth had I left my cock there for a few more seconds, but at that point, I pulled back.

I embraced her and kissed her as if it was the first time. I held her and loved her. The feel of her skin at every point it met mine was like silk. I loved her more at that moment than I would have thought possible. I entered her pussy to join her as much as to fuck her. There was a part of me that always knew that somehow I would be there: inside my mother's pussy, loving her and taking her in that way. My cock fit her and filled her. We were complete. She felt it as much as I did. She said, "No one will ever love me but you Bobby…nobody could…all for you Bobby…make me come the way you do Bobby…make momma come…"

I knew what she wanted. Every time she had ejaculated I had been in her ass. I pulled out of her and my cock was shiny with the syrup from my mother's pussy. She turned over raising the perfect rounded globes of her ass and spreading them anxiously with her hands. I didn't keep her waiting. I was slick enough to gain entry into her waiting

tight hole. I penetrated with down-reaching thrusts into the recesses of the hot channel and my mother responded with deep intakes of breath while urging me on, “Yes love…like that… deep in my ass…yes.” She turned to me with a wonderful smile that betrayed her incredulity, “Oh honey how could it feel this good? No matter how many times you do it to me like this…filling my ass until I think I can’t take another inch and then I…I…Oh God…I…yes…yes baby…make me come…make momma come.”

I gave my mother my whole cock until my balls made contact with the smooth round flesh. I held her hips and after a few quick stokes, she began ejaculating. I had seen it a few times by then but it never ceased to amaze me: watching my mother in complete abandon with cum pouring from her pussy, almost screaming, “Yes baby…God yes…OH…OH…OH…” I reached to rub her soaked pussy and clit, as much to increase her pleasure as to have the cum - juice that was coming out of her on my fingers. I couldn’t believe I could make my mother cum like that, no matter how many times it happened. She heaved and bucked as I fucked her through the seemingly unending orgasm until we were both spent and exhausted.

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As we lay together, a shadowy fear slowly overwhelmed me. What if I had lost her? What if she had…I didn’t even want to think the words. I knew that any hope for happiness was next to me in bed and I grabbed her in a fierce embrace. I whispered to her “Don’t ever go mom…don’t ever leave…”

She knew what I didn’t say and with great tenderness she answered, “I’m here baby…with you…always…I need you and I need this…” She covered my cock with her hand and smiled, placing a few feather-light kisses on my cheeks as I felt the first drop of my mother’s loving tears.

My Sister, My Self

I like to read books about twins. I just read about two guys, reared apart, with no contact with each other. They both grew up to be firemen, with wives named Bobby, a son Richard, and cavities in the same teeth. Then there's the Lawrence sisters, living a continent apart: at the moment one is getting an emergency appendectomy, the other wakes up with shooting pains in her side.

I understand some of what that's all about because I have a twin sister. Her name is Anne and mine is Michael and I'm not always sure where I end and she begins.

We grew up in a small out of the way town in New Hampshire. There weren't many kids around and we were each other's best friends.

We never fought. I mean never. When I tell people that, they say, "it's impossible", "you don't remember", "it's unhealthy", and things like that. All I know is, we never fought. She played ball with me, I played house with her,

and we played "doctor" together: nothing serious, just the usual inquisitive kid's stuff.

We loved each other, right from the start. I can't remember a time when we didn't hold hands and take care of each other.

Our babbling to each other tuned into a crazy language only we could understand. I can imagine now how annoying it must have been for everyone, including our parents, to have kids around who were always laughing and talking in a "foreign" language. We didn't really care: we always preferred each other's company to anyone else's.

Although we had twin beds, Anne always came to sleep with me when were young. It seemed so natural; I thought everyone slept with arms around someone else. At first, our parents thought it was "cute"; then they became "concerned" and we ended up in separate bedrooms.

That didn't matter because we were all over each all day long. We liked touching each other, so we did it. When we

were twelve and went to the "big" school, I remember how we practiced kissing with each other so we would be ready for other kids. Those may have been the sweetest kisses I ever tasted.

As we went into our teens, we literally watched each other grow. We always went into the woods by "our" stream to check on our progress. I watched and felt Anne's breasts, as they went from small swellings with puffy pink nipples, to the full, round 36D she is today.

It seems funny now, at nineteen to picture us standing naked in the woods at twelve, with my hand on her boob, her hand exploring between my legs, and having a conversation as if nothing strange was going on.

There's one other thing I remember very clearly about those times in the woods. I would be touching her and then I would always ask her the same question, every single time. "Anne, are you always going to let me do this?" It's like that great song "Will you still love me tomorrow", it's not enough that everything is perfect now; I also have to know it's going to be perfect tomorrow.

Of course things change: we were still very close and saw each other all the time, but it wasn't the same. We got older, went out with people, and got involved.

I had an on and off girlfriend until two days ago. Anne's boyfriend asked her to marry him, and that's when it hit the fan.

I was home alone when Anne came into my room. With a half smile she said, "Michael I have some news: Lee asked me to marry him. He also wants to go to work in his father's construction business in Nevada".

If it's possible to have twelve emotions hit you at once, they did then. I sort of stammered, "What did you tell him?"

"It was very strange because I thought I'd jump if he asked me: but when he did, for some reason, I started thinking about you. I told him I was overwhelmed and needed a little time. Maybe I just needed to talk to you."

At that moment I just looked at her. Let me tell you what I saw. A perfect beauty that I knew would remain that way to me no matter how long we lived. I've given the only statistic I know. She's a 36D. That interested me enough for me to ask her.

She comes up to my mouth when I kiss her head, so she's probably 5.6". When I lift her in my arms in a hug she feels about 110. When I look into her eyes they're crystal green; and when I touch her skin it's satin from her neck across her breasts down to her thighs and long legs.

Now she's looking back at me and the green of her eyes is sparkling from the tears that fill them. "Michael how could I not see you, or touch you, or be with you anymore?"

"You can't and I can't", I said. I walked up to her and put my hands on her shoulders and said, "Annie, let's say it now or just be miserable and get on with our lives without each other".

It came out in a cry, " Oh Michael, I love you, I love you."

If I only remember one kiss in my life, that's going to be the one. Everything we ever felt and never said was in that kiss. Not that there was anything wrong with the kisses that followed, we just kissed and kissed and kissed.

We tore off our clothes and became lots more intimately acquainted with the bodies we knew. Do you know how sometimes you don't realize how hungry you are until you start eating? That's how Annie went at my cock. I thought my sweet sister was going to devour it.

My Anne was moaning as she sucked. I love hearing that in my head: my Anne, my Anne. She would never be more my Anne then when I finally had my cock in her. I can't imagine anything feeling better than being in my sister's cunt. She was so wet I could hear her juices as I pumped in and out of her.

I didn't want to come because I wanted it to last forever: so I pulled out and put my face in her crotch. I raised her legs in the air and spread them. I licked long and slow in her cunt, on her clit, and in her ass. Then I heard her say

something no one else on earth could understand because she said it in our secret childhood language. "Michael...Michael... I want you forever; I want you in me...Michael ...my home."

In our language, home was a name we called each other; and it was how I felt now...Home.

I went back into her and fucked my beautiful sister and my beautiful sister fucked me back. We led each and waited for each other. At the point of no return, she started to scream. I came, and between us we made enough noise to set off car alarms. Remember the movie "Frankie and Johnny"? - like that.

Now, what are the chances, that just as we're both bellowing, our parents are going to walk in? Slim to none right? Well, you know it; walk in they did. Hearing the noise they come in the bedroom to rescue whoever is being killed...Surprise!

Pandemonium ensues of course ...blah, blah...jail...blah, blah ...crazy house...blah, blah...do this to us.

We made all the right noises about accident, never happen again, never speak about it, - things calmed down.

Anne is getting married. We decided it would be the best thing. Not to Lee but to me: in a manner of speaking. We're leaving and not looking back. We love each other, period. We're going to be with each other, period. We're going to make love with each other every night, comma, comma, comma, comma.

Worrying about the future and worrying about the past: it started in the woods and here we are now. " I'm not asking, "Will you still love me tomorrow".

My only ambition is to finish this sentence.

I have my Anne and she has me.

Panic

Someone said that to live a good life, the most important thing was to 'Know yourself.' Even though I wasn't twenty yet, I knew myself enough to know that I wanted and needed her.

I found her curled up in the den, listening to a blues singer telling a thousand year old story, told thousands of times before. I approached her and stroked her hair. She looked up at me in anticipation of my desire.

She stood and came into my arms. We kissed, and then I held her until she exhaled a long relaxed sigh. She said, "I'm safe when you hold me like this Danny...we're together, and I'm not afraid."

For most people, saying that they felt safe in another person's arms might just be a nice thing to say, but for my mother it would have been unimaginable for her to utter those words only six months earlier. Six months that took two minutes and a life-altering eternity to pass. Up until

then, we'd spoke and touched and acted as most mothers and sons did, except when the panic came, and struck the terror into her. There was never any warning, a thought perhaps, a sound, a flicker of light, and then the sweats, the shaking, the fear, and the tears.

On an ordinary day, a simple question was a spark that lit my old life on fire and turned it to ash. I'd said, "Mom, you look strange, are you okay?"

"Oh sure, honey. It's...you know...'That time.' I just have some cramps and I'm sore and...jeez Danny, why am I going on, you don't have to hear about all this."

"Mom, it's not such a big deal to talk about your period, is it?"

"I guess not," she laughed. "I guess I'm still stuck in the Middle Ages about that kind of stuff. I'll tell you though, when I get like this, I feel uncomfortable in my own skin. It just seems to be getting worse; my breasts are so sore, I just feel like a wreck."

That's when I said something you could say to almost anyone, but not my mother. "Why don't you let me take you to a doctor; he could give you something and..." That's when I knew I'd made a mistake. The symptoms came quickly; just the thought of leaving the house and sitting in a doctor's office set her off. Her medication wasn't helping much. She'd been going out less and less over the years and I couldn't remember the last time she went out of the house. I could see the sweat on her face, I could hear the heavy breathing, and I could feel the darkness that enveloped her.

I put her in my arms and said, "It's all right; you don't have to do anything you don't want to." My hand made slow wide circles on her back and she calmed a bit. I told her to rest on the couch and she went onto her stomach. I continued the stroking. Her sweater had come up, exposing the small of her back. I put my hand on it and continued the petting up under the sweater to her shoulder blades. In ten minutes she was quiet and breathing easily; I couldn't tell if she was asleep.

To this day I don't know what possessed me to do what I did. Sure, I'd always liked looking at my mom's body, because her curves were in those places your hands just wanted to go to, but I never expected to act on it. I know that if I'd thought about it I wouldn't have done it, but I just acted.

My two practiced fingers just unsnapped her bra. She didn't move or say anything and I continued stroking her smooth skin. In the minutes that passed, my heart drummed a beat to accompany my racing thoughts. As if it was the most commonplace thing for a son to do, I ran my hand over my mother's ass and down her legs to her calves. I was in the throes of desire, and reason had taken a distant second place. Her breathing was deep, but even.

I massaged her that way for a while, unmistakably caressing the fleshy curve on my hand's journey, up and down the length of her body. I urged her over and she turned with a sigh. She wasn't asleep. I repeated the soothing strokes beginning at her legs and over her thighs. I crossed her belly and when I got to her waist, I slipped my hand under the thin sweater. Her eyes stayed closed.

I stroked and fondled her swollen breasts for a long time. Her body was young enough for them to still have a girlish spring to them. They felt full and the nipples became erect when my palms passed over them. By then, my heart was pounding so hard you could have heard it in the next room. I drew my mother's nipples through my fingers, savoring the stiff resistance. When I ran my fingertips over her skin, it was warm and velvety. She hardly moved, but I could tell how sensitive they were by the sounds emanating from her throat.

I wanted to look at her breasts and I wanted to watch as I fondled them. At that point, my erection was directing me. With my wrists, I forced the sweater to slide up and bare the full globes. They looked big on her slim body, and they looked beautiful in my hands. A few fine bluish veins made them look even more sensuous. I bent over and took one of her nipples into my mouth. I drew on it and kept it warm with my tongue. Before I got to second one, she was whimpering and her hand was in my hair.

As I suckled on the elongated tips of my mother's breasts she said, "I wanted to do it for you baby, they wouldn't let me...they wouldn't let me." I had no idea what she was talking about, or whom 'they' were. Her sounds got higher pitched as I drew more of her tit into my mouth. It only added to the surrealism of the moment when all at once she took a breath, raised her hips, and put her hand between her legs. The pants she wore were thin enough to allow her fingers to stimulate her pussy and she began coming almost immediately. The "Oh...Oh...Oh..." that she kept repeating were more whimpers than words. I kissed her, and my mother kissed me back.

When she opened her eyes, her face was crimson. She sat up and said, "Oh my God, what's wrong with me? I'm sorry Danny, I shouldn't have let you...nobody's touched me like that for so long...Danny forgive me...I'm so ashamed."

I put my arms around her and said, "You have nothing to be ashamed of, if it's anybody's fault, it's mine. You felt so good to me, and when the panic passed and you calmed down, I...mom, all that happened was that it made you better, and that's nobody's fault...that's the best thing that could happen."

The few tears stopped and she stayed on my neck without looking at me. "Thank you baby; you're so sweet...I'm glad you're here."

That was the door that opened to allow similar holdings and touchings over the coming weeks. That was what developed into 'Medicine' for mom, and the source of my greatest pleasure up to that point. We had our 'code words' about her feeling scared, or not feeling well, and we would go into her bedroom to make it better, for both of us. Comforting her brought comfort to me.

Not that I wouldn't have welcomed it, but it was okay that she was reluctant to let me touch her between her legs, and reluctant to touch me when I gave her thinly veiled opportunities. I think at that point, we both probably knew that the sexual stimulation that we were both experiencing would inevitably progress.

What also progressed was the level of intimacy we shared. Mom told me about her experience of a sheltered childhood. I knew that her mother had died when she was

very young, but I had never heard the details. They were horrific. That didn't prevent her father from repeating them to her time and time again in what mom called, 'His loud warning voice.' "You know honey," she said, "It seemed like he told me the story every day."

We sat on the couch, I held her hand, and she told me what had happened. She said, "I was only two and my mother was out shopping. It was winter, and it got dark early. In the corner of the parking lot, two men waited. Maybe my mother resisted and maybe she didn't, all we know is that they beat her with a hammer, for a hundred dollars and some credit cards. My father said he couldn't recognize her face when he had to identify her. That hammer forged the rest of my life."

"I'm sorry mom," I said. I stroked her hair and gave her a kiss on the cheek. She gave me a weak smile before continuing.

"My father hardly ever let me leave the house and he never stopped telling me how dangerous it was 'Out there.' I know that he loved me and he wanted to protect me, and

unfortunately, he had enough money for home schooling and for Lucia, who was always with me, so I ended up in the house most of the time. I was so lonely baby, I think I cried every night."

I stroked her hair and face and said, "I'm sorry mom." The sadness colored her words.

"You didn't really know your grandfather, he meant well, but there wasn't much anyone could tell him, and he had enough money to always get his way. He had enough money for a lot of things. I didn't realize that this house is what most people would call a mansion, until I was older. I guess I thought every home had huge fireplaces, pools, gyms, and media rooms. And I guess I thought people had enough money, because after he died, the check from the lawyers came every month."

Hearing her open up led me to ask about the topic I could hardly get her to say a word about. "Mom, what about my father, all you ever say is that his name was Paul, he was a nice man and he died after you got married. But I haven't believed that for a long time, that's not what happened is

it?" It had always upset her whenever she had started to tell me anything about him.

"No baby, that wasn't what happened...oh God, all right, I'll just tell you and get it over with." She hesitated and then said, "We were never married...I got pregnant right in this house. That was what sent my father over the edge I guess, because after all he did to protect me, it still happened. I didn't meet many boys and all my ideas came from books and TV, and I guess it was like one of those bad TV shows...he was a carpenter, a handyman...Paul who was nice to me...and I liked him."

Her mood shifted and she said as if it were only a matter of fact, "I was very young and when I realized I was pregnant, I had to tell Lucia...and she told my father. They sent him away...he never even knew..."

Then she smiled at me. "I had you right here in this house...and when you were three, daddy died, and then it was just you, me, and Lucia, until six years ago when she had to go back to her family in Italy...she loved you a lot...you can still hear it in her letters, can't you honey?"

"Sure mom, I still miss her."

"I should have told you all this before sweetie, but I was ashamed...it was all such a mess."

"Mom, you never have to be ashamed of anything you do, you're a terrific loving person."

She put her arms around my neck and said, "Thank you baby...can we talk more later? Just hold me for a little while. " I held her and she settled into my arms. When I began touching her, she sighed and leaned back into the couch pillows. When I kissed down her belly she didn't stop me from kissing her on her mound. I lifted her skirt. I wasn't sure how much of the wetness on her panties was from my mouth above or her pussy below, but I waited until she was writhing before attempting to take them off.

When she lifted her hips to help me, the sheer lavender nylon quickly rolled into a small ball before I tossed it on the floor. The fragrance of her humid opening drew me.

The rustle of her bush crinkled in my ears as my tongue found the tender pink slit and worked its way in. I delighted in my first taste of her juice and she almost twisted away from me in reaction to the contact I made with her clit.

I brought her back with my hands on her hips and licked the slippery nub until it was shiny with my saliva and her own moisture. I did have some experience, but I learned quickly by her reactions how sensitive and primed for pleasure her swelling clit was. I took her breasts firmly in both hands and sucked the whole area between her legs into my mouth. I used my tongue to circle and then massage the erected flesh. I was taking great pleasure in pleasuring her. Before I could decide what to do next, my mother started coming.

It was all so amazing to me, I was eating my mother's pussy and she was making the most beautiful noises of satisfaction I had ever heard. She kept gyrating as she came and I tried to keep my mouth on her clit so I could lick it until she finished. I was hard enough to make me think that I would break through the zipper.

She opened her eyes and said, "God, my whole body still feels like electricity is going through it...I..." She had recovered enough to notice my erection bulging in my pants and she said, "Oh sweetie, you're all...I...do you want me to...do something?"

I took her hand and said, "Yes mom, come with me." I led her to the bedroom and she sat on the bed with her back against the headboard. I unfastened my pants and I stood on the bed and brought the stiff rod near her lips. She looked up and me and said, "Do you want me to...?" There wasn't much ambiguity about what I wanted, but I was patient.

I held her face and said, "Yes mom, I want you to take me in your mouth." I was awed at how she sat there looking up at me, waiting, as her son stood before her, getting harder while she watched. She closed her eyes. I was so hard for her, my cock almost pointed to the ceiling. I pushed it down to the level of her lips.

She was waiting. She didn't come for my cock, so I brought the thickened flesh to her lips. It looked too big for the

delicate mouth that typified her fine features. When the swollen head made contact with her lips, she opened her mouth and I entered, touching the inside of her mouth. She closed her lips around the wide mass. I pushed some of my length in and out and I said softly, "Suck me mom, suck me." She began sucking.

What my mother lacked in experience, she made up in enthusiasm. She was kissing and sucking at the same time and she stayed mainly on and around the engorged head. She tentatively placed her hand around the shaft and I put my hand over hers and moved it up and down along the shaft. It didn't take long before she was into it. Experience is good, but how bad can inexperience be when it's your mother sucking on your cock?

I made noises and gave her words of encouragement and directed her to use her tongue and lips and mouth until I thought it couldn't feel any better. And then I wanted to fuck her. I pulled my cock from her mouth and pulled her down to a position where she could take me inside her. Her noises were little cries. I opened her legs and brought my cock to the entrance of her pussy. I was so busy getting set

to take her that I hadn't even looked up. When I did I wasn't happy.

My cock had just spread her pussy lips when I saw the look on her face. Her eyes were wide and the sweat on her face wasn't perspiration. She was breathing hard and making the noises that always meant one thing, panic. I pulled out, even though it was the last thing I wanted to do. I said, "What is it mom, did I hurt you?"

She shook her head no, but she was having trouble catching her breath. She finally managed to say, "I'm sorry baby, I don't know, I got scared and everything flashed; you're my son, and what if I get pregnant and how could I let you be in me like that, oh God, what kind of mother am I?"

"You're a loving mother." I said as I held her shaking frame. "And I wouldn't have come inside you, but it's okay mom, I don't want you to do anything you don't want to."

When she calmed, she said, "Oh honey I'm sorry..." We kissed for a while and I could feel her sexual excitement

building. She said, "I still want to make you feel good...let me..." She leaned over and put some the semi-erect flesh that lay on my leg into her mouth. It didn't stay semi-erect for long. Long is what it got and she took the bulging meat as far as she could. There was too much for her and she gagged for a second. When she recovered, she settled into licking and sucking the head and the top of my shaft. I took her hand and placed it on my balls. She cupped and massaged them instinctively as her mouth worked toward the release I could feel building.

My mother looked up at me for a moment with her eyes wide to see what effect her sucking was having on me, it didn't take long for her to realize that having my cock in her mouth was driving me crazy. She closed her eyes and started bobbing harder and faster.

She was making wet noises as my thick flesh slid over and around her tongue, and I could feel my whole body stiffen in anticipation of releasing the big buildup of cum she had created with her sucking

I thought of pulling out before letting go, but the thought that kept going through my head was too intoxicating. The words, 'I'm going to come in my mother's mouth...' kept playing over and over in my head until I couldn't hold it any longer. The only warning I could give her was the first two words of "Mom, I'm...coming."

Well, some of it went into her mouth. She was stunned by the force and volume. She pulled back and it fired onto her, and everything around. I still needed to finish and I took her hand from my balls and placed it on the shaft and we stroked and each volley fired off. When the final spasms of cum released, she kept rubbing, a bit harder than necessary, and I held her hand still after exhaling.

"I'm sorry baby, I didn't know how..."

When I caught my breath I said, "Mom, it's fine...it's more than fine; it felt terrific. Thank you for making me feel so good." I kissed her and she stayed in my arms. Some of my cum was in her hair, some of it was on her breasts, and the rest, well, I guess inexperience can be messy sometimes.

We did a lot of touching and had oral sex a few times during the next few weeks before I chanced any escalation. I wanted her to get out of the house for a change, so I said, "Mom, will you take a ride with me, you've never even been in the new car."

She said, "Honey I don't know, it's almost dark, and I was just about to make dinner."

I came up to her and kissed her neck, "Come on mom, just a short ride, do it for me."

I kissed her and she took a deep breath and said, "You know honey, I'm more worried about having a panic attack out there than I am of going."

"Mom, I'll be with you, whatever happens, I'll be with you."

She gave me a kiss and said, "Okay baby, but only for a little bit."

I couldn't remember the last time she went out. When we got in the car, I could see the agitation beginning to surface. I put my arm out and said, "Come here." She came close and with my arm around her I started driving. I took the street that led to the lake and said, "Look at those trees mom, how long has it been you've seen them?"

"A long time baby, they are beautiful." I idly let my hand fall on her breast and stroked it between my thumb and fingers. She looked at me and smiled and I felt her nipple stiffen through the sheer bra that she wore. There was no longer any shame when we touched and she put her hand over mine as I gently stroked her breast.

When we got to lake, the sun had just set and we parked in a small clearing. The colors of that golden hour mirrored off the lake and she said, "It's so beautiful, it's amazing."

We looked at the lake for a long while in silence, and when the colors faded, we began kissing. Our tongues played and I reached under her bra to free her breasts. Their fullness filled my hand and the swelling in my pants became evident. The kissing was warm and sweet and satisfying.

She stopped and held me and said, "Tell me that you love me."

I realized that I felt it, but hardly ever told her. I also realized that it wasn't just sex that was driving me, I'd always wanted to be with someone that would share the kind of love that was total, and a passion that would transcend all barriers. And now I knew that I wanted it to be her. I said in her ear, "I love you very much, I love you, I love you, I love you."

She put her hand over my crotch and said, "I love you so much baby, thank you for making me come here." We kissed some more and she took me out of my pants. She went down on me and the surprise was no less than the pleasure. She was taking me down her throat. Her mouth was stroking almost two thirds of my cock. She didn't gag as she had before and she was easy and sure in her sucking.

"Oh mom, that feels so good; I can't believe how much of me you're taking."

She stopped and looked up at me with a smile, "I've been practicing," she said.

"What are you talking about mom?" Thoughts of her with another man flashed through my head, but the reasoning part of my brain told me that she hadn't been in contact with anyone but me.

She sort of laughed and her cheeks pinked. "Remember I asked you to bring home bananas the last time you shopped? Well..."

"I laughed, "You've been practicing on bananas?"

She sounded so embarrassed, but she told me anyway. She said, "Well honey, you've been making me feel so good and I wanted...to please you. So I practiced, and a few days ago I got the 'trick.' When I stopped being afraid, I relaxed and saw that I could get it more and more of it down. I was so anxious to try it; it works doesn't it baby?"

"Boy does it work, you're terrific mom. Nobody's ever done that to me. I can't believe you can do that."

"Let me prove it to you love." She took my cock into her mouth and confidently sucked the mass into a thick stiff rod. More and more of me went down her throat and the effect got me breathing hard and anticipating the moment of release. She went back to the head, and while sucking, I could see her tongue come out of her mouth to stroke the underside of my cock. It was almost too much to watch.

She worked me down her throat again and I knew I wouldn't last much longer. The words came pouring out, "Mom you're doing it so good, yes like that, like that, that's it, your going make me come mom, yes, yes, make me come in your mouth, make me come..." The first stream of cum fired off and I was still in her mouth. She swallowed and I kept giving her more and more as she stayed on me, taking my cock, taking my cum, until I was exhausted from the intensity of the orgasm. "Oh mom, " I said, "that was unbelievable...you made me feel...I can't even describe it. All I know is that you're one hell of a fast learner."

She laughed and came up to put her arms around me and lay her head on my shoulder. "I'm glad I could that for you baby,"

"Mom, I love you for everything you do." There was a calm quiet on the ride back and both of us were still smiling when we got home. We kissed, we talked, and we loved, and we even began taking a short walk together each day. Her palms still sweated a bit and she tightly gripped my hand, but she smiled a lot. As the weeks passed, the closeness gave her confidence until she was the one suggesting our outings. During those times, we talked a lot about our relationship and the difficulties we could have. The list was intimidating.

We spent much of the time in bed, watching movies, ordering in, and pleasuring each other orally, but mom was still reluctant to have sex with me inside her. When I asked her why, she said, "I'm just not ready for that step honey. And it's not only the...incest part of it. It just feels like a step we could never come back from, and I'm not sure if it's the best thing for either of us...and I don't want my baby to be stuck with a woman that's...wacky...who can't go out for more than hour without panicking."

"You're not wacky," I told her, "and you're better, aren't you mom? Don't you feel better since we're loving each other this way?" Her soft smile said 'Yes,' as she nodded her head. What I told her was, "I only know that for me mom, it's what I want...to love you in every way I can...I can't think of anything else that we make me happier."

It all seemed to be going so well; that should have warned me right there, but it didn't; I was riding the clouds. So the day I came back from running some errands and found her crying on the floor and curled into a ball was a bit disheartening. I put my package down on the table and I held her and soothed her until she was able to tell me what had set her off. It took hours.

Finally she was able to say, "You're so caring baby, to stay with me like this, and that's why I love you, but you can see for yourself see Danny, I told you I'm wacky...it's the same old thing."

"Mom, it's okay, just tell me what happened."

She said, "I just started thinking that maybe you'd get tired if me...not that I would blame you...I know I can't give you everything you need...then I thought that one day, you just wouldn't be here, and thinking about not seeing you and not being with you got my heart pounding...and then I couldn't breathe and was sweating and I got so dizzy..."

"Mom, I'm here and I'm not going anywhere and you're wrong, you can give me everything I need. It's everything we both need, just to love each other. Come mom, come with me." She got up and we went into the bedroom we'd been sharing. I sat her down on the bed and said, "I'll be right back."

I went and got one of the packages I had brought back. I handed her the gift bag and she warmed. "Oh sweetie you're such a love. I should be taking care of you and here you are..."

She took out the package of different scented oils and said, "Oooh, they look so interesting; I know what these other flavors are, but what's yuzu?"

"It's a Japanese fruit that smells like grapefruits and mandarin oranges," I said. "Here, let me put some on you."

I took some of the oil into my hand and rubbed it on her arms and legs. She took a deep breath and said, "Oh I love it; it smells delicious."

I kissed her belly and said, "You smell good enough to eat mom." She laughed a shy laugh and I took her top off and said, "Lie back mom." I put the oil on her neck and shoulders and slipped my hands under her bra straps and drew the cups down, exposing her breasts. I massaged the fragrant fluid over and under the warm flesh and across her nipples. I sucked on one of them and said, "Mmm, you are good enough to eat."

She must have been uncomfortable lying on the crumpled bra and she turned sideways and I took it off completely, and while I was at, took off her skirt and panties. I was surprised to see that her pussy had been shaved leaving only a small patch above. My mother bush was untrimmed before and I sort of liked her hairy pussy, but this made her

wet lips show, and they look sexy as hell. "Wow, when did that happen...mom, you are just so hot."

She smiled and said, "I did it this morning to surprise you. I wasn't sure if you would like it, but I wanted to be different for you, special."

I kissed her deeply and said, "I more than like it mom, and all of you is special to me."

She turned over and said, "Now put some of that stuff on my back because it's making me tingle and I want it all over me. I massaged her back a while and when I got to the curves of her rounded ass, the shiny oil made it look more appealing than I'd ever noticed. I kneaded the fleshy globes and her sounds told me that she was enjoying my attentions there. I was hard by the time she turned back over.

I warmed some more oil in my hands and took it to her inner thighs and belly and I could see her excitement. I covered her soft bare pussy with my hand and rubbed gently.

That was when our little game of "What if?" was born. She had her eyes closed and said, "Do you think it's right that a mother lets her son...do things."

I said, "You know mom, I'm sure it wouldn't be right for most mothers and sons, it would probably cause endless problems. But for some mothers and sons..." I stroked her thighs up to her pussy. "It's more than right, because it's more than sex, it's what brings joy to their lives."

My hand closed on her pussy and my fingers found her clit. "Mmm, "she said. "What if that mother wanted her son to take her pussy in his mouth, would that be right?" I went to her pussy and was lost in the fragrance, lost in the sweet taste, and lost in touch of her tender folds. She brought me back when she said, "Yes, that is so right baby."

I languished on her slippery clit until she said, "And what if that mother wanted to feel her son's hands all over her?" My hands ran down her legs and along her slippery flank and then rested on the slick flesh of my mother's tits. I massaged

them deeply and she made approving noises and said, "Yes baby, that would be right."

Then she surprised me. She pulled out from under me and turned onto her elbows and knees. "What if that mother wanted her son to put his fingers into her?" I slid my finger into her pussy and she said, "No, someplace else." I probably opened my eyes in surprise because I hadn't touched her there before, but my oiled finger went easily into her ass and she said, "Yes, there love, there." I pushed my finger in and out of her pretty pucker and she sighed contentedly.

Then she said, "What if that mother wanted to give herself to her son in a place only for him, a place where no man had been, would that be right baby, would that show him how she loved him?"

I was excited beyond words. I was looking at my mother's perfect ass, and sometimes, it's enough to look. But I had touched and fingered my mother's perfect ass, and that in itself was incredible. And now I was about to be inside that perfect ass and my cock was practically bouncing with anticipation.

My mother's body was shining before me and she wanted me in that tight passageway. I put more oil on the steel pipe that used to be my cock and approached her small hole. Looking at the disparity in size between them, I was somewhat reluctant because I didn't want to hurt her and I said, "Are you sure mom, you're so small there."

"Yes honey, I want you to do it, I want to feel you in my ass."

I pushed the slippery head through her ring and she let out a long "Ooooh," and then she said, "Yes baby, that's it, it's okay, put it in me." I fought the resistance of her tight channel and pressed half of my shaft up into it. There was almost as much resistance pulling it back out to get ready for the next insertion.

It felt like I could split her ass open, but I drove the shaft deeper into my mother's ass anyway, stuck between the urge to push harder and harder into the sweet hole that was massaging my cock, and the fear of fucking her too hard.

She became loud; "YES, YES, you're filling me baby...my baby is filling me...so hard, yes, don't stop love."

I was having beautiful anal sex with my mother and only the sight of her ass filled with my cock could make me believe it was really happening. I kneaded the rounded flesh as I took both cheeks in my hands, squeezing them against my shaft and then spreading them open.

The pressure and heat were searing as I stroked my shaft in and out of my mother's ass; the feeling was unique. My cock felt like a solid pipe as I continuously opened her forbidden place, but the slippery oil allowed me to get deeper than I expected. The more I gave her, the more she took. My cock was being milked, and despite the size of the mass of flesh that was in her ass, my mother seemed to be enjoying it. She took each length of cock into her with a sweet sounding moan and I savored the feeling that was stimulating every inch of my shaft as it entered and stretched my mother's narrow channel.

I know that for most, even the image of a mother and her son in the position that we were in, would be unimaginable,

but for me, being in my mother's ass at that moment, created the most intense feeling of love I had ever experienced up to that point in my young life.

Each insertion was a surprise, it looked impossible that I could get my whole cock into her small hole, but it went in, again and again, deep enough for me to end up against the rounded globes of her ass. She said in a high pitched shout, "Yes baby, I feel you so big in me...I feel you stretching me open, fucking me...loving me..." And she was right, because even though it was sexy as hell, watching my mother take me into her tight channel, it still felt like a loving act. The two things were true at once, I was fucking my mother in her ass and making love to her, because with each stroke she took, she was saying 'I love you,' and with each stroke I gave her, I was saying it back.

She began rubbing her pussy as each penetrating entry made her moan as long as it took my cock to fully penetrate her. My mother's ass was filled with my cock and she kept saying, "Yes baby, yes, yes, yes..." I was increasing the pace almost involuntarily as her grip squeezed my cock the way a hand closed tightly around it would. The friction had dissipated some of the lubricating oil and it was getting

harder to drive deep into the tight passageway, but I knew that my cum would soon grease it...sooner than I thought, because the newness of the experience was just too exciting for me to hold back.

I didn't warn her, but the speed of my insertions could only mean one thing, and the first shot of cum released deep into the narrow channel, and she said, "Yes love, that's right, that's right, that's right, yeessss..." After the initial explosion of milky juice into her, my cock slipped quickly in and out of her ass in a driving frenzy. She came back at me as hard and fast as I could ride my shaft into her.

We both came for what seemed an eternity and with exhausting relief as I filled my mother's ass with my cum. She cried out, "OH LOVE...OH love...oh love...as I drove my still hard cock into the depths of her ass. When we were done, I cradled her in my arms and felt the little ripples of her fading orgasm going through her body.

No son was ever prouder of his mother than I was at that moment. As much as the physical, she had shown me her secret heart and a rich example of the kind of love that we

dream of. There was a magical moment of contentment before we both gave in to the pull of sleep for a while.

When we awoke, we talked more about the possibilities of building a life together. She said, "Danny honey, you know how much I love you, but you have to think about a normal relationship...with a normal woman...and God knows that's not your mother."

"Normal is overrated mom," I said. "I want a woman who loves me like you do. And I think it is normal to want someone I can love and make love to, and have what we have. I'm glad it's you mom, because I can't imagine anything better."

"Oh sweetheart, you know how good it feels to me too, and I know how hard it is to find someone who really cares about you...and we've found each other...but we have to be realistic, don't we? In ten years, I'll be..."

I stopped her by saying, "Mom, don't even say anything about our ages. First of all, we're not even that far apart, and

secondly, I'm not about to give up the best thing in my life...so let's start to worry about those things in about ten or twenty years, okay? For now, let's just love each other."

"Okay love, believe me, I don't want to give this up either, it's just..."

I covered her mouth with my hand and said, "It's just nothing...stop talking and kiss me." We kissed and the feeling of her tits against me, and her skin under my hands, got me going again. I said, "Wait a minute, I'll be right back."

I went to my bathroom where I had stored some condoms. When I came back, I had one in my hand and I showed it to her. She didn't say anything as I sat by her, kissing her. Her tits looked big on her small frame and I caressed and suckled on them as she became stimulated.

My mother's body looked so much more beautiful naked than under clothes. I kissed and stroked her skin from her forehead to her toes. I could see the wetness forming on her

pussy and I licked it over her clit after my tongue teased it from beneath its sheltering folds.

I opened her by her ankles and she allowed it with a sigh. It was a beautiful sight - the king size bed, the cool blue sheets, and my mother's creamy opened legs on them. I rolled the condom over the shaft that had hardened to a stiff mass. I brought my cock to my mother's pussy and I entered her. I wanted to feel more of the warm wetness surrounding me and holding me, but it felt good to be inside her.

My cock stretched her open. It was a tight fit, but she was wet enough for me to work the shaft into her. She looked so petite under me, but she seemed ready and willing to receive the full length and width of my stiff rod. I saw my mother look at the place where my cock was entering her and she was smiling. "It's so big and beautiful love," she said as she watched. "I have such a handsome son, and you're my love, aren't you baby?"

I said, "Yes mom," as I stroked four or five times until I was able to completely fill her. I was glad she was lubricated

enough because it spoke of her desire and it enabled me to penetrate fully up into her belly.

She began breathing harder at that moment and I wasn't sure if it was from the sex or her anxiety that I was in her pussy. I slowed and she calmed as I kissed her face and told her I loved her. I moved in her and she moved back. She twisted and writhed and called my name over and over as we both climbed. I thought of what it might feel like to have my bare cock in her pussy since it felt so good even wearing a condom.

I was in the warm grip of my mother's pussy and it was holding me tightly, massaging my cock as I moved in and out of her center. She looked at me and said, "It feels so good darling, so deep in my pussy...so big inside me...oh Danny, we're for each other, aren't we baby?"

By the way I fit into her pussy, it did seem that we were made that way. I said, "Yes mom, we were made to love each other." I assured her with kissing and stroking.

"Baby? No matter what I said before, I don't want you to be with anybody else, I want you to be only for me, only inside me." She reached down to touch my shaft again as it slid in and out of her tight pussy. "Only for me love...only for me?" She was humping up harder as she spoke

"Yes mom, only for you; I don't need anybody else because you love me better than anybody could."

"Promise me love, promise me."

She moved agitatedly, starting to thrash and twist under me. I gave her my full length harder and harder and said, "I promise mom, nobody else, only you, only your pussy."

I turned her over and she was surprised and pleased to find herself on top of me. I smiled at her and said; "Now it's your turn to be in charge." As she began to raise and lower herself on my pole, I could see the effect that being in control had on her. She was enjoying it. She hadn't felt too much of that in her life, that's probably why it turned into one of her favorite positions later on. She would make me come so fast

sometimes I didn't have time to think and other times she would draw it out until I could hardly stand it.

But that first time was a novelty for her. She threw her head back with a big smile and rode me with pleasure. Each time she rose, she squeezed and massaged my cock. I could hear the juice in her pussy each time she came down and took my meat up into her. My cock impaled her, but she always tried to take all of it. When she sat and ground her hips, I got to massage her hanging tits as she leaned over me. They felt full and heavy. I massaged them until I only had her two nipples between my fingers. I said, "We're always going to love each other like this, do you know that mom?"

"Yes love," she said and she moved her fingers to her clit and then quickly rubbed. A long sounding "Oooohhhh..." came out of her mouth as she lifted herself and began to come. "

As she came, I let go. The releases filled the condom as I felt the strong desire to be coming in her pussy. I wanted to feel my flesh on her flesh; I wanted her to feel my bare cock rubbing along the tender channel that gripped it. I wanted

to be filling my mother with me. I wondered if we would ever break that ultimate taboo.

With time and love, the attacks she suffered became more infrequent and less intense. She was even able to go to a crowded movie theater on a Saturday night. On the way to the movie with her body nestled under my arm, I asked, "Mom, did you ever think about me like this before that first day?"

"Well sweetie, it was much more 'dreamed about it' than anything else. At first I just thought I was having those dreams about you because I saw so few men. And then when I'd get excited it seemed like you were always around, and looking at my body...not like a son usually looks at his mother. Then I just thought it was one more of my crazy ways and my imagination."

I laughed, "It was more than your imagination mom; I always liked looking at your body. But what were the dreams like mom?"

She slapped my arm playfully, "I'm not telling you...it's too embarrassing, and anyway, the things we do together are even better than what happened in my dreams."

We pulled into the parking lot and I said, "Okay, just tell me if I kissed you like this."

The kiss was long and deep and she said, "Yes baby, and I kissed you back, just like that."

After the movie began and we'd been settled in our seats for about half an hour, I put my hand under the sweater that was on her lap and rested it on her pussy. She looked at me like I was crazy and said in an urgent whisper, "Honey, what are you doing, there are people all around."

I whispered back, "It's therapy...just to keep you calm."

She laughed and said, "You nut, I was calm before you started doing that." She put her hand over the sweater and gave me a kiss. As the movie progressed, I began rubbing gently and she closed her eyes. When we made love at

home, she was pretty noisy, but in her seat, I could see her attempting to control her squirms and the moan that was trying to escape her lips. Her pants were soft, so I was able to locate the general area of her clit with my fingers.

I could feel her hips stiffen and rise a bit when she made two short noises and a hiss in her throat. When she finished coming, she exhaled and looked at me with smiling eyes while shaking her head. "You drove me crazy you mean thing, I thought I was going to scream." She bit me on the ear while whispering.

I said, "Oww..." and laughed. After people looked away, I whispered, "Poor baby, was it terrible for you?" This time she kissed where she had bitten and gave me a long loving kiss on the mouth that had the guy sitting next to me looking out of the corner of his eye.

On the ride home she said, "I thought I'd never go to a movie again much less..." She grinned. "Do you know something Danny, I love you so much, and after that little adventure, I think you could probably take me anywhere and do anything to me."

I said, "I'll keep that in mind." We both laughed and I said, "It was fun mom, but what I really want to do, is get you back in bed."

She giggled, "Well stop doing thirty miles and hour and maybe we'll get home to bed before the night's over." I realized I had been paying more attention to her than the road. I remedied that and soon we pulled into the garage.

When we got into the house there were two messages on the machine. One was an ad from a carpet cleaner and the other was from a man named Paul Franco who said he was in town for a few days and asked my mother to call him, saying, "I'll understand if you don't but it would be wonderful if you did?"

By the surprise on my mother's face, I could tell she knew who it was. I'd only heard about one Paul and said I said, "Was that...?"

Her look was puzzled and she said, "That's who it was alright...I wonder why he's calling now after all these years? Well I guess we'll find out in the morning. Are you coming to bed baby?"

I was shook up and instead of going to bed and talking, I said, "All that junk I ate at the movie is getting to me; I think I'll stay up a while and watch TV." We kissed and I stayed up half the night with racing thoughts. I concocted all kinds of scenarios and I had all kinds of arguments with my mother, going off the deep end, telling her why she shouldn't see him, why she shouldn't go back with him, why she shouldn't marry him...on and on.

I got up late the next morning and mom had already called; he was coming over in an hour. She asked me if I was nervous to meet him and things like that, but we didn't get the chance to talk about what I really wanted to talk about because she had to go and get ready. By the time he arrived I didn't know if I was going to hug him or hang him.

Of course I did neither. I could hardly follow the conversation because so many things were going through

my head, my ears and throat felt like they were stuffed with cotton. I started to sweat, I wanted to bolt, I felt like the air was taken out of the room. For the first time, I really understood what my mother had gone through. I understood it, not in my head, but in my guts.

Mom introduced him and only said, "This is Dan."

He said, "Oh is he..." I guess he couldn't decide between son, husband, or 'friend,' but mom didn't help him and she just asked if he would like something to drink.

He became uncomfortable and said, "Janet, could I talk to you alone for a few minutes?"

Mom said, "You can say anything in front of Dan."

I said, "It's okay, I have some things to do." I left them to have their talk and was able to finally catch my breath. I sat and stewed with my ramblings. When I came back he was leaving and he said, "Nice to meet you Dan, and you'll call me soon, won't you Janet?"

She said, "Yes."

As the door closed I said, "Call you about what, mom?"

"Oh, he wanted to go to dinner or something."

"Are you going?"

"That's not the question; the question is 'Are you going?'

"What do you mean mom?"

"Well he still doesn't know about you and it's your decision if you want him to know and if you want to get to know him."

"You mean you're not interested...in him?"

She looked at me like I was nuts, which was how I was feeling. "Of course not honey, that was the long lost past...you're my present and my future."

I said, "You had me...panicked mom."

She came to my arms and said, "You never have to worry about me baby, I'm here for you for always."

We kissed and I said, "Let's go to bed and make up for what we missed last night."

All she said was "Mmmm..."

We were quiet and serious as we undressed each other, there was only a little indirect light coming from another room that played about the curves of her breasts and hips. We stood in the middle of the room and kissed and felt each other's gliding hands along the convexities and concavities of each other's body. Her skin was silk and the softness made her nipples feel that much harder. And when my hardness was in her hand, we moved to the bed.

I separated her legs widely and ran my forefinger along the creamy inside of her thigh. I approached her smooth pussy but never touched it. I did the same to the other thigh and she moved gently. I bent down and licked everywhere but where she wanted me to lick. When her imploring noises became strong enough, I started on the folds and worked my way toward her release button. By the time I revealed her clit with the tip of my tongue, she was talking.

"Be in me baby, I want to feel you inside me...now sweetheart, now." I reached for a condom and she said, "No, I want to feel your skin on mine, I want your cock in me, touching me."

I couldn't have been harder as I looked at the opening my mother was offering me. It was pink and flushed with the excitement of the forbidden love we would now willingly share.

My mother raised her legs in addition to spreading them and the invitation wasn't one this loving son could refuse. I brought myself to her opening and as the head separated

her petals and entered the wet channel, she put her hands on my ass and pressed me in. I went in fully in one stroke, which was not our usual way. The full insertion made her catch her breath and I stopped momentarily until she let her breath out as she smiled and said, "Oh yes baby, yes, that's where I want you, in me, all of you inside me."

It was also where I wanted to be. My bare cock was finally inside my mother's pussy and every inch of it was responding to the creamy lining of her moist channel. When I pulled out to stroke her, I could see that my cock was slick with her juices. I pushed in deep to the center of the place where I belonged and I had no doubts. She was better than any fantasy I could have concocted; I had a mother who could love her son with her heart and her pussy, unashamed.

The way she was gripping me and massaging me made it a whole other experience because of our flesh on flesh. My mother held her legs splayed wide and slightly raised to accept as much of my cock as she could.

I was so turned on, I was giving her the full length and width with each stroke, and she was responding with a loud moan each time I plunged to the end of her. The way it hugged my cock, I knew that my mother's pussy was made for me. I knew that she was made for me, to be mother, lover and wife. If there's such a thing as too much pleasure or too much beauty, that was when I experienced it.

I moved in and out of the warm wetness slowly, to be inside her as long as I could, but the things she told me only got me hotter. "I love how you fill me baby, so big and so good and I'm open for you love, all of me." I continued the long slow strokes that took me deep into my mother's belly. She said, "I can feel you loving me when you're inside me baby...don't ever stop loving me, don't ever stop making love to me." They may not be profound sentences, but when you hear them from a woman that's in love with you, and that woman is your mother, it's pretty intoxicating.

As I drove deeper into her pussy and our pace quickened, she said, "Am I enough for you baby...is your mama enough for you?" I was deep inside my mother's pussy, with our flesh massaging each other to the point of orgasm and it was

so much more than enough, I could hardly get the words out.

"Yes mom, yes, you're all I need." It was so good I knew I'd have to pull out or risk coming inside her if I started to release. I fought the urge to stay and began pulling out when my mother said, "No, don't be out of me, stay, don't stop."

She was holding me in her and I almost panicked and stopped stroking, I said, "Mom, if I stay in you much longer, I'm going to come inside you."

"Yes sweetheart, come inside me, I want you to, it doesn't matter anymore, it doesn't matter, does it Love? We're more than husband and wife now, I want your seed inside me, and if it brings me your baby, I'll be happy love...would you be happy honey?"

As I began slowly stroking into her buttery pussy, the thought of having a baby with my mother sounded beautiful. If there's such a thing as touching the reality of

love, that was when I touched it. I said, "Yes mom, you're the one I love and I would be happy if you had my baby...our baby."

I stroked harder and went down to suckle on the nipple that one day might nourish our child. I sucked it hard enough to almost draw out the milk I now realized she had wanted to give to me those many years before. I felt so good and I was about to come and fill my mother's belly with the seed that was meant for her. As the first stream of my essence connected us, I said, "I love you mom, I love you."

"Yes baby, she said, "Come in me, fill me, fill me, I love you Danny, I love you, OH, Oh, Oh, Yeessss...I'm coming with you love...OH, OH..." She thrashed and twisted under me and I stroked fully into the warmth of my mother's pussy. I went impossibly deep until everything was moans and cum and love. I repeatedly released that seed and that love deep into her belly. I couldn't believe how hard my cock stayed as I filled her. My mother had given me more than her body and with each stroke and release, I gave her more of me. When we were done, we had given each other all we had, and we held ourselves in the embrace that we knew could sustain us for whatever tomorrow would bring.

THE END

Plain Jane

My mother's name is Janine and I think she's pretty; she doesn't. I think everything about her is terrific but she always thought that I said those things just to make her feel better. She even started talking about doing things to her face and having her boobs done. She thought they were too big. I thought they were perfect.

I got mom's story slowly over the years and I think the main problem was that in high school, mom ran with the 'pretty' girls; too pretty girls. In any group there's going to be those that are hot and those that are not-comparatively speaking. I'm sure that if my mother had been in a group of average girls she would have shone.

It wasn't the girl's fault. They hung out with her because she was smart and funny but she still felt like she was always being picked last for a team. She told me how once some boys came over to her group at lunch and were hitting on the girls. One actually said to another of the guys, "You get

Janine because you're the ugliest guy." It hurt me to hear it...I could just imagine the pain my mother felt.

Enough incidents like that and my mother believed it. That's why on many occasions I heard her refer to herself as a 'plain Jane'. It didn't help that the first older guy that showed interest in her got her pregnant and left her for another woman a couple of years later, never having married her.

The summer between high school and college was the most important one for me. I spent almost all of it with my best friend Rob. We'd been close for four years and since he was going to an out of state college in the fall, we wanted to hang out as much as we could.

What happened between my mother and me that summer just happened. There was no planning on my part and I'm sure none on my mother's. The match that lit us off was a conversation, one that we'd had often but none ever ignited things the way that one did.

She was feeling down and she had started taking pills and I was beginning to worry. She was going on about how it was impossible to find a good man and how if she was better looking maybe this and maybe that. That's when she told me she was saving to have some cosmetic surgery and breast reduction.

I was serious when I told her she was crazy. Then I just started running off at the mouth…I said everything that came into my head - most of it without thinking. I said, "First of all mom, men love tits…and yours are great."

She laughed and said, "No, these are too big for my body."

It wasn't the first time I'd looked at the rounded forms but somehow they seemed so full and so beautifully shaped I felt stiffening between my legs. I said, "Take my word for it, they're great…even I get a charge out of them."

She laughed again and said, "Go on…you're so full of bull."

I said, “Believe me I’ve heard enough guys make remarks about them and…do you remember the first time Rob came over here and you came up to see what all the yelling was about?” My mother didn’t remember the incident but I told her, “We were talking about girls and who was hot and Rob said that you had a great pair of tits. I got mad and stated screaming at him and I was about to start swinging when he said, ‘what are you getting so mad about…I’m not saying anything bad about your mother am I?’ I stopped and realized he was right and then I agreed with him. We laughed about that for years. Anyway, believe me you look good and besides if a guy is only interested in you for the way you look what the hell do you have? You’re great to be around and I think you’re a terrific person too. Mom, you’re more than enough for any man and any man would be proud to have you…I know I would.”

She was touched and got serious. She got up and kissed me.

“Thank you baby…you make me feel better…but men want to go to bed with…better looking women.”

I was looking directly into the warmth of her chocolate brown eyes and I tell you I didn't know that I was going to say, "Mom I'm a man and I want to go to bed with you."

"What are you saying baby…you shouldn't say things like…event to make me feel good…how could you…?"

I was stimulated and just ran on, "I don't know how I could but I'm looking at your pretty mouth and I want to kiss it and I'm looking at your beautiful breasts and I want to hold them and I'm thinking about what you would look like lying in bed…and I want to be there with you…inside you…"

There couldn't be much doubt about what I was saying and my mother's jaw dropped and she said so slowly, "Oh…my…God…"

My initial urges were to make her feel good and now my urges included wanting to make me feel good. She was still in shock when I began kissing her and I thought I would explode when she kissed me back. I took her to the bedroom and she was almost sleepwalking. I ran my hands

across her full breasts and unbuttoned the top of her dress. I reached into the bra and touched her nipples, which felt quite large.

My mother knew what was coming because she said almost drunkenly, “Maybe I should take a shower or put some makeup on.”

I laughed and said, “Mom you look perfect and you smell perfect…what we’re going to do is going to make us both a lot messier.” She looked at me blankly and I whispered in her ear, “We’re going to fuck mom…right now.”

It was as if I were speaking a foreign language. She said, “You’re going to fuck me…you’re going to fuck me.”

I said, “Yes mom…I’m going to fuck you…everywhere.” I touched her mouth and then I touched her pussy over the dress. She flinched a bit and then I reached back and took a handful of my mother’s thick ass. “Everywhere.” I repeated.

I kissed her as I removed her bra and saw the big nipples for the first time; they fit her large breasts perfectly. I took one heavy breast in my hand and sucked on the end of it. I took off her dress and just took in the sight of my almost nude mother. She may not be asked to pose for playboy but without her clothes on, she looked good enough to make my cock hard as a pole. I could see her dark bush through the panties and her ass looked sexy enough to make me reach in to stroke it…and fondle it…and then finger it.

My mother responded with her eyes closed, either moaning or mumbling; I couldn't tell which. I left her in her stockings and heels because she looked so good. She seemed to need direction so I took out my cock and told her, "Mom I want you to suck my cock." She hesitated uncomprehendingly and I stroked her breasts and gently said, "Momma, your son needs his beautiful mother to suck him."

She said, "Yes honey, I will…I will." She went down on her knees before me and took my cock into her mouth. No one could convince me that I didn't have the most beautiful mother in the word at that moment. I told her so and she sucked me harder and with more emotion.

I wanted her pussy before I came so I told her stop and get on the bed. She did and as she spread her legs awaiting my first insertion she said, “Tommy honey, do you really find me pretty…and desirable…you could tell me…I won’t stop.”

I said, “Mom, do you see this?” I held my hard cock for her to see. “You’re an exciting woman…your body is all a man could want…and yes I really think you’re pretty.” I kissed her as my cock approached the one pussy I never expected to be in. My mother took my cock in hand and guided it to her wet hole. The first entry caused us both to catch our breath.

My mother said, “God, you’re inside me aren’t you baby…you’re…in me.”

“Yes mom, I am…I’m fucking my pretty mother…and it feels better than anything; does it feel good to you mom?”

“Oh yes sweetheart…it feels wonderful…wonderful to have my son in my pussy…being a man for me…yes baby…you’re my man…hard for me…fucking me…oh…oh…oh…”

I felt like her man and I was proud of it; and I felt like I had a woman instead of a girl for the first time. I continued stroking into my mother’s pussy and she responded with gyrating hips and moaning that gave me almost as much pleasure as the fact that my cock was riding along the wet walls of her vagina, and that she wanted me there.

I scooped the big tits like cones and sucked their swollen tips. I had been with four girls in high school and I told my mother that she was the best I ever had…and I meant it. She seemed to respond to my loving words almost as much as to the insertions that spread the lips of her pussy and filled the channel that held my pulsing cock in it’s grip.

When I thought that my mother was about to come, I lifted her legs by the ankles and started pumping in short hard bursts and she let out a long high pitched, “OHHhhhhh yes…God yes…make me…come…oh…come…” I released the first volley into her pussy and as she felt my cum filling her,

I could feel her pussy clench at my cock. I thought I was finishing but her clasping pussy made me shoot another intense spurt that felt like the initial orgasmic release. I never expected to have any kind of sex with my mother let alone great sex. When she finished she put her head on my chest and she covered my cock with her hand and said, “It was so good Tommy…so good.”

We slept in the same bed and in the middle of night I was awakened by her kisses, She apologized for waking me but she said, “I felt so good feeling you naked against me that I had to kiss you. Oh honey let me make you feel good…like you made me feel.”

As she went under the sheet I told her, “Mom believe me, I felt every bit as good as you did.” She didn’t respond because by then she had my cock in her mouth. I don’t know if I had a hard-on before she started but she had a mouthful of it by then.

I took the sheet off to watch as she held my cock with a few fingers on my balls and the others on the base of my cock. She was bobbing on the knob and the top of the shaft when

she stopped to ask me, “Does that feel good honey?” I assured her that nothing could feel better than my lovely mother’s mouth on me and she went back to my cock with a smile.

Her tit felt good on my thigh and I reached to get my hand on her ass. I slipped a finger between the full globes and I heard her murmur on my shaft. I worked my finger in as she sucked and licked me toward satisfaction. My mother didn’t know what to do when I came because as she told me later, no one had come in her mouth before. It was a mess. She swallowed some and the rest got all over everything. She apologized and I laughed telling her it was wonderful. That night was the first of many that would make up quite an eventful and life-changing summer.

We made love as much as we could. She worked full time and Rob and I had part time jobs at the mall. On the weekends we all went to the beach together. After a few weeks Rob asked me what was going on. He said something seemed strange when we all went out. I was dying to tell him anyway and I said, “I had sex with her.”

Rob's eyes bugged out and he stood open-mouthed, "Who...not with...?"

"That's right," I said. "We did it...and we do it."

"Get the fuck out of here..." He looked at me and saw that I was serious and then he said, "Oh shit, you really did...what...when...so tell me how'd it happen...how was it?"

I told him the story and he was hungry for all the details; he wanted to know if her tits were as good as they looked. I told him they were better and he laughed uproariously. After that day I could see him looking at my mother 'differently' and he never passed up an opportunity to compliment her. I didn't mind; I thought it was funny to watch him get hot whenever we were all together. I teased him about it all the time.

Over the next four or five weeks my mom and I really got to know each other sexually. We learned each other's pleasures and we were comfortable asking each for anything. You can imagine what it was like for a guy my age

to have pussy available any time of the day or night…and my mom didn't seem to mind.

When the last two weeks of summer approached, mom had a vacation coming and Rob and I decided to quit work so we could have a 'last blast'. We all went to beach every sunny day; we went to the movies and the mall when it wasn't a beach day.

I remember the date, it was August 20th and it was Rob's birthday. We made a party for ourselves and we were drinking and laughing into the night. Mom gave Rob his present and when he opened it he saw a sweater. We were all pretty stoned and I said, "I know what Rob really wants mom…is your tits…that's all he ever talks about."

We all laughed and mom said, "Oh stop it…"

I said, "No really mom, he's crazy about you…them…"

Mom said, "Don't tease him…he's not interested in an old lady."

Rob finally said something. “You’re not old Janine…you’re…great…”

It got quiet and I went over to mom and started unbuttoning her blouse. She didn’t stop me. When her bra came off Rob said, “Wow” and I signaled him over. He looked at me and I shook my head ‘yes’.

Rob took my mother’s tits in his hand and started sucking on her nipples. I said, “Happy birthday, buddy.”

He couldn’t get enough. He ate those tits like it was his last meal. By the sounds he made I thought he would come without being touched. When he finally slowed I said, “Come on guys let’s take this into the bedroom.” I was picturing all kinds of combinations, mom taking us both on at once and Rob and I filling all her holes in some way or another.

Mom was drunk but not stupid. She came up to me and said, “Look honey, if you want this…I’ll do it for you…we can play around, but Rob can’t be inside me…I’m serious.”

I said okay even though it didn’t seem like such a big deal at the time. I would be grateful later on that my mother was smarter than I was. Rob and I stripped my mother nude and both of us touched her all over. Rob told her she was beautiful and she kissed him. I went down and sucked on her pussy as rob played with her tits. When I thought it was time to switch, mom stopped Rob from sucking her. I didn’t think she’d draw the line there but I told Rob the rules mom had laid down. I’m sure he would have loved to fuck her but he was okay with her hands on him.

Rob and I took our clothes off and mom and Rob sat on the edge of the bed. She took his cock in her hand and rubbed his already stiffened rod into a full erection. He went back to her tits as she jerked him. I gave her mouth my cock. I heard Rob say, “Oh man…” as he watched my mother expertly sucking, licking and taking my cock down her throat. We had come a long way since the first time I was in her mouth.

That went on for a while and then I got the greatest urge for her ass. I pulled out of her mouth and got the lubrication that was always handy on the night table. I asked my mom to stand and I urged her to bend over the bed. She leaned on one elbow and took Rob's cock back into her other hand.

Her inviting ass was spread and I directed the head of my cock to the hole I had been fucking for weeks. She grunted as I entered her and I pushed half my dick up into the tight chute. It always amazed me that her asshole could stretch as far as it did around my cock. I held her meaty globes in my hands and opened and closed them over my cock as I worked my way in and out of my mother's ass.

Rob was getting close to coming as my mother pumped him while taking me deeper and deeper into her ass. He was getting louder as he urged both my mother and me on. "Oh yeah Janine…yeah…jerk me…yeah…fuck her Tommy…fuck your mother's ass…fuck her…fuck her." I knew he was about to come when he started rambling, "Yeah fuck her…like I'm gonna fuck my mother…in her pussy…in her ass…in her mouth…OH fuck oh…"

I had slowed down and mom massaged his cock until he finished coming. I laughed to myself that he had as much chance of fucking his straight-laced mother as Anna Nicole had of becoming the Queen of England. He sat back exhausted and happy as I returned to giving it to my mother.

She had two hands on the bed now and could return my thrusts with the rhythm we had learned together. We alternated for a while. I would give her the full length of my cock and pull back slowly until only the head stayed in her. Then I would stand still and my mother would push back taking as much of the cock into her as she could. She'd move her ass around when I was in up to the hilt and often moan as the stretch reached its limit.

Meanwhile Rob had recovered and was jerking himself as he watched my mother and me going at it. We gave him a good show but that wasn't our intention. We were both into it and I then held her hips and began pumping in earnest. My mother didn't usually come without touching herself when I took her in the ass but the sounds she was making

were those she always made when she approached orgasm. It was an almost crying sound that escaped her closed mouth. It was then followed by an exhortation to me, “Tommy…Tommy…fuck me…fuck me…fuck me…” As I gave her all I had and starting shooting cum into her ass, that was exactly what she did and said.

When we finished she kissed me, and then sort of covered herself with her arms as she took her clothes and left the room. I could see she was a little embarrassed. I figured that having Rob join us was probably a one-time thing, and that was fine with me. Rob and I talked a bit and he said sort of sadly, “You know Tommy, you’re lucky…I know that even though my mom is single and hasn’t gone out in years, she would never let me…I think your mom really loves you.”

Later I would find it strange that the words came from Rob and not from me. When he left he went over to my mom and told her she was beautiful and special. She said, “Thank you Rob…but do something for me honey…please don’t talk about …”

Rob interrupted her and said, “Don’t worry Janine, this night was just for the three of us…I promise…nobody’s going to hear about it.” She believed him and gave him a little kiss as he left.

For days after that I thought about the sentence, ‘I think your mom really loves you.’ What began, as sex just for the thrill of it, had become something more. I knew that my mom really did love me…and I loved her. I loved her as a mother, as a person, and as a lover. The last week of that summer was the beginning of a relationship that grew into the most important thing in both of our lives.

My mom is thirty -nine today and I’m twenty-two. I couldn’t imagine the last four years without her. I’m graduating college and I’m looking forward to the summer and our life together. But that last night of summer four years ago, the last night before she went back to work and I would start school, will always be fresh in my memory.

I held her and told her I loved her, not only because of what she did for me but because of who she was. She got teary and I asked her to take her clothes off for me. I watched as

my mother stripped and exposed all the loveliness I had come to adore. I kissed her skin from her belly to her breasts and licked her nipples until they stood out.

I asked her to strip me and as she did she kissed everything she exposed. I took her to bed and began to gently make love to her. I slowly pushed my cock in and out of the wetness between her legs and she whispered in reverie, “I love you so much my dear, dear Tommy…my man…I wish I was prettier for you…so you wouldn’t get tired of this ‘Plain Jane’ you have…and be with me always…”

I stopped stroking and stayed inside her. I said, “Mom I never want to hear you say that again…I’m telling you…that’s not who you are…and you are what I want. You’re my beautiful Janine and that’s what you’re going to call yourself. Say it mom, say I’m beautiful Janine…I’m Tommy’s beautiful Janine.” I kept it up until she began saying it.

The tears rolled off her face as she said, “I’m beautiful Janine…I’m Tommy’s beautiful Janine…I’m beautiful Janine…” I made her keep repeating it as I started moving

back and forth into her pussy again. She said it until her first orgasm, which came quicker than usual.

I stayed in her; I loved her with my cock and with my heart. I moved in her and her hips and ass responded to each thrust. I told her that I never wanted to be anywhere but there, inside her pussy, feeling her wetness all around my cock. She held my ass and pulled me into her. It was as if my mother wanted to take all of me into her.

I couldn't stop kissing her and loving her and fucking her. I told her I needed all the things she did for me and she said, "I'm here for you my darling…momma's here for whatever you need…to love you and make love with you and take care of you." She moaned and opened her legs even wider and when she said, "Give mother your cum baby…fill me with your cum." I knew I couldn't wait another instant.

Every thrust seemed to release more sperm into my mother's pussy no matter how many times I thought I was done. She felt me coming in her and cried out, "Yes baby…with me…with me…come with your momma…always…always…always."

We were both trembling a bit after we stopped because of the lovemaking and the sweat and cool air that blew on our wet bodies. We held each other close and my mother kept me inside her. I whispered to her over and over what I've whispered for four years, every time we make love…every time we come. "Beautiful Janine…beautiful Janine…beautiful Janine."

THE END

Reality Road is Long and Hard

I didn't want to know what was bothering me. It had been going on for so long, I thought that was just the way things were supposed to be. Why did she set me off? Why did she make me angry when she tried to be sweet to me? How could a son be so hateful to his mother?

I had trouble getting along with her even before my father had died when I was twelve. I even called her Mary for a while because I didn't want to call her "Mom." Everything changed after I woke up to what was going on in my own head. I was looking at a picture of a beautiful full-breasted woman on the Internet when I broke out in a sweat. She looked like my Mary, my mom, and I wanted her. I wanted to do everything imaginable to her - I wasn't thinking about the woman in the picture. It was so obvious but I had never let myself think the thought. I wanted my mother. It didn't feel horrible; it felt exciting. I got so turned on that as soon as I touched myself I had an explosive and exhausting orgasm.

Today I recognize that the difference between conscious and unconscious feelings is an illusion. I was still feeling the desire for her even if I wasn't aware of it. It was affecting me physically and mentally but I just wasn't ready to tell myself the words – "I want you mom."

When I did focus my awareness on how I felt about my mother, the floodgates opened. I thought about her all the time and our relationship mellowed. She didn't make me angry any more. She could kiss me and I didn't recoil. In fact she couldn't kiss enough to suit me.

Thoughts of her put me to sleep at night. Of course they were adolescent fantasies like many of the stories of incest I had begun reading on the net. She came to me in the middle of night and took me in her mouth; she gave me her body for my birthday, she saw me naked and couldn't resist sleeping with me. I don't think that stuff really happens much. Well, it didn't happen to me.

It took months for mom and me to even get back to a conventional mother-son relationship. It was slow,

painfully so. It took years before we got to an unconventional one.

I would say the genesis of anything beyond fantasy involved the Mother's Day present I gave her when I was eighteen and she was thirty-seven. I agonized for a month considering what her reaction would be. I just couldn't decide if I was doing the right thing or stupidly embarrassing myself. I had seen the outfit in a Victoria's Secret kind of store. The model in the picture had dark hair and an ample body like mom. The bra, panties, and garter belt, were a combination of filmy white nylon and lace, to cover without covering. The stockings were white with sheer vertical lines going thigh to ankle. The dressing gown was opened but it wouldn't have prevented you from seeing the undergarments even if it had been buttoned.

I often imagined how my mother would look in it; I was embarrassed in the store, but I had to buy it. When I gave it to her, my heart was pounding. Her eyes opened in surprise and she gave a little laugh. At least she didn't hate it, or me for giving it to her. She said, "Oh honey it's lovely. It must have cost you a fortune."

“You’re worth it mom; do you really like it?” I said.

“Of course dear,” she said. She stopped for a moment and asked, “What made you get me such a sexy outfit?”

I fumbled, “I don’t know; I just saw it and thought you would look nice in it.”

She laughed a bit and said, “It’s a bit daring,” and then she added as an afterthought, “Too bad I don’t have anyone to wear it for right now; oh well, maybe someday.” She had only been out on a few sporadic dates and some of the relationships had turned to friendships but none had developed into romances.

Maybe you’re thinking that this is where I say, “We’ll, you can wear it for me mom.” That’s exactly what I thought, but I didn’t say it. What I did say was, “You’ll find someone mom, and they’ll be lucky to get you.”

She wasn't used to that kind of remark coming from; I was almost surprised to hear it come out of my mouth. She didn't say anything because it looked like she was a bit choked up. She kissed my cheek. She went and put the lingerie in her drawer.

I saw the sheer nylon on her in my fantasy that night, and then I saw her take off her bra and panties so the curves of her body were silhouetted in soft light. Her nipples were evidently large under the gauzy fabric; the darker patch between her legs invited me.

In my imaginings she's shy and reluctant and I say to her, "I know you don't think that I should touch you this way mom, but I love you." I reach under the nylon to take her bare breast in my hand and she sighs, allowing me. And then I touch her in all the places, and then I love her in all the ways I had come to imagine, until I fall asleep, alone.

It was deep into summer and we had spent almost every day of mom's two-week vacation together at the beach, the movies, and at the evening dances at the band shell that was just a few blocks from home. The heat had built up outside

and inside of me. By then, I considered my desires as the unfulfillable, nonsensical ravings, of a hormonally charged lunatic.

Lying next to her on the beach didn't help. Yes, I put lotion on her back and no, I didn't rub it on the cleavage that drove me crazy, or the long legs that led to the pussy I wanted to be in. And nothing could keep me from fantasizing as I held her when we danced.

My hand rested as low as it could on the small of her back without actually being on her ass. I inhaled her hair when she rested her head on me during the slow numbers. And how unselfconscious she was when I moved, as her breasts tortured my chest. I tried not to let her feel the swelling in my pants as my thoughts ran away from me to the place where my mother is on the bed and her legs are open and she wants me…she needs me…she begs me…

That night, as I fantasized and stroked myself, I thought of actually going into her room and attempting to seduce her. The small rational part of me that remained, realized that I

had no idea how to go about it, and no reason to think that my mother would be in any way receptive to it.

I became agitated thinking that nothing would ever happen and my thoughts turned ugly. I fantasized about forcing her. Even though it's not in my nature and the idea in reality was abhorrent to me, it still turned me on. In the scene I conjured up, I tied her to the bed before she can stop me. As I begin touching her all over, she begs me not to do it. "Please Robert, please…you can't do this to your own mother."

I bring my cock to her lips and say, "Yes I can Mary, now suck it before I make you sorry." Even in the fantasy I couldn't bring myself to hurt her. She opens her mouth and sucks my cock. I lick her pussy and she likes it so much she says, "Oh Robby, untie me, it feels so good, I'll do whatever you want." After I came I thought I had been reading too many nonsensical incest stories because even my fantasies were hard to believe.

It was a few weeks later when the line between fantasy and reality became less clear. Nothing was certain after the

night the lights went out. We had just come home from dancing. It wasn't that unusual an event. Where we lived, during summer thunderstorms, the lights often went out. Usually within a couple of hours, they were back on. That evening it took longer. We sat on the rug watching the lightening illuminate the trees while we waited. Mom seemed a little nervous and made a drink. She made me one even though I hardly ever had more than a beer or two. She finished her second as we talked in the dark. The A/C was off and she opened enough buttons for me to see the creamy flesh that crested over her bra.

"What do you want out of life Robby? Tell me honestly…is there anything you're willing to work for?"

I figured we were back to our old arguments of years past. Mom's smart. She reads all the time. She understands music and art and literature. I was never much interested in school. I did enough to get by. She was always hounding me to study and learn. I refused to go to the museums and libraries with her no matter how much she begged or cajoled. It was only because we were getting along that I said I would consider going to college in the fall.

“Yes,” I said. I’m willing to work for it, but no matter how much I work, I’m not going to get what I want.”

“Of course you will.” She was getting excited. “All you have to do is apply yourself. I believe in you baby, I’ll help you. You’re going to love school and you’ll do great. Tell me what you want to do.”

I said it. “It’s not only what I want to do, it’s who I want to do it with…mom.” I put my hand on her arm and stroked down to her hand.

I said that my mother was smart. She saw the way I was looking at her unblinking eyes. I didn’t have the say the rest because she knew. “Oh honey…how do we even talk about this…look Robby…I know that you get excited sometimes with me when we’re dancing and I guess I didn’t do much to discourage you because…well, I’m probably flattered. You’re a handsome young man, you’re my son, and you still find me attractive; I’ll admit that it makes me feel some things I haven’t felt in a while. I wanted to talk to you about

it, but I guess I was a little uncomfortable." Even without the lights I could tell she was flushed and damp.

"But listen baby, these aren't unusual feelings, we've been spending a lot of time together and it's a time of confusion in a boy's life…"

"Mom, I'm not confused." I looked at her directly. "Right now all I want to do is kiss you. I've loved you this way for a long time…you're so beautiful. Mom." I leaned to her and my lips touched hers. She didn't pull away.

After the short kiss she smiled and said, "Are you trying to take advantage of your drunk mother?" We both knew she was anything but drunk.

"Yes mom, I am." The kiss was longer this time as my hand went to her neck and gently slid down until it rested over the mound I had fantasized touching for years. I could feel her deep inhale through her nose as her breast rose deeper into my hand.

After the kiss she said, “Baby, this can’t go where you want it to go, or even where I might want it to go. Tonight I’m feeling a little crazy, but there are just too many reasons why it can’t happen.”

“Mom, why does it matter? If we both want it and were both adults, who cares what other people say or think?”

“No baby, you’re not understanding. You’re right about that part of it; I don’t think it’s wrong because of what people think. If two people love each other, what happens between them is nobody’s business if no one gets hurt. But there’s more to it than that. They have to be right for each other.”

“Look mom if we both want to…you always tell me I’m handsome…God mom, I want you so much…I want you to be my first…”

“That’s part of the problem baby…you’re only thinking about sex, and it’s understandable, but at this time in my life, I need someone who wants me to be their last, not their first. Look, I know what you’re feeling…you want this…right

now you think you want me. Well you would be wrong if you thought I don't have desires as much as you do. You have to understand though, for me, sex isn't enough. I need someone to be with before we have sex, and after we have sex. Someone to talk to, and share the things I love with, and…sweetheart, sleeping together isn't going to make everything right for me."

It hurt that I couldn't be the man she wanted. Finally I said, "Mom, I only know that I want you so much and I would do anything… it's driving me nuts…I'll go to school…I'll…"

She sort of laughed at my transparent attempt at 'blackmail.' "Honey, you're going to have to do what's best for you, and not because of something you think you want from me."

"So you're never going to let me love you?" I was crestfallen. "Could you just kiss me once…for real?"

She was kind and said, "Sweetheart, I don't know what tomorrow brings, and maybe 'never' sometimes does

come…" She looked at me wistfully and said, "Okay sweet boy, come kiss your momma." I kissed her and she kissed me back, long, gently, and she allowed the hand that softly caressed over her bra. After a few minutes she pulled back and looked me squarely at me, focusing my attention. "Listen, this is once…tonight…it's probably all my own fault, but I do want you to get over this thing about me…and don't push it, okay?"

I wasn't sure where it was going but I said, "Okay."

She reached back and unhooked her bra. I was almost tongue-tied. She sat with a sweet smile, exposed, yet unashamed in front of her son. Her breasts had the heaviness that maturity brings, but still shapely enough for a twenty year old girl to be proud of. "God mom, they're so…so beautiful." I almost added something about how big they were but thought better of it. She laughed as I ogled them open-mouthed and then instinctively bent my head to suckle the thick rubbery nipple. I had always wondered why the points of her nipples were evident in most of the clothes she wore. I could then see that naturally, her nipple was thick even when not in a state of arousal. In my mouth it hardened even more.

My mother made a sound of pleasure as my tongue circled the large areola and then played with the tip. I sucked harder when she held her breast as if she was feeding it to me. I sucked until she brought my head back up so that we could resume kissing. She put her hand on my burgeoning cock and massaged. I took my mother's tit in hand and mimicked her motions. Her flesh was hot. Touching her and kissing her made me want to be inside her as much as I've wanted anything in my life.

I went to unzip my pants and she stopped me. I tried to unhook her skirt and she stopped me. It wasn't going to happen. What did happen did bring me some relief. My mother placed my hand under her skirt and let me touch her pussy. She directed my fingers to her hood and showed me with her fingers over mine how to stimulate the clit that swelled under it. She rubbed me; I rubbed her, and we kissed. I came first. I stayed on her mouth and my sounds of "Mmm…mmm…mmm…" got longer and louder until I had to stop the kiss as I squeezed my eyes shut and said, "Mom I'm coming…Ohhh…Ohhh…" I jerked with each release and fell on her neck in exhaustion.

A moment later I realized that my hand was still on her pussy and she had resumed directing my fingers. Her orgasm seemed even longer than mine and the sounds she made were like staccato whimpers of “Yes…yes…yes,” until she was done. She kissed me and smiled and put her bra back on. I started to say something when the lights came back on. The moment was over.

The next morning when I awoke, mom was in the kitchen preparing breakfast and went up behind her and put myself against her and she turned and said, “Robby, I was serious, that was once, and you said you wouldn’t push.” I nodded my head sheepishly in assent. “Okay,” she said, “Now give me a kiss and sit down to breakfast.”

We ate and talked about everything except what I wanted to talk about and then she said, “Robby, I know we’ve been through this but I want you to do something for me. Right now it’s the most important thing I can think of that I need from you. It’s hard for me baby because I’m upset but I’m not going to keep saying it. I decided that this is the last time I’m ever going to bring it up.”

I thought for sure it was going to be about what a mistake last night had been and how wrong, and on an on. What she said was, “I want you to go to school; I want that most of all. Will you do it baby? Will you do that for your momma?”

Two minutes before, after being rebuffed I would have said, “No,” But the look on her face and the sound of her voice wouldn’t let me refuse her. “Okay mom, I’ll go.”

“OH honey…” she brightened. “…and you’ll try?”

“Yes mom, I’ll try…I’ll be the best little student they have.”

She laughed and hugged me and gave me a sweet kiss on the lips. “Thank you honey; I love you.” She was beaming.

I went to school and I tried. To my surprise, I liked learning. I wasn’t bored like I was in high school. The teachers were exciting and challenging. The other students were a more diverse group than the people I knew at home, and they were friendly. And through it all, I was thinking about my mom.

We started e-mailing and I kept her up on what I doing. I called her “Sweet Girl” instead of ‘mom’ in my letters because I never knew who was looking over my shoulder while I was on the computer. She enjoyed it though and said she hadn’t been called ‘girl’ in a long time. I really wanted to call her “My love.”

I tried to keep it light and amusing and only told her once in awhile how much I missed her and how much I still wanted her. As the semester progressed, I told her that I now knew the difference between Phillip Roth and David Lee Roth and that in a film course I had seen that Jean Simmons didn’t have as long a tongue as Gene Simmons. She said I made her laugh. We wrote short notes back and forth all the time.

Anytime I wasn’t studying or hanging out, I was reading stories on the Net about mother’s and sons. Even though I knew that most of them were far fetched I was still turned on by them because I could identify and fantasize so easily. There were two stories by an author named Emmah that I read over and over because the son in the first story was

named Robby and the mother in the second one was named Mary.

It wasn't very graphic but this is the paragraph in the first story that got me going: "His first entry took my breath. His second took my heart. I felt I was giving him all my love and that could only feel good. He slid up into my tight channel and I became excited by the new sensations: the pressure, the heat, the trepidation and the anticipation of him coming in me there. I was transported and started to hear my moaning as if I was outside myself. Bobby's rhythm became steady and I joined, meeting his thrusts instinctively. I lost track of time as my head rolled and my arms began to shake. It seemed he slid in and out of me for a minute and an hour. He penetrated into me to the hilt. Nothing prepared me for the sensation of him touching the absolute depths of me. I gave myself up to it and to him. I heard myself scream as I came and I must have touched myself because I found one of my hands between my legs when the excruciating orgasm subsided. I was wet and dripping from his cum and we were entwined as he kissed me and told me "I love you" over and over and over again."

And the second story called Things Take Time had a part where the mother lets her son have anal sex with her, and that I could really not believe, but it excited the hell out of me anyway. Here's the part I read about ten times: "He shifted her to the edge of the bed and then with his feet on the floor he drove with his hips until half of his cock disappeared between the rounded globes. Another long moan from her was followed by the attempt to get it all in. He stroked back and forth and the constriction of her anal ring massaged the shaft. He drove the remaining inches into the hot passageway and she said, "Oh God…I'm on fire…oh…oh…" He was surprised that with each exclamation, she was pushing to meet his strokes. She grabbed his arms for balance and with each thrust he had complete penetration. She was taking it all in and he was climbing to the sky.

He took both of his mother's breasts in his hands as he drove into her again and again. The tight passageway tried to hold him firm as he fought to keep moving inside her. The friction heated both of their sexes. Each time he completed a stroke, he stayed buried inside her, moving in her as though there were something in her he was searching for. Each time he did it she let out a moan that ended with

a little cry. And when he said, ‘mother’ and stroked her, she said ‘yes’ louder and louder.” I thought that the chance of anything like that happening to me was somewhere between slim and none, but it didn’t keep me from thinking about it, wanting it, and letting it feed my fantasies.

At the end of the first semester I went home and told my mom that I had started dating a girl named Doreen who was originally from England. She was enthused and said she was happy for me. She wanted to know about her so I said, “She’s pretty, but not as pretty as you, she’s got nice boobs, but not as nice…”

She laughed, “I get the picture, you big tease.”

I told her that Doreen seemed serious and that she wanted to go out more than I did and I asked mom what she thought I should do. She gave me the usual parental speech about testing the waters and going out with as many people as I could, to see whom I really liked etc. and then she said something that surprised me. She said, “But you’re always going to love your old mom, aren’t you?”

I said, “Of course mom, you’re my sweet girl.” We kissed, but nothing more.

Well mom wasn’t my first, Doreen was. Although I did see other girls, for about six months I saw mostly Doreen. Actually, I saw all of Doreen, all the time. She liked sex and she seemed to like sex with me. That was encouraging. Most of my friends had had their ‘first’ in high school. I guess I was a late bloomer, but I made up for lost time with Doreen.

She liked oral sex as much as I did and I never got tired of her telling me that I had “Such a lovely cock” in her British accent. The first time she put it in her mouth, I wasn’t prepared for the intensity of the feeling. I shot off almost immediately, and not knowing whether I should come in her mouth, I pulled out and the cum ended up everywhere but. She was good natured and laughed about it and we eventually got it all together. Most of the time, we sixty-nined. I would use my tongue as I had used my fingers on my mother and she knew how to tease, and lick, and suck, until I exploded in her mouth. I would be lying though if I said that when my eyes were closed, and I started to come, I never thought of my mother.

The first summer home was difficult, probably because it was so good. My experiences with Doreen left me sexed-up and confident. Mom looked as appealing as ever Mom but I stayed low-key because I sensed that it was the way she wanted it.

We had lot's more to talk about. I was interested in music and I had such a good professor. And it was interesting how little I really knew about things that seemed so familiar. Mom loved to hear about it. So I went on and on about Beethoven's Fifth and how everyone knows the first four notes, BAH BAH BAH BHAAM, but how if you listen closely, he takes that four note motif and then uses it as a three note, two note, and finally a one note motif.

Mom was impressed when I told her all about the symphonies we'd studied and the books I'd read. And the nice thing was that I wasn't just putting on an act; I really liked talking about those things with her. We even went to the museum when they had an exhibition of Andy Warhol and Roy Lichtenstein. We talked about how the Pop artists liked mass culture and at the same time could criticize it,

like the ‘more is better’ soup cans or how Marilyn Monroe gets more grotesque in the screen-prints showing what celebrity did to her. And when we weren’t talking, sometimes we kissed. Sometimes we touched and sometimes we didn’t. She always stopped before it went too far.

The next school years were interesting for two reasons. I became involved in a business project and un-involved with Doreen. The business project was part of a program called “Upstart’s Startups.” It was actually a competition in the business school for students to get their own company off the ground. My roommate and I developed a program that collected information on new patents and the keyed it to the needs of existing companies and we wrote a weekly newsletter for three sectors of the economy.

We weren’t Google, and we didn’t re-invent the wheel, but by the end of the year we had 117 companies signed up for the newsletter. At $96.00 a year each, I no longer needed money from home for expenses, even though mom’s job paid her well enough to afford it. It gave me a feeling of independence and we were planning to expand into the other sectors for the next year.

Doreen and I went our separate ways and I found out that what my mother said about testing the waters suited me. I had enough different girls to keep me happy. I took a Philosophy course and I found out what I was really doing in college. I wasn't learning 'what' to think, I was learning 'how' to think. By the time I went home for the third summer, I was changed.

I realized that even if I had desires and inclinations, I didn't have to be ruled by them. I couldn't help that first thought whether it was sane or insane, what I could do was use my reason to make a considered decision about what to do about it.

On a local site for writers, I came across some stories that had quite a few mildly suggestive references to incest between a student and his mother. I e-mailed the writer and confided that I shared his inclinations. We wrote back and forth for a while and it tuned out that the student went to the same school I did. We met up in the cafeteria between classes one day.

On first meeting Gary, I was surprised by his openness. I usually take time before getting comfortable with someone, but his easy manner got me talking and I told him how I felt about mom without saying anything had actually happened. He must have felt the same about me because by the end of our first conversation, he told me that he was having sexual relations with his mother. I guess my mouth was open when I said, “You actually slept with her?”

He laughed, “Yes, but we don’t have to announce it to the whole cafeteria, do we?”

“How…I mean what did you do to get her to…?”

“Well Robert,” he said, “I didn’t have to ‘get her’ to do anything. My mother is, let’s say, into sex, and a bit of an exhibitionist. It started even before she and my dad got divorced. I guess that was one of the main reasons they broke up. He was always after her for the clothes she wore and how she acted in front of other people. Not that I ever got used to it, but once I was old enough to notice, I almost had a perpetual hard-on because of the way she walked around the house.”

“Gary, are you telling me that you…while your father was still living with you?”

“Not only while he was living with us, but the first time was while he was asleep in the other bedroom.”

“I have to hear this.” I said.

“Not now man because I have to go. Look, Sunday I’m going home for the day, to bring some things up; do you think you can help me? It’s only fifty miles away; why don’t you drive down with me and we can talk on the way.”

It was only Wednesday and I didn’t know four days could take that long to pass. I fantasized about what she might look like and what she might let me do. I didn’t even know if she’d be there, but my flight of fancy soared.

On the road I got more of the details I craved. It seemed that his mother had been getting more provocative with him, to the point where she asked him to shop with her to

get his opinion, and then made him join her a dressing room and watch her change clothes because she said it was easier than going in and out to show him.

“That was the day of the cab ride,” Gary said. “She sat close on the way home and was thanking me for being with her. She kept asking how she looked in the clothes and were they sexy. She was sitting close and I could feel her tits pressing into my arm. She whispered in my ear and said, “I’m so happy you came. Your father wouldn’t do this for me. There a lot of things he won’t do for me, but you will baby, won’t you?” Rob, at that point, I didn’t know what to think. She started kissing my face and breathing hard and all the while she was also looking up at the cabdriver. She took my hand and put it on her tit. She whispered to me, ‘Do you like the way your momma feels?’ I tell you I was frozen. I didn’t know what to do, but I didn’t want to take my hand off her.

I could see that the driver was watching all this in the mirror and my mother seemed to be getting off on it. She bent down and started kissing my cock over my pants. I thought I would come right there. She came back and started making out with me. When we got to our house, as she was

paying the guy, she had this turned-on smile on her face and asked him if he liked the show. He laughed and said, “Oh yeah.”

Gary told me that in the middle of the night his mother came into his room and they had sex. I wanted to believe him, but it sounded like he was tripping on his own fantasy. All I could say when he finished his story was, “Wow.”

His mother was home when we got there and she was nothing like my imagining of her. She was attractive with short blonde hair and a slim figure - more average than not, but with a megawatt smile that was very inviting. Watching her smile made me think that maybe Gary wasn’t making it all up. He wasn’t.

What he did make up was the part where he needed my help to move things. I was there for another reason. I was there to watch.

There was no ‘announcement’ or discussion; it just happened. We were having a beer and talking when his

mother said, “I think Gary was right about you.” She started kissing him and he kissed her back. They were on the couch and I watched from a chair, only feet from them. He began on her breasts and she rubbed his cock.

They undressed each other without a word to me. Gary never looked at me but his mother often did. When he put his finger in his mother’s pussy, I laid my hand on my crotch. She smiled at me and closed her eyes as her son fingered her. Her body looked better out of her clothes but the situation would have made any body look a model’s. My blood started to boil.

She started sucking her son’s cock and I wanted some; I wanted more than some, but I knew I wasn’t invited to participate, so I just did my job, watching a mother get fucked by her son. When he was inside her pussy, she looked at me again. I guess it was to make sure I was taking it all in, as she was. She didn’t have to worry; I couldn’t take my eyes off the scene.

It didn’t take much for me to identify with the young man who was fucking his mother. He repeatedly drove deep into

her and she received her son's cock with upward thrusts of her own. She was enjoying her son as he took her and when she looked over, I knew she was enjoying me as I watched her.

They shifted positions a few times and ended with her on her back. She opened her legs wide and he started his penetrations into his mother's pussy slowly, and deliberately. Gary seemed in control as he increased the pace; he ended up drilling into her belly harder and harder, until she began thrashing.

She came before he did, yelling, "Yes, fuck me…fuck me…" until she let out a long sigh of relief. He straddled her and I watched in amazement as she took her son's cock deep into her throat. The length of him disappeared into her mouth time and again. When he told her he was going to come, she kept the head in her mouth and stroked the shaft so fast and hard, her hand almost blurred. He came in his mother's mouth and she never stopped jerking him. I didn't see any evidence of his cum when she finished sucking him. They kissed and she disappeared into the bathroom with her clothes. When we left she gave me that smile, and a wink.

On the ride back to school, we actually didn't talk much about what happened. Gary said, "Thanks man." He told me what I had figured out already. He had told his mother about me and they figured I wouldn't be put off by a mother and son encounter. They were right. What I was - was primed for my own mother. I was at a point of no return; the next time I headed home, I had made all the decisions about all the possibilities.

The very first night home I took my mother to the band shell. During a slow dance, I held her close and spoke in her ear. "Mom, a few years ago you told me what you wanted for me and you were right. I'll love you forever for making me go to school because it's opened up a new world for me. But I'm also going to tell what I want for you. And like you told me, it's too hard to keep doing this, so I'm going to ask you once and then let it be. I love you now and it's not just about the sex. I want to be with you for every reason I can think of. Mom, I want you to be my last."

"Oh God Robby, I get more excited every time I see you. And when you started me thinking about us as…well, more,

I've looked at you as a man, and I've come to love you as a wonderful man. I don't know if we can do this, or how we can do this, but right now, the only thing my heart wants to say is 'yes' baby, I want to be your last, yes, yes."

The three-block walk home seemed like three miles. Once inside the door she was in my arms and the kiss said, "I love you, I love you, I love you." The wanting was expressed with our hands that fumbled so much to get each other's clothes off that we had to laugh. We went into my mother's bedroom where I closed the blinds and she opened the lights. "I want to see you love, I want to see all of you," she said. Not more than I wanted to see her.

Mom said, "Let's slow it down baby."

I said, "Okay mom." That didn't work.

We kissed hard and hungrily; we were naked quickly. When she got on the bed, my mother did the most exciting thing I'd seen in my young life; she spread her legs for me. My mother was wordlessly saying what I'd hoped to hear since

the first time she'd stimulated me, 'Come make love to me; come fuck me.'

I could see the lips of her pussy glistening. I was surprised at the reality of her pussy. In my imagination she had a full bush, but what I saw was trimmed enough to expose the soft pink lips. That my mother was wet for me was amazing, that she was opened and waiting for me to put my cock inside her was more than amazing.

I approached nervously, holding my stiff rod and positioning it at opening that would give me the greatest pleasure I'd known. In one long stroke I entered my mother's wet center and we were together. Her soft and humid opening had eased the way for the rigid pole my cock had become. We both sighed with the relief of our joining. My cock opened my mother's flesh to receive me. The pussy I had coveted was a welcoming velvet glove around my cock. I stroked as she moved to meet me with her hips. I filled her to the end of her channel. Our rhythm was hurried but synchronized. "Yes baby," she said. You're so good inside me…so right…what I've been waiting for."

I'd lost count of how long I had been waiting. But finally, being inside my mother's pussy made all the waiting disappear. My feelings for her were tender because I saw a mother who could open herself to her son despite society's conventions. She received the physical expression of my love between her legs and welcomed it with each of my penetrations. "Yes, darling Bobby…yes…" She affirmed each stroke that split her and entered the forbidden place she was allowing me to know.

We were joined in the moment, and forever could begin. She held me to her and we kissed as our bodies completed each other. I could feel every inch of me in every inch of her as the grasp of my mother's pussy caressed the width of her son's cock, her son's cock that filled her, and fucked her, and loved her.

With each stroke into my mother's pussy I felt closer to her. Deep in my mother's belly with her wetness all around me, I felt the love she was giving me; it was sexual and it was maternal at the same time. My mother was giving me herself. In that moment, deep inside her, I understood why I needed her love as much as her sex. It did something wonderful. It took the loneliness away.

Each long stroke into my mother's pussy was exquisite. She kept telling me how good it felt to have me inside her, "Yes, like that baby…so deep…don't stop love." The sound of her voice alone could have made me come.

Neither of us lasted long that first time. I'm not sure who first said to whom, "I'm coming." We both repeated it so many times it must have sounded strange bouncing off the walls, but I don't think either of us heard it. We were coming together, in love, in each other's arms, and in each other's heart.

I couldn't wait to ask her if it felt as good to her as it did to me. As I emptied my seed into her I said, "Does it feel good mom…do you like it?"

"Oh sweetheart…so lovely…so lovely…yes baby…mommy loves it." She kept telling me as she squeezed me hard against her body and kept me inside her as long as she could. I had come inside my mother and she was holding me, smiling, warm, loving.

The rest of the night was slower paced and we spent it exploring every part of each other's body. It began with long languorous kissing, building from the dreamy feel of each other's lips and mouth, to the playful dueling of our tongues. I touched her soft skin inch by inch, reveling, from the powdery softness of her inner thighs, to the firming tips of her nipples. I kissed it all and sucked tenderly at the lips of her mouth, and the lips of her vulnerable pussy. She smiled, and she sighed, and she was opened to me like a flower.

I tasted sweet juice as my tongue teased along my mother's soft pussy lips. There were fine droplets resting on her trimmed bush. I pressed the hood with the flat of my tongue and she reacted as I felt the nub under the skin and massaged it. She squirmed a bit and I rested my arms along her flank and my hands took hold of her big breasts. I continued eating her, sucking her, and anything else my mouth could do to her pussy. She rose toward orgasm and I felt the gentle vibration of her body's anticipation of coming. I stopped. "Don't stop." It came out of her as a thick breathy whisper. I stopped.

“Soon mom…you’ll come soon,” I promised her. I straddled her to put my cock into her mouth. My cock felt thick and hot in my hand. She willingly took me and sucked. She stroked as she did it and her eagerness was almost as stimulating as her lips and mouth that massaged along the length of my shaft. I began gently stroking in and out of her mouth and she slowed to allow me to dictate the pace. I wanted it to last. She raised herself slightly on her elbows and I realized that she did it to accommodate more of my cock into her throat. I was able to go deeper and she seemed relaxed despite the moans she emitted as she allowed me to enjoy her.

I looked in fascination and a sense of disbelief as I watched my mother sucking, me, taking me, and giving to me of herself, far beyond the sexual act. It was the sight of a mother taking care of her son and giving love beyond the fears we’re taught never to see beyond. I wanted to do the same for her at that moment.

I went into the sixty-nine position as I had so many times with Doreen, but it was act of a different kind with my mother. As I took her pussy to my mouth, my desire to pleasure her was the most important thing. And the

beautiful part was that as she sucked me, I knew that she was feeling that about me.

Our sounds became louder and faster simultaneously. I had to take my mouth off her pussy for a moment as I passed the point of holding back the first eruption. The powerful release fired into my mother's mouth. I kept coming but I went back to her clit and sucked and drew on it until I felt her arch, and sigh, and come. I felt her come and I tasted her come. And each time I had her that night, I felt her coming for me, and coming closer to me.

In one of the spaces between our lovemaking, we were side by side on our backs, resting in that lazy relaxation that's another reality, and mom reached over and began running her hand over my chest and said, "This is so crazy isn't it honey?"

"I guess it would be crazy to most people, but it didn't feel crazy a few minutes ago, did it mom?"

“No love…it felt good, and it felt like the best thing I’d ever done. Oh sweetheart, I want to give you everything, I want to make you happy.”

“You do mom, all you have to do is be here and be yourself, that’s all I need.”

“Yes baby, I’m here and you’re all I need, and this.” Her hand roamed to my cock, which came to life under her massaging. As it stiffened for her, she threw a leg over and straddled above the hardened pole she had created. She lowered herself with caution and said, “Oooh yes…that’s good…that is so good.”

As she raised and lowered herself I smiled up at her and said, “I have to tell you mom, you have great tits; I can’t get enough of them.” I took them in my hands and used my thumbs on her nipples.

She laughed and said, “Well there’s certainly enough for you to get enough of. I’m glad you like them baby, but I

always thought they were too big for my body. I once even thought about breast reduction."

"Oh no," I said. "Those two words should never be used in the same sentence, especially not about these beautiful things." I drew her down to me and took as much of one of her fleshy orbs into my mouth as I could and sucked it in. I worked each one and enjoyed the humming sighs she emitted. She began using my cock in earnest and angled herself from side to side to get different entries. I just enjoyed her efforts for a while before holding her ass and responding with thrusts of my own.

She leaned back and with her hands on my thighs, and she rode me. I watched the joy in her face as she did it and it felt amazing to be wanted that way. She moved to take me in as deep as she could and stayed, gyrating, and moaning. Watching her had kept me from getting lost in the sensations and when she put her fingers on her clit and started to come, I realized it wouldn't take much for me to come either. I tried not to buck and thrust to see what it would feel like if I just came as she moved on me.

It was an exquisite torture. The orgasm seemed to last even longer than the first as I let my mother's movements dictate my coming. Each release was intense and I probably grabbed at her tits too hard because I heard her squeal. I soothed them with a gentle massage as the last of the seed I released into her left me.

She rested on my chest and kissed me sporadically as she spoke. "I never thought it could be this good with anyone…and it's with you Robby…it's all so amazing to me. Are you always going to want me this way baby?"

"No mom, I'm going to want you more."

She kissed me long and said with a smile, and raised eyebrows, "You wouldn't believe that when I was a young girl my mother thought I should be a nun, would you?"

"NO," I smiled. But you did attain the position of Mother-Superior just now didn't you?" She let a burst of laughter and slapped my chest.

She relaxed and as I slipped from her she stayed beside me with one leg over mine. She told me stories of her childhood and said, “You know I had friends and I knew my parents loved me even if they had trouble showing it, but I always felt alone as a woman in the world. Except for the short time I was with your dad before he died, I thought I would never find a man to love again and that was the way it would always be. I had almost given up, and now…”

“Now you’re never going to be alone again, and neither am I…now there’s us.”

We kissed and she suddenly said, “Oooh, stay here and close your eyes and don’t open them until I tell you.”

“What…?”

“Just do it, okay?”

I did it and when she came back and told me to open my eyes, she stood before me in the white lingerie I had bought

her for that Mother's Day years before. "Now I have someone to wear this for…for my baby…for my man."

She looked gorgeous and I was stimulated immediately just looking at her. She removed the sheer covering and came back to bed and to her stiffened son. "I feel like a bride in this," she said.

"You look like a bride, and you are my bride…my beautiful new bride."

We kissed and fondled and she said, "I want to do something with you baby, maybe only once, but I want to." She took the panties off and got on all fours facing the back of the bed. "I want you to take me like this…" As she spread her knees and I saw the rosette of her ass, I wanted to be inside her.

She looked so good, so hot. The garter belt, and stockings, that came up high on her thighs, accentuated her rounded ass. It was something I had never done before, but when she said it, I wanted it as much as she did. My mother was

inviting me to take her as most wives and lovers wouldn't, and I loved her for it.

She had brought lubricant with her and I hadn't noticed because the sight of her had totally taken my attention. I watched her put some on her pucker and she handed it to me and said, "Put some on love; I hope it's enough."

I massaged a layer of the jelly on me. It felt cool on my hot dick. I was stiff as steel when I approached her beautiful ass. I put the knob of my cock against my mother's small opening and pushed in. It was tight and she cried out. I stopped before pushing the length of my shaft into the hot tight channel and she said, "Do it love, I want this, I want you."

I thought of all the stories I had read, and all the fantasies I had dreamed up, and there I was with a reality that exceeded anything I could have imagined. My mother was before me, ready, and opened, taking my cock into her ass. I pushed in and out a few times without giving her all of it. "Oh…oh…oh…yes…yes…" The "Oh" sounded like 'stop' but the "Yes," sounded like 'don't stop.' I didn't.

After a few more tentative thrusts I saw that my mother was able to take it and I pressed in with more until my whole cock filled her ass and my balls rested against the rounded globes. I had never experienced such intense sexual stimulation, and by my mother's sounds, it seemed powerful for her too.

My mother had given herself to me in all the physical ways that she could. But I knew she had given me more than just her body. And through all the complexity, there was one simple statement for both of us. As I pushed into her deepest part and she pushed back to take me, I said, not as a question, but as a fact, "You love me don't you."

"Yes I do," she answered.

"And I love you," I said.

Then each stroke into her fire-hot ass squeezed on my cock like a tight fist. I drove between the fleshy cheeks and she reached back spreading herself to take all she could. Even

though I sensed her pleasure, I knew she was taking me that way for my pleasure, and to give herself to me as a bride gives herself to her husband. She became my bride, and my lover, and my loving mother, as I pressed deeper and deeper into her ass.

I could hear her breathing getting faster and shallower. I could almost hear her heart pounding in her chest…or my heart pounding in my chest, I couldn't tell anymore. I felt the thrumming build-up grow, rising, coming…coming to that point where there is nothing on earth that can stop it. The first shot of cum powered into my mother's ass and I thought a lightening storm had erupted in my head. I kept coming, with cord after cord of hot cum firing deep into the tight channel. And as the thick lubricating semen made it easier for me to drive harder into her, I came more.

My mother also seemed wrapped in a seismic convulsion. She was shaking and crying out, "Yes baby, yes, in my ass…come in me…Oh Robbie, yes…my Robby…my Robby…" It seemed not to end; a minute is an hour when you come and it was longer than that. I looked at her face as she turned to me and she was flushed and drenched as her mouth

opened to let out an orgasmic crescendo that was one long "Ahhhhh…"

The streams of creamy white releases I had filled her with became evident, as the small tight channel filled to overflowing. I continued pressing in to the last, and finally, I stayed buried deep in her flesh, as far as I could go, having given her as much as she could take. We were both out of breath as she collapsed on the bed with me on top of her. I kissed her back and neck and said, "That was amazing Mom, and you don't know how much I love you right now."

She said, "Yes I do; it's almost as much as I love you." She stated turning over and said, "Kiss me love."

I came out of her and we kissed as if we had just begun. I had loved my mother with all I had and she had opened and given me all of herself. I rested with her breasts, and belly, and thighs against me, and I thought then what I think now, that for us, there is no fantasy better than reality.

Shame

Everyone is caught in the fierce embrace of life. And Jessica didn't know whether she should try to escape, or embrace it back. She'd held her conflict inside for too long and when the first crack appeared, it leaked out in a conversation with her new lover.

Jessica sat beside Paul on the bed. They became intimate after an intense two months. He was the trim thirty-year-old she had chosen to be her first lover after her divorce. Jessica at thirty-eight didn't look any older than he did. This 'older woman' excited him, but she wasn't sure if the relationship would go anywhere. So she was almost surprised herself when she said loud what she had been feeling for a long time. Paul was the sounding board off which she could hear her own forbidden words.

"Paul," She asked, "do you have a fantasy you've never told anyone...like I do?"

Paul skipped over his own answer and said, "What is it you hot thing?"

"No, I can't just say it."

The conversation went back and forth with, "Jessica, I wasn't born yesterday and I'm not a prude, whatever your fantasy is, let's play with it."

"It's too embarrassing...and you're going to be too disgusted by it to even want to see me anymore."

"Don't be so dramatic, and you know you're too good a lay for me to let you go, so let's have it."

She slapped his arm and laughed, "Okay...it's Anthony...my son...I have fantasies about him."

Paul smiled with a leer, "Oh so you're a naughty mama are you? Now what kind of fantasies are we talking here, you

doing him, him doing you...are there whips and chains involved?"

"I knew I shouldn't tell you anything."

"Oh come on Jess, I'm only playing with you, and it's not such a shocking thing for a mother to have fantasies about a nineteen year old son she's living with...and it's certainly not unusual for any guy to get turned on by a great pair of tits like these." He playfully pinched her nipple and that led to roughhouse play with all the laughing, tickling, and poking, that lovers often engage in. When they were exhausted and holding each other on the bed, Paul whispered, "Tell me what you want me to do momma."

Jessica got excited with the prospect of the 'game' and said, "I want you to touch me...Tony."

Paul fell into his role and said, "Where momma?"

She pointed to her breasts and then between her legs and said, "Here, and here."

He took her tit in his hand and massaged it. He then reached down between her legs and rubbed it. She began breathing hard and she moaned, in a voice he'd never heard. Paul said, "You're some piece of pussy momma."

Jessica became uncomfortable. Even though her son Anthony never called her 'Momma,' it was still becoming too real; she was getting off on it too much. She went cold and said seriously, "That's enough Paul; I don't want to play any more."

He shrugged and said, "Okay momma, your loss." As it turned out, it was Paul's loss. Jessica broke it off with him after that day.

The crack widened during one of Jessica's late night calls to her sister. "Roe? Did I wake you?"

"No hon, the phone did...just kidding babe, you know I don't get to bed until late. How are you; you sound funny."

"Roe, I'm going to go crazy if I don't talk to someone."

"Hey hon, you know I'm always here, even if we're in different parts of the country. Tell your big sister what's happening." Rosemary was thirteen months older, and much like the mother they had both lost before Jessica turned ten.

"Roe, it's someone I can't get out of my mind, and I know it's the wrong thing, and he's much younger than I am and..."

"Okay, so you met a guy; younger is good."

"No Roe, I mean a lot younger."

"We're not talking Mary Kay Letourneau here, are we Jessie?"

"No, of course not, he's...Anthony's age."

"Wow babe, you're all right, doing a guy half your age. By the way how is my handsome nephew?"

"He's fine; Roe, can you stay with me here? I'm trying to tell you something." She became agitated and her sister knew her enough not to get defensive.

"Okay hon, tell me, it's all okay, just tell me."

"Oh God Roe, it's Tony, I just can't stop thinking about him."

It went over Rosemary's head. "What do you mean? Is he okay?"

"Yes Roe, he's okay, I'm the one who's not okay. Roe, I'm in love with him, or in lust with him, or whatever else the hell I'm not supposed to be with him."

"Jessica...with Anthony? Did you...?"

"No Rosemary, of course not, nothing happened, I'm just trying to tell you...it's becoming too much for me to handle."

"Baby, I'm not sure what's going on with you, but maybe it's time Anthony moved out."

"I thought about that...but I don't want him to, I want him near me...I want him...and I want to tear these thoughts from my head..."

"Listen Jessie, maybe that's why you're driving yourself crazy...so you think about it sometimes, it's not a big deal. Don't beat yourself up about thinking about it, it only makes it worse...that doesn't mean you're going to do it...think about taking care of yourself, you'll feel better, and it'll pass. Fighting it just makes it hang around longer. Remember Jason?"

Jason was the guy from high school who moved away just as Jessica started seeing him. Rosemary helped her through it, mainly by convincing her to take care of herself until she

was tired of him. 'Taking care of yourself' was of course the sister's phrase for masturbation, and it had worked. Jessica did it day and night until the thought of Jason bored her.

"Maybe you're right Roe, maybe I was too ashamed to think about doing something like that."

When she hung up, Jessica was determined to exorcise her sexual urges for her son. She took her panties down and allowed the thoughts to come. She placed two fingers on the soft lips and began the rotating movement that just came close enough to her clit to stimulate it. "Tony," her mind said, as she increased the tempo. "Tony," as his lips replaces her fingers. "Tony," as his mouth starts sucking on the hood that shields her sensitive trigger. "Tony, Tony, Tony, Tony..." Jessica masturbated three times and finally fell asleep.

Jessica masturbated for weeks and during that time she spoke to her sister to keep her resolve and to keep her raging desires in check. But sometimes, the wet paint sign makes it just to tempting not to touch. Is the paint really wet?

As Jessica's birthday approached, Anthony asked her what she would like. "How about, taking me out for dinner and dancing," she said. "I haven't done that in years honey." Jessica had taught him to be almost as good a dancer as she was, and it had gotten him into bed with more than one girl.

"Sure mom." He winked at her. "But you have to wear the black dress I like." The thought of dressing for him excited her and she knew why he liked that particular dress. That Friday night she was in the bathroom preparing for their 'date' when she heard Tony walk by and called to him, "Honey could you come in here for a second and zip me up please?"

He walked in to an assault on his senses. His mother's back was exposed to her waist and he could see that she wasn't wearing a bra. The room was permeated with a combination of perfume from the bottle and the pussy she had been stimulating. When he touched her he involuntarily began to harden. He asked, "Do you need to put on a bra before I zip you up?"

"I should," she said. But I don't have one that works with this dress, and the elastic in the top should hold me okay."

She was holding the dress to her boobs and it excited him to see his mother with her big breasts in her hands. As he came close, he looked at her in the mirror and saw how different she looked with the make-up that she hardly ever put on. "Wow, you look great mom...totally hot."

"Even if I don't, thanks sweetie. Before you zip me, would you put a little of this lotion on my back honey, I can't reach it and it gets so dry." He put the lotion on her soft skin. At that moment he pushed the fact that she was his mother to the back of his mind. He was touching a sexy woman and he imagined what it would feel like to slide his hands around and have her big boobs in his hands, instead of hers.

Jessica was also in the grip of the chemicals coursing through her body. She unconsciously flexed at her waist and her ass made contact with her son's burgeoning hard-on as she said, "Don't you think I'm a little old to look hot?"

When she didn't move back, neither did he. Anthony hardly heard his answer as the confusion and stimulation began clouding his mind. "No, mom."

"That feels good Anthony...it feels good." She imperceptibly moved her hips and Anthony's disorientation deepened. Was she talking about his hands on her back or his hard-on on her rear? He looked in the mirror and saw her eyes closed as she started to softly moan and grind at the same time. His mother was rubbing his cock with her ass and there was no question about that. The sign was right; the paint was wet.

"Oh mom, that feels good," he told her. It felt even better when he did reach for her breasts and she allowed the top of her dress to fall, exposing them as they rested in his hands. Jessica's period was approaching so her breasts were swollen beyond their usual fullness, so they felt even bigger to Anthony than he had imagined. He cupped them, and massaged them, and looked in the mirror at the unexpected sight of his mother's big tits filling his hands.

He didn't think about what he did next. He lifted the bottom of Jessica's dress to her waist and didn't see the panties he was expecting. His mother's bare ass was grinding as she moaned. Anthony dropped his pants quickly as she leaned on the counter and flexed her hips up enough for him to see her pussy for the first time. His hands were practically shaking as he took his cock in his fist to bring it to her opening.

The young man's cock was a thick swollen pipe as he approached his mother from behind. It was unconsidered lust that shoved it into her tender pussy. She was wet enough to allow it to enter, but she was unprepared for his size and the depth to which he thrust on his first entry. It was a yell of pleasure and dismay that his mother let out, "ANTHONY...Anthony..."

He drove up into her, concerned only with, and overwhelmed by, his own pleasure. "Oh mom...oh mom..." was all he could manage to say as he sent his hardness in and out of his mother's wet hole.

The noise of their fucking reverberated off the bathroom walls. There was none of the lovemaking that Jessic had fantasized when she had masturbated. Unthinking, unbridled lust drove the young man's cock deep, and hard, into his mother's pussy. For Anthony, at that moment, he had what any young man his age wanted, pussy. The fact that it was his mothers didn't bother him; it only made it more exciting.

Jessica was in the throes of her forbidden fantasy and that would have been more than enough, until he hit that spot. Either no man had tried, or no man had succeeded before, but Anthony hit that spot. Perhaps it was because of the way she was bent over, or the size of his cock, or the angle of his entry. At any rate, Jessica was unprepared.

Again and again her son's big cock sent shocks of pleasure and juices through her. Each contact felt like a small orgasm as her insides convulsed in response to his insistent thrusting. His hands were all over her and when he grabbed her hair as his own moment approached, she let go with a yell. The orgasm rippled and waved from her pussy to every inch of her body. She didn't know that a person could come like that.

Anthony fired off one shot of cum after another into his mother's pussy. If the feelings weren't so intense, the loud sounds and frantic movements coming from his mother would have distracted him. She kept calling his name, and she kept coming.

Jessica finally caught her breath and felt more fear and confusion in that one moment that she could handle. She looked at herself in the mirror and her eyes filled with tears. Her swollen breasts were exposed and her son was absently holding one as he leaned on her back in relief.

The dark eyeliner she had put on for him was beginning to smear as her tears ran through it. He put his arms around her from behind and said, "Don't cry mom...it was natural that we wanted to...there's nothing to be ashamed of..." Her crying became audible. "Oh mom, now I feel like it was all my fault...I'm sorry..."

"All your fault?" The words were fighting her sniffles and sobs. "No, no...it was all my fault...and there's nothing natural about what I just did. I'm your mother and I let

you...no, I made you do it...oh God, you're my son and you came inside me...I can feel it...I can feel it."

"I'm sorry mom, I thought it was okay because I know you take the pill...I wouldn't have..."

"NO...you don't understand, it's not about the pill...you're my son...and I made you come in me...and I came...and..." Her body was shaking as she covered herself and ran to her bedroom and closed the door.

The bedroom was not where she wanted to be. She wanted to be anywhere else in the world but near her son, whom she was ashamed to face. Tony stood by his mother's door and heard her muffled crying. He knocked gently and when she didn't answer, he slowly opened the door. He sat by her on the bed and stroked her back as she cried. He didn't know what to say, and so he let her cry until she had shed all the tears that needed shedding.

Finally she turned to him and said, "I am so ashamed...I'm so sorry baby..."

"Mom, I thought it felt good to you...didn't you want to...?"

"Yes Anthony, I wanted to, and yes it felt...oh God...just because I wanted to, doesn't mean I should have. Anthony, I seduced my own son..." She wiped the wetness on her face and saw the smeared remnants of her makeup on her hands. "She shook her head and said, "I must look a mess."

"You can't look anything but beautiful to me mom," he said.

"Oh honey, please don't say things like that to me...I..." she dissolved into tears again and she waived him away. He didn't know what else to do, so he left.

They didn't go out that night or any other night to celebrate Jessica's birthday. Jessica felt as if she would never have anything to celebrate again. She avoided her son and wouldn't talk to him about that night. She couldn't even tell Rosemary.

Things didn't get better for weeks until Jessica made her decision and put things in motion. She then told Anthony, "Honey I'm going to stay with Aunt Roe...and see if it works out."

"See if what works out, mom?"

"Well, if I like it out there...and then maybe I'll get my own place to stay. Anthony, Emco has an office there and I got a transfer."

"You mean for good?"

"Well..."

"So you mean you're leaving, and not coming home...it's because of what happened isn't it, and now you don't want to know me anymore...?"

"Anthony, that's not true...of course we'll see each other, I'll come home and you'll come there...I'm always going to love you Anthony."

"Then why are you going?" Anthony's thoughts were becoming liquid. Sure he wanted to have sex with her some more, but his unease was about more than that.

"Honey, it's just something I have to do right now...you'll be fine, you have a new job and I'll take care of the apartment rent, and...it'll be okay."

The night before Jessica was scheduled to leave, and they had said 'Good night' with a long hug, Anthony knocked on his mother's door. When he came in, Jessica was under the sheet, holding it up to her chin. He sat down beside her, and after an uncomfortable pause, he said, "Mom, I'm going to miss you."

"And I'm going to miss you too sweetheart, but we'll be seeing each other soon and ..." He put his head down on her belly and she was touched by the unusual show of affection.

Jessica stroked her son's hair for a while and he turned his head and kissed her abdomen. He could smell her fragrance and he slowly kissed lower toward her pubic mound. Jessica breathed heavier and said, "Oh Anthony, you shouldn't."

A million thoughts raced through her mind as her son pressed the sheet onto her vaginal lips with his lips. The thrill was coursing through her body when he drew the sheet down and kissed over her clit. She felt helpless in the throes of her desire as he lifted the silky material and took her into his mouth. She told herself "I'm leaving tomorrow, it's never going to happen again," as she let her son suck on her pussy.

Anthony knew she wouldn't let him inside her, but his hard-on was almost painful as it pressed in his pants. He took them off while continuing to attend to the thickening lips and nub that was under the probing movements of his tongue. As he sucked her, Jessica felt as if the pressure that was building would lead her to gush into her son's mouth. She couldn't take it and she moved his hips so she could get to his cock.

The young man straddled his mother, and as he licked and sucked on her clit, she took some of his thick flesh into her mouth. He could hear how hard she was breathing as she struggled with the mass in her mouth. She was writhing with pleasure under his arousing attention. He could feel her quivering as he sensed the approach of her orgasm. She was sucking him hard as she began to arch up into his mouth. Whenever he felt her rise, he stopped before she crested. Whenever he stopped, she let out a sigh and returned to pleasuring the big shaft that was before her.

After a torturous number of approaches, Jessica went over. When Anthony realized she had begun her orgasm, he drew hard on her clit and lashed it with his tongue. His mother let out a howl that lasted as long as she continued coming. When she was done, she said with a cry in her voice, "Oh, oh, oh, oh." She then grabbed her son's cock and bobbed hard on as much of it as would fit into her mouth.

It didn't take long for the young man to be overwhelmed by his mother's sucking. It didn't take long before he was telling her, "I'm coming mom, I'm coming, OH I'm coming, I'm coming" It didn't take long for him to fill his mother's mouth to overflowing with creamy white fluid.

Anthony kissed his mother's thighs when they were both done and he felt her turning. He got off the bed and her back was to him. He said, "Mom..." and she raised her hand and he knew she didn't want to talk. The weight of guilt and shame fell on her as he left the room and the only thing that brought Jessica solace, was that she knew she had made the right decision. She had to go away to get away from the desire she wasn't strong enough to resist.

The next morning, she wouldn't let Anthony take her to the airport as they had planned. As the cab waited, he asked when she would come to visit. "Maybe three or four weeks," she answered as she touched his cheek and gave him a sad smile.

Three or four weeks turned into three or four months and after one agonizingly uncomfortable trip to her, Anthony became resigned to their separation. The sex they had shared became a memory that he could take out for pleasure, but it became somehow separated from the relationship that began to evolve between mother and son.

As time passed, she called more, he wrote more, and they were in touch every few days as months turned to years. Their visits were not physical, but warm and loving. He began missing her even before they parted. Seeing his mother so infrequently whetted his appetite for her. He was still attracted to her body, but he missed the person more. So when she called and said she had good news, he was excited. "I'm getting married," she told him.

It was like a punch in the stomach. Yes, he knew that Paul had been out to see her regularly and that she had been seeing him, and yes he knew they had moved in together, but married? Too much of him didn't want it to be so.

"Things happen for a reason," his mother had always told him. His saw no reason in any of it. He went to the wedding, acted pleased, and went home full of dreadful unease.

Seeing this girl or that didn't help much. Having one of them move in made it worse. He wasn't nice to her because she wasn't the person she couldn't be. He thought it odd, but he had no alternative, he accepted the fact that a good part of the lust he had felt for his mother had turned to love.

He'd fallen in love with his mother. It took him a year before he told anyone.

When he did say something, it was to Rosemary. "Aunt Roe, I know you'll think I'm crazy, but I miss mom so much, I can't do anything except think about it all the time."

"Oh honey, I'm sorry. Why don't you come and stay with me for a while so you'll get to see her more?"

"No, it would only make it worse. You know Aunt Roe, from when I was a kid, I've always been able to talk to you and I always knew you'd be on my side, so I'm going to tell you something. I...I love mom...and I...oh, forget it, it doesn't matter, I'm just babbling."

"Anthony honey...I know what happened between you and your mom... she told me...you can talk to me, are you upset about that now?"

"No, I'm upset that she's married, I'm upset that she doesn't love me the way she used to, I'm upset that she's with Paul when I want...oh what the hell does it all matter anyhow?"

"Oh Anthony, I hate to see you both like this."

"What do you mean Aunt Roe?"

"I shouldn't say anything, but you're all she still talks about with me, she's not happy, and I don't think she's going to stay with Paul. But she thinks you've moved on and...I don't know what I think about this whole mess, but maybe you should talk to her...and don't say you heard anything from me...I don't know what the hell I'm doing..."

"Thanks Aunt Roe, I love you."

"I love you too Anthony...lord help me."

He laughed and dialed Jessica's number. She wasn't in and he didn't leave a message. He spent five agonizing hours

pacing, and calling, and rehearsing, until she finally got home. "Mom? Listen, I never stopped thinking about you and about us."

"Anthony...why are you...?"

"Mom, no more of that stuff, let's talk straight, please mom, it's been almost four years. Isn't that long enough to be unhappy? Come home mom. Come home to me."

For Jessica, it was the release of floodwaters. Her tears poured down and her heart rose. "Yes baby, yes. I'll take care of some things here and I'll be there in a week."

It was four days later when Anthony found the note on the apartment door. It said, "Hello baby, come in." When he entered the apartment, there was a note over the light switch with an arrow pointing left, it said, "Come to me." He followed it to the paper hanging off the lamp that read, "You're almost home." It led him to his closed bedroom door and the note said, "Yes, my love."

Anthony opened the door to the sight of his mother applying the finishing touch to her red lips. The black gauzy covering she wore was sheer enough to show her nipples and the fact that she had shaved her pussy. She was smiling at him.

"Four years..." He shook his head, "I can't believe you're really here."

"I'm here baby," she said. "And I'm going to stay here. I know I've wasted a lot of time baby...I'm sorry"

"I'm happy you're here mom, but are you sure...are you?"

"Yes darling, more sure than of anything before in my life."

Anthony's throat felt sore as he dredged his words. "Mom, it was so hard...missing you."

"I know baby, I'm so sorry, it hurt me every day I was away from you. I tried to run away from you, and from the

situation, and from myself. But I'm not running anymore. This is who I am, and this is who we are, and I know that this is right for me now. I'm glad I love you like this, and I'm praying that you'll still love me back. Please forgive me sweetheart and I promise I'll make up for it."

"There's nothing to forgive mom...you're here now and I'll always love you back." His attention moved from the hurt he had felt to the sight of the forty two year old woman's body before him. There was nothing about it that betrayed her age. Her full breasts and slim waist were as striking as when she was ten years younger. The next thing he said was, "Mom, I want to look at you before I make love to you."

She slipped off the covering and stood in her heels and stockings. Anthony could feel his cock thicken, harden, and rise, in anticipation of his mother's body. He said, "Mom, I am going to make love to you, and I'm going do everything any man has done to his lover, and any husband has ever done to his wife, and any son ever wanted to do to his mother."

"Yes baby," she said, "That's what I want you to do."

They kissed longingly, almost painfully, pressing their lips, and tongues, and mouths, against each other's. Her pussy was wet for her son before he touched her. He took one her large breasts in his hand and brought the nipple to his lips. He sucked and drew on it, as it elongated and swelled in his mouth. He urged her to the bed and when was before him with her legs opened to receive him, he went down on the smooth pussy that she had shaved for him.

He liked the way it looked and the clean tender skin felt good in his mouth. He lapped her and licked her and in an instant she came with a short, piercing, surprised cry. He licked her some more and before long, she was ready again, ready to take the one cock she ached for into her pussy.

And hers was the pussy he ached for. That was the difference for him now. It was no longer just the sex he had craved as an adolescent, it was now the love he needed as a man. The anticipation was sweet for both of them. Jessica lifted her legs and with her fingers she opened the soft lips of her pussy exposing the tender flesh. Her eyes were closed and a hint of a smile played on her lips.

Anthony entered his mother, and the gratification he felt was far beyond the physical, and it was far beyond what he had found with any other woman. Velvet in velvet, he stroked deeply as his full erection stretched and spread his mother's pussy. The feeling was as strong as if he hadn't sex since she left. He felt the full pleasure of each inch as he delved into his mother's center.

Jessica accepted each stroke of her son into her with love and lust, as his lover and his mother, proud to be both. When he was inside her, he filled more than just her opening; he completed her.

As the young man stroked and filled his mother's pussy with powerful thrusts, it now brought her pleasure to think, "It's Anthony's cock inside me, it's my son who's fucking me and loving me." Each of his entries were liberating to her. And what had so distressed her before, she now eagerly anticipated, her son's seed inside her. She ached for the feel of him coming inside of her. She grabbed his ass and pulled him into her holding him so that the full width and length of his erection stayed inside her. It was almost unbearable

not to move and she began gyrating slowly, grinding on the large cock her son had pushed to her limit.

When she couldn't stand waiting anymore, Jessica urged her son on, "Do it baby, do it." He stroked his full length, long and slow. "Give it to me Anthony, give me what I need love, hard Anthony, hard." He gave her what she wanted as much as he wanted to give it to her, fast, hard insertions that stopped only when they reached the end of his mother's pussy. She thrashed and grunted as the vigor of his youth kept him going in and out of her until they were both soaked from the heat of their passion.

Because of his size, her pussy held him tightly and she felt every inch of him as he explored her depths. When Jessica reached the edge, she implored her son, "Come inside me love, come, come with me baby, now, now, now." He balanced on both palms and gave his mother the rapid insertions that brought him to the point of release.

"Mom, I'm coming, I'm coming inside you, yes...OH...OH..." He let go and a torrent of cum fired into the depths of his mother's pussy.

Her son's hard discharges intensified her own orgasm. "Yes baby," she said. "I can feel you coming inside me, yes baby, yes. Come in me fill me..." With each embedding of her son's cock, Jessica's pussy stretched to hold and draw the seed that she now saw as his love. "Yes baby," she said, fill me with your love."

As the pace finally slowed and they held each other, they were both laughing with the joyous release their orgasms brought. Jessica said with a smile, "I can't imagine anything better than that."

Anthony kissed his mother and said, "Maybe not mom, but we're sure going to try." The pleasure in that moment came from knowing that his mother's love was his as much as her pussy was his. They stayed in bed a long while in a serene state until the feel of his mother's skin against him began to stimulate the young man. She asked him for a drink and when he returned, he saw his naked mother sitting on her haunches.

Jessica drank a bit of the juice he'd brought and she looked up with a loving smile as her son reached for one of her big tits and massaged it through his fingers. She took hold of his cock and opened her mouth wide to encircle the bulbous head with her lips. She sucked on it a few times compressing the spongy mass with her tongue against the roof of her mouth. Her son's cock felt huge in her mouth. As the loving mother began taking some of the shaft toward her throat, she moved steadily and slowly back and forth along the thick mass as mother and son's moans mingled in the air.

Anthony went up quickly and when he felt his orgasm approaching, he began pulling back. Jessica held his hips as she was sucking him. She felt free knowing she could accept her desires, that she was a mother who wanted her son to come in her mouth. The sounds she made let him know she didn't want him to pull out. All he could was hold it for a few seconds as she sucked harder and moved her lips along the thick shaft.

It was excruciating for the young man to come in his mother's mouth. A long "Ohhhhh..." that was more like a howl escaped his lips as she kept sucking the creamy

ejaculate out of him. His mother sucked him as if he could never come enough for her. He was spent and exhausted when he collapsed into the arms that welcomed him, and stroked him, and loved him.

They lay together for a while as he gathered strength. He said, "Mom, are you here for good now?"

"Sweetheart," she said, "I'm here for good, and for bad, and forever...and if things were different, I would make you marry me...if you wanted me. Would you want to marry me baby?"

He put his lips to her lips, barely touching them and said, "Yes, mom." He kept saying it as his tongue teased and his lips brushed her mouth.

"Sweet love," she said, "I'm going to be as good as any wife could be to you and as good as any lover could be...and as good as any mother could be, and even better." Jessica could feel his quick recuperation when she gently let her hand glide over his cock and balls. He became erect as she kissed

around his cock and on his shaft. She stopped and looked up at him and then asked him the question she had asked Paul those many years before, "Love, do you have fantasies you've never told anyone, like I do?"

"Of course mom...they're all about you. I've had them since I realized how sexy you are and I had more of them when I realized how much I loved you, and they became beautiful when I realized how much you love me."

Her eyes brightened with excitement. "Yes Tony, tell me about how much I love you."

"You love me enough to give me your heart and your body, don't you mom?"

"Yes I do baby."

"You love me enough to take me in your mouth and suck me until I come, don't you mom?"

He put his finger on her lips and she sucked on it and she said, "Yes I do love."

"You love me enough to open your legs and give me your pussy, don't you mom?"

He licked her there a few times and she said, "Yes, Yes, I do."

He turned her over and put a finger on her anus and said, "You love me enough to take me in your ass, don't you mom?"

"Yes baby, yes I do." She thought he would finger her at first, but when he came behind her with his cock in his hand, she realized she would be getting more than just her son's finger. The thought of his big cock in her ass terrified and thrilled her. She said, "Yes baby, in my ass, put it in my ass, let momma take you in her ass."

He took some juice from her pussy and spit on his hand. He put the fluid on his tip and shaft and approached her small hole. As soon as he tried to push past her tight ring and

heard the sound she made through her clenched teeth, he knew it wouldn't work.

He pulled back and told her, "Stay right there mom, don't move." She remained on her elbows and knees and when came back with his cock slathered in lubricant, he just looked at her. Her face showed her pleasure in pleasing him and her ass was opened for him while her big breasts hung heavily toward the bed. He said, "Mom, you're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen."

This time his cock made it past her ring. She was glad it was her son who was the only man to penetrate here there. She grunted as the big cock began filling her narrow channel, but with each inch that stretched her, she knew how much she loved him. Each insertion the young man embedded into her yielding hole told him, "This is how much your mother loves you." He stroked slowly and evenly as his well greased shaft spread and massaged the walls of his mother's tight passageway. Skin against skin, the friction stimulated then both.

Contrary to her expectations, the intense heat and friction of her son inside her ass sent bolts of pleasure through her. All of the older woman's experience came in to play as she worked her body to accommodate her son's big cock. He was almost overwhelming her with the power and strength of his insertions, but she instinctively knew she had to stay relaxed if she wanted him to be able to take her in that way. He asked her, "Is it okay mom?"

"Yes baby, it's good; I like feeling you inside me this way." He filled his mother's ass time and again with his massive swollen shaft and each time he filled her, she opened herself for more. She asked him for assurance that it was truly pleasuring him. "Am I good for you baby, is mama as good for you as your other girls?"

"Yes mom, yes, and there are no more other girls, there's only you. I always wanted it to be you, I never took another woman like this mom, you're my first and my last. I always wanted it to be you, your ass mom, I only wanted to do it with you." He lifted himself on to one knee and in his excitement he angled his cock deeper and harder into his mother's ass. "This is how I wanted to you to love me mom, with all of you, taking all of me."

Each stroke into his mother's ass took him higher and with each stroke she could feel his vow of love. As he went deep into his mother's ass and she accepted the full length and mass of her son's cock, Anthony, for the first time, experienced the perfection of a woman's body. And it wasn't because her body was perfect; it was because it was perfect for him.

Just as she had said, "I do," to his questions, when she asked if he wanted her forever, he said, "I do."

There was no age difference as Anthony and Jessica's body joined. There was no shame as their two hearts joined. There was no mother, no son, and no taboo. There was only what they would always share, love.

Snow

Snowy days dot my memory. Seminal events in my life seemed to play out with a white background. I looked out at the rounded mounds in the back yard while thinking about my mother. Even her name sounded round to me; Robin...Robin Owen. Everything about her form spoke of roundness... places for the eye to rest... places for the hand to glide over and caress. I wasn't supposed to notice of course because she was my mother. No... not much.

I laughed to myself as my mind flew into a poetic flight of fanciful amusement. I imagined that her breasts were moons of snow, capped by strawberries and that anyplace my mouth touched would taste like vanilla ice cream. Most of the time my thoughts about her couldn't be deemed poetry.

That she looked good was pointed out to me many times when I attended the middle school where she taught. The kids knew her as Miss Owen, and most didn't think we were related because my name's Tom Owen Blanco. She had

gone back to her maiden name when she started teaching. More than once I had to say, "Shut up that's my mother" to guys who wanted to rhapsodize about her looks with me.

It never seemed to bother my brother Paul who was a year older than I was. We had different friends and we probably fought less than most brothers but we really weren't close. I guess I was jealous of him and he was indifferent to me. I loved it when he wasn't home and it was just mom and me because then I would be the one who took care of her after school.

By that time she seemed always tired and down. I remember that she was a good cook, but for five years we hadn't had a meal that didn't come from a can, a box, or the microwave. She took some kind of pill or other all the time and her answer to almost everything was,"Okay... take a jacket." If I said I wasn't coming home at night because I was staying at a friend's or I said I was going to drown myself in the river, I could expect, "Okay... take a jacket."

She came home physically and emotionally exhausted and what she wanted most was a massage on her legs or her

arms or her back. Many times she fell asleep while she was being rubbed. I became intimately familiar with her skin... the creamy smoothness... the supple curves of her calves and thighs... the smell of... her. Sometimes I would bring my face close to inhale her; it was a musky lemony fragrance I'd never encountered.

She was then only thirty-one, and thirty-five when I graduated high school. She had a young face and could have passed for a woman in her twenties. When we all went out together, to the casual observer, she could have been our sister.

Her young marriage had lasted three years. Early on she dated occasionally but she never had a boyfriend that I knew of for more than a few months. As we got older, she was open and honest with us and never minced words. When I asked her how come she didn't date more she said, "I don't seem to find the kind of men I want spend time with... it's all small talk and games... there aren't any white-knights out there... forget it, I'd rather stay home... and sex isn't that big a deal for me."

That's a sentence that doesn't compute for an adolescent male. Sex isn't a big deal? At that time, in my testosterony fog, it was the only deal. Women's bodies... faces... legs... they crowded out just about every thought. My mother's was no exception. Especially when I found out.

The snow was coming down in chunks the day I saw her naked breasts. They weren't where I wanted them to be. I had come home early when band practice was cancelled and went behind the house to see what I thought of as the 'Winter Wonderland.' That's when each branch has a thick coat of white on it and everything is still. I passed by a window and Paul and my mother were kissing. They weren't only kissing... mom's dress was down to her waist and her tit was in Paul's hand.

I watched in frozen fascination as he felt the tits I had fantasized over. The nipples looked big from where I stood and the youthful form of her breasts awed me. My brother brought my mother's nipple to his lips and started sucking on it. She just sat there almost immobile, staring off as he fondled her. He took her hand and tried to put it on his crotch but she took it off obviously saying "No." I was frozen

and if they weren't so occupied I'm sure they would have seen me.

I walked for an hour in the cold, shaking. I was upset and by the time I got home, I knew why. It wasn't complicated; I wanted it to be me... kissing her... touching her.

That evening was surreal... because everything was so normal. They were both exactly the way they always were. So how long had that stuff been going on between them... how far had they gone... how could I have not known? Those were three of a thousand questions. It seemed like I came all night thinking about what I saw.

When I got up the nerve to tell Paul what I saw he sort of smiled and said, "Old Robin has a great rack doesn't she?" She did, but I didn't like the way he said it. I also didn't like that he always called her Robin.

I pressed him to tell me how it started and he said, "I don't know... one day I was rubbing her legs while she was laying on the couch you know... and I just kept going over her ass

you know? And she said, 'why did you do that?' and I said, 'I wanted to'... and she didn't say anything else so I kept doing it...you know?" Paul didn't think any sentence was complete without saying two or three times, 'you know?'

He told me that he started kissing her and touching her whenever he felt like it and she let him. I couldn't understand the 'why' of any of it and was almost afraid to ask what was really on my mind... but I did. "Did you...?" I almost said 'you know'.

He knew, and he said before I finished the sentence, "Naw... she won't let me screw her... but I'm working on it... you know?" I could have smacked him for that last one but that wasn't our way.

It took me days to digest it all and the best I could come up with was, maybe the pills... maybe she was lonely... maybe he was just taking advantage of my mother. That's how I started thinking about her; mine not his... I decided that Paul didn't really care about her.

My dreams or fantasies or nightmares, I wasn't sure which, had the three of us in combinations that woke me up red faced... and sometimes sticky. My complicity in using her was disturbing to me even in a dream. Her mouth on him... on me... her legs spread... cocks finding their way into all her holes... pearly white by the corners of her lips... white on her breasts... white inside her.

When Christmas vacation rolled around, Paul stayed at college and for the first two days I debated calling him... or a doctor. My mother slept most of time in her clothes. She hardly ate or talked. I wondered how she had been functioning at school. I tried to get her to go to a movie or take a walk but she just wanted to stay in. Finally I told her that I was worried about her and I begged her to cut back on the pills. Finally she agreed, "Okay baby... for you... " It took a couple of days but she did come back to some semblance of alertness.

One morning after forcing her to have breakfast with me I said, "Mom, I know what you do with Paul... I don't know why."

She didn't blanch or get flustered; she just stared into the milk that was left in the cereal bowl and said slowly, "Oh... that's nothing Tommy... Paul just likes to kiss... and it's no big deal."

"Mom, I know it's not a big deal to him because it's just a kick for him... but it should be a big deal... you should love somebody... it would be a big deal to me... a very big deal."

"Oh sweetie" she said, "Is that what this is about?" She saw the answer in my face and she laughed and said, "You can kiss me too baby... it's okay."

I was torn. I wanted to go over to her but a part of me asked if she even knew what she was doing. I guess it's not surprising which part of me responded. She sat on the stool at the breakfast bar and I walked up to her and kissed her with the kiss I had I been waiting to give her for... forever. My mother offered no resistance and kissed me back putting her arms around my neck and her soft tongue in my mouth.

We might have kissed until doomsday if the overwhelming urge to touch her didn't move my hand. I reached into the robe and slid the bra strap off her shoulder taking the cup down in one motion. I lifted my mother's heavy breast and pressed the nipple between my nervous fingers as I continued the kiss. I fondled and massaged the big tit, running my hand along the surprising up-tilt curve considering how full it was. I ran my fingertips down the top until my nails stimulated the nipple. Her response elongated the rubbery tip. She put her hand over my hardening bulge and held me in a warm caress.

I was afraid to take my lips off hers because I thought the world might end or worse, she'd never let me kiss or touch her again. I wanted to tell her I loved her but I didn't want to stop kissing her. If nothing better would ever happen to me I thought I could live off that moment. Whatever happened later, shame... anger... recriminations... I still would know that I kissed her and she kissed me back.

I was afraid to take the initiative but my mother stood and took off her robe. She pulled the remaining shoulder strap down and her second perfect breast was exposed. I was tongue-tied and mom said nothing. With a half smile she

stripped me and pulled down her bridal-white panties. She turned and held the breakfast bar and I was mesmerized by the full round globes of her ass.

I wasn't sure if she was showing me or inviting me. I knew she had stopped Paul so why would she let me? I was nervous enough to shatter the silence with my stupid question, "Can I be in you, mom?"

The only word my mother would utter came out then. "Yes." She said.

As I clumsily tried to enter her, my mother reached through her legs to direct my stiff pole into her pussy. I slid in past the wet lips and pushed up in short strokes as more of my cock disappeared into the opening of my wild imaginings. I said, "Mom... mom... mom... " as I felt myself move deeper between my mother's legs. I heard her grunt as the last few inches of my cock filled her and my balls rested on her ass.

She made "Mmmmm... " sounds as she ground and pushed and shook her ass into me. She reached under and both of us moaned louder when she took my balls in her hand and massaged them. As I almost involuntarily began stroking into her pussy she put her hand back on the bar for balance.

I told her, "I wanted to do this for so long mama... to touch you and kiss you... and be in your pussy." She didn't respond verbally but did increase her pushing back to meet my thrusts into her. I was inside my mother's pussy and each stoke notched me up higher. Her soft flesh gloved my hard flesh and when I stayed in her so deep and still, I couldn't tell which was which.

I wanted to hear her tell me how good it felt to have my cock in her; I took consolation in her soft moans. After stroking my full length into her from a few different angles, I heard her taking quick short breaths and then a high pitched closed mouthed sound came out announcing what I thought must be her orgasm.

It was just fortunate timing because there was nothing I could have done to stop from coming at that moment

anyway. I gave her a few long hard thrusts and then I released a burst of cum into my mother's pussy and held on to her hips for dear life. It was the first time I came inside a woman and the woman was my mother and my legs shook as stream followed stream into my mama's belly.

As I finished I wrapped her in my arms and stayed inside her pussy as long as I could. I kissed her back and neck and told her I loved her. When she didn't respond I began to wonder what she was going to do. High on my list was kill me... scream... accuse me of ... God no... I would never hurt her... I didn't force her... did I? I panicked and she must have heard in my voices as I began squeezing her shoulders and arms saying, Mom... mom... mom...?"

She turned and I came out of her and she said, "It's okay honey... it's okay." She kissed me and put her hand on my wet dick burying her face in my neck. I was relieved. She took her robe and hurriedly went into the bathroom. I heard the tub filling and I stood at the door for about ten minutes listening to sounds of her preparing and entering the bath.

I was still nervous and worried and about a thousand other words when I knocked on the door. She told me to come in and I didn't know if I should look or not look, as she lay naked in the bath. "Mom I... " was all I could manage and she told me to come sit by her. I sat on the rug and she smiled as she ran her hand over my hair.

"Sweetheart... were you a virgin before we... made love?" I nodded 'yes'. "Oh God... " she breathed out. "I hope I didn't spoil something that should be special for a young man."

"Mom, " I said disbelieving. "I was inside you... inside my mother who I love and want... what could be more special than that?" She reached with a wet hand and touched my face as she stretched to kiss me. "Thank you honey" she said.

"I'm glad it was you mom." I said.

"I'm glad too baby... you make me feel proud that I was your first woman."

I kneeled; she sat back and I kissed her slippery wet lips. I licked the moisture on them and around them. I kissed her hard and soft and then hard again. The tips of our tongues touched and then mated.

I reached into the warm water and took her buoyant breast into my hand. It was heavy and slick at the same time. As the kiss continued I slid down her shiny belly to the pussy that had been the genesis of my life and my sex life. I massaged and searched for the mysterious point of pleasure. My mother took my finger and pressed it to her clit. She responded strongly as my finger exposed the nub from under the hood.

Her pussy... those are only words... but I had her wet folds between my fingers... I had her sensitive clit at the end of my fingertip... I could feel the walls that my cock had slid against as I explored inside her.

Mom broke the kiss and said, "I don't know if we should be making this a habit... I don't think people would approve of what we did."

"Do you approve mom?" I asked.

"Yes sweetheart ... I do... but I just don't know if this is the best thing right now for you... or for me."

"Mom," I asked, "How come you let me... and you didn't let Paul?"

"I don't know baby... you made me feel something that I haven't felt for a long time... you made me feel loved and you made me feel cared for... I still have to sort this all out... " She gently took my hand from her pussy and kissed it saying "... and until I do... out you go."

I went to kiss her again and she laughed and said, "Now you be good... you let momma finish her bath and I'll see you later." I left with the possibility of having sex with her forever, or possibly never again - and a definite hard-on.

That night mom and I were watching Ken Russell's Lair of the White Worm. I leaned over and kissed her. She was alert and said, "Oh Tommy I don't know... "

I whispered to her, "Just one kiss for the boy who loves you." She smiled with pursed lips and held up one finger. Our feelings took concrete form in the shape of a kiss. I made the kiss last five minutes and put my hand in her top. Mom helped me along by gently rubbing over my cock. I listened to the up and down sounds of her hand on fabric co-mingle with her soft moans in my mouth. When the kiss ended I said, "Come to my room mom... please... I need to make love to you."

" Oh Jesus" was all she said as I took her hand and led her from the couch to my bedroom. We left the movie on.

I loved my mother's tongue. It slid and prodded and played with mine, which is why I kissed her so much. It was restful in her arms and I was more experienced in making out than in making love but I was hoping mom would help equalize the balance. I took her top down and unhooked her bra. I took both tits in my hands and playfully sucked each nipple with a loud popping sound. Mom tapped me on the head with a giggle. She got serious and said in my ear, "Take off your pants and let me suck you."

I'd been in two girls mouths but never came. The prospect of my cock in my mother's mouth was exhilarating. I stood before her as she sat on the bed naked from the waist up. She brought me close with her hands behind my ass. Her mouth opened wide as she accepted me. I'd fantasized it before... I once saw a video of a mother taking her son's cock into her mouth and sucking him until his chalky release was all over her lips and chin; it sent me to the sky. But this was my mother... this was me... and her lips were on my cock... her tongue was on my cock... my mother was sucking me. I had to control myself because I would have come that instant if I had one more thought like that.

I felt as hard as a tire iron in my mother's mouth as she worked her way up and down the shaft. After a couple of minutes of sucking, she pulled back a bit to look up at me and a silver thread of saliva still connected the tip of her tongue to the tip of my cock. I was so stiff I couldn't see straight. I though maybe even my soft contacts had gone hard.

When she was satisfied that I was aroused to the point of insanity she licked my cock from the base to the tip and then mercifully returned it to the warm confines of her mouth. The excruciating pleasure continued as she held me and sucked me... every so often her hand weighing, caressing, and fondling my balls.

I knew I was looking at a sight that not many guys had witnessed. Their mother sitting in bed with her breasts exposed and her son's hard cock moving in and out of her mouth... licking... sucking... tonguing... massaging him with her hands. I was as swollen as I could remember and I was filling my mother's mouth with my meat.

How long could I go without exploding when it was my mom doing all those things to me? That was when I started to worry... what should I do when I actually come? Should I pull out... maybe that would get cum all over her face and hair? Should I turn away... should I jerk it... should I...?"

My mother must have realized how close I was and she made it easy when she said, "Come in my mouth baby...

come in momma's mouth." That was all I had to hear. I did what she told me.

I started to come... I started to moan... I started to yell... I stopped myself before it got out of hand but not before the noise got out of my mouth and not before the cum got into my mother's mouth... the streams of cum... God... the streams of cum... one after the other... in her mouth... in my mother's mouth... again... oh again... still sucking... she was still sucking... oh... oh... oh... oh... God... nothing could feel that good... nothing...nothing... nothing...

When I caught my breath, I looked at her sweet smiling face and wanted nothing more than to make her come. I wanted my mother to feel in her pussy what she had made me feel. I practically threw her back on the bed and pulled her panties off. I went down on her.

She spread her legs and I sucked in the soft lips and then licked up and down the opening. I put my tongue into her and sampled the moisture that had formed into fine droplets. I liked the taste of the first woman I had taken into my mouth; it made me hungry for all of her.

As I ate my mother's pussy she was stroking my hair and making soft sounds but after a while she said, "Honey it's not a big deal if I don't come... I don't always and it's not that important." I told her it was important to me. She directed my inexperienced tongue to tease and stimulate her clit until I was doing things to her that had her gyrating and climbing.

I was sucking the swollen nub and licking it when she pulled my hair and arched her back; I knew she was about to come. She made a few quick small noises and her back stayed in a high arch as her pussy pushed against my lips and mouth. She exhaled and smiled at me saying, "That was nice baby."

'Nice'... I wanted her to be ripped by the claws of Eros... I wanted her to erupt like I did when I came. Given my experience, I thought I would have to learn a lot more before I could do that to her. The good part was that practice would be something to look forward to.

I was in her pussy twice more that night and my control was improving already. She enjoyed that I was able to stroke her

longer and harder. She was receptive to me each time I wanted her and seemed pleased that I wanted her so soon after coming. She said she had missed having a strong young cock inside her even tough she never expected it to be mine.

I was in her long enough for her to tell me that she was getting sore. I pulled out of her and said, "Mom don't you dare move; I'll be right back." She laughed as I went into the bathroom where I greased up my cock with a thick layer of pasty jelly.

She was lying on her belly when I came back to bed. I got on her and she turned her head and said, "Hi sweetie." I laid my elongated cock between the silvery globes of my mother's ass and slid the greased rod along, working it between the pliant flesh. I really had no thought or intention of being in her ass but when she raised herself and spread her knees the small hole became more exposed.

I put the cock- head against the pinkish pucker. After a momentary hesitation, I pushed. My mother came alive and said, "Oh God... oooh... oooh." She shook her head and

some moisture came off her hair. She leaned her head into the pillow and reached back and spread her ass cheeks and I pushed in deeper. She repeated the "oooh" sounds but with a more guttural intensity.

I could see that I was big for her and inched in slowly before stroking her. Finally I had the thick meat all inside my mother. Even looking at the stretched hole with my cock in it I couldn't believe that I had been able to penetrate that deep into her ass.

I was more astonished by what came next. She started talking and moaning and whining. "OH Christ yes... oh... oh... do it... do it... give it to your momma... " I watched my greased rod entering and exiting my mother's ass again and again until the constriction of her tight hole made everything feel white-hot.

I pushed into her ass as far as I could go and then left it in savoring the sensation of her tight channel squeezing and milking my cock with the small spasms she was having. Any concerns I had about stopping evaporated when she started moving on my cock and pushing back.

"Yes ... that's good baby... oh honey... it's so big in there... in my ass... harder baby... oh honey... Tommy... Tommy... this is where I need you to be... in my ass... please baby... harder... please don't stop... "

I couldn't believe she said 'harder'. I drove into her ass and only held back a bit because I was afraid of hurting her. When I was sure she could take it all, I gave her all I had... every inch... with every stroke.

I don't know why, but with all I was feeling, it struck me that I was proud of her... proud of my mother for being able to take all of me into her ass and let me love her that way... and take pleasure in it.

I told her and I stroked her and I went in deep, deeper, and deepest into my mother's ass until her voice rang with a piercing "AHHhhhhhh... " as she came. She came moaning and talking at the same time... she came totally and I saw milky fluid begin to leak from her pussy onto the bed as the assfucking continued.

I was floored by my mother's response to having her son's cock buried deep in her ass. I was so turned on at hearing her beg me to fuck her it was almost impossible to maintain control. I let go with a burst of cum that made my body recoil. I continued to fill my mother's ass as her cries spurred me on until I had flooded her with my cum. I watched as the cream formed around the pucker that gripped my cock.

Her pleasure filled me with love and I told her over and over with each insertion of my cock into her. I couldn't imagine feeling better or more loved. I wouldn't stop kissing her when we finished and she held me as if she would never let me go. I wish she never had.

I was the happiest I can remember at that moment and we talked for a long time. I knew the sex was good for her and that's why what happened later disturbed me so much. I know because I made her tell me... I asked her what it was like to have her son inside her and she said, "It felt wonderful."

I said, "No mom, tell what it was really like for you... I want to know what you were thinking... what it felt like... what the experience was for you... with all the gory details."

She smiled and said, "You mean with all the lovely details... well... I loved that you wanted me so much. I felt it with every touch and every kiss. I don't think a man had ever desired me that way in my whole life. When you were in me that way, I stopped thinking. When you entered me from behind all I did was feel. And everything felt good: the length and width of you filling me, your hands all over me, and the streams of cum that you released into me. And especially the love and desire in the way you called my name... with each stroke into me – 'Robin... Robin... Robin... ' it was like a grasping at the wind... it soon didn't sound like my name at all.

I thought about being your mother and all that we were doing... and I wasn't sorry... I wasn't sorry that my beautiful young son wanted his mother's pussy and... and I wasn't sorry that you wanted to be in my ass... I just underestimated what your hard young cock would do to me." She let out a short laugh and then got serious again.

"I'd never had a man there so when I felt your cock against the opening I got nervous but I wanted to do it for you. I thought I was ready but when you first entered into me it felt like a marble pillar was working its way in. I know I was moaning into the pillow when I felt you opening me so wide.

When you had about half of that long cock of yours in, I really started to feel the pressure and heat. I felt like I was being stretched to the point of splitting. At that moment I thought it would be impossible for you to get it all into me but that was what I wanted. I remember thinking 'My Tommy is loving me with his cock' and that I wanted it all.

It was then that I started to relax and feel more than just the pressure and heat. I started to feel the sensations of your cock sliding smoothly in and out of my greased channel... the rubbing of those membranes started to send pleasure signals to my pussy and my brain.

When you told me you loved me, it felt good... it all felt good. It felt good to think that my son wanted to be in my

ass and that was where I wanted him to be. It felt even better to actually have you inside me because I could feel you loving me with each long hard stroke.

When all of your cock was stuffed into me, I heard a long sigh of relief from you and I could hear the smile in it. It felt so good but I could hardly believe that it was only one cock that was in me. Your rhythm became a gentle one and the slow easing of your shaft in and out of my ass was satisfying and exciting at the same time.

I was stretched and filled to the limit but I had you all inside me and when you said you were proud of me and that I looked so beautiful... taking it... all of it... that was when I started to come... I mean really with cum. That was another first for me. I never came with fluid before... it felt so strange... God... I don't think anything ever felt as good."

My mother ran her fingers through my hair and said, "Does that answer your question my pretty boy?" I responded with a long loving kiss.

Our lovemaking changed after that night; and so did our lives. Mom was much more enthusiastic about everything; she even cooked. We slept in the same bed after that for almost four years. Being in her arms with her naked body on mine was almost as good as being inside her every night. I learned how to be a good lover for my mother and we both learned how to take care of each other.

I went to a college within commuting distance to stay near her and each day seemed like the start of a wonderful vacation. I wanted to live with her forever because she graced my life with joy... but vacations do end.

Very few lives are 'neat'. My mother's and mine were no exceptions. During the winter before I was to graduate my mother said, "Honey it's time... you have to go out and a make a life for yourself... meet a nice girl and have children... I don't want to deny you those experiences." If I had looked out the window I would have seen a white-flecked sky.

I was dumbfounded; I told her I didn't care about being married and having children with someone that would

never mean to me what she did. I told her she was all I needed... I told her and I told her. We talked for days and weeks but she wouldn't be moved. She went on about the difference in our ages and a hundred other reasons why it was the right time for me to find a new direction. Nothing I said had any effect.

By the spring I had found an apartment for myself. Even though I wasn't going far, the day I moved out was rough for both of us. I didn't understand why it had to be that way and nothing she said explained it away.

Our physical separation didn't end our love life but it did curtail it. Sometimes I would spend the weekend with her and sometimes she would tell not to come over for a week. It was like being separated from a part of my soul.

I always thought she was wrong... wrong... wrong. I still do now. I went out with quite a few girls but couldn't get serious with any of them, until Pearl. My mother realized what I was doing after about eighteen months and took matters into her own hands. She introduced me to Pearl who worked for a few of her friends.

My mother set me up in both senses. Pearl had come to the U.S. to escape a terrible home life. She needed to stay and my mother thought I needed a wife. We suited each other's needs but it was more than that. She was an intelligent woman, about two years older than I. She wanted a family in a safe place and she was a loving person. My mother knew I would like her. I told my mother I wouldn't live a lie with Pearl... figuring if I told Pearl about our relationship she'd head for the hills.

Mom made me compromise. I told Pearl I had a woman I saw sometimes and was not willing to give her up. I didn't say who she was. She said she could accept that if I always came home and treated her well. I tried to. The wedding and decorations were white and it might as well have all been snow.

We all settled into a compromised way of living. I couldn't decide if some is better than none when your entire being wants it all. I didn't find it funny or ironic when Pearl said how nice it was that I was so concerned about my mother and visited her so often.

Neither my mother nor I could conceive of not having each other at all so we did make love, but not enough for me. I knew that there could never be a woman who would arouse me like my mother. She was much more passionate than Pearl and a lot 'younger' in her enjoyment of sex in all it's variations. The comparison didn't make my life easier.

I loved my mother but on some occasions my frustration led me to take it out on her in sex play that was rougher than it should have been. One time we met at a hotel not far from where I worked. I brought ropes. When we had played like that before we always used 'safe words' to signal if it was too much. I splayed her on her stomach and tied her to the four corners.

Usually we talked or role-played; that time I didn't say a word. Things were not going well with pearl and I was angry. I reached under my mother's breasts and pinched both of her nipples hard. I rammed myself into her pussy without the usual kisses and caresses. I bit her and slapped her ass. I fucked her. I had fucked her before but always while feeling love. Then I was only fucking her.

As I pounded her from behind for a long time, my exertions sapped my energy and anger. I stopped. The thought that I was hurting the person I loved and the person that loved me was numbing. I untied her and held her in my arms while I gently stroked from her hair to her breasts and ass and kept repeating, "I'm sorry mom... I'm sorry."

She was on the verge of tears but she kissed me and said, "It's okay baby... " In thinking about it afterwards I realized that she must have been punishing herself too because she never used the 'safe words'... not once. After a while we talked about it and the realization brought us back to more loving ways.

Things went on for a while status quo and then every so often my mother would go through the charade of telling me that we probably should stop or how I was going to get tired of her as her body aged. I usually answered with something like, "Sure mom, you'd be right if I was only having sex with your body... but I know that I'm always going want you because I love you. It's you... Robin... that I want to make love to... not just your body."

She would relent as she always did and tell me to love her always... and she would open herself for me and I would love her... and I would think how it was impossible to do what I was doing... being married and not able or willing to give up the loving of my mother.

Well it was impossible. We went on for about a year while Pearl and I tried having a baby. The Doctors weren't sure but they thought Pearl might be unable to conceive. This added tension in our relationship but not as much as the phone conversation she overheard.

Freud would probably disagree but I really thought she wasn't home when I called my mother. Pearl was in another room and hit the speakerphone to make a call. She heard too much. I can imagine the jolt when she heard her husband telling his mother how much he missed her and how much he wanted to sleep with her.

The confrontation was ugly. The names she called me were fitting and understandable. What angered her most was that I wasn't willing to make excuses; I would only say that I was

sorry she was hurt, and I was but I had no intention of stopping. When the emotional tidal wave ended, Pearl suggested that maybe we could find a way to make it work. She said she needed some time and asked me not to see my mother until we sorted it out. I agreed and time seemed to slow to a standstill.

Finally Pearl decided that she wanted out and I didn't blame her. She left and my mother came to me. As usual, after not having her for so many days, I rushed to be inside her. When that had happened in the past she had said I made love to her in 'reverse gear' because I would take her quickly and then after we came, I would kiss and touch her for a long while like foreplay. But my mother always seemed ready for me to be in her... always with creamy drops of moisture to facilitate my entry into her pussy. That night was like that.

After our quick first lovemaking session I was sitting at the edge of the bed and my mother was standing in front of the mirror brushing her hair. I was admiring the curve of her back as it guided my eyes over her well-rounded ass. We were talking and I could feel myself stiffening as I took a

virtual tour of the curves and openings. I said "Mom, come here."

She turned and brought her breasts to me. I inhaled and buried my face between them before sucking the long rubbery tips. Her hand took hold of my cock that was reaching upwards in anticipation of her. She eased herself onto me.

Thoughts of my other life faded as they always had when the wet grip of my mother's channel massaged my cock. By the time she was sitting on me, the sensations of her sex on mine had me totally engorged and hardened. With her legs wrapped around my back, we moved in unison in the lubrication of her juices. She kissed me as she raised and lowered herself as I pushed up as much as I could off the bed.

I put my arms around her and told her to tell me that she knew how much I loved her. She said, "I know you love me sweetheart... almost as much as I love you." When her rhythm began to accelerate I managed to turn her under

me without coming out of her. Each of my full insertions into her pussy brought her closer to the edge.

I stopped every so often and remained deep in her to savor the sensations on my embedded cock. When I returned to an increased pace of stroking she said, "Please wait baby... don't make me come yet."

I came out of her and she took me in her mouth for a short time, sucking me with passion as she stroked my shaft. She got on her knees and opened herself with her hands. I positioned myself to take her analy. As she pushed back toward my saliva-coated cock she said, "Make love to me in my ass baby... so I can feel you filling me."

I gave her what we both wanted. I moved in her tighter channel almost as fluidly as I could in her pussy. As the friction heated us both, she took all of me up her ass. It was the feeling I always strove for... the feeling that I possessed her. When I had my cock deep in her ass, she was mine... even if only for a little while. I drove in deep as her hole stretched to receive me and then let the sounds of her pleasure wash over me.

Both of our bodies broke out in perspiration as the length of my cock pierced and penetrated the narrow passageway time and again. My mother said, "Oh honey, you can't imagine how I've wanted this... and knowing that I kept you from me... oh baby, can you forgive me?"

I said, "There's nothing to forgive... I know why you did it and now it doesn't matter anymore... there's only us mom and this... now you belong to me." I held her and pumped my stiff cock in and out of my mother's hole. I watched as the reddening circle stayed open momentarily and then closed awaiting my next insertion to stretch it open.

My mother said, "Yes baby... I belong to you... for whatever you want... mamma's here whenever you want me... oh God... " She reached back to take one of my hands and clasp it to her breast. The stroking into her shiny greased opening speeded up and she said, "I love it when you're in my ass taking me this way... it's so good... baby... baby... I'm sorry... I'm sorry... don't ever be away from me again... just love me... always... like this... always... always."

I calmed her as I continued stroking more of me into the hot hole that brought us both to the edge of orgasm. "Yes mom... it's okay... we're together now and I'll always be with you... and inside you... loving you and fucking you...like this... like this... "

When I knew that my eruption into her was past my control, I pinched her erect nipple between my fingers and gave her back a spate of love bites in quick succession. As the first jet of cum was released into her, the "Ohhh..." she kept repeating was almost a cry. The thick soothing fluid soon overflowed and the lubricating effect allowed me to finish with short rapid stabs into her ass and that drained us both. She was still apologizing as I kissed her all over her face.

Perhaps our separation was for the best because by then we both knew that that the only chance we had to be happy was with each other. I told her, "Mom we're getting out of here and going to be together. We're going to live together so we can love together." She kissed me and said, "Okay love... yes... wherever you want."

As she lay in my arms, her warm skin all over me I was filled with love and longing even though I was holding her. I said "Mom, I know we can't do it for a hundred reasons, but I can't help thinking how nice it would be to have a baby with you." That got to her. The flood of feelings was evident. Her eyes glistened.

"Oh my God... oh honey, it's beautiful that you want me to have your baby... it makes me feel so loved. And even if it can't be, you should know that I'll always have the feeling that you want to... with me. Every time you're in me and cum in me I'll know... I'll know... " She started to cry and I held her in the way that told her she was safe.

We made quiet love. I entered her pussy and we kissed continuously as we synchronized to a slow easy rhythm. I slipped in and out of the wet channel and lost track of time. There was only our loving... a son inside his mother's pussy and heart... a mother whose body was opened for her son in love... only the sounds of our breathing and our kissing and our joining could be heard. I didn't have to ask her how it felt to have her son moving inside her... filling her... loving her. My mother didn't have to ask me how it felt to be in the warmth of her caressing pussy. We didn't have to

tell each other when we were coming and there's no prediction of snow for tomorrow.

The Empty Purse

I blamed my father for a while. I guess it wasn't his fault. The bad thing he did was die. What I got from him was the name Bobby and a feeling that everything you have can be taken away in the next moment, so you'd better enjoy the moment you're in. Oh, and he also left my mom and me in debt. I was eleven at the time and it's taken my mom almost eight years to climb out of the financial hole, if you can call it 'out' when you have $237.00 in the bank.

I got my first full time job eight months ago and with what I was being paid, I knew it would be a while before we would be buying fancy cars and houses, but at least we got by a little easier. I had wanted to work since I was sixteen, but mom insisted that I at least finish High School. The best I could do, was buy a couple of lottery tickets every week, and hope.

I never saw anyone work as hard as my mother did. She had a full time job as a waitress and a part time job at a dry-

cleaning store. She never complained, but there was little time for joy in her life. I wanted to do something nice for her and so I suggested that we spend Sunday, which was her only day off, together. She seemed happy about it. We went to a movie and there was a ladies clothing store on the small shopping strip.

I said, "Mom, let me buy you something." She didn't want me to, but I insisted and spent half of what I had saved from a month's wages. It was a light jacket that had a nice blend of colors and would go with a lot of things. She was so pleased with it that she was even wore it around the house. I can't tell you how I felt each time I saw it on her.

Sunday became our day together even though she kept telling me that I should go and see my friends. I saw enough of them during the week and I enjoyed being with her and I enjoyed seeing her smile.

Mostly we went to the movies and one Sunday we saw something called "Closer," and afterwards, we talked about how difficult it was to find a satisfying relationship. I said,

"Well mom, you're not going to find one unless you go out; it doesn't just appear out of thin air."

"I know Bobby," she said. "But you saw that I went out with three different guys in the past six months and each experience was worse than the last. Going out on Sundays with my baby is all I need, the rest is more trouble than it's worth."

"I guess I shouldn't talk," I said. "It hasn't been much better for me. That last one, Irene, was some head-case." Mom had met her, and we both laughed. "Talking about dates mom, there's a retirement party for a guy at work and everybody's bringing someone; why don't you come with me?"

"Sure sweetie, I know just what jacket to wear." Her smile was vibrant and she had an excitement in her voice that I hadn't heard in years. We had a nice time at the party and mom met the people I worked with. We danced a few times and she was right up against me on the slow songs. I liked it, and she was embarrassed when I told her she was a sexy dancer.

When we got home, she said, "Boy, Karen and Lucy sure seemed interested in you; have you gone out with them, or…?"

I laughed, "No mom." Both of the girls came up a few times during the evening and Lucy had asked me to dance with her. "They're just girls," I said. "And not really my type."

"Oh? Then what is your type?"

"Oh I don't know, just not them." What I didn't say was the thought that popped into my head. 'My type is more a woman, a woman like you.' Well that got my head going for a few days. I started thinking what it would be like with my mom. The first thoughts were as a girlfriend, someone to do things with as a friend and companion. The next thoughts turned erotic and I couldn't get away from the fact that I found my mother sexually attractive.

The more I thought about it, the more I realized that I had never been out with a girl that I really wanted. I don't mean that I didn't want to have sex with them, because I did, but

after the sex was over, it wasn't enough. And the more I thought about my mother, the more I thought about how much I liked her. I asked myself, "Well, why couldn't she could be good for me, and why couldn't I be good for her?" How do you tell your mother something like that?

After a few weeks of obsessing on it, I did try to tell her; well actually, I tried to show her first. We were in the movies and with my heart thumping, I leaned over and kissed her cheek. She turned and smiled quizzically at me. Two minutes later, I leaned over and kissed her on the lips. She whispered with total incomprehension, "What are you doing?"

I said, "Kissing you."

She said, "Why?"

I said, "Why do people kiss each other?"

By then she was becoming uncomfortable and people around us were becoming annoyed at the whispering. I

followed her when she got up and left the theatre. When we were in the lobby she said, "Why were you kissing me like that Bobby?"

I blurted out all the jumbled thoughts I'd been having, saying things like, "We could be good for each other," and "I think you're so sexy."

She couldn't take any of it in. "Bobby this is too crazy…let's go home." On the ride back she was asking me questions you'd ask someone you might be considering committing.

"Mom I haven't flipped out, well maybe a little, but I just think we both deserve to be happy and I thought…I don't know…maybe we could be happy together."

"Happy? What are you talking about…happy how, by kissing me on the mouth and…what? Please tell me I'm wrong about what I think you're saying."

I almost whispered, "You're not wrong."

"Oh God." Those were the last words she said until we got home. The apartment never felt as small and claustrophobic as it did that night. I made the couch up as usual and mom went into the bedroom. Late into the night I thought I heard noises coming from her room and I did something I had never done before, I listened at her door. I wasn't sure if she was crying or if the noises were...sexual. How could they be? I couldn't tell, and then they stopped. I stayed up berating myself for upsetting her so much.

In the morning, she usually left by 7:30, which was when I got up to get ready for work. My alarm had just gone off and I turned and saw her sitting by me on the foldout where I slept. She stroked my hair back from my forehead a few times and said, " I'm sorry I reacted that way; I didn't respect your feelings, and I guess I just have to think about all this. I love you no matter what. We'll talk later baby, okay?"

I said, "Okay," and she gave me a quick kiss and left. When we came home that night we had a conversation most mothers and sons don't have. She just came out with it.

"Are you sexually attracted to me, Bobby?"

I was somehow able to look at her and say, "Yes."

She raised her eyebrows and said, "Wow…well, okay, I guess we'll have to deal with that. Are you sure it's not just a …"

"Mom, I said, "It's not just anything, it's how I've been feeling, and it's real."

"All right sweetheart, I understand, but you have to realize that I'm not used to…"

"Mom, do you feel anything like what I'm talking about?"

"Oh Bobby, I love you and you're a wonderful good-looking young man, and even if I felt an…attraction, what could it come to?"

"Well mom, we don't know what it could come to; we don't know what anything could come to. All I know is that is that I want to be with you." I went over and kissed her. It was soft

and long and I remained on her lips as she made a small whimpering noise. I let my tongue gently inch into her mouth, and her own tip met mine. We played tenuously that way and I broke it off not wanting to freak her out. I held her without trying to go any further and whispered in her ear, "That was sweet mom."

She stayed in my arms and responded with an, "Mmm..."

Throughout dinner she gave me this weird smile that sort of asked, "Who is that person seated across from me?"

That night I listened at her door again and there was no doubt about the sounds, she was masturbating. I knocked once and walked in without waiting for an answer.

She said, "Honey, you shouldn't come in like that, I might not have been dressed." She was wearing a nylon nightgown and the covers were up to her waist. I could see the outline of her nipples through the thin material.

I said, "Mom let me watch you."

She was about to protest. I could almost see the words forming abut how she didn't know what I was talking about. She looked in my eyes and stopped. After a silent moment, she said, "All right." She took the covers off her legs.

She closed the door and the overhead light. The light coming from the bathroom fell partially on the bed. I sat in the dark corner of the room and she leaned back with her head on the two pillows. She lifted the nightgown, exposing her bare legs and pussy. She opened her thighs and rested the tips of her fingers over her clit. Her eyes closed. Mine probably couldn't open any wider.

I watched as she alternated between massaging her pussy lips with her palm and teasing her clit with her fingers. She was totally silent except for an occasional slight whimper. At one point, she lifted the nightgown over her breasts and took one of her nipples between her fingers. It took her about five minutes to come. The only way I knew that she had climaxed was a little cry as she raised her hips in the air. She uttered one quiet word as she came, "Bobby." That got me crazy.

She turned over when she finished and drew her knees up into her belly. I could see the roundness of her ass before she pulled her nightgown down. I could tell that she wanted me to leave, and I did.

It was the first time I'd seen her completely naked, and seeing the whole was different from seeing the parts separately. The word that fit best was 'Round.' She was round everywhere, her face, her breasts, her hips, her ass. My eyes had followed the curves and my hands could almost feel every bend and bow, and every crevice they hid.

It seemed strange to be thinking about my mother's body like that, but before I left, I'd said, "Mom you're beautiful." I meant it, but I couldn't tell her what else I thought, that she had a body made for sex. Some of the girls I'd been with had nice tits, but mom's were unbelievable for a woman her age, no, they were unbelievable for a woman any age. I think it was her nipples that made them so sexy; they were dark, and the tips were long. She had a wonderfully round, inviting, ass and even though it was my own mother's, I thought that her pussy was the prettiest thing I'd ever seen

The next morning, she wouldn't meet my eyes. We talked about our money problems as if nothing had happened the night before. I told her that I had been promised a raise because I was going to get more responsibilities and that she could quit her second job in just a few months. She was pleased and she said, "Thank you baby, it'll make things a lot easier for me, but we have a long way to go because of the rent increase..." She went on about the money stuff and still wasn't looking at me.

Finally I got up and put my arms around her and said, "Shhh...it's okay." She stopped talking and I held her for a while and said, "Thank you for last night mom, it was a beautiful gift that you gave me."

She was almost teary when she said, "Was it Bobby? I don't even know what to think about what I'm doing."

"You're doing loving things," She looked at me and a smile began on her lips. I kissed her more fully than I had the day before. She didn't offer resistance to my tongue in her

mouth or my hand on her breast. She didn't pull away until I did.

I thought about her all day long and wanted to call a hundred times and say all kinds of things, in all kinds of ways. Finally I called once and said, "I just wanted to tell you that I love you mom."

Someone must have been standing by her because she said, "Yes Bobby, me too, I'll uh...see you later."

I couldn't wait until later. I was going nuts; I got a hard-on whenever I thought about what happened the night before, or what might happen that night. I didn't know how far to push, so that night we kissed a lot and I touched a little. She stopped me from touching her pussy. I felt like I was back in high school, but I realized that after all, this was my mother.

She did let me bare her breasts and I again wondered at the beautiful shape they had. Her arousal was evident as I

sucked on those long dark nipples. Her tit flesh filled my hand and I wanted so much more. I wanted it all.

As I kissed her before she went in to bed, I said, "Mom let me come to bed with you."

She said, "Honey, I can't sleep with you if that's what you mean." She saw my disappointment and said, "Baby, you can come in for a few minutes if you want to." Even though I had seen all of her body, she would only undress in the bathroom and came out in the same nightgown. She got into bed and I watched her as she touched herself again. Her eyes were closed, but she said, "I like that you're watching me Bobby."

I got up and walked to the bed. I could smell the fragrance of her aroused pussy. I bent down and licked over her fingers and her vaginal lips. She took my head in hands in surprise and said, "Oh Bobby, we shouldn't." But she didn't push me away, and her body didn't say, 'we shouldn't,' as I continued to use my tongue on her pussy.

I mouthed her and ate her and sucked her, enjoying everything about her pussy. It seemed like she was trying to stay under control as she clenched her fists and moved slowly under my mouth. When I took her clit between my lips, her breathing increased rapidly. It wasn't long after I worked her clit with my mouth and tongue that she came. She came quietly, but there was no doubt by her exhalation that she had climaxed. This time, she didn't turn away; she turned toward me as I stood by the bed and she stroked my thighs.

She never touched where my dick bulged, but I unzipped my fly anyway. I struggled to get my hardened cock out. Her eyes widened and she took a long draw of air as I offered the thick knob to her lips. She closed her eyes and opened her mouth. She tentatively put the swollen helmet between her lips and more kissed it than sucked it. I was emboldened by the electric contact of her lips on my bare skin and I pushed more of the shaft into her mouth and began entering and withdrawing as she started sucking more than kissing.

My mind was going, 'Suck it mom, suck it...suck it...' full blast, but my mouth just went "Mmm..." as my mother took

more and more of my cock into her mouth. She was getting more excited as she worked up and down the shaft and before long her hand was massaging my balls and then grabbing the rod while she sucked on it.

I looked at her as my hard cock moved between her lips and I saw a mother taking care of her son not just with her mouth, but also with her love. Her face was angelic as she gave me what I needed. Each time she took me into her mouth, it was slow and lingering and I watched as her lips slid along the shaft and her tongue licked all around the meaty knob. She never opened her eyes but her warm gentle hands petted and stroked me all over. As my mother sucked my cock, I realized that it was the first time that was experiencing love and sex at the same time.

I was getting higher by the minute and I wanted to eat her and suck her and fuck her all at the same time, but I wasn't going to move while she did what she was doing. I could almost feel the volume of cum in me building as my mother sucked, and touched, and licked. When I knew I wouldn't be able to keep back the explosion for much longer, I told her, "Mom, I'm going to come...I'm going to come."

She didn't stop. She rubbed me harder and sucked me harder and I was gone. I threw my head back and let out an "Aaaaahhhhhh..." as the cum blasted from my cock to her mouth. I had expected the woman who was reluctant to let me even touch her pussy to quickly pull away from the barrage I had let go, but she didn't. My mother kept sucking me until I was totally emptied.

My mother had taken all the cum out of me, and when I opened my eyes, I saw her still sucking. The fact that I had a sexy good-looking mother had always been a source of pride for me; the fact that she had just sucked my cock until I came in her mouth was just astounding. A little of the sticky white emulsion that she hadn't swallowed was at the sides of her lips. Seeing it there, and thinking that it was my cum on my mother's lips, kept me juiced enough to stay stiff as she continued to lick and suck on the shaft until only her saliva glistened along the length of it.

I got into bed with her and held her gently while telling her how beautiful her loving was for me. I expected to stay the night with her, but after a few minutes she said, "Honey,

don't you think you should go and get some sleep, we both have to be up early for work."

It had been so good I didn't want to spoil it so I just said, "Sure mom," and went out after a soft 'Good-night' kiss.

I just couldn't tell from day to day how things were between us, or where we were headed. Mom was reluctant to do anything at times and wanted to talk all night about the rent and the car and how we could save money or maybe buy this or that. Those were the nights I wanted to win that lottery so badly; I actually thought 'This might be the week.' It never was.

Then there were those other times, when she wanted to kiss and touch all night. It was during one of the 'fondling all-nighters' that my frustration level peaked. It seemed as if I'd spent at least an hour on each of her tits, stroking and caressing and sucking on those nipples until I almost believed that milk was about to pour from the shiny tips.

Finally I said, "Mom, I can't stand this wanting you, it's so intense. I need to be inside you; you just don't understand. Look at what you do to me." She looked at my bulging crotch and I reached in and took out my aching cock to reveal the full length and strength of my desire for her. It was throbbing so much that I thought she could see it swell as her eyes fastened on it.

She leaned in toward me and I expected her to take me into her mouth, but instead, she laid my cock on her cheek, holding it there with her hand. Her eyes closed and she said, "You're so beautiful when you're hard for me like this…but baby, you're wrong. Of course I understand. Just because you can't see it on me doesn't mean I don't feel it. I'm wet for you here too baby." She put her hand over her pussy and said, "Don't you think I want you too? I think about it all the time, but that would be a step we could never come back from…honey, it would be incest."

Like what we were doing, wasn't? Somehow she was fixed on the notion that it was only incest if I was in her pussy. I thought it made no sense, but it was obvious from her next remark that was what she felt. And that next remark boggled my brain. She said, "I want you inside me as much

as you want it baby; come sweetheart, be in me here." Her hand was on her ass.

It took a minute for my head to clear enough to process what she had just said. My mother was saying it was okay for me to be in her ass. I wasn't going to argue. She got up and came back with some kind of lubricant or lotion on her hand. She slathered my cock that looked more like a pipe than a dick at that point.

We kissed and mom turned over on the bed. The nightgown that she was always reluctant to take off, no matter how much of her was bare, was pulled up over her waist. I kissed her back and massaged her breasts feeling their heft in my hands. I pulled on her long nipples as she raised herself to give me access. I approached the round globes of her ass with a stiff cock that was almost dancing with excitement. As I put the knob on her small hole, I said, "I love you mom."

She said, "I love you too baby."

As I pushed my cock, as gently as I could, into my mother's ass, I thought it was amazing that a real situation could be stranger than anyone would believe. My mother would let me make love to her orally and anally, but straight sex with me in her pussy was off bounds. She made little whimpering sounds and exhaled with long "OH" sounds with each insertion.

I couldn't have expected how good it felt to be in my mother's ass as I went a bit deeper each time, testing the limits of her ability to take me. Her pucker was stretched around the width of my cock and it held me tight. It took some exertion on my part to press my cock home. I'd had plenty of sex before, but this was the first time I was in a woman's ass, and not just any woman.

I could feel the heat and pressure as I invaded my mother's small hole and fought her tightness with each stroke that went deeper into her ass. I told her how good it felt to be inside her, but she didn't say anything and I couldn't tell from her sounds if it was too much for her. I said, "Mom, does it hurt having me in you like this?"

She said, "I'm okay baby, it just feels so big in me…but I want you to do it." I wanted to hear that it was good for her, but she didn't say anything like that.

I could sense that she was relaxing and I stuffed the rest of my cock into my mother's yielding ass. I could see how stretched she was as she took the full width of my erection in through her ring. She was moaning, but I managed to get far enough into her so that I was up against her globes. I stroked in and out of her narrow channel that clasped me in its firm embrace.

I had a mother who couldn't accept the idea of her son's cock inside her pussy, but the she had taken the full length of me up into her ass. I was happy to be her son at that moment and I was astonished at how good it felt.

As my mother relaxed enough for me to stroke her, I gave it to her longer and harder. She didn't complain. She even reached for me to touch my balls and then my cock as it penetrated her. I did what every instinct in my body pushed me to do, and to my delight, my mother was pushing back in rhythm as I gave her the length of my cock.

I did that for a while but I wanted her to feel me loving her as much as she could feel me fucking her. I wanted to look at her face and kiss the woman who was giving me her body and her love. I pulled out. I turned her on her back and lifter her legs onto my shoulders. She didn't know what I was doing so she covered her pussy with her hand and said, "Not here baby."

My intention was not to be in her pussy and I put her at ease and said, "I know mom; I wont."

I directed my cock back into her ass that was still slick enough with lubricant to accept me. The position with her legs up stretched her open, but she used her hands to spread herself even more. I leaned down to kiss her as I stroked smoothly into her ass. I loved her so much at that moment as she took me inside her. She must have felt it too because she kept breaking the kiss to say, "Yes, I love you Bobby; I love you, yes, yes..."

I kept looking at her face in wonder. As I pressed my cock deep into the small stretched passageway, I knew she would

always be more than just 'Mom' to me; she had become the woman I loved and the woman I desired.

I wanted those minutes of stroking into my mother's ass to last. Each insertion massaged my shaft as if I was tight in her fist, and she was pulling on me at just the right pressure. I went in so deep, I pressed against the fleshy globes. I wanted it to last, but when I took one of her perfect tits in my hand, and held that long nipple between my fingers, all I could think about was coming. I pictured the warm thick fluid coming out of me and filling my mother's ass. I pictured her face enjoying it as I came inside her. I was as high as I could get, thinking that my mother was opened for me, accepting my cock into her ass as if I was a lover who could have whatever I wanted from her. It was something I couldn't have imagined when we started.

The first release surprised me because there was almost no time between the thought 'I'm going to come' and the actual event. After a long deep insertion, I shot a jet into her and there must have been a lot because my cock came out thickly coated. Her ass had been clamped on me, grasping and milking. As I repeated the deep strokes, they came

easier because her channel was slick and slippery with the viscous fluid.

I pushed on her legs that were in the air and it gave me an even deeper access into her ass. I wanted to tell her how much I liked fucking her that way, how much I loved being inside her ass. I wanted to tell her she was mine, but I couldn't say it because I didn't believe it, so I didn't say anything.

I increased the speed of the stroking into her ass and pumped as if I was in her pussy. She reacted as if she was approaching orgasm. I was so close to her pussy as I slid in and out of her ass; I had a fleeting temptation to switch. I could see that her pussy was wet, but I knew she would be upset if I did, so I let the thought pass.

I concentrated on the fucking and watched my cock going in and out of my mom's ass as I came. I waited to hear her tell me that it felt good or that she wanted me to come inside her or even that she was coming, but she didn't say a word as I continued to fill her ass with my cum. I knew it was unusual for a woman to come just from anal

stimulation, but she was raising herself and moving as if she were about to climax so I rubbed her clit and it was only ten seconds later that I saw her grit her teeth and squeeze her eyes shut.

I knew she was coming, but only from her movements and her flush. She seemed to be fighting any sound that might come out of her mouth. After a few moments of frenetic humping and gyrating, she did let a sigh of air out. She didn't open her eyes as I stroked into her ass a few more times to completely finish. It was as physically satisfying as I could have imagined, and it would have been perfect except for the look on mom's face. She had let her son into her ass and she had come, but she looked more distressed than happy.

We stayed spooned together for at least an hour without a word passing between us. We both may have nodded off a few times. When I became alert, my cock was hard against her. Her back was to me and I could see her shaking her head and I could hear sounds of air coming from her as though she was trying to hold back from crying.

I said, "Mom maybe you're right, maybe we shouldn't be doing this anymore if it's going to make you unhappy. I want you more than anything mom, but after I was in you, it looked like you were thinking that we were doing a terrible thing. I can't make love like that, knowing that..."

She didn't let me finish, "NO baby NO", she said. She turned to me and I could see her smiling. "I was laughing at myself baby, and that's not what I was thinking at all when you were in me. What I thinking was, 'This can't be happening...this is so good it can't be real; this is my son inside me and it feels so good that I never want it to stop.' That's what I was thinking baby, that I loved you and wanted you inside me, and I wanted you inside my pussy so badly that I didn't know if I could stand it for another minute. It just hit me and I realized that whatever was keeping me from you made no sense."

She cradled my face in her hand and kissed me softly. She was smiling when she said, " It doesn't matter anymore. Anybody can call it whatever they want to. What matters is that you're my love and you're my lover and that I'm yours...and what I was thinking while you were in me was that you're the best thing that's ever going to happen to me,

and I'm not going to throw it away, and I'm not going to let it go…it all feel too good."

"You mean you liked it when I was in you like that mom?"

She laughed, "Of course I liked it, I liked it very much because my boy…my man was making love to me, and that's what I want you to do, now, and always."

"Are you sure mom?"

"I'm very sure baby, I want to be yours and I want you to be mine, all mine and the only way you can be all mine is if we give each other everything, and that's what I want to do, come to me baby…come."

She took the nightgown completely off and reclined. Her legs were parted as wide as they could go. Her arms reached out to me and there was nothing ambiguous about her smile, it was filled with love. I looked at my mother's moist pussy and the anticipation of entering that warm place ratcheted up my excitement. Society had made it forbidden

for me to possess it and my mother had added her own taboo, but her open legs were now an invitation. My mother was ready for me, and waiting for me.

I held my stiff cock in hand and I could see the drop of white cream at the tip meant to lubricate. My mother's pussy didn't need it. I brought it to her mouth so she could taste me, and to prolong the agonizing pleasure of anticipating my first insertion between her legs and into her warm pussy.

She took my offered cock into her mouth willingly and licked out the beginnings of the flood of cum that I knew would later fill her. I didn't let her suck me long because I wanted to save myself to take her as I had wanted to for so long. I approached the opening with my cock almost jolting up in anticipation. When she knew I was about to enter her, my mother pulled her legs back and held them apart. I was surprised at how far back they went and the effect presented her pussy to me as an invitation.

I was as swollen and hard and ready to enter her as I could ever be. The thick knob spread her soft lips and the first

insertion was sweet. I exhaled as the total length and width of me filled her channel. I could feel her trembling as my cock went deeper and deeper into the midst of her sex. Her sounds said that she was getting more excited with each thrust.

That I was finally inside my mother's pussy was no less astonishing to me than it was to her. As I started pumping in and out of the wetness I had waited so long to enter, she seemed to almost hyperventilate. She was thrashing and moaning and breathing so hard I stopped inside her. "Mom, are you okay?"

When she caught her breath she said, "Yes baby, I'm okay...I'm fine...it's good baby...I just can't believe you're in me like this, inside my pussy, having sex with me..."

I almost laughed, "Mom, we have been having sex for a while now."

"Oh I know baby, but this is different...it's what a wife does for her husband, or what a man does for his woman...oh

God, I don't know what I'm talking about, just don't stop, love me baby, love me."

I pushed into her pussy and it felt good to be inside her warm confines again. It did feel different and special. It was a completion of something we'd started and it felt satisfying to take her as a lover takes his woman. Mom was saying, "Yes baby, this is where I want you to be, this is where I need to love you, in my pussy, filling my pussy, filling my heart, with you Bobby, with you, my sweet baby."

In my head the words were much more crass. They were a jumble of 'Fucks' and such, exclaiming the exhilaration I felt at finally being in my sweet mother's pussy…finally having my mother, who was having me. With each of my penetrations, she responded. She clasped her legs behind me, she moved her hips into me, she showed me how much she loved me.

At first it didn't register because it was like an echo out side my own head, an unexpected a sound as I could have imagined, but there was no doubt, mom was whispering, "Fuck me…yes, fuck me honey…take me love…yes…yes…" It

got louder until she was in full voice, exhorting me on, "Fuck me Bobby, take me, take me, don't stop, fuck me…you're so hard for mama aren't you baby, your cock is so hard for your momma's pussy, isn't it baby?"

I didn't need any more encouragement than being inside my mother's pussy to continue. I tried to be as deliberate as I could to keep from coming too fast. Even though I had been in my mother's mouth and amazingly, in her ass, there was something even more exciting being inside her pussy. I gave her slow long strokes that took the length of my cock in and out of her. And I told her, "Yes mom, this hard cock is for you, your son's hard cock is for your pussy…for you mom…for you."

I held those tits I loved to play with and fondled them while at one point sucking into my mouth as much of the sweet flesh as I could. I worked the nipple between my teeth and she squirmed until I let it slide between my lips and suckled it as I fucked her. When the urgency to come threatened to overtake me, I stayed inside her, kissing and touching her. "Oh sweetheart," she said. "I love how big you feel inside of me; I love how you fill me, and take me, and love me."

I started moving again and each measured stroke seemed to feel better than the last as my cock slid and rubbed along the walls of my mother's pussy. I could feel her grip get tighter, her breath get shorter, until she pulled me into her and raised her hips high and said, "Bobby…Bobby…fill me…come with me baby, come with your momma." Then there was no holding back.

"Yes mom," was all I could manage before I started releasing one hard volley after the other into her pussy. Each "Yes" was louder than the one before and we both became indecipherable as 'Fuck' and 'Yes' and 'Come baby, come' filled the room. Mom arched up and ground her hips as my rapid-fire strokes penetrated her grasping pussy. I went in hard and deep and long to the center of her belly, and the streams of cum poured out of me and into her like a declaration of love from a son to his mother; a mother who accepted it lovingly, and willingly. My mother was letting me fill her bare pussy with all the cum I could give her.

When I finally slowed to tender long insertions, she was smiling widely, and just saying, "Mmm…mmm…mmm"

After it was over, mom wouldn't stop kissing me, wouldn't stop saying, "My sweet Bobby, my sweet Bobby."

Before I came for the first time, I thought I could have stroked in and out of her soothing pussy all night. As that night turned out, I almost did. I kept going back to her, waking her, and then she was waking me, until all the lovemaking blurred into seamless pleasure.

By early morning I knew her pussy must have been sore; but she never complained through the night. What she said was, "Until now baby, I never realized just how much I love you, and how much I wanted you to love me this way," then she laughed and said, "And how big my little boy has gotten." Finally, we both slept, expended and exhausted.

When I awoke, it was almost noon and I went to the computer to check the previous evening's lottery numbers. Not even one number matched, and with a shrug I went back to be close to mom's warm body. She woke up soon after, kissed me 'Good morning' and said, "You know baby, after you were inside me all those times last night, I could feel how you loved me and wanted to take care of me. And

each time you woke me up for more sex, even tough I knew that most people would think that I should feel ashamed for what I'd done, I didn't feel ashamed at all baby…I only felt love…so much love that I couldn't wait to let you have me…to let your beautiful bare cock inside my pussy…oh darling, I only wanted you to do it again, to love me again, and you did…didn't you my sweet boy?" Her warm hand cupped and held me and I hardened as her fingers moved.

"Yes mom, and it's what I'm always going to."

"Yes sweetheart, that's what momma wants," she said, "And you're not going to need any of those other girls for anything. Momma's going to give you everything you need…yes baby, I'm going to take care of you too, with all of me." She took my hand and said, "Here, here, and here." She placed my hand all over her body, ending on her pussy. She said, "I'm here for you, do you know that, do you honey?"

I said, "Yes mom."

She said, "No baby, I mean it, I want you to feel it. You have to know that from now on, you're mine, and I belong to you; you know that baby, don't you?"

"Yes mom, I know it and I can feel it; and I don't need anybody else if I have you. I can feel how you're open for me, and ready for me, and wet for me. I can feel it from inside your pussy." I put my fingers inside her and the sticky fluids that lined the walls of her channel seemed to flow with sweet juices that I couldn't wait to taste. I went down on her and licked the slippery lips before entering with my tongue into the humid insides of her pussy.

"Oh I love that," she said as I licked her out, and then slid my tongue over and around her swelling clit. It seemed to emerge by itself, thickening with blood as an erection. I sucked on it with a fierce draw and took it between my lips, making my mother yowl and grab my hair, squeezing two handfuls between her fingers. I didn't stop. She didn't want me to.

As I continued sucking on my mother's clit she kept talking. "Yes baby, I love it, I love it, and I love you, and your big

strong cock inside me, inside me, inside me with your hard cock…yes baby… inside my pussy…yes…put it in my pussy baby, put it in mommy's pussy."

I got on her and my rigid cock went quickly to her center. She took a deep in-breath as we once again joined the way it seemed we were meant to. I filled her, and she wrapped around me as if there was never any doubt that my cock belonged in her pussy. And that's where I've been for the last six months, inside my momma's pussy every chance I get.

And I stopped buying lottery tickets because I know now, that I was wrong when I thought we wouldn't get rich; we already are.

THE END

The Ins & Outs of Laura

"Keep on washing the dishes." That was the first 'order' he ever gave her. He says that to this day that's the sentence in his head that most turns him on. Probably because he had come up behind her as she stood at the sink, and pressed his cock against her ass. Probably because his hands were cupping her breasts as he said it: and probably because it was his mother's breasts and ass.

At least that's what he told me. His name is Steven and he's been my closest friend since we were in grade school. We shared everything and we told everything but this was the first word I'd heard about him and his mom. It's not surprising. I guess most guys would have trouble saying words like "I fucked my mom": even to their best friend.

What was surprising was how easily it all came out once he started recounting the events and how undisturbed he seemed by it all. He said it started the way it probably does for most people in these situations. A single young mother

is raising a boy in a very small apartment. There are lots of opportunities to watch the dressing and the undressing: lots of opportunities to bump into each other in the single bathroom, and lots of opportunities for intimate talk.

It's also surprising to think of Steve fucking his mom because she seems so shy. She's so quiet and reserved. I've been in their house so many times and yet I never heard her voice above a whisper. If you tell her she looks pretty or nicely dressed, she gets flustered and turns red. How could she be fucking her son?

It makes it a little more understandable when you know what she looks like. Laura is quite beautiful. She has blonde hair that comes to her shoulders but she's not a 'flashy' blonde. Her gray eyes and gentle smile set off the fine features of her face. Even though she doesn't wear tight clothes, you can tell she has a great body: long legs, slim waist and Steve says her breasts are much heavier and fuller than they look when she's dressed.

Steve said he first realized things might 'happen' because in the last few months she was looking at his crotch all the

time. He said he even overheard her mention his cock to her friends. They were playing cards and didn't realize he could see and hear them from the kitchen. The other women were talking about the size of their husband's dicks and whether it mattered how long or thick they were. At one point he saw his mother blushing and laughing, showing a ten-inch spread between her hands and whispering, "little Stevie isn't little anymore". His mother was talking about his cock! That's understandable too. He happens to have the biggest, thickest cock you ever saw.

After hearing her refer to his size, he started teasing her when he caught her looking. "What is it mom, is my fly open?" Or; "are these pants too tight for my bulge?" She'd just stammer and he'd laugh. He also took to going to bed nude with the door left open. He made sure he was in a position that showed all his length and width.

One night as he feigned sleep, he could see Laura outside his door through his barely opened eyes. She was just standing and looking at him. Five minutes went by: that's a long time to remain motionless. She was compelled and transfixed. He was about to say something when her hand went between her legs. She lifted her nightgown and he saw

the light patch of hair before she covered it and began to rub. His mother was massaging her cunt as she looked at his massive rod. She began breathing deeply and walked away before Steve could react. He heard her sighing and whimpering for the rest of the night through the thin walls.

The next morning was when it happened. As she did the dishes, his hands and cock were on her. She didn't push him away or remove his hands from her breasts. She moaned and said, "No Stevie you mustn't". He said, "Mom, I'm not going to play that game. If you tell me 'no' now, that's the end: I never touch you again. If what you really want is for me to fuck you, say it, and say it out loud; and then never say no to anything I ask you - ever again.

"Yes", she said.

He put his mouth on her ear and biting it, he said forcefully, "that's not good enough, Laura".

"Oh sweetheart...please fuck me...please fuck me...please..."

"Keep washing the dishes". She obeyed.

He lifted her thin robe and pulled her panties down. He reached up and started unhooking her bra. The clasp stuck and in his aroused state he grabbed the two back straps and tore them apart...

At this point you're probably thinking ... "something's wrong here, this guy knows too many details. Maybe...Ok, you're right; there is no 'friend'. It was just easier for me to start telling you about it as if it happened to someone else, but I'm all right with it now. I want to tell what really happened, it feels good and it's getting me up for tonight, not that I need much encouragement; just looking at her face makes me want to come.

Here it is: I tear the straps apart and say, "don't ever wear a bra or panties in the house again unless I tell you to".

I took hold of her big tits and started pinching her nipples. "Do you understand?"

"Yes Stevie"

"It's Steven", I said, as I pinched a little harder.

"Yes Steven, I'll do whatever you ask. I'm so tired of being the one who had to make the decisions all these years alone, never knowing if I was doing the right thing."

"That's over now", I told her as my dick started to swell into the crack of her ass. I thought I'd probably have to grease her cunt up good to get my cock even halfway up into her but when I reached between her legs, she was sopping wet.

"You're ready for me aren't you, you hot bitch?"

"Yes, I'm ready for you baby ... mama's ready for her boy's big cock...mama's been wet for your beautiful..."

Before she could finish I guided about three or four inches into her slit from behind as she stood against the sink. She must have been surprised by the width of it, because she

grabbed the edge of the sink with both hands and kept repeating "oh … oh…oh…oh…"

Even though her tits are big, she's slender and I was afraid if I gave her too much more I'd split her open; but I was so hot I couldn't stop there. She was dripping juices all over my rod and that made it easier, and spurred me on. "Here's your boy's cock Laura, take it".

I felt the walls of her tight channel grasping my meat as she started to spasm. "Yes…yes…fuck me …fuck your Laura… fuck your mother…oh…"

Almost all of me was in her and I was surprised, but I knew if I went any higher into her belly I would come and I didn't think she was protected. I pulled out.

"No…no…I want you in me… I want you fucking me … I need your cock…"

I turned my mother around to face me. "You'll get fucked when I'm ready to fuck you; do you understand? Make an

appointment today with Dr. Berne. Tomorrow you go and get a diaphragm or the pill. You're going to need it from now on."

She calmed and cast her eyes down. "All right Steven."

Looking into her face, I thought how odd it was that I had been in her cunt and yet had never really kissed her. I put my mouth over hers and her tongue began to explore. I kissed her more deeply as my hands and fingers went into her pleasure zones. I put one of my slippery fingers between our lips she sucked on it and went down to her cunt to get more. As she licked I guided her to a kitchen chair. She sat. I spread her legs with my knees and my stiff cock was in her face.

"It's so huge baby, and it's so hard for your momma isn't it? Let me suck it for you. Let me suck it for me. I've wanted to taste it for so long. Do you know what it does to me to think about having that thick pole in me every night?"

"Yes momma I know that it does this to you." I reached down and touched a drop of the syrup that had leaked out of her cunt onto the chair. I put my finger to her full lips.

I took my cock in my hand. It was throbbing. The head was so engorged it looked almost purple. I'd never felt so hard. It looked like a steel rod. My mother placed one hand over my hand near the base and her other hand farther up on the shaft. I fed my mother my cock.

Her lips were stretched as she sucked back and forth. I stopped her. I placed my hands on her face holding her head steady. I started to fuck her mouth. As my hips moved I slowly gave her more. She closed her eyes.

"Look at me", I said. "I want to see your eyes as you suck me. I want you to see me as I fill your mouth with cock"

I showed her how to relax her throat. She gagged a few times but soon she had more of my cock in her mouth than any woman I'd ever been with. Mom's mouth was stuffed with cock but she still slid her tongue along the shaft. I felt

my balls tighten and knew that all the cum that I'd been saving for her over the last months was ready to splatter her mouth and throat.

I started to shoot and held my mother's head because I expected her to pull back after the first bullet of cum hit her throat but she swallowed and stayed with it. Load after load until my knees were shaky.

"It's so good to have your sweet cum in my mouth...I'm so hot love ... make me come...oh ...please help momma come."

"No" I said. She looked at me pleadingly, uncomprehending.

"I want you to want me all day today and all night tonight. You'll sleep in my bed from now on. Don't touch yourself. Tomorrow when you get home, I'll fuck you until you come, and then I'll fuck again."

She gave me a long kiss and said, "I'll do what you say Steven".

That night mom squirmed for hours. I kept her fingers from finding the cunt that wanted relief so badly. I held her breasts and had my dick and balls on her ass but I didn't let it get out of hand. I knew the excruciating wait would make the next day exquisite for both of us.

In the morning, we kissed long and slow for about half an hour. I said, "Here's a taste of tonight, mom". I got on my knees and spread her legs on my shoulders. I could see the honey starting to soak the blonde hairs of her bush. I took each ankle and stretched her as I practically lifted her ass off the bed. My cock was a ramrod. It found its way into her creamy slot without guidance.

I said "mom, don't you move". She fought the urge to raise her hips to receive the thick meat she wanted driven into her. Slowly I inched the stiff rod into my mother's cunt, deeper and deeper as her slippery channel pulsed on my throbbing hot meat. I withdrew and mom's face went from one side of the pillow to the other. "No... mmmm...no...please...let me...."

I entered her again. With an even longer stroke, painfully slow, I went higher into her belly. She moaned and I gave a final thrust. Mom had my whole cock in her. I let her legs rest on my shoulders again as I stayed buried to the hilt in her convulsing cunt. I pinched her nipples and put my mouth to her ear as I went impossibly deeper into her. "You're mine, my cunt." She screamed "Oh Steven… I can't…oh… no…oh…I'm coming…oh God…oh my god…yeeeesssss…fuck me…Steven…oh…please…. please…. fuck…mmmm
momma…oooohhhhhh…Steven…Steven…Steven."

She was exhausted and started to cry. "Oh Steven, I'm sorry …I didn't mean to come…you were so deep in me … I couldn't help it…please forgive me…I want to be your good girl…do what you tell me…." Big tears rolled down her cheeks.

I held her shaking body in my arms and kissed her as she started to respond. "It's all right mom. I know how much you want to please me: and you will. You're going to do lots of things that I have planned for you; and lots of things I have yet to plan. Now come and suck your man's big cock and show him how much of it you can swallow".

"Oh Steven, all of it. I'm going to swallow all of it". She almost did.

That night when she got home I had a surprise in store. She took off her bra and panties and wore only a blue see – through dressing gown. She sat on the couch and I said, "My friend Lee's in town on leave and I invited him to stay the night."

"All right honey, I'll go get dressed."

"Stay as you are, I'm sure he'll appreciate your body almost as much as I do."

"But sweetheart..."

I stopped her. "Are you going to do what I ask, or not?"

Her eyes cast down, "yes Steven, I will do anything for you".

"What if I told you I said he could watch me fuck you? Would you do that for me?"

"Yes Steven."

"What if I told you I said he could screw you up the ass while you blow me? Would you do that for me?"

"Yes", She said, "yes, yes, yes. There's nothing I wouldn't do for you".

"I'm glad mom. Now I know you're mine"

Again there was no 'friend'.

"Mom, Lee's not in town and tonight I don't want to share you with anyone. I want you all to myself. Now open your legs and show me the cunt I'm going to fill with cock tonight."

Her thighs quivered as she spread her long shapely legs as wide as she could. She separated her dripping pussy lips so I could see where I would always want to be. She closed her eyes. I let her. I began sucking on the outer lips and worked my way to her clit.

"Oh...son...oh Steven...So good... you suck your momma so good..."

She was languishing as I slowly circled her clit for a while. I then unexpectedly sucked it between my lips and mom stiffened as if an electric shock had passed through her. I flicked my tongue as fast as I could over her now swollen nub. She began shivering.

I'd never heard mom scream like that: "Steeeeevaaaaaaaan", then quiet. She had passed out.

It was only for a second or two before she moaned, "ohhh... baby...momma's baby ... you gave momma the best orgasm she ever had...ohh love..."

After she recovered, I lay on my back with my hard pole pointing to the ceiling. "Come use my cock mom".

"Yes...yes... Stevens wonderful cock...like a rock for his Laura...his Laura... always his Laura...mmmm...Laura's gonna suck her sons cock... and fuck for her boy."

She couldn't stop talking or sucking me. She was so good that it felt like her throat was massaging the top of my cock. I was about to coat her mouth with cum when she stopped and stood up.

She straddled me and began lowering herself onto my pole. It looked like she was going to impale herself.

"Laura's cunt is so wet for Steven's cock...so wet for her beautiful boy's meat."

She guided the tip in and evenly took more and more into her as she raised and lowered herself, moaning with each deeper penetration. Soon I was home.

"Oh Steven... I have all of you in me... your whole big cock is filling me up...I want your cum in me...Steven... love me with your cock...love me..."

I pulled her down to me and kissed her. "I love you Laura and I love that you love me enough to do anything for me."

I kissed her more deeply and held her mouth on mine. She had my whole cock in her and was grinding her hips on it. She started to vibrate as her orgasm approached. I rolled her on her back and fucked her from the tip to the hilt. She moaned and rocked from side to side as she took every inch of my long shaft. I lifted her legs and spread her as wide as I could. I pistoned her as fast and as hard as I could. I started to explode into her belly. "Ohh... you fuck me so good. I've never been fucked like this before...please don't stop ...fuck me always Steven...fuck your Laura...fuck your mom...when you want...where you want...ohh...fuuuck meeeeeeee... oh...oh...oh...oh..."

She slept peacefully in my arms until morning.

Since then, my days and nights are filled with Laura, and Laura's filled with me.

THE END

There with Love for Mom

It was an innocent question that opened the floodgates. “Robert, how come you never see any of these girls more than once or twice?”

“Mom,” he said, “it’s horrible; not one of these girls is interesting to me, not one of them excites me. Even if I had the chance, I wouldn’t want to go to bed with them.”

I laughed, “I thought a boy of your age wanted to go to bed with every girl he saw.”

I think my laughing angered and emboldened him. Richard looked at me for a long time and said, “No mom, I just want one, and it’s your fault.”

That brought me to attention and before I could say anything he added, “I saw you with Paul mom; I saw what you did.”

Robert and I had been living alone for about three months after Paul left. I guess I should say after my ex left, and then Paul left six months later. Paul is my oldest.

My ex left because I wanted him to, and Paul left because he wanted to. I call him my ex because even the sound of his name is like chalk on a blackboard. My ex wasn't a good husband, he wasn't a good father, he wasn't a good lover, and he wasn't a good person. His resume speaks for itself, enough said.

On the day Mr.Ex left, Paul said, "Doreen, he's history?" I said yes and he said, "Oh." Paul never mentioned or asked about his father again. That's the way he is, a shrug of his shoulders and on to the next thing.

Paul had taken to calling me Doreen since he was about twelve and no matter what I said about it, he just kept on calling me Doreen and finally I just said to myself, "He's not on drugs, he comes home at night, what's the difference what he calls you?"

Robert my youngest seemed even more relieved than I on the day his father left. He asked me so many questions, he made my head spin. When he asked if my ex was a good sex partner, I drew the line and said, “End of discussion.”

That was about the time that Robert began confiding in me. When he was very young, whenever I turned to look for him, he was by my side. There he was finishing high school and he seemed to have returned. He was unhappy, he had no friends, and I instinctively wanted to help him. He had always been high-strung, shy, and unable to get out from under the shadow of his older brother Paul.

I had always pushed him to be more social, setting him up with some dates, but they inevitably ended poorly. Contrary to my expectations he had gotten worse after Paul left the house. I thought he would bloom, but he only stayed closer to home and closer to me.

When Robert said that he’d seen me with Paul, I couldn’t swallow. Images of my older son making love to me flooded my mind. I saw him above me, taking me, fucking me for

hours into the night. I said, “No honey…no.” I fought for more denials and none came, then I began choking up.

“I saw it lots of times mom” he said. “When you thought I wasn’t home. I saw how you looked at him mom. I can’t stop thinking about it.”

My head swirled and I knew that it would be fruitless to say it didn’t happen. “Oh honey, what happened between Paul and me was wrong; it was a mistake.” I was trailing off into a whisper. “You think I’m terrible…maybe you’re right honey…maybe I am a terrible mother… I know it’s hard for you to understand what happened…I’m sorry you saw it baby…it was wrong.”

I spoke for a while like that and he stopped talking; he just stared at me. I was probably less than convincing because I had never convinced myself. What was wrong was that Paul had left me. It sounds pathetic even to me, but what was wrong, was that my son had broken my heart.

If one revelation wasn't enough the second certainly was. Robert said, "I don't think you're terrible mom; I just want you to look at me like that for once. Don't you understand?" I didn't; it just wouldn't register. Finally it started to sink in. "Mom, the reason I'm not interested in other girls is because…I want you the way Paul wanted you."

"Oh Robert no, you don't mean that. It's just that what you saw…maybe it made you think…"

"No mom, I'm not a kid anymore, I can vote and I can drink and I can want who I want. Mom I want you; I want to be with you."

Robert continued to tell me that he was in love with me. I could see he was getting excited because I was letting him say things a son shouldn't be saying to his mother. "Mom I want to be inside you so bad; I just want you to open yourself once for me like you did for Paul, so I can be the one that's inside you. I just want to love you like he did."

All I kept saying was that it was wrong but that only inflamed him more. He came within a few inches of me and whispered fiercely, “It wasn’t wrong with him was it? And where is he? He’s gone. Mom, I’m here, and I love you, and I want you so much; I can’t think of being with anyone else.”

At that moment I fully understood why people say, “Turned off” and “Turned on.” After Paul left, I had masturbated frequently. That didn’t last long, and after a few weeks it tailed off and I stopped caring about sex. I was depressed for months and my sexual impulses had virtually shut down. The look in my young son’s face, the heated smell coming off his body, and his mouth so close to mine; opened the floodgates. I felt the flush, the rapid rise and fall of my breasts, the wetness between my legs.

I didn’t know what I believed anymore and I knew he was about to kiss me…sweet kiss, hard, and then softer, until I felt him loving me in my mouth with his tongue. I should have shut it down right away but I didn’t, or I couldn’t. I didn’t know the difference at the time. It wasn’t how I thought of myself. I wasn’t a woman who would let her son have sex with her, and yet I was about to do it again.

His hands found my breasts and my body was moving as if it was no longer under my control. My son reached under my bra and after massaging the bared flesh he took the nipple between his fingers. I reached to hold the hardness in his pants and was surprised by its solidity and girth. I took his pants down and marveled at the staff that was up so high it almost rested on his belly. I went down without thinking that the cock before me belonged to my young son and licked it from his balls to the swollen head. And then I did it again as the sound of “OH mom” reached my ears. And then I did it again.

I stood and my son took my clothes off until I stood naked before him. “You’re so beautiful,” he told me. “Your tits are so beautiful,” he said as he filled his hand with the warm flesh. “Your pussy is so beautiful,” he said as he massaged me between my legs. He led me to the couch and as I sat he went on his knees before me. He lifted my legs until I was supine. With both hands in the crooks of my knees he opened me and held my legs up and out. His mouth on my pussy was electric. He licked the lips and quickly found my clit. With my eyes closed I knew what I was doing was even worse than letting my young son eat my pussy, I was

thinking of Paul. He was sucking me the way Paul did, and then, it was as if it was Paul that was sucking me, Paul that was loving me again.

He had only to take my clit into his mouth and massage it with his tongue a few times before I felt myself coming, and then I heard myself coming. It was a cross between a cry and a moan. It was a come that had been building for months. I had to bite my lip to keep from calling out my older son's name. I never came so fast. I kept repeating the cry as my young son kept eating my pussy until I trailed off into a whimper. For a moment I felt completely satisfied but Robert didn't stop. He kept licking, and sucking, and eating, until I was responding again, wanting to come again.

He let my legs down and came up to kiss me. My taste on him spurred me on. His mouth was on my ear and his heated words of desire echoed my own. "I want to be inside you mom; I want to be in your pussy."

My son wanted me, but I was the one who was supposed to say no. My son was hard for me, but I was supposed to stop him. Instead, I reached for the cock I was never supposed

to have. “Yes baby,” I said to the son who was not there, “be inside your mama, in my pussy, in my pussy, in my pussy.”

The first sweet penetration caused me to take a deep intake of air. Despite my wetness I still felt the force of his full manhood entering me. He pushed all the way in and I felt like Paul was in me again, fucking me and filling me like he had so many times before. I held him in me against his urgency to move and stroke. “Please stay,” I implored him.” “Stay inside me like this, just for a minute baby, it feels so good to be filled like this.”

I held him fast as he said how much he loved me; I held him until neither of us could stay still any longer. My hips moved and his cock moved. He gave me the full length of his manhood over and over. At the edge of my consciousness a voice was questioning my sanity, telling me that it was my son Robert’s cock that was in my pussy, Robert that was driving me toward orgasm. I stopped listening and let the feelings wash over me: the feelings in my nipples, in my pussy, and on every inch of skin.

I thought about Paul with each stroke that was penetrating my pussy. I waited for my young son to come in me hoping it would be like it was with Paul, strong and hard and long. I expected him to come quickly but he stayed in me and gave me more than I thought an eighteen year old without much experience could. I became more excited. When he did say, “Mom I’m coming, I’m coming in you,” I was ready. I let myself go, and it was Paul who was coming in me, full and strong as he always did. I came with my love that had come back to me, if only in my passion, and if only for a moment.

After we came, I felt guilty for having slept with my son, and more ashamed that I had used him as a substitute for his brother. But it felt good to be sexually relieved and I was proud that my son could make love so well.

The next morning, before Robert awoke and I could sort things out with him, the phone rang. When I answered, I knew I was in trouble. It was only the third or fourth time I’d heard from him since he left. “Hi mom, it’s Paul” was enough to send a flutter into my belly.

“Hi sweetheart.” I said it as if I had never cried disconsolately when he told me he was leaving. I said it as if I didn’t scream all those terrible things at him after begging him to stay.

“Mom, I have to be in the city for a while on business with the new job. What would you think about me staying at the house? You shouldn’t be angry at me forever, should you?”

“No, of course not honey, yes, come home; Robert and I would love to see you.”

Why give yourself heartache? Why ask for trouble? I knew I wasn’t thinking right but there I was, one week later, dressing for his arrival. I had put Robert off with pleas for his understanding. I didn’t tell him Paul was coming at first and only said that I needed time and that I loved him.

I looked in the full mirror at the dark makeup Paul liked around my eyes, at his favorite dress with stockings and heels. I touched the perfume to the neck that he used to bury his face into as he inhaled.

I thought about the first time I was intimate with Paul. Robert was with his father for a weekend trip, the father who was trying to make up for being a shit for hundreds of weekends. It was a Friday night and Paul was home. I had made dinner and we had both finished two beers. There was quiet music playing and I was feeling good so I asked Paul to dance with me. At first he refused but I pulled him up playfully and he held me close. Having one beer is usually my limit, but was I drunk from the two - not very. Not having affection, or warmth, or sex, for ten months - was I hungry? Yes, very.

Our bodies fit well into the dance and I could feel my son getting hard against me. It felt good and I wasn't put off by it. His lips were on my cheek, not quite kissing; his hands were under my waist and not quite touching where he shouldn't. All he said was, "You feel good ma."

I said, "Thank you sweetheart," and gently kissed his lips. During the longest thirty seconds of my life, our lips stayed together. His tongue lightly touched mine and his hand sat firmly where they shouldn't. We looked in each other's eyes

and kept dancing. Our deepening breaths said all that had to be said. Both of his hands caressed my breasts and I didn't stop him; I closed my eyes and enjoyed it.

Paul unbuttoned my top and unhooked the bra without fumbling; he'd done it before. He gently stroked my bare breasts and the nipples responded. We were still moving slowly against each other to the music as he leaned down to take one of my breasts into his mouth. His sucking became increasingly strong and his teeth across the nipple sent a jolt through me that caused me to yelp. He didn't stop and my body undulated against the hard mass that bulged in his pants. The urgency with which he said, "Mom, I want you," let me know we were at a point of no return. I also knew that I was going to let him have me.

I took his hand and we went into my bedroom. I unhooked my skirt as he took off his shirt and pants. I was momentarily stopped when he stood naked before me. His cock was large and hard and the realization that it was my son that was about to fuck me was daunting. He finished disrobing me by pulling my panties down. He said, "God ma, you're great looking."

I expected him to take me in a heated fury but he took control as if he'd had many women before me. He kneeled and before taking me in his mouth said, "What a pretty pussy." His kisses between my legs made me hotter than I needed to be. I went down on my knees and took him in my arms. We kissed and touched and then I was on my back on the floor. My son opened my wet pussy with his cock and I knew I would never be able to take away the fact that I was a mother who had let her son fuck her. I hoped I would never want to.

At that moment all I wanted was more. More of my son's loving attention, and more of my son's cock. I didn't care if it was true or not, at that moment I needed to hear the words. "Tell me you love me honey, tell me."

"Yes mamma, I love you, I love you more than anything." I knew he would say anything to keep on fucking me but I didn't care. He said I love you with each stroke and my heated desire convinced me it was true. He pushed deeper into my pussy and I was wet enough to hear the moist insertions. He touched my ass and he touched my breasts

as he stroked me. His hand moved over all of me as his cock moved inside me. I could feel his pace rising towards orgasm when I knew I had to stop him because I wasn't protected, in more ways than one.

A slight cold tremor went through me. "Baby, don't come inside me – you have to stop."

He grumbled "Oh fuck…" and pulled out.

I said, "I'm sorry baby, I just wanted you in me for a while, but momma's going to take care of you." I went into a sixty-nine position. I took his cock into my mouth and was intent on making him feel good, not caring if was going to do me or not. It was only a moment later that I felt his mouth on me. I sucked the big, warm, cock that tasted of my pussy juices, hardly able to concentrate because of what my son was doing to my clit. I couldn't imagine how he had learned the things he knew about a woman's body.

My clit was throbbing and aching to send me over. I stroked his cock harder as I sucked hoping he would come because

I couldn't wait any longer. I cupped his balls and stopped long enough to say, "Come for mamma baby."

I heard his sounds on my clit just before the first stream of cum almost choked me. I wasn't expecting so much, so fast, and so hard. After the initial jet was swallowed, my instincts took over because I had started to come myself. I continued sucking my son as he came in my mouth but the body-wracking orgasm I was experiencing overwhelmed me. It had been almost a year and a half since I came from a man's touch, and it felt like it.

I didn't want to be alone with my thoughts and I said, "Stay with me tonight baby, sleep here." I wanted to be inside him, as deep as he had been inside me. We crawled into bed and I felt him naked against me and held him as I trembled. He soothed me and touched me and soon I calmed and was able to fall asleep for a while.

I awoke and I was on my belly. Paul was taking me from behind. I didn't know how long he had been inside of me but I was wet. I said, "Paul don't…"

He said, “Don’t worry mom, I’m not going to come in you.” He pressed into me as I relaxed and felt him deep in my pussy.

I said, “I’m sorry honey, tomorrow I’m going to go back on the pill.” With that statement I was declaring to both of us that what was happening was not a one-time thing. I was also telling my son that he could have me whenever he wanted me. I needed some reassurance and asked him more leading questions. “Is it good baby; is this what you want…you do love me don’t you baby?”

“Yes mom, yes, yes” He gave me a few kind words and he gave me the length of his cock over and over until he pulled out and came. I felt the warm cum on my ass and in the small of my back.

The next months were the most sexually active of my life. He wanted me all the time and he had me all the time. At least all the time we could find when Robert wasn’t around. I was flushed with the reverie when the doorbell rang.

When I opened the door, I knew I wasn't only in trouble, I knew I was finished. It was hopeless. I looked at Paul's tanned handsome face and it was all over me: the feelings, the desire, and the senseless love that he wouldn't return.

I went to his arms anyway. Feeling him against me again was wonderful. He held me longer that I had hoped for, closer than I had hoped for. I loved hearing him say, "I missed you mom."

I pulled away when I heard Robert coming. Paul's greeting was lots warmer than Robert's. We had a pleasant dinner and then things started getting complicated. When Robert was out of earshot, Paul said to me, "Mom, I came back because I want to be with you, I have to be with you. You're the one that does it for me." I didn't know what to say but Paul did. "Mom we're going to sleep in the same room tonight and that's all there is to it."

I said "But Robert…"

“Mom, I’ll talk to Robert; it’s all going to be fine.” I knew it was my responsibility to talk to Robert but I was glad not to have to deal with it.

The brothers spoke for a nerve-wracking hour and when they came back, they both looked fine. I thought it was miraculous. Paul said smiling, “See mom, I told you it would all work out; Robert understands it all now.”

I said, “Robert, are you sure its all okay with you, because…”

“It’s fine mom, Paul and I talked about everything, I’m cool with it, you guys do what makes you happy.”

I was so relieved I almost cried. “Thank you baby, I love you.” I blew Robert a kiss.

It was excruciating waiting until we went to bed. Paul was quiet. I had so many questions and doubts and fears but I didn’t want to stir up a hornet’s nest so I thought I would let it all go and do it over time, now that we’d be together. He

gave his most charming smile and said, “Mom, take your clothes off - slowly.”

I did a kind of joking strip tease and when my bra came off he beckoned me over with his finger. “You always had great tits, mom” he said. He kneaded them and fondled them until I tingled and then he sucked each nipple in earnest. His passion often lent him a rough edge so I wasn’t surprised when he pinched and twisted them until I squealed.

When we were both naked Paul was on his back on the bed with his cock straight up. “He gave me a wicked smile and said, “Look what I have for you mom; come and get it.” I was uncomfortable with his tone but he was beautiful lying there. He gave me an order. “Now lick it and sit on it.”

I figured he wanted to play so I joked, “Yes master, your slave will obey you.” I licked along the shaft thinking it would be as it had been before he left. When I used to suck him, I was in control. He kept looking at me as I engulfed the head into my mouth. He didn’t moan the way he used

to; he just smiled as if I were a whore servicing him and not his mother who was making love to him.

After a few minutes of sucking, he made me ride him. I eased myself onto the hard pole and started to forget my concerns as the feeling of the length of him rode in and out of my pussy. I leaned down to kiss him when I heard the door.

Robert walked in and I closed my arms over my breasts even though he had held and sucked them only days before. “Robert what are you doing?” All he had on was a pair of shorts. All of it was incomprehensible to me.

I started to get off him but Paul held me and stayed hard inside me. “It’s okay mom, don’t worry about it. I told Robert to come in.”

When I realized what they had planned for me, I protested, “No Paul, don’t make me do this, I can’t; please baby.”

He looked at me with thinly disguised impatience. “I want you to; I told him it was okay. It’s not like you didn’t fuck him before. I know everything and he knows everything. Who do you think taught him how to eat pussy? Just relax, okay?”

I weakly said, “Okay.”

By that time, my younger son had his shorts off and was positioned behind me. He pressed me to lean over and then I heard him spit on his hand. It wasn’t long before I felt the knob of his cock pressing against the pucker of my ass. Paul had resumed humping up at me when Robert pushed past my anal ring. I’d never had a man there.

It felt big, as if he was pushing a big rubber pole into me. I knew that a woman’s body would accommodate almost any size man but when it became reality and my son began stretching me, and forcing his cock deeper into my ass, I wasn’t so sure. I moaned and whined at the same time, “Robert, baby, do it easy, it’s too much.”

He pressed in at a slower pace and I was grateful. It started to feel good.

Paul meanwhile was tugging roughly on my breasts and becoming impatient. He said to Robert, “Are you going to fuck her or what?”

His lack of sympathy made it feel as if he was driving into me too. I said, “Paul he’s doing it hard enough.”

His response was, “Come on mom, it’s just a little fun.” He reached back and spread my ass open as his brother’s stroking managed to get all of his cock into me. “Let’s go baby brother, bang her good…give it to her. I told you she’d like it in the ass.” He was half right. I liked it and I hated it. Robert stroked and I could hear him building and accelerating to come. He probably would have within a minute when Paul said, “Hold on boy, don’t come yet.”

Finally Paul told Robert to pull out of me. He urged me off him and I was lying on my stomach relieved and catching

my breath from my first experience with anal sex when I realized that the ordeal was far from over.

Paul was kneeling behind me, slathering something on his cock, and then on my asshole. I was about to find out what Paul's larger cock would feel like in my tormented smaller hole. When I felt the knob pass the expanded ring, I kept repeating, "OH God. Oh God."

I didn't know how he was getting it in to me. It was fire hot and I felt every inch of cock that he was burying in my ass. I thought I couldn't be stretched anymore without being torn apart but he kept giving me as much as he could. Paul was getting hotter as he plowed into my tender asshole and his talk was rougher than I had ever heard. "OH, OH, fuck yeah, you have a great ass for fucking Doreen, just perfect for squeezing out every bit of cum out of my cock. And that's what I'm going to give you, I'm going to fill your ass with cum, that's what you want isn't it?" When I didn't answer and only moaned, he took the two globes of my ass in his hands and spread me while pounding every inch of his big cock into me. "Isn't it?"

“Yes,” I responded. It hurt and I wanted it to be over so I told him what he wanted to hear. “It’s what I want, I want you to fuck me and fill my ass, fill my ass…” I kept repeating it until he was satisfied.

“That’s right, that’s a good girl. Now we’ll give you something extra because you’re such a good mom. He told Robert to get under me and work himself into my pussy.

I was rapt with Paul’s insertions when Robert entered my pussy. The double penetration led to strange unexpected sensations. The two cocks my sons had in me moved at different tempos. I was getting lost in the feelings as my younger son began to raise his hips and cock up into me. I responded by moving up and down on his cock as I leaned over and put my palms on the bed for balance. Robert held my face and kissed me. He then took a mouthful of my tit and sucked and bit the nipple until I could hardly stand the stimulation that was coming at me from so many places.

I thought I couldn’t feel more depraved. One of my son’s was in my pussy and the other was in my ass. I didn’t know if either of them was making love to me, or both just

fucking me. It struck me that maybe I was getting what I deserved. I didn't deserve to be loved for what I had started with Paul. Maybe I was being treated like the whore I was.

Just when I thought they would come and be done with me, at Paul's lead, they both pulled out and had me sitting at the edge of the bed. They were both stroking hard when Paul told me to open my mouth. I obeyed despite the voice that told me not to. I took each of my son's cock in turn and sucked them. At one point I thought they were trying to force all their meat into my mouth at once.

Finally they came. With my mouth opened they shot streams of hot come at me. They came in my mouth and they came on my face. My son's were coming all over their mother and I just let them. Paul pulled hard on my tit as the last of the volleys landed on me. Paul filled my mouth with his sticky softening meat first pushing to the back of my throat, and then drawing it out until I had sucked him clean. When they finished with me, I felt desperately alone.

Here's where it gets complicated. My mother didn't write all that you just read, I did. I wrote all that about my mother,

my older brother, and me for a reason. I wrote it through the night after we both had her, and when I gave it to her the next day I said, “Mom, I know how you’re feeling and I want you to read this. I wrote it as if I were you because I want you to know that I understand what you’ve been going through. Maybe not every detail is exactly as it happened, but Paul told me about every time he had you; he loved telling it. Maybe I never should have even listened mom, but it was like a great magnet that I was trying to pull away from. I didn’t want to hear any of it because it was you and Paul, and yet, I wanted to hear all of it because it was so exciting to me and if you let him make love to you, I thought that maybe one day you’d let me.”

She just stood there without saying anything and I went on, “Mom you have to know that he’s just going to do it to you again…he doesn’t care.”

She took the pages from my hand and said, “You’re wrong.” She went into her room and I didn’t see her until the next day.

I wondered if I'd done the right thing. I thought about all that happened when Paul came back and we had that talk. I had tried to reason with him. I said, "Paul, do you know how bad mom felt after you left? She was down all the time, crying. Why'd you do it man?"

He said, "Oh come on little brother, what was I supposed to do? Do you think I was going to fuck a forty year old forever? Look, Doreen's a great screw but I wanted to go fuck around with a lot of girls. She went nuts every time I went out. It was just too much. And besides it was better to cut her off than leave her hanging on."

"But you hurt her," I said, "She's so beautiful and sexy… and…"

He knitted his brow, looked at me, and then laughed. "Who bro, did you two…?"

I shook my head yes and he laughed out loud. "You little fucker, why didn't you tell me? How long has this been going on?"

I told him, “It only happened once and when you called and said you were coming back, she stopped. She wants you, you bastard. Are you going to be good to her this time?”

“Sure, I’m going to be good to her,” he said. “I’m going to give the best fucking she ever had tonight.” He laughed like a lunatic. I asked him if he planned to stay and he just laughed again. “Man, I’m passing through here for a few days and I figured I might as well have some ass.”

I was about to tell mom but then I thought that maybe the best thing would be to let Paul show her what a rotter he was. His suggestion was the capper. It certainly never crossed my mind. He said, “Listen man, I’ll get her warmed up and then you come in and get some too.”

I said, “Are you nuts? She’ll never let that happen.”

“You have a lot to learn bro; she’ll do whatever I ask her to. You just come in ready to fuck after I’m in there for about ten minutes.”

Mom was probably reading while I was going over all that had happened in my mind. I knew what I experienced was different from what she did when I went into that room with her and Paul. When I saw her straddled over him I got hot. Before I went in I figured that if I was lucky, I might have her after Paul was finished, but when I was there behind her, I wanted her so badly I couldn't stop myself.

If the thought even crossed my mind that I would have anal sex with her, I would have brought in something for lubrication, but looking at her beautiful ass waiting for me, I just spit as much as I could and put it on the tip.

When I first pushed into my mother's ass and she cried out, I almost pulled out and left. I couldn't bear the thought of hurting her. But she didn't say "Stop Robert," or "Get out of me Robert." What she said was, "Do it easy." I did it easy. I tried to gently slide in and out of her tightly gripping hole.

I remembered Paul egging me on. I didn't pound her like he wanted me to but I did manage to give her the full length of me with each stroke. It was so tight in her hole that the

rubbing on my cock made me feel as if I would come sooner than I wanted to. The sounds mom was making made me think that it felt as good for her as it did for me.

I was at the point of anticipating what it would feel like to let go and shoot my cum into that beautiful ass in front of me when Paul made me pull out. He got out from under her and went to the drawer where he knew she kept the lube. He put in on his dick and got behind her. When he shoved it into mom's ass, that's when she let out the yelp.

Paul was paying little attention to her discomfort and in fact, it seemed to turn him on more. I didn't like the smile on his face while he fucked her harder and harder and I said, "Take it easy man."

"Shut the fuck up," was his response as he kept pounding her. I was just about to try and push him off her and let the chips fall where they may when he stopped and pulled out of her.

I thought about how he made mom sit on the bed and then stuck his cock in her face. She was staring off when he said, “Open your mouth,” she did and he pushed enough meat into her that she made a choking sound. He eased back and flexed his hips back and forth as she sucked. When he pulled out, he nodded to me to take over. I hesitated but couldn’t resist her waiting mouth. While she sucked me, I felt Paul trying to get in her mouth at the same time and I pulled away.

I kept stroking and couldn’t keep from coming. At the moment it was exciting. I’m watching it all happen again as mom takes the jets we released at her…some of them landing in or on her mouth and the rest…all over her. As soon as I finished, I knew I had let it go too far. I wished I had found another way to show her Paul’s miserable intentions.

When Paul left the room I sat on the bed next to her. She looked lost. I put my arm around her and said, “I’m sorry mom; did I hurt you?”

I could see the tears forming and she said, “How could you?”

I started telling her. I told her Paul was going to leave and she didn't believe me. She went into the bathroom and came out dressed. She didn't say anything to me. That's when I decided to write what happened, as if I were she. That's what I spent the night doing.

The next time I saw my mother she looked strangely calm. She said, "I read what you wrote for me Robert. You really looked inside me; I don't know what to say. You love me don't you?"

"Yes mom, I love you and I want us to be together."

She didn't respond to that. She said, "Well you were right, he's leaving. Are you leaving too?"

I said, "No mom, I'm not leaving. I'm here, and I'm loving you." I told her all that I had thought and felt about what we'd been through. Each sentence was just another way of saying, "I love you."

“Robert, after all this, I can’t talk about anything.”

I said, “Take your time mom, I’m here.”

Paul left the next day and mom was very tentative towards me for the rest of the day, the rest of the week, and the rest of the month. But I could feel her warming, and sometimes, good things happen when you least expect it.

She started to sit close to me in the evenings while we watched TV or read and every once in a while she’d kiss my cheek for no reason. Having her that close wasn’t easy, especially when she’d rest up against me and I could feel her breast on my arm or her thigh against my thigh. My desire to touch her was so strong at those times but I knew that it was not the right thing to do at that time. So I kept fantasizing and masturbating in the shower with only one woman sucking my cock and opening herself for me, my mom.

We listened to music sometimes but she never asked me to dance. We talked about lots of things but she only

mentioned our past sexual encounter once when one night out of the blue, she said, “Boy, that was some screwed up mess wasn’t it?”

I didn’t have to ask what she was talking about and I just said, “Yeah, it was.”

I had started college and mom worked as a manager of a shoe store when her fortieth birthday came around and we decided to go out to celebrate. She looked gorgeous dressed up. She had heels and stockings on and a dress cut low enough to see the fullness at the top of her breasts. I imagined standing behind her with my cock against her ass and reaching inside her bra until her nipple was on my fingers. I did nothing; I even said nothing. Mom said, “Don’t you think I’m pretty anymore?”

I played it down. I said, “I’m sorry mom; I was distracted. You look lovely.” I could hardly contain myself all evening, but I did.

At the end of the night she gave me a short kiss on the lips and said, “Thank you love, it would have been a lot harder tonight without you.” I would have given anything to be in the bedroom with her when she took off those heels and stockings and bra and panties and then once again touch her fragrant skin, her breasts, her pussy, and then once again be inside in, make love to her, sleep with her. But nobody was making me any offers.

When she told me a guy at work had asked her out, I almost panicked. She said, “Robbie, do you think I should go out with him; would you mind?”

I liked that she asked if I would mind; I did, but still I said, “If it would make you happy mom, sure; it’s up to you.” She went out once and that was the end of it.

It was that kind of thing for months until the night she came home from work and said, “Robbie, do you get lonely?”

I said, “A little mom, but I’m happy with the time we spend together at night and on weekends.”

“Robbie, have you not been going out because of me?”

I wasn’t sure how to answer but I decided I’d just let the chips fall where they may. I said, “Yes, I don’t know what’s going to be, but I know that for now, I love you and I don’t want anybody else.”

She said, “I read what you wrote again and again and I’ve been thinking about how much you’ve been here for me. It’s probably crazy to think we could do this, but right now I want to be with you more than anybody else. Sometimes things are right for a moment and then never again. I’m afraid to do it, but I’m also afraid that one day I’ll look back and say that I was a fool not to try while everything was right. I guess what I’m saying is, I want you Robbie and I’m ready to try it if you still want to.”

There was little else to talk about at that moment. The look on my face was the answer. She came to me and kissed me. There was more in that kiss than I had ever tasted. The kiss wanted; it understood, and it was love. We walked to her bedroom.

I unbuttoned the shirt she wore and unhooked her bra. When I touched the velvety skin of her warm breasts she let out a relaxed sigh and began kissing my neck. Her nipples rubbed in the center of my palms. I said, “You’re for me now mom, aren’t you?”

“Yes sweetheart, I’m for you, I’m only for you. Momma’s going to give you everything, everything you need, and everything you want. Just tell me baby, tell me.”

“Mom I want all of you.”

She took off the rest of her clothes and went to the bed. Her long legs were slightly splayed. She looked more beautiful than anyone had to be. I had wanted her for so long and now she was willing and open for me. The way she looked was only surpassed by the look on her face. I touched her face and smiled. I led a finger down her lips and over her throat until it rested on one of her nipples. I felt the rubbery tip rise under my caress.

My cock was raging by the time I undressed and my mother looked at my cock and had a sweet smile on her face. She reached out her hand and I walked toward her until she held my cock. She massaged the shaft and softly caressed my balls. I stroked her hair and said, “I couldn’t have asked for a better mom than you.”

She said, “You’re my beautiful boy and I’m going to love you like no mother ever could.” She sat up and took me in her mouth. I took both of her fully formed breasts in my hands as my mother sucked on my cock. I had been in her mouth before, but that was different. This was a mother loving her son with her mouth, sucking him because she belonged to him. She stopped and looked up at me and said, “Is it good baby…does momma make you feel good?”

As if she had to ask, but of course she was asking so I could tell her, and I did. “Yes mom, it feels so good to be in your mouth. I can feel your tongue teasing the head of my cock and rubbing under the shaft, I can feel your soft lips on my cock as I move in and out of your mouth.” She moaned gently as she continued doing incredible things to my cock with her loving mouth. I told her what she was doing to me and I could almost feel the cum building in balls.

I wanted to fuck her everywhere at that moment; I had to be inside her. I drew my cock slowly out of her mouth and bent to kiss the mouth that could bring me so much pleasure. I said, “I want to be in your pussy mom, this beautiful pussy.” I put my hand over the wet folds and massaged as my mother opened her legs wider. She got into position so I could enter her from above. My cock was hard and hot to my touch as I brought it to the opening that my mother’s fingers were spreading.

I entered and we both made similar sounds of satisfaction. I was inside my mother’s pussy and she moved to take me deeper, and possess me. I pushed in until she started saying, “Robert…OH…Oh…” and had taken most of me inside her. I stayed and then pressed until I was in as far as I could go. She wrapped her legs around me and I felt as if I could stay in her pussy forever. I wasn’t only in a woman’s pussy; I was in the woman’s pussy I wanted to be in. I was deep inside my mother’s pussy.

And then we both wanted to move. I began slowly stroking her; giving her the cock I’d long wanted her to want. She

said, “Yes love, it feels good…don’t stop…good to have you inside me. I didn’t tell you enough but I always loved you as my baby boy. Now I love you as my man and I’m going to tell you all the time…I’m going to love you all the time. My sweet boy…in my pussy…in my mouth…”

“Yes mom, in your pussy and in your mouth…and…everywhere.”

I didn’t have to say it; she knew what I wanted. She said, “Yes baby, everywhere. You were the first man I ever had there…in my ass. No matter how it happened, you felt good in there. Yes honey, do it; I want you to love me that way.”

I pulled back and she lifted her legs higher so her pucker was exposed. My cock was still wet with my mother’s pussy juices and I brought the head to the only ass I’d ever been in, and the only one I wanted to be in. I slowly applied pressure to force the thick knob in. The swollen head of my cock pierced the closed bud of my mother’s ass. The rubbery ring looked as stretched as it could be but the sounds coming from my mother were not sounds of pain as I passed through the tight entrance. She moaned as I slid

deeper into her ass. It was hot and squeezing and good. She opened herself wider.

A year before all this, even though I might have had my fantasies, I wasn't sure any mother would open herself willingly, in that way, for her son. I was sure my mother wouldn't. But there she was, my mother, with her fingers spreading herself so that her son could be in her ass.

I watched mesmerized as my mom accepted me into her forbidden place. She was letting me take her anally to show me her love in a way very few mothers could. She said, "This is how much I love you Robert darling; this is how I'm going to show you…can you feel it baby…can you feel how much your mommy loves you?"

"Yes mom," I told her. "I can feel it with every inch of me that's inside you…inside your beautiful body…I love you so much mom." As I fucked her with the full length of my cock, the knob came out a few times. The pinkish pucker stayed slightly opened as if it was waiting for me to re-enter. The blood-filled tip was bulbous and looked almost purple

as it opened her, but I had no trouble getting it back into her ass.

I looked at the pussy above our union and I could see the glisten on the lips I wanted to kiss and suck as much as the lips of her mouth.

As I watched my cock moving more fluidly in and out of my mother's ass, I thought, "I'm fucking my own mother in the ass and it's the best feeling I could ever have." I wanted to say it out loud but somehow I couldn't. I wanted to hear those words but all I managed was, "Oh mom, it's so good to…have you…for me."

Mom was moaning and she seemed overwhelmed with the experience. She said, "Yes baby…I'm here for you like you were for me…for anything baby…to love me…to fuck me …wherever you want…in my pussy…in my ass…wherever you want…yes…yes…in my ass…in your mommy's ass…" I felt proud to have a mother who could love her son without holding anything back; a mother who had opened her heart and every part of her body to let her son in. She was rubbing her pussy as I pushed as much of my cock as I could

up into her. The last thing she said before she started to come was, “It’s good…so good…in my ass…my baby is fucking me in my ass…and it’s so good…Oh…Ohhhh…”

It was all too much. The first shot of cum that I sent into my mother’s waiting channel surprised me because it seemed to fire out even before I realized I was going to come. The second, third, and forth weren’t a surprise but were just as intense as mom was calling out, “Yes baby…come in my ass…come in my ass…come in mommy’s ass…yes…yes…”

As I continued entering my mother’s ass, the lubricating effect of my cum eased me quickly in for the deepest penetrations until I had given her everything I had. I said, “That was the best sex I ever had, mom. I really wanted to do it like that for another reason too.”

She asked, “Why honey?”

I said, “I wanted to be the first one to come in you there; does that sound silly?”

“No baby,” she told me. “I’m glad it was you, and you’re going to be the only one that ever does.” That was the most memorable night of my young life, one that’s had many sequels, including last night.

THE END

Tooth and Nail

Beside myself, I'm not sure for whom I'm writing this, certainly not for everyone. Maybe it's for you if you've harbored a desirous thought about a cousin, or looked longingly at a sibling, or crossed the line in a fantasy about a parent. Maybe it's for those who know that the minds and hearts of consenting adults come in different colors, and it's okay.

When the interesting part of my life got going, reality bore little resemblance to the perfection of my long drawn out fantasies about my mom. Incidents and accidents of seeing more than one should, probably occurs between most mothers and sons. Mostly, it passes unremarkably - sometimes it doesn't. I took intense notice of things a son is not supposed to. The way my mother sat with her legs crossed, the swell under her sweater, the way she looked from behind. I hardly remember a time when I didn't notice.

Maybe we all have some early events that burn themselves into our memory; this is mine. I pass by the bathroom as she's putting on makeup, getting ready to go see a play at the local theater. She's wearing a black bra, black panties, and heels. The stockings are sheer, and seamed, and I look with awe because I can see the full roundness of her ass. She's too busy putting on her red lipstick in the mirror to notice me walk by.

I start to weave a fantasy immediately. I don't just walk by and go to my room to masturbate the way I did that night; I pretend she's dressed that way for me. In my best of all possible imaginary worlds, I say, "Mom, you have a beautiful ass."

She laughs while looking at me in the mirror and I can tell by her smile that she's pleased that her son finds her ass attractive. But she says playfully, "You're not supposed to say things like that to your mother."

In my fantasy, I always say the right thing..."Even if I love you, mom?"

Her expression changes because she's touched. She tells me, "Then you can say anything you want." She comes over and kisses me full on the lips. I can feel her body against me as her tongue tenderly teases mine. We just kiss for a long time. We keep on kissing until her hand caresses between my legs. And then I come. It was one of my earliest musings on my mother, and in that oft repeated scene, I never touch her. Later, my longings get bolder and I do much more than touch her when she's in my mind.

Everything she did seemed to be a reason for me to jump into fantasy. I tried to stop myself. I was eighteen and a half and my mom was exactly double my age when these events were triggered. It wasn't like I'd never been out or totally inexperienced. I really did try to stop myself at first. I even heard the words in my head, "Stop it...stop it...STOP IT."

That's what I told myself on the day I was transfixed by her form undulating on the Stairmaster. I didn't often go in to the small room that contained a smattering of gym equipment when she was there. But the desire to watch her that day was stronger than the feeling that I shouldn't.

She was wearing her glasses and reading as she 'climbed.' It's not that her tits were so big or anything, it's just that they look so good as they rose and fell in that tight top when she worked out. A son isn't supposed to take notice of his mother's breasts, or her body, but telling that to myself that didn't work very well.

I imagined my hand gently placed around the end of her tit. As she moved, her boob would slide in my palm. The best part is the smile that I pictured on her face because she was enjoying the sensation of her son feeling her. In my mind, she takes off her glasses and closes her eyes. Even though the material is tight, I can feel her nipple harden as I massage more firmly and take more of her tit into my hand. I would have gone on from there in my flight of fantasy if she didn't say, "Honey, what would you like for dinner?"

You probably know what I thought, but I said, "I'm not hungry now mom," and I went to my room where I closed my eyes and made up more of the story.

In the made-up version of my life, I don't have a brother Brendan; there is no other male beside me in the house throughout my childhood. Mom is an educated, practical, woman; and when she realizes that her early marriage was a mistake, she gets out. So I'm was the one she smiles at, and kisses, and hugs to her breasts.

In that version, the alimony and child support was paid on time, and it makes life so much easier that way. Instead of just making ends meet in a less than ideal neighborhood, I can think about other things. And I can do without seeing my father once or twice a year.

In the real version, I guess we were doing okay until I got myself in trouble. Yes, I stayed with the 'wrong' kids. You know - friends who really aren't your friends. I was looking for an extra thrill and an extra buck, but nobody forced me to go along on the bungled burglary.

We were smart enough to get away with it - for about two days. I was the one who caught the brunt of it when the others blamed me, and it cost my mom what little savings she had. It was the first of too many times. I was still young

and stupid enough to make the same mistakes that drove my mom to tears of frustration. It didn't end until I became intimate with her.

I had finished high school and was without skills or intentions. Mom quit her evening job to 'Baby-sit' me through my probation. She presented me with an ultimatum, which included staying in every night, with her, until I straightened out.

At first I gave her a hard time, but she begged and cajoled and I gave in. Fantasy and reality blurred and I started to hate myself less for the thoughts I had when I was with her. She enjoyed sports as much as I did and we followed The Cubs, The Bulls, and the Bears. I also went back to piano lessons with mom. She played beautifully and had given me lessons since I was three, which I fought, tooth and nail, for ten years until she finally gave up in exasperation.

Spend that much time with anyone, and before long, you either love them or hate them. We both let our guards down and told each other real things. I was turned on by the intimacy of our time together, sitting next to her on the

piano, by the hands that stroked my cheek, and touched me when she talked.

It didn't take much more than that for me to imagine seducing her. In a matter of days, I concoct this elaborate tale to amuse and stimulate myself. Seduction wasn't too complicated in my fantasy, so we have a couple of beers one night and I can't say how I came to be leaning towards her lips, or who kissed whom first. I can't say anything really, except that we probably both know what's happening. We held the kiss and embrace for a long time and when we break, my mother's now comical response is, "Oh dear." After she composes herself, she says, "We should talk about this dear." She calls me 'Dear,' a lot in my fantasies even though I'd never actually heard her refer to me that way.

In the story I make up, I didn't answer; I just kissed her again. Her kiss was conflicted, but still filled with passion, and I could hear her breathing even harder than I was. I unbutton her blouse and she makes protesting noises, but she doesn't stop me. I unclasp her bra. Her body starts to back away but not before I put my mother's bare tit in my hand. The pounding in my chest is loud enough to drown out my thoughts. Her tits aren't explosive porn star size;

they're a mother's gentle handful, but ample enough to straighten my cock. Her nipple is brown and fully capped the end of her soft breast. The friction of it on my palm hardens the tip to erection.

My mind fast-forwards and I fully expect to have sex with her right there on the sofa. She seems transfixed as she watches me unzip my pants and release the hardened mass that springs out. My cock strains for her hand, which she doesn't move. I urge her hand onto my cock and she softly caresses it. As I fondle my mother's breast and nipple, she mimics the motions on my shaft and knob. We kiss and our tongues play until I'm almost crazed and then she pulls back and lets out a whimper. She says, "I think we should stop now dear," as if we had been playing a card game.

Even though it's my story, I can't make it too easy, because part of the fun is the tease. So she puts her bra back on and says, "Get dressed sweetheart, it's time to make dinner," as if nothing has just happened. I want to say "Mom, I was just holding your bare tit in my hand and you were rubbing my cock...dinner...are you crazy?" All I get out is "Mom..."

She's up and leaving after kissing me on the cheek and saying, "Come on, come on, I need your help." Then as she was doing the dishes she says, "You are quite lovely you know."

Here's how I start to get to the action in my fantasy. We get a call about my father. It was a car accident and it was all over on impact. Even if there were no good feelings left between them, she had once loved him, married him, and he was gone. She also knew that the checks would stop, but the debts wouldn't. So she cries, I hold her, a switch somewhere is flipped, and our physically connected bodies triggers that chemical thing that happens. She lets my hands roam over her.

Now it starts to get serious. My mother is looking up at me and she closes her eyes as she kisses my stomach. She lays her head on it and says, "I love you Stevie." She guides my hand to her bare breasts that are exposed to me. I take each fleshy tit in my hands as she undoes my pants and my hardened cock almost springs at her. I can hardly stand it and I can hardly stand.

At that moment I have none of the confidence I usually have when I'm having sex with other girls. This is my mother and her mouth is approaching my cock. I let go of her tits as her wet mouth and tongue contact my cock. I hold her head as much for balance as to direct the length of my shaft in and out of her mouth. She's sucking and softly moaning as she blows me. It's impossible that my mother is blowing me, but I'm watching my thick cock sliding through her lips and entering her mouth where she's sucking and sucking and sucking.

I pull out of her mouth because I don't want to come too soon and I get on the bed with her, kissing her as if we'd been lovers for years. She goes back down to my cock and in that position I can reach her pussy, which I begin to rub over her panties as she sucks me. I can hear her moan on my cock as my finger finds her clit. She stops to catch her breath and without looking up at me just says, "Oh Stevie."

My mother's warm hand covers my balls and she's sucking on the head of a shaft I've never seen as long or hard. I slide my hand under her arm to take her tit in my hand and gently roll the nipple between my fingers. It feels rubbery and thick and if what she was doing to me didn't feel so

unbelievable, I would have liked nothing better than to suck on that nipple until it was raw.

With other girls I can last almost as long as I want to without coming, but with my mother I feel an uncontrollable explosion about to release. I pull out quickly and bend to kiss her until she can't breathe. I say, "It's too good in your mouth mom...too good not to come."

She says, "Yes sweetheart, come...come in my mouth, I want you to." I return my cock to her mouth and I'm crazier than before. Hearing her say that makes me think I'll come before she even starts sucking, but I do last for a little while longer. I watch her lips slide along the shaft as my throbbing flesh fills her mouth. It's wet and hot in her mouth and she stops every once in a while to lick all over my cock with her pink tongue. I try to pull it out and push it in slowly to keep from exploding, but she starts breathing and sucking harder, and then when her hand works my balls, I start to lose it.

I'm about to come in my mother's mouth and she's not only letting me, she's asking me to. The first stream is rocket

propelled and my body jerks from the force and suddenness of the release.

Mom doesn't know what to expect when she tells me to come in her mouth. She coughs and pulls back enough for me to splash her lips and chin and everywhere else as I automatically stroke my aching cock. The relief of coming sends a shudder through my body.

When I open my eyes, I watch as mom comes back to my cock and takes the wet head back into her mouth. The look on her face is of a loving mother who wants very much to please her son. She sucks off the cream as I watch her lick her lips that are shiny with my juice. She swallows the small amount she has left in her mouth. She looks up at me and says, "I'm sorry dear, I didn't think it would come so hard...I tried to...I wanted to...do it good for you."

I sigh with relief and smile, "Oh mom, you did it good; you did it great."

She says, "You know love, you're the first man I ever...tasted...and I'm glad."

So, I've made my mother into some kind of virgin again, but the thought is pleasing and it's my fantasy isn't it, who says it has to be perfectly realistic?

While I'm at it, I go back for another and she takes me back into her mouth and sucks me into hardness so quickly, that even I'm surprised. I go straight up in a non-stop climb as if I were on a slingshot ride. She virtually attacks my cock with her mouth. She's rubbing me and sucking me and before I can catch my breath or do anything to stop the explosion, I'm creaming in her mouth over and over and she's swallowing the seed a mother isn't supposed take inside her.

At that point in my story, I figure it's only right that I should satisfy her too. I slide out between her lips and ease her back on the bed. I quickly lift her skirt and pull her panties down before she can think to protest. It's only a few seconds later and my mouth is on her pussy. I can see her thick clit pushing up on the soft folds of her hood. Her most tender

part is slick in my mouth as I lick and suck and prod it toward the release my mother needs.

No girl ever made the noises my mother does. She's loud and beyond control. I'm excited by the way she moans and writhes under the tongue-lashing I'm giving her. I want to do to her what she had done to me, take her up hard and fast to the point of an unstoppable explosion. I could feel her respond the most when I suck her clit between my lips and rub it quickly with my tongue.

I stop momentarily when I sense her orgasm approach, but she doesn't want to wait or be teased any more. She wants to come so badly she lets out a long moan and keeps repeating, "Make me come baby, please make me come." I take her clit again and whether it's my pinching her nipples at that moment or something else that triggers her, she raises her hips high as she lets out a long loud "Ooooohhh..." that starts at a high pitch and works its way down in a decrescendo that seems to sound forever. When she's done, she sobs softly a few times and when I come her arms, she sighs, "Thank you dear." Oh man, wouldn't it be nice if that were the way things happen?

I was away from home for a couple of days for a school sports meet. And as rain postponed things, I'm spending much too much time on this fantasy, but it took on a life a life of its own. And the imagined things she says to me are turning me on as much as the sex. I think of making love to her all night long and she says things like, "Nothing ever felt so right, or so good," and "Stevie, I'm glad we found this way to love each other...I want you...I want you again...come to my bed baby make mama feel good again." I place my hand on the wet matted hair between my mother's legs and put my fingers on the slippery lips and say, "You're my beautiful pussy, mom."

"Stevie, you're so handsome," she says, "And it makes me feel so good that you get so hard...for me."

I say, "I have a beautiful mom with a beautiful body, anybody would get hard for you." I bring the stiffened mass to her mouth as she draws an excited breath through her teeth and then lets out her breath as she opens her mouth and closes her eyes. I feed her my cock.

It was somehow exciting to me to think about being completely nude as my mother sucks on me with all her clothes on. We would then begin making love with the sun about to set and continue into the pitch dark. Her pussy is always wet and yielding, and the pace is slow and gentle when we start, and the intensity increases with the hours.

The last word I put in my mother's mouth before the fantasy ended was, "Each time you're inside of me...I don't even know how to say it, but it just feels like I could explode, and it just seems to get better each time. It just feels so good to make love with you...with my dear boy. Sweetheart, I want to make you feel good, so much."

I fell asleep that night thinking of things I could do with mom. That version of my life ended the very next day. The rest of the meet was rained out and I went home early. Reality brought my fantasy world crashing down on my head.

As soon as I walked in the door, I knew that someone was having sex. I was home a day earlier than expected because the weekend meet was rained out. From downstairs, I

thought that the voice going, "Yeah...yeah...oh yeah..." could've been my older brother Brendan's. Maybe he'd brought one of his girlfriends over. Or less likely, perhaps it was the guy that my mom was seeing from work.

It had never happened before, so I thought it would be funny if it really were my mom. I crept up the stairs and looked through the partially opened door. It wasn't Brendan and his girlfriend, nor my mother and her boyfriend. It was Brendan and my mother.

What the fuck...? My brain froze. Brendan was on top of her, in the process of pulling out and kneeling above her chest. Even in my shock, somewhere it registered what nice tits my mom had. My brother was his usual dictatorial self. One year older than me, but always the boss. He had his cock at my mother's lips and he was saying, "Come on, suck it, suck it."

She opened her mouth and he thrust it in. I watched as she tried valiantly to swallow as much of his dong as she could. He had an amused look on his face. She struggled and then gagged at one point, but Brendan seemed intent on shoving

as much of it down her throat as he could, whatever the consequences for her. He pulled his cock out of her mouth and roughly took her by the thighs and slid her down on the bed. With her legs open and her eyes wide, she looked so vulnerable to me.

Brendan brought his dick to my mother's pussy and literally stuffed her with it. She seemed uncomfortable as he stroked faster and harder with each insertion. Her sounds were more of pain than pleasure as he pounded her.

In the space of a few minutes, my conflicted feelings emerged. I wanted to rip him off her and beat the shit out of him. I wanted to take her and shake her, and ask her what the hell she was doing fucking her son. And with my cock swelling in my pants, I wanted to get on her and fuck her too.

After all my wild imaginings about my mother, there it was, happening, with Brendan in my place. Before I had time to even think about what I should be doing, Brendan got loud, and after delivering only ten or twelve strokes into my mother's pussy, he started coming with a big grunting,

"Wohhhh..." He then let out a long exhaled, "Ahhh..." as he came inside her.

Well, he did and he didn't come inside her, because when he was done, he said, "One day I'm going to fuck you without this damned condom."

My mother then showed the first sign of control and resolve that I had seen. Unlike her usual demeanor, each word came out in a slow hard tone when she said, "No you're not." He didn't answer. I don't know why, but it made me feel better that she made him wear a condom.

I went back down and waited, not knowing which way to direct my thoughts. Brendan came down first and in his usual effusive, warm, and brotherly way; he nodded, and said, "Hey," as he walked out the door.

I responded with the second half of the 'conversation' we'd been having for years and said, "Hey," in the same monotone we always exchanged. About fifteen minutes later, mom came down, freshly made up, but looking shaky.

"Stevie, what are you doing home? You weren't supposed to be back until tomorrow; are you all right?"

"I'm fine mom," I said, "We were rained out."

"Oh" she said, "Okay. Do you want me to make you something to eat?"

"No thanks," I said. That would be the end of the pleasantries between us for a while, because the next thing we did was sit at the piano where she wanted to teach me a ragtime duet, and right in the middle of "The Maple Leaf Rag" I stopped and said, "I saw you mom."

Now at that point I had no reason for going there. I mean, what did I expect to get from confronting her? Did I think she was going to say, "Oh, okay, you saw me doing it with Brendan, so now I'll do it with you?" My brain was pretty much oatmeal, so when she said, with startled eyes, "Saw what?" I plunged ahead.

"I saw you in bed with Brendan, I saw you..." She covered her mouth with both hands and the muffled words, "Ohhh noooo" combined with her breath through her fingers, made an eerie sound. Her eyes were really wide now and didn't say anything. I didn't know if she was waiting for me to speak or trying to read my reaction because her eyes were flitting all over my face.

Since I hadn't sorted out my feelings or thoughts, I didn't say anything either. I mean, what could I say, how could you do that terrible thing with my brother when I really mean, please do that terrible thing with me? Could I be angry, ashamed, hurt? Well, I guess I was, and wasn't, all of those things.

Finally she said, "My God, what you must think...don't hate me Stevie, it happened...but it's never going to happen again. I told him...Brendan's going to be living at school from now on...it's over...it was wrong and I'm so sorry you saw that Stevie...please forgive me." Her eyes filled with tears about to fall and I still didn't say anything. Who was I to forgive her, especially for something I had been dreaming of doing with her myself.

What I said was, "How long has this..."

"Stevie," she said, as the weight of her tears brought them down her face, "Please don't make me...it just started and now it's over...I just can't talk now...it's over, I promise...don't ask me any more now, please honey." I could feel the heat and discomfort coming from her because we were still almost touching as we sat on the piano bench.

I wanted to know all I could; the idiot voice in my head was probably saying, 'Maybe you'll find out how to do it too,' so I said, "Okay mom, but we have to talk about this at some time."

"I know Steven, just not right now." She put her hand on my arm after saying that. She got up and climbed the stairs up to her room, where she remained until the next morning.

Things were quiet in the house for the next few days and got even quieter when Brendan moved out. I was about to

start a training course for Meriwether Electronics that would take me away from home for two weeks. And the night before I left, I said, "Mom, tell me what happened between you and Brendan."

She said, "I know I said, we'd talk about it but...it's too upsetting...what difference does it make now, it's all done Stevie...I was lonely...he...he..." At that point she cried and I held her. She was lost in her tears and probably didn't even realize I was kissing her face every once in a while to console her. It really wasn't sex at that point, I don't think, I just felt bad for her. She kissed me back a few times and I was holding her for the longest time.

I said, "I love you mom."

She answered without looking up, "I love you too Stevie." Then somehow, while she was moving away from me her hand brushed across my thigh, and across the thick, hard, erection I had developed.

She jumped back as if she was jabbed with an electric prod. She practically yelled, "Stevie...what...what are you doing?"

I had no idea what to say and I just said, "I love you mom," with a shrug. I went close to her again and held her arms and said again, "I love you," this time I kissed her. I couldn't tell if she was letting me kiss her, kissing me back, or just in shock.

She pulled back and said, "Oh God, is this real? Am I crazy?" She shook her head back and forth as if trying to convince herself. After a moment, she gathered herself and said, "Listen to me Steven, what happened with your brother was the worst mistake of my life, and I promised myself I would never be so foolish again; it just about wrecked me. You know, it's probably because you saw your brother and me; I'm sure it set off a lot of mixed feelings in you, but I don't think that this is what you really want and it isn't what I need now."

"You're wrong mom," I said, "It is what I really want and it has nothing to do with Brendan. Mom, I've thought about you like this for a long time. No matter what I did to stop

myself, it was always you. I've always wanted you and I always will. Do you mean to tell me you never knew what I felt for you was more than mother-son stuff? How could you not know...how could you not know I wanted you all this time?"

"Oh God Stevie, maybe I did, at some level. But you know, sometimes, no matter how much you may know something; you just push it out of your mind. I saw you looking at me baby, I even saw you...you know, hard, a few times. But I always said to myself that you were either thinking of someone else, or just because I'm a woman, and I'm around, maybe you couldn't help it and got excited."

"You're right about one thing mom, I do get excited when you were around, but that's only a part of it. I wanted you mom...I wanted to love you; I wanted to make love to you the way I did in all the fantasies that saw me through the nights, the way I want you now. I dreamed that maybe one day I'd be able to show you how hard you make me, and that you wouldn't be ashamed of me. I dreamed that one day you'd love me and..."

"Oh sweetheart, you're torturing me. You know I love you and I would never be ashamed of you, but this is just too much to take in. Stevie, a mother isn't supposed to have sex with her son...oh God...I..."

"Mom, do you feel anything like what I'm talking about?"

"Stevie, you're a handsome young man, and I guess I can't help feeling a physical attraction, but..."

"Mom, you said a mother isn't supposed to have sex with her son, and maybe you're right because I never thought of it as just having sex. I always thought of it as loving you...and, don't get mad, but I have to tell you...I'm always thinking of you making love to me...with your mouth, and making love to me with your pussy..." I couldn't tell if the expression on her face was surprise, terror, or excitement. I stopped talking.

She looked down, quietly resigned. In a moment of excitation and with the silence from her, which I took for assent, I did what I had wanted to do for a long time. I took

her breast in my hand. Every inch of me was pounding as her fullness filled my palm. It felt bigger than it looked. I gently massaged it as I thought about reaching in under her bra. The whole experience lasted about two seconds before she removed my hand. "Steven, you can't do that to me. It's not right, and no matter what happened between your brother and me, nothing is going to make it right...I just can't."

I could see that nothing I could say at the moment was going to change her mind so I resigned myself and said, "Okay mom."

With a look that showed the relief she felt, she said, "Thank you baby; thanks for understanding." She gave me a hug, which was of course the worst thing she could have done because I had to feel her tits pressing into my chest.

It was a long two weeks away and even though the training program went well, all my free time was consumed with my feelings for my mother. We spoke every night about everything, except what I wanted to talk about.

When I got back home nothing happened for a long while and I was pretty much resigned to never having my mom when I overheard a phone conversation she was having with one of her friends. She used the name Mike, but it didn't take me long to figure out who she was really talking about. She said, "Marina, you can't imagine what this is doing to me. I have to see him at work every day and I want him so badly. He's half my age and...well there are other complications...you know him being from work, and my having gone out with his brother...damn, it's just so complicated."

I couldn't hear the other end of the conversation, but it sounded like Marina was encouraging her and mom said, "No, I'm not going to give in to it this time, I'm going to fight it tooth and nail...I'm just not going to let sex screw up my life any more...no matter how much I want to."

After hearing that and combining it with the fact that no matter who I went out with, or who I fucked, it was still my mother that was driving my desires, I decided to try again to get something going between us.

Since I knew how she felt, I was more comfortable kissing her more, hugging her longer, touching her in ways that were short of sexual, but past platonic. When I didn't push past her comfort level, she responded, and we kissed. When I held it a little too long she said, "We shouldn't."

And when I said, "Can't I even kiss my mother to tell her I love her," she relented and kissed me back. On that Saturday night when I first touched her below the waist, I don't like to think I got her drunk to do it, but I did keep re-filling her wine glass. When she went in to bed, I knocked on her door to ask her about getting up early and going to the ball game the next day. When I went in, she was on the bed fully clothed and I asked, "Are you okay?"

She said, "Sure honey, I guess I had too much to drink and I'm just resting." I said, "Can I talk to you or should we leave it for tomorrow?"

She patted the bed and said, "No it's okay, come sit."

Instead of sitting, I laid down beside her and rested my hand over hers, and after asking about the ball game, and setting up the time to leave in the morning, I said, "Mom, is it terrible that I love you the way I do?"

She took her time to answer and then said, "Honey I know it's hard for you, and it's hard for me too; I know what most people think and even though I'm older than you, I'm probably just as confused when it comes to...maybe we should just let it be and not even talk about it because..." I rolled toward her and kissed her gently. It was almost a whimper when she said, "Oh God," and kissed me back.

I didn't push it, as hard as I was, and as hard as it was to do, I just kept kissing her slowly, on her lips, on her eyes, on her neck. After a long time, I put my hand on her breast and she said, "Honey, I can't sleep with you...I won't..."

I said, "I know mom, it's okay, I just want to kiss you for a little while, and then I'll go. If you don't want me to..." I didn't finish the sentence, I just returned to her lips and mouth. I unbuttoned her shirt and felt her over her bra. She

let me slip the loose cotton pants off her. I stripped to my briefs and held her close.

She said, "No more." And I didn't know if she was talking about clothing, or touching, or kissing, but I again went to her lips, and she responded. I asked her if I could see her without her underwear, she shook her head, 'No,' but she didn't stop me when I took off my briefs. So we lay side by side with her in bra and panties and my erection starting to reach the ceiling. I put my hand on her belly and when she didn't stop me, I slid down over the sheer nylon that barely hid anything, and I had my first feel of my mother's pussy. She put her hand on my cock, and whatever number is the highest on the hardness scale, I reached it.

She wrapped her fingers around the shaft and just held it, hardly squeezing or moving. When she barely whispered, "God, why do you have to be so hard for me?" I wasn't sure if there was any satisfaction in her voice, or just dismay at the situation between us. I did know she wasn't really asking me a question, so I shut up and just enjoyed feeling the pressure of her hand on my shaft.

I could feel the heat and moisture under my palm and wanted to rub her, but when I started to, she put her hand over mine to keep me from moving. I guessed that she wanted me to go slow, but I didn't want to break the spell by asking her anything at that point.

After some excruciatingly long minutes of feeling great and wanting more at the same time, my mother gently moved on my shaft. I started the same slow pace as I rubbed her pussy and she didn't stop me. At one point she guided my fingers up to her button and directed my vertical stroke into a circular one. The effect on her was immediate. She started moaning and moving on the bed, at the same time squeezing and stroking my cock more firmly. In a matter of minutes her moans became little cries that kept time with the up and down movement of her hand along the length of my cock.

I knew I was about to come and I wanted to warn her, but I just got out, "Mom...oh mom..." as my eruption let fly with a strong initial stream that shot into the air.

She cried out and said, "Oh God, baby...baby..." and as some of my cum lubricated her hand, she stroked faster and each release felt so good it sent a jolt of electricity through me.

My coming caused me to press harder, and I could feel her arch up into my hand as she said, "Ohhh...I'm coming...ohhh..." My mother came, whimpering, and breathing hard. When she finished, she turned her face into my chest and covered it with her hand.

I said, "Mom?" but she didn't answer. After a few minutes, she got up without looking at me and went into the bathroom. I could tell she wanted to be alone, so I left the room.

After a couple of hours I knocked on her door. She quietly said, "Come in."

She was sitting in a chair wearing the satin ecru robe I had given her birthdays a few years before. I could tell she had nothing on underneath it and that she had been sitting there for all that time just staring out.

"Mom," I said, "I don't want to make you unhappy...I just want to show you how much I love you."

"Honey I know that, and I love you so much I could...oh baby, this is too much for me. I can't be physical with you like this. God help me, I want to..." She was quiet for a moment and then said, "I shouldn't be saying things like this to you, but I want you know, I'm not rejecting you because...oh Steven, I want to do all the things you want to do...I want to love you with all of me, I want...I know you can't understand it now because you want me, and you can see what I feel too, but one day you'll see that I'm doing this for both of us. If we make love, it's going to mess us both up for a long time, and for what, it can't last, it'll feel good for a little while and you'll get tired of me, and you'll need a real relationship with someone your own age...someone you can share a life with...have children with..."

I started to protest but she stopped me, "No, I know what you're going to say and none of this is going to make any sense in the long run."

"Okay mom," I said, "Then I'll just say that I love you now and I'll love you always, and I'm always going to want you the same way." She started to tear up and I kissed her wet eyes and gave her a loving kiss on her lips that she tremblingly returned. I couldn't leave without knowing if that was the last real kiss she was ever going to give me, so I kissed her deeply with more love in it than sex, whatever that may mean, but it made sense at the time, and she kissed me back.

Then she said, "You have to go now love, you have to."

I kissed her cheek and said, "Good night, darling."

She smiled at the word I'd never used before, and said, "Good night."

I started my job and it took a lot of my time, but there was always some point in the day where I thought about mom, and I guess I was on her mind too because she called me on my cell whenever she knew I had a break. We did what we had done on her bed every once in a while. I guess she had

a limit in mind because it never happened more than once every few weeks.

We did more music all the time and I learned to understand the places pure music could get you to. There was an emotional and sometimes even sexual reaction when there was no reference to anything outside the sounds and pitches and timbres. I could be in the place that most resembled the moment of union with the one I now loved.

While never at the piano, but there was still some physicality between us. What she did let me do was kiss and touch her over her clothes. After I learned that nothing was coming off, she didn't stop me when I came up behind her as she applied make-up, or did the dishes. I ran my hands down the curves of her body and never lingered, knowing she would get uncomfortable. When she stood in front of a mirror, I could see the sadness behind her closed eyes until I kissed her neck, which became our signal that it was over. She usually gave a long sigh afterward which I chose to interpret as a kind of climax or release, rather than relief.

We talked about everything, everything but sex of course. What was going on between us was never mentioned. So everything I did was trial and error, but I guess we operate a lot of our life that way anyway. She was wearing a white jacket with black piping the day she let me expose her from the waist up.

She told me it was okay, but not with words. As we kissed, her moans were a little more vocal, her movements were a little more insistent. She looked down as I unbuttoned the white jacket. She wore a black bra that the tops of her tits were spilling out of. I pulled the soft bra down exposing the wonderful flesh.

Looking at her bare breasts close up, I said, a little too loudly, "Wow." Still not meeting my eyes, she got the smallest grin on her face that betrayed some pleasure, and then I said, "Mom, you've got beautiful nipples." And they were terrific; large pinkish circles with solid nubs in the center. There was only one thing anyone would want to do at that point. I leaned over taking one of her tits in my hand and brought the nipple between my lips.

The fullness in my hand was unexpected as I licked and sucked my mother's nipple, and I drew on it until it swelled in my mouth. Through a moan she said, "Kiss me honey, kiss me." I did, for a long time, never releasing the velvety flesh I finally held. That part of the trial went well. The error part of the incident was trying to get her to take off her skirt. That pretty much ended whatever was going on.

The next time we were in bed together, after we had both come, she didn't get up the way she usually did. I took the opportunity to kiss her and stroke her. When she saw me getting hard again she uttered the first remark about what was going on between us; it sounded as if she was talking to herself rather than to me. Her face wore an almost bewildered look. "It's amazing," she said, "It doesn't matter to you that I'm your mother...you get so hard...so fast..."

I said, "You're wrong mom, it does matter. That's what makes it so good. And I love it that it's you...your breasts, your pussy, that makes me so hard. Just doing this with you is better than making any kind of love with anyone I've ever been with, do you know that mom?"

She looked at me, shook her head and said, "Stevie, Stevie...what am I going to do?" I thought of lots of things, but I didn't say any of them. She started to get up and I took her arm and urged her back towards me. She gave in, and I had her in my arms. She kissed me with a release of emotions that told me what I been waiting to hear.

With her bra and panties off she laid back and opened her legs. Looking at her moved me, because I knew that what I was witnessing was a rare experience - the sight of a desired mother, opened for her son. How could I not want to do everything to her, and with her? I drank in the sight of all that creamy skin and the sweet pussy between her legs.

She closed her eyes and my first urge was to be inside her, but looking at her pussy made me want to taste her first. Very few of the girls I had been with had triggered this desire, but with my mother, the thought of pleasuring her with my mouth brought me pleasure. I kissed down her belly and let my tongue lick along the folds. It was moist and soft and I got excited. I slipped my tongue up the opening until I reached her hood and licked over the nub. I sucked it into my mouth and worked it while I listened to my mother moan. When I stopped she exhaled contentedly

and opened her eyes to see me looking up and down the lines and curves of her body. I said, "Mom, just looking at you fills up my heart."

I could see that she was touched as she reached her hand out and said, "Oh Steven..." I got on my knees between her legs and raised them by the ankles. I told her to hold them and she surprised me when she took her legs by the calves and pulled them back far enough to open herself to me. She was more limber than I imagined and even though her feet weren't by her head, they were close. This stretched her center open and I could see the invitation her two openings presented.

Do you know how it feels after you've been totally out of it for a while, and then one morning you wake up feeling good, or when the noise from the construction site that's been pounding all day finally stops? That's the relief I felt when I entered my mother's pussy; it was a relief I'd never felt with any other woman. For the first time, I called her by her name, and I said, "Diana, I love you."

She only said, "Oh God..."

That first entry into her wet pussy was more than I expected. The way her velvety insides held my cock and the way she moved, and the way I felt, it was like I'd never had sex before. As I drew in and out, the soft lips of her vagina caressed my shaft. I couldn't believe it was my mother's pussy that was doing it to me. I was so nervous, I kept asking her if it was okay with practically every stroke, "Mom is it good, mom is it too hard, mom does it hurt?"

She must have found all my questions amusing, because she relaxed for a moment and sort of smiled, "No baby, it's good...it's very good...you're all inside me." She began gyrating and her moans turned her expression serious. I relaxed a little and stroked deeper and realized by her sounds that she was enjoying it as much as I was. I was in the soft wet place I could only imagine a moment before and the reality was a revelation. I opened my eyes and slowed to look at her, and when she shifted position she looked at me and with an expression that showed the passion that had engulfed her.

When I thought about it I said, "Mom, I'm not wearing anything."

She said, "I know, it's okay." I felt good because it meant she was protected and unlike with Brendan, she was letting me be flesh on flesh.

My cock was hard and thick as it probed her pussy. Her lips were creamy and spread easily to allow me to stroke her. I entered her center and she said, "Yes there...there." I pushed my thickened flesh deeper up into her pussy and she said, "Oh God, you're inside me...so good...so big inside me."

My mother's pussy was humid and slippery and each stroke took me deeper to her center. I savored each stroke that rode into her body as if it were an experience I might never have again. My cock was thick with desire and I tried to control myself because I wanted to be inside my mother's massaging channel as long as I could. I was inside her, and she wanted me there, and I never wanted it to end.

As she moved and squirmed and writhed under me, I took her right leg and crossed it to my left shoulder. I kissed her ankle and moved up her leg as I continued to stroke her. I couldn't tell if the pulsing was from my throbbing flesh or my mothers. The new entry felt different than before. She became even more animated and noisy and I realized that the angle of my entry into her pussy seemed to hit her 'G' spot in just the right place.

She looked amazing. She had her legs up and she was holding one calf with one hand and with the other she caressed her breast. I was moving in and out of her gyrating pussy and she was moaning. The fit was so good. I filled her, and she was wrapped all around me, squeezing and massaging me with the warm silky flesh I was never supposed to feel. I wanted to do everything to her at once. I wanted to put my cock every place it would go. I wanted to stay inside her forever. But it felt so good, that I knew forever would soon come to an end.

I kissed her; I touched her gently, and then firmly. I looked at her soft smile and saw her love as she took me into her pussy. I varied the strokes and each contact brought a surprised "Oooh" from her. Over and over she said it until

the long "Oooh's became a rapid-fire "OH, OH, OH, OH." Her pussy was juicing more with each insertion. I watched each inch of me as it entered the pussy that seemed to be made for me. Her velvety warm center welcomed her son.

I kept thrusting and reveled in the thought and sensations of making my mother come. She trembled and stiffened and said, "Stevie I'm coming...I'm COMING..." My mother's pussy was grasping and clenching on the hard pipe that filled her and I could feel her using my cock as the tool of her pleasure. I kept pushing the length of my cock into her pussy until I could feel a wet discharge as her long orgasm continued. The sound that came from her was a cry of, "Aieeeee..." that I would have thought was pain if I wasn't inside her, and watching the pleasure she felt as she came.

I was surprised because I thought for sure I would come before she did, but as she cried out, I began releasing my cum into her pussy as the spasms wracked her body. "Stevie, Stevie, Stevie..." She must have said my name a hundred times as I flooded her with love and cum. The sound of my name at the top of her lungs caromed off the bedroom walls and I stroked into the wetness our mingled juices provided.

All the good feelings and anticipation of having her again, all night, all week, all year, dissolved after a few minutes when her tears came. Her words were drowned out, but mostly, "Oh God...I said I wouldn't...no, no, no...what's wrong with me..."

I guess I was frustrated because it had been so perfect and there she was carrying on; so I said, "WHY ARE YOU CRYING?" It was loud, it was insensitive, and the tone as much as anything brought her up short. She looked furious. I thought I was about to get the first ever whack across the face from her, but instead she wrenched the sheet and wrapped herself in it as she went towards her bathroom.

If it wasn't so upsetting I might have been amused at the dramatic line that she delivered as she left, "Don't be here when I come out." I hope never to see the look she gave me again. How can you feel so awful so quickly after feeling great?

The next morning, we had 'The Talk.' I started to apologize, but she stopped me. "It's okay Steven, it wasn't your

fault...I'm sorry too, but I've had a whole night to think this through. I want you to understand something honey. You are very good for me...that way...I let myself get carried away, because it was so good, but it was a mistake, and it would be so easy to just keep making the same mistake again and again, but I'm not going to let that happen. Stevie, I'm not saying any of this was your fault, but one of us has to think clearly, and it has to be me. I saw how you were with me, you're a young man...this thing is exciting now, but in the end, it's still sex with your mother, and it's going to end badly...very badly for both of us."

All I knew was that a beautiful woman was in front of me. I didn't care how old she was and I didn't care what the next week or year might bring. I just wanted to love her, there, then. I told her every reason I could think of why she was wrong, but she didn't even hear them. At that moment there was nothing I could have said that would have made any impression at all.

It got me down. During the following weeks, she pulled away from me. I missed the way we used to sit and listen to music, with her hand on my chest, resting on me. I missed

thinking of her open for me, wanting me, taking me inside her.

Mom started spending more time with Marina. We all had dinner together at least once or twice a week and it became evident to me that marina was attracted to my mother. She was a pretty woman in her early thirties, and I wouldn't have thought she was gay except for the way she was always touching my mother, and kiddingly calling her 'Mom.'

Lots of guys are turned on when they think of women making love to each, and the thoughts of Marina and my mother eating each other's pussy did produce pretty pictures in my head, but I was still uncomfortable. Mainly because whether a relationship starts off as physical, or emotional, both usually end up in the mix. Not that I had any say in the matter, but I didn't want mom and Marina involved.

So when my mother came home late one night after being with her, I asked her, "Mom, do you like Marina?"

"Of course I like her," she said. Actually, what came out was '"Coursh I like'er." When my mother drinks, it's usually not more than an occasional beer, or wine with dinner, so that she fairly reeked of liquor surprised me.

I gave her an exasperated look and said, "You know what I mean, mom."

She said, "Oh...that. No, it didn't work out...some kissing and stuff, but it's not for me...it would have been nice, but I'm stuck with who I am...men..." That was more or less the gist of it.

If I was surprised at her condition that night, I was more surprised, when about fifteen minutes after we went to bed, she came into my room. She pulled back my sheet and began going down on me. I should have stopped her, I knew she'd had too much, but I couldn't. Her mouth was on me, and I couldn't. Her tongue was on me, and I wouldn't.

Her excitement was evident and her sounds were loud as she worked my cock with her mouth. She held my balls as

she sucked and licked in a frenzy. Her head was moving as fast as her mouth until I gently held it and she calmed. I reached into her nightgown and held her breast with the tips of my fingers. The velvety tit slid through them when she moved up and down on my shaft. I know there was no sound in the room besides her sucking and my moaning, but I still heard the rush of the ocean in my ears.

If I went nearly out of my mind with excitement, it was understandable. One of my mother's hands was on my balls, one of my mother's hands was on my shaft, and my mother's mouth was doing wondrous things as she sucked me. It didn't take long to reach the point of no return. I had no time to warn her as I quickly came. She must have realized and anticipated at an instinctive level, because she fisted hard at just the right time to give me an explosive orgasm. When I was through, her hand and my cock were both slathered with my cum. Without a pause she took me back into her mouth. She sucked off the cream went back to the same pace and quickly I was up and hard. She mounted me.

She obviously wasn't wearing panties under the nightgown. I found that out when the head of my cock contacted the

lips of her pussy. She pushed down until I eased through her lips and then she filled herself slowly as my width pressed against the walls of her channel. She got wet fast and was then able to ride me more easily.

She leaned back with her eyes closed, and her hands on my thighs. She gyrated slowly. She moved forward and back and my shaft toggled in her pussy. When she moved around, I could feel the flesh of her ass on my balls. As she rose and fell, using my cock to spear herself, I watched in fascination in the dim light as my length appeared and then disappeared into the depths of her pussy. The incredible sensation of feeling my shaft pushing up between my mother's legs into that taboo passageway made me dizzy.

The sensation of my hardness in her softness intensified when she lifted and lowered herself until she couldn't take any more. I lifted the nightgown off her and threw it aside. There were only glimmers of light that fell on them, but her breasts looked lovely. I grasped them fully and massaged them up to the large nipples. The flesh filled my hands, and yielded, unlike some implants I'd come across. I pulled them toward me, and she bent forward allowing me to take one in my mouth. I sucked hard and my mother moaned

without stopping her movement on my cock. Then she said, "OH."

That was the only word she said, over and over, as she straightened up and impaled herself fast and hard. Her orgasm triggered mine and I let go into her pussy until we were both spent. She collapsed on me and breathed hard for a while without saying anything. The smell of the drinks she'd had was as strong as when she'd come in. I said, "Mom..." thinking we could talk about what was going on between us. I wanted to tell her so many things: what a special mom she was, how good she was for me, how good it could be for both of us to be together, but she left, unsteadily, without saying a word.

The next day was Saturday and we both slept late. When I got up she was still in her robe, but busily straightening and cleaning at a nervous pace. Again my part of the conversation was "Mom..."

This time she answered and said, "If it's about last night, I don't want to talk about it..." She was tightly wound, and I

didn't know if the expression on her face was anger, disgust, frustration, or a concoction of all. "I just don't," she added.

I said, "Okay mom."

She said, "Thank you," and went about the busy work. We were getting nowhere fast. There was no repeat of that late night visit, which I waited for weeks to happen, and the next time we had contact, we finally talked. She wanted to teach me "The Blue Danube" on the piano and she was playing a recording of it.

The music was on; she looked so soft in a jersey knit dress. I took her hand and said, "Come dance, mom."

She kept refusing until I kidded her into getting up from the bench, and she wasn't in my arms more than a few minutes before she started to cry. I knew what it was, but I still said, "What is it, mom?"

"I'm so unhappy, Stevie...this thing is too much for me." She hammered me lightly on the chest with her fist a few times.

Then she did it a little harder; I let pound until she stopped. "Why does it have to be you, of all people, I can't find someone to love and to want, other than my own son? What's wrong with me?"

When I said, in a cartoonish voice, "Well babe, I guess it's the same thing that's wrong with me," she almost laughed.

"Be serious Steven, we're mother and son, we can't go around doing...these things."

I said, "Well then maybe I should go after Marina since we both have you in common." She wasn't amused, so I got serious and said, "Mom, I love you, and it's great with you, and..."

"No Steven, none of that matters, it's not right."

"Who says, people out there? Who cares what they think?"

"That's just it...I think it's not right...I care." There was a long pause and she said, "Stevie, one of us has to move out the house, I can't do this." I was flattened, and in the space of a disgusted moment, I saw myself without her, and didn't give a fuck anymore.

"Fine, I'll go, "I said. "I'll get an apartment closer to work, I'll call you once a month and..."

"Stevie, don't do that, please baby."

She put her arms around me and I softened and said, "Okay, kiss me good-bye." I sort of smiled and added, "And you'd better make it a good fucking kiss."

She laughed and she kissed me, and it was a good fucking kiss, but if I was waiting for the scene where the kiss leads to bed and happily ever after, it didn't happen. I moved out.

And if I was waiting for the scene where she misses me so much after a few weeks that we then end up in bed, well, that didn't happen either. I mean, really, what could I do,

what could I say? A mother was saying to her son, 'I don't want to sleep with you,' what kind of counter-argument can you come up with for that one? The thing of it was, that after being inside her, it felt like we were sharing more than just the physical act. I wasn't quite sure what it was, until I didn't have it anymore.

I did go over to the house and we had dinner together a few times a week, but it was the piano that kept us close. The music became a bond and it was an almost intimate dialogue that we shared when we played for each other. I had played her a Chopin nocturne and when I saw how moved she was, I said, "Mom, it's been over six month's since we were together; neither of us has mentioned it and I know you're probably happy about that, but I just want to say something, if it's all right with you."

I could see she was troubled, but she said, "Stevie, I'm uncomfortable for more than one reason...go ahead, you can say whatever you want."

I said, "I just want you to know that that it's not about the sex anymore, maybe at first it was, you know, the

excitement, and the taboo of it all, but now I want you because you're the person I love."

"Oh Steven," the tone was dismissive, "You love me because I'm your mother, and I know that boys sometimes want their mother, but this whole business is just...forbidden pleasure for you, or getting off, or whatever they're calling it these days."

"You're wrong mom. Is that was it was for you? I've been out with enough girls in the last six months to know the difference. It means almost nothing when I'm with them. Besides Marina, you've hardly been out all this time, why not? You used to date, what about that guy from work you used to see, why aren't you going out?"

"Why are you doing this me? Okay maybe it is different for me, but I'm older, I've been through it...so you're right, that's why Bob doesn't call anymore. I wasn't interested in sleeping with him and I'm not looking for anyone because I'm so tired of all the...crap." She started getting upset and loud and she said, "Okay so what am I supposed to do about it? Yes it was different with you, yes it was good with you,

yes I wanted you, is that what you want to hear; well I said it, and so now what...I'm not going to have an affair with my son."

I tried to calm her down but all I got out was "Mom..." before she went into a rant, getting in my face, and poking me in the chest with her finger. "Do you hear me, do you hear me, do you hear me?" That was when she dissolved into tears and fell into my arms. Did I want to kiss her as she held me? Did I want to touch her as she melted in my embrace? It took every ounce of determination not to.

After she calmed down and we sat quietly for a while, she said, "Why didn't you...you know that five minutes ago I couldn't have stopped you...I wouldn't have...but you do know that, don't you, don't you Steven." It wasn't a question, and she smiled as she touched my face and said, "I guess you do love me, don't you Steven?"

I said, "Yes mom...that's what I've been trying to tell you."

"Thank you honey, for loving me like that." She let out a long breath and said, "Can you hold me for a while baby?"

I said, "Sure mom." We sat. She fell asleep in my arms for over an hour. When she awakened, she kissed me on the lips, short, motherly; too short, too motherly.

Time passed as if it wasn't passing. My birthday came; I didn't get what I wanted. Her birthday went; I was almost resigned to going on without her, even if in a fog of disbelief. How could it be? I was convinced that we should be together. Maybe I hadn't tried hard enough, maybe I'd tried too hard. My head was muddled, and all I seemed to do was dance with my confusion.

So I did what any normal person would do. I almost got killed. It sounds a lot more dramatic than it actually was, some whacko with a gun – that turned out not be loaded, held six people hostage for about ten minutes in an electronics shop. I happened to be in there to show them the new mini-DVD players. The clerk pushed a silent alarm, the guy had his hands up before the cops even said a word and I had ten of my fifteen minutes of allotted fame. I

downplayed it for mom, but it made the local news and when she saw it, she hyperventilated.

After she got over the initial shock, she brought her face to within inches of mine. Her eyes were wide and the light seemed to make them iridescent. She said, "I could have lost you...and I would have nothing...nothing...I'm fighting you tooth and nail...I'm tired of fighting Stevie..."

I didn't wait for the rest. I kissed her and she kissed me, and we were on each other, over each other, under each other, as the clothes found the far corners of the living room. We were both naked when she said, "Not here baby, in my room." She took my hand and we went to her bedroom.

There was no reluctance, only relief, and mom let go. She didn't have to say the words to describe how she felt. Her legs and arms were open in such a way that showed it all. My cock thickened quickly and there was little foreplay the first time.

I was inside her and she was lubricated enough for me to make my way fully into her pussy in a few strokes. She lovingly looked at me, and she lovingly took me inside her. The build-up was quick. My entries and re-entries into my mother's pussy were strong and she flexed her hips to meet me with matching force and passion. I filled so much of her pussy that when I pulled back, it felt as if her emptiness sucked me back in.

She got more excited. She must have turned at least three times in five minutes. I was on top of her and then after stroking her for a short while, she was on top of me. I pulled her toward me and grabbed her meaty globes to get even deeper into her pussy. My hand spread her ass and without thinking I pushed my finger as far as it would go into her. She made sweet sounds as I fingered her.

She turned me on top of her again and we climbed straight up. Her moans told me she was also almost there. She was saying, "Stevie...Stevie..." as she ran her hands over every part of me she could reach.

She stiffened and bucked up and I started to move in and out of her as fast as my hips could piston. It took me up to an explosive release that made me almost laugh in surprise. Mom was saying, "Yes...yes..." as she felt me coming inside her. She had stayed arched as she climaxed and she said, "Yes, hard, like that baby, yes...oh..."

The reaction after we both finished was so much different than the first time. She was laughing and quickly kissed me a hundred times in a hundred places saying, "I love you," all along the way. I laughed with her.

When we rested for a moment, mom said, "We're not doing something we're going to regret, are we baby?"

I said, "No, and if I knew this was going to happen, I would have almost gotten myself killed a long time ago."

She smacked me playfully and said, "Don't even kid about that...I love you too much." Her long kisses didn't take long to ignite me again. I entered her gently this time and spoke

to her as each measured stroke went the whole length of my shaft.

"Sweet mother, Sweet Diane, you're my beautiful baby," I told her. She smiled wide at my calling her that. I didn't want to ask the question, but I couldn't help myself. "Mom...was Brendan good for you?"

"No baby, he wasn't. He hurt me...and the worst part was that he didn't care. Sweetheart, you never have to compare yourself to him, you're perfect for me." I stroked into her with long fluid insertions and she said, "Oh sweet baby, every inch of you fills every inch of my pussy...you were made for me...your cock was made for me...beautiful cock...big beautiful perfect cock...my cock, my cock, my cock..." She kept repeating it, getting off on saying it as she took it into her pussy.

And with every stroke I felt it too. I'd never heard my mother talk like that and it filled me with a joyful excitement. That it was the best sex I'd ever had wasn't even a question. Nothing had ever come close to being in my mother's pussy like that. I told her, and she said, "Yes baby,

because I'm for you." Her pussy was sopping with moisture, but I was big enough to still be snug against the walls of her pussy. We made love that way for a while and I was so hungry for her, I wanted to experience all of her, in every way I could.

I pulled out and she seemed surprised, but when I straddled over breasts, she knew what I wanted. She opened her mouth for me. I gently stroked between her lips and at one point she stopped to say, "I can taste me on you." She sucked me a few times, and then she said, "Now I want to taste you."

I'm sure many would be horrified by the sight, but to me there couldn't be anything more beautiful. A mother was showing a love for her son that was beyond what society could comprehend. Seeing my mother like that made me crazy with love and sex. At that point, I don't think there was anything in the world anyone could have offered me in exchange for coming in my mother's mouth.

Each time she drew me into her mouth, I could feel her love and desire. She used her mouth and tongue all over the head of my cock until the knob was swollen to purple. I was

right at the point of explosion when she stroked my balls in just the right way to pull the trigger. Just as the explosive orgasm closed my eyes, I saw a hint of a smile around my mother's lips.

The cum poured from my cock into my mother's mouth until it overflowed. She was swallowing, but the white cream still found its way onto her lips and chin. I thought it would never stop as stream after stream shot out of me. The release brought a relief that made my whole body exhale. She sucked me until I was literally dry, except for the warm saliva from her lips.

I'm sure it's not a big percentage, but I'm also sure that there are a lot of mothers that have gone down on their sons, but I can't imagine any son feeling better than I did at that moment. And what do you say to your mother who has just let you fill her mouth with your forbidden seed? "I love you mom," was the best I could come up with.

She exhaled in satisfaction. "And I love you baby," she answered.

That night had the quality of being an experience unto it's own. I don't think we slept at all until morning. It was a time for our 'Firsts.' After resting and recuperating for a few moments, I told her, "You have beautiful everything." She flushed with embarrassed pride as I kissed each place and told her how I loved her eyes, and her mouth, and her breasts, and her pussy, and her ass.

She said, "I feel so good with you Steven; I can't remember ever feeling this good. Tell me what I can do for you."

It was time for me to be a bit embarrassed. She made me feel great, but there was something I was thinking about, but somehow I couldn't say it." She leaned over and kissed me long without saying a word. She rubbed my cock until it was stinging hard.

With her mouth on my ear she said, "Tell me baby, even if it's just a fantasy, I want you to be able to tell me everything. It's okay to think anything about us."

"Well I think about it," I said, "because I've never done it, but I don't know...you're my mom."

"That's why you can Stevie, because I'm your mother, and I'm the one who's always going to love you. Sweetheart, we're here for each other now and there's nothing you can say that's going to make me stop loving you. Tell mama, baby."

It was hard for me even to say it, but I did. At the time it seemed like the ultimate taboo. I practically whispered, "I want to be in your ass mom."

Again she didn't say anything; she just kissed me. And after her tongue slithered over mine until I was even harder than before, she said, "Yes love, it's okay, you can do it."

My hands were practically shaking as I took her breasts in my hands, and after a minute or two she turned over and said, "Get something from the bathroom honey so you can..." I got some lubricant and when I came back she was

on her hand and knees on the bed and she said, "Is this how you want me baby?"

I hadn't thought that far, but she looked great, not one ounce of the firm flesh of her ass was in the wrong place. She was eager as a schoolgirl who was ready and waiting for her boyfriend. I said, "You're perfect mom."

She laughed and said, "Well, I don't know about that...but I do love you Stevie...more than anything." She reached back and with one hand pulled on one of her cheeks to expose more of her small hole. Watching my mother open herself for me got me so excited, I didn't even consider any more foreplay. I just approached her with my throbbing cock in my hand.

I can see it now and it's all like a film I'm watching. My fingers have spread her cheeks and I'm putting the swollen knob of my cock directly on my mother's hole. I'm about to do what seems unthinkable even to a son who's been in his mother's pussy. Even in my heated sexual arousal, I understood what a loving act it was for a mother to do for her son. I put the throbbing knob on my mother's waiting

opening. I push forward. "Oh God," I hear her say it over and over. I use the full length and width of my cock to spread her tight ring and drive into the narrow channel of my mother's ass.

The entryway into her ass is excruciatingly tight. She's between a moan a scream and I pull out. I put more of the jelly on my cock until it's slathered with it. I approach her again and this time it's more comfortable. The swollen head again pushes past my mother's tight ring and enters the channel. She's moaning again, but I hear more pleasure than pain in it. The shaft penetrates, spreads and stretches the last and tightest of the entries she can offer her son.

My cock is searching to take possession of her forbidden opening as I stroke and penetrate the tight hole. Each stroke into my mother's ass tells me that she's mine. Each stroke is inserted deeply, passionately, lovingly. Each stroke strengthens our intimate mother and son bond and takes it to a rare and transcendent place.

Mom talks hard and guttural and says, "Yes, darling, yes...you're inside me...it's so deep baby...you're loving me

so good honey...loving me. This is how much we love each other, isn't it dear?"

"Yes mom," I said as I drove into my mother's tender ass. "Yes mom," I said as I pushed deeper. "Yes mom," I said each time as I went in a little harder and a little stronger. I was so charged up and it felt amazing, but I was concerned for the woman that loved me so much she would take me into her depths. I said, "Mom is it too much; should I stop?"

"No dear, it's okay...it's good...I'm here for you love, I'll take it, I'll take it, I...OH, OH, OH..." At that point my shaft had slid far up into her ass and I couldn't help stroking the whole length of it as my excitement climbed. I could hear the mixed feelings she had, but I continued my penetrations hoping she would let me continue until I came before telling me to stop.

I pushed in as far as I could go. I took hold of both her full globes and pressed them together. The skin was smooth and warm from sex. I was in far enough to be at both of our limits and still I wanted more. I held her hips and pushed

even harder. She let out a short cry that was hard to interpret. I said, "Is it okay mom...is it up too deep in you?"

"No dear, don't stop, it feels good, I want it Stevie, I want it in me like this...yes...oh yes baby...there... so deep. I want to take care of you love...yes, yes, give it to me love...I want to be good for my baby, for my boy, for my dear..."

As I began stroking into her again, I caressed her breasts. Her voice sounded pleading. "Oh God...Yes it's good...yes...be deep in your mamma like that...like that ...oh dear baby...Stevie...what you're doing to me is...OH my God." By then I was giving her my whole cock with each driving penetration. Her ass was stretched as far as it would go, but she was now pushing and twisting and fucking like it was what she lived for.

I bent over her and took her nipples between my fingers as I cupped her tits and tugged at them. Every voice in my head had something to say about it. It felt excruciatingly good, but how could I be making love to my mother like that? I knew it was only because our love was that strong.

And how could I ever stop when it felt the way it did inside my mother's beautiful ass?

And then I lost track of time, I can't describe what was happening because there were no details. I stopped watching as her perfect circle held me and squeezed me and stroked me. I was embraced in the loving moment. It was like being lost in beautiful music, or overwhelmed by a starry midnight sky. There was no outside, only us, inside each other.

After that timeless loving, I regained my awareness, I wanted her to know how good she was making me feel and I said, "Nothing ever felt this good with any other girl, nothing mom."

"Yes baby," she said, "Because we love each other, and that's what makes it feel so good to me too baby. Stevie...it feels good having you in there...so big and so tight and so deep inside me."

I drove into her ass with strong, hard, strokes that were fast and deep. Her body undulated and her tits swayed with each forceful insertion. When I chanced to pull out, I entered her again before her hole had the chance to close. I was thrilled to look at her open that way for me, open for my cock to plow back into her again and again.

I was trying to maintain control of myself and I stroked her with slower, longer, deeper penetrations. She looked back lovingly and said, "This is this how you wanted to take your momma isn't it...is it good sweetheart...is momma good for you baby?" My feelings piled on one another. My cock was on wondrous fire and my mother was lying under me taking me into her ass. Her ring fastened tight around the width of my cock and it seemed stretched to its limit, but with even pressure I was able to stroke in and out. Each stroke drove us even higher because we knew that we were experiencing something most mothers and sons never would, and never could.

Sure I had fantasized about having sex with my mother, where one day I would hold her breast in my hand and she would smile. And I had dreamed that one day she would love me enough to take me into her mouth and suck on me.

And I had even dreamed that I would be inside her pussy, held in that warm wetness as my hardness filled the place forbidden to sons. But even my wild imaginings hadn't taken me where I found myself. And yet, my mother was willingly and lovingly taking me into her most secret places.

I stroked the full length into her tight pucker until I was in her deep enough to feel the full flesh of her globes. I pressed in and said, "You're taking it all mom; you're taking it so good...I love you so much." She took every inch I offered and writhed under the long spearing strokes. I could only imagine what she was feeling as I stretched her. If it was anything like the heat I felt on my cock as it rubbed along the small passageway, it must have felt as if she was on fire.

I said, "Oh mom, you're loving me so good."

She said, "Sweet baby, I'm going to love you better than anybody ever loved anybody."

Looking at my mother's body made me think how much I wanted it to be mine. I thought of Brendan and I said, "I

don't want anybody else to have you mom; I can't stand the thought of it."

She said, "No baby, of course not...nobody."

My entries were strong and hard and she responded with twisting movements and her hands slapped the bed violently. I said, "Nobody can touch you anymore but me...promise me mom...nobody mom, nobody." I kept pushing into her and filling her with the full length and width of my cock.

"Yes honey, I promise you love, nobody is going to touch me anywhere...it's all for you love...I promise...I promise."

I said, "Only me in your mouth mom."

"Yes dear, only you in my mouth." I pushed deeper and harder.

"Only me in your pussy mom."

"Yes dear, only you in my...pussy." My insertions continued driving into her tight passageway.

"Only me in your ass mom."

It almost came out as a sob, "Yes dear, yes, only you in my ass...so deep in my ass...yes dear...yes, yes...OH, OH, OH."

I slowed down and brought both of us back from the brink of orgasm. I came out of her and turned her on her back. She pulled her legs back and I kissed her. She surprised me by directing my cock back into her ass. As I stroked my mother she said, "Yes baby, it's for you, for you...only for you love."

"Yes mom, yes mom...it's so good...oh mom..." I gave back the love she offered with each stroke that went into the place that held both of us tightly wrapped together. I felt even closer to her heart at that moment, than I ever had, and she was mine, as much as I was hers. Making love to my

mother that way was the most exciting and fulfilling experience of my young life.

I continued pumping, and I put my thumb on her clit and the swollen nub came out from under the hood. I rubbed it as I continued stroking and spreading her ass. I was crazy with the passion that her body had driven me to. I could almost sense the cum building and rising with the pressure of a fire hose behind it. I waited as long as I could. It was amazing how long I had lasted without coming, especially considering I was making love to my mother. After each stroke, I tried for just one more, just one more, before I came. And when the last deep penetration pushed in to her limit, she was crying out, "Come in me Stevie come inside me, come baby come, fill me...OH, OH, OH..."

I yelled, "Mom, mom..." and the first report sent a long hard stream deep into my mother's ass.

The explosive release broke any barriers that were between us. My cock went deeper than I thought it could. I gave her the full length of me with each entry. I could feel the round globes of flesh as I penetrated to her end. Each powerful

release sent a full stream of my cum into my mother's ass, each stroke sent a shock wave through my body as I speared my still hard cock into her creaming opening. If her noises were any indication of her feelings, they kept saying, "Yes...yes...yes..." as she took my seed inside her.

My oncoming cords of cum filled her ass to overflowing. The creamy balm was in her, and on her, as volley after volley erupted. My mother moaned loudly as the greased channel allowed faster and deeper thrusts from her loving boy. "Yes darling...yes..." She arched and humped and moaned even louder as I gave to her what few mother's ever took into their bodies, love from their own son's seed. "Baby...baby...baby...baby..." She kept saying it as she came, until it trailed off to a whisper.

I had taken her in all her places, and now, she had taken me. And as much as she was mine, to have and to love, and to make love to, I was hers.

She grabbed me tight and held me on top of her and said, "We're going to get through everything together aren't we

love? Tell me, tell me you're going to love me forever, like this dear, tell me."

"Yes mom, it's forever; that's how long I'm going to love you. And that's how long you're going to love me."

We were together. I kissed her with my heart, and hers answered, "Yes."

Touching Mom

A thought crossed William's mind; "she probably masturbates more than I do." He'd had his suspicions before they moved into the small apartment; the common wall their bedrooms shared confirmed it. In fact, Megan did masturbate more than her son did-lots more.

Megan's self-pleasuring began after she 'gave up' men. A series of unfortunate choices, and a serious lover who turned out to have 'other commitments' when he found out she was pregnant, left her to fend for herself.

She worried about her son Billy, but Megan did the best she could to fill the void left by the absence of a father. She was athletic and taught him soccer and baseball. She enrolled him at the Yoga school she attended. At least the inheritance from her mother left them enough so that she only had to work two days a week; she had time to spend with her son.

Billy was a quiet, withdrawn boy who never called attention to himself except by his good looks. His sexual awakening came at the yoga school. His class ended twenty minutes before his mother's and he often sat at the back of the room…watching…twelve women, mostly between thirty and forty, stretching their bodies into advanced positions…holding…extending…spreading. He had his first orgasm at eleven, looking at his mother's yoga book and thinking about Betty, a forty-year-old busty classmate of his mother.

By the time he was sixteen it was hard for Megan to get anything more than a 'yes' or 'no' answer from him. He was shy but even more so around his mother. 'Embarrassed' is probably more the word because although he had fastened his fantasies on different women over the years, at sixteen he came to the one he never expected to get to.

Billy was idly watching his mother doing some stretches at home and she wore a new leotard that was lower cut than most. She was in the 'Cobra' position and he looked at her breasts sticking out as if it was the first time he had seen them. He watched her do the 'Bridge' with her pelvis

beckoning to him. 'Cat-Cow-Cat-Cow'…on her hands and knees…arching her back up and down…slowly…as if…as if…

He went to his room and his young cock was raging. In his mind she no longer wore the leotard…she moved, but no longer alone…he touched her…she touched him…and he came and came.

After that night only one woman filled his cum-soaked fantasies. For two years it wouldn't let up on him because in their new apartment he began hearing her noises through the walls: noises of her little squeals, her humming toys, her muffled moans. He waited to hear them every night…every morning…and he always did.

Megan tried to get Billy to be more communicative and open with her but despite her efforts he remained isolated. Just before his eighteenth birthday, Megan went back to her old neighborhood for a visit with her old friend Rhonda. After both told each other how much they were missed, Megan mentioned her concerns about Billy. Megan always loved Rhonda's outspoken, outrageous ways but even she wasn't ready for what came next. "Honey," Rhonda said,

“the only way to control any man is with sex, and sweetie, you’ve got the body to do it with…where did you get those genes from? The two of you are better looking than…”

Megan pulled her head back and said, “What ARE you talking about?”

“Listen Meg, I’ve told a lot of people a lot of things but I never told anyone what I’m about to tell you. I’ve got a few years on you and I learned…listen, do you remember the problems I had with my Tommy when he was about eighteen?”

“Sure I remember, he was arrested with that group that broke into Sadler’s…but he never got in trouble after that.”

“That’s right, he never got in trouble because I made sure of it…he was getting something at home he didn’t want to lose…look honey…let’s just leave it at that.”

“Rhonda, are you crazy? You tell me you…did that and then expect me…”

“All I’m saying is that if you want to stay in control…”

“But it’s not the same…anyway I wouldn’t manipulate Billy…”

“Hey sweetie…it wasn’t like that…we both had fun…and anyway where have you been getting yours from?”

“Let’s not go there…I’ve gone out with too many losers and guys that want to go to bed before dinner on the first date…and I don’t know…you could get killed…between the weirdos and the diseases…I’ve just about given up.”

“Well I hope you haven’t given up “Buzz” and “Big ‘D’ also.”

Megan laughed. “No, I’ve got army of those guys in my drawer.”

The conversation was disturbing and left its mark, not because Megan could ever consider ‘using’ sex on her son

but because the thought of having sex with her son surprisingly didn't put her off. It was quite the opposite; it turned the thirty-eight year old mother on. Over time, Billy became a leading character in her fantasies.

She was thinking about him when he saw her do it. Of course he didn't know what she was thinking, he only knew what he saw. He thought that she didn't know he was home…and later he thought she did. He was in his darkened bedroom almost asleep and could see her through the center of the French doors that were opened two or three inches. She sat in the chair reading. He recognized the noises as they began but at first he was surprised. He knew she was only reading a biography she had borrowed from the library. Her thoughts were obviously no longer connected to the book. Her dress was pulled up and her hand was over her panties. Her legs were opened and her eyes were closed. Billie moved as close as he dared to the opening and watched as Megan put her hand under the filmy powder blue material and writhed to the stimulation of her own fingering. She came with three or four high-pitched whimpers and her son had enough grist for months at his mill.

Ironically it was she who inadvertently caught him. She walked into the room…and saw him lying fully dressed on the bed…with his fingers circling his exposed thickened cock. “Oh Billy I’m so sorry…I didn’t know…” He covered himself and turned away. She thought he was embarrassed and tried to put him at ease. “Honey…there’s nothing wrong with doing that…it’s normal…everybody…” When he didn’t respond, she went on. “…Even your momma does it sometimes.” He knew better…even his momma did it all the time. Megan was so stimulated by the sight of her son’s thick cock that she kept saying more than she expected to in an effort to get him to open up to her.

“Baby I know that it feels so good and you can think about anything and anyone because it’s only a fantasy…I do…I think about things… and sometimes I think about…you…” She stopped when she realized how far she’d gone. He looked up in surprise at his mother and was encouraged to tell her the truth.

“Mom…do you know something…I think about you…all the time…I think about touching you and…you know…?”

“Yes…I know honey…I know. You don’t have to be ashamed…I understand baby…you can tell me…please tell me…I want to know.” As he described his fantasies about her, she closed her eyes, his soft voice was hypnotic and her hand crept toward her pussy.

“I think about your beautiful legs and what it would be like to run my hand up to your thighs and up to…between your legs. I…I think about your tits and what it would be like to hold them…and suck on your nipples…” Megan cupped her breast and ran a finger back and forth over the tip, as she pressed harder over her pussy. Billy hesitated as he watched his mother’s hands on her body.

He could hardly hear her whisper, “Tell me what else you do Billy…tell me.”

There was anxiety in his voice when he said, “Mom I…have sex with you…I mean I make love to you.”

“It’s okay Billy…it’s only a fantasy…I have them too…and in mine…you’re the one I’m with…and you…do it…” His cock strained and he couldn’t help touching it.

“Oh Billy…it feels good to say it…” She saw him rubbing himself and said, “I like watching you do that.”

He looked at her and said, “I like looking at you too mom.”

“Then take off your clothes baby.” As Billy unbuckled his jeans she began unbuttoning her blouse. He gazed open-mouthed as his mother slowly stripped before him. His hands almost went involuntarily to her breasts as her bra came off but he stopped himself. Despite being closer to forty than to thirty, her breasts still had enough jut off her chest to look surprisingly larger than they did in her clothes. His eyes stayed glued to the silver dollar nipples that graced the ends of his mother’s tits. She smiled at his stare and said, “Come baby and sit half-lotus with me.” He thought he would come as his briefs slid across his cock when he took them off…looking at his mother’s pussy…so close for the first time.

On the bed they sat facing each other. “Now touch yourself,” Megan said as her hand reached between her own legs. She became a bit embarrassed and lowered her eyes from her son’s but she was content to watch his young cock grow even longer and thicker as he stroked it while his gaze shifted from her breasts to between her legs.

Sitting that close and hearing the pace of their breathing increase Billy said, “Mom, if I sit like this…I’ll come on you.”

“I know Billy,” she said, it’s okay…I want you to.”

He watched the slippery folds between her fingers and the appearance of her swollen clit…he watched the movement of her tits as she rubbed herself below…he looked at the body he longed to possess and when could no longer wait to come, he furiously jerked himself until the first volley of hot cum shot across to his mother’s belly. He closed his eyes and threw his head back from the intensity but it didn’t stop him from hearing his mother’s orgasmic staccato of “OH-OH-OH…oh…oh…oh…oh…”

The excitement of their mutual experience found them in almost identical positions only a few hours later. All Billy had to say was, “Mom…can we…?” She let him touch her. In one hand he fondled her creamy breast and with the other he rubbed himself slowly as she watched and touched herself. Her tit overflowed through his hand and the nipple stretched with the pressure of his touch. His mother’s tit was in his hand and his cock raged at the thought. He loved the weight of it and the creamy color and the fine veins that were barely visible. He leaned over and let his tongue slowly slide around the slight bumps around her nipple. He then drew in as much of his mother’s soft tit as he could and sucked on it for a long time.

The sensations of her son’s mouth drawing on her nipple took her back and she closed her eyes and stoked his hair as his mouth and tongue did their work. Her pussy ached and she attended to it. Even after they both came, the word ‘incest’ still hadn’t crossed her mind…after all…they were only masturbating.

Billy and Megan fell in love. For Billy, the dam had burst. He made up for all the quiet years by telling her everything that made him who he was and she let know her desires and

her heart. She had always loved her son and he had always loved his mother but over the next six months the intimacy they shared brought them as close as any lovers without actually making love. What they had done was spend every moment together holding, touching, sharing, and kissing, lots of kissing.

After spending hours in long embraces, days making out and months of mutual masturbation, the specter of complete fulfillment loomed over them. Billy pushed for it but Megan resisted. He told his mother how much he wanted her but she responded time and again with, “I don’t think we’re ready Billy…it’s incest…let’s just love each other this way.”

For a while Billy was content to kiss her whenever he wanted to; she let him stroke her over her clothes when they kissed. Once, when she wore a short skirt, he slipped his hand down her back and after lifting the skirt managed to get his hand under her panties. He had never felt anything so smooth as he gently stroked over the mounds of his mother’s ass. She acquiesced with soft moans into his mouth. With each new sensation he wanted more…more than his mother was willing to give.

There was one exception…the night he went to bed without holding her…or touching her…or kissing her. Megan knew he was upset because she wouldn't accede to his wishes…wishes that burned as desires for her too. She went into the dark room when it was late and wordlessly bent over her drowsy son. She took his cock into her mouth and began sucking on it. His eyes remained closed as his mother took as much as she could to the back of her throat before drawing back and forth on the hardened meat. She cupped him in her hand and massaged as her tongue and lips did their work. She sampled a droplet of his juice for the first time as some of his pre-cum oozed from his tip onto her tongue. The taste was pleasing to her; everything about having her son's cock in her mouth was pleasing to her.

Megan felt her son reach into her loose nightgown across her hanging breast. With two fingers he delicately rubbed and pulled on the soft puffy nipple until the tip firmed and then became rigid. As lines of electricity went through her belly to the pussy that ached for her son's cock, she became alarmed at what she was doing.

She wanted it too much…she wanted his cock in her mouth too much for it to be wrong…she wanted it because she could feel how much pleasure she was giving to him. She searched her reason. She told herself it would be okay if she didn't let him come in her mouth. She didn't. So Megan sucked on her son's pulsing cock until she heard the unmistakable sounds of him about to come. She took the glistening rod in her hand and stroked it the way she'd seen him do, slipping her fist up and down and over the top of the head. He moaned and involuntarily pressed his fingers together over her nipple. The powerful ejaculation may not have ended up in her mouth but it did land everywhere else. She kissed his forehead and left.

An hour later as Megan was about to shut the lamp by her bed when Billy came in without knocking. He was agitated. "Mom I can't do this anymore…I need you…not just any woman…you…I need to have you mom…do you understand? I need to be in you and love you and I need you to want me to… … how could you do this…I thought we…why don't you understand?" He calmed and finally he said, "Mom…it hurts me that you don't want me…that you don't want me in you…don't you love me?"

“Oh Billy, that’s just it…I do love you and of course I want you…when I tell you all those things…I do want them…I want to feel you inside me…more than anything…but…I’m afraid. Even though I love what we do together, sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night and think…how could a mother want her son like that? And another thing is…I’m afraid if we do have sex you’ll stop loving me…I don’t even know why…maybe I’m afraid you couldn’t love a woman who would sleep with her own son…maybe I think that for men it becomes just sex…and then I’ll just be someone you…fuck…oh Billy, I couldn’t stand that.”

“Mom…mom…” he shook his head and took her into his arms, “I love you so much…and I’m never going to stop for any reason…mom, I’m not just another guy…I’m your son and this is going to be just another way to love you…for a long, long, time.”

Her concerns slowly evaporated in his embrace. It wasn’t what he said as much as hearing the words and getting it out in the open. “Yes Billy…make love to me…we do know what we’re doing…don’t we love? We know what it is…it’s love…I don’t care anymore what anybody thinks or calls it… it’s what we both need…don’t we love?”

The look on Billy's face gave her the answer and when he pulled his briefs down she saw the noticeable bulge transformed into an erect mass that she knew would soon be inside her. The excited mother could hardly take her eyes from her son's hard cock.

On the bed, Megan opened her legs for her Billy to enter her…she expected him to quickly penetrate her and was surprised when he didn't. He had waited so long, and yet somehow, he wanted to stretch the moment. He kissed his mother long and hard; he talked lovingly to her telling her that it was only her that he wanted. He told her until she thought she would burst and he touched her until she thought she would come. Finally her legs were on her son's shoulders and his cock was poised in front of her pussy. The swollen knob was inches from her humid center and as he pressed forward she could feel the stretch and feel herself opening to let her son finally fuck her.

Billy couldn't believe that after all the years of fantasy that his mother's legs were opened for him. He couldn't believe that her pussy was opened for him. He couldn't believe he

was about to fuck his mother. As the first penetration slid past the wet lips and his cock moved into satin of his mother's center, her voice sang, "Yes Billy…yes…love me…take me…" and he became a believer.

As he moved slowly into her, he felt her around every inch of his long shaft. Her sheath caressed his cock in the warm wet confines. His cock found it's way deep in his mother's belly seeking to be completely enveloped. She pulled him down on her and kissed him deeply. It was transforming to have her son's cock filling the pussy that had been waiting for him. She sighed in relief as his cock filled her and she responded with movements that didn't seem to be of her own volition. Her hips gyrated and her body meshed with his.

They kissed deeply and longingly; they ate each other's mouth. His tongue was his cock to her and her pussy was so much better than his hand to him…better than her hand…better than anything. She could feel by the way his cock moved in her that it was more than sex that he wanted…he wanted her…he devoured her. And then it didn't matter anymore what anyone thought…it didn't matter what anyone called it…they were mother and son…they

were making love…and they took comfort in the acceptance of each other.

Billy's first slow, even, entries into his mother's receptive pussy soon became insistent. Megan's languid gyrations became bucking and high arching. Mother and son's tender lovemaking became ferocious fucking. Her son's cock felt so good…she wanted it inside her forever…until she approached orgasm. Then she wanted to come…hard and quick all over the big cock that filled her. Her nails went into him almost as hard and deep as he was into her. As he split and invaded his mother's taboo opening with relentless thrusts, they both began to come. Billy felt as if his mother was milking his cock with her pussy.

He cupped a breast and sucked hungrily as he continued fucking the woman who had given him life and now gave life again. She took her son's cock into herself as if it were her completing part. He told her over and over that she was everything to him. She was overwhelmed with emotion…he loved her and he was bringing her so much pleasure. She stroked his ass and her orgasm approach. At that moment she loved him more than she thought she could stand and

she wanted nothing more than for her son to come with her and in her.

Megan let out a long moan as she crested and said, “Ohhhhh love…I’m coming…I’m coming…come baby…come in me …come in me…come in momma’s pussy…” The first jolt brought a big smile to her face. “Yes baby…yes…yes…yes…” Each discharge of hot cum increased their efforts until they were both thrusting with chaotic abandon. When he finally slowed, Megan wrapped her legs around him and locking her ankles, drew the still hard cock to a place that set off her final spasm of pleasure. She put her arms around her son’s neck and kissed him in between exhausted, satisfying exhales.

The quiet pleasure of the moment they spent in each other’s arms after coming was pure white. Soon Billy’s conscious attention returned and he felt his mother’s moist skin all over his own. He felt the swell of her breasts, the shape of her legs, and the smell of her wet sex. He felt her touching him and it told him that she wasn’t sorry about what she had let him do.

Megan's hand that was idly caressing her son's body soon came across his hardening cock. "Oh my gosh" she said, do you want your momma again?" She wasn't disappointed by her son's response. She kissed his cock to stiff attention and said, "I'm so happy baby…aren't you? Making love with you is so good. Baby…is there anything I'm not doing that would make you happy?

William hesitated for a fraction of a second said, "Uh…no mom, everything is great."

His momentary hesitation told her instincts that he wasn't telling her something. "Just tell me baby…tell me…I'll do it for you…whatever it is…I'll do it for you." He had trouble saying the words and so he reached behind her as she sat on her haunches and laid his hand under her waist and slid it down over the fleshy globe. "Oh Billy…sweetheart…you want me there…is that it…you want to put your cock in mommy's ass?"

"Yes mom…that's what I want…I've never done it that way…and I want it…to be you."

Megan's surprised look turned to a smile and she began breathing hard. She said, "I also want it to be me." She was pleased that her son wanted her to be the first woman he ever took that way and she was more pleased that he would be her first. She took some of the lubricant she used when she inserted her toys and put it on her son's fingers. "You put it on me honey." His fingers trembled as his mother turned her ass to him and opened her knees. He pulled one of the meaty globes aside as he massaged the jelly across her puckered hole. With two fingers he pushed some of it in. "Ooh that feels so nice and cool baby…now put some of it on you." He obediently rubbed the remaining goo onto his straining dick and waited. Even though she had never been penetrated anally, Megan closed her eyes and bravely opened her legs wider in expectation of his entry.

Her heart was beating in her ears and throat and for a long moment she thought about what it would feel like. She didn't know whether to expect creamy pleasure or searing pain but she would go through it for her son, no matter which. Somewhere in her distracted musings she sensed his hesitation for her sake. "It's okay honey," she told him. "I want you to…put it in me…put your cock in mommy's ass."

He put the thick knob against his mother's asshole and pushed. In a mixed gasp and intake of air she cried out as half his cock went into her. He stopped in alarm and then she gathered herself. "I'm okay baby…just do it more slowly to start with. He eased more of his cock into her as she began her litany. "Yes…that's good sweetheart…nice and slow…in mommy's ass…oh yes…that's it…it's good baby…like that…yes…in and out…deeper and deeper…until my Billy's…whole…cock…is in…in…mommy's… ass…"

Billy stroked slowly…pulling out to the tip and them pushing in to the hilt. With each insertion his mother's sounds became more musical…longer and longer decrescendos "Ahhh…Ahhhh…Ahhhhhh…" His hot, hard, shaft felt wonderful in her ass. He pulled out completely and watched his mother's hole slowly close before he would open it again with the shiny helmet of his cock…stretching her rosette…stretching her small channel to accept the fullness of her son's cock.

Megan's moans and sighs became almost indistinguishable from her words. "Mmmm this what you want isn't it…Ohhh…to fuck your mommy…fuck her everyplace…Mmmm…in every hole…yes baby…baby…baby…

just like I imagined with my fingers in me…yeah…yeah…do it to me everywhere…all the time…fuck me…"

He accelerated with her and said, "Yes mom this is where I want to be…inside you…inside your ass…fucking you like I've dreamed of fucking you for so long…watching my cock pushing in and out of your asshole…Oh mom, I knew I would do this one day…I knew…did you know mom…did you know we would do this?"

"Yes love…I knew it…after I tasted you in my mouth I knew I had to have you…in me…in my pussy…even in my ass…it's so big in there baby…I didn't know if…oh Billy your cock is so hot in there…nobody ever did this to me…you're so deep in my ass…and it's so good…my baby in my ass…so good…baby…baby…baby…"

Each of his mother's words now brought a thrust of his cock into her forbidden hole and each thrust brought a sweet moan out of her mouth. He heard the increase in her tempo with each entry of the long cock through her tight ring and recognized it as the pattern she used when she masturbated herself to orgasm. Each moan got louder as his stiff cock

found its way deeper into her. He stopped watching and sank his cock as far as it would go into his mother's ass. His throbbing cock went deeper, faster, and but this time she didn't cry out…she moaned and kept talking to him and taking him in as the excitement and heat built. She reached down and massaged her pussy and clit the way she had done every day before he had started taking care of her but the new feelings of her son's cock riding in and out along the walls of the tight channel in her ass elicited fresh lustful panting. She was at another level and the intensity couldn't last. Neither could he.

In the end there were very few words from either of them. The young man was so deep in his mother's ass it surprised both of them. When she felt his leathery sack slap against her flesh all she could do was moan and with his final exertion all he could do was groan. Finally the cacophony of noises was broken as Billy felt the inevitability of his release into the depths between the globes that his cock was filling.

Billy opened his eyes to look once more at his cock as it disappeared between the beautiful creamy mounds of his mother's ass before he started yelling,

“Mom…mom…mom…I’m coming…I can’t…oh mom…mom…maaa….” As shots of her son’s hot cum filled her ass, Megan started her climax. When she masturbated, she could come softly and quietly but as her son fucked her that way, restraint wasn’t possible.

Megan cried out uncontrollably as her orgasm hit and then again as the surprising second one overtook her. As Billy released, she could feel the love in his satisfaction. He filled his mother’s ass with cum and the soothing warmth was a balm for her: for the ache from his big cock, and the ache of wanting to be filled that way. When their passions were spent, they held each other and fell asleep among gentle kisses.

In the morning, Megan was up before Billy. He was still sleeping and she watched him for a while. When he turned onto his side, she saw the morning hard-on and was stirred by it. She did what she would later do on many mornings. She took her son into her mouth and gently let her tongue roam over the warm flesh. He stirred with a little stretching of his body and she felt his cock spring in her mouth. His reality entered his dream as his mother sucked him toward satisfaction. He was almost there when he opened his eyes

and saw his mother's hands and mouth on his stiffness. He smiled at her and stroked her hair as she began bobbing up and down on the long rod. He sounded a drawn out "Ohhh…" as his body now stretched completely with the first explosive spurt of his orgasm. The flow of cum into her mouth was more than she expected that first time but she experienced his pleasure with him and so she attempted to keep sucking on him as long as he came. When he caught his breath after coming for the first time in his mother's mouth, he told her, "Mom…you are amazing… that was amazing…"

If practice makes perfect then they practically achieved perfection in that first week. No sooner did he have her than he wanted her again. For the first two days he wouldn't let her go to work and they never left the house. He learned her body and he learned her heart and he took her until she was ecstatically sore. Megan was overwhelmed by the ferocity of her 'quiet' son's desire.

They say, "Joy that is shared is joy that is multiplied." The only one that Megan would dare share her joy with was Rhonda. In her first conversation with Rhonda, Megan danced around what she had done and with whom but

Rhonda was tuned to what Megan didn't say. "Is he any good Meg?"

"Who…Rhonda I never said I…oh damn…yes…he is so good for me…Rhonda…I didn't tell Billy but not even…well nobody made me feel like this…I don't know what it is…he fills me and…he fits me…I just keep coming and coming…I want him all the time and I'm doing things I never dreamed…Oh God listen to me I'm going on like I'm a new bride…but that's how I feel Rhonda…like everything is new… because of how Billy…loves me."

Megan did feel like a Bride to her Billy. It was as if she had she had wiped her memory of any life before the one she now shared with her son. She felt as if she were his bride because she had given him her anal virginity. She felt as if she were his bride because she would carry his child if he asked her to and she felt as if she were was bride because she wanted him…all the time. Each night she opened her mouth and her legs and her ass to her son waiting for the rippling pleasures of her orgasms as he came in her.

Rhonda enjoyed Megan's descriptions almost as much as Megan did. "I remember what it was like with my Tommy…that first flush and then all that fucking for months…I miss it Meg, I really do."

Megan said, "What happened Rhonda…I mean…if you don't want to talk about it it's okay."

"Oh honey…you know… he started with other women…I was there when he wanted me and you know what happens…maybe I was too easy…finally he met Karen…she's a sweetheart and I don't think she knows what she's in for…can you believe he came to me two days before he got married and tried to get a "final fling" as he called it? I told him 'No way' and tried to get him to understand what he was doing but I don't know…men…I sure as hell don't understand them."

Megan's conversations with Rhonda left her excited but wary. She couldn't help wondering if her affair with Billy would mirror Rhonda's with her son. As time went on and the flush of the first few weeks turned into months, she worried more. And yet she couldn't detect anything from

Billy but love and desire. They were both voracious; they fucked every chance they got. Megan felt like a kid again and was ready every time her Billy wanted her. There were nights the inflamed membranes of her small opening turned pink and raw with the number of times her son wanted her but she always welcomed any expressions of his desire for her.

At times her unreasonable fears mounted and she would 'test' him. Getting up late one morning she knew he would have to rush to get to work. She put on her nylons and heels and nothing else. She then sat before the mirror putting on her makeup hoping to provoke him. He only laughed and said, "Mom, are you trying to get me crazy?" He brought his cock to her mouth and within minutes he spewed his creamy seed down her throat. If she tried to 'let him off' when he came home late by telling him it was okay if he was too tired to make love, he took her until she was sore.

Finally Megan talked to her son about her fears. As she sat naked in bed, waiting for him to join her, Megan said; "Billy honey…when we first started I thought to myself, 'how can I be doing this with my son?' But I knew even then that it was exactly what I wanted…to be yours…to please you… to

give you what you need even if it meant letting you do what I never thought of any man doing to me…because it was what I needed too Billy…to have you in me…here…" She covered her pussy with her hand and rubbed. "…And to have you in me everywhere. I knew it would be terrible for me if you would want someone else but I thought that it was inevitable …you're so young…" She smiled sadly at him, "How long could an old lady keep you happy? But now baby…Oh God… I couldn't stand it." She reached out and took his cock, wrapping it into her fist. "Please tell me this is for me…only for me…I don't want you to want anybody else…I don't want you to…fuck anybody else." Her eyes were wide and sparkling.

Billy put a caring hand on his mother's burning cheeks. "Mom…it's only for you…I don't want anybody else…you have to know that…this is what I want." He strongly grasped her two breasts and then let them go. This is what I want. He reached between his mother's legs and firmly held her pussy. "And this mom…this is what I want." He slid his hand under her ass and managed to put his finger into her. She closed her eyes and responded immediately as his probing finger moved inside her small channel.

“Yes Billy they’re for you and I promise you…I’ll never refuse you… anything…anytime…just tell me…just tell me…just tell me.” He tasted a salty tear as he kissed her mouth and prepared to enter her. As her took her he felt her complete surrender. “I belong to you Billy don’t I…momma belongs to you…don’t I baby?”

“Yes mom you’re mine…all of you belongs to me.” He held his mother’s legs opened as wide as he could and quickly entered the wet opening. She felt every inch of her son’s cock penetrating her. She loved her vulnerability to him. She knew he would soon take her mouth or her ass as he often did and she loved being subject to his sexual whim. He went to her mouth after a while and filled it with the throbbing flesh that was sticky with the taste of her.

Megan cupped him and sucked him almost manically in her excitement. She knew he wouldn’t come in her mouth yet because he wasn’t through with her. He pulled the cock that was shiny with saliva out of his mother’s mouth and went back to her pussy. He sank the long sword into her up to the hilt. He fucked her at various paces and she almost came a few times but he knew his mother. He knew how to keep her at the edge, at the precipice of the satisfaction she

knew would come only after building to the point where she could almost scream to him to let her finish.

Finally Billy lifted his mother to a seated position on him and she had a measure of control. As she gyrated her hips on the stiff rod that filled her pussy, he grasped his mother's ass in both hands and drew her fully onto the length of his cock. She felt a liquid release and cried out as he contacted the depths of her. "Oh God…yes…yes…oh Billy…Billy…Billy…" Her arms wrapped him in a crushing grip as their cum mingled.

The gratified mother told her son told her that he was all she could ever want and he called her his "sweet lover…sweet mother…sweet bride." Their lives had taken an unalterable new path. They had gone past lovemaking, fucking, and even incest…they were joined.

They were happy…for a minute. At least that was the way it seemed to Megan. She had given herself to her son in a way few women do with their husbands or lovers and at first he had enveloped her in love; he had lavished her with caring, affection and sex.

With her accessibility to him, Billy assumed that Megan would always be there - no matter what he did, said, or didn't say. Within a year his caring had shifted focus from his mother to himself. The affection he showed her only manifested itself sometimes during sex. He still liked fucking her but he now saw her as too demanding. To him she was always bothering him to tell her how much he loved her and needed her. To her, what she had feared from the beginning had come to pass; she was just a fuck to him.

Megan started to get back at him by withholding anal sex. She told him it hurt too much. He knew it didn't. She thought that it might get him to change. It didn't. He started looking elsewhere. He was aware that Rhonda knew about them and he'd always found her attractive. He figured he would visit her on the pretense of talking about his 'problem' with his mother but more to see what might happen.

Megan had told Rhonda too much…too much about what a good lover he was…what he made her do…what he made her feel. Months of confidences had whetted Rhonda's

appetites and memories of sex with her own son were re-kindled.

The extra years wore well on Rhonda and she looked no older than Billy's mom. Her body was inviting and she didn't try to hide it. He didn't fail to notice. It wasn't an hour before the length of her thigh and leg was against his on the sofa…her nylons making that sound against one another…her perfume in the air…her heat palpable to him.

She was so understanding, so sweet and so close. The foreplay was almost non-existent. Within minutes he was fucking his mother's best friend and she was telling him that he made her feel like Tommy did when he did this…and that…in the kitchen…and in the car. He wasn't interested in Tommy. All he wanted to do was fuck Tommy's mom…and not in the kitchen but in the ass.

Billy let her sit on him and ride for a while as he pressed and pulled at her heavy tits. It didn't feel as good as good as when his mother was on him and he wanted to banish thoughts of her so he turned Rhonda over and attempted

to enter her from behind. His cock wasn't wet enough from her pussy but he wasn't too concerned.

Rhonda screamed at the top of her lungs. She had expected him to penetrate her pussy doggy-style and the shocking entry into her ass was excruciating. He pulled out and soothed her. She was practically crying from the pain when he asked her if she had any lubricant. She was hardly focused when she told him where to find it. He returned slathered up and put a soothing finger into Rhonda's ass. She was saying something like, "I don't know if…?" when he approached her again. She girded herself remembering how Megan had described coming time and again as her son had buried his cock deep into her small channel.

With only a third of his big cock in her Rhonda screamed again. "No more…no more damn you…no more." She pulled away and after composing herself, she told Billy, "This was a mistake…please don't tell your mom…and please go." Billy left after an off-handed apology and went home.

He never told his mother about Rhonda and he didn't have too. They were out of sync and the bond had been

damaged. Megan wondered how things could get so bad, so quickly. They began living separate lives and Billy moved out. Megan called lots more than he did but most of their conversations were strained.

During the first two months they spent apart, Billy went to bed with seven different women. It was the best thing that ever happened to him because he found all the affairs empty and unsatisfying. He began talking to Megan more often until they spoke every day. Their estrangement ended simply.

Billy said, “I want you back.”

Megan said, “Why?”

Billy said, “Because all of me knows that we love each other.”

He went home the same night and the song fit; love was better the second time around. Billy knew that he was

where he had to be, with his mother. It would be different this time because it was about love. He was hers now.

He kissed his mother and ran his hands over the body he would come to cherish. Just touching her breasts and ass over her dress felt better than anything he'd touched in the time they were apart. The sweet taste of her tongue in his mouth made him hard. Her smell made him hard. Her touch made him harder.

He stripped her slowly and tasted the fragrant skin of each part of her as he exposed it. He made love to her breasts with touches and licks and sucks. His mother was ready for him before he touched her moistened pussy but he was tortuously slow and teasing with the slick folds and hood that covered her swelling clit. He quickly undressed himself and as they stood; he held her naked body against his inserting a finger in her ass as she opened her legs for the son she loved.

He sat her on the edge of the bed and his turgid helmet approached her mouth. She took a halting breath as she accepted the head between her lips. She saw her son looking

at her as she began sucking in his long rod. She had a moment of disquiet and said, “You would never be ashamed of me would you baby?”

What he was thinking as his mother was sucking him was that it was the most beautiful sight he could imagine. He smiled at her and said, “Never mom, never.”

Before returning the big cock to her mouth she said, “It’s so good to have you home again…where I can taste you…and love you.” Her tongue massaged the hard flesh as her lips ran up and back along the length of her son’s shaft. She was moaning softly as her desire pictured her son in all her holes. She wanted it in her pussy…she wanted it in her ass…as much as she’d ever wanted anything. So did he.

Billy pulled back and lifting his mother’s legs put her on her back. He looked at the beautiful pussy and asshole as he spread her legs and couldn’t imagine how he had ever left. It seemed like forever to her since her son had been inside her pussy. Sinking the length of his cock into her wet opening felt new to both of them. It had been so long. And as good as it had felt before, it now felt better. With long

even strokes his cock explored the sheath of his mother's channel, from the pussy lips he pushed apart to the depths of her belly. After stroking her for a long time, Billy looked into Megan's loving eyes as he fucked her. She said, "Angel…love mommy they way you used to…do it Billy…do it…"

"Mom, I love you…do you really want me to?"

She said, "Yes baby, yes…yes" She laid back and pulled her knees to her breasts exposing more of the asshole he so much wanted to fuck. She smiled as her son brought his hard cock to the opening. He could see that his cock was covered with her juices and cum. The big tip stretched his mother's hole wide but got past the tight ring smoothly. With his first full insertion she said, "Oh Billy…yes…do it in my ass…in my asshole…yes…oh fuck me…fuck me…fuck your momma. Oh honey…I missed your big cock in me like this…Billy…Billy…let's never fight like that again…what we have is too good…this is too good…isn't it baby…isn't it?"

He felt a passion for his mother as strong as he had ever felt. The months he had spent away from her had matured him

by years. “Yes mom…it’s better than anything…please forgive me …I was so stupid…please mom.” Each insertion into the depths of his mother’s ass was done with as much love as with desire, and she felt it.

“Yes Billy, none of that matters anymore…this is what I need…your cock…your love…filling me…I never want you out of me…oh fuck…fuck…fuck…” His mother felt her pussy spasm and begin to spurt. She clutched at him and with a high pitched moan she came. She kept coming and he kept pumping the full length of his cock into the depths of his mother’s ass. He enjoyed watching her come as he gave her all he had; he only hoped he could hold on until she came again.

As Billy slowly pulled back, his mother’s ring made a perfect circle at the back of his blood-swollen helmet. He pulled out completely to keep himself from coming and looked at the pink of her slightly opened hole. That and the wetness of her pussy inflamed him. As Megan whimpered to her young son, “Oh Billy, be in me…be in me,” he put his cock back into her ass. This time he knew he couldn’t keep from coming. He was where they both wanted him to be.

No one could make her come like him. No one could love him like her.

The first blast of cum set Megan off again as she felt the warm buttery fluid releasing into her ass. The synchronous movements of his mother's hips met Billy's fast hard thrusts. Every entry of her son into her body said, "Yes" and her every response echoed it. "Yes Billy…yes love…yes…yes…yes…"

Their bodies meshed as their moans and essences mingled. The sounds of flesh on flesh filled the room. They kissed and clutched and touched each other's heart. Her wounds began to heal as he filled and fulfilled her with soothing cum. He kissed his mother slowly and lovingly many times after they finished and she sighed. She knew they would be okay. His life and her life again became their life.

THE END

Youthful Cravings: My Forbidden Mom

I didn't think I was normal at first, and not for a long time after that. I mean, boys don't fantasize about their mother, do they? Well, I didn't think so at the time.

It started about as soon as I was old enough to do it. It's not hard to imagine why. She was a young boy's ideal; an intoxicating combination of warm smile, sweet smell, and full breasts.

The pictures that turned me on were the ones that resembled her in some way. Maybe just the color of their hair resembled hers, or they looked more like women than girls. The girls that turned me on were almost always curvy. I was always proud that she was my mother, especially when the other guy's eyes widened when they saw her.

We always got along and I thought she was a good mom. She worked hard, but she never threw it in my face. I hardly ever asked her for anything after reaching my early teens, because I knew she would get it for me. We didn't have a lot of money but somehow she would work enough to get me what I wanted. That's probably why my first sustained sexual fantasy was one in which I did ask her for something.

She's sitting at the breakfast table and there's nothing complicated about the way it all unfolds. I walk in and say something like, "Mom, you look so beautiful, would you do something for me?"

She says, "Of course sweetheart, what is it?"

I say, "Would you take off your top for me so I can see how beautiful you really are?"

She smiles and says, "Oh, what a sweet thing to say to your mother." She unbuttons the white shirt with little purple flowers that she usually has tucked into her jeans, from the top down. She then pulls it open like a curtain. My mother

isn't wearing a bra and she exposes those wonderful breasts to me. "Is this what you wanted, honey?"

It isn't hard for me to imagine the smile that graces her face because I've seen it so often. In my fantasy, her smile says, 'I'm proud of the way I look, and you can touch me if you want to.' I step close to her and put my palms on the full flesh and then slide them down over her nipples. I feel them harden as I lightly tease them erect. I lift both breasts and bend to kiss her. As we kiss, with her tits in my hands, that's all I need. Of course I never actually did any such thing but I did think about that and many other possibilities until she was practically my only fantasy.

As I got older and went through high school, there was a change in her. I could almost see the joy seeping out of her. I couldn't imagine what her inner life was like at the time, and I never understood the depth of her feelings until she talked to me about it. In a sense, that's what brought us closer together.

I had come to some understanding of what I felt about her, thanks to a special place on the internet, and a person

named, 'Lovey.' I didn't fight it anymore, and I knew I couldn't force it, so I accepted it, for the moment. Even if it didn't take the form I wanted, Mom and I had a loving and warm relationship when I compared to the ones my friends had with their parents. We talked all the time, but we'd never really had a meaningful conversation that touched on who we were inside, until Graduation Day.

It was late when I got home after celebrating with my friends and she was still up. She looked so sad sitting on the couch. She was obviously not watching the TV that was on because the sound was too low to hear anything. I said, "Hey mom, what's up?" Then I noticed the tear rolling down her cheek. I said, "What's wrong; are you okay?"

She looked like she was trying to say something but nothing came out, except for more tears. I sat by her, confused, and she hugged me. I held her for a moment and I tried to get her talk. "Tell me mom…it's all right…did something happen with Brian before he left?"

I knew that Brian was going overnight on business, because he said so after the graduation ceremony. Brian was the guy

who had been living with mom for about a year. He was a nice man as far as it went and I'd never as much as heard him raise his voice to my mother. In fact, it was always," Yes Christine, sure Christine, of course Christine." And actually, I found that strange, because even though I didn't have a lot of experience with women, I would call my girlfriends, "Baby," or "Sweetie," like my mom called me; but all he ever called her, was Christine.

"No, it's not Brian," she finally said. She stayed in my arms and started talking softly. "It's just everything…Its Auntie Pat, I spoke to her and she's sick." Pat was just about our only relative, mom's Great aunt who lived about 150 miles north of us. She ran an antique business that had more junk than antiques, but she was a fun lady and we'd visit a couple of times a year.

Mom was sniffling and said, "And it's me… I feel like my life is over…you're going to be leaving soon and as far as Brian goes…well, I don't like to admit it to myself but I think the main reason I got involved with him was just not to be alone…but there's nothing there…there's nothing anywhere." She got quiet again.

That was the most my mother had ever told me about herself. I almost didn't know what to say. I was holding her and she felt good in my arms; she felt good against me. "Mom, we can go visit Auntie Pat and it doesn't have to be Brian, it could be anybody. You're great looking and you could have any guy you want. I would love to find a woman like you."

There was a soft snicker. She pulled back and smiled enough for me to see the dimples I'd almost forgotten she had. "Thanks baby, but the truth is that I'm almost forty, and starting to fall apart."

As far as I could see, lots of women would be happy to 'fall apart' the way she had. "Why is it so hard…so hard…" she asked into the air. The tears started to fall again, and this time, I was possessed to hold her arms and kiss her face.

I just wanted to console her. "It's okay mom, it's going to be okay." I kissed more of her tears away and she kissed me

back. Before I knew what happened we were kissing on the lips. At that moment, you couldn't convince me that the earth wasn't flat, because I fell off.

I thought that reality was about to replace my imaginings and my heart started keeping time with those Irish dancers. I was afraid to believe it. With my eyes closed, for a moment, I thought that maybe it wasn't happening; maybe I was kissing a voluptuous girl named Christine. I reached for her breast and began to fondle it. It felt larger in my hand than I imagined.

Most of the clothing mom usually wore hid the fullness of her breasts; there was no hiding anything as I massaged my mother's big tit until my hardness started to strain.

I said, "Mom, you feel so good; you're so beautiful." She didn't say a word but I could hear a small moan in her throat as we kissed and I felt her.

It went on for about a minute and that was long enough to send a thousand thoughts through my head. One of those

thoughts sent a picture to my mind which had me on top of her, miraculously, inside her. Then she broke the kiss and said, “No baby…no…I’m sorry, it was my fault.”

“Mom…” that was all I could say before she ran out of the room and locked herself in her bedroom.

I tried to talk her out but all she would say was, “No honey, I’m okay, just go to bed.” There wasn’t going to be any miracle that night.

Everything was strained and strange between us following that incident. Mom was more quiet than usual, and whatever room I was in at a given time, she seemed not to be in. It didn’t stop me from thinking about her.

The most vivid fantasies are usually the ones triggered by reality. In my case, I came home one day and mom was exhausted and asleep on the couch. My first thought as I looked at her, was that I wanted to hold her and kiss her and tell her I loved her.

I got aroused looking at her. Her blouse was still buttoned, but because it was pulled, I could see in to a rounded portion of the white bra and that held her breast. One of her legs was raised enough so that her creamy thighs were exposed up to her panties. I couldn't see her pussy, but I could imagine it.

It doesn't seem like much but I watched her for a good long time and it was enough to send my imagination into dozens of scenarios for weeks. In most of them I would hold her legs up and couldn't even wait to get her panties off. I'd pull them to the side and my cock would just sink into her pussy. Of course when she realized that I was stroking inside her, it would feel so good…etc. etc.

The next step into reality confusion we took a while later. I had come home late and wanted to tell her something. Brian was away and I could see that the light was on in her bedroom so I knocked at the door and said, "I just want to tell you mom that I won't be coming home tomorrow night because I'm going to the lake with John from work."

She said, "Come in honey."

She was sitting up in bed reading and she had a loose fitting nylon nightie on. I couldn't see through it, but the top was low enough to see the flesh of her boob bubble up when she moved. "How come you're going at this time of year?" she asked.

"They're having some kind of festival and the club is opening and we thought we'd just get away…meet some people."

She laughed, "And hopefully, some of those 'people' will be girls, right?"

"I guess."

"Well, have a good time, I'll miss you."

She must have just bathed because there was a faint fragrance of powder coming from her and when I said "Goodnight," and bent down to kiss her cheek, I could feel the heat rising from her body. I stayed by her face and knew

I should probably shut up but she looked so good to me, so I said, “Mom, you’re a terrific looking woman.”

I heard her breathe, but she didn’t say anything. I gave her butterfly kisses on her face and neck and she said, “Honey…”

I reached in and took one of her breasts in my hand as I continued the little kisses. It felt satiny from the powder. Without squeezing, I fondled it only with my fingers, letting the tips glide over the smooth flesh. My nail crossed the nipple and I could feel its length when I rolled it gently between my fingers. She was breathing hard.

It wasn’t long before she took my hand out of the gown. She said, “Sit down baby.” I sat by her on the bed. “Honey, we can’t keep doing this; it could lead to something we’ll both regret. Mattie, I know you don’t mean anything bad, but we have to get back to normal…we have to, okay?”

I said, “Okay, we’ll get back to normal,” even though I had no idea what that was. I said, “Goodnight,” again and spent

one of those nights where I couldn't find a position that would let me sleep.

After that, we talked as if we were polite strangers, when we talked at all. I worked most days and was going to school at night to learn researching for law firms. So the only time we saw much of each other was on the weekends. Then all of a sudden she was working some Saturdays. The next thing I knew, she said, "Matt, the company wants to put me up at a hotel in the city so I can work the weekend instead of Mondays and Tuesdays. It'll mean more money so I've decided to do it. You're okay here by yourself aren't you?"

I said, "Sure, mom." what I really wanted to say was that I've rather spend the weekend with her, in bed - not something a son usually says to his mother.

By that time, December had whitened the streets and I felt cold inside and out. I started to wonder again if I had talked myself into a feeling that was so nuts it would make me miserable forever. Even the look on the face of the Santa

Claus who was collecting on the corner seemed to say, “What the hell are you thinking, man?”

Mom had asked Brian to leave and I wasn’t seeing anybody special. I spent a lot of time online with people who understood what I was going through and that gave me stamina to do something. Anything was better than what was going on. On the Saturday night before Christmas, I spent an hour on the train and showed up unannounced at the hotel where she stayed. I knocked at her door and when she heard it was me, she said, “What’s the matter…wait a minute.” When she opened the door, she was finishing tying the robe that was two sizes too big.

“Honey, what are you doing here?”

“I need to talk to you mom,” I said. “You can’t keep running away from me.”

“What do you mean…I’m not running…?”

I came in far enough to close the door and I put my arms around her and kissed her. She didn't fight me. She pulled back long enough to say, "Oh honey, we can't…" I kissed her again. I undid the sash on her robe and put my hand inside. She had on a white bra and panties. I unhooked the bra and the sweet flesh spilled into my hands. As the robe fell around her feet, I reached for the light switch and flipped it down. There was enough light coming from behind the curtains for me to see that she was moist when I pulled down her panties.

I led her to the bed and as she turned onto her side away from me, I undressed as I looked at the sensuous curve her hips and ass made. I pushed her hip down with one hand, and her body straightened onto her back, but her face remained toward the wall. I opened my mother's legs and brought my cock to the opening. My first penetration was gentle but incomplete. I hadn't slept with that many girls, but a few of them had complained that my size made sex uncomfortable for them. I didn't want to hurt my mother.

I gently pressed in until almost all of me was inside her pussy. I stroked in and out. It felt so good, and then my urges and concerns all hit me at once. I wanted to go faster, and slower, and harder, and softer, and deeper, and deeper, and deeper.

I heard her whimper and I wasn't sure if it was because she was crying, or it hurt, or it felt good. Against every instinct and urge, I became still inside her. I said the last thing I really wanted to say, "Mom, do you want me to stop?" She didn't say anything. After what seemed to be an eternal minute, I felt her hips start to move under me.

She started softly moaning as the rhythm of my sex going into hers became synchronized with our movements. Even though the events leading up to me being where I was seemed real and comprehensible, the result was not. I was inside my mother's pussy, with her wetness all around my cock, and we were having sex. No, it was better than sex. Well, better than any sex I'd ever had.

My mother wrapped her legs around my back and that took me deeper into her. By then my whole cock was penetrating her pussy with each thrust. At the conclusion of each deep entry she made an “Mmmm…” sound that combined a short cry with a breathy release. I had no doubt about those sounds; I was pleasuring her.

That spurred me on and as I penetrated somewhat harder and faster I said, “Mom it’s so good…nobody could ever be this good for me…I love you mom.” She didn’t say anything and it bothered me for a fleeting moment until I re-focused on the physical connection. With each stroke she clenched as I withdrew, as if she was trying to hold me inside her, and keep me there between her legs. It was tight enough to make it feel as if her pussy was milking my cock.

I could hardly believe that my mother was letting me do what I had fantasized over for so long. I took one of her breasts and started sucking hard on the nipple as my thrusts took us both higher. Her sounds were getting higher pitched and coming closer together. I was hoping she could come soon because I wasn’t going to be able to hold out much longer.

I raised myself a bit and she unclasped her legs. I held her by her ankles and spread her legs wide apart. She looked so sexy in that position I almost came right then. I watched in fascination as some of the pink inside her pussy moved in and out with my penetrations. Her mouth now was opened in a wide silent 'O.' I began giving her all I had as my unstoppable orgasm approached.

It hit me at that helpless moment that I was about to come inside my mother's pussy and I wasn't wearing a condom. I didn't know if she was protected and it flashed that I could possibly make my own mother pregnant. I said in an almost panicked voice, "I'm coming mom, I'm coming."

As if she were reading my mind she said, "Yes, come inside me." The only other words she said as she began to thrash were "Oh God…oh God…" over and over. I penetrated and fired volley after volley of cum into my mother's pussy. The feeling of those releases was something new. It surprised me how hard my cock remained and how many times I penetrated deep into mom's belly to let go what I

thought would be the last stream of seed I had in me. They kept coming. I kept coming, and mom kept coming.

When it was over, she turned to her side again and buried her face in the pillow. I spooned into her with my wet cock on her ass and held her around. Neither of us said anything for a long time. The only sound was that of the occasional kiss I would plant on her back as I held her trembling frame.

We both slept very little and intermittently. Each time I woke up I wanted her again, but she had put on the robe while I was asleep and the most she would let me do was hold her. In the morning when I awoke, she was sitting on a chair and staring out. I couldn't get more than a sound that signified 'yes,' or 'no,' out of her. Finally I asked her if she wanted me to leave and she said, "Yes." it was like someone walking on my chest.

We finally talked about it on the following Monday night. I had spent the day half-heartedly looking for an apartment. I really didn't want to find one. She said, "I can't stop thinking about all this Matt, but I realize now that I have to apologize to you. I don't know how I let it get that far but

there's only me to blame. My God, I'm your mother; I'm the one who should be responsible…I'm the one who's supposed to protect you…" Her eyes started to fill.

"Mom, I wanted to do it, I wanted you, and I love you."

"No honey, you don't understand. You're just a boy… and you have strong desires, and they blind you, but I should know better. I'm your mother. I'm so sorry baby. Listen, I want you to talk to someone, someone who'll help you understand and get over this thing."

I almost let my smile become a laugh. "Mom, in case you hadn't noticed, I'm not a 'boy' anymore; I can actually drive and vote and…" I caught myself from getting too sarcastic and said seriously, "And I don't want to talk to anyone except you. I don't think we did anything wrong, and you don't know how long I've thought about it. You don't know how long I've wanted be with you like that."

“Well, you’re still my boy…and people don’t do this kind of thing…it’s just not a normal thing for you or me…it’s wrong for a mother and son to…” She was becoming agitated

I started talking softly and she relaxed a little as I spoke. “Mom, that’s just not so. There are people who can love like that, yes, mothers and sons. Mom, we’re not the first and not the last. I’ve been dealing with it for a few years now so it doesn’t even seem strange to me anymore. I’ve thought about it, read about it, and done something about it.”

“What do you mean Matt?”

“It’s an internet thing,” I told her. “There’s a site that I found after going through mazes and circles and dead ends. It’s a place where people like us talk to each other. It doesn’t say anything about incest in the title and it’s not public like they’re trying to sell stuff or anything. It’s just the people who get there mostly by word of mouth. They help each other to understand and deal with what they’re going through. Mom, will you take a look at it with me? It helped me to accept who I am and what I want, whether I get it or

not. Mom, I'm not trying to convince you to do something you don't want to, just to understand it."

"Okay Matt, I'll look at it, but please, not today. I have to…I don't know, just not today."

"All right, whenever you're ready." I gave her a hug and said, "Thanks…for being my mom." She gave a little laugh-cry combination and put her face in my neck.

I went to the site that night and chatted back and forth with a woman who called herself 'Lovey.' She was one of the mothers that I had always found insightful even before I participated and had been just 'observing.' Basically she told me not to push and to let my mother come to grips with what had happened between us in her own time. I thought it was good advice. I hoped that Lovey would be online if my mother decided to look in.

Mom and I were a little easier with each other after that. We even talked more about my father than we ever had. She had avoided the subject as much as possible when I was

growing up. I didn't know much more than that he had died after they had been married for only eleven months.

The stories she started telling me, showed me how much she had loved him, and that she hadn't moved on. I guess that was why she never got married again or ever had relationship that lasted more than a year or two. I was glad she was opening up to me; it made it warmer between us.

A few weeks after we made love, she started asking me questions about the site. I said, "Mom, why don't we just take a look at it and you can see for yourself." She sort of raised her eyebrows and smiled in nervous anticipation and we went to the computer. It was in a small room and we sat side by side in front of the screen.

Lovey wasn't online but I showed mom how to look at her previous postings. I read a few sentences out loud from one of the first things that Lovey had put up. "I enjoy sex with my son because it lets us explore the physical dimension of the love we share. It makes us both more complete. When he's hard for me, it makes me happy." I stopped because I could see that mom was getting uncomfortable.

“You know mom,” I said, “maybe it’s better if you just read this stuff on your own.” I put it into the Favorites, which I hadn’t done before, fearing she might open it out of curiosity. “Now you can go and check it out whenever you want, and if you see Lovey on line, talk to her.”

“Okay honey,” she said, “I don’t think I’m ready to talk to anyone, but I’ll see.” She wasn’t ready to chat but she was ready to go to the site almost every night for weeks. It was hard for me not to ask her about it, find out what she was thinking, but I figured if she was going back to it, she was interested, not horrified.

One night I couldn’t contain myself. After she came off the computer, I asked, “How’s Lovey?”

She laughed, “She’s fine, I guess. I didn’t chat with her but I did read everything she wrote. She’s a smart lady and it just never occurred to me that people could look at…this stuff…from such a different perspective. God, it’s a whole other world out there. I couldn’t believe how many people…and I guess I can see now that what happened

between us maybe wasn't as terrible as I thought it was. I don't think I could ever live like Lovey does, but I can understand it better now. You know Matt, her relationship with her son; it sounds almost like they're married."

"They are mom. We've e-mailed a few times and they actually had a ceremony of some kind and wear rings. They're as married as anyone as far as they're concerned."

"My God." Mom was shaking her head in amazement at it all. "You know honey, I'm glad you made me read all that because at least I don't hate myself for what happened. And I want you to know that when it happened, no matter what I thought about it afterwards, I couldn't deny wanting you. I just hope you're okay with it and that it doesn't bother you later on because…"

"Mom, I'm more than okay, it was the most beautiful thing…being inside you…" She covered my mouth with her hand and smiled opening her eyes as if she was surprised I could even say it.

“I’m still not ready for that, baby.”

“Okay, then how about a kiss that just say’s ‘I love you?’”

She smiled and kissed me. It moved gently from a mother’s kiss to a lover’s kiss but I left it at that. I didn’t touch her although my hands ached for her breasts as much as my cock ached for her pussy. Her smile told me I had done the right thing.

Mom stopped working weekends and we spent the time together. She even had time to make me a shirt on my twenty-first birthday. Mom didn’t stop looking at the internet site and even chatted sometimes with a couple of the women. I felt as if she were my girlfriend when we went to the movies, or the park. They were sunny days.

It was two months after I first had sex with my mother that I touched her again. We were home on a Sunday afternoon watching a baseball game, munching on popcorn. Every once in a while, I reached over and kissed her cheek or her salty lips. She did the same until the game we were playing

shortened the interval between kisses and our lips were sealed together. I was wearing thin cotton shorts and my hard was definitely on. She laid her hand on me and my cock raged. She reached underneath and took the stiff mass out. She said with more air than voice, “I’ve always wanted to tell you how beautiful this is, since the first time I saw it.”

She bent down and took the swollen head into her mouth. What many sons have wanted their mother to do, my mother was doing. I thought I was dreaming. My fantasy was being played out before me. My mother told me I had a beautiful cock and she was sucking on it. I watched as her tongue slid out of her mouth and washed back and forth under my shaft. She took more of me into her mouth and wrapped her fingers around as much of my width as she could, and squeezed. I wanted so much to fuck her.

She let me take off her clothes and touch the places I wanted to possess. I fingered around her pussy lips and lovingly massaged the slippery button under her hood. She said, “Yes baby, there, there,” as I stimulated the sensitive nub.

I tried to maneuver her into a position where I could enter her but she wasn't going to let me. Instead, she turned herself, taking my cock back into her mouth while her pussy faced me. I knew what she wanted, and the couch was large enough to accommodate us.

We mutually sucked on each other's genitals after finding a comfortable position. She painted my cock with her tongue between the suctioning she was applying to the thick knob. She was on top and I could see her head bob as she struggled to take more of my thick flesh into her mouth.

I licked my momma's vagina and then I sucked hard on her clit between my lips, drawing it in. She had to take her mouth off me momentarily to moan, "Oh Matt, I love your beautiful cock, I love to suck it, I love what you're doing to my pussy, don't stop, God, don't stop." I knew her desires were overwhelming her because she never spoke that way.

Her words stroked my cock almost as much as her mouth did and I feverishly worked on her pussy and clit. I wanted to devour her as she was devouring me. We'd gone from gentle kisses to frenetic sucking without a space in between.

I licked and sucked, mimicking what she was doing to me until I couldn't stand it anymore. When she cupped my balls and started massaging them as she sucked, I erupted without warning or control. It was after the fact that I said, "I'm coming mom, I'm coming in your mouth."

The first shot must have hit her throat like a blast because she had to pull back. I could almost picture the white cords of cum that would fill my mother's mouth. She opened her lips and took me back. I kept firing and my mother kept taking it.

As I came and the urgency and fog cleared from its earlier intensity, I returned to her clit and sucked it in between my lips. I used my tongue to massage it until I felt my mother jerk in my hands. I was holding her ass as I ate her. She stiffened and then she began to spasm and she cried out. "Matt, I'm coming, oh God, I'm coming, Matt, Matt, Matt…" I licked and lapped at her fluids as she shuddered and came. Her body trembled and I wouldn't stop sucking. With her last sigh, she kissed my wet cock and collapsed on my legs and said, "Oh Mattie, you are very good…and I must be crazy."

She turned and came to my arms and the satisfied smile that made deep dimples on her cheeks thrilled me. It felt as good to look at her like that as it felt to come. Well, almost.

I thought after that experience that the flood gates would open. I imagined us fucking every night until our brains fell out. It didn't happen; just the opposite. The next day she said to me, "I think you should go out more and spend time with women more your own age."

I was frustrated. "Mom I don't want to, I want one woman, she's your age and she's you."

"Listen baby, you haven't had enough experiences, you haven't been with enough other people to know if this is anything more than a sexed up thing just because I'm your mother. I know it sounds crazy for a mother to say, but I don't want you to become too attached to me."

"Mom, we can do this, Lovey and John…"

“Oh that’s absurd…it sounds romantic and all, that but how could a marriage between a mother and her son work out?”

“Well mom, you once thought that any kind of lovemaking between a mother and her son was absurd, didn’t you?”

“That’s different. Honey, I’m not saying it doesn’t feel good or that I’m sorry now that it happened, but you have a life to live.” There was no way I could talk to her until I agreed to see other women so I could have what she called a ‘normal’ life.

For weeks we had simulated sex like you see on those miserable soft-core late night TV movies. We kissed and rubbed up but she wouldn’t get serious, until I started seeing Debra seriously. Deb was girl I had met at one of my night courses at the college. We had worked on a project together, and went out on a few dates.

I started calling her more regularly and we usually had fun. When I stated coming home later and later, and then once not at all, mom gave me a mock interrogation. When she

asked me point blank if we were having sex, I saw no point in denying it, since she herself was the one pushing me to go out.

It seemed a bit silly to me at that stage of the game, but mom said she wanted to meet her. I really didn't know why and mom said, "I just want to stay in your life sweetie, and this way I can picture who you're with."

It sounded strange but so did everything about my mother and me, so I said, "Fine."

Deb came over for lunch one Saturday and it was all very nice. I did get a bit uncomfortable when we were leaving and mom said to Debbie, "Take care of my boy for me; he needs lots of TLC."

Most nights when I saw Debbie, mom was waiting up and I got 'debriefed.' I didn't mind and so I gave her the details. One night mom seemed especially interested. She'd had a couple of glasses of wine and she was giddy as if she'd been smoking something rather than drinking. The questions

were coming hot and heavy. “What did you do? Did you kiss for a long time? What was it like?”

I said, “You know, mom. We kissed for a bit, and it was fine.” She wasn’t satisfied with those kinds of answers. I was reluctant, but she cajoled me until I told her, “Okay, we were in her kitchen and we kissed for about ten minutes. She always works her tongue nonstop; sometimes I think she’s going to choke me with it.” Mom laughed.

“I took off her top she started to rub me…down there.”

“Oh come on Mattie…’down there’… after what we’ve been through, I think you can talk to me as if I’m over eighteen; I am you know.” She laughed again and sat next to me on the couch. She then reached for the lamp and said, “It’s too light in here for a bedtime story. Now go on…go on.”

“Boy you are funny sometimes mom. Okay, anyway, I massaged her…tits…for a while; satisfied now that I said ‘tits’?

She laughed and said, “Oh go on - wait, what are they like?”

“Well mom, nothing like these.” I reached over and took a handful of my mother’s breast and fondled it. I expected a playful slap or something, but none came. She closed her eyes and said, “Mmmm…” I continued my story and continued feeling her.

“We took off our clothes and went into the bedroom.”

“Was she surprised the first time she saw this, baby?” Mom put her hand over my cock.

“Yes mom.”

“Did she like it, baby?”

“Yes mom.”

“Did she like it as much as I like it baby?” She was rubbing me into a raging erection.

“I don’t know mom…I don’t think so.”

Her voice was becoming sing-song and childlike. “Did she make it as hard as it is now baby…as hard as momma makes it?”

“No momma, nobody does.” My cock was out by then in my mother’s warm hand, and she was slowly stroking up and down.”

“Did she take it in her mouth, baby?”

“Umm, yes mom.”

Mom went on her knees in front of me and said, “Like this honey?” And then she took the knob between her lips. She gave a suctioning kiss and played around the tip with her tongue before taking more of me into her mouth. I stopped talking and closed my eyes and leaned my head back as mother sucked on me. She used both hands on my shaft and balls and it felt like two women working on me at the same time. I thought the talking part of the night was over

until mom stopped sucking long enough to say, “Were you inside her, baby, did you put it inside her?”

”Yes mom, I put it in her and I fucked her.” By then I realized what she really wanted to hear and I said it. “But it was nothing like being in your pussy mom, that’s the pussy that drives me crazy, your pussy mom, your pussy.”

She was moaning with her mouth full of my cock. Her sounds said, ‘keep telling me,’ so I kept telling her. “When I’m inside you, I know that’s the best place to be, fucking my beautiful mother, pushing into her wetness, feeling her big tits, coming inside her pussy, filling her pussy with my cum.” I was getting crazy and getting ready to come as she was sucking and rubbing faster and faster. “OH, OH…coming inside your mouth…mom…I’m coming in your mouth…in your mouth…in your mouth.”

She drained all the seed that had built up and licked the length of my cock as she said, “Mmmm, my Mattie…that was good baby, mmm…my sweet love.” It was as if going with Debra in some way had given her permission to do what she did. I sure didn’t understand it, but at that

moment, I couldn't have cared less. All I knew was that I was where I wanted to be.

I wanted to do for her what she had done for me, but she wouldn't let me. We were done for the night, but I wasn't complaining. She snuggled into my arms on the couch, and she seemed happy. Every once in a while she kissed me, one time putting her lips on my pants over my cock. When she felt me harden, she kissed it and laughed. "You do come back quickly, don't you?" She laughed again and it sounded like wind chimes to me.

Every situation is different but usually after people have had serious sex, they keep having it. For me it seemed like I kept going back to square one with the never-ending, always there, wanting. But in a strange way, even the wanting felt good. It made me warm and loving. It was like anticipating a trip. Sometimes you don't get to go, but it still felt good to plan and think about it.

On a day when I was sitting in the kitchen watching mom do the dishes, my mind was 'playing' as usual. Actually, I was thinking that even though I hadn't seen that many in

the flesh; I'd never seen a better ass than my mother's. But I couldn't do anything about it.

I'd never understood why there were so many pictures of women in the kitchen on the Net until that moment. It was sexy as hell. She had one of the long tees she liked to wear tied under her boobs, and her shorts hugged those rounded globes. No wonder I was hard most of the day and always thinking about the last time we had sex. She must have realized I was looking at her and she said in a sing-song voice, "What are you doing?"

I answered in the same kidding voice and said, "It wouldn't take an Einstein to figure it out if you were looking at what I'm looking at." She turned and gave me a 'you bad boy' smile.

It was the Debbie stories that helped me out most of the time. I have to admit that I was less than honest in some of my descriptions of what went on between Debra and me. But the point was that it turned mom on and allowed her to do what we both wanted to do.

There was the one with Debbie about anal sex that I embellished. Deb and I had tried a few different things over the months and played around with her fantasies of bondage, but when I asked her about the rear entry, she wouldn't even consider it. She said it was quite enough having me in a place that "…didn't have enough room as it is."

When I came home that night, mom wasn't on the couch where she usually waited for me. I figured she'd had enough of the Debbie stories and had gone to bed. Then I heard her call to me after I shut the door. I went in to her room and she was sitting on the bed with only a dim light coming from a small lamp across the room. It was too dark to read so I guessed that she was just waiting for me to come home.

Her smile told me that she was going to be receptive to me that night. I also knew by the way she was dressed, or more accurately, undressed. It was the sexiest thing she had ever worn for me and the first time she had ever signaled that she was ready to have sex with me. Her eyes were made up with blue eye shadow and her hair was down, and she smelled delicious. She wore a see through nightgown as

sheer as you could get. Two shades of blue colored the two thin layers of nylon. They still allowed me see the dark circles of her large nipples. There was no way I wasn't going to fuck her that night.

She still wanted to go through the Debbie 'Thing' and I was glad play. "How was your night with the little miss?"

"Fine mom." I smiled.

"And what did we do tonight?"

"We…did something very special."

"Ooooh." Her eyes widened. "And what was that, pray tell?"

"Well," I sat by her on the bed. "We did something I'd never done before. And it had a little to do with this…" I took her tit into my hand, and as the gauzy material slid over it, I could feel her nipple becoming erect. I fondled her for a while.

“And it had a little to do with this…,” I went on. She took a breath as I reached under the nightgown to touch her naked pussy. I rubbed it slowly and teasingly, letting my finger enter the wet confines every once in a while. I then smeared the juice over her clit. My mother liked that. She didn’t have to tell me she liked it. Her body and the excited look that sparked her eyes told me she liked it. “But you’re so much softer there than Debbie is,” I said. “So much wetter, your pussy is so much sweeter mom. And this is something I would never do with Debbie.”

I lifted her legs by the ankles and she went on her back. I held her legs apart for a moment to take in the sight and then slid my hands to her thighs as I kneeled and mouthed my mother’s wet vagina. I sucked on the swelling lips that were becoming engorged and teased around her clit until she took my head in her hands and urged me to make contact with the button that sent the rush of pleasure signals to her brain.

Then I stood, and she was surprised because she was just settling in anticipation of me sucking her until she came. I

said, “And this is the special part mom.” I turned her and directed her until she was kneeling on the edge of bed facing away from me. I told her, “Stay right there.” She did, while breathing hard. I reached back to the drawer that I knew had the lubricant in it and filled my fingers. I began applying the cool stuff over her asshole.

She said, “Oh Matt, I don’t know…”

I spoke softly as I inserted a slippery finger covered with gunk directly in her small hole. “Mom, if Debbie could do it…can’t you? She opened herself for me and she’s just a girlfriend. Wouldn’t my mother…, who loves me, do it for me?”

“Yes Mattie…yes.”

I rubbed the remaining lube on my shaft and tip and approached her. As I placed the thick knob directly on her pink pucker I said, “And your ass is so much nicer, so much rounder, and so much sexier.” Not that there was anything wrong with Debbie, but I really was turned on much more

by the shape of my mother's ass. I couldn't believe it would have looked any better when she was twenty.

I pressed in and felt the heat and pressure immediately. So must've my mother, because once I passed the ring, I could feel her tighten nervously around my cock. She began saying,"OH…OH…OH…"

I stroked her back with my hand and said, "it's okay mom…relax, if it's too much I'll stop."

"No…Okay…" She said that sort of talking to herself and then she said, "I'm all right honey…don't stop."

I could feel her relaxing and I said, "Yes…like that…sweet girl…yes…" I pushed in farther and began to stroke through the lube and her hot tight squeeze was exquisite as her ass grabbed my cock. "Oh mom, Debbie couldn't take this much, she couldn't take any of me like you can…it's so good having you like this."

“Oh God baby, what are we doing…you’re inside me…in my ass…”

I could feel the agitation building so I said all the loving things I could, not just because I wanted her sex, but because I believed every word. “Mom, we’re loving each other, that’s all. I love you and you love me. I want you, I’ll always want you, not Debbie or anybody…or any other body. I’m inside you because that’s how lovers are…inside each other.”

“Yes honey…yes.”

I stroked into her and she was beginning to push back so that almost my whole cock was penetrating her tight channel. I started to more fully penetrate in and out of her ass, and I must have been making pleasurable noises because she said, “Yes it feels good doesn’t it baby…oh God, it’s so hot and hard in me. But it feels good when momma takes you inside her like this, doesn’t it?”

“I said, “Yes mom, ahhhh… only you could take me this way…take so much of me up into you…you don’t know how good it is to be you so tight…pulling on my cock…loving me.” I thought how special my mother was to be able to give her son her body that way, out of love. I also knew that I could only be satisfied with her, and that I would do all I could to make her mine. I wanted all of her and my desire in that moment drove me to repeated deep and hard penetrations into that tight forbidden place that my mother had opened for me.

She moaned and said, “Baby, baby…please…come. I don’t think I can do this too much longer. “

“Yes mom…I’m almost there…Mom…mom…touch yourself. I want you to come too, when I do. I want you to feel what I feel when I fill you.”

I stroked fully and just before the first explosion into her ass I said, “Yes…yes…your taking it all…my good girl…I love you.”

“I feel it now baby…yes, I can feel you coming in me.” She reached under and rubbed with the flat of three fingers over her clit. I’d never seen her masturbate and it was exciting to watch, as if I needed more stimulation. After my long strokes into my mother’s ass became full and regular, I didn’t know anymore who was taking and who was giving. It didn’t matter because we were in each other.

She rubbed herself quickly and said, “Yes honey, come in me, come in me, I’m coming with you…coming…coming.”

My strong releases filled her to overflowing as I drove my wet meat through the tight ring over and over. She made noises I’d never heard before. I probably did too except I was too busy coming to pay any attention to it. With her ass filled with my cum, I slid easily in and out until I was finished or until I thought I was. And then she squeezed me one more time and I came some more into her.

When we were both done I turned her and kissed her passionately and said, “That’s what it feels like to love someone, doesn’t it mom?”

“Yes baby…” She kissed me long. “Yes love.”

My mother meant so much more to me than just sex, but I still couldn’t help thinking that she was the best piece of ass I’d ever had. I said, “Wow. Mom, why would I go out with anyone else when…?”

She took a deep breath that had some frustration in it. “Oh honey…because I want you to; because I want you to do it for me. Because I think it’s the right thing to do.”

I just sighed and shook my head and said, “Okay mom.” I held her tight and we waited for dawn to see where it would take us.

Where it took us within a week was more like chaos than Paradise. Mom got notice that her company, being a subsidiary of Talco, was also going out of business. That she was distressed was an understatement. All we talked about was money and how we’d get by. I offered to quit night school and get a better job, but she wouldn’t let me. Auntie Pat offered to have mom come in with her in the antique

business, but there wasn't enough there to support us all. After a while, we decided to sell the house and use what was left after paying the bank, to live on. We started looking for a small place to rent until she found a decent job.

When the decision was made, we both felt better. "It'll be an adventure," she said. "We'll be in a new place that's ours and…I don't know, we'll make it fun, won't we baby?" She wasn't so sure, but I gave her a small kiss and assured her it would be. At that time, our small kisses had a way of turning into big kisses.

We found a furnished one bedroom place in another town about an hour away. It was a one bedroom apartment that was over a dress shop owned by a woman named Lorna, who was maybe in her mid-thirties.

The apartment had a long flight of stairs that seemed like five after carrying all our stuff up. As I unpacked, I looked at the great shirts mom had made me for different birthdays. She could do anything with a sewing machine and had made a lot of her own clothes.

It was an adjustment at first. The apartment had only one bathroom and we had trouble fitting our stuff in. The place was a lot smaller than the old house, but it was ours, and the nice thing was that after the shop closed at six we could play music as loud as we wanted, or dance as hard as we sometimes did to let steam off.

We made some noise that first night. I said, “Mom, I’m glad we’re here, I’m glad you’re here, and I want you.”

She said, “Yes baby, okay…I’m here.”

I kissed her and waited for her. For the first time, she undressed me before I undressed her. When she stood naked before me, I thought I could never ask for more. “Mom, I’m so proud of you.”

“For what sweetie?”

“For being you, for being able to love me this way, for being so beautiful.”

She got on the bed and opened her legs for me. “Come love me sweetheart,” she said.

I penetrated her quickly and I felt lucky because our fit was so good. Her pussy was perfect for my size and whatever it is that makes it right between two people physically, we seemed to have. I sank my cock into my mother’s waiting pussy and the fisting action of her channel around my cock did its work. I could feel my cock strain as it got as hard as it possibly could. She made those nice noises that always made me feel good.

Unexpectedly, she urged me over and ended up sitting on top of me. She said, “Let me do it baby.” I stayed as still as I could as she raised and lowered herself on my cock. “It feels good this way, honey, ummm…in my pussy…in your momma’s pussy…” The rhythm of her words matched the movements of her hips as she used the stiff mast to penetrate herself. “Yes…inside your mama…the one who loves you…mmmm…”

Her full breasts were presented to me and they undulated as she moved. I took them in both hands and rubbed them,

using mostly my thumbs under her nipples. They looked huge from the angle I viewed them and I marveled at how little sag they had for a thirty-nine year old. I put my hand behind her back to draw her closer until I had one of the nipples in my mouth. I sucked them as if they were swollen with milk. My mother moaned as I sucked and after a while she sort of shook during a little spasm, and then she leaned back.

Her eyes were closed, her hands were on my thighs and her chest was thrust out. She used me for leverage and raised and lowered herself in earnest. That time, I used my hips to meet her on the way down to thrust more of my cock up into her pussy. Each penetration seemed to take me to the end of her and she responded with a guttural cry from deep in her throat. “Yes my baby," she said, “Yes, give me all of you, yes baby. Oh Mattie, I love you inside me like this…so good baby…I need it…and you Mattie…I need you.”

“Yes momma, I’m here, I always want to be with you…like this …like this.”

My cock was being swallowed by my mother's pussy again and again and her wet flesh stroked and squeezed and rubbed the shaft. She was wet enough so that even when my cock was completely out of her pussy, it still penetrated the slippery opening much easier than it did when we had first started.

We fucked as if we had been lovers forever, with her pussy knowing my cock. Each place it found to touch inside her, was new, and yet familiar at the same time. I pulled on her tits and pinched the nipples tight between my fingers as she squealed and arched, and I felt the beginnings of her orgasm.

I thrust up deep and complete into my mother's pussy as she bounced faster and harder until she said, "Come in me Mattie, come in my pussy…come in my pussy, Mattie…" I let go and shot a hard stream of cum up into her. She said, "Yes, yes, yes…" with each penetration and each release. She smiled and the word 'Yes' came out almost as a laugh as her pussy filled with her son's cum and she used my cock to finish herself and come, in long, satisfied, sighs. I loved hearing her say that she needed me.

Even though it was wonderful when we made love, there was still some hesitancy on her part, a reluctance to letting us become full-time lovers. And so, it was more 'special occasion sex' than anything on a regular basis, but it was lots better than nothing. Maybe she figured that if I wasn't getting enough at home, I would keep seeing other people. I wasn't sure about anything, except how many times I would have taken her if she let me.

It was two months later when mom found a job; it was almost panic time. After all the ads, the traveling and the interviews, she got a job at the shop downstairs. It happened that one day mom was down talking with 'Landlady Lorna,' as we had come to call her. When mom asked how business was, Lorna said that she was starting to get more business than she could handle and that she would have to take on a seamstress to help her with alterations.

Mom brought her upstairs and showed her the curtains and some of the dresses she had made and Lorna hired her. We never thought to ask because when we first moved in, Lorna

had remarked how nice it was to be a 'One woman operation.'

We became closer with Lorna. I stopped in often and she had dinner with us sometimes after the shop closed. Mom became her confidant and friend. She told her about a rough childhood and mostly bad experiences with men, especially with the one she was married to for five years.

Mom said that Lorna was very interested in us and asked a lot of questions, especially when mom told her that we saw other people. Actually mom didn't see anyone. The closest she came to a relationship besides ours, was talking with a couple of the guys at the coffee shop before going in to work.

We never told Lorna that we were mother and son because we thought that in a new place where nobody really knew us, it would be nice to be free to hold hands and be together like a normal couple. We didn't want to need to be 'careful' all the time. So we made up a story about how I had been a neighbor and the son of her best friend, leaving enough of the truth in so that we wouldn't forget.

Meanwhile, I still traveled back home to see Debbie, but I was getting tired of the two hour round trip. And more importantly, I knew I couldn't get from Debbie what I really needed. The last time I saw her was the night of the video, and the breakup. I got it into my head that if I had a video of Debbie and me having sex, I could show it to mom.

I figured that either of two things could happen. She'd get turned on by it and we'd have some good sex, or she might get jealous actually seeing me with someone else and tell me to stop going out with her. Either or both would have been fine with me. Of course I knew that there were always other possibilities. Some people say there are infinite universes that are created each time things go one way or the other, but I was satisfied with those two choices in my one universe. It was a universe that more and more, revolved around my mother.

Debbie was less than keen on the idea of making a video; she didn't understand why I would want to make one. It didn't matter what mumbo jumbo I gave her about how it

showed she loved me and how much fun it would be to watch it later on. I wasn't about to tell her the real reason.

We got as far as the kissing scene and the touching scene but when we got to the stripping scene, she shut it off in the middle. We finished making lackluster love that was less than inspired. I took the camera and tape and as we were saying goodbye at my car, I decided that I should just end it, even if she was my link to normality as far as mom was concerned.

I said, "Deb, lets go back inside, I want to talk to you." We went in and I took a deep breath. "Listen Deb, I think you're a terrific girl, but I don't think this is going anywhere."

"Why, because I didn't want to make a fucking video?"

"It's not the video; I'm just not the right person for you."

She started to sneer, "You mean I'm not the person for you, don't you?"

It went downhill from there, but after a long few hours, I left, with the yelling and a few tears all done with. We kissed and promised to stay in touch and see how we felt after a while. That was fine because we both knew it was over.

A few days later I tried to decide if it was right or wrong to show my mother the tape. I ended up showing it to her because I couldn't resist at the time. We were home in the evening and watching TV. She was resting up against me and she was stroking my arms and chest – not really where I wanted her to be stroking, but it felt loving. We didn't have Cable and there was absolutely nothing on that interested us. Mom said, "Maybe we should start renting videos; the supermarket has some for a dollar a night."

"Well mom, I happen to have one right here. It's called 'Debbie does Matt,' interested?"

She looked at me quizzically, "Are you kidding?"

"No mom, it's the real deal, should I put it on?"

She said, “Okay.” She didn’t sound certain, but I put it on.

We watched as Debbie and I kissed while my hands began roaming over her body. Of the two choices I had envisioned, number one seemed to be the winner. She wasn’t jealous but if her hand on my cock was any evidence, she was getting turned on.

A few minutes into the action and mom had my cock out, slowly stroking up and down on the hardened rod. It never took much when she touched me. When I got Deb’s bra off, mom said with a smile, “You liar, she does have nice tits.”

“I didn’t say she didn’t have nice tits mom, I just said they weren’t as nice as yours.” Of course it wasn’t long before mom had let me bare her breasts, and I was fondling and sucking on them. At that point, the video went to snow.

“That’s it? That’s as far as you went?”

“Mom, let’s just say that’s as far as the video went. Now I think we should rehearse for our own video and see how far we can go…starting by going here…” I put my hand between her legs. “Here at your sweet pussy, the sweet pussy I can’t get enough of…” I looked up and made a face at her. “The sweet pussy I DON’T get enough of.” She laughed and we kissed for a while.

Her tongue slid over mine and I was satisfied to just keep kissing her and feel her wonderful breasts in my hand. They were so big, they were my mothers, and yet I was holding them. I moved from tit to tit, pinching and pulling on each nipple until it thickened and swelled. I cupped and weighed each heavy globe in the same novel delight I always took, as If I was holding my mother’s breasts for the first time.

When she went back to stroking my cock, I wanted more. I put my hand inside her panties and fingered the slippery opening. After that, we got our clothes off pretty quickly and mom started to mount me in such a way that would allowed us to hold each other.

Mom's tits were tight against my chest; her cheek was against my cheek as we held each other around. She slowly lowered herself carefully onto my cock, easing it in, inch by inch so her juices could lubricate the shaft as it penetrated. A moment later, I was completely inside my mother's pussy. She gave a sigh of relief when she sat on my thighs with her pussy filled.

She ground slowly at first and I pushed up as much as I could, given the position I was in. I held her to me and said, "Beautiful Christine, do you know that you're my love?"

She said into my ear, "Yes Mattie, I know." I could almost hear the unspoken words, 'But don't love me too much, Mattie.' The tone of her voice set me off. I wanted to stroke into her, penetrate her pussy, long, and strong, and hard, under my own control. I raised myself, lifting her, putting her on her back.

I took her the way I wanted to, each stroke longer and harder and deeper into her pussy. I was probably giving her too much because she grunted each time I hit her cervix. But she didn't tell me to stop and I didn't. I sped up and kept

driving myself into her. Had I continued at that pace, I would have come after a minute or two but something clicked as the effort dispelled some of my excess energy.

My calmness returned. I told myself that she was who she was at that moment, and forcing the situation wasn't going to give me what I wanted. I went back to making love to her. I gently stroked into her center with the love that had returned to me. I changed the angle and I could feel the pressure as my cock pressed along the walls off her pussy and I said, "Does that feel good mother?"

"Yes darling…it feels good." She looked up at me and touched my face with a smile that touched my heart. I was stroking into my mother's pussy and she was telling me that it felt good. I told myself that should be enough for anyone.

She wrapped her legs around my back and I could hear the wet sounds as we connected on the level that needs no words. And there were no words as I filled her pussy until there was no more room, except for the love I was feeling and hoping she too was feeling.

She took me inside her as a woman takes the man she loves until we were breathing hard. I stroked her with long, complete entries. I put myself deep into the place usually forbidden to sons. I said, “This is where I want to be mom, always inside you, like this.” She made a nice noise and I wanted to make her come.

I opened her and stretched her and fingered her clit until I could hear her approaching orgasm. It sounded as if she was trying to catch her breath in short spurts. My mother bucked, and humped, into the sustained arching of her back that told me that she was coming.

I continued penetrating into the wetness as she let out a long moan of pleasure at her release. I didn’t stop until I filled her pussy with the hot releases of cum that expressed my desire for her. When I finished and told her that I loved her and always would, I thought I saw a tear at the corner of one of her eyes. The next day, I threw the tape away and told mom that I had broken it off with Debbie. I was a bit surprised when she said, “Oh well, you’ll find someone else.”

As wonderful as that time was, we didn't progress to where I wanted to be. I was still getting rebuffed by mom on too many nights. I wanted a break so I suggested to John that we use his parent's house at the lake for a short vacation. With two other guys, we went up for a four day weekend.

John knew some nurses who worked up there and they came over at night. There was a lot of beer drinking, making out, and some couples made it up to the bedrooms, but I was satisfied to keep it light. By the third night I was getting restless and I called mom at about ten.

She said, "Sweetheart, I'm glad you called…I'm missing you."

I didn't say anything. She said, "I hope you're having a good time…I've been thinking about you…the house is so empty. I'm lonesome without you, Mattie."

"Mom, do you want me to come home?"

“No honey…I’m fine; I was just saying, you know…and anyway, you don’t have your car and it’s so late.”

“I’m going to let John drive me to the train; you go to sleep and I’ll see you in the morning.”

“No baby,” she said. “Wake me up when you get home.”

I got home before three and went to her room. She was awake and wearing one of my old shirts. She looked up and smiled, “I wore this to keep me company; I like the way it smells. It’s only been a few days but I missed you so much. Are you angry with me? I didn’t mean to make you come home and…”

“I’m not angry mom.” I started unbuttoning the shirt and she closed her eyes. She wasn’t wearing a bra or panties and the delight of her bare body sent a charge through me. We said very little and after I undressed her, there were only a few kisses before I was inside her.

It was unusual in that the lovemaking was quiet. She held me inside her after I had penetrated deep into her pussy. She hugged me tight to her and didn't let me move. She massaged my back and wrapped her legs around me and said, "I missed you Mattie, I missed having you here."

I kissed her and felt the softness of her tongue as it made love inside my mouth. Lips, and mouths, and tongues; the same as I had joined with other women, but it's not the same with someone you love. With mom, I wanted her heart to also be there. I heard her making sweet sounds and wondered.

I put my cheek on her cheek so I could feel even more of the soft skin that touched me from her legs on my back to her breasts that were pressing into my chest. I reached my hand under her and took as much of her ass in my hand as I could while pressuring my cock to go even deeper into her pussy.

I moved every now and then because I couldn't stand it and she ground her hips. I stayed hard inside her and then held one of her breasts as she whispered, "Mattie, my Mattie, in

me…inside me…inside me…" Her nipple was thick and rubbery as I stroked it with my thumb.

She didn't want to change positions and when she finally started to move, her orgasm came quick. It was as if a switch had been flipped. She became as active and noisy as she had been quiet. She thrashed and humped and clawed at me. I reacted in kind and speared my cock into my mother's pussy with fast, hard, and deep thrusts. "Yes Mattie, she said. Take me, take me, fuck me." I'd never heard her say it, but I liked it, and I liked doing it. "Make me come Mattie, make me come…"

"Yes momma, yes," I told her as I gave her my whole cock time after time. I was usually aware of not pounding hard into her because she seemed stretched to her limit, but I lost control with my own orgasm approaching. As she cried out that she was coming, my cock was a solid greased rod entering the soft lips of her vagina and the tender pink of her pussy. I couldn't hold back any more and I loved the feeling that I was about to come inside my mother's pussy. I released the thick viscous cum that had built up for her and it quickly filled the channel that was grasping at my cock.

I said, “It’s for you momma, only for you, all my cum is for you.” I gave her my love with each release and stoked into her wet pussy until I couldn’t come any more. I rested on her breasts and kissed her neck.

When we both finished she held me tight and wouldn’t let go; she kept me inside her and told me again that she had missed me. She kissed me and they were kisses that were beseeching, and she whimpered as she gave them to me.

For the next few days mom seemed very quiet. She smiled at me a lot but didn’t want to talk much. I didn’t push her and she didn’t offer, so we didn’t have sex. It had been quite a quite a while since everything had begun, and I still wasn’t sure where it was going or what was coming next.

What came next was my next date. And that next person I found wasn’t far from home. The next person actually found me. The next person was Lorna.

She liked to talk and she was entertaining, so I often went down to keep her company. Her favorite topic was how miserable people were to each other. After reading the paper one day, she said, “These people are animals, no, they’re worse - they’re human. I think it’s hopeless Matt. Can you believe what we do to each other?”

“You know Lorna,” I said. “When I was young, and asked my mother about these things, she said that it was up to me to make the world better by doing something for someone every day, and I think she was right. I’m always amazed at what a smile or a kind word to someone does.” I looked at Lorna and smiled, “And by the way Lorna, you look lovely today.”

Her eyes lit and she got up to give me a kiss on the cheek. “Thank you matt…I think your mom must be a special lady.” Before I left she said, “Matt? Why don’t we go to a movie sometime?”

I said, “Fine,” but what I was really thinking made me laugh – that I’d have to check with mom first.

Mom said she was surprised that Lorna would ask and "...isn't she too old, and is it a good idea to go out with my boss and..."

"Okay forget it," I said. "I'll tell her I can't make it."

"No...what the hell. She's always going on about how cute you are, and maybe it would be worse if you say no. Just be careful, okay?"

I was going to ask, "Be careful about what?" because she seemed a bit upset, but I let it go and said "Sure."

I guess when you're making a sand pile, after a while, it falls over. It only takes a few grains at the end, and you can't tell to which side it will fall. I can't name all the grains of sand, but the last one ended the way mom and I had been. The grain of sand was Lorna.

Lorna and I went out a few times and mom never asked me a thing about it, unlike what had gone on when I had been seeing Debbie. Until, that is, the night of the avalanche. We

had gone out to dinner and gone back to Lorna's house. The kissing that she seemed like so much was progressing to touching. I could see where we were heading and said, "I didn't have much luck with my last few relationships and…"

"Matt." She said, "I think you're going to get 'lucky' tonight."

I came home very late and mom was waiting up. Her eyes were red and she looked like she'd been crying. She had a serious look that edged on anger. "Did you fuck her?" she said. I got a little pissed.

"What's the difference? You wanted me to go out didn't you? You wanted me to be 'Normal'…didn't you?"

She started to cry and I softened. "I'm sorry," she said. "I'm sorry about everything. I don't know anything anymore." I put my hand on her shoulder and the tears came down and her sentences just ran together. "I was working on that wedding dress I've been altering for the last few days and I just started crying and I thought of you with Lorna and how she's almost as old as I am and what if you ended up with

her and I love you and I was watching CNN and all the terrible things going on in the world and I thought of what I always used to tell you, that there's only two things that are important in your life..."

"I know mom, the first thing is love, and the other one doesn't matter."

She laughed through her tears. "You remembered didn't you sweetheart? I was the one who forgot. But it is true. The only good thing is loving someone and taking care of them and I love you...I love you."

I kissed her. "Well I love you. And Lorna and I just talked, that's all. I realized I don't want to get serious with her." I kissed my mom again and started to tease her. "But now let me get this straight, you do or you don't want me to go to bed with Lorna?"

She laughed, "I don't."

"Then who?" I said.

“Then me,” she said.

“Only you?”

“Only me…only me, baby.”

We kissed and I put my hand between her legs. “Only your pussy, mom?”

“Yes baby, only my pussy.” She started running on again. “Only me for everything; only you for everything. We can do it, can’t we baby? I was so afraid if I Ioved you like this you, somehow I might lose you like I lost your father, but you won’t go, will you baby, and it’s so good between us when you love me, and I want to be yours and be like Lovey and be…”

I kissed her deeply and unbuttoned her blouse. Her breasts never felt as good in my hands as they did when I slid them under her bra that night. Her pussy never felt as wet to my

fingers as it did that night. I never felt as loved, and wanted, and needed, as I did that night.

It didn't take long for our clothes to be in a pile on the floor. The sheet that would soon be soaked with our sweat was cool to our warm skin. My mother opened her legs to receive me as wives and lovers have done for their men forever. I entered her and the wet confines of her pussy grabbed me, took me in, and welcomed each penetration.

I locked myself into her and enjoyed the wonderful torture of not moving while being as deep inside her pussy as I could get. When we could stand it no longer, our hips slowly rotated, my penetrations slowly lengthened as I moved in and out of her pussy. "Like this forever baby." She said.

"Yes mom, forever."

After loving her with long, deep, penetrations, I kissed her and retreated from the warm pussy that held me so lovingly. She made a questioning sound that asked, 'Why are you out of me?' and I turned her over and entered her

pussy doggy style. She sighed as I entered and she pushed back with each thrust. “And like this forever, mom,” I said. I dug my thumbs into the meaty globes of her perfectly shaped ass as her pussy massaged my cock.

“Yes honey, any way want me baby, anything you want baby…just want me.”

“I will mom, I do, I want you all the time.” I pushed in deep with each thrust until I was up against her ass. I ground and stayed and felt how deep and hard I was inside her pussy. I increased the tempo and she moaned. I touched her pucker and teased it, feeling the soft skin around the tight ring.

She said, “Yes baby, do it there.”

I took my glistening cock out of her pussy and went into her ass. “Yes, there baby” She said. “For you love…for me…yes.”

Her juices on me allowed me to penetrate her. I went into my mother's ass with the full length of my cock and said, "For us mom, everything for us."

"Oh yes, God yes, you're so big in me, so deep in me." She moaned loudly with each penetration, but they were sounds of pleasure. She took me in as she gave herself, and it was so much more than fucking. It was the physical expression of what can't be said.

She reached back and spread the full round globes to open herself even more, to show me how opened she was. Each entry into my mother's ass sent sensations through my cock. I stretched the narrow channel to its limit but she took every inch until I was up against her fingers. I put my hands on hers and continued to drive into her. We synchronized our movements and she let out one long sound that was a moan and a sigh together. I was surprised when she told me she was coming. I kept driving and as she came she said, "Oh my God…OH…OH…OH…"

I know that the brain is what really triggers orgasm and that sometimes it can surprise us, but I was still stupefied

enough to almost stop what I was doing. Mom was actually cumming; fluid was coming from her pussy onto the sheets. I was stunned that my mother could cum like that, especially considering where I was inside her.

I listened to her noises and kept penetrating until I was about to crest myself. Her spasms were involuntary at that point and it felt like she was milking my cock. It was impossible not to come. I almost jerked back with the force of the first shot of cum that I sent into my mother's ass. One after another I released my love into the hot, tight, channel that my mother had opened for me. The slippery fluid allowed me to pierce the rubbery ring and enter her at will to give her all I had.

She was just finishing her orgasm as I was coming. "Yes baby, "she said. "Come inside me…so deep inside me honey…love me…love, me…love me always baby…always like this…like momma's going to love you…with all of me…every part of me…love…love…that's all that matters" I could feel the swell and recoil each time my cock let go inside my mother's pussy. She shuddered in her last spasms and let out a long sigh as the last of my releases entered her

and coated her channel with the warm evidence of my love and desire.

We held each other afterwards and mom said, “It really is all that matters, isn’t it honey…just loving each other?”

I kissed her and I could even taste her love. “Yes mom…it’s the only normal thing there is.”

We stayed with Lorna for about a year. I had graduated and unfortunately Auntie Pat died, but she left mom the shop. We moved up north and mom got rid of the antiques and opened her own dress shop, which is doing very well. I’m a law assistant and we’re living a pretty normal life; we’re wearing rings. We still only have sex on special occasions, but every day is a special occasion now.

THE END

Zee Loves Me?

Zee is my mother. I wanted to say that right up front because I want to tell my story straight. Anyway there aren't a lot of places you can tell a story like this unless people know what it's about beforehand so it seems silly to write half the story and then say "Oh by the way..." Who's surprised?

Zee is what everyone calls Zara Beth and she's lovely. This is going to sound corny but there is a glow about her. Maybe it's because of her coloring: fair skin with pinkish hues running from her cheeks to her breasts to her thighs. She has very full breasts. I'm somewhat ashamed to admit this but the first thing I look at in a woman are her breasts. My mother has beautiful breasts but it's not the first thing even a clod like me notices; it's her smile. More corn coming: when she smiles at you, it lights you up.

The best part of her – well there is no one best part because she has lots of best parts. Someone being objective might

say there are fine lines around the eyes or she should be 105 pounds instead of 110 but I'm not objective. And here's what I think: if you're objective about the one you're in love with – you're not in love. I'm in Love.

She called me her 'special K' was I was young (Boy did that make me squirm) but now it's Kevin when it's not 'dear'. She was always sweet to me and it probably kept me from going crazy or murder. When I was younger, my father's idea of a good time was beating on me. He did it for two reasons: because to him I was always doing something wrong and – because he could. My mother also caught a few trying to protect me.

Mom loves to write. She keeps a diary and writes something in it every day. She once told me that she's been doing it since she was thirteen. I always wondered and later fantasized about what and who was in that diary. For a while I made imaginary entries for her each night.

The first time I ever 'touched' her she was on a ladder in the grove. I was holding it and she was reaching for oranges. I ran my hands up her bare legs; under and out of the clear

blue sky. When I reached her velvet thigh she said, "Oh Kevin please not here, he might see."

My heart raced because of the touch and more because she said, 'not here' which to me meant 'somewhere else'. I guess it wasn't a complete shock because we had been getting very close because of our 'conspiracy'. We had been talking for months about either calling the police on the bastard or saving enough money for a lawyer so she could divorce him without getting thrown out with nothing. We had taken to starting and ending our 'meetings' with kisses: kisses that had gotten longer each time.

It was a rough time financially. We live in Indian River County and have a small orange and grapefruit grove which only brings in enough to make life a little more pleasant than it would be with just our regular jobs. We all work for the fruit company and when the canker hits our hours are cut. This never helped my father's disposition. At least we had enough fresh juice every day to drink ourselves drunk.

We finally got a lawyer who got mom a restraining order and then a settlement which allowed her to keep the house

and grove. Her diary with its daily record of all that went on was a big help. The day the bastard came for his things with a marshal waiting outside was one of the days I'll remember forever. We watched him from behind the breakfast bar as he grumbled and collected his crap. She stood behind me with her breasts in my back and her mound pressing on my ass. She was hardly moving but I was getting harder and harder – watching. It seemed like a wonderful eternity. I didn't care if it took him all day, I could have just stood there with her pressing, and me watching.

When he was gone from our house and our lives we held each other and kissed kisses of relief and kisses of longing. Her soft lips on mine and her soft tongue on mine knew there was no longer a reason to rush or hide. She pleasured my mouth with promises.

She kept those promises in the bedroom. It was the first time I saw her completely naked. Her thick long hair looked more gold than blonde in the soft light. It came down past her shoulders and some of it pointed to the wonderful globes that were startlingly full. Her pink nipples looked twice as large around as any I'd seen on either the few girls I'd gone out with or the many magazine pictures I'd come

across. The light thatch between her legs looked invitingly soft. I went to touch it first and just held my hand there as we kissed.

We didn't talk much that first time but I do remember two things. She said "I'm going to do everything for my baby" just before she took my cock into her mouth and sucked me stiff; and then she said, "I want you in my pussy." That burned itself into my brain.

I had my mother's big breast in my hand as I pushed myself into her center as far as I could go. I was so hard and tight and excited I wanted to push through her. I could almost hear the wetness between her legs as I slid in and out her cunt. I was dripping from the heat and passion as I fucked into her: deeper and harder. At one point I thought her sounds were those of pain so I stopped and asked if I was hurting her. She said, "No dear…no baby, its good…don't stop …don't stop."

I didn't stop; I felt her hands on my ass as her nails dug in and she pulled me close. Her head went from side to side as she moaned and arched. I couldn't hold it any longer. I

didn't know if I was feeling her channel grasping or my cock jumping from the spurts. I only knew I didn't want the feeling to ever end. It was release, relief and rebirth for me as I kissed my new-found love.

I thought we were happy over the next months. I thought we had everything we needed – each other; and each other was what we couldn't get enough of. She took me to her bed every night if I didn't take her to mine. She took me into her mouth and I took her into my heart.

There's a saying about loving so much it hurts. It started to hurt when I felt her pulling away. It wasn't anything noticeable at first, just a reticence. After a while I sensed a discomfort. When I asked her about it she always said it was nothing. Then the 'Zee business' started. She said she wanted me call her Zee not mom when we made love. The more I called her Zee the less we made love. Over a period of a few months my mother had distanced herself from me and there didn't seem to be anything I could do about it.

The strange thing about all of this was that when she was in my mouth I could taste her dripping. When I held her and

kissed her I could feel her heat. When she sucked on my cock I could see her passion. And yet she pulled back.

Finally one evening she asked me to sit with her on the porch. If you've ever smelled orange blossoms as they bloom you know how intoxicating they can be. The air stays sweetly perfumed for weeks. The beauty of the night contrasted starkly with the words I never wanted to hear. "Kevin dear, I want to stop."

I didn't want to play 'stop what'? We both knew 'what', so I just asked her if she still loved me. "I'll never stop loving you baby; please don't even ask me that. It would hurt me terribly if you thought that for one minute. This decision has nothing to do with loving you."

"Does it have to do with wanting me?"

"Please Kevin; it's what I need to do."

"Mom, are you sorry…"

"No baby, I don't regret one minute...listen honey it's too upsetting for me to talk about...just don't make me..."

She started to cry and I wanted to hold her and kiss her but I just held her hand and said, "Ok mom, I'll do whatever you need me to do...do you want me not to touch you or kiss you anymore?"

Her crying slowed and she said, "Of course not, I still want you to hold my hand and hug me and kiss me goodnight."

And that's what I lived on for weeks, a goodnight kiss. The thought of her soft lips lingering on mine eased my days. It didn't matter what she was doing or saying. I saw the truth. The truth was in the moment of that goodnight kiss: in the heat of her mouth and its soft moan, the flush across her breasts as her breath quickened, and her heart, which my heart heard.

There was no amount of cajoling that would persuade her to talk about her reasons. I was desperate and I'm not proud

of what I did - but I'm not sorry either. I read her diary. I really didn't have to go past this entry when I found it.

Wednesday: I told him tonight and I think that if I didn't I would never be able to. Every time I would think I want him inside me 'just once more' I knew that I wanted him there forever and it's just not fair. I'm too old and loving his mother this way could – I guess I really don't know but I don't want to ruin his chances to meet someone his own age and have a happy life. If I can just stop for a while maybe he'll find someone. But I miss his loving already. I miss him in my bed and in me. Kevin darling, I miss you. I miss you in me: in your Zara Beth, in your mother.

When mom came home I took her in my arms and kissed her long and hard. She responded weakly and almost in a whisper, "No Kevin...please baby..."

I said, "Zee – mom, I know what your doing and I'm not going to let you throw away what we have. People spend their whole lives looking for this. I'm old enough to make my own choices. Zee, I choose you."

"But Kevin..." I didn't let her finish.

"You can only make this decision for yourself. I have to make my own – right or wrong. I can't stop loving you this way unless you don't want me anymore. There's only one question: Does Zee love me? Just tell me if you love me and if you do...then just love me."

"Oh Kevin, Zee loves you as much as your mother and Zee wants you in her as much as your mother." She gave me the kiss I was waiting for.

It seemed like I was in my mother more times that night than I had been since I first reached between her legs on the ladder that day. I was crazed and I couldn't stay satisfied for more than twenty minutes after coming in her mouth or her pussy. I kept going back for more and she egged me on. When I told her to tell me what she wanted, she said "Keep doing it Kevin; keep doing it to me. I want to feel you all day tomorrow as if you're still in me".

Even though her cunt was wet each time I entered her, my dick was throbbing – probably from her teeth when her passion took over as she sucked me. I could tell that her pussy was getting sensitive because when I touched or even licked it she reacted. When I asked if she was all right she said she was 'wonderfully' sore and I shouldn't stop.

I realized later one of the reasons I couldn't stop was that I wanted something more. The thing that would satisfy me would be to possess her. I wanted to be in her ass. I wanted to come in my sweet mother's ass. She didn't resist when she realized what I wanted. She turned and opened herself to me. I took some of her pussy juice and mixed it with my saliva. I lubricated my cock and her ass as best I could.

Pushing into her hole gave me the satisfaction I needed even before I came. I was calmed as I slowly reached deeper into my mother's tighter channel - and so was she. As I pumped in and out of her, all I heard was a continuous low moan interrupted by an occasional mumble into the pillow that sounded like "Kevin" or "yes".

I came in her beautiful soft creamy ass as I kneaded her heavy tits that hung as she kneeled on all fours. When I thought I was finished coming in her, she squeezed and two more intense spurts of cum went into her ass. We were both spent and slept an exhausted dreamless sleep. Morning came quickly and my sweet woman was curled into me. I kissed her sweat stained face and matted hair. I wanted to be in her one more time before going to work. I began gently sucking on her pussy as she stirred into an awakened smile. I was hard and had it been last night I know wouldn't have asked; I would have just taken her. Last night was the end of something and today was the beginning of something else. Today I couldn't cause her any discomfort - much less pain. As I gently stoked her and reached for her I said, "Mom, tell me if you want me to stop."

She kissed me and said, "Do it to me forever and then I'll decide."