



Depravity

A mother's lust for cum leads to more

Chapter 1

This is my story about my depravity.

I was married at eighteen to my high school sweetheart. He was drafted shortly after we married and I didn't learn of my pregnancy until after he went to Vietnam. He objected, but, I insisted on naming our son 'Lawrence', after him. My husband, 'Lawrence', died in Vietnam and I never remarried.

I have always been oral, and absolutely love sucking cock as well as having my pussy eaten. I would rather suck cock than fuck and orgasm continuously with a cock in my mouth.

Over the years I would suck off various men I came in contact with. Co-workers, friends husbands, salesmen, always making sure things remained secret.

I had a female friend, who after much time I learned, made 'prosthetic penises' for a company in France and she made me a special lifelike one, after some persuading. She had never made anything like what I was asking for, so when she finally agreed to make it, she used me for product testing and development. We spent a lot of time together, which led to our enjoying each other sexually.

Several weeks after learning how much I loved swallowing a mans cum, she approached me about sucking off her husband. She felt guilty enough about our mutual pleasures and justified it as product development. She didn't want an open marriage or her husband fucking another woman. But, he loved blowjobs and she couldn't stand him cuming in her mouth. So she never let him which she knew was depriving him. She talked to me about it several times and asked me for advice on how to get past him cuming in her mouth. I told her to try different things like whip-cream and syrup. She would and then she would tell me how it didn't work. She wanted him to have the blowjobs he wanted, but she just couldn't take him cuming in her mouth.

When my special penis was done, she came out and asked me if I would suck-off her husband. I told her that I didn't want to ruin the relationship she and I had or to cause a breakup of her marriage. She was crying as she told me about thinking it over for a long time and deciding it had to be me if I would do it as she asked me to. We were holding each other and I told her I would think about it, but she would have to tell me how she wanted me to do it first. She said she would tell me when and I could come over and wait in the wok shop. She would have set things up for one of their bondage games, blindfolding him and cuffing him to the rack, then she would come and tell me to go on in, but I wasn't to say anything so he wouldn't know who it was. She would wait in the work shop until I returned because she didn't want to watch someone else do what she couldn't do.

I told her to think about it some more, because I didn't want to lose them as friends.

We had a little session of our own as she tried out my new penis on me. I got the surprise of my life when it came in my mouth. I always loved her using her devices on me and then sticking them in my mouth, so this was heaven. She had just finished fucking me to a wonderful orgasm when she pulled it from my pussy and pulled me up to suck on it. It felt like a real cock in my mouth, so warm and smooth, then it started to throb and I felt the vein swell as it shot something in my mouth. I almost passed out. She knew how much I liked chocolate covered cherries and that was the taste of it. I milked my new cock for all I could get and was lightheaded when I let it fall from my lips.

She immediately dropped down to hug and kiss me before saying, "My God. You wouldn't believe how you looked when I gave you your surprise!"

As I came to my senses, I mumbled, "How! How did you do that!?" She told me how she and her husband figured out how to fill and pressurize the balls, and then he made an elliptical valve that would spin and release the fluid in spurts.

"I know how much you like chocolate covered cherries so I made some lightly flavoured heavy cream and filled the balls this morning just before we started." And without pause she said, "Will you suck off my husband, now, since I've pleased you?"

"As long as I don't lose you, I'll gladly suck his cock, after this."

"Good. He's been blindfolded and cuffed to the rack since we fucked before you came." She said, as she led me to the door. "I didn't let him cum, when we fucked, so he should give you plenty to eat. Remember, don't say a word." She whispered as she opened the door and gently pushed me inside.

He said her name and asked why she was torturing him like this as I silently walked to him and placed my fingers on his lips. I knew he could smell her pussy on my hand and he opened his mouth to suck my fingers. I pulled my fingers free and squatted on my heels placing my hands on his thighs. He moaned and his cock twitched as it started to grow. I licked the drop at its tip and it jumped to half erection before me. I moved my hands around to his ass as I opened my mouth to take him in ever so slowly. He was moaning as I slowly took his cock all the way in my mouth. He started twitching and I thought he was going to cum, but he settled down and his cock got harder. I stayed like that for a bit, squeezing his ass as I used my lips, tongue, and throat to

suck his cock. I moved my hands around to each side of his cock as I drew my lips tightly up its length stopping at the flange of its head. He was grunting and gasping as I did this repeatedly. He lasted longer than I thought he would, giving me several minutes of sucking his hard cock. His grunting gasps started getting faster and faster so I grabbed his balls and increased my sucking pressure as I kept my lips tight on his straining cock. As he started cuming I massaged his balls and caressed his ass while milking his cock with my mouth. The tanginess of his cum was delicious. As I sucked his softening cock he squirmed and moaned. Releasing his cock from my mouth I stood and feeling mischievous, I kissed him, darting my tongue in his mouth to give him a taste. I was careful not to touch him in any other way.

After the kiss, I turned and left, returning to the workshop.

"Did you do it?" She asked softly as she stood.

"Well, Yes. Isn't that what you wanted?" I replied quizzically.

She stood in front of me and said, "Kiss me," as she opened her mouth.

I knew she wanted to taste his cum in my mouth. I broke the kiss, patted her cheek and left, with my new toy.

A week later she called and asked if my new toy was working all right. I told her it was marvelous and I was very happy with it, but she insisted that I bring it over so she could check it out. When I got there she was fidgety and I knew she had something else on her mind. As she pretended to look the device over, I asked her what was really on her mind. She told me that several times that week she had tried to suck her husband off, but pulled away at the last second each time. She knew he was very frustrated by it and she was angry with herself for not doing it. Then she lowered her head and very softly asked me if I would do it again.

"What?" I said.

"Would you please suck him off again?" She said softly.

I reached out and raised her chin, to look in her eyes, and told her that as long as we were friends I would do anything for her. And then asked her when she wanted me to do it.

She lowered her head again and meekly said, "I know it's asking a lot and imposing, but could you do it now?"

"Now!" I said with surprise.

"Oh, I knew it would be asking too much." She said, almost crying.

I hugged her to me and whispered, "Now would be fine, now would be fine. Where is he?"

"Are you sure? Oh God, I don't like taking advantage of you. Are you sure?" She sniffled in my ear.

'I'm sure. I Love Sucking Cock. And he has a nice one that gives delicious cum." I whispered in her ear. Then I whispered, "Delicious cum," again. I leaned back and asked where he was and she said he was on the rack again. I took my heels off and snuck in not making a sound. When my mouth suddenly closed on his cock, he jumped so hard that it almost came out, but I stayed with him and began my feast. This time he couldn't speak because she had put a ball gag in his mouth. I was naughty and teased him over and over by bringing him to the brink, only to stop and let his cock out of my mouth. As he calmed down, I would lick and suck his balls and kiss the bend of his legs and thighs. I did this eleven times leaving him moaning and wiggling and then on the twelfth I let him cum in my mouth. He was so worked up that I almost couldn't take it all, but I did. I didn't swallow it all but kept some in my mouth and quietly left the room.

My friend was standing right outside the door, listening, because I took so long. I grabbed her and kissed her, passing the cum I had saved from my mouth to hers as I held the back of her head. She didn't pull away or convulse, she moaned and returned my kiss with passion. When I pulled away, her eyes were closed and a small amount of cum was dripping from the corner of her mouth to her chin.

"That was his cum, wasn't it?" She whispered.

"Yes." I said. "And there's a little on your chin."

She tentatively licked around her mouth and closed her eyes. I could tell she was testing its taste. Then she took her finger and wiped the last drop from her chin and stuck her finger in her mouth and moaned. "This way the taste isn't so bad. I could get used to it. So, why can't I let him cum in my mouth?" She said, quizzically.

Just then it came to me, it was the act of cumming that bothered her, not cum. It also came to me, that she should use a cock like she made for me and practice with it. As I talked about it her eyes got big and she figured it out to. She had made a flavored thick cream for me and she could do the same thing for herself. But first, I said, "Practice with it empty. Just use air and get used to it throbbing in your mouth. Then add the

flavored liquid you like. When you can take it that way, you should be able to suck him off."

Two weeks went by before she called again and asked me to come over right away. When I got there she was a giggly little girl and started telling me how she conquered her problem. I asked her if she were sure about that and she said, "Oh Yes!" and holding up a cock like her husbands, said, "This one's been shooting in my mouth for three days." She told me it took a week for the repulsion to stop and another couple of days to not gag when it shot her butterscotch cream, and then she loved it. "Now I have one more thing to ask of you, and I hope you'll agree." She said, excitedly.

"As long as we stay friends, and it's not too kinky." I replied.

"You'll always be my special friend," She said as she bent to kiss me. "Well, you know I'm not into swinging. I don't want anyone to join my husband and me for sex, but you helped me get past my hang-up and I want you to watch me do it properly for the first time."

As soon as she said it, my pussy was tingling as was my mouth. As a light orgasm rippled through me, I told her I would love to see her first loving swallow.

She took me by the hand and led me to the room and whispered for me to just quietly watch, before opening the door.

We quietly walked in and I stepped to the side. She removed her dress and stepped forward to rub her hands and tits on her husbands' chest and stomach. He was squirming as she lowered herself to rub his cock on her tits. Holding his cock in her hand she sat on her heels and stuck it in her mouth making him moan.

I imagined she were me as orgasms rippled though my body. It was so erotic watching as she caressed his ass, hips, and thighs while moving her mouth back and forth on his cock. I saw him stiffen, and thought, 'This is it,' but she stopped moving and held only the tip in her lips. When he relaxed, she went back to loving his cock. He stiffened again, and this time she didn't stop, she grabbed his ass with both hands and moved her head to milk him. He was cuming in jerks, like he did in my mouth, while she moaned lustily and sucked it down.

The whole time he was cuming in her mouth she was looking me in the eyes. She kept sucking until he was hard again and began again to get his cum.

Once again as he cum in her mouth she was looking me in the eyes.

As he again began to soften she stood up and walked to me. I knew she had a mouthful of cum and was shaking in anticipation.

She wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me letting his fresh warm cum flood my mouth. When she stepped back, I was weak kneed and she led me back to the workshop.

"How was that?" She asked.

I weakly muttered, "My God, I am so turned on right now!"

"I'm glad you liked it. You deserved to watch me swallow my husbands cum for the first time without gagging and wanting to throw-up. Thank You, for helping me. Oh God, Thank You!" After a long pause she said, "After you leave, I'm going in to fuck and tease him for a while. Then I'm going to remove the blindfold and look him in the eyes as I suck him off. I want to see his eyes when he cums in my mouth and I swallow it lovingly."

It's been several years since this happened and she still thanks me for helping her. Those two times I sucked her husbands cock were the only times I sucked him and she never has told him it was me.

Now I'll describe the prosthetic penis she made for me. It is an inflatable strap-on made with a stretchy material. When first seen, it looks like a normal soft cock between 2 and 3 inches long to the front. In back there is a smooth protrusion that also inflates. The rear protrusion juts up sharply and develops ridges. There is a hand operated bulb that inflates both sides with an oil that can be warmed before use. It reaches a maximum length of six and a half inches long and five inches around with a nicely flanged head. The balls hang in a loose sack, so they swing freely. They are two metal bulbs that can be filled with any safe liquid and pressurized with a small electric air pump. There is a button to release the fluid in the balls that allows an elliptical ball to rotate; this rotation sends the fluid out of the cock in spurts like a real cock when it shoots cum.

I've worn all of the parts out several times over the years and my friend never charges for a rebuild.

Chapter 2

Shortly after, my son became sick and just couldn't pull out of it. Our Physician sent him to a specialist, who sent him to another and another. In the end he went to no less than fourteen Doctors. He was referred to Barnes, Mayo, and MD Anderson. In the end the prognosis was always the same, 'Terminal.' They all said that with his, two sentence long named disease he had at most two years to live. I forbade his Drs. to tell him, and dealt with my devastation of his death sentence. By the time we exhausted all treatment chances I had sold the house, emptied my retirement account, and spent all of our savings. The only thing we had left, or rather Lawrence had left, was his survivor social security.

I'm not looking for sympathy, I'm just telling of the events that actually led to my next step into more depravity.

Lawrence' birthday was coming up and I wanted to make it the best one possible. We had just moved out of state to a big city, so he didn't have any friends around. The only thing going for us was that I was making more than twice the money I made before.

The more I thought of my son dieing the more I thought of making sure he had a sex life. He didn't have a girl friend, and I had found the signs of his jacking-off as well as heard

him several times, so I decided that for his birthday, I would suck his cock as a bonus to his gifts.

I had been kind of teasing him with looks at my body for a couple of weeks. I knew he was looking at me and I deliberately let him see more and more. Accidentally, of course.

On his birthday, I started out normally attired and using the heat as an excuse, I switched to a very skimpy outfit. I changed into a mini-skirt, see-through purple panties, and a halter-top with no bra. I felt so nervous and naughty that I came close to backing out.

I let him sleep late and after lunch I kept him busy helping me do little things around the house. I made sure that I brushed against him, bumped him or touched him, repeatedly. I also made sure he caught me looking at his crotch several times.

By supper time he had a noticeable bulge that he kept trying to hide from me. As I prepared supper, I had him stay in the kitchen to help out. I knew I could touch and tease continuously. I would deliberately bend over so he could look down my top and see my bare tits. My nipples were staying hard and pushing at the material, saying, "Look at

me, I'm turned on." I bent from the waist knowing he could see my pussy through my panties.

Once, I looked through my legs and saw him rubbing his cock through his pants as he looked at me. His eyes caught mine and he turned beet red as he looked away quickly.

After supper we went to the living room for presents. I quickly removed my panties as I followed him. As I handed him his first present, I made sure he got a good close look at my tits, and then as I turned and bent to pick up the next one, I flashed my bare pussy at him. When I turned around to hand it to him his mouth was open and his hands were in his lap. He didn't want to move his hands to take the present and when he finally did, I saw the outline of his hard cock and moaned. Lawrence' hands were shaking so bad he almost dropped the present before ripping the paper to shreds. The last present, I turned slowly and spread my legs before bending to pick it up. I heard my son moan loudly as he saw my fully exposed glistening pussy.

Still bent, I looked back and asked, "What's the matter, Honey?"

"Oh God, Mom, you're flashing me!" He said lustily.

"Yes Dear, I am," I said as I put my hand over my pussy, "I wanted to get you ready for your real gift."

"Real gift, Mom, what real gift?" He moaned.

I quickly went to stand between his legs bent forward taking his face in my hands as I kissed him and slid my hand to rub his hard cock. He moaned and hunched against my hand as I sat on my heels. Keeping eye contact, I undid his pants and pulled them and his shorts down and off his legs.

"What are you doing? Oh God, Mom!" He grunted out. His young cock bouncing up and down slapping his stomach.

"If you want me to, I'm going to suck your cock." I said as I ran my hands up his legs.

"Really! You're not teasing me are you? Please tell me you're not teasing me!" He pleaded.

"Mommy's not teasing Honey." I said as I wrapped my fingers around his cock.

"Oh Jesus, I can't believe this." He moaned, his eyes full of lust.

Keeping eye contact, I leaned forward and licked from his balls to the tip of his cock. He went stiff as a board and I thought he would cum right then, but he held back. With my tongue flat against his cock, I opened my mouth, closed my eyes and took him in my mouth. He moaned loudly, stiffened again, and hit the couch with his fists, but he didn't cum.

As I started moving my head up and down, he moaned, "I can't believe how good this feels."

A half a dozen bobs later and I felt his cock pulse as his delicious cum filled my mouth. He hadn't said a word to warn me, he just erupted in my mouth.

He went soft immediately and I noticed he was breathing heavily, so I looked up at him and saw that he had passed out. Making sure I got all of his cum, I moved up next to him and took him in my arms. I just rocked him in my arms until he came around almost five minutes later.

When he opened his dazed eyes, he asked what happened. I squeezed him and told him he passed out.

"Did, you! Did, I!" He stammered.

"Yes Dear." I said as I squeezed him.

When his hands moved, I started playing with his balls and asked him if he would like me to do it again. "Really! You'd do it again? Would I ever! Oh, My God, I'm sorry if I came in your mouth Mom!" He exclaimed.

"I wanted you to cum in my mouth," I said softly, "I'll always want you to cum in my mouth." I said softly. Then I kissed him and slid down to suck his cock again.

"Oh Mom, Mom, Mom, Mom." He moaned repeatedly.

I was able to sense him now and stopped to tease while he settled down. I loved the way my sons cock felt in my mouth. The skin on its head was so smooth and tight. The flange was a good quarter inch and studded with little bumps that tickled my tongue and lips. I could feel the ridges and veins down the shaft to its base as my tight lips moved over them. The skin, so soft and stretchy as my lips pulled it up and down. I was locking it all in my memory as my mouth and tongue worked over his cock. After fifteen minutes, I finally let him cum. There was so much that it was dribbling down his cock even though I tried to keep it in my mouth. After he softened, I licked up what I missed.

As I sat up Lawrence said, "I Love You, Mom. I Love You. I Love You. I Love You."

I caressed his cheek and kissed him, knowing that things between us were at a whole new level.

"Mom?" He said softly.

"Yes Honey." I said as I looked at him.

"What made you do this?"

My heart jumped in my throat. I couldn't tell him it was because he was dying and I wanted him to know sensual pleasure. "I've noticed how you've grown and I just couldn't get you out of my mind. You were constantly in my mind to the point of driving me crazy. So, I threw caution to the wind and decided to give you this kind of birthday present." I said as I caressed his face.

"Is this the end of it or can I, uh, we, do more?" He whispered.

I kissed him and said, "Oh Honey, I was hoping we could," and I fondled his balls again. "Is there something on your

mind?" He was staring at my tits and I smiled great big as I placed his hand on one.

He moaned along with me as he gently squeezed it. I reached up, untied the halter strap and let it fall across his hand. He gulped, moaned and smiled as he pulled his hand free to gently caress both tits. His touch was so light that it tickled, raising goose bumps on my flesh, especially my aureole, which he barely touched as he ran the tip of his finger around it. My stomach jerked and he pulled his hand away, but I grabbed it and put it back, not wanting him to stop.

"Do what you want, with them." I moaned, and he was driving me crazy with his continued light touch.

When his hand moved from that tit, he kissed the nipple, while teasing the other one. I was panting now, and wanting relief for my flowing pussy. I touched my pussy with one hand and pulled his head into my tit with the other. He started sucking the nipple pressed in his mouth, while squeezing and pulling the other. My pussy was flowing and I had to have his mouth. I stood pulling him with me, then I turned my back to him and put both of his hands on my tits and slowly walked to his room. I could feel his hard cock pressing into the crack of my ass. Once there, we removed the rest of our clothes. We stood there making out like teenagers, hands going everywhere. I couldn't take it anymore; I wanted his mouth on my pussy. No, I wanted his

cock! I maneuvered us to the bed until we fell together, making it shake violently. His hand found my pussy and I moaned deeply in our kiss, rotating my hips to his touch. I started shaking in orgasm and my son pulled back looking at me amused.

When I opened my eyes, I moaned, "Your mouth, please use your mouth." He had a questioning look and I begged, "Oh God, Lawrence, Eat Me, Please, Eat Me!" He immediately smiled and slipped his fingers in my pussy as his palm rubbed my clit. I started into another orgasm and fucked his fingers as once more I begged, "Please use your mouth. Please! I want your mouth on my pussy. Please, Oh Please."

He quickly sucked my nipple and nibbled and kissed his way to my pussy. When I felt my sons hot breath on my clit, I had another orgasm, rubbing his back and head to urge him on to my goal. I was consumed with lust for my son' mouth to eat my pussy and please me.

'Oh God, Stephanie, what are you doing? This is your son!' I thought. The momentary concern passed quickly as all I wanted was a mouth, his mouth, pleasing my pussy. My hands and moans were urging him on but he was taking his time which was driving me mad. I brought a hand to my tit so I could play with the aureole and nipple as I wiggled my ass to get at his mouth. He moved away from me and I reached out for him before feeling him between my legs. As

I spread my legs I felt his hands on my thighs and his lips kiss my mound. I shuddered in ecstasy as he kissed my clit. He kissed the bend of my leg, my thigh, the bend again, my clit, the other bend, the other thigh and back again, and again, causing me to moan and roll my hips. When he kissed my clit after many passes, I grabbed his head and held him there while shaking in another orgasm. His hands massaged the bend of my legs as his tongue, his wonderful tongue, licked my pussy, causing me to moan loudly. He started licking and sucking my pussy, as I thought, 'Oh God, my son's a natural!' He sent wave after wave of orgasm through me, causing me to shake violently, delirious with pleasure.

Suddenly he was gone; my hands went to my pussy, and my shaking subsided, as I thought, 'Where is he?' Coming to my senses, I opened my eyes to see my son, kneeling between my legs stroking his cock. I knew what he wanted, I wanted it too, but couldn't, not yet. No not yet! Not yet able to fuck my son, I bound up at him, knocking him on his back and almost off the bed. Before he could recover, his cock was in my mouth as I sucked like a mad woman. I loved my son's cock and started using my lips and tongue on its so smooth head as I gently stroked its length. The head was so smooth and felt so good as I rubbed it all over my face while looking in his eyes. I sucked it, licked it, and rubbed it on my face for several minutes while looking him in the eyes. I loved watching his expression and hearing him moan.

I sucked his balls and slowly licked up the length of his shaft, before asking lustily, "Ready to cum in Mommies mouth?"

I squeezed the base of his cock and licked the underside as he moaned, "Oh God, Mom, Yessss!"

I slowly took his entire length in my mouth and fondled his balls causing him to twitch and moan. As I slid my mouth up his cock he grabbed my head and started fucking my mouth. I encouraged him by going, "Umm," on each thrust. I wanted my son' cum and tightened my lips around his cock while pushing my tongue against the underside. Suddenly he became still as his cock throbbed, his body barely jerking as his cock filled my mouth with his sweet cum. I sucked greedily until his cock stopped pulsing through his ejaculation, then I started milking his cock with my mouth. His hands fell from head and his breathing almost stopped as he passed out again.

Taking his now soft cock in my hands and kissing it, I looked up at my passed out son. Moving up along side of him, I rolled him into my arms and held him close. I fell asleep like that.

When I opened my eyes it was twilight, we had slept like that all night. Easing out of bed so as not to awaken him, I hoped I hadn't made a mistake. I pulled the covers over him,

caressed his face and lightly kissed his forehead before going to take a shower. After my shower, I went and prepared a hardy breakfast.

I had everything ready and was about to call Lawrence, when he walked in wearing a robe. Yawning and stretching he said, "That delicious smell woke me up."

"Let's eat." I said cheerfully.

All through breakfast Lawrence kept giving me funny looks until I asked him what was on his mind. He looked at me with a deep thoughtful look and asked, "Did what happened last night really happen? Or was it all a fantastic dream?"

I took his hand, and said, "It happened honey. It happened, and I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did. You don't mind what we did, do you."

"I loved it. I don't want it to ever stop. We are going to do it some more aren't we?" He said emphatically.

I smiled and we talked about it for an hour. I made it clear to my son that I wanted to suck his cock anytime he wanted me to. I also made it clear that I could not let myself fuck him. It

had to be everything but fucking. I also knew that I was going to fuck my Son.

We settled into, mutual oral sex, three or four times a day, and I was enjoying the hell out of it.

One day we wanted to go to a movie but each of us wanted to see a different one. We ended up deciding to watch both movies and eating out downtown. We sat through both movies, leaning on each other and stealing occasional touches. As our meal started, I slipped my high heel off and rubbed Lawrence' cock with my foot, causing him to choke on a bite. A few minutes later I felt Lawrence' foot on my pussy, causing me to choke on my drink.

As we left the restaurant, all I could think about was sucking his cock. It got the best of me and I turned down an empty street. As I stopped the car, I told him to get his cock out. He hesitated and I told him to hurry up. Lawrence wasted no time in getting his pants down and I attacked his cock. When I had emptied his balls, I raised up to see two black boys watching through the window. I gasped and looked at Lawrence, his eyes were closed and his head was lying back on the seat. I quickly sat back, jerked the car into drive and peeled out of there. Lawrence jumped up, wanting to know what happened. I told him about the two black boys and he laughed. This made me angry and the next day I didn't do anything with him; that is until supper. I finished before he

did and slipped under the table to suck his cock. I already knew what I was going to do and when he came in my mouth I didn't swallow it, I kept as much as I could in my mouth. I crawled out from under the table and pulled him up to kiss him, grabbing the back of his head as I did so. As his lips parted, I passed his fresh cum into his mouth. He tried to pull back, but was trapped between my hand and my mouth. Then he tried to give it back to me, but my tongue blocked him. He had to swallow it, and after he did, I stepped back and said, "That's for laughing at me."

Over the next few days, Lawrence tried to position himself and fuck me several times, but I stuck to the 'No Fucking' rule. He tried, one last time, and it both annoyed and broke my defenses. I told him that the only way he was going to fuck me was to do something I wanted and to do it exactly as I wanted. A few minutes passed and he asked me to tell him what I wanted. I told him that I wanted him to get me some black boys to suck off. He said that it wasn't a problem there were some down the street. I told him that wouldn't do; it had to be some boys I would never see again.

He said, "Two or three?"

I said, "Six! I want six!"

He said he would do anything I wanted, but I told him he had better think about it for a while and sleep in his own bed that night. I knew it was torturing him, but it was also torturing me, as all I could think of was fucking my son and sucking those unknown young black cocks. I spent the night with my artificial penis in my pussy.

I was just about to tell my son to forget the whole thing over breakfast, but he spoke first, saying, "Tell me exactly what you want Mom, so that I do it right."

I was shocked. I honestly expected him to try and get me to let him do something else. "Ok," I said, "You get clean cut boys. No gang member types. I want it recorded, so the boys will have to agree to being taped. You make sure our camcorder is working properly; I'll buy another and a package of tapes. You will be doing the taping, so I expect you to do a good job. You cannot tell them I am related to you. This is going to be very dangerous for me, with boys. When you have it all set up with the boys, we will get adjoining rooms at a motel across town. When you and the boys are settled in and comfortable in one room, I'll open the door for you to enter the other room. I will explain the ground rules, they are there only to get their cocks sucked, if there are any complaints or mouthing off, it ends there and you will all leave. You will find your own way home."

Lawrence remained silent, for several minutes, with his eyes lowered. Just as I turned to leave, he said, "I'll do exactly as you said. And you better keep your word."

I spun around, glaring at him, and sternly said, "Forget it. That threat just lost you your chance, and for that matter, anything else for a while." I could tell my statement crushed him because he sighed loudly and slumped down. As I walked away, I heard him crying. It hurt me to, but threats in a relationship are not acceptable. I've seen too many relationships destroyed by threats and verbal abuse. I wiped my eyes and settled down to watch TV.

I was half way into the second program when I heard Lawrence enter the room. He just stood silently behind me. I glanced at the mirror and saw his head down and shoulders slumped. Not saying a word, I let him stand there. During each commercial, he edged closer, still neither of us spoke.

When the show ended, Lawrence spoke, "Mom, can we talk?"

"Not now," I said sharply, "I want to be alone. You should go to your room."

"Mom Please!" He begged softly.

"Not Now!" I said very sharply.

He let out a painful moan and shuffled to his room.

That night was as painful for me as Lawrence and I didn't sleep or relieve myself. All I thought about was our relationship. My son had to remain, my son. He couldn't be my equal and he certainly could not be my master.

I heard him stirring, early in the morning. I lay there listening and waiting until I smelled breakfast cooking. Smiling, I said to myself, "My darling Son is trying to make up." I got up and put on my full length robe when I heard dishes rattling and walked to the kitchen.

As I entered, Lawrence said, "This is the new me Mom, I hope it pleases you."

"Very nice. Much better than last night." I said and touched his arm.

I sat and he served me then himself and we ate in silence. When we finished, Lawrence washed the dishes as I sipped a cup of coffee. When he finished, he asked me if there was anything he could do for me.

"I don't know." I said softly.

"Please Mom, let me make it up. I know what I did was wrong and I want to apologize. Please, let me make it up, somehow." His voice told me he was very sorry.

I removed my robe, stood and went to the counter. Before hopping up to sit on the edge, I pulled off my panties. Lawrence's eyes were full of lust as he watched me. I told him to get on his knees. I knew he thought he was going to eat pussy but I had another idea.

As I rubbed my pussy in front of him he looked at me pleadingly. He started to lean in and I told him to just kneel there. As I orgasmed I could see the pain in his face from having to kneel so close and only watch.

Covering my pussy with my hand, I said, "You may do my asshole."

He gulped, moved forward and gave my puckered ring a lick, then another, and another, as he got into it. I moved my hand away and felt his nose in my pussy. He took it as a sign to lick upwards and his hands went to my thighs. I told him, "Asshole only, and no hands." Without a sound he dropped his hands and moved his mouth back to my asshole. His nose, however, stuck in my pussy again. "Stick your tongue

in." I told him and in it went. Then without being told he was fucking my ass with his tongue. The amazing this was, every time he moved his head to stick his tongue in my ass, his nose went in my pussy. The sensations were driving me over the edge and I was playing with my tits as he brought me to a very nice orgasm. When finished, I hopped off the counter, said, "Very nice," and left.

I quickly dressed and went shopping. When I returned, I discovered Lawrence had cleaned house. He was in his room and I called him to the living room to talk. We talked for quite a while, both of us explaining what we expected from each other. He would remain my son and I his mother, both in public and at home. We would also be lovers and work through that part of our lives together. I explained that I had wanted to fuck him but found it hard to complete the taboo and finally gave in due to his attempts. I asked him to please let me have my fantasy and do it my way. He wanted to know why I wanted to suck black boys when I had him. I reminded him of being watched while sucking his cock; it was the trigger of the fantasy. He said he would keep his word and wait for what he wanted most.

Chapter 3

I now worked in the Human Physiology Lab at the University and was learning much about the human body. I became an expert on my son's disease and it saddened me deeply because there is no cure or way to slow it down. Once the disease reached its zenith, death would be quick. Life for the victim until then would be painless, with bouts of debilitating weakness. They could with care lead a somewhat normal life. Lawrence had an almost three week weak spell with me being his caring nurse.

When he recovered, I didn't see him much during the day for a couple of weeks and was becoming worried about what he was doing. He surprised me at supper one night by saying, "I've found your young men."

"What." I responded in surprise.

"I've found your young men and I've interviewed them on tape, for your approval." He said with a smile. "You can watch the tape whenever you want." And he placed a cassette on the table.

I was apprehensive, thinking, 'So this is it, my fantasy is here.' I had honestly believed he wouldn't be able to do it, or even want to do it. My mind believed he would find some

other way to fuck me and I was thinking of fucking him anyway.

I finished supper nervously thinking about the tape and glancing at it continuously. Lawrence told me he would cleanup if I wanted to watch the interviews. I said, "OK," and with shaky hands picked up the tape and went to the living room.

Actually trembling, I pressed play and the tape began. A very nice looking young black boy was shooting free throws. Lawrence was talking to him about school, sports, and the life he had. He didn't act or speak any different than my son. The scene changed and he was looking into the camera, Lawrence was asking him about sex. The young man said that sex was for procreation, however, humans were thinking sensual beings and therefore sex for them was also for pleasure and personal satisfaction. He saw no problem in sex for pleasure as long as those involved understood it was for pleasure not a tool or weapon to get some personal gain.

Lawrence told him he knew an older white woman that had a fantasy of sucking off several black boys. The young man smiled real big and said, "It seems a lot of white women have a fantasy of doing blacks."

Lawrence asked him how he felt about that and he said, "I don't see what the big deal is, I mean blacks aren't any different than any other race. I guess it's OK, as long as you're not hurting anybody."

"Would you be willing to be one of the boys?" Lawrence asked.

His brow furrowed as he thought for a moment, then he said, "Sure. It sounds like fun."

"She wants me to tape it for her, would that bother you?"

His brow furrowed again, and he said, "Naw, it's cool to know she wants to watch it later. Yeah, I'll do it and you can tape away." He had a huge smile on his face.

The tape briefly went black for several seconds before the next young man appeared. The same basic conversation took place with another well spoken and well mannered boy. All six boys were basically the same, well mannered, soft spoken, open to sex and willing to participate. I learned that all six were actually eighteen; Lawrence had them show their ID as proof. Three were exceptionally dark skinned, one was browner, two were actually more white looking but definitely black.

I felt Lawrence' hands on my shoulders, he had been behind me as I watched the tape. I was filled with fear as I thought it was a mistake, but the yearning in my mind had me tingling.

"Well Mom, what do you think? Do you approve of my choices?" He said softly.

"OH God, I don't know. I didn't really think you would do it, and now I don't know if I can." I said as I started to cry.

Lawrence squeezed in next to me and held me, just letting me get it out. After my emotions subsided, I looked into his eyes, caressed his cheek, and softly asked, "Are you sure there isn't something else you would rather do to claim your prize?"

"Mom, I want you to be happy. If helping fulfill your fantasy does that, then that is what I want. It's your desires that I want to fulfill." He whispered in my ear.

I melted inside with the feeling of his words in my mind. I hugged and kissed him passionately and told him to take off his pants. I wanted to suck his cock and he knew it, which made him almost rip them off. He was in my mouth and my

hands were on his ass pulling him in as soon as his cock was uncovered. His pants were at his knees as I sucked like a mad woman. It was a rough blowjob with my arms around his hips and my nose slamming into his stomach as my head moved rapidly back and forth. He came quickly and I wanted more so I didn't stop and kept my mouth moving on his cock. He hardened again and I kept going at him driven by wild lust. This time when he came, though, I milked his cock, slow and lovingly.

I was hugging him tightly, kissing his stomach, as he wobbled and twitched. I knew if I let him go he would collapse because strong ejaculations almost always made him pass out. Once he steadied, I let him go and he dropped to his knees and kissed me.

"My turn." He softly said, pushed me back and started massaging my thighs. Slowly he edged his hands higher pushing my skirt up as he went, our eyes locked. My panty covered pussy was tingling and dripping wet as he bent to kiss me there. He nuzzled my mound and licked me through my panties. I wanted them gone but he made no move to remove them, instead nuzzling, kissing and licking from thigh to thigh again and again. I was filled with lust and if he had tried to fuck me, he could have. After long orgasmic minutes he slowly pulled my panties down to expose my vibrating pussy. His mouth went to my clit sucking and licking strongly. I began shaking through waves of orgasm.

As he pulled his mouth away I was so out of breath I could barely speak.

An idea flashed through my mind and I whispered, "I want you to fuck me without fucking me."

"Huh!" He said looking at me confused.

"I want you to fuck me without fucking me." I said as I took his hand and led him to my bedroom. Once there I unlocked my drawer and took out my penis, showing it to him. His jaw dropped as he saw what was in my hand. I told him he could put it on, and showed him how to pump it up. The strap had a hole above the penis, and I told him he could put his cock through it, that way as he fucked me with my penis his cock would rub my clit. With some giggling I strapped it on him but couldn't get his hard cock through the hole, so I had to take it back off and put his cock through first. Once on it was strange to see my son with two cocks. Looking in the mirror, he laughed and joked about really being able to satisfy a woman with two.

I pulled him to bed in a sixty-nine position and it was really weird to see two cocks on one man. I sucked and played with them both until I was ready and told him to fuck me.

Lawrence had a look of pure lust in his eyes and I didn't know if he was going to use his cock or mine. And in all honesty, I wouldn't have cared. He kept his word and used mine, watching intently as he pushed it into me. His cock rubbed over my clit and was pushed down on it at the base by the strap. The feeling was incredible and the site mesmerizing.

I could feel a cock sliding in and out of my pussy, pulling and pushing my lips as it went. At the same time I felt and watched my sons cock stroking and pushing on my clit. This combination of cock in pussy, cock on clit and sight had me convulsing in orgasm. I put a hand to my tit, pulling the nipple and a hand on my son' cock as I went through the strongest orgasms of my life.

When Lawrence came, he jerked wildly and moaned loudly shooting cum all the way to my face. And then he passed out on top of me.

After several minutes, his motionless body scared me, because I couldn't hear or feel him breathing. I shook him roughly and he responded with a gasp which made me feel at ease.

"That felt really good Mom. I can't wait to feel your pussy."
He whispered hotly in my ear.

I rolled him off of me staying in his arms and briefly fell asleep. When I awakened, I felt a cock in me and thought it was my son, but then I felt his warm cock on my clit and stomach. Lawrence was out for the night, so I eased away, took the harness off him and covered him up. I took a long hot shower and then crawled in bed next to him for a blissful nights sleep.

The next couple of days Lawrence went through one of his weak spells and the day he was fully recovered he disappeared for a while. That afternoon he came home and said all six boys were ready for that night.

Apprehensive at first, I soon became giddy over the realization of it and was busy arranging for the rooms and what would happen. As agreed, I set up the rooms and cameras while Lawrence brought the boys. I was able to see the boys live and watch their actions in the other room with the help of a camera as I readied myself. They were decent boys, not gang members, and that pleased me. I dressed in heels, hose, garter belt, panties, and half bra, all black to entice and tease.

I donned my full length robe, gulped, and said to myself, "Well Stephanie, this is what you wanted."

As I opened the door I heard my son say, "She's ready, so if you want to back out go ahead." I felt a little shiver at the words.

None of the boys left. As they entered my room they greeted me with courteous handshakes and "Ma'am." I told them to have a seat and then made my speech. "The one who arranged this and my cameraman has told you what I'm wanting and you've all agreed. There will be no vulgar acting or talk as well. You aren't allowed to touch me, only I will do the touching. If these rules are broken, everything stops immediately and you will all leave. Do you understand me and agree?"

They all answered, "Yes Ma'am," in unison.

Smiling I told Lawrence to be sure and get things from as many angles as he could and get lots of close-ups, and I opened my robe for the boys to see me. Their lusty looks sent tingles through me and I slowly turned around while saying, "Does this old woman's body please you?"

"Oh, Yeah!" "Nice!" "Oh!" "Whoa!" "Ummmm!" "Wow!" Were their replies.

"I see two of you are already showing your appreciation, so how about taking your clothes off for me." I said, wiggling.

The two with obvious hardons were quick to respond, the others were a little slow. The slowest to undress had the biggest cock, at least eight inches and thick. The others were around six inches and all nicely shaped. Two were uncircumcised and one of these was the blackest kid.

I decided to do him first and walked over to him and took his cock in my hand as I stood close to him looking him in the eyes, I stroked his cock and softly I said, "Are you ready for me to suck your cock?"

"Y-es." He stammered.

I knelt and licked the tip of his cock; he moaned and wiggled making me feel so wanton. I kissed the tip and slowly parted my lips taking him slowly in my mouth while looking in his eyes.

"God!" He gasped.

I began moving my head back and forth while licking the underside of his cock. The taste was different than any other cock I had sucked. Not unpleasant, by any means, but stronger. The texture of the skin was somewhat coarser even though it didn't look any different. I noticed his fists

clenched at his sides, he wanted to use his hands but held firm and didn't touch me. I felt his cock stiffen and pulled my head back releasing it. Lightly stroking it I licked and kissed his balls which brought several moans from his lips. I proceeded to lick and kiss the head of his cock and enjoy that delightful cockhead smoothness. I was just letting my lips drop over the flange when I would lick and then pull my lips back over that smooth cockhead. I was now ready for him to cum, so looking him in the eyes; I put a hand on his ass, massaged his balls, and slid my lips tightly down his full length. I worked my tongue a bit and slowly pulled my tight lips up his cock. He lasted three full strokes, on the fourth he moaned out, "Oh God, cumming, Oh God." And did he ever, he shot a massive load and it leaked out at the corners of my mouth. I managed to swallow most of it and when I let his cock fall from my mouth I took my fingers and wiped the rest into my mouth. I don't know what this kid was eating but his cum was almost bitter.

I looked at the other boys and they all had their cocks in their hands. One poor boy had cum, shooting it on his face and trailing down to his cock and hand. I said, "Hey, don't waste it, that's for me. The rest of you need to calm down and wait." I quickly walked over and licked his cum up from his face and all of it to his cock. I took his hand from his cock and licked it clean, before taking his soft cock in my mouth. He got hard so fast that his cock gagged me, but I held right there for several seconds before I started working my lips up and down his cock. This one had the same basic taste as the

first, but the surface veins were thick and made long ridges all over the length of him. It also had a strong upward curve. Just like the first boy, I felt him stiffen and backed off to work on his balls. Then just as before I was enjoying the head of his cock while lightly stroking it, but he started cumming while moaning. His spurts were strong and his cum hit the back of my throat making it easy to swallow. I milked him until he went completely soft before looking for the next one. As I sat up, I said, "Honey you have a nicecock and tasty cum, but, you need to learn to last a little longer." I kissed his balls before taking the next boy by the hand and leading him to the bed.

I sat on the bed and took his balls in my hand while stroking his cock. Looking him in the eyes, I asked, "Did you like watching me suck cock?"

"Oh Yes." He moaned, legs shaking.

There was a large amount of cum oozing from his cock and I slowly eased my tongue out to lick it up, causing his legs to shake more and him to moan. The bumps on the flange of this boys cock were huge and I loved the tingling feeling they gave my lips and tongue, "A natural French Tickler," I thought. I gave this boy quick ins and slow outs, a little further down each time until reaching its base, where I held and tongued while barely bobbing my head. Slowly I pulled my lips up his cock and repeated the quick slow process. He

lasted several minutes and I was enjoying his cock a lot. I changed up and slid my tight lips down his cock slowly without stopping and back up again. On the third stroke I felt him stiffen and I gave him some hard sucking jerks halfway down his cock. His legs started trembling and he jerked wildly as he came with loud grunts emanating from his mouth.

'Three down, three to go,' I thought. I needed a drink and I wiggled my ass as I walked over to have some coke. I could feel them watching me, so before I turned around I deliberately bent to straighten my hose. Turning, I looked at them and started walking back across the room, deliberately shaking my tits and ass. When I sat on the corner of the bed, I said, "Whew, you boys are getting to me."

I pointed at the next boy and motioned him over, watching as his cock swung back and forth. Grabbing his ass I started kissing all around his cock until his hips jerked. I licked all over the length of his cock until he moaned and then I took him in my mouth. He tasted almost as strong as the first but the difference in this one was the swell of the urethral vein. It was easily as big as my forefinger. After a couple of strokes I encouraged him to fuck my mouth. He caught on quick and was sliding his cock in and out in slow steady movements. I massaged his ass and held my head still as he slowly increased his tempo and was banging into my nose. When he came he slammed into my mouth and jerked while cumming down my throat. His taste was very pleasant like

my sons. He almost fell which pulled his cock from my mouth leaving a long string of cum between us. I quickly sucked it in my mouth as I smiled up at him. I moved sideways and let him sit on the bed. I stood and shook in a shiver then walked over and knelt before the next boy. Slowly I ran my hands up his thighs and kissed my way to his balls. I sucked his balls while playing with the head of his cock. When he started moving his hips and moaning, I licked up his length and took him in my mouth. When my lips dropped behind the flange I sucked hard and licked hard. Then I slid my lips tightly down his cock and back up to suck and lick the head again. I did this for several minutes before he came and I blocked it with my tongue. When his cock stopped throbbing, I swallowed and milked his cock with my lips until soft.

"One More," I thought, and went back across the room for another drink. I had gone through many orgasms while sucking them off and the thought of fucking my son was consuming me. I made up my mind right then to fuck him in front of these boys. I was rubbing my panty covered pussy and shaking, and I knew everyone in the room knew what I was doing. When I opened my eyes, I saw Lawrence with the camera and thinking of fucking him, shook in orgasm.

I turned and looked across the room at the last boy. He was sitting there looking at me, with hurry up on his face. Exaggerating my hip movements as I walked to him, I saw

his cock jump. I leaned down and ran my hands over his thighs as I softly asked, "Waiting patiently?"

He moaned, 'Yes,' his cock jumped and a glob of cum dropped into his already full bellybutton.

I leaned on down and sucked it into my mouth and licked the end of his cock. He moaned loudly and stiffened like he was going to cum, but he controlled it and didn't. I wrapped my fingers around his cock and stood up pulling him with me. Walking backwards, I led him to the bed. I paused, cupped his balls in my hand and touched my nipples to his chest. He was wide-eyed and gasping. Pressing my tits into his chest I leaned in and whispered, "Sorry to keep you waiting honey. I just wanted to save the best for last." I lightly kissed his earlobe and he started trembling, making me think again that he might cum. He controlled it; I stepped sideways and pushed him back on the bed. I knelt down, caressed his outer thighs and kissed, licked, and nibbled my way up his inner thighs. He was shaking uncontrollably by the time my nose touched his balls. I heard and felt thumping and glancing sideways, I saw his fists hitting the bed. I started sucking his balls and worked my way up his cock until the tip was just between my lips. He was looking down at me as I slowly squeezed and released his cock with my hand. Lightly stroking as I licked nibbled and sucked his smooth cockhead. I slid my lips over the flange and slowly down his cock and slowly back up. I set a pace like that of a slow leisurely fuck. Within a minute he started going 'Oh,

Oh, Oh,' as his cock pulsed and shot cum across my tongue. It was sweet, like the syrup in chocolate covered cherries. My hands gripped his waist and I tried to suck his balls up thru his cock. I wanted all of that sweet cum I could get. I kept sucking hard, bobbing my head and milking with my lips. Then I realized he didn't soften completely, he just slightly deflated and was again hard as a rock. I held his cock with my fingers as I licked it like a lolly-pop and smiled at him with my eyes. This devilish boy tried to fool me and keep me sucking. That's OK, 'cause I love sucking cock. I went back to working on his cock as slowly as I could. His breathing started getting quicker, his stomach muscles twitching, his legs stiffened, letting me know my treat was on its way. His hips jerked and I thought, 'Here it comes.' I milked with my lips on each pulse of his cum spurting cock as it delivered his oh so sweet cum.

"Oh Wow. Oh Wow. Oh Wow." He kept exclaiming.

I quickly kissed his balls and stood up wiggling. I stretched, ran my hands down my body, and said, "Gee, I hope I don't gain weight from all the cum I've swallowed."

All of the boys laughed and I told them to go ahead and get dressed.

Chapter 4

Lawrence had lowered the camera and turned it off. I told him to change tapes and turn it back on. He was looking at me quizzically. The boys were starting to be boys. When I asked them to take a seat, they did so and I walked across the room for another drink. When I turned around, I removed my bra and dropped it to the floor and quickly massaged my tits. I walked over and put my arm around Lawrence as I started talking. "First, I want to thank you boys for being gentlemen and doing as I asked. I hope you enjoyed my sucking your cocks, as much as I did." They all stated how they liked it. "We all need to thank cameraman Lawrence for setting this up." The boys clapped and I gave him a kiss. Now came the bombshell. "Cameraman Lawrence is my son." I took his hand and pressed it to my tit. The boys were looking back and forth at each other with their mouths open in astonishment. I squeezed his hand on my tit. "You may all leave now, if you wish. Or you may stay." I paused briefly before continuing, to give them the chance to go if they wanted. No one moved, so I continued. Lawrence started to fidget, but I held on to him and moved his hand across my chest to the other tit. "You see, I made a deal with my son. If he got me six young black cocks to suck, he could fuck me." They all gasped, including Lawrence. "This has turned me on so much, I'm not waiting to fuck my son. I want his cock now." I moved his hand down to my pussy and I grabbed his cock. "I'm going to fuck my son, and you may stay and watch, if you like." I turned and kissed my son passionately. "Well, stay or go!" They all sat silently.

I pointed at a boy and asked if he would be the cameraman, he agreed and I had my son show him the camera. I told the boy to get plenty of close-ups and different angles.

I didn't wait for my son, I put my arms on his shoulders and hugged his head as I kissed him and wiggled my body into his. His hands went to my back and he ran them all over my tingling bare skin. I could feel the hard cock I wanted straining in his pants. I lay my head back and moaned as I pulled his face to my breast. His eager mouth began kissing and licking the valley between my tits bringing more moans from me. I felt his hands caress up my sides and cover my tits, he squeezed them together and went to work sucking my nipples. I began rolling my hips to rub my mound on his hard cock. Wanting him, I pushed him back and dropped to my knees, tearing at his pants. I was so frenzied that I almost ripped them open. I had his cock in my mouth as soon as his shorts allowed it to spring free, leaving his legs trapped in his pants at mid thigh. I took his cock in one hand and pulled on his balls with the other, he knew I wanted his cum in my mouth. Tickling his balls with my fingertips I squeezed his cock with my hand and mouth as I moved up and down his shaft. He was caressing my head and moaning as he started to thrust his hips. I increased the pressure of my mouth and hand and pulled down on his balls, he started cumming and I was light headed with pleasure. I barely finished milking him when he pulled me up and pushed me back onto the bed. Rubbing my legs and pussy, I watched as he hurriedly

finished stripping and crawled between my legs. I wanted him to come on up and fuck me, but he kissed my covered pussy and pulled my panties off before burying his face between my legs. I was thrashing and moaning as he sucked, kissed, and licked my pussy. Sticking a finger in my pussy he increased his sucking and nibbling on my clit. I was gushing and he was lapping it all up. He didn't stop until I had orgasmed to the point of lightly passing out. Grabbing his head I tried to pull him up, but he lingered licking my pussy like a puppy. "Please, Please." I moaned and he slowly crawled up while I held his head.

When our faces met, I lustily said, "Fuck Me! Stick your cock in Mommies pussy and Fuck Me!" I started kissing his face tasting my pussy while trying to get my pussy to his cock. He pressed down on me, his balls on my wet pussy not letting me take him. I was moving around trying to get to his cockhead but he pressed hard against me allowing me to only rub his shaft and balls.

"Oh God, Please Lawrence, Baby, Fuck Me! Fuck Mommy! Please, Oh God, Fuck Me!" I wailed.

He moved and I thought, "At last, now I'm going to have his cock inside me." As he raised his hips up, I was anticipating the feel of his cock entering my pussy, but he stopped as the cockhead touched my clit and shifted up as he lowered his hips. His cock slid down my clit and between my lips but not

in. I was frustrated and again tried to capture him as I squirmed around. I only succeeded in rubbing my clit and pussy on his shaft and pelvic bone and it was driving me crazy.

I grabbed his head and begged, "Lawrence, baby, please fuck me and stop teasing. I've waited so long to feel your cock inside me. Please baby, fuck your mommy."

He kissed me and moved down, his cockhead parted my lips and I moaned hugging him tightly. He didn't move as I tried in vain to pull him up and into me. I buried my face in his neck and once again begged, "Oh Baby Please Fuck Me, Please!"

Screaming into his neck I felt his cock slide into me to the hilt. It felt like a hot poker and my pussy was on fire. My hips bucking, my pussy squeezing his cock with a mind of its own as he started fucking with slow hard strokes. I sucked his neck and wrapped my legs around his waist as he drove into me. My orgasms built to a shaking crescendo. I marveled at the heat of his cock, taking my breath away. My son, my darling boy, was fucking me and it felt fantastic. I could feel my inner lips gripping his cock as it slid in and out of my flowing pussy through my continuous orgasms. I began to relax and ride the waves. I released the grip of my arms and unhooked my ankles to let my legs spread as wide as they could. He rose up putting pressure on my g-spot,

unbelievably increasing my pleasure, sending strong waves of orgasm through my body. My head went back, my back arched thrusting my tits at him and I screamed in pleasure and went limp.

He slowed his thrusting gradually coming to a stop and told me to get on my knees. I smiled at him and put a hand on his ass to keep him in place. He understood and as I slowly rolled to my side he grabbed my hips and moved slowly with me into the doggy position. He held my hips as I lay my head on the bed while he slowly slid his cock in and out of my pussy. His hands were roaming all over my body. My back, shoulders, arms, sides, tits, stomach, pussy, thighs, calves, feet and back again. He stopped at my tits to play a bit and as he pulled my nipples I fondled his balls. He slammed into me hard as I felt his cock pulse sending his burning cum into my pussy.

I moaned, "Yes, yes, cum in mommy. Oh, your cum, feels so hot."

He didn't stop and barely softened. I knew he was as full of lust as I was. Looking back at him I told him to eat me. Slowly he stopped, pulled his cock from my pussy and lay on the bed with his head between my legs. Taking my hips in his hands he pulled my cum dripping pussy to his mouth lapping and sucking greedily. After another strong orgasm,

I took my pussy from his mouth and moved back until I could kiss him and clean our sex from his face.

I could feel the warmth of his cock and moved my hips until I felt him at my opening. Pushing back, I felt his hot shaft slide easily into me. Pushing up with my hands on his chest I began to rock on his cock. His hands were caressing all of me he could reach and it felt unbelievably good. My son is an incredible lover. I reached out and caressed the back of his head, then taking a tit in my other hand I pulled his mouth to my nipple. He sucked greedily and ran his hands lightly over my ass and back. I began rocking earnestly through another orgasm. Just as it ebbed he dropped his head back grabbed my hips and started thrusting into me. Another orgasm started building and shook me violently when I felt his hot cum flood my pussy once again. I collapsed on top of him and noticed his cock was already soft. He had passed out.

I squirmed into him loving the fuck we just had and knew I had the lover I needed.

I looked over at our audience and could tell by the look on their faces that they were blown away by what they had watched.

A mischievous thought flashed through my mind as I asked if they liked what they had just watched. They could hardly answer me. I told them it was time for them to go, but since they were so good they could pull their cocks out and jackoff over me as they felt me up, before leaving. They just looked at each other with their mouths open.

"That's right. I said you can feel me up as you jackoff to cum all over me before you go."

Four of them fell down trying to get up as they pulled their cocks out. I moved the tripod camera so it faced the center of the room, sucked each of their cocks a little, I wanted the cum each was oozing. Then I got a chair from the table and sat it in camera view and sat down with my legs spread.

"Come on boys; get your hands busy on me and jerk your cocks." I ordered.

A couple of boys very lightly touched my tits and I closed my eyes. I was thinking of the wonderful fucking my son gave me and how good it felt to be fucked for the first time in many years, when I felt a hand on my pussy. I reacted with hip movements and moaned. As a finger slipped in my pussy, all sense and inhibition left me. This is where I reached a new level of depravity. I opened my lust filled eyes to see the hand finger-fucking me and followed up to see the

biggest of the young black cocks. I grabbed it and growled, "Fuck Me," as I pulled him between my legs.

Squeezing his cock tightly, I looked in his eyes and said, "I want you to fuck me, let me clean your cock with my mouth, and leave. Agreed!" He just looked at me. "Do you agree?" I said.

"Uh, yeah, yeah, I agree." He replied.

Looking around at the others, I said, "If you agree to fuck me, let me clean you with my mouth, and leave. Get in line. Otherwise, leave now." They all got in line including the camera boy.

I relaxed my grip on the cock in my hand and pulled it to my pussy, slipping it easily inside. The boy immediately started fucking me while mauling my tits. He fucked me hard for several minutes as I held on to the chair. I felt him cum as he pinched and pulled my nipples. He had a hard time standing when he pulled his soft cock from my pussy. I quickly leaned up and sucked his dripping soft cock in my mouth. As I rolled it around in my mouth running my tongue around it, I savored the taste. I watched as he returned it to his pants. Then he bent down, kissed me, squeezed a tit and left.

I didn't have to say anything or guide the next boy, he was between my legs and fucking me before I turned my head. He lasted a long time and came while sucking my tits. He jerked so hard that he almost knocked me off the chair. He was in a nervous hurry, because he pulled out, jumped up, stepped over me, and stuck his cock in my mouth before I could move.

The third boy was fucking me before I let the second cock out of my mouth. This boy too, quickly put his cock up, zipped up and left.

My head was spinning with the lust of it all and I looked at the camera boys' hard throbbing cock as he stood next to me recording. I stuck my hand between his legs, grabbed his ass, and pulled his cock into my mouth. Through my lust haze, I heard him say, "Lady, even if you suck me off, I'm taking my turn fucking you."

I quickly pulled my head back, and said, "Good." Then I went back to sucking his cock.

The third boy finished quickly, and my pussy was beginning to hurt, but there was no way I was stopping, I wanted this. I quickly cleaned the boys cock and watched as he left the room.

The fourth boy didn't enter me right away; he rubbed my pussy with his hand and sucked my tits for a while. I went back to sucking the camera boy. At the same time the camera boy came in my mouth, number four rammed his cock in my pussy. I couldn't stop cumming and shook violently. Number four bent forward and kissed me as he slammed his cock into me repeatedly.

Pain was increasing in my pussy and the mingling of pleasure and pain brought me to an unknown level of pleasure.

The boy stuck his tongue in my mouth and I sucked it like a penis as he came. He was very slow in standing up and with legs made of rubber wobbled around to let me clean his cock.

Again I was being fucked before I finished cleaning the cock in my mouth. I could barely see now as he walked out the door.

The pain in my pussy went away as this boy fucked me slowly, holding my waist. For many long minutes he slowly slid his cock in and out of my pussy, giving me many shaking orgasms. When he came I briefly passed out. As I regained my senses he was squeezing my tits together sucking on my nipples. When he saw me looking at him he stood and pulled my face to his dripping cock. There was a

small amount of blood on it and I knew from the feeling in my pussy that it was mine. Moaning repeatedly, I cleaned him greedily.

Now the camera boy was between my legs and I was rotating my hips to invite him in. I looked down and saw that my pussy was swollen and bleeding. He was rubbing the head of his cock up and down between my swollen lips.

"Are you sure you want this lady?" He asked softly.

"Yes, yes, I want you to fuck me." I moaned.

The other boy was putting his cock in his pants and I looked up and lustily begged, "Wait. Let me suck your cock."

Pulling it back out, he stuck it in my mouth as my last fuck of the night began. At first the pain was making me jerk back from his thrusts, but it began to numb and I started to fuck him back. The boy fucking me leaned down and began kissing my face and neck as he rapidly slammed into me. The cock in my mouth grew until its head was in my throat. I could hardly breathe but stayed like that and used my tongue on the underside.

Camera boy fucked me and fucked me and fucked me as I face fucked the cock in my mouth.

The boy I was sucking grabbed my head and slammed his cock in my mouth mashing and hurting my nose as he came down my throat. I thought I was going to choke to death before he quickly pulled his cock from my mouth, with me choking and gasping.

"Oh God, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry." He exclaimed and hurriedly left the room.

Camera boy was still fucking me and I reached out pulling him to me, causing us to fall to the floor. I locked my arms and legs around him as he pounded into me and came.

I clung to him for several minutes before I slowly released my grip. He rose from me and slowly stood, starting to walk away, but I weakly grabbed his leg to stop him.

"Let me clean you." I said weakly.

"Lady, my cock is all bloody." He replied.

"I don't care. It's my blood, and I want to clean it off your cock. Now help me up." I said, pleading, and reaching up.

He pulled me up and without hesitation I started licking his cum soaked bloody cock.

"Jesus, Lady, you are something else!" he exclaimed.

His cock clean, he put it away and zipped up. There was blood and cum on his pants. He helped me to my feet and I walked him to the door. Before he left, I grabbed his head and gave him a passionate tonguing kiss. He left wearing the biggest grin.

I leaned against the door for several minutes in wonder at what I had done, with seven boys cum and blood running down my legs pooling on the floor.

Finally, able to move, I staggered to the bed, slid in next to my naked son and passed out. Four hours later I woke up. My son was still out but responded to my voice and woke up. I was still weak but managed to get him to the shower. The shower brought him fully awake and we washed each other.

He was shocked at the sight of blood and cum on my legs and pussy. He wanted to take me to the hospital, but I convinced him that all I needed was cleaned up and a few days rest. I promised him I would be fine and assured him he would see that when he watched the tapes.

When we got home, we went to bed in each others arms and slept for a whole day. When I awakened, I tried to get up and couldn't move. The pain in my hips and pussy took my breath away. I had to grit my teeth and use my hands to move my legs. When I managed to stand, taking that first step made me feel like I was a hundred years old. When I finally sat down to pee, I was very apprehensive about how much it might hurt. I was so relieved when the warmth of the pee actually felt soothing. But, wiping my pussy, hurt terribly. I spent most of the day on the couch watching television with a heating pad between my legs. Lawrence stayed in bed with me tending to him and feeding him, hobbling around like a broke down old woman.

Another day passed before we watched the tapes and talked about what happened. He told me where they came from. He found them at the school for gifted youth downtown.

I told him how pleased I was at his choices and let him carefully eat my sore pussy as I sucked his cock. My pussy healed quickly, which I credit my son' constant tender licking.

Chapter 5

We became steady, *Mother-Son Lovers*. Our sexual activities became quite varied and open. I fucked my son at the park. I sucked him off under the bleachers at a high school basketball game. One day my son visited me at work and was eating my pussy as I sat at my desk talking to my boss. I still can't figure out how we got away with that. I got him back for that one; he worked in the ticket booth at the local movie. I paid him a visit and when no one was around, I slipped inside and started sucking his cock. His boss came up outside and started talking to him. He came in my mouth twice before his boss left.

I encouraged Lawrence to date girls his own age and he only agreed to do so when I assured him I wouldn't cut him off or be jealous. I even set him up with a couple of blind dates. He dated several girls until one became a steady companion in his life. I never talked to him about his sex life with his dates, it just didn't seem necessary. Our sex life, while he dated others, remained constant, even when he constantly went with Cheryl.

I liked taking drives and looking around, so we took many long country drives. What I liked most was sucking his cock while he drove. Lawrence liked to slow down next to someone he was passing, so they could see me sucking his cock. We would always stop somewhere for a picnic and

fuck before heading home. I think more people should do that as it's such a nice way to spend a day.

A coworker of mine was always telling me of her exploits of having sex with her brothers. They had started having sex in high school and continued even though they were all married. She was into tattoos and piercing. She didn't do anything that showed, it was all covered by clothing, but she would always show me her latest, no matter where it was. Her tits, ass, stomach, and upper thighs were covered with the most beautiful flower designs I have ever seen, not vulgar at all. You couldn't see any of her tattoos through her clothes. I know, I tried. They covered her so completely, she could have been nude and you would think she had on bra and panties. Her pussy was pierced when she got the job and she had it pierced several more times and always had to show me her new jewelry. One day she came to work walking like she either had a wild fucking or new piercing. It turned out to be neither, she had a new tattoo. She had a lily tattooed on her pussy, including the inner lips. I was absolutely blown away by it. We were caught by the boss while I was helping her put salve on her sore pussy. Actually, I was just holding her legs apart as she gently rubbed it on. The boss thought something else was going on until I explained things, but he didn't leave, he stood there fidgeting and watching until we were done. . I noticed a wet spot on his pants before he quickly turned and left. After that he never would look either of us in the face.

I thought about it for a while and with Lawrence' birthday coming I figured I would surprise him with a ring in my pussy. I talked to my coworker and she took me to, 'her guy.' I was nervous, expecting some dirty little guy in a nasty tattoo parlor. Boy was I ever wrong. This guy was clean cut and just like my coworker with nothing visible, and his place of business was immaculate. He was very nice and talked to me to make sure I knew what I was doing and was sure about doing it before he let me pick out my jewelry. I looked and looked and finally spotted a small ring with a heart made of small diamonds. It was expensive but not out of reach for me. He called his wife out and we went into the little room he used for piercing. I became really nervous and he sensed it so he excused himself and his wife came back to talk to me. She set me at ease as she explained that her husband had done this many times and was very good at not hurting people. And, I shouldn't worry about being turned on by a strange mans hands on my pussy, "It's only natural for the body to respond to someone's touch. It doesn't mean you're unfaithful or bad." "Well duh," I thought, "I work in the 'Human Physiology Department.'" I calmed down and removed my panties, pulled my dress up around my waist and sat in the chair with my feet in the stirrups. He came back in smiling and asked if I was ready. I nodded and he tore open the wrapper of a piercing kit. He put on gloves and sat in front of my pussy as he told me what he was going to do. He applied a topical numbing agent as he told me of the different types of piercing. "Some women want the clitoral hood pierced, across or up from underneath. Some women want the ring around the end of the clitoris. Some women

want the ring just below the end of the clitoris. And some women want the ring around the clitoris and the clitoral hood."

"Gee I don't know," I said, "Do you have any pictures?" He showed me some pictures and I pointed at one and said, "That one, definitely that one." I had chosen the ring to be around both my clit and its sheath. He said OK, and started looking and pulling on my clit and sheath. Then he produced more topical and said he needed to numb the inside of my sheath next to the clit. He took a q-tip and stuck it in the topical and then pulling on my sheath he inserted the q-tip. He rubbed it back and forth a little and left it there. He then did the same thing on the other side. Then he put more topical on the outside. It looked strange having two q-tips sticking out of my sheath next to my clit.

"Since we have to wait a few minutes for the topical to work," He started saying, "Now's a good time for me to tell you about what to do for the next few days. Do not engage in sexual activity until the soreness goes away."

"How long will that take?" I asked.

"Everybody's different; sometimes it can take a week." He stated.

"A Week!," I said surprised, thinking, 'I don't have that long until my son's birthday'.

Chuckling, he said, "Just hope for less time."

"Damn Right, I will!" I said seriously.

"Any way," he continued, "clean the area and use the antiseptic salve several times a day. If the area starts to hurt a lot or gets real red, go to a Dr. immediately. Do not move the ring around until the soreness goes away. After that, if you haven't had any problems use the oil I'll give you to lubricate the ring and gently rotate it from side to side. It will be slightly stuck, so it will pull the skin, but apply gentle pressure to break it free. After that you shouldn't have any problems. Just remove it and clean it frequently, including the hole in your skin. Do not take it out and leave it out for long. Did you understand all of that?"

"Yes." I replied.

"Good, would you repeat it back to me?" He asked. I did and he smiled. "Now let's do this, if you're ready." He stated.

I nodded Yes, and he picked up a pin, then he slowly pulled the q-tips free and poked around the area with it and asked if I felt anything.

I said, "No," and he picked up a strange looking clamp. It didn't suit him so he went to a drawer for another. Pinching around my clit through the sheath, he pulled it up and positioned the clamp on the mark he had made, right where I had pointed as where I wanted it. He picked up a thick needle and told me to look away if I wanted to. I didn't as I wanted to watch it all. He put the needle to a hole in the clamp and bang it was through almost faster than I could see. He removed the clamp, picked up my ring and showed me again, slowly, how it opened and came apart. Then he put the end of my ring in the end of the needle and slowly pushed it through. He had to squeeze my clit and sheath to get the ring through, but he did it quickly. He then set the heart and handed me a mirror. I touched all around it and got a good look through the magnifying mirror. I was amazed that there wasn't any blood, and he said it would start bleeding in a few minutes. I started to get up but he said he wasn't done yet. He put a big glob of antiseptic salve on me and patted it in a layer all around the pierced area. Then he taped a non-stick pad on it, covering it up, which made me sad. I paid the bill of three hundred dollars and left with my friend.

That night it was all I could do to keep Lawrence from fucking, but he finally settled for blowjobs. In fact, all he got

were blowjobs until his birthday. The soreness was gone in two days. I didn't have any swelling or redness so I worked the ring loose as I was told, then I got myself off by hand for an hour. It was very hard keeping Lawrence away from my pussy until his birthday but I managed.

For Lawrence' birthday I wanted to do something special for him. I arranged a blowout birthday party for him at our house with his school friends and of course Cheryl. The party lasted all afternoon and into the evening. Those kids were wearing me out trying to keep up with them, but I was having so much fun, I stayed in there. Several of the boys openly came on to me and a couple of them copped feels of my ass and tits, which had my pussy wet.

As the day wore on, the kids thinned out and I noticed Lawrence and Cheryl weren't around, so I went looking for them. I found them fucking in my bedroom, I watched for a little while and then slipped back to the party.

Lawrence' friend Steve was there, a quiet kid that seemed awkward in the crowd and I started talking to him. We were having a good time and I noticed he was constantly looking at my tits, legs, and feet. I asked him if he liked feet and he said, very softly. "Yeah, there's something about small women's feet."

I noticed a bulge in his pants and put my hand on his knee, making him squirm. I didn't move my hand away as I joked and kidded with him for several minutes; I gently squeezed every so often. Every time I squeezed, he squirmed a little. He abruptly said he had to go and I noticed he had a very noticeable hardon. I softly said, "Don't go," as I gently placed my hand on his bulge.

"Ah, Um, Mrs..." He stammered.

"Shhhh." I whispered, and put my fingers to his lips. Then I took his hand and said, "Come with me." And I led him through the crowd, down the hall, and into the closet. Pressed against him, I put my arms around his neck and kissed him while pressing my stomach against his cock. Leaning back, still pressing against his cock, I sultrily asked, "Ever had a blowjob?"

"N, N, N, No." He stammered.

"Can I give you one?" I sultrily asked as I wiggled against him.

"Oh God!" He moaned.

"You deserve to play a little first." I whispered as I dropped the top of my dress exposing the tits he had tried so hard to see. He stared with his mouth open and I pulled his hands to them. He wasn't rough at all, he just gently rubbed and squeezed. Meanwhile, he didn't act as though he noticed that I undid his pants and pushed them past his hips.

He was licking his lips, so I whispered, "Go ahead and suck them."

He slowly bent to kiss and suck my nipples, while I cupped his balls in my hand and caressed his neck and head.

When he came up for air, I kissed him and stroked his cock. Then I whispered, "Want me to suck your cock?"

"Yessss." He moaned.

"Will you cum in my mouth for me?" I whispered.

"Yes. Anything." He moaned.

I kissed him again and knelt down to suck his cock. I knew he'd cum quickly and he did, but I kept pumping and sucking until he was good and hard again, for the long cock

sucking I wanted. He was grunting and moaning as I gave him a slow deep-throat sucking. When he came in my mouth, I thought he was going to collapse, his legs shook so much. I took his spent cock from my mouth and kissed it before standing.

Putting his hands back on my tits, I sultrily said, "Your cum tasted, soooo good." Then I put my arms around his neck and kissed him passionately.

I made out with him for a few minutes as he played with my tits before pulling my dress back into place.

"This is our little secret. OK." I said, and checked the hall to see if it was all clear.

I shoved him down the hall as I sidestepped into the bathroom to regain my composure. When I rejoined the party, I discovered Steve was gone. One of the kids said he just reappeared and disappeared out the front door. I wondered if I had ruined him for life.

It was almost eleven before all the kids left, except for Cheryl. Lawrence gave me a quick kiss and told me he was just going to take Cheryl home and wouldn't be long. As soon as they left, I hurried to the bathroom to give myself an enema. I had decided that for my son's birthday, I would let him fuck my

virgin ass, and was told that an enema is appropriate preparation. I was extremely nervous waiting for him to return and hurriedly put tubes of anal-eze and lubricant in the living room and bedroom. To ease my apprehension I turned on the TV and lay on the couch to wait. I dozed off, not thinking of Lawrence but of Steve and I in the closet.

I was awakened by the sound of the front door being unlocked and lay there playing possum. Lawrence quietly walked over to the couch and softly touched my face. I grabbed him and pulled him down on top of me. I went after him like a mad woman and could taste pussy on his mouth. Cheryl' pussy, he had just eaten his girlfriend' pussy and it turned me on even more as I tasted her. It was very hard for me not let him touch my pussy, but somehow I managed. I did let him remove my dress, which left me in panties, garter belt, hose and heels. He spent several minutes sucking my tits as I fended off his attempts to play with my pussy. Wanting to show him my ring I told him to get undressed and I moved to sit on the edge of the couch and lie back. As his hard cock sprang into view I almost jumped up to suck it but just massaged my tits in anticipation. From my position he knew what I wanted and knelt to remove my panties. As they slid down I followed them with my hands and covered my pussy. He moaned in disappoint.

"Why, my son, whatever is it that you want?" I asked coyly.

"Oh Mom, you know!" He moaned.

"Now, now, tell mommy what you want." I continued with my game. "I want to eat your pussy." He begged.

Slowly, I parted my hands, moving them to my thighs. As my pussy became exposed, his jaw dropped as he stared at what became visible.

"W, W, When did you do that?" He exclaimed. "Is it, real?"

"Of course it's real, silly." I giggled. "Like it?"

"Wow, yeah, did it hurt?" He said as he touched it.

"It hurt some after it was done, but not when it was done. I've had it for a few days. I had to keep you away from my pussy until it healed and to surprise you for your birthday." I told him.

"Oh, wow, that explains why you kept me frustrated all week." I was beginning to think, I did something wrong." He said.

I rubbed his hand on my piercing, and said, "Oh No, Baby, I just wanted to give you a very special birthday present this year." I said sexily. "And this is part of it."

"Part of it." He said, questioningly.

"Oh Yes, you'll get the rest of it in a little while. But first, I need your mouth to ease my yearning." I said as lustily as I could.

His hot breath was already warming my pussy; he was looking at my ring so closely. He kissed my ring and flicked out his tongue, causing a tingling sensation in my clit. He quickly gave my pussy the pleasure I wanted from his lips and tongue, bringing me to a rapid boiling orgasm.

Panting, I said, "It's time for the rest of your gift. I want you to fuck my ass!" He didn't say anything and I was handing him the analeze. He just looked at the tube and I said, "Rub that into my ass."

"Huh, are you sure?" He said, questioningly, but excited.

"Do it, baby. I want you to fuck my virgin ass. That's my special gift for you." I said, pleadingly.

He started rubbing the cream on my ass and I was getting excited by what we were about to do. "Put some on your finger and stick it in me." My voice was full of wanting lust. Seconds later, I said, "Use another finger and twist them around," with the same wanting in my voice.

I was moaning and rolling my hips because he was also using his thumb on my pussy. Suddenly, my mind said, 'Now' and I wantonly said, "Fuck Me, Fuck My Ass."

My eyes were closed as I felt his cockhead pushing at my puckered ring. The head of his cock popped in and I screamed from the instant pain, he froze, and then I felt him try to pull out. "NO, Push It In," I ordered as the pain was gone. As I felt the inward pressure, I said, "Slow, do it slow." I felt the slow pressure of his cock sliding in my ass until his legs touched my ass. The pain shot through me again, and I yelled out, "OH God," while quivering.

"What do I do? What do I do?" He pleaded.

"Don't move." I said. "Just give me a minute."

"God, Mom, are you sure!?" He asked with a shaky voice.

"Yes, I want this. I want you to have this. I want my Baby to fuck my ass!" I said emphatically.

We stayed still for a few seconds until the pain subsided and my lust again took over. I started moving my hips and slipped into rolling them and said, "Start fucking me slowly."

As he pulled back, my hand went to my pussy and the pain was completely replaced by pleasure. As he pushed back in my desire increased rapidly causing me to flex into him.

"Faster," I moaned, "Faster, Faster." I was now pleading. "Oh God, Fuck Me."

Holding my hips, he pulled me into him with each thrust as I squirmed through my first ass fucking..

"Cum in my ass. Cum in my ass. Cum in my ass." I kept moaning.

As I felt his cock throbbing while unloading in my ass, I gasped and passed out. The next thing I knew, I was cradled in my son's arms, as he was saying, 'Mom,' over and over.

Coming to my senses, I grabbed his head and pulled him down to kiss me. When I released him I asked, "Well, how did you like your present?"

"That was great. Your ass was so tight, especially when you squeezed my cock with it. But, why did you want me to do that?" He answered.

"Because I decided to give myself completely to you and my ass was the one place no one had ever been. I gave you my virgin ass because 'I Love You So Much!' and I wanted you to have everything." I whispered. I scooted up and began making out with him. We were like newly weds and went at each other for several minutes. I had another thought and stood up, grabbing Lawrence' cock while doing so and led him to my bedroom. Once there I let go of him and got my cock from its drawer. I quickly helped Lawrence put it on and sucked him to get him ready. I got on my knees on the bed and said, "Now fuck me with your cocks."

He smiled real big and stepped into position.

"Wait," I said, "use the lube on your cock." I pointed at it and he quickly lubed himself up and once again got in position. He had some difficulty getting both cocks to go in both holes at the same time but finally got them lined up. My cock was already half in my pussy as his cock opened my asshole.

There was still some pain but nothing like the first penetration as the head on my son's cock entered my ass. I wanted this so badly that I started pushing back immediately to get the rhythm going. 'My son is fucking both my pussy and my ass,' I thought, and wanted it like a whore.

"OH Baby, Fuck Mommy, Fuck Mommy Hard." I grunted. My son was spreading my asscheeks with his thumbs and stroking into me rapidly. The orgasms running through me from both holes was almost overwhelming. Rocking back into him and flexing my hips I was fucking him back, matching his rhythm.

"Oh God, Mom this feels so good!" he exclaimed, the lust in his voice driving me on.

I reached between my legs, straining to find his balls and as I wrapped my fingers around them I felt his cock throb and unload in my ass. He started to slow down and I yelled out, "Don't stop fucking!"

He sped back up and I rocked back harder into him, his cum making my ass sloppy. When I felt his hardness stretching my ass again, I told him I wanted his cock in my pussy. We changed positions and he was able to slip his cock in my pussy and my cock in my ass at exactly the same time.

"Oh Baby, Fuck Mommy Hard!" I wantonly begged, and started hunching my hips.

My son fucked me harder than he ever had and I passed out from the strength and frequency of my orgasms. But Lawrence didn't stop, he was fucking the limp body of his passed out mother with all the strength he had. I came to my senses with the wonderful feeling of being fucked by two cocks at the same time.

"Yes. Yes. Yes. Fuck Me. Fuck Me. Fuck Me." I was moaning. For several more minutes I was driven through waves of orgasm until he exploded inside me. This time, his cum seemed hotter than it ever had. Breathing like a marathon runner he collapsed on top of me and passed out. I held him in my arms and kissed his neck and shoulder repeatedly. He began to get heavy so I rolled sideways and let him roll onto his back. I used my mouth to clean both cocks savoring this new taste. With some effort, I removed the harness and put it away. Feeling cum running down my legs, I went to take a shower. When I returned to the bedroom, I couldn't help myself and started sucking my son' cock again. He didn't regain full consciousness but did come around enough to get hard and give me what I lusted for.

I got him into the right position on the bed to sleep and wrapped my self around him to fall asleep.

We slept until noon the next day. Lawrence was very slow moving like he had been many times in the past, so I nurtured him through the day. My asshole was so sore and tender; I couldn't sit on the kitchen chairs. That night Lawrence was back to normal and Cheryl came over. They were in the living room, when I heard Cheryl yell, "Oh my God, Lawrence!" I went running into the room and saw him on the floor with Cheryl holding him.

I asked her what happened, and she said, "He just stood up, said he wasn't feeling good and fell down." He was breathing but was otherwise unresponsive, so I called an ambulance.

At the hospital he came out of it until morning and passed out again. The Dr. said he was in a coma. They had ran tests all night, but the Dr. said he wanted to wait until all of the results were in before he made a prognosis. He did say it didn't look good so far.

Cheryl stayed until her parents came to pick her up. She didn't want to go but they insisted. I wasn't going anywhere until either Lawrence came out of it or succumbed to the disease. Late in the afternoon, the Dr. came in, flipping through the tests. When he finally looked at me he said, "I'm sorry to tell you this, but, the disease is winning."

"How Long?" I asked sobbing.

"There's no way of telling, but his tests are the worst I've seen in a long time, so I don't think it will be long. Maybe, a day or two."

I spent that night lying next to my son, talking to him and caressing his face.

Cheryl brought me some clean clothes two nights later and asked if she could be alone with Lawrence, but I wasn't about to leave him for anything. She sat on the bed talking to him and holding his hand for a couple of hours before kissing him and getting up. Then she hugged and kissed me, full on the lips. I thought how strange that was, as she never kissed my lips before.

I spent another night lying next to, caressing and talking to my son.

I fell asleep next to him and was awakened by a nurse wanting to take blood. They had brought me a food tray and I ate for the first time in two days.

That day was miserably long, Lawrence' vital signs kept getting weaker and weaker.

That night, I put a chair in front of the door and went to his bed. I pulled my sweatshirt up exposing my tits and climbed up on the bed so I could drag them across his lips. His heart rate increased as the monitor beeped more rapid. I squeezed a tit and pushed the nipple between his lips. The monitor beeped more rapidly and I thought I could feel his tongue on my nipple. I moved and whispered in his ear, "Do you want Mommy to suck your cock?"

When I looked at his face he was smiling weakly. As I looked down the bed, I saw his cock was making a tent of the covers. I stood up, pulled the covers down and his gown up, exposing his hard cock. I climbed up on the bed between his legs and the monitor beeped faster. As I fondled his balls the beeping increased in speed again. As my lips slid down around his cock, the monitor sounded like an alarm.

I sucked him slow and steady, fondling his balls and rubbing his stomach, just like he always liked best. Sucking hard as my lips went up his cock and tightening my lips without sucking as they went down his cock, ever so slowly. This usually brought him off quickly, but this time he lasted about ten minutes. When his cock throbbed in my mouth I moved my mouth quickly just below the flange and licked up and down with my tongue on the underside, while sucking hard. His hot cum filled my mouth quickly, making me swallow. When his cock stopped throbbing and shooting cum, he let out a long deep breath and his cock went soft, instantly. I looked up his body with his soft cock in my mouth and he

wasn't breathing. The monitor was sounding a steady tone indicating no heartbeat.

I straightened him up, covered him up, and went to the door crying. It took me a minute to move the chair and then I stepped into the hall and called the nurse.

When the nurse reached the bed, she said, "Oh My!"

I asked if something were wrong, and she said, "No, it's just that they don't usually die with a smile."

The monitor tape indicated that my son died at 11:30pm. 'He was born at 11:30pm!' shot through my mind.

He died knowing Love and Sex.

Chapter 6

The final chapter.

I didn't have a funeral for my son as I don't like them. Instead, I had a memorial at my home. I was really surprised at the number of people that showed up. Especially, the parents of the kids from Lawrence' school.

Cheryl and her family were of course there as was shy Steve and his parents.

I was glad it was over, both the illness and the memorial. Afterward, I carried my son' ashes to my bedroom and placed them next to his father'. I couldn't stay in the house, so I packed a bag and went to a motel.

I didn't return home for three days and found Steve mowing my lawn. Finding Steve mowing my lawn, blew me away, it was totally unexpected and nice. I tried to pay him but he refused and said he would be back to help with anything else I might need, and so started a new phase in my life.

Steve came by every three or so days to do something I needed and would pester me until I gave him something to do, without pay, all while working a full time job.

Cheryl also came by often, to talk or help with whatever I was doing. A couple of weeks after my son's death, she told me why she wanted to be alone with him that night. She was pregnant and wanted to tell him, but she didn't have the nerve with me there. She told me she wanted to have the baby and asked what I thought. I told her that it was entirely her decision and I was delighted to be a Grandmother. That's when she dropped the bombshell that her parents wanted her to have an abortion. I asked her not to have an abortion and told her that if she didn't want the baby, I would adopt it, no questions asked.

"My God! Of course I want the baby! I Love Lawrence!" She sobbed.

I held her and let her cry it out.

The next day she showed up after her mother had kicked her in the stomach and I told her to move in with me, she was after all old enough to live on her own.

I went with her to her house for her things and her mother started to get out of hand so I told her, "Cheryl has a nice bruise from your foot on her stomach so you're lucky she doesn't make an assault charge. It would be best for you to shut up and let her get her things. Otherwise, I'll call the cops

and let them decide what happens." Pam didn't say another thing, she got in her car and left. We then loaded Cheryl's computer, clothes, and some other things in my car and left, as it turned out, for good.

Since Steve worked nights and Cheryl worked days they never ran into each other at my house, until the day after Cheryl moved in with me.

Cheryl came home early because she had a Dr. appointment that day. Steve had been here mulching my flower beds. And as he had done many times, was using my shower to get ready for work.

Cheryl heard the shower, and looking at me with a very quizzical look, asked, "Who's that?"

"That's Steve." I answered.

"Steve! I didn't know you had a boyfriend!" She exclaimed.

"Boyfriend," I chuckled, "He's not my boyfriend. He went to school with you and Lawrence."

Her eyebrows scrunched, and she said, "You mean Stephen, the quiet kid Larry liked?"

"Larry!? Uh, yes, I guess. Larry? You called him Larry?" Completely confused, I answered. You see, Cheryl always called my son Lawrence around me, and I had never heard Steve called Stephen, and Steve had never told me his name was Stephen.

"Does, me calling him Larry bother you?" She said kind of apologetic.

"No, not really, it's just to me he is Lawrence, like his father. If Larry is what you want to call him, then you call him Larry." I said as reassuring as possible. There were several seconds of silence as we looked at each other.

"Stephen, his name is Stephen, Stephanie." Cheryl said, breaking the silence.

"What does he like to be called?" I asked.

"Gee, I don't know, I never thought about it, we all called him Steve or Stevie, at school." She said looking deep in thought.

Steve came out of the bathroom, combing his hair, and turned beet red when he saw us sitting on the couch.

"Uh, Steve, which would you rather be called, Steve, Stephen or something else?" I asked.

He gave me a great big smile, and said, "You're the first one that's ever asked. Actually, I like Stephen better than Steve. But, I understand that it's easier for people to just say Steve."

"Well, Stephen it is." I said.

"Cheryl has moved in with me, due to some family problems, so she'll be here now too." I said.

He looked down and with a sad voice said, "Does that mean you don't want me coming around?"

"Oh my no, I love having you around." I said reassuring and took his hand. "You are welcome here anytime."

He smiled, and said, "Oh, wow, good, cause I like being here." He quickly looked at his watch, and said, "I gotta get to work." And he hurried out.

Cheryl looked at me with a 'Cheshire Cat' grin, and said, "You're in love with him. You are! You're in love with him aren't you?"

I was flabbergasted, I knew I had feelings for him, but didn't think about love.

"You're blushing. And, you are in love with him. And, you know what else, I watched and listened to him and he's in love with you too." She said, softly and firmly.

"This is too much; I'm going to start supper." I said as I got up. Cheryl didn't say anything more about it; she would just smile at me all evening. I couldn't stop thinking about it, getting more turned on with every thought. That night was very restless with all of the thoughts going through my head. At first I thought that I was just trying to replace my son with another boy. That I had sank to being a pedophile and needed help. I told myself that I could not use Stephen to replace my son and would have to control myself.

When morning came, the realization of it being Saturday and Stephen would surely be here all weekend, I became very nervous about myself. Fortunately, Cheryl corralled Stephen all day helping her with her things and taking her shopping. I didn't know it but Cheryl questioned Stephen about things,

and after thinking about it started encouraging him to be with me.

My boss helped me break the law after I told him about Cheryl and Lawrence. He knew a Judge that would marry them even though Lawrence was deceased. "The only thing is, he said, "The Judge insists that he actually marry two people. So, someone has to stand with Cheryl, before the Judge. And, you and Cheryl will have to tell the Judge your story. If he accepts your story he will marry them and post the date before Lawrence died."

When I asked Stephen to pose as my son for Cheryl, he didn't even hesitate before saying, yes.

My boss set up the appointment, and we all went to talk to the Judge. He listened first to Cheryl, then me, and then asked Stephen if he were sure about his role as 'Proxy.' The Judge asked me for a date and I chose my son's birthday. He checked and said that was acceptable, and since it was so close it would be easier to get the record slipped in.

He had Cheryl and Stephen stand as he went through the vows; he ended with, "You don't have to kiss the bride. But, for doing this, I'd say she owes you one."

Cheryl smiled and laid a big one on Stephen. The Judge said it would be a few minutes and he called his clerk in to get the papers. After she left, I asked the Judge why he did this. He said, "There are a lot of people out there in similar circumstances, being hung out to dry by the law, denied benefits and help. In your particular case they surely would have gotten married if he hadn't been taken so suddenly by something he couldn't control. My job is to help people by doing what is right, and since the law doesn't make allowance for this, I do what I can."

I asked the Judge about the fee, and he said, "It's the normal marriage fee. I don't charge extra for helping people." And, so, now Cheryl had my son's name.

Time went on and they both started school, Cheryl attended the private college on the other side of the city and Stephen attended the University I worked for. Since we were going to the same place, we started riding together and he would drop by between classes or for lunch.

My tattooed coworker became very interested in 'my relationship' with 'my young man.' She was really beginning to annoy me and that caused me to back away from Stephen for a while. But, good old Cheryl was right there to maneuver us back together.

To keep some of my impulses in check, I was using my penis quite a bit and Cheryl caught me at it one night. I guess I was moaning a little too loud and she came to check on me. I had strapped it to a chair and was lying with my ass on the edge of the bed as I fucked myself with it.

She had watched me for a while, before coming in and whispering, "Having fun?"

I knocked the chair to the floor and scrambled to cover myself up as Cheryl laughed. Soon we were laughing together and we had a long talk. She had heard me more than once, before getting up the nerve to come to my room. And she had watched several times, before coming on in that night.

She was very interested in my cock, how it worked, how it felt and of course, would I share it. I couldn't turn her down and agreed to let her have it when asked. We did not develop a lesbian relationship; however, we did fuck each other several times, because the way it is made, we are fucking ourselves as we fuck each other.

My feelings for Stephen were getting stronger and I realized they weren't the same as the ones for my son, but, Stephen, while always there, was the perfect gentleman. Always doing things for me, while never acting inappropriate.

I didn't want to be the old slut seducing a young man into her bed. I had to know if he felt the same way I did or if I needed to break away.

Stephen was almost living with me, he spent every bit of spare time when not at school or working at my house. He even slept in the spare bedroom many times or on the couch.

Christmas was approaching and shopping for my two loved ones was making me almost desperate. Especially since Cheryl had convinced me to let Stephen move in with us, to share expenses, of course. His ever present being in my house brought me to act on Christmas Eve. I used Cheryl to express my feelings as though I thought Stephen weren't there. I knew full well, he was in the next room and could hear me. I told her that I had acted on my feelings, at my son's birthday party, but not what I did, and how he never said anything about it or acted like it happened. How, I kept letting him come around for months, hoping he felt the same way. I told her how happy I was to let him move in because I wanted him, but couldn't act like I did. I told her how having him here was breaking my heart because while he was so nice and attentive he just didn't act as though he felt the same way about me. I was so emotional, I was softly crying as I said all of it.

Just as I finished talking, Stephen quietly entered the room. I quickly wiped my tears as he walked over to me and knelt down taking my hands.

Looking into my eyes, he quietly said, "I have been in love with you since we first met. Long before our intimacy in the closet, which was, absolutely, wonderful! You are my best friends' mother and I was afraid of betraying that friendship and of being a young fool. Ever since I met you, I have tried to be around you as much as possible. Hoping to be what you want and need. Hoping that it would be you and me. I LOVE YOU!"

I was crying again, as I listened to his words. I slid forward on the seat, took his face in my hands, kissed him passionately, then slid to my knees, embraced him and said, "I LOVE YOU! And I wanted to hear you say that you loved me so much it hurt."

Slowly I stood, pulled him to his feet, hugged and kissed him some more, and led him to my bedroom. I didn't know if Cheryl was still sitting on the couch or not.

We made out for several minutes until I started undressing him and he matched my moves in return. His actions were slow, soft, and gentle, not the heated rush of youth. I let him touch, kiss and look anywhere he wanted because that's

what I wanted. My body was in a slow building state of orgasm until his mouth closed on my nipple sending me over the top. His cock was pressing into my stomach and I wanted it inside me. I wanted him to fuck me and fill me with his hot cum, but I wanted even more to have him do it his way.

His hand moved down my side, over my hip, to my pussy, finding it dripping. I slid my hand down to his cock and took it gently in my hand.

He raised his head and said, "You've tasted me, now it's my turn to taste you." Slowly, he sat me on the bed, I quickly licked the cum from the end of his cock before he pushed me to my back. Kneeling he took my ankles in his hands and raised my feet in the air to kiss them before putting my ankles on his shoulders and running his hands up my legs. Slowly he pushed forward, kissing and nibbling up the inside of my legs, sending waves of orgasmic pleasure through me.

I almost passed out having an orgasm, when I felt his hot breath on my pussy, and shook violently. When his lips touched mine, I went into another orgasm and could feel my juice leaking from me. His mouth felt so good, he was even better at eating pussy than my son. His hands were caressing every inch of me, increasing the intensity of my pleasure. As

my orgasms increased, I grabbed his head and fucked his face while reaching the level of pleasure I so much desired.

Wanting his cock inside me I started pulling on his head and begging him, "Fuck Me, Please Fuck Me, Fuck Me Please!"

Tortuously slow he moved up my body kissing and nibbling as I continued to urge him upward. Finally, I felt his cock at my pussy and squirmed trying desperately to get it inside, but he held back and whispered in my ear, "I want you to tell me what you want."

"Oh God, I want you! I want to give myself to you. I want you to fuck me and I want you to fuck me now!" I wailed.

As I finished saying it, he entered me slowly. I grabbed his back and pulled his ass with my heels in an effort to get all of him inside me. His hot burning cock was what I wanted, what I needed, and finally it was in me filling me with burning desire. Locking my mouth to his I matched his movement for movement as I rolled through waves of orgasm culminating in absolute ecstasy as his hot burning cum filled me.

More, I wanted more and kept fucking him, spurring him on. He didn't soften completely, keeping his cock sliding in and out of my sopping pussy as it grew once again. I pushed him

sideways and quickly rolled on top of him so I could rotate his cock in my pussy as I pushed my clit against the base. He reached up to play with my tits and my hands helped his hands.

I saw him try to say something but nothing came out due to his dry mouth from heavy breathing. He licked his lips and tried again, "I want to try something."

"What honey, what do you want to try?" I gasped.

"Standing up, I want to do it standing up." He once again barely got the words out.

I tried to move sideways to get him on top, so he could lift me, but he was too out of breath to move fast and we uncoupled.

Expecting him to quickly mount me, I was completely surprised when he pinned my legs to my chest and started eating my pussy. I didn't mind because I love it when a man eats my cum filled pussy.

I was on another orgasmic crest and didn't notice he quit eating me and entered me with his cock again, until I felt its wonderful heat as I came off the crest.

He told me to wrap my arms around his neck and hold on tight, his arms were under my legs, his hands holding my ass as he stood up. The pressure on my clit pressing against him from my weight pushing down was intense. This is the best ever position, and I don't know how he can fuck, holding me up like that. I am ever so glad that he can.

I held on tight, sucking on his neck and trying to wiggle against him as he moved me up and down on his cock, mashing my clit hard each time. Oh my God, the pleasure was the most intense I ever felt, making me pass out and almost falling away from him. I didn't and he was still sliding me up and down his cock sending me into another glorious peak. This time, however, I passed out enough that my arms fell away and he guided me to land on the bed. I came to, just as he was thrusting wildly into me as his hot cum once again flooded my pussy.

This was, without a doubt, the best fucking I had ever had, and my man was going to fuck me like this from now on.

He collapsed on top of me and I wrapped my arms and legs around him squeezing him tightly as he regained his breath. I could feel his cock softening inside me and I told him I wanted to suck it. He rolled off of me and I hurriedly went after his cum covered cock, giving it a thorough licking and sucking.

He told me he had read about women doing that, and wondered what it would be like, and now that I've done it, he really likes it.

I snuggled up to him and kissed him before I said, "Merry Christmas, Lover."

"Merry Christmas, My Love." He responded, and pulled me tightly against him.

We lay like that and almost fell asleep, before getting in bed the right way and sleeping in each others arms.

When I awoke, Stephen and I were facing, arms draped over each other, legs intertwined. I softly kissed his chest and wondered why I waited, and then I slipped out of bed to take a shower. As I came out of the bathroom, I smelled breakfast, suddenly remembering Cheryl, I felt guilty about what I had done in front of her the night before, and so I quickly dressed and headed to the kitchen.

As I entered the kitchen, she smiled and asked how my night was.

"I'm so sorry I did what I did, in front of you last night!" I said, apologetically.

"You didn't. As soon as Stephen knelt down, I slipped out and left you two alone in the house. I just got back a while ago and found you in the shower. So, I started breakfast." She replied. "Besides, no apology necessary, you two belong together. I just hope I can take not getting any. When you two are."

I hugged, kissed her, then I whispered in her ear, "Give me a couple of days and I'll see if I can fix that."

"It's not nice to tease people." She said as she stepped back. "Breakfast will be ready in a few; you have time to wake up Stephen."

I went back to the bedroom, gave Stephen a light kiss and uncovered him. I lay my head on his stomach, cupped his balls in my hand and started kissing his cockhead. He hardened quickly and his cockhead slipped into my mouth. I began running my tongue around the head of his cock as I massaged his balls, within seconds he was lightly thrusting into my mouth. Easing my head down a little more of him gained entry and I sucked greedily. 'One more move, forward,' I thought, 'and shortly he'll cum for me.' I shifted down again and also started rocking my head. I was right,

he thrust, throbbed, and filled my mouth with delicious hot cum. His cock softened, and I opened my eyes as I let it slip from my lips, to see Cheryl smiling from the doorway. She stepped back and I slid up into Stephen' arms for a long kissing embrace. I told him breakfast was ready, and returned to the kitchen.

Cheryl was pouring coffee as I entered and said, "You won't last long at all if you watch." She just smiled.

"Hi!" Cheryl beamed as Stephen walked in. "Have a good night?"

"Ah, Um, Great." He said, looking back and forth at her and the floor.

"Let's eat." I said cheerfully.

We settled into small talk during breakfast and Stephen loosened up. We decided to open our gifts after we ate and seemed to hurry up at that point.

I gave Cheryl her gift, a new cell phone; Stephen got a GPS unit for school. They gave each other video games and me a day at a spa.

We just messed around for a little while before I suggested we go out to the mall and goof off. We spent almost three hours at the mall, just shopping, being silly, and enjoying each other.

Stephen went to spend the rest of Christmas day with his parents.

The sad note of the day was that Cheryl went to take gifts to her parents and her mother told her to go away, then slammed the door in her face. Cheryl set the presents on the steps and came back to my house.

We sat on the couch and I held her in my arms as she cried it out. After she calmed down, I talked her into taking a hot bubble bath to relax, and after I'd give her an oil massage. I have a whirlpool tub with an auxiliary heater so it's almost a hot tub. After an hour I went to check on her, I didn't want her to hurt herself by staying in it too long. I found her asleep with only her face visible in a sea of bubbles, she looked like an angel.

I walked over and sat on the edge of the tub, gently touched her face and whispered, "How Ya Doin'?"

Smiling without opening her eyes, she whispered, "Um, this feels so good."

"You've been in here for an hour; it's time for your massage." I whispered and caressed her face again. "Gimme your hand, I'll help you up."

She smiled and reached for my hand. Slowly she stood and I stared at her swollen belly, knowing my son's child would soon be born.

"Dry off, and I'll wait for you in your room." I said as I handed her a towel before leaving.

I had set up my portable massage table and had the oils warming before I went to get Cheryl, so everything was ready.

Cheryl entered wrapping a towel on her head. I said, "Pick out the oil you want," and pointed at them.

She picked out my Lavender and just stood there. I patted the table, and said, "You have to lay down for me to start."

She lay down and I tugged the towel from around her and laid it to loosely cover her from shoulders to butt. Oiling my hands, I started with her feet.

"Mmmm," she sighed, "that feels good."

I gave each foot several minutes before moving to her calves, then to her thighs. Ready to move up, I removed the towel and poured a generous amount of oil on her cheeks. Taking a deep breath, I started massaging, making sure to get around on her hips as well. Now, the home stretch, I poured warm oil down her spine and started at her waist. She had slightly vibrated as I massaged her hips and ass, now she moaned as well. I noticed that when my hands went to her sides the shaking was more pronounced and I was getting hot as well. I did each arm before finishing with her shoulders and neck.

I was turned on from massaging her silky smooth young body and my voice crackled as I said, "Turn over."

"Huh." She said softly.

"The front needs oil too my dear, now turn over." I said seriously.

Once again I started at her feet and slowly moved up each leg. She was visibly shaking as I topped her thighs and this was turning me on as well. I poured oil on her stomach and started massaging it in. As my hands went to her hips she

was shaking more and really shuddered as my hands went up to her waist.

Pouring a little more oil on her abdomen I deliberately ignored her tits. Her face flinched as I moved to her arms. I knew she thought her tits were next, but, I was saving them for last. I worked up her arms to her shoulders and neck very slowly, torturing myself, as I wanted to do her tits.

Finally, I poured warm oil on her chest and on each nipple. She let out a moan and lightly shook, causing the heat to build in my own pussy. I placed my hands together on her chest, then moved them up over above her tits to her sides. She moaned again and shifted her legs. When my hands moved up to the sides of her tits, her hands jerked as she moaned again. My own pussy was really tingling as I massaged her tits while she moaned loudly. I massaged her tits and went through my own orgasm. Not wanting to stop, I knew I had to in order to do her pussy. Quickly, I filled the palm of my hand with oil and returned one hand to her tits.

Taking a deep breath, I quickly cupped her pussy with my oily palm. "Yes." She gasped and started moving her pussy in my hand. She lay there moaning, moving her pussy on my hand as I played with her tits, until moaning loudly and shaking violently to her orgasm.

I bent to kiss her and she grabbed my head to kiss back.

My hand was gently rubbing her pussy as I whispered in her ear, "May I eat your pussy?"

"Yes! Yes!" She hissed.

I stood and took her hand to help her off the table and to the bed. Once in place I knelt between her legs and began my journey to the pussy I wanted to please. No, the pussy that would please me. At my destination I marveled at its presence. I was completely wanton now. I wanted to eat her pussy because my son had fucked it and I knew also eaten it. Plus this was the pussy that held my son' baby.

I played with my fingers while licking, kissing, and sucking. As I began to lick and suck harder she was moving her pussy to my ministrations. I built to the point of hard long sucking on her clit and she squeezed my head with her legs as she shook through orgasms. The strongest came as I inserted my finger behind my tongue as I licked hp her pussy culminating in sucking her clit. She grabbed my head with her hands and clamped her legs against my head while she ground her pussy against my mouth, cumming so much she completely soaked my chin and hand. After she relaxed her grip on me, I caressed and kissed her thighs for several seconds, while her breathing became normal.

I stood, climbed up over her and kissed her before I started out of the room.

"What about you?" She barely managed to say.

Looking back over my shoulder, I paused and said, "This is your night." I then walked out of the room and went to the living room.

Some minutes later, Cheryl joined me carrying a coke for each of us. After sitting down next to me, she gave me a quick kiss and said, "Thank You. That was the best thing anyone's done for me in a long time. I owe you one."

"You don't owe me anything, Sweetie. I got what I wanted." I said smiling.

We decided to watch a 'Love Story' movie. As the movie started Cheryl snuggled next to me and I put my arm around her. The movie had us both crying at times with 'Oohhs' and 'Ahs.'

When the movie ended, I turned her head to face me with my hand, kissed her and asked, "Are you ready for more of your night?"

"Ummm, anything you say. I'm yours." She replied.

"You straighten things up, while I go get ready. And I'll meet you in your room." I whispered and kissed her again.

I went and mixed up some of my flavored cream, warmed it in the microwave and filled the syringe so I could fill my balls. I went to my room and readied my cock for the rest of Cheryl's treat. I pulled my hair back in a ponytail and put on one of Stephen's flannel shirts. Then I strapped on my cock. It really was strange looking down to see it hanging there past the flannel shirt tail.

Cheryl put her hand to her mouth and gasped as I entered, then she stood as I approached. When we met, we put our arms around each other and started making out. I used my legs to pump my cock to its full hardness, knowing it was pushing between her legs.

Cheryl was playing with my ass as I whispered, "To get the first part of your surprise, you have to suck my cock."

She kissed me and dropped to her knees. Taking my cock in her hand, she looked me in the eyes as she put it in her mouth. Her hands slid around to my ass as she gave me a

blowjob. As I looked down, I thought about her sucking my son' cock. I caressed her head and began gently thrusting before I slipped my hand down to push the ejaculation button. When I pushed the button, her head jerked, she moaned and began sucking harder. I pushed the release to soften my cock and she slowly eased back to let it out of her mouth. She took it in her hand and held it up to look at it, then she flicked out her tongue licking the little drop at its hole.

Grabbing me and squeezing hard she asked, "How did you do that? My God! And it was flavored."

She didn't know my cock would cum because all we did before was fuck each other with it.

"That's something I've always reserved for myself. I thought you needed it, so I decided to share. Did you enjoy it?" I said softly.

"Oh Yes," she said standing and kissing me, "very much."

"Good! Now I want to cum inside you, so I can eat my special cream from your pussy." I said lustily.

She wrapped her arms around my head, kissing me passionately and fell backwards onto the bed, pulling me with her.

I had tripped her wanton trigger. She was forceful, yet gentle in her passion as she urged me on to fuck her. I stretched it out as much as possible to give her some pleasure. But, I wanted to fuck her as much as she wanted to be fucked. The hardness in my own pussy wasn't helping matters. I kissed and nibbled my way down to her tits as I pumped my cock to hardness. Using my hand on her already wet pussy I played to make sure she was good and wet.

Sucking on her neck, I held her lips open and eased forward until my cock touched her opening. She moaned and began moving her hips while pulling me up. I began 'French Kissing' her as I sank my cock into her pussy. She was fucking me back vigorously and moaning into our kiss. 'My son was indeed lucky, if this is how she fucked him,' I thought.

The pleasure in my pussy from my cock was sending me through waves of orgasm as I fucked her harder and harder.

I pushed myself up to get more leverage and put a hand to the ejaculation button. She was moaning and squirming with each thrust as I watched her orgasm building.

She placed her hands on her tits and wrapped her legs around me moaning, "Yes! Yes!"

As she started shaking, I pushed the button starting the pulsing ejaculation of my cock. She squeezed with her legs and wrapped her arms around my head pulling me into a passionate kiss, as she rode through her orgasm.

I too was quivering uncontrollably through my own orgasm.

Cheryl moved her mouth from mine and breathing heavily, exclaimed, "Oh My God that was so real! That was so real!" She started kissing me again while squeezing me with her arms and legs. Breaking the kiss, with noses touching, she passionately whispered, "I Love You! I Love You Mom!"

I was startled by a flash of Lawrence saying the same thing in the same way.

I embraced her and lovingly whispered, "I Love You Too!"

Slowly I pushed myself up, and whispered, "Now I'm going to eat your cream filled pussy."

She took my head in her hands, and sexily said, "We should do each other. You've already tasted me and I want to taste you. So, take that thing off and let's pleasure each other."

I eased my cock out of her pussy and started taking it off as she turned around and lay down with her head between my legs as she caressed them with her hands. As soon as I pulled the cock from me her hands were on my ass and she was pulling my pussy to her face. I shuddered as her mouth covered my pussy and her tongue licked out. She wasn't wasting any time pleasing me.

I lay down on her and started eating her freshly fucked pussy as my own orgasm began pulsing through me.

We were a mirror image in our actions. As I licked the cream seeping from her lips, she licked. As I stuck my tongue in her pussy, she stuck her tongue in mine. As I scooped my tongue to get the sweet cream, I felt her tongue stiffen and scoop too. Many minutes passed as we sucked, licked, and kissed each others pussies while shuddering against each other.

Cheryl's legs stiffened and jerked as I felt her pussy flood my lips and tongue, this in turn brought the same response from me and we came in each others mouths.

Weak and spent, I rolled off onto my back. We both lay there gasping for air. Cheryl recovered first and moved around to lay on and kiss me.

We cleaned each others faces with our mouth and tongues before she scooted down and lay her head on my chest, saying, "I don't want this to ever end," and sighed. 'Me too,' I thought, 'but what about Stephen? I can't give him up either!' Several minutes passed as we lay there, I was still tingling from orgasm.

The phone rang and I went to answer it. It was Stephen, whispering into the phone, "Hi! Do you mind if I spend the night?"

"Well, of course not, it's your family!" I exclaimed. "Stay as long as you need."

"I'll see you in the morning. I Love You. Bye." He whispered sexily.

"I Love You Too. Bye Honey." I said with a pain in my heart. Of course I wanted him with me, but I also understood love for family.

As I turned, Cheryl asked, "Was that Stephen? Is he OK?"

"Yes, he's OK." I smiled. "He's just going to spend the night with family. He'll be back tomorrow."

"When I checked the clock, I was worried about the phone call." She said, with a sigh.

"Time for bed." I said as I started walking.

Cheryl lowered her head, but took my hand as I passed, causing me to pause. "Can you sleep with me tonight? I don't want to be alone and I was going to ask you to even if Stephen were here." She said softly pleading.

"Of course I will, Honey, Of course I will." I said lovingly.

We hugged and walked to her bedroom. Once there she dropped her robe revealing that she was still naked and began unbuttoning the shirt I still had on. Both of us naked, she hugged and kissed me before leading me to the bed. She slipped in first and then held the covers for me. Once in bed she scooted against me throwing a leg over mine and kissed me before saying, "Good Night," and laying her head on my shoulder. I hugged her lightly and then rubbed her lower back and ass as we drifted off to sleep.

We were cooking breakfast when the phone rang, it was Stephen, his sister' car had shot craps and he was going to stay and help. He said he would let me know when they found something out. A couple of hours later he called again to say it was going to take several days to fix the car and would tell me all about it when he got here.

When he got home, I hugged and kissed him like he had been gone for days. So did Cheryl, which made him blush deeply, and rather surprised me as well.

Stephen broke the news to us that he had volunteered to help his sister' husband get back home because he had to get back to work. It's a twelve hour drive, each way, so he would be gone a couple of days. I was concerned that he would be alone on the return trip, but he explained that his sister was going along as she needed to get clothes for them and also so he wouldn't be alone coming back. They were heading out right away so his brother-in-law wouldn't miss any work.

Cheryl hugged and kissed him, Goodbye, first. I hugged and kissed and hugged and kissed him, not wanting to let him go.

Cheryl and I had our arms around each other, crying, as we watched him load his overnight bag and pull away.

Stephen made it home just fine and our little family continued its growing relationship.

New Years day, Stephen asked me to marry him. He didn't care about the difference in our ages, he wanted to be my husband. I agreed and the next day we went to the courthouse. We were looked at with distain by several of the courthouse personnel, but did obtain the license. We were officially, 'Husband and Wife.'

My sexual relationship with Cheryl continued and it was rough keeping the two separate. I wanted the relationship to include my husband, but how was I going to bring us all together in an intimate way?

I knew Cheryl was open to a sexual relationship with my husband, but he didn't give any indication he wanted her. He also never spoke of such a thing, even jokingly.

Cheryl was in her third trimester and 'big as house', with all of the usual pregnancy pains. I obtained a special section for my massage table that accommodated a pregnant woman. I had been having my husband help me give Cheryl massages with an ulterior motive, 'Get them/us together.' He would give her back rubs and even massage her feet and calves, but he would not rub her stomach for her.

I knew he was affected by his contact with her as he always gave me a good fucking afterwards. And I noticed that he wanted to eat my pussy, more and more.

Cheryl was also enticing him by making comments and by going without panties when he gave her foot/calf rubs. More than once as I walked by while he was massaging her feet or calves, I saw her giving him a perfect view of her swollen pregnant pussy.

My husband seemed totally uninterested in any sexual relationship with Cheryl, as he never commented or came on to her. When it came time for her to turn over so he could rub her belly he would always quit and have me take over. I could also tell that when he couldn't take her flashing her pussy at him any longer, he would abruptly quit and leave the room.

I was becoming extremely frustrated in my desire to bring us all together, by my husband's, steadfast, holding the line on contact with Cheryl. "Am I going to have to drug him?" I began thinking.

Cheryl asked Stephen to be with her as she gave birth; she wanted him in the delivery room. I was surprised at how quickly he accepted her request. It was arranged for the birth to be taped for posterity which would allow me to see the

whole thing. I wish that had been available when I gave birth.

There they were in the delivery room looking and acting like 'Mother and Father,' when little Lawrence was born. They, of course, did all the usual with him before handing him to his mother. Cheryl was glowing and then she handed him to Stephen. I was blown away and started crying as I watched Stephen hold Lawrence to his chest and kiss his forehead.

Cheryl and Lawrence came home the next day and we all settled in to take care of our new family member.

Three days later, Cheryl asked Stephen for a massage. He didn't hesitate and started with her neck and shoulders as I held the baby and watched. As he worked his way down her torso I was thinking he would quit as usual and turn the finish over to me. He didn't, and when Cheryl turned over, he rubbed her stomach for the first time, which sent a tingling through me.

That night, in bed, my husband spoke for the first time about what had been happening over the last few months. "I know what you and Cheryl have been doing."

My heart skipped a beat, as I thought, 'Is he mad? He doesn't sound mad. Is he talking about what Cheryl and I are doing,

or Cheryl coming on to him? Is he now open to it? What are his feelings?' and I remained silent.

"I know about all of it. You and Cheryl. The two of you trying to get me in bed. All of it."

He lightly chuckled, and I thought, 'Whew, he's not mad,' and still I remained silent.

"I've been willing all along."

I turned and looked into his eyes, for confirmation and remained silent.

"I couldn't, because I loved Lawrence like a brother. I decided to honor those feelings as long as Cheryl was pregnant. To fully respect my brother, his wife and unborn child I would not give in to my desires."

I caressed his face and kissed him before he continued.

"The two of you were torturing me. And believe me, keeping my unspoken promise to Lawrence was the hardest thing I have ever done!"

He paused briefly, and I kissed him again.

"Now, my promise is fulfilled, and if the two of you still want me. If you, my lovely wife, want this, I am yours."

"Yes, yes, I want this." I said as I began kissing all over his face.

"I'm not going to hold back any longer, then. If the two of you want me, the two of you have me." He whispered softly.

I slid down and sucked his cock, like it was the first time, being driven by the lustful thoughts of the three of us. I lavished all of my lust with my mouth as I thought of sucking Cheryl's pussy from his cock. He came too quickly for me as I wanted to suck his cock for hours.

I kissed his cock and moved up to kiss him before I said, "Wait here, I'm going to get Cheryl ready and bring her to our bed."

I went to Cheryl's room and woke her with a kiss. I told her what had happened, she smiled great big and hugged me so strongly that I couldn't breathe.

"Are you ready to fuck my husband?" I whispered.

"Oh Yes," She moaned, "I've been ready."

My hand was rubbing her pussy, and I whispered, "First, I get to eat your pussy. Then I'll take you to fuck my husband." I slowly kissed my way down to the object of my desire. And, once again driven by the thought of her taste on my husbands cock, I greedily used my mouth. She too, came quickly, my desire frustrated again but I knew there was going to be plenty of satisfaction for me in the future.

Arm in arm we walked to my bedroom, finding Stephen asleep. We crawled into bed on each side of him and Cheryl woke him with a kiss. His eyes opened and he wrapped his arms around both of us. As I played with his balls, Cheryl slowly stroked his cock and continued kissing him. She moved her hand to her pussy, I moved mine up to stroke his cock and I nuzzled his neck.

I felt Cheryl move and looked up to see her place her fingers at his nose, as she asked sultrily, "Is this what you want? Do you want to fuck me?"

"Yes." He moaned.

"Well, you have to eat it first." And she stuck her fingers in his mouth.

He sucked greedily as she moved to straddle his head. I backed off as she lowered her pussy to his mouth. His tongue was out before her lips touched his.

"Mmmm." She moaned on contact, and shook lightly. She lowered her face to his cock as I started rubbing her ass.

Both of them were moaning and I was a little jealous to be left out, but, I loved watching. Slowly I moved my hand up to her neck as I slipped the other in to fondle his balls. It was like I was controlling the action, but I wasn't, I was feeling their love.

Cheryl reached out placing her hand on my neck, pulling my head to his cock, as she moved to suck his balls.

Suddenly, she moaned loudly and shuddered hard through an orgasm. When she opened her eyes, I asked softly, "Are you ready to fuck him now?"

"Oh Yes!" She moaned, and pulled her pussy away from his mouth.

I stroked his cock as she got into position. She grabbed his head with both hands and started kissing him feverishly as she briefly held her ass in the air. I placed my hand on her lower back and gently pushed down while guiding his cock to her pussy. As the tip touched her lips she squirmed while moaning and I pushed down with steady pressure until he was buried in her warm tunnel. Her ass was moving rapidly as though it were in control. The site was of a wanton woman fucking for all she was worth. My husband could only lay there and take it as she had him trapped in her grasp from head to cock.

I had to play with myself as I watched.

"Aaaaaaaaaah," she suddenly screamed, stiffened momentarily, and shook violently through orgasm.

My husband kept his cock slowly moving in her pussy and she slowly started matching his movements.

Cheryl looked at me through lust filled eyes and moaned, "Oh God Mom, his cock feels soooo, good."

'Mom,' she called me Mom.' I leaned forward and kissed her while caressing her ass.

As I sat back, she pushed herself up, turned around without uncoupling and pulled my husband to his side, facing me. She reached out and pulled me in for a kiss, the lust in her eyes was maddening. Not letting me pull away she held my face to hers and speaking each word to a thrust of my husbands cock, said, "I, want, to, eat, you, as, you, eat, us."

I didn't have to move, she was gently guiding my head down to her pussy. I went willingly and lay with my legs spread for her. Her mouth closed on my pussy before mine reached hers and she was sucking wildly while moaning to my husbands thrusting cock.

I kissed her clit, and licked down her pussy as my husband's balls slapped my nose. When my tongue touched his pussy soaked cock, I felt him jerk. I licked like this several times before I turned my head so I could suck where pussy and cock met. What we were doing was driving me to a powerful orgasm.

I felt my husband' cock stiffen then throb as he jerked through filling her pussy with cum. Cheryl' mouth never left my pussy as she screamed into it through her own orgasm. I almost passed out from the strength of mine.

Cheryl and I were laying there ,our hot gasping breath on each others pussy as my husband let out a long gasping, "OH God."

Regaining my senses, I began licking the cum soaked flesh before me. Gently I pushed my husband' hip to ease his cock from Cheryl' pussy, as I licked each exposed part of it. Pulling free of her pussy it went straight into my mouth until my nose touched his balls. He was moaning and squirming as I sucked their sex from his cock. I next covered her pussy with my mouth and stuck my tongue inside for my husbands cum. Cheryl' pussy was still lightly contracting; she must have had a powerful orgasm.

It took a little urging, but I managed to get Cheryl upright, straddling my face so my husbands cum would drain into my mouth. I could have eaten her cum filled pussy all night, but after some more shaking she begged me to stop. Reluctantly, I let her pull her pussy from my mouth and collapse on the bed.

We lay there silently for a while, until my husband broke the silence, saying, "Wow! That was great!"

Cheryl, whispered, "Was it ever."

I just went, "Mmmmmmm?"

Cheryl and I lay on each side of Stephen and we went to sleep entwined.

That was a month ago, and we now have a full open sexual relationship.

I have to stop now and breastfeed my grandson. Yes, breastfeed. Cheryl and I decided it would be alright for me to breastfeed him. So, with a little help from a breast pump, I induced lactation.

Lawrence wants my tit, so Bye!

THE END