

## Do It To Me, Darling!

by parabolus

In WWII, a surprising number of mothers had sex with their sons. For example, during the Blitz on London a boy and his mother died in an air raid. When they were dug out of the bombed building, it was found that they'd been killed by the blast, and neither of them had so much as a scratch on them. But they were discovered naked in bed together, and the boy's semen was still trickling from his mother's vagina ...

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'Paul! Wake up, son!'

I was in a deep sleep, and when I heard my mother's voice it seemed to be coming from a long way away. Then I felt her shaking my shoulder; at the same time that I became aware that I had a throbbing erection - I don't know if I'd been dreaming or what, but I was lying on my side, clutching my penis. I groaned and rubbed myself slowly, not wanting to let go of it.

'Darling! Please wake up! The air raid's coming closer, and I think we should go down and sit under the stairs!' Now I could hear the sound of bombs falling, and I forced my eyes to open. My mother was standing beside my bed, looking down at me with a worried expression on her face; she hadn't switched on the light in my room, but she'd left the door open, and as the light streamed through the doorway it silhouetted her body perfectly through her thin nightdress. Standing like that the material was practically translucent; her legs were clearly delineated, as was the curving underside of her left breast, and the sight didn't anything to help my erection. I groaned again and squeezed my cock harder.

'Get up, Son! Please! They're getting closer! Please hurry!'

I licked my dry lips and gave my penis a final squeeze before I stuffed it back inside my pyjamas and swung my legs out of bed. My mother and I were living in a small, terraced house on the outskirts of London, several miles from main Luftwaffe targets of the docks, the East End and the City, but we were no strangers to the throbbing engines of Heinkel 111s, Dornier 17s and Junkers 88s, and the crump of high explosives falling in the distance. But my mother was right - tonight the bombs sounded much closer than usual. The space under the staircase was supposed to be the safest place in houses, and when the Blitz first started we'd cleared it out on put an old trunk in there to sit on, with some blankets and candles and matches in case the electricity failed. My mother took my hand and led me out onto the landing, and then I followed her down stairs, hoping that she hadn't noticed my rigid penis trying to escape from my pyjamas trousers. She had to hitch up her ankle-length nightdress to avoid tripping over it, but my attention was focussed on the way it plunged almost to her waist, supported only by two thin straps and leaving her back, shoulders and arms completely bare.

Once under the stairs, Mum shook out a blanket and put it around both our shoulders, and we sat side by side on the trunk, listening to the sound of the bombs exploding and the noise of the anti-aircraft guns banging away. Mum shuddered nervously against me, and I put my left arm round her under the blanket, while my right hand rested lightly around her waist. She shivered, hunching her shoulders and rested her head on my shoulder, and I hugged her reassuringly.

'It's so comforting being with you like this, darling,' she said, and I glanced down at her. She was holding the edges of the blanket loosely in her lap, and I saw that the way she was sitting had caused the low-cut neckline of her nightdress to gape open, giving me a perfect view of her naked breasts. I gulped, hugging her tighter, which pressed her perfect breasts slightly together and forced her nightdress even further from her body. The light was on in the hall, and I studied the swelling fullness of her breasts, seeing their large brown aureoles capped with prominent nipples. I was suddenly aware of the warmth of her body pressing against mine, and I tightened my right arm round her body, holding her to me, and I started to run my left hand lightly over her bare back and arm, gently stroking her soft skin. Still gazing down the front of her nightdress, I saw her nipples begin to stiffen, until they were jutting out like the top joints of my little fingers. Suddenly there was a series of loud explosions nearby, and the windows rattled. My mother's body jerked, and she looked up at me apprehensively.

'It's all right Mum, they'll soon move away,' I said, and without thinking kissed her lightly on the lips. She gripped my arm, clinging to me; our lips were still touching, and we sat like that for a minute or two, listening to the bombs falling while I continued to stroke her bare back. Then, at first almost imperceptibly, our mouths started to slowly move against each other - I don't know whether she initiated the kiss or I did, or perhaps it just happened, but neither of us broke the contact, and we carried on kissing each other softly.

A bomb suddenly exploded close by with a shattering din, and my mother gasped, pressing herself against me, her eyes wide with alarm. I hugged her, and then I felt her mouth open slightly, and we were suddenly kissing each other with slowly mounting intensity. I was still stroking her body, running my hand over her shoulders and up and down her spine, then from side to side until my fingers brushed against the side of her softly swelling breast, and I let them trace its outline.

At last Mum broke away slightly and stared at me. Involuntarily I glanced down at her body again, and her eyes followed my gaze. She must have seen that her breasts were completely exposed, her jutting nipples clearly visible, and I expected her to cover herself with the blanket, but instead she just lifted her face towards me. 'If I have to die, I'd want it to be like this, darling, with your arm round me, holding me close,' she whispered. She kissed me again, her mouth covering mine wetly, and then I felt her tongue drifting over my lips, before forcing its way between my teeth to explore the inside of my mouth and toy with my tongue. We kissed like that for a long time, heedless of the exploding bombs, and then Mum pulled back again. I ran the fingertips of my right hand over her neck and throat, and she looked at me.

'I - I love you in so many ways, darling,' she said softly.

She smiled and stroked my face: I was still digesting the fact that she must have known that her breasts were still uncovered, and had seen me looking down at them, and I gathered all the courage I could muster and

slowly let my right hand slide down to push the strap of her nightdress off her shoulder, completely baring her left breast.

'I love you too, Mum,' I said hoarsely, and took her breast in my hand. She made no attempt to stop me, but instead looked down at what I was doing. We both watched me kneading her breast for a moment, and then I tightened my left arm round her, feeling her nipple pebble-hard in the palm of my right hand. She caught her breath, and I squeezed her breast.

'Do you mind me loving you like this, Mum?' I asked hesitantly, and she smiled.

'It's wonderful, dearest,' she answered, and then we were kissing again, recklessly this time, with my mother squirming her body against me. The kiss seemed to last for ever: the bombs were still falling, although not so close, and somehow the other strap of her nightdress slipped down so that I could fondle both her breasts, and her bare arm brushed against my penis, which had freed itself from my pyjamas and was jutting up eagerly. I began playing with my mother's nipples, pinching and tugging them gently, and she broke off the kiss and moaned.

'God, darling, I'm so sensitive there - you don't know what you're doing to me!'

Then we were kissing again, and Mum was making little noises in her throat. Suddenly she was stroking my penis, and I dragged the hem of her nightdress up until I could touch her bare thighs. I slid my hand up higher and higher, until my fingers reached the lips of her vulva.

Mum was panting, trying to catch her breath as we kissed endlessly. She was twisted towards me, her naked breasts grinding against my chest as we caressed each other. The fingers of my right hand were inside her dripping vagina, probing deeply, while my left arm held her half-naked body to me while she fondled my penis and testicles.

At last we could stand it no longer.

'Get this bloody trunk out of the way, darling!' my mother panted.

I pushed it out into the hallway as Mum dropped to her knees to hurriedly spread the blanket on the floor, and then she knelt up and dragged her nightdress over her head and tossed it aside. I marvelled at the sight of her naked body, watching her swaying breasts and seeing the luxuriant mat of her pubic hair for the first time. She briefly smiled at the way I was staring at her, seeing her breasts heaving slightly, and then we were both struggling to get my pyjamas off.

It was my mother's turn to gaze at my body, and she reached out her hand and lightly held my penis for a moment. Then she bent her head and kissed it briefly before she lay back on the blanket and parted her legs.

'Do it to me, darling - I can't wait any longer!'

I slid on top of her and she helped me guide my throbbing penis to her vulva. She groaned as I eased it into her, and she clung to me. I was almost frantic with ecstasy, feeling the hot wetness of her vagina engulfing my cock and squeezing it as she contracted her muscles.

'Oh, yes, my darling - it's wonderful having you inside me like this! Fuck me harder, dearest - I won't break!'

I started to thrust into her with increasing force. My hands were all over her lush body, gripping her breasts as our mouths ground together. It didn't take long - I'd been on the brink for a long time, and suddenly my mother was writhing beneath me, squirming on the hard floor. Her body was soaked with perspiration, and then she began to jerk spasmodically, and I exploded in her with what seemed like the force of a 500lb bomb. She screamed and clung to me, her hips jerking up to match my movements as my semen flooded into her in a series of endless spurts. Her mouth worked on mine hungrily and her fingers dug into my flesh as she twisted under my weight. We clutched each other fiercely, our bodies slapping together, until finally the flow of my semen dwindled, and my mother's body went limp in my arms. She closed her eyes, but I kept kissing her, constantly fondling her breast, feeling it heave as she panted in an attempt to force air into her lungs. Then her eyes opened.

'God! Your dick's still hard, darling! Wasn't that enough for you? No! You'll kill me, dearest! Oh, yes,' she breathed, as I rammed my penis into her. 'Yes! Do it to me again, darling! No! I want to be on top this time!'

We rolled over together, keeping my cock in her, until she was straddling me and I was able to reach up to fondle her hanging breasts, and then she started to raise and lower herself on my penis. Neither of us noticed that the sounds of bombing had abated, and Mum continued to fuck me while my hands roamed over her naked legs and body. This time it took longer for me to come; my mother was moaning, her body trembling, begging me to finish her, and then she threw her head back and cried out wildly when I eventually ejaculated. She collapsed on top of me, kissing me and saying how wonderful it was, having my cock in her and feeling me come inside her, and as we kissed and clutched each other we heard the 'all clear' sound.

Finally, my mother kissed me again and climbed off me. She started to get to her feet, and she smiled nervously. 'Your stuff's trickling down my legs, darling! You just kept coming in me ...'

We made our way up stairs without bothering to pick up our nightclothes - I followed her, staring at her naked bottom. I raised my hand and gripped it, but she smiled at me over her shoulder and took my hand away.

When we reached the landing, Mum went into the bathroom to clean up, while I waited outside. I took her in my arms when she emerged - we were still both naked, and I kissed her, my fresh erection jammed against her belly, but she freed herself and just whispered goodnight before she disappeared into her bedroom.

The next morning she was preparing breakfast in the kitchen when I came down. She smiled at me and I kissed her good morning, saying how much I loved her, and that I'd been awake most of the night thinking about her. She let me kiss her for a moment, then she drew back.

'Darling - what happened last night - it mustn't happen again, and we can't go on like that. I was afraid, and I needed you so badly - I needed what you did to me. But now we must get back to normal, and try to forget what happened.'

Over the next few days my mother allowed me to kiss her, often quite passionately, but nothing more. I pleaded with her, telling her how much I loved her and wanted her, and asking her why we couldn't do it again, but she just smiled almost sadly and shook her head. We kissed several times a day, and I'd often feel her body yielding against me, but if I tried to fondle her breast or slip my hand up under her skirt she turned away, with that same sad smile on her face.

Then, four or five nights later, I was fast asleep in bed when I heard my mother's voice and felt her shaking my shoulder.

'Darling! Please wake up! There's an air raid!'

I opened my eyes and saw her sitting on the edge of my bed. I listened, and faintly heard the sound of bombs in the distance, but no nearer than usual, and I looked at my mother questioningly.

'I - I think we should go back under the stairs again, dearest. They might come closer!'

She already had a blanket wrapped round her, clutching it under her chin: suddenly a thought struck me, and I slipped my hand inside the blanket. I was right - beneath the blanket, my mother was completely naked.

'I might be frightened, and need you to - to comfort me, darling,' she murmured, smiling softly as my hand roamed over her body.

Then a bare arm emerged from the blanket, and a hand insinuated itself under the bedclothes until gentle fingers found my rigid penis.

'Let's go downstairs, darling,' she whispered.