

Finish What You Started

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"Son, always Finish What You Started," my father once taught me. "It may seem awkward at first, maybe even boring and you may not see where it's leading. But with some stick-to-it've-ness, you'll get your prize at the end with a big payoff."

When did I realize that I was in love with the most beautiful woman I've ever seen? I've always 'loved' my mother, yet I don't remember when I fell in love with my mom. I do remember that the first time I came from masturbating happened while I was fantasizing about her. That may be when she became locked into my dreams. Still years later, nothing got me off more than stroking it to images of my mother -- that is until I finally got to taste the real thing.

For years, I would read the stories on Literotica hoping to find a way to seduce my mom. While the stories provided plenty of spank material, none seemed truly feasible. I mean what doctor could I find that would convince my mother that she would need to take care of my sexual needs? Or how would

the conversation go where I coerce my aunt [my mom's sister] into talking her sister into shagging her own son? I'd jerk-off like an out-of-control sexual deviant to the grope-n-go stories, but none seemed guaranteed to work in real life. And let's be honest, if you are going to make a move on your mom, do you get more than one chance?

So late at night, I'd have one hand on my keyboard while the other played with my joystick. During the day, I tried to live the life of a normal, healthy, loving son. I did have some girlfriends and occasionally I was able to convince them to give me a little something, something. Still that did not stop me from getting familiar with myself while fantasizing about mom.

When I was 15, my parents separated and divorced. To me, this was not a big surprise as the years leading up to it my father was mostly a ghost. But mom took it really bad. For months after my father moved out, she would cry on my shoulder about this. During mom's crying jag, my older sister left to go to college and this only added to her list of woes. I was the stoic, supportive son. Truthfully, I didn't know what

to say while she'd bawl her eyes out. I did the safe thing and said nothing.

Of course, I wasn't just the loving son. I had an ulterior motive. I figured if I showed mom that I was strong, dependable and caring to her, she would realize I was the perfect suitor for her. And if my life was a *Literotica* story, this would be when I would make my move by wiping her tears away and professing my love for her. She would respond by kissing me before leading me to the bedroom for some mind-blowing sex.

Unfortunately, this is real life and I timidly kept my mouth shut. After about four months, the tears ran out. Rubbing her eyes dry, mom stood up and announced to everyone and no one in particular, "I'm done crying and feeling sorry for myself." And she was.

"No more being a Gordita," she told me the next day as she joined Weight Watchers. (Gordita is Spanish slang for a cute, short chubby girl.)

Before this declaration, I always thought mom was a sexy Latina - being a curvy Colombian with milky caramel skin, dark brown eyes, and that exotic raven-colored mane of hair. She was 5'3" and that day I sinfully, gleefully watched as she stripped down to her bra and panties in her master bedroom.

My mother seemed unaware as I drank in the sight my mamasita presented to me. She wore a white Maidenform bra that held her mighty bosom in place. Even with that yard of fabric, she displayed an enchanting offering of cleavage. While the cups were a simple full-coverage design, there was a prominent seam that ran across the middle and another that ran vertical. Where they crossed left me wondering if that was where mom's nipples hid. Standing behind her, I loved seeing how her ample flesh absorbed her bra and made me wish I was that bra.

She also wore a pair of taupe colored satin panties that wrapped around her wide frame quite sensuously. In the back, they held onto all of her ass with the shiny material sparkling from the lighting. Way at the bottom, you could just

glimpse the line where the cotton lining that provides added comfort to a woman's golden region stops. The elastic waistband was a thin, maybe $\frac{1}{4}$ inch strip, and I loved how she 'muffin-topped' over them. Her thick legs also bulged proudly out from the bottom leg openings. To me, she was a heavenly cherub.

She stepped onto the bathroom scale and we watched it wobble its way to a weight of 168 pounds. The perv that I am, I knew her measurements were 38D-34-40. And it was mom's tits I'd obsess about. In my fantasies, I always figured that it was through mom's tits that would ultimately lead me to her Pearly Gates. All of my unrefined stroke stories centered around me somehow getting at mom's boobs. From there I'd travel south.

Of course, none of this happened.

Our birthdays are only two days apart, and we'd often celebrate them together. Our age difference was perfectly 22 years apart. This meant that when I became 18, she would hit

the dreaded four-O. For a year leading up to this event, I yanked my crank to different variations of this theme.

On mom's 40th birthday, she and I went out to dinner together. Mom wore a loose semi-satiny lavender blouse that clung to her in all the right places. With the dark lighting of the restaurant and the way the folds and creases shifted every time she moved, I watched with pleasure as new spots were highlighted and other receded into shadows. Unbuttoned at the neck, as she moved I would catch glimpses of the gold necklace I had given her for her birthday. I loved how it softly hung around her neck before V'ing down her chest. With the charm weighting on it, I could envision how the charm rested between her tits. I also wished I were that charm nestled between my mom's breasts.

She also wore a black light-weight wool skirt that charmingly hugged her hips before cascading down to end at mid-calf. She wore a pair of calf-length high-heeled black leather boots. When mom crossed her legs, I was able to catch a glimpse of the dark stockings she wore. Of course, that left me wondering if she was wearing pantyhose or thigh-length

stockings. Her boot-heels were tall enough that when standing next to me, her 5'3" figure did not seem so short. One of the things I oddly found arousing was how the zipper on the in-step side of the boots only reached halfway down the length. I imagined that even unzipped, there would still be a certain level of tugging required to remove them.

As expected, mom wasn't handling reaching this milestone with much aplomb. She was cranky about the fact she was still single at 40, while my 45-year-old father had married a 28-year-old trophy wife.

I tried to cheer her up by pointing out that how successful she is being a bank manager. I also complimented how great she looked now. How impressed I was with her dedication to going to the gym regularly. (Although I hated the fact she belonged to Curves, the all-female gym, which meant I couldn't get to watch her exercise.) In the three years since my parents' divorce, she had lost 32 pounds, now down to 136 pounds. She was intent about getting down to 125 pounds. She was also now measuring a svelte 36C-28-38. In her happier moments, she'd flex her arm and brag, "No flabby arms here."

I wanted to tell her that she had gone from a Gordita to a MILF, but bashfulness prevented me.

Instead, mom took advantage of the opportunity that I would be driving us home. My mother isn't much of a drinker. One glass of wine and she's good; two and she's tipsy; three, she's merrily drunk. Tonight she reached her three-drink limit. In my fantasies and according to many Literotica stories, this would be my chance to make my move and take advantage of my more than slightly tipsy mom. Previously, I'd imagine us going to 'make-out point' before going home to finish the job. Things started out pretty good as we got in the car. With me in the driver's seat, mom leaned up against me. "You're so good to me, Marty. So good for me." She kissed me on the cheek. Then she rested her head on my shoulder and her right hand lay just above my knee. My pants became tight with the chubbie I was sporting.

Unfortunately, real life intruded upon us. Within ten minutes of leaving the restaurant, she was sleeping upon me. Reaching the intersection to decide whether I should continue driving

straight towards 'make-out point' or turn right and head home mom answered it for me by emitting a soft, gentle, female snore. I turned right.

Arriving home, she didn't even wake! Being a gentleman and loving son, I carried her inside and into her bedroom. She never woke, even as I tucked her into bed -- without undressing her! And believe me the temptation to do so was there. I kissed her on the forehead and wished her "a good night."

"I love you, too." She mumbled. I left her bedroom as the man of steel and had to relieve myself of some excess pressure.

Yet Fate finally intervened and dealt me a fresh shuffle. A new set of cards that I realized I could use to play to a winning hand.

I was now 19 and in my second year of college. Being a less than stellar student, I was attending the State university and still living at home. On a beautiful, warm, sunny Spring day I

got home after my classes. I knew mom was home but the house was empty. Heading out onto the back patio, I was greeted by a sight that would change my life.

There was mom on her hands and knees tending to her flower garden. She must not have heard me come outside and kept her back turned to me. And that's what I focused on -- her backside! For years, I'd been a tit man, especially my mom's; but like Saul, I became enlightened. Now I understood why a man could obsess over a woman's ass.

Mom was wearing a simple pair of white shorts, ones I've seen many times before. Now they were stretched tight across her ass-cheeks, highlighting their majesty. I was spellbound by the vision I beheld. She leaned further down to reach deeper into her flowerbed and her ass responded by pointing even more directly at me. As I watched her crawl along her flowers, I studied her ass dancing beneath those shorts. It was as if someone had taken a honeydew melon and split it in half. After giving those halves the malleability of clay, they then stuffed them into my mother's shorts. As I inspected her glorious rear, I could see her pantie line dividing where her

butt ended and the back of her thighs began. I may have imagined it but I thought I could see a dark crease hiding underneath the seam that ran up the middle of her shorts.

I lusted at that shadow knowing that hiding inside that canyon was my mother's butthole and just an inch below that was mom's Pearly Gates -- the entrance to the Heaven that I had dreamed of for years! My cock snapped to attention so quickly that it was now in a painfully uncomfortable position. My sleeping giant had previously been hanging to the left but now it fought with my shorts to stand proudly at full attention. At first, I tried to just shift and twist my body to allow 'Lil Willie' to work his way free. However, my shorts were being obstinate and I had to reach deep into my shorts to grab hold of my stick and manually shift him into a more comfortable position.

Fate having a twisted sense of humor took this opportunity to alert my mother of my presence. As she twisted around to welcome me home, she was greeted by the sight of her 19-year old son with his arm down his shorts with his hand wrapped around his crank.

"Hey...Oh...umm, it's great to see you too," she awkwardly said to me as I burned with embarrassment.

"Oh, god I'm sorry. Oh god, I just had to...I just had to..." I fumbled for words as I yanked my hand out of my shorts.

Mom just laughed and my shame burned even more. "Sweetie, it's alright. Believe it or not, I was young once and remember how young men don't need any reason to have to adjust their equipment." She laughed some more, "I think baseball players touch themselves more than they spit."

Even though I felt relieved, I still needed to get the heck out of there. "Ok, I just wanted to let you know I was home. I'll talk to you later."

I beat a hasty retreat back into the house and then fled to my room. I closed and locked door because this isn't a Literotica story; I did not want my mother walking in on me while I was

expressing myself. I dropped my shorts and squirted some lotion on my hand. Plopping down on my bed, I started jerking off like a crazed primate. I didn't need any fantasies or any pictures; I needed nothing but that image of my mom's butt doing its booty-shake in those shorts. Three minutes later Mt. Vesuvius exploded and buried Pompeii in its greatest eruption ever.

While taking a shower to clean off my lava flow, I had a great idea. Isn't it amazing how most of our greatest ideas come while standing under a flow of hot water? I knew how I was going to seduce my mother. After drying off and getting dressed, I logged onto my computer and signed into Literotica. This time it wasn't to choke the chicken; it was for research. I remembered reading a story - at the time, I thought it was pretty hot but now it was perfect research for my plan. After hunting the story down, entitled "How to Seduce Mother Version 01 by AuralSects69" I knew the exact depiction in it wouldn't work but the ideas it had planted in my brain were germinating.

With the magic of the Internet, I hunted down what a massage oil heater is and where I could get one. Miraculously, my local Wal-Mart had in stock the Master Massage Oil Warmer and its accompanying Master Massage 8 oz. Aromatherapy Oil Variety 4 Pack. I ordered them both online, selecting the Site to Store option. Grabbing my car keys, I ran out the door. As I drove, I thought about how to make my plan work.

"Marty do you mind giving me one those fantastic back rubs?" my mom would ask at the end of the night. For years now, I've been giving her back massages to relieve the tension from work, or ease her sore muscles after exercising, doing house or yard work.

Do you think I would say no? In her bedroom, she'd pull her nightgown over her head and then lay on her bed. Underneath she always wore a bra and a pair of panties. I'd give her a back-rub, often using the body lotion she kept on her nightstand.

"It's ok if you want to open my bra, if it's in the way," she'd often say, as I worked my way to the middle of her back. Unfastening her bra was always an ultra-thrill for me as I was obsessed with her boobs. Lying on her stomach, her tits would flatten out and I could see the rounded edges of them. Oh how I longed to reach underneath her and take them into my hands. I'd rub her sides as far low as I dared but I lacked the courage to actually go so far as to actually rub the exposed breast meat she offered to me.

I'd rub her lower back and she would let me go as low as I wished. The ignoramus that I am, I never thought that beneath the thin layer of nylon that were my mother's panties was what I was searching for. Even the times I'd rub her sore thighs, I ignored mom's butt fixated on the idea that I had to get to her tits first. I thought that was the only way I would be able to get to her other goodies.

As I swiped my credit card at the checkout for \$110 dollars, I confidently knew how I was going to seduce my love -- who happened to be my mother. I was confident she would ask for a back massage tonight since she had spent time out in her

garden; I would start Phase One of my plan. Oh, and if you think spending \$110 is expensive -- ask yourself, "Is it really, considering what the prize is?" I've spent more than that on girlfriends I half-liked and only wanted them to give up some of the chocha.

Phase I

"Marty, come here and look." I heard mom yell from her bedroom as I was putting my purchases away in my closet. Heading in there, her bedroom was empty.

"Where are you?" I questioned.

"In the bathroom," she called out. Entering the connected master bathroom, I could feel the warm, moist steam that lingered from her shower. But that wasn't what really caught my attention. Mom was standing on her bathroom scale in only a bra and panties.

"Look," she eagerly said pointing at the numbers the scale showed. Standing close to her, I could smell her fresh-showered scent. And look I did, not at the scale but at her. She was wearing a white bra with a hint of lace that encased her bosom. It looked like a soft and comfy bra that held her breasts; I wished it was my hands that were holding them. Her panties were a thin white nylon that wrapped around and hugged her tight. The material was so thin and semi-transparent enough for me to make out her soft caramel skin underneath.

Leaning close, I crouched down and rubbed my shoulder on her bare thigh. "Look, look, look," she eagerly pleaded. I saw that the dial proudly pointed to 124 pounds.

"Wow, congratulations mom. That's awesome." I honestly told her.

Stepping off the scale, she girlishly bounced up and down, clapping her hands from the joy of her accomplishment. I watched her giddy body with my own pleasure.

"I'm so fucking happy. Do you know how hard I've worked?" she asked. She then jumped at me, wrapping me in her arms and hugged me tight. She bopped up and down with merriment, and all I knew was how hard I was. On her last bounce up, she surprised me by giving me a quick peck on my lips. It may have lasted only two tenths of a second but I was cognizant of every nano-second.

"Do me a favor, go in the top right drawer of my dresser and get my tape measure." Following orders, I opened my mother's top right drawer and was treated to the sight of all hers bras tossed willy-nilly about. Shuffling through her boulder holders, I found her tape measure and returned to the master bathroom.

"Great, can you please measure me? You don't mind, do you?" she inquired. To answer her question, I simply stepped behind her and began wrapping the tape around her bust-line.

She laughed at my presumption, pushing the tape measure lower. "I know what that one is," she giggled. "Can you do my waist and hips?" Damn! I thought but consented. My hands shook a little as I wrapped the tape around her now shrunken waist.

"Don't suck it in," I jokingly chided.

"I'm not," she lied. I waited and she finally had to take a breath. After our laughs settled down, I measured an impressively diminutive 27 inches. [Remember it was 34 inches four years ago.]

"Can I lie and say it's a 26?" she conspired.

"I won't tell anyone," I promised and she beamed with glee.

"You're so good to me, Marty. Now do my hips." Squatting down, mom's ass was chest-level with me and I had to fight the urge not to caress those globes. My hands trembled as I

laid the tape along the swell of her hips and across her butt. The tape crossed thankfully on her left hip and revealed slightly more than 36 inches.

"I think we can call that 36," I announced.

"That works for me. Ok, now get out of here so I can get dressed and get dinner ready." My tease said as she pushed back away from me. Returning her tape measure to her dresser draw, I checked the label of one of her bras and was surprised to see printed 34C. Checking another, it confirmed that mom now had a yummy 34C-27-36 figure.

I left quickly to go to my room since I had to take care of some business that had suddenly sprang up. All I needed was the images of mom in front of me, her measurements dancing in my head and the sting on my lips from hers. Having mailed a heavy package a few hours earlier, this one was only envelope sized.

"Marty, later can you give me one of those fantastic back rubs you give? After spending the afternoon in my garden, my back is sore. You don't mind, do you?" Mom asked as we ate dinner.

"Of course not," I told her. "In fact, I have a gift for you and your accomplishment."

"Oh good, what is it?" she excitedly queried.

"You'll have to wait until later," and my 41-year-old mamasita pouted.

That night we watched a series of crime drama shows. We had an L-shaped sectional sofa and I laid on one half of the sofa, while mom lay on the other half. She had already changed into her nightwear. Since it was a bit warm this evening, she wore a thin cotton short-sleeve nightgown that reached to about her knees. It was semi-sheer white with a light blue floral print on it. Underneath, I could see that mom had on her white full-coverage bra and white panties from earlier. It

was her usual, plain, simple nightwear yet was still enough to excite my lust.

When there was only 20 minutes left to the last show, I boogied out of the family room and down to our bedrooms. Pulling out the massage oil heater, I also grabbed a bottle of massage oil. I was tempted to use the pink 'exotic' oil except the label read, "oil awakens and energizes your senses." I knew that wouldn't do -- at least not tonight. Instead, I grabbed the purple 'soothing' blend that promised to "help relieve stress and promote a sense of calm and well-being." I plugged the massage oil heater in on my mother's nightstand and returned to the family room in time not to arouse my mom's suspicions.

After the show was over, mom stood up and I asked, "Ready for that back massage?"

"I've been waiting all night for it," she replied. "Then I can go to sleep a satisfied lady." We both headed towards her bedroom.

"What's that?" mom asked as we entered her bedroom and she saw the massage oil heater seating on her nightstand.

"That's the gift I got you. I've been giving you massages for so long, I figured I might as well do them right."

"I hope you didn't pay a lot," she worried as she pulled her nightgown over her head and keeping her arms in the sleeves, held it to her chest. She laid down on the bed and I savored her glorious rear. I thought to myself, 'How did I not notice before how magnificent an ass she has?'

"Nah, it cost me \$20 bucks. My friend Timmy's older sister tried to become a massage therapist but changed her mind. So I got it from her." This was all bullshit, I didn't even know anyone named Timmy but I knew it would make her happy thinking I got a deal. While saying this line of crap, I sat on the edge of the bed next to my partially nude mother.

Pulling the oil from the heater, I could feel its pleasant warmth on my hands. I drizzled some onto mom's upper back. Instantly, you could smell the aroma. The bottle claimed it was Lavender, Orange and Cedarwood but honestly, I had no clue what scent it was.

"Oh Marty, that smells wonderful and feels even better," she purred. As I began rubbing her neck muscles she sighed, "Oh god, that feels so good. We should have done this sooner." Hearing her words and feeling her warm flesh had my cock at full attention.

"Oh god, sweetie that's so nice. Marty, you spoil me so bad. I hope you are gonna do all of me." I wondered if she realized what she was saying and what my mind was interpreting that as.

"Go ahead and open my bra, so you can do my shoulders." I delighted as my slick hands struggled to unhook those four rows of hooks. Finally getting her bra open, I pushed it to her

sides and drizzled some more of that warm slick liquid on her back.

"Oh sweetie, you're the greatest. Has anyone ever told you that?" I kept rubbing her back working my way to the middle of her back. As I caressed her sides, I could see the swell of her flattened tit-flesh bulging out from underneath. With her cheering me on, I was tempted to reach down and touch her tit-flesh but I remembered that I had to stay focused and stick to the plan. Instead, I returned to the center of her back.

"Ooh. Aaah, ooh that's sooo nice," she mumbled into her pillow as I began rubbing her lower back muscles. As I worked the oil into her flesh, I noticed how much her stretch marks had shrunken and lightened. Having touched her body many times before, I knew they were there; tonight I realized that if I didn't, I probably would not have known they were there.

"Marty that feels so wonderful. Thank you so much." She murmured into her pillow. By now, I had reached the top edge of her panties. Without asking or saying a word, I

pinched the sides of the panties and pulled the back of them downwards. I got to the top edge of the crack of her ass and stopped. This was as far as I dared for tonight, and was surprised that she hadn't said a thing.

"Umm, god that feels yummy," she purred as I dribbled some more warm oil on her newly exposed flesh and then massaged it into her body. I worked hard at loosening those muscles resting on her tailbone and she just sighed with approval. I rubbed her hips and she breathed deeply with appreciation.

Finally I knew I had gone as far as I dared for Phase One. I brought my hands back to the center of her back. "There you go," I announced as I re-hooked her bra closed. "I hope you sleep good." I reached over and turned the heater off.

"With you here I will," she purred into her pillow. I gracefully got out of there before mom saw the major boner I was sporting. On the way out the door, I shut off the light and closed the door. Standing in the hallway, I rubbed my hands

together in satisfaction like an evil villain who is pleased things are going as he planned.

Phase II...

...of my plan didn't commence until a couple of days later.

"So hot shot, what do you have planned for this Friday night?" my mom jokingly asked, after I got home from my part-time night job. It was only 9:30pm and I guess she figured her 19-year old son would be heading back out after changing from my work attire.

"Nothing, I'm just gonna hang-out at home tonight. If that is ok with you." I teased back.

"Great, I love having you around. And later you can give me another one of those magical back rubs. My body is aching from going to the gym the last few days." She was already wearing her nightgown. This time it was a full-length ivory

color, the shoulder and sleeve were a bright white lace that flowed into a three-inch wide strip that bordered the V-neck collar. Although the material was solid enough to allow me to only see hints at the white bra and panties she was wearing, the deep V-neck collar allowed me to see a hint of my mother's cleavage.

"Sure, just let me know when you're ready," I merrily answered and headed towards my room before she could see the big grin on my face. 'Phase II starts tonight,' I thought.

Later that night as I was hanging out in my room, mom popped her head in the open door. "Ready to work your mother over?" she inquired.

"Umm...ah, yeah sure," I awkwardly answered as I wondered if she was at all aware of the way she said things to me. Since it had been getting close to 11 o'clock, I had turned the massage oil heater on a little while ago, setting it on low.

Following her into her room, I was treated to mom's fantastic derriere as she pulled her nightgown over her head. She was wearing white nylon panties that fully encased her ass. They had a hint of see-thru'ness, but tonight I was hoping to see more. After she had laid on the bed, I sat next to her. Trying to seem casual, I unhooked her bra. "So what's new?" I asked to hopefully distract her as I my trembling hands repeated what I did two days ago.

"Oh nothing much; Stephanie had me work on my legs yesterday, doing squats. Now my legs and lower back are sore as fuck. I hope you don't mind if I ask if you'll rub my legs, do you?" she replied, without saying a word of me pulling the back of her panties down to the crack of her ass again.

Rubbing some of the warm oil on my hands, I laid a line across her shoulders. "Oh god, I love the way you touch me," she purred. "I feel like putty beneath your hands and you can do anything you want with me." I had just started massaging her shoulders and her words already had my cock hard as steel.

"Oh Marty, you are so good. I've wanted this for so long," she sighed as I worked her neck.

"That's it, give it, do me good," mom coo'ed as I drizzled a long line of oil down the length of her spine. My mind was spinning as I wondered if she knew what affect her words where having on her son. Lust raged through my veins. Rubbing the middle of her back, I had to stay away from her sides. I was afraid that if my wandering fingers got too close to the exposed swell of her flattened breasts, I wouldn't be able to stop myself.

"Oh that's it, that's it, right there," she cried as my thumbs pressed into her spinal muscles. Every time my boxers rubbed upon my cock, I feared I was going to have a messy situation.

"Oh that's the spot, right there. Oh Marty, that's it," she sang as I rubbed the very lowest part of her back, that spot exposed by my lowering her panties. "God, you doing that makes me realize how sore my ass is."

"That's all right, I can loosen you up," I promised as I worked on her hips. As I did, I tried to nonchalantly push her panties further down.

She said nothing as I reached the swell of her hips. Pinching the sides of her panties, I began pulling them off her hips.

"What are you doing?" she questioned quizzically, but lacking a scolding tone.

"What? What's the big deal. It's just me and you; I mean so what." I tried to say in my most casual voice. I knew this was my point-of-no-return and I had practiced saying this many times until I hoped it sounded like a casual, natural, off-handed thing.

Mom must've agreed because she lifted her hips just the little bit I needed to pull her panties over the swell of her hips. In a smooth, efficient motion, I continued to pull her panties all

the way down and slipped them off her feet. Laying her panties on the other side of her, I marveled at her unrestrained butt. It sang to me in its glory.

"Remember to behave yourself," mom warned and I silently thanked her because I knew I was on the edge of the cliff. I knew I was at the make-or-break point and I had to dance lightly but perfectly.

With my hands shaking, I started again by massaging her lower back, but not too low. I was about 2/3rds of the way down her back. I felt safe restarting there.

"Oh Marty, that's so nice," she uttered into her pillow as I used the base of my hands to really work her spinal muscles. I pushed my hands upwards working those muscles loose. Yet every time I reset my hands they were just slightly lower, until I was touching my mom just at the start of her ass-crack.

"That's soooo good, oh yes, that's it," she whimpered as I started spreading my hands outwards, they were going in a

V'ing motion. I rubbed some oil onto my hands and I continued starting lower on every stroke. I was now touching my mom's ass and she wasn't stopping me!

"Oh that feels wonderful, Oh Marty, you're fantastic," she encouraged as I was now halfway down her ass. At this point, I figured I'd get a little bolder. I trickled the warm oil across her ample rear.

"Careful there buddy," mom warned in a playful tone as I laid my hands directly on her butt-cheeks. I said nothing; I just focused on the wonderful sensation it was to be gently massaging my mom's ass. Spreading my fingers wide, each cheek was more than a handful."Oh my god, that feels so good. Oh god, don't stop, please don't stop," she pleaded as I began to knead my mom's ass-checks like two balls of dough. I watched my hands as they grabbed handfuls of butt. Emboldened, I began spreading her ass-cheek apart. Not enough to get a full view but enough to see a few stray hairs hiding in her canyon.

I moved further down and was now palming the lower half of her globes. To make it easier, I climbed onto the bed and was hovering behind her. My left leg was on the outside of her left leg, but my right leg was between her legs. This forced her to have to open her legs for me.

"That's it, that's it," mom cheered as I massaged the outside swell of her rump. From my view mom's ass now shined as the light danced off the sheen of oil. My lust was fighting with me, urging me to run my tongue across those slicked cheeks.

To control myself, I kept my hands descending further down my mother's luscious body. I began rubbing the back of her thighs. I could feel the roughness from the stubble of the hairs trying to sprout on her legs. Thankfully, the massage oil worked at softening the stubble and I tried to guess the last time my mom shaved. I'd guess it had been a few days and that mom was slacking off.

As I rubbed the back of my mom's thighs, I was in a position to spy the bottom strands of her bush. My eyes fixated on

those black pubic hairs and I fought my body not to cum. To save myself I stayed away from her inner thighs. "Oh, that trickles," she cried as I caressed the backs of her knees.

"Umm, that's it, Oh god Marty, you are a magician," she softly complimented as I tenderly massaged her well-shaped calves. As I stroked her calves, my eyes were pointed forward. With her legs spread slightly open, I could see more of her bush and I thought I could see hints of her Paradise.

"Ok, all done," I announced. I couldn't take it anymore; I had to get out of there and jerk-off or else I was going to ravage the treat that was lying before me.

"Thank you, Marty, you do me so good," my mom dreamily mumbled into her pillow.

Gingerly climbing off the bed, I again stealthily got out of there before mom saw the major boner I was sporting. On the way out the door, I shut off the light and closed the door.

Behind my locked bedroom door, I barely got my shot-rag in place before the fireworks were exploding.

The next morning, after finally waking up, I shambled down to the kitchen. Mom was standing at the stove cooking. With the sunlight shining upon her, I could see that my mother was now wearing a black bra and matching panties underneath her nightgown. I inwardly smiled to myself, confident I was the cause for the change of under-garments.

Fate must've alerted my mom of my presence. Turning around she ordered, "Come here." When I was about three feet away from her, she jumped at me and wrapped me in a hug. Jumping up and down like an excited young girl, her body slid upon mine with quite pleasant effect.

"Thank you so much. I haven't felt this good in so long. Gosh Marty, you make me feel so good," she complimented as her body bounced up-an-down against mine. On her last hop up, mom kissed me on my lips. "I love you so much."

Thankfully, mom released me from her gasp before she noticed the raging hard-on I was now sporting as a result of her actions. Taking a few steps back, I hurriedly turned to face the cabinets and searched through the boxes of cereal in an attempt to hide my erection from her.

That night I had to work until 11pm. By the time I got home, the house was quiet and dark; I assumed mom had gone to sleep. Changing out of my work uniform, I took a shower to rid myself of the smell of deli foods. Back in my bedroom, I was putting on a pair of pj bottoms when there was a knock on my door; without an answer, it opened.

"Are you ready to do me?" my mom asked. She was wearing a shiny dark blue satin sleeveless nightgown that hung down her knees. The scoop neckline was scalloped and was a lighter blue with an embroidered floral design. The seam between the collar and gown was pleated to allow it to flow over my Nightwish's sensuous form. It did not offer any opaqueness to allow me to glimpse what she may've had on underneath.

I noticed that the bottom edge of her nightgown had a matching light blue floral trim. Below that, mom's bare legs gleamed and I could appreciate they were shiny smooth. I also noticed that for someone who seemed to have been sleeping moments before, her hair wasn't tasseled. Instead, it seemed to have just recently been brushed in place.

"Umm, yeah sure. I'll do you," I boldly shot back, wondering if she would catch the innuendo or be offended.

"Great, come on," she just merrily replied and spinning around, pranced back to her now lit bedroom. At first, I just watched her butt-cheeks dance beneath her nightgown and then I followed her. Standing next to her bed, mom pulled her nightgown over her head as she's done many times before. However, this time I was treated to her completely bare backside. There was no bra strap cutting across her back, nor were there any panties cuddling her majestic ass. It was already proudly, and invitingly, on display.

I watched in pleasant amazement as she nonchalantly plopped down on her bed. Mom's butt curved high and called me. I stood and admired its impressiveness. I gazed upon my mother's nude form with awe. I drank in the sight before me and was glad that I was wearing loose fitting pj bottoms because my cock was standing at full attention.

"Earth to Marty! You just gonna stand there daydreaming about nothing?" my Nightwish wondered.

Thankfully, mom didn't realize that I was staring in rapture at her ass. Returning back from my mind trip, I grabbed the already warmed massage oil. Sitting on the edge of the bed by her feet, that's where I started tonight's massage. I lifted both of her legs and laid her shins across my thighs, conscious of the fact my cock was pointing vertical, pressing on my stomach.

Rubbing some oil onto my hands, I took her left foot into my hands and began kneading the tension from it. Holding her left foot up, I pushed her right leg down to my knees,

spreading her legs slightly apart. I was treated with a view of her inner thighs that hid her Paradise.

"Oh Marty, you are a god," she sighed into the pillow her chin was rested upon. I focused on the sole of her foot, before working my way up her ankle. Rubbing her calf, I could feel the silky smoothness of her freshly shaven legs. It was a charming improvement to yesterday's rough stubble.

"Marty, you're so wonderful to me," she uttered as I began my ministrations on her right foot. I worked my thumb into the arch of her foot and she whimpered in pleasure.

"That's it, yeah right there, oh yes." Cupping the heel of her foot, I worked at getting it loose. Then my hands worked further up her lower leg. I squeezed her calf muscle beneath my fingers and felt it slowly release its tautness.

Lifting her legs off my thighs, I told mom to move more to the center of the bed and then watched her captivating body shimmy over. Straddling her lower legs with mine, I began

the exquisitely painful exercise of rubbing her upper thighs while fighting the urge to grope her. Each hand worked on its own thigh and my mind sung with ecstasy as my fingers caressed the tender softness of her legs. Hovering right before me was her enchanting derriere. I had to constantly repeat to myself to take it slowly, to work my way up to there slowly. The urge to just grab those ass-cheeks and maul them stormed through me.

"Oh Marty, Oh Marty, that's so ... god that's so..." she whimpered as I patiently massaged her thighs. The backs of my hands rubbed against themselves as I attentively began to rub her inner thighs. Mom spread her legs a little further for me and I worked diligently at rubbing the delectable softness beneath my touch. As I pushed her thigh meat apart, I would be rewarded with a passing glance at the bottom edges of her Pearly Gates. Tonight, there was no brush obscuring my view. Tonight, I saw true Paradise - I gazed upon the bottom tips of my mother's pussy lips.

"Oh god baby, that feels so good," she moaned. My mind was swimming at the fact my hands were but inches from what I

dreamed of. Then my hands started to come in contact with mom's mighty rump. With a fake level of confidence, I massaged my mother's ass as if this was a normal, natural everyday occurrence.

"That feels so... so... so good, Marty," mom praised me. I sinfully enjoyed witnessing the oil I drooled upon her butt-cheeks trickle down into the Happy Valley that was the crack of her ass. I again loved how I could palm each cheek and there was still flesh remaining. I reveled as I massaged the outer swell of her ass.

"Ooooh that's soooooo sweet," she purred, as I manipulated her hip muscles. She squirmed beneath my touch and I loved the feel of her legs rubbing along mine. I was thankful that I was above and behind her, while her head lay in her pillow because my cock was so hard it ached.

I couldn't take the torture anymore, I had to release my hold on mom's rear and start working on her back. I was afraid I was gonna lose the façade of composure I was displaying. My

lust tormented me with images of me yanking down my pj's and mounting my Nightwish.

"Marty, you spoil me so rotten," she claimed as I massaged her lower back muscles. Tonight they were already soft and malleable. Still it was gratifying to feel her softness beneath my adoring hands. As I worked my way up her back, I had to continually lean further and further forward. This caused me to hover just above her and also for me to rest more of my body weight on her back.

"Sweetie, that's so nice," she purred as I stroked the back of her neck. From my leaning over position, occasionally my chest would graze on her butt cheeks. I could feel some of the oil that had transferred onto my chest. I internally laughed at the idea that I had my mom's butt prints on my chest.

"Ok sweetie, let me go to sleep on this cloud you've giving me..." she softly ordered. Turning her head to the side she continued, "...but first give me a kiss Goodnight." I leaned forward to give her a peck on her offered cheek. However as

I did, she continued to twist around. My lips landed upon hers and we held our kiss for an eternal second.

With a smack of our lips, I dismounted my mom's body. As I stood, she laid there content. Leaving her room, she yelled out to me, "I luv you." Flicking off the light switch, I called back, "I love you, too." Closing her door, I knew I was the happiest man around.

Phase III

Is there anything crappier than a rainy Spring Sunday? Having worked the day shift already, I was camped out at home in front of the TV. With no real sports worth watching, I had on an old movie -- Across the Universe, that's a favorite of mine. I was sprawled out on the sofa, when mom showed up in the living room. Like a typical chick, she was wearing a football jersey oblivious to the fact the Super Bowl was months ago and the next game was even more months away.

The fact that she was wearing a football jersey wasn't completely unusual. With her diminutive stature, she can wear a man's size jersey as a nightgown. Today she was wearing a throwback jersey of her childhood quarterback hero. It was a dark blue jersey with red and white trim and number 11 across the front. The sleeves reached past her elbow and the bottom hung to just below her knees. What was unusual was that it was only the afternoon and she was dressed for bed.

"You feeling alright?" I asked in gentle concern. I couldn't have my mother getting sick, as I was planning on progressing to Phase III of my plan.

"Yeah, I'm fine. I was just hoping to get my massage early and then take a nap."

"Sure," I said and reached to grab the remote to stop the movie. In a graceful and fluid move: mom grabbed my hand and laying her delectable figure along me, she draped my arm behind her neck.

"No, wait 'til this is over. I like this movie and it's almost over." I knew the first part was true as *Across the Universe* is a romantic musical that uses the songs of the Beatles to tell the story of a poor English immigrant and a rich American girl during the Vietnam conflict. I have always found it amazing how the writers were able to have the characters sing all those classic Beatles songs as a vehicle to tell the story. However, I also knew there was about an hour of the movie left; but with mom's warm, soft form now curled up alongside me, I wasn't going to point out this fact.

We enjoyed the rest of the movie in beautiful serenity. Having my mom's exquisite essence resting on me was its own delicious reward. When she nuzzled her head upon my chest, I was afraid she was about to fall asleep on me -- especially when she curled her nude, exposed legs on to the sofa. I loved looking upon her shapely white caramel limbs.

I knew mom hadn't fallen asleep as we laughed at the scene with Sadie and Jojo singing, "Oh! Darling." Then I felt mom humming, on my chest, to, "Happiness is a Warm Gun." Of

course, she couldn't resist singing along to, "Hey Jude." We both sang along to the last song, "All You Need Is Love." At the end of the movie, when Jude sees Lucy across the rooftops, mom surprised me by twisting around and planting a solid, direct kiss on my lips. I reveled in how warm and soft her lips were as she held them to mine. Releasing her kiss, she proudly announced, "I luv you."

"My turn," she said next, as she stood up and held her hand out to me. When she went to pull me up, I playfully resisted. Grabbing my hand with both hands, she petulantly tugged at me to get up. Finally surrendering to her charms, I sprang up and stood directly before her, almost looming over her petite being. Moving surprisingly fast for a 41 year old woman, she bolted out the room and I heard her giggling as she ran towards the other end of our house.

"Did you get lost?" mom pouted as she sat on the edge of her bed; that is until I handed her a small wineglass of sherry.

"Marty, you spoil me so good," she toasted. Taking a couple of small sips, she placed it on her nightstand next to the already turned-on massage oil heater.

"Ok, time for you to work your magic." Pulling her jersey over her head, she completely removed it and tossed it towards the far side of her bed. As she relaxed on her bed, I was treated to her wearing bright red undergarments that would've matched the red trim of her since disrobed jersey. Her red bra had the matching lace styling that was prominently displayed in her panties. The main body of her panties were nylon with a lace pattern embroidered on it. Resting above that was a wide, decorative lace waistband. Unlike many of my mom's panties, these did not fully enclose her ass-cheeks. The bottom outer edges cheekily poked out from the leg openings. I drooled in appreciation.

Sitting alongside her, I was glad to be wearing jeans that hid the woodie I was now sporting. Pulling the bottle of massage oil from the heater, I discovered it was a new product that mom must've purchased herself. The bottle's label read, "Shunga Erotic Art," with a drawing of an oriental couple

humping. Below that, it stated, "Erotic Massage Oil, Romance."

Opening the bottle, instantly the scent of strawberry invaded the room. "Doesn't that smell great? Now get to work and do your mom right."

I unhooked her red Lacie bra that matched those luscious panties that hugged her ass. Pushing the shoulder straps up and out towards her shoulders. "What?" she quizzically wondered.

"Let's get these out of the way," I confidently replied and starting with her left arm, she slipped the shoulder strap off. After her right arm slipped through the other strap, I nonchalantly pulled her bra out from underneath her -- as if it was perfectly normal to remove my mother's bra. Yet over her back, I held it high in the air symbolizing the mighty trophy I had just won. Then I proudly tossed it atop her discarded jersey.

I drizzled a cross upon her back starting at the base of her neck and running along the shallow valley created by her spine down to the edge of the bright red waistband of her Lacie panties. I drew the horizontal portion of her cross directly in-line with where her boobs lay beneath. Holding the bottle of oil about a foot above her, I let a thin trickle of oil start at the edge of her right breast meat that bulged out from underneath her body. I watched as the line I was creating ran up the slope of her side-boob, up her side, across the plateau on the right side of her back. The oil drooled down into the valley of her spine and up the other side of the shallow ravine. The oil glazed a line across the plane on the left side of her bare back and down the cliff that was her ribs until the oil dribbled down the side of her left side boob.

"Oh Marty, you are divine," she coo'ed when I started to caress the base of her neck. I had climbed onto her bed and was straddling her body. With my left hand, I combed my fingers into her hair and tickled the base of her neck. I watched with satisfied merriment as her body squirmed beneath my touch. Her body trembled as my fingers worked outwards to where my thumbs were fondling that tender spot behind her ears as

my forefingers stroked her jawline. "Oh Marty, that's soooo goood," she purred.

"Aaaah, that's sooooo nice," she murmured, as I worked on her softened trapezius muscles [the two large flat triangular muscles that run from the base of her skull, covering each shoulder and then down to the mid of her back.] I squeezed the meat of her traps at her collar as my thumbs dug into the edges near her spine.

"Oh God, that's it, Oh God Marty," she delighted as I ground the base of my hands into the plains that was the middle of my mom's back. Starting alongside her spine, I worked my way outward with each stroke. I continued the motion as my hands began to arc to the side. As I massaged her ribs, by flexing my pinkie out I began touching mom's offered breastmeat.

"Marty that feels so wonderful," she sighed as now both my pinkie and ring finger caressed her side boob as my middle and fore fingers touched her just above where the swell of her

breast started. I worked diligently down the side of her body; now the motion of my stroking hands brought the meaty ball that's at the base of my thumbs in full contact with her side boob. I savored the change in texture as my hand transitioned from her ribs to the softness of her breasts. "Marty, you are wonderful."

When I reached her hips, I now reversed orientation working my way inwards towards her spine. I loved the shallow curvature her lower back had before raising up into her mighty ass. I hovered over her body and kneaded her spinal muscles while adoring the look of those bright red Lacie panties hugging her butt. Yet now it was time for them to go.

"Ok, now lift up," I commanded and she obeyed. With surprising grace, (since my hands still trembled) I tugged her panties down to her knees. Dropping her hips and raising her knees, I removed her panties and held them up for all to see the trophy I had just won. I tossed them atop her already removed bra and jersey. With those garments lying on the unused portion of her king-size bed, mom was now completely nude beneath me. "Easy there, buddy," she

laughingly warned, as I climbed between her legs and using my knees, spread her legs open further. I sprinkled drops of oil on her magnificent ass-cheeks. Then without fanfare or hesitation, I began mauling mom's ass. Taking a handful of her butt flesh, I pressed down and squeezed tight.

"Oh, Ah, Oh god, that's..." mom moaned and I could feel her gluteus muscles relaxing from my attention. I had started on the outside swell of her butt and slowly worked my way inward.

"Oh that's it, that's it," she cheered. Every time my hand grabbed a handful of buttocks, my thumbs would hook more of her ass-cheek and spread it open. After a moment, my thumbs were all the way into her Grand Canyon and spreading it open.

"That feels awesome," she praised and I was rewarded by seeing her ass-crack in its full glory. It was a slightly darker caramel than the rest of her body. I could see the tight

puckered ring that was mom's asshole. Even better was just below -- on full display was my mother's Pearly Gates.

As I continued to knead her softening globes, I could see that mom had a pretty pussy. Her inner pussy lips were thin strips of dark pink meat. Her outer lips were puffy mounds that framed her pussy perfectly. Even with the strong strawberry scent of the massage oil, I thought I could smell her sex and her pussy seemed to gleam with its own moisture.

"Oh Marty, that's it," she encouraged as I shifted my hands and the tips of my fingers dug into her inner thighs. Reaching down and scooping a handful of her soft flesh, I'd pull back. Instead of working my way towards her knees, I headed north towards her Heaven. The outside edge of my left pinkie ran directly along her pussy lips. She said nothing but simply moaned in pleasure. I did it again and it felt as if my pinkie was on fire from touching her pussy. Next, my right hand reached down and pressing my pinkie even more on her pussy lips, I stroked her. Mom responded by arching her back and lifting her hips up.

Using my left hand, I reached between her inner thighs and palming the front of her right thigh, I slid my hand back towards me. A second stroke and my forefinger touched her outer pussy mound. A third stroke my forefinger glided along her slit as my middle finger touched her outer puffy lip. A fourth stroke and now my hand only massaged her pussy as my forefinger & ring finger caressed her outer pussy lips, and my middle finger threatened to sink inside her.

"You better be willing to Finish What You Started," mom growled as she raised her hips up further. I knew that this was my moment; it was time to jump off the cliff.

Reaching into her canyon with both hands, my fingers spread her open and mom's Pearly Gates invited me to come in. Lowering my head, my tongue extended out and with a broad, tentative lick, I tasted my mother's honey. It was sweet, delicious and I needed more. Sinking my head in closer, I began lapping my mom's pussy. She didn't object.

"Oh my god, oh god, I can't believe..." she started as I buried my face into her ass and my tongue reached as far as I could, licking her mound. She just sighed and moaned with pleasure as I licked her.

"Oh my, Oh my, Oh..." mom cried as I forced my tongue into her pussy. It eagerly accepted my invasion. I could taste my mom's wetness and it tasted wonderful. I could smell her sex and it was intoxicating.

"Oh...Oh, I can," she groaned as I began to caress her Paradise with my nose as my tongue tunneled inside her honeypot. My hands tried to pry her ass-cheeks further open to allow me greater access.

"Oh, Marty...Oh Marty, I can't believe...Oh yes," she declared as I bobbed my head back and forth, tongue-fucking her. I tried to shake my tongue around to reach every spot of her Pleasure.

"Oh sweetie...yes, yes, yes," she encouraged as I returned to lapping her pussy, flexing my neck to get a good long stroke across her pussy lips. She was divinely leaking pussy juice and I tried to lick it all up. She began pushing her butt back at me and I returned to tongue-fucking her.

"Oh god yes, Oh god, Oh my god..." she affirmed, "Oh god, Baby..."

"Oh god, you're gonna..." she panted, "Oh god, make me..."

"Oh god, You'reGonnaMakeMeCum," she rushed out and then she did. I felt her pussy shiver, while the rest of her body stiffened. A wave of heat rushed through her and crashed over me. She loudly sucked in a breath.

Her body dropped forward, her hips back in contact with the bed. She was gasping for air. Feeling quite proud, I enjoyed hearing her labored breathing.

Then she flipped over onto her back with the graceful quickness of a ballerina. I was still lying between her legs; with her knees bent and legs spread open, I gazed at Heaven. Her pussy was completely clean-shaven and her pussy lips shined with lust. Without a thought, I reached forward with my left hand and running my forefinger on her slit, I penetrated her.

As I joyfully fingered my mom's quim, I looked up the rest of her nude front-side. My eyes perused over her stomach. I gazed at the hills that were my mom's tits. Eyeing between her mounds, I saw mom looking back at me. As I continued to slide my forefinger in and out of my birthplace, I smiled at my mother.

When she smiled back at me, I rose up and latched on to the top of her puddin'. Letting my middle finger join my forefinger, I began licking the top of her pussy mound. Sliding my two fingers in and out of her Pretty, I searched for her Little Man in the Boat.

"Oh god, Oh baby, Oh god, that's it," she coo'ed as I found her clit and sucked it into my mouth. Rolling my tongue over her clit, I felt the pearl on the tip. Running my tongue around and over her pearl, mom's body danced on her bed. Mom reached down and grabbed a handful of my hair.

"Oh god, Oh god, Oh my fucking god, Oh fuck..." she cheered as she yanked my head around. I resisted her pulling of my hair and remained latched on her clit as I fingered her kitty.

"Marty, you're gonna make me cum... Marty, you're gonna make me cum...Marty," she pleaded.

"Marty, I'm gonna..." and her body finished her sentence.

Returning back to planet Earth after her climax, mom signaled she wanted me by pulling my hair and head towards her. My body followed, as I climbed over her nude form. When I passed over her glorious tits, I wanted to stop and sample her goods but mom was having none of that.

Finally, my face hovered over hers and her arms wrapped around my neck. Yanking me down onto her body, she kissed me with desire. Her lips felt marvelous on my own, and then her tongue was desperately seeking entrance to my mouth. Opening my mouth, her tongue flooded in and my lust surged. I grinded my clothed body on her nakedness.

Kissing, mom reached down and fervently pulled my t-shirt up. Grudgingly, I released our kiss to allow her to pull my shirt over my head and off my body. She tossed it away, letting it land on the floor. Before my shirt landed, mom's lips were again pressed to mine. This time it was my turn for my tongue to probe her mouth. As I did, thoughts of disbelief were racing through my head.

'Am I really making out with my mom? Did I just finish eating her pussy? Is this my naked mother underneath me?' As these thoughts ran around my skull, mom was yanking, tugging and fighting with the belt to my jeans.

"Get those fucking pants off," she growled. Climbing off her delicious body, I stood next to the bed. Kicking off my sneakers, I used my toes to shed my socks. Unbuckling my belt and unbuttoning my jeans, I prayed to the Greek god Eros, god of love and sexual intercourse, for me not to cum within the first 30 seconds. In a single motion, I shed my jeans and boxers. I now stood before my mom in the same outfit I did my first day.

"Wow, my little boy has become a Big Man," she admired as she eyed my proudly rigid cock. I climbed back over my nude angel and she pulled my naked body against hers. She kissed me with passion. She kissed me with force. I rubbed my cock along her pussy, hoping it would return to my birthplace. Finally, mom reached between us and took hold of my misguided cock. To feel mom's hand on my cock, guiding me was glorious.

"You ready for this?" she asked as the tip of my cockhead parted her pussy lips. To answer her, I slipped inside her wet velvet. The feel of mom's pussy on my cock was astonishing.

Bottoming out, I braced my arms outside her shoulders and arching my back, forced myself deeper into her.

"Oh god, that feels so right. Oh Marty," my angel approved.

"Oh yes, oh yes. Fuck me, fuck me," she hailed as I bucked my hips; my cock rammed in and out of her pussy. It was mind-blowing how soft, warm, wet her pussy was. Her inner flesh welcomed my cock and it felt like making love to a velvet sponge.

"Oh yes, Fuck me, Fuck me, Fuck me..." she called out as she grabbed my butt-cheeks and tried to force me deeper into her.

"Fuck, Fuck, Fuck, Fuck me..." mom shouted as her body danced beneath me, her hips working in synchronicity with mine.

"Oh God, Oh fuck, yes, yes, yes..." my mother yelled as my cock continued to pound her hole. Her hands had released my ass to claw my back. As I drove my cock into her, she drove her nails into my flesh.

"Oh god Marty, fuck me, fuck me good. Oh Marty, fuck me good," she roared as her nails dug tracks across my abused back. I could feel her nails tearing open my flesh and it only spurred my lust higher.

"Urgh... urgh... urgh," she grunted and I grunted in unison with her.

"OH FUCK YES," she screeched and her nails bit into my flesh.

I paused to catch my breath and let the flames that were burning on my back cool off. I pulled my knees under myself and kneeling, straightened up; out of reach from my mother's claws. Hooking her legs under my arms, her body was boldly on display to me.

Looking down, I could see my cock hiding inside my mother's pussy. It was a beautiful sight and I admired her as I started to slid in and out of her pussy. I truly was playing Hide the Salami! Looking further up, I took in the sexy softness of her stomach. I loved how every time I rammed into her a ripple would wash over her.

Letting my eyes travel north, I finally got to gaze upon my mother's breasts. I marveled at the fact that I've already licked my mom's pussy and I'm fucking it but only now am I finally getting to see my mom's tits. I laughed at the fact that for all those years of fixating on her boobs, convinced they were the key to the rest of her body. Now here it is, that they were last to reveal themselves to me.

Still mom's tits were superb. Even with her lying on her back and her boobs flattened out, they were pleasantly meaty and impressive. Her areoles were a dark pink, and about an inch and half wide. Sitting proudly in the middle was her nipple, surrounded by a bunch of little friends -- little bumps that spotted her areoles, there were maybe five or six nipplets.

Mom realized I was admiring her tits and she reached up and cupped them. Holding them together, they were even more impressive and fueled my lust more. I slammed my cock into her pussy with gusto. She giggled with approval and began bouncing her boobies in her hands. This only increased the force of my battering ram.

"You like?" she asked and I could only nod my head. "You think your mom has nice tits, huh? Do you like when I hold them like these? I got a treat for you," she offered. I wondered what she could give me as I fucked her Paradise.

Grabbing the massage oil, she poured a liberal amount on each breast. As she rubbed the oil upon her orbs, my mind swirled at the sight.

"Do you like? Do you like your mom's tits? Do you like watching me play with them as you fuck me?" and her tits gleamed with oil. I nodded in approval and kept my cock

rocking her pussy. I could see some puddles of oil still lying between her tits and hidden on the undersides.

"Do you like when I hold them tight? Let me see if I can suck on them." And she began trying to. First she pushed her right tit up to her mouth, she reached with her tongue but fell short of her areole by half an inch or so. Then she tried with her left tit and got similar results. Still it was enough to make me drool. I rammed my cock into her with ferocity.

She poured more oil on her breasts and as she smeared the oil on her tits, they became oil-slicked mounds.

"Do you wanna fuck them?" she asked. "Do you wanna fuck your mom's titties?"

"God do I," I was able to articulate. Removing my cock from the place that gave me life, I scooted up mom's sumptuous body. My cock shined with her pussy juice but when I pressed my cock down into her Grand Canyon, I could feel the warm

oil that coated her boobs. She reached up and squeezed her tits together and my cock disappeared from sight.

"That's it, that's it. Fuck my titties, fuck'em good," she encouraged. Not that I needed any encouragement; I rocked my cock between those big ole titties of hers like a crazed sex manic. My hips were crashing into the underside of her breasts and hands as I titty-fucked my mother. I loved to see how her tit-flesh would wobble with each thrust.

She craned her neck forward and tried to lick the tip of my cock. If I paused at my extreme up-stroke and pushed hard, she was able to touch my crown with her tongue. To see her tongue lick my helmet as my shaft was buried in her tit-flesh was staggering. The sensation was even better. Soon I knew I was gonna cum. Even with Eros' help, I couldn't hold back anymore.

"Oh god, mom, I gonna cum," I warned as I rode those boobs of hers.

"Let me see you cum on me," she pleaded and I obliged her request. Stopping halfway on my next upstroke, mom released the tension her tits had on my cock. Revealing itself from its hidden position, my rifle fired. My first shot of spunk was high and slapped her on her forehead. My next was high and to the right, hitting her on her left cheek. My third was a little lower, landing on her upper lip. My fourth burst landed on her neck, along with five and six. Then the cavalry rushed out the tip of my cock to flood mom's Happy Valley.

My gun empty and pleased with the cum bath I just awarded my mother with, I straightened up. Then I plopped down on the right side of her. Searching for breath, I turned my head and admired the look of my cum spackled upon my mom's face.

"Wow!"

"You can say that again," she retorted.

"Wow." She reached over and playfully slapped my chest. She rolled in the other direction and ambled off the bed. I watched her butt do its booty shake as she headed to her bathroom.

With the bathroom door closed, I heard the water in the bathroom sink running. My body was covered in sweat, when I looked down, I could see my entire groin was covered in oil. My cock was at three quarters and heading towards Time Out. 'Yeah, you earned it,' I praised him.

Getting off the bed, I located my t-shirt and ruined it as I removed the spunk resting on my cock that was a combination of mom's pussy juice, my cum, and massage oil. After destroying the shirt and getting myself mostly clean, I laid back on the bed.

'I love when a plan comes together,' I congratulated myself as mom returned from the bathroom. She had washed my cum off and her tits had only a slight glow left to them. At the edge of the bed, she grabbed my left arm; lying down, she draped

herself over it and alongside my body. Reaching up and over, she kissed me - a quick kiss, then another and another. On her next kiss, I held her to me and we kissed for a lifetime.

Releasing her, she curled up against me. Draping her left arm across my lower chest, she propped up her chin on my shoulder and stared at me.

"What?"

"While I loved the slow seduction, I also knew I wasn't going anywhere," she smiled. "The next time you seduce a woman, you may want to seal the deal a little faster," she laughed.

"Now give me my shirt so I can go to sleep," she requested. Handing mom's shirt to her, I made to get off the bed to let her sleep. Slipping her jersey over her head, she pressed her hand upon my chest to prevent me from getting up.

"It took me this long to get you in my bed, I'm not letting you out so easily."

THE END