

Hard Times with Mom

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Chapter 1

I stared at my mom's bare nipple. She was asleep next to me in the only bed in our fleabag motel room. She had kicked the sheets off in the stifling heat and was lying there in just a thin tank-top and a pair of pajama shorts that had cute little cartoon penguins on them. One of her large, full breasts had worked its way free of her flimsy top while she slept and was halfway exposed. I had caught glimpses down her blouse from time to time, and sometimes could just make out the dark circles of her nipples when she wore a light t-shirt and no bra, but this was a first. Her naked breast, lit by the shifting glow of the muted TV, was on display just for me. No quick peek, or fleeting glance this time. I stared, realizing that I need only lean forward a few inches and I could take her big, soft nipple between my lips.

Even as these thoughts entered my mind I knew how sick they were. How could I even think about doing that to my own mother, especially at a time like this? I was only two weeks into my second year in college up north when she called in

tears. The house was being foreclosed on, and, as if that wasn't enough, Dad cleaned out what was left in the checking account and took off. She wanted me to stay at school, but I bailed and caught the first bus back home to Florida. We ended up squeezed together in the cheapest room we could find in the shadiest part of town.

I tried to close my eyes and get to sleep, but I couldn't stop staring at Mom's tempting breast. My cock, I suddenly realized, was straining against my boxers. How could I be such a twisted fuck? I got a hard-on looking at my own mother's boob. What kind of son thinks about rubbing the head of his hard cock against his mom's nipple while she sleeps? I wanted so badly to stroke myself off, but I didn't want to risk waking her up.

Outside, tires squealed as a car peeled off up the street, followed by a some crack whore screaming obscenities after it. Mom shifted and I jammed my eyes shut. She rolled over, turning her back to me. I waited for several minutes, but she stayed that way. The show was over and I was left with a

raging hard-on. I crept out of bed as quietly as I could and slipped into the cramped, mildew-ridden bathroom.

I dropped my boxers to my ankles, grabbed my cock, and started stroking. I closed my eyes and recreated the image of Mom's naked tit in my mind. I perched my sagging, sweat-slicked balls on the cool edge of the sink. Oh, yeah, so good. It took less than half a minute to get off imagining that I was coming right onto Mom's nipple. I squirted a huge wad of cum into the sink as drops of fresh sweat trickled down my back. I shuddered and let the last of the jizz ooze out, then quickly cleaned up.

I snuck back into bed and tried to get to sleep, but Mom became restless next to me. She shifted and fussed, seemingly unable to get comfortable. I stayed quiet, pretending to be asleep. Could she have heard me jerking off in the bathroom? After a few minutes, she sighed, got out of bed and went to the bathroom.

I didn't hear anything for several minutes, then I thought I there was something. I strained to listen and I swear I could hear heavy breathing. It might have been my imagination, but I thought I caught an occasional moist sound. Was she in there masturbating? When I finally heard a muffled groan I was sure that she had just come.

My mom was right on the other side of that door fingering her pussy. I couldn't believe it! I heard the water running in the sink, then she came back to bed. There was no flush--so I was sure that she wasn't in there to pee! My cock was hard again, but I didn't dare do anything about it.

At least not that night.

The next evening, Mom was stressed after a long day of looking for work with no luck. She came out of the bathroom after changing into her usual tank-top and PJ shorts. I couldn't stop sneaking peeks at her as she paced around the tiny room

pulling clothes out of her suitcase for tomorrow, folding other things and putting them away, and just generally puttering around. I marveled at how her large breasts swayed beneath the thin fabric of her little shirt as she moved. Each time she would squat down to do something in her suitcase her shorts would pull tight across her ass, giving me an excellent view of her round cheeks.

"I don't know what I'm going to do if I don't find something soon." Mom sorted through her collection of panties and selected a pair for tomorrow. "I'm so sorry I let you get dragged into my problems like this."

"C'mon, what kind of son would I be if I wasn't here for my mom when she needs me most?"

She came over to where I was sitting and gave me a big hug and I tried not to think about her braless boobs pressing against my shoulder.

"No matter how bad things get, as long as I have you I know it'll all be okay." She gave me a kiss atop my head and another tight squeeze. "I can't believe this big boy used to be my little baby!" She suddenly plopped right into my lap.

"Mom!" I squirmed in a desperate effort to make sure she didn't sit on my currently hard cock.

"I used to hold you just like this when you were little, and now look!" She kicked her feet like a little kid. "Remember the giggle game?" And with that she started tickling me.

"Ma! Cut it out!" I couldn't help laughing as she tickled and I fought to grab her wrists and make her stop. With all the fooling around my hardness pressed against her leg more than a few times, but she just kept wiggling around in my lap as we played. Then suddenly she froze. Did she just realize that her pervert of a son is poking her with his cock?

"Shhh! Hear that?" she whispered. We sat still, holding our breath. From the next room there came a rhythmic

thumping. The sound of a moaning woman soon became obvious. Mom's eyes went wide in surprise.

"Yes, yes, yes," the woman cried out. "Fuck me you big stud. Fuck my pussy!"

Mom looked at me and burst out laughing. She clapped a hand over her mouth and struggled to contain herself.

"Mom, maybe we should--"

"Shush!" She put her hand over my mouth and listened.

"Fuck me! Harder!" the cries continued. "Come inside me! Come in my pussy. Fuck, yes, yes..." A series of male grunts could be heard, then all was quiet.

"Well," Mom giggled, "it sure sounds like someone got their money's worth."

"I, ah...yeah, I guess so." I was so turned on and embarrassed at the same time I didn't know what to do. Mom hopped off my lap and went over to the cracked full-length mirror. She checked herself out; first from the side, then around behind.

"What do you think, honey?" she asked. "Think your old mom could make some money working the streets?"

"Mom! Don't say that."

"Oh, I'd never do it," she teased as she piled her long, black hair up on top of her head striking a sexy pose in the mirror. "But how much do you think I could get?"

"I don't know. I don't even want to think about it."

"Come on. How much would you pay for this?" she asked, sticking out her butt and giving it a little slap.

"I'd give anything!" I blurted it out before I could stop myself.
"I mean, ah..."

"Aww, that's so sweet, honey! Thanks." She looked at herself again in the mirror and pouted. "Who'm I fooling? With this old body, I'd be lucky to make enough to pay for a decent pair of hooker shoes."

"Are you kidding? You're in better shape than half the girls back at college. And a hell of a lot prettier than any of the working girls around here. You'd make a fortune, um... if you ever, you know..."

"Well, if we get that desperate just promise that you'll be my pimp."

"Mom!"

"Oh, lighten up. I'm only joking." She ruffled my hair as she headed for the bathroom. "I'm going to take a quick shower, then get to sleep."

I climbed in bed and flipped on the TV. After a while I noticed that Mom's shower was taking a lot longer than usual. I carefully snuck over to the bathroom door and listened. I couldn't be sure, but I thought I heard her whispering something, though I couldn't tell what she might be saying over the sound of the water. After a few more minutes the shower stopped and I quietly snuck back into bed. Mom came out of the bathroom; her damp skin glistened in the pale light.

"Mmm, that felt good," she said. "Nothing like a nice cool shower at the end of a hot day."

I had to force myself not to stare at her chest as she came and got into bed. Her nipples were hard from the cold water and poked up under her shirt. She had no idea what she was doing to me. We watched TV together for a while. My cock was hard

the whole time and it was all I could do to keep it hidden it from Mom.

Once she fell asleep I tip-toed to the bathroom and jerked off like the depraved pervert I was, thinking about my Mom's big tits jiggling naked in front of me the whole time. I came so hard that I squirted over the sink and onto the toilet seat. As I cleaned up I promised myself that I would stop thinking about Mom when I jerked off.

Two nights later, I was in the bathroom, jerking off and thinking about Mom's ass. When she took her shower earlier that night she left the door open just a crack. I was able to get a quick peek at her bare butt as she dried off, but I didn't want her to catch me, so I didn't risk trying to see more. I blew my load in the sink and rinsed it down the drain. I climbed back into bed next to Mom and settled in.

"G'night, honey," she said and reached over, running her fingers through my hair. The sensation sent tingles down my spine, just like when I was little and she did that. After a few minutes she patted me on the shoulder and rolled over. Between the heat and my renewed excitement I couldn't fall asleep. After about twenty minutes I heard my mom sit up. My heart began beating faster as I anticipated her going to the other room to play with herself. This time I was definitely going to jerk off while I listened.

"Sweetie," she whispered. "You awake?"

I stayed perfectly still and didn't answer. After a few moments, she slowly settled back into bed, pulling the sheet over herself. I was severely disappointed until a minute later when I detected a slight movement as she eased her legs apart just a tiny bit. I sensed her arm move, then nothing. After a minute I began to feel something else. A subtle pulse at first, then a definite measured motion coming from her side of the bed. My mom was touching herself right next to me! I ached to roll over and see what she was doing, but I knew that would ruin it.

Her pace quickened, her movements remained restrained, and I sensed her body tightening as she silently orgasmed. It all happened too fast. She relaxed and lay motionless for several minutes before she drifted off to sleep.

I didn't know how much longer I could take this.

Mom was dejected after another fruitless day of job hunting and complained about the pain in her back from walking around in heels all day. I offered to give her a neck rub, and she quickly took me up on the offer. She moaned with pleasure as my fingers worked on her tight muscles. She melted under my touch. I massaged her shoulders and then worked down to her back. I would only have to slide my hands a few inches around her sides and I'd be touching Mom's tits. I wondered if she'd stop me, or let me caress those beautiful big breasts.

"That was great, honey. Thanks," she said long before I was ready to stop touching her.

Later, I waited until I thought Mom was asleep and tried to sneak out of bed, but stopped when I heard her voice.

"You don't have to, sweetie," she said.

"What?"

"You can just stay here in bed if you want."

"I, ah, I need to go to the bathroom."

Mom sat up and looked at me with a sigh. She took my hand, holding it with both of hers. I waited as she composed her thoughts, obviously struggling to figure out how to approach an embarrassing subject.

"Don't you think this is getting kind of silly?"

"What do you mean?" I felt like I was about to die of shame.

"Look. We're both grown-ups, and we're stuck together in this filthy little room, sharing this one lumpy bed. You're a big boy now and I understand that you have certain...urges that you need to satisfy."

"Um, okay," I mumbled not knowing exactly where she was going with this.

"Okay, so, it just seems silly that you have to slink off to the bathroom every time you need some, you know, relief."

"I'm sorry. I won't do it again."

"That's not what I'm saying. What I mean is that if you want to relieve yourself--if you want to masturbate--you can stay here in bed and do it."

"I don't think I..."

"You might not want to hear this, but the truth is that your mother has a few urges of her own. And, frankly, I don't have the energy to haul my butt out of bed and lock myself in that stinky little bathroom every time I need a release. I just want to relax here in bed and take care of myself."

"Won't that be kind of weird?" I couldn't believe what I was hearing, but I didn't want to seem too eager.

"Not if we don't let it," Mom said, making it sound like the most practical thing in the world. "I mean, it's a perfectly natural thing to do. Let's be honest, everyone does it, and as long as we're forced into such close quarters we might as well make an uncomfortable situation a bit more bearable. Don't you think?"

"I guess so."

"Good, we have an understanding then," she said and popped out of bed. "You lie down and get yourself ready." She got a towel from the bathroom and came back to bed. "Okay. You stay on your side and do what you do, and I'll do what I do over here, and everyone's happy." Mom took a deep breath and settled in. It was so unreal--was I actually about to masturbate along side my own mother?

"Ready?" she prompted.

"Uh huh."

"No peeking, now. That's the rule. Just take care of your own business over there, and don't leave a mess on the sheets."

I lay there staring at the ceiling, not really sure what I should do. I felt Mom begin to move next to me. These weren't the subtly restrained motions from the other night, she was seriously getting into it as she slowly rolled her hips with

obvious purpose. I tentatively reached down into my boxers and ran my fingers along the length of my hard shaft. At the edge of my vision I noticed my mom pull her knees up and could feel her gradually change to a more aggressive thrusting movement beneath the sheets.

I tightened my grip around my cock and began with a very slow stroke. It was really happening, me and Mom were masturbating together. I was so turned on that if I gave it one good pump I knew I would explode. Mom's pace had quickened and she was letting out soft little moans here and there.

"You're not peeking, are you, sweetie?" she asked breathily.

"No, I'm not looking, Mom."

"Okay, good," she moaned. "I don't want you to see Mommy touching herself like this." I almost came just hearing her talk like that. I felt her occasionally lift her butt up off the bed and frig herself really hard and fast, then relax and continuing at

a more moderate pace. I gathered up the courage and ventured a question, hoping not to ruin the moment.

"Does...does it feel good?" I asked. She didn't respond for a few seconds.

"Oh, yes, honey. It feels so good when Mommy plays with herself. But you shouldn't look, your mommy is being very naughty."

I squeezed myself hard, resisting the urge to come with every ounce of will I had. "I'm being naughty, too."

"Are you? Are you rubbing yourself?"

"Yes."

"Are you masturbating your penis, sweetie?"

"Yes, Mom."

Her motions graduated to another level of intensity and she bucked and gyrated in the bed next to me. I could hear her hand furiously working down between her legs. Her moans were becoming louder and more frequent.

"Mommy is masturbating, too. It's so wet down there. Can you hear how wet Mommy is?"

"It sounds so nice."

"Oh, it is, sweetie, it is." The more she talked the more into it she got. "I can hear you, too, honey. I can hear you playing with yourself right next to me like a naughty little boy." I felt a brief interruption in her rhythm, then she resumed.

"Close your eyes, dear. Mommy's shirt is down. I don't want you to see Mommy's naked chest."

"Are you touching your chest?"

"Yes. Mommy is touching herself all over. But you have to close your eyes, darling. You shouldn't see your Mommy's bare breasts. I don't want you to see me touching my nipples while I make myself come."

"I...I want to see your nipples. Please, Mom, I want to see."

"No, you mustn't." She reached over and covered my eyes with her free hand. "It's not right for little boys to see their mommy's naked tits. Just keep playing with your penis, honey. Rub your hard penis nice and fast and come with me. Can you do that for me, baby?"

"Yes, Mom. I'm going to come soon."

"Oh, yes. Is my little boy going to make all that nasty sperm come out of his penis for Mommy?" she asked, having clearly

abandoned all pretenses of decency. "Are you going to rub your dirty penis and squirt cum all over your tummy?"

"Yes! I'm ready to come now!" I tried to shake her hand off my eyes so I could see her naked tits as I orgasmed, but she wouldn't let me.

"That's a good boy. Come with me. Make your penis come, sweetie! Mommy's going to come now. You can't look at your mommy while she's coming! Mommy's coming! Ahhhh..."

I pounded my cock with unrestrained fervor and within seconds hot sperm was jetting out in thick spurts onto my chest and stomach. Suddenly, the room was quiet except for our heavy breathing. It was the most amazing feeling I had ever experienced. My head buzzed like I was high. Mom's hand slid away from my eyes and caressed my hair for a moment. Then, without another word, she pulled her top up and rolled over, facing away from me.

I used the towel to clean myself off. As thrilling as it was, things felt very weird the way it all just came to an abrupt end like that. Was Mom mad about something? Maybe I shouldn't have told her I wanted to see. I definitely shouldn't have tried to look. This was everything I could have dreamed of and I had gone and somehow screwed it up!

In the hour or more it took me to fall asleep, all I could think about was if Mom would ever masturbate with me like that again.

Chapter 2

When I woke up the next morning, Mom was already gone. Geez, she couldn't even face me--I really did fuck it up. I went out and got a few job applications, but I was too upset to give a shit. I headed back to the room around lunchtime, and found Mom there crying. She stopped as soon as I came in, trying to hide her tears.

"Mom, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," she got up but seemed all out of sorts. "I should get back out there. I'll get out of your way."

"Wait. Tell me what's wrong."

"I don't...I'm not...Oh, sweetheart," she blurted and plopped back down into the chair sobbing. "I'm so, so sorry. I'm so very ashamed about what I did last night."

"What? Why?"

"I thought it would be innocent enough. But once it started, all these feelings came out of me. I let things go too far. I should never have said all that awful, dirty stuff in front of you, much less do the nasty things I did. It was wrong. So wrong."

"No, Mom, it's okay," I assured her as I knelt down next to her. "Your idea makes a lot of sense. Like you said, we both have needs, so what's the point of sneaking around and hiding what we do from each other?"

"You must think I'm a horrible mother to have done something so filthy like that."

"Of course not. If anything, I feel even closer to you." I wrapped my arms around her to comfort her as she dabbed her eyes with a tissue. "You said it yourself. We're both grown-

ups. I understand that you have urges, and I don't think there's anything wrong about that. I mean, you are my mom, sure, but you're also a woman. And besides, when you think about it, it should be okay to share this kind of stuff with the person who loves you the most in the world, right?"

"I do love you, honey, more than anything. And that's the reason we can't do that again." She cut off my next protest before I could say anything more. "Please, sweetheart, let's just forget that it ever happened and go back to the way things were. Okay?"

It was obvious there was nothing I could say to convince her. I couldn't believe it was suddenly all over, just like that. I shrugged glumly in response to her pleading look, and quickly left the room before I began doing something childish--like start to cry.

That night we went about our routines in silence. I alternated between feeling sad for myself, and angry about the whole situation. When Mom finally got into bed she gave me a quick peck on the cheek, then turned over to go to sleep.

I lay there, unable to stop thinking about the night before. My cock stiffened, and that just got me more angry. How could she give me such a wonderful gift like that, then take it away? It wasn't fair. We had an understanding! Something we both agreed on. But then she decided, all on her own, that it was going to stop. Well, she could stop if she wanted, but I didn't have to.

I kicked off the sheet, and pulled out my throbbing cock. I began by stroking myself nice and easy. I waited for some movement or reaction from Mom's side of the bed. When none came, I sped up and jerked myself a bit harder, making sure to bounce the bed a little.

"Honey, what are you doing?" Mom finally asked without turning over.

"I'm playing with myself."

"I thought we decided we weren't going to do that," she said firmly.

"You decided. I need some relief, and I'm going to do it right here in bed."

"Fine. I'll wait in the bathroom until you're done then."

"I saw you getting out of the shower the other night," I said quickly before she could leave. I continued to stroke my cock, praying for a response.

"You shouldn't peek at your own mother like that." She remained motionless on her side of the bed, still turned away from me.

"I only saw a little bit of you from behind, but it made me hard."

"You got excited when you saw your Mommy naked?"

"Yes." I slid my hand up and down my shaft with measured control. "I saw your back, and your long legs, and I saw your naked ass." She didn't say anything for several tense moments. I reached down and fondled my balls. While I continued to rub myself I held my breath in anticipation. Eventually, Mom rolled onto her back.

"I knew you were outside the door," she confessed softly. "I noticed how you were watching me--how you were always looking at my body--so I did a bad thing and left the door open just a little, thinking maybe..."

"I like looking at your body. I think about it all the time," I admit.

"But it's wrong, honey. It's wrong to look at your mother like that."

"I can't help it. You're so beautiful. And your breasts are so big, and your ass is so round and smooth," I speak without thinking, without caring, lost in the incestuous bliss of the moment.

"Please, stop saying those things. Just...play quietly, sweetie" she begged. I defiantly let out a low groan of pleasure.

"Masturbate with me, Mom. Put your hand down there and touch yourself."

"No, honey, I can't. It's not nice for a mother to masturbate with her son."

"It's okay, Mom, I want you to. I want you to make yourself feel good."

"It does feel good when Mommy touches herself down there."

"Please, Mom," I whisper in my most plaintive tone.

"All right then," she answered after a long hesitation. "But no more talking. And absolutely no peeking at Mommy while you have your penis out."

I slowed my hand and focused on her movements next to me. I did as she wished and kept my eyes on the ceiling. I felt her slide her legs open slightly. I waited until I could feel the tentative sway of her hips, then I spread my own legs a bit wider until my knee touched her thigh.

She froze. I exaggerated my motions, thrusting slightly with each jerk. She didn't pull her leg away. After a few uncertain moments, she hesitantly resumed, very reserved at first, then with increasing enthusiasm. When I heard her first moan I knew she was too far into it to stop.

"I'm thinking about your naked body," I whispered.

"No, sweetie, no talking." I felt her begin to thrust against her fingers. "Don't talk about Mommy's naked body. Don't talk about Mommy's big breasts, and her naked ass while you masturbate."

"You make me so hard, Mom."

"A little boy's penis shouldn't get hard thinking about his Mommy."

"I want to see you naked," I pleaded.

"You want to see my naked body?"

"Yes."

"You can't. You shouldn't see Mommy's bare breasts. It would be wrong for you to look at my nipples and my naked behind."

"I want to see your ass again, Mom. I want to look at it while I masturbate."

"You want to see my big, round ass? You want to see Mommy bend over and spread her cheeks for you?" she was becoming lost in the passion of her own filthy words. "You want to be a dirty little boy and look at your Mommy's tight little asshole."

"Oh, God, yes!" I whimpered with pure rapture. By that point her leg had worked its way over top of mine, her thigh was just inches from brushing against my balls. With this contact I could better feel every thrust and turn of my mom's hips as she pleased herself.

"Can you see my penis, Mom?"

"I'm not supposed to see my son's penis. I mustn't look."

"Look at my penis, Mom. I want you to see me."

"Oh, my sweet little boy, it's so big! Your penis looks so big and so hard."

"Do you like it, Mom? Do you like looking at my penis?"

"I love it, sweetie. Your penis is the most perfect thing I've ever seen. I can see you pulling on your hard penis, and it looks so good."

"It feels good to masturbate my cock in front of you."

"Oh, God. I'm masturbating with my baby. Please forgive me. I'm looking at my little boy's cock and fingering myself. This is so wrong."

"I'm going to come soon, Mom. I want you to watch me come!"

"I'm watching, sweetie," she panted. "Mommy's going to watch you come while she plays with herself. I'm going to come with you, baby!"

I felt the orgasmic surge come over me and quickly pointed my cock straight up. I heaved my hips up and let the cum gush up out of my swollen cock. Just as I had hoped, it came down and splattered right onto my mother's naked thigh. As soon as the warm cum landed on her skin, my mom rocked and spasmed with her own quaking orgasm and she let out a loud, throaty moan of ecstasy fulfilled.

Neither of us moved for several minutes. After a while, I felt my cum drip onto my leg after having run down the side of my mother's bare thigh. I wanted to stay like that forever.

"I suppose there's no turning back now," Mom sighed. "We are officially both a couple of hopeless perverts."

I couldn't help but smile and give Mom a big kiss on the cheek.

The next day passed in a blur. My every conscious thought was either about the events of the last night, or about those to come tonight. I made a few extra bucks with a temp job that day, so I splurged and got us some Chinese food for dinner. Mom was late getting back to the room, but she was very excited about her interview that day.

"If I land this job we'll be able to get out of this rat hole!" she bubbled. We ate, and talked, and laughed. I felt like we were closer than I ever thought was possible. It was so liberating to be with someone who knew you so well, had known you for your whole life, and who you didn't have any secrets from. It was better than falling in love.

When it got late, Mom took her shower, as usual, and got into bed to watch TV. I normally showered in the morning, but I decided to take one right after she had finished. I washed up very thoroughly, and quickly dried off. My cock was already at full attention in anticipation of tonight's possibilities. I took a deep breath, and stepped out of the bathroom, completely naked.

Mom looked up from the show she was watching and her eyes practically bugged out of her head!

"Oh, my!" she gasped. "Someone's certainly not shy about his body!"

"I figured it was kind of silly after, you know..."

"I guess you're right. I still can't believe how big you've gotten." Her eyes dropped to my crotch. "And how big it's gotten!"

"Okay, so now it's your turn."

"What? Oh, no. You don't really want to see this old body anyway."

"After what we've done together, there's no sense in being modest."

"I'm sorry, dear," she said. "I'm just not ready for that. Come lie down with me." She patted the mattress and I dejectedly climbed into bed and snuggled up next to her. She put her arm around me and we watched TV like that for a while.

"Geez, when you get hard, you sure stay hard, don't you, sweetie?" she said after about half an hour had passed. She muted the TV and pulled away a bit, lying on her side and propping her head up with one hand.

"It obviously needs some attention," she said referring to my relentless hard-on. "Do you want to show Mommy how you like to masturbate your big, hard penis?"

I didn't need any further encouragement. I settled back and started by letting my fingers trail lazily across my chest and down my stomach. I tickled my fingertips along my rigid shaft, and danced them lightly across my balls. I took my cock gingerly between thumb and forefinger and squeezed ever so slightly. I could feel Mom's eyes on my penis, following every move I made. I wanted this to really turn her on.

"It's so unbelievably long," she marveled in a sultry voice. "It's just simply perfect." My chest virtually filled with a child's pride as my mom praised my penis. I pulled the skin of my shaft down tight, and flexed, causing the head of my cock to swell even more. I was trying hard to give Mom a good show.

"Looking at my little boy's big penis is making Mommy all wet down there. Don't stop, sweetie, Mommy is going to touch herself while she watches you masturbate." She reached over and gently turned my head away. "No peeking at Mommy being nasty. That's the rule, remember?"

I could clearly hear the sounds of slick wetness as she slid her hand down the front of her PJs and began fingering herself. Her stupid 'no peeking' rule was killing me!

"It feels so good to play with myself while I watch you rub your penis like a naughty little boy." I raised myself up off the bed, straining to make my cock as hard and long as I could for her to see. "Oh, God, I love it so much." I felt her shift and heard the light flop of her tank-top landing on the floor next to the bed. I started to turn my head, but she stopped me. "No, you can't look. Mommy doesn't have a shirt on and her breasts...her big tits are all naked."

Now that I wasn't looking at the ceiling, I realized I could see the full-length mirror from here. My heart raced with a sudden thrill, but then I discovered that the angle wasn't quite right, and I could only make out a shadowy image of my mother's body. Still I took what pleasure I could from the shifting hints of her sensual movements.

"You shouldn't see Mommy pinching and pulling on her nipples while she fingers herself," she whispered between soft moans. I felt her lift her hips and drop back down. I was pretty sure she just pulled down her PJ bottoms.

"Are you touching yourself down there, Mom?"

"Yes, honey, I am."

"Are you touching your...pussy?"

"You shouldn't say such dirty words in front of your Mommy," she scolded seductively.

"Mom, I know you're touching your pussy." I gave the last word extra emphasis.

"Oh, God, yes. My pussy. I'm rubbing my wet pussy. I'm looking at your penis...at my little boy's hard cock, and playing with my pussy." The bed creaked as she leaned back

and began humping unabashedly against her fingers. I guessed that her eyes might be closed at that point and risked a peek.

I looked over and nearly wept with the sheer joy of the sight that awaited me. Mom had her head thrown back and her body arched. Her huge breasts virtually spilled across her chest, shifting and flowing with a loose, natural grace more erotic than anything I'd ever seen. Both her wide brown nipples were crinkled and hard. As I watched she brought one of her hands up, pinched a nipple and pulled it roughly, lifting nearly her whole breast with it, then she let it fall heavily. I turned away before she caught me peeking.

"Mommy is fucking her fingers," she panted. "That's how Mommy likes to come, with her fingers deep inside her pussy! Are you masturbating your penis, honey?"

"Yes, Mom. I'm masturbating with you. I love you so much."

"I love you, too, sweetheart. I love your penis. I love it when we come together."

I turned again, and once more beheld those spectacular undulating boobs. My eyes traveled lower, across my mother's slightly rounded belly, and down to where her hand was buried between her legs. Her PJs were pulled down to the middle of her thighs, so she wasn't able spread her legs very wide, but I could just see her thick curly patch of hair beneath her hand.

She grabbed her breast with her free hand and this time squeezed the whole thing and pulled it up as she leaned forward and sucked her own nipple into her mouth. She sucked at it hard, tugging and twisting before letting it go. I couldn't look away.

Her eyes fluttered open and she caught me staring at her.

"No, no, don't look," she groaned but didn't stop pumping her fingers into her pussy. "No peeking, sweetie. The rules..."

"I'm looking, Mom," I rasped. "I'm looking at your big, gorgeous tits. I'm jerking off my cock and staring at your nipples."

"Don't," she breathed and covered her chest with her arm. "You shouldn't see Mommy's naked tits."

"I see you touching yourself. I see you putting your fingers in your pussy, Mom. I'm watching you masturbate. I want to see you come, Mom. I want us to watch each other come!"

"I'm so ashamed," she cried out, writhing in sinful ecstasy. "My little boy is looking at his Mommy while she fucks herself. Don't look at me when I come, please don't watch your Mommy make herself come!" With that she lifted her hips up off of the bed and slammed her fingers in and out of her pussy with brazen, self-indulgent delight.

"I'm looking at you, Mom, and I'm going to come!"

"No, stop, you can't," she urged, and without looking reached over, pulling my hand away from my cock. "You shouldn't look at your Mommy and make yourself come."

I tried to get my hand back onto my cock, but she blindly fended off my efforts with one hand as she banged the fingers of her other in and out of her pussy. In the midst of our little struggle she grabbed a hold of my cock in order to prevent me from stroking myself.

"Don't look. I don't want you to see Mommy like this and make yourself come."

As she was talking her hand began to move up and down on my shaft. Within a few seconds, Mom was jerking me hard and fast, matching her own rhythm as she continued to fuck her fingers even more forcefully than before.

"Oh, God, I'm touching my boy's penis. I'm masturbating my little boy. I'm going to make my baby come!" she cried. "I'm going to make my little boy come with meeeee!"

Her entire body convulsed, and with the next tug semen began shooting out of my cock. I came with such force the first spurt hit me in the chin. I continued to fuck my mother's soft hand, shooting again and again, with each spurt landing lower and lower, until the final gob dribbled down across Mom's knuckles. She didn't let go of my penis as she continued to shudder next to me with each lessening aftershock of her orgasm.

"I don't think I've ever come so hard in my life," Mom sighed.

"Me neither," I added. She gradually loosened her grip on my cock, noticing my cum on her fingers. She brought her hand to her mouth and licked away the pearly drops of semen.

"Mommy still has to clean up after her messy little boy," she teased with a sly smile.

Chapter 3

It had gone so well the night before that I decided to make it my new routine. After my shower that night, I came out completely naked again. I proudly let my hard-on bounce openly as I strode into the room. The lights were off, but mom could see me by the light of the TV.

"My goodness," she marveled. "Can't a girl get a night off?"

"Not when she's as hot as you."

"Oh, stop," she blushed. "Turn around, honey, let me see that cute tushy." I happily obliged, flexing my buns, and giving her a provocative wiggle. "Just like when you were little, such a show off."

"That's right," I shot back. "Now how about you show off for me?"

"What are you talking about? You saw enough last night."

"That was definitely nice, but I want a really good look this time. It's only fair."

"Well," she conceded, "I guess you're not going to give up until you get your way, you little brat." I smiled and headed for the bed. "Hold it, mister, not so fast. You sit in the chair over there. We don't want this to get out of hand, now do we?" I reluctantly backed off and pulled the chair a little closer to the bed before sitting down.

"Ready?" she asked, and I nodded with prurient anticipation. I was actually going to see my mother totally naked. I could finally look at her body without fear of being caught, or any shame at all. I gripped the arms of the chair, not even daring to touch my cock yet.

Mom got up on her knees in the bed and began by running her hands all over her body. The flickering light from the now muted TV played over her. I could see her nipples stiffen and push against the fabric of her loose tank top. Her hands slid up her sides, and she let them brush over her chest. She cupped her breasts and massaged them through her shirt. She pulled the white fabric tight across herself, and I could see the dark suggestion of her nipples through the fabric.

"You want to see mommy's big tits?" she teased. I nodded again, not daring to speak at this sacred moment. "You like my big titties, don't you, sweetie?" She lifted her shirt, showing off the sensual curve of her tummy. She pulled up a little more, exposing the fleshy undersides of her breasts. "You want to see mommy's nipples?"

"Mother, may I?" She smiled and rewarded me with a quick flash of just one nipple. "C'mon, mom, quit teasing." She relented and ever so slowly inched the shirt up over her chest and pulled it off completely.

"Ta da!" she sang merrily, throwing her arms up in the air. "Look at you, staring like that at your mommy's naked tits, you nasty little boy." She twisted from side to side as she spoke letting her pendulous tits swing back and forth freely. "You probably want to squirt your dirty cum all over mommy's big, soft titties don't you, sweetie?" I answered by grabbing onto my cock and stroking it.

"Then you want to watch as I lick it all off." She hefted one of her boobs up to her mouth and ran her tongue all around her nipple before sucking on the nub until it stood up erect. I edged forward in the chair and stroked faster. She repeated the same display with her other breast, leaving both nipples stiff and wet with saliva.

"You used to suck on these, too, you know?" She leaned forward and let her heavy breasts dangle beneath her. "You loved to suck on mommy's nipples. Such a hungry baby." She shifted her shoulders one way, then the other, causing her pendulous bosoms to sway invitingly. She dipped lower and let her taut nipples brush against the bed sheets. "Mmmm, that feels so good on mommy's nipples."

I was jerking hard and fast. I couldn't help myself. My mom was putting on a show just for me. She was letting me look at those beautiful, big tits and masturbate right in front of her. This was a dream come true.

"That's it, baby, you can come while you look at my tits if you want to. It's okay." She straightened up and pressed her arms against either side of her breasts, squeezing them together and making them look bigger than ever. "Masturbate that big penis for mommy and make it come."

"No!" I returned to my senses and quickly let go of my cock seconds before it was too late. "Not yet. I want to see more. I want to see all of you," I insisted.

"Oh, honey," she protested. "How about we save that for another night?"

"Mom, I want to see you down there."

"I don't know, honey. It's one thing when we're all wrapped up in the moment, but I feel silly, and a little embarrassed, just exposing myself to you on command like this."

"Face it, mom, I'm going to see it all eventually. You might as well get it over with now."

"Oh, dear, I never meant for it to go this far," she worried, criss-crossing her arms across her chest and covering up. I had pushed her too fast. I'm so stupid for getting too damned greedy! I frantically tried to think of something to say that would save the situation. I couldn't think of a thing as I sat there with my dick in my hand watching my mother bite her lip anxiously, not sure what she should do next. Before I could blurt out something stupid, she made her decision.

"I suppose you're right," she sighed. "We've come this far, you showed me yours, so it's only fair that I show you mine, right? Tell me how you want me to do this."

"Take your shorts off, then sit on the edge of the bed." She did as I instructed and shyly wiggled out of her PJ shorts. As I had known, she didn't have any panties on underneath. She held one hand over herself down there as she shuffled to sit on the edge of the bed. "Now, lie back and put your feet up on the edge bed." Again, she did as I instructed, keeping her knees together. "Like this, honey?"

"Perfect. Now open your legs for me, mom." She balked. "Mom, you promised." She opened her legs, but she kept her hand over her crotch, covering herself. "What's the matter? Why are you acting so shy?"

"It's just that...well, I know all the girls your age shave down there. I tried it once and didn't like it, so it's just a big mess and I'm afraid you'll think it's gross." What she was saying had some merit. I don't think I'd ever seen a pussy that wasn't shaved and trimmed. Something about knowing my mom's bush was completely untamed was a surprising turn on.

"Mom, I think that's great," I assured her. "I want to see what a real woman is supposed to look like down there. Please let me see."

"You asked for it, but don't say I didn't warn you, sweetheart." She moved her hand away and unveiled her full, dark bush to me. The curly hair spread out above her pussy just to the creases where her thighs met her hips. It ran thick down between her legs to just above the cleft of her ass. I could see a hint of wetness glistening down near the bottom.

"It's...it's beautiful, mom. Show me more." She brought her hand back down, combing her fingers through her luscious mound of pubic hair. She wiggled two fingers into the midst of her bush, then gently spread them apart. When she did, the pink, wet flesh beneath was exposed. I slid off the chair and onto my knees as I gazed at this perfect vision of womanhood. I was drawn toward it and couldn't stop myself from moving closer.

"What are you doing?" she asked with panic in her voice, and once again hid herself with her hand. "Get back in the chair."

"I can't see from over there. I only want to get a better look." I wanted this so badly I could taste it. "Do that again, mom, spread it open for me." She haltingly moved her fingers back into place and then opened herself to me once more. The sweet musky aroma of her most feminine place came to me in that moment--a moment that I'll never forget. "Oh, mom, it's the most amazing thing I've ever seen." She giggled at my adoring flattery and I could see her vagina flexing open and closed just a tiny bit as she did. Adorable.

"You like mommy's pussy? You're such a nasty boy." She reached around under her leg with her other hand and, while she kept her lips apart, slid her finger up and down the length of her pussy, spreading the wetness leaking from her hole all over herself. "Are you touching your penis while you look at my wet pussy?"

"Yes, mom. I'm down between your legs and I'm staring at your naked pussy right up close while I stroke my hard cock. I love your pussy, mom."

"Oh, sweetie, when you talk nasty like that it makes mommy's privates tingle."

"Show me your clit, mom." She moved her fingers up, spreading the top of her pussy wider. She let the index finger of her other hand glide up and circle the swirls of soft flesh there.

"Right here, baby, this is where mommy's clit is." She rubbed her finger back and forth there until her little nubbin stiffened and then she slowly coaxed it out. She pulled the skin back all around it and let me see her hard clit poking out at me.

"Can you see it, honey? Can you see my hard clit? Mommy rubs this when she wants to come." She pinched it between

her fingers and tugged on it. "Mommy can jerk off her little clit just like you jerk your big cock."

"More, mom. Show me more." She abandoned her clit, and moved her fingers lower, spreading her lips enough for me to see her vagina.

"You want to see where you came from, baby? Look right here." She tapped her finger over her pussy hole. "Your daddy put his penis in here." She dipped the tip of her middle finger inside her vagina. "Right here in my pussy hole. He put his hard cock inside your mommy, just like this." And she pushed her finger in deeper. "But his penis wasn't as big as my baby's. Mommy likes to have something big inside her. More like this." She added another finger, and began sliding them in and out.

"Daddy fucked my pussy," she continued, "with his little penis until his sperm squirted deep inside me and made you, my little darling."

"I want to put my penis in you. I want to fuck you, mom."

"Don't say that, sweetie. You can't fuck your own mother. You can never put your big, hard penis inside me. But we can still help each other come. You like to watch mommy come, don't you?"

"Yes, mom. Let me watch you make your pussy come."

"Watch closely, dear." She began pumping her fingers in and out of her pussy hole faster. The fingers of her other hand circled her clit, just brushing against it lightly at first, but then pressing harder as she went. "Jerk off with me, baby. Jerk your cock hard along with mommy."

"I am, mom. I'm masturbating my cock and squeezing my balls while I watch you. You smell so good. Your pussy smells so good."

"You're such a nasty little boy. You shouldn't be sniffing your mommy's juicy pussy. You're a naughty boy for jerking off while you smell your mommy's hairy, wet cunt!" Now she was really going at it. She moved her hand from her clit and grabbed a fistful of her tit and squeezed and twisted it hard. She pulled her fingers out of her hole and moved them up to her clit. She slapped it once with a loud smack, and quickly began rubbing it hard and fast. "Put your finger inside mommy, honey. Hurry up! You have to help mommy come. Stick your finger inside mommy's cunt hole!"

I quickly let go of my balls and plunged my finger into my mother's pussy before she changed her mind. It was so hot and wet and slick in there. It was a glorious sensation that nearly overloaded my brain.

"That's it, sweetie. Fuck me with your finger. Fuck mommy hard with your finger!" I began thrusting in and out of her hole as it tightened around my finger. "Oh, God, yes. My little boy is making me come on his finger!" She shrieked and rubbed her clit faster than ever while she pushed against my

finger driving it as deep as it could go. She let out a long, loud moan and squeezed her legs together tightly as she came.

When her body relaxed, and she let her legs fall open once again, I took my chance to stand up and lean forward, pumping furiously at my cock with my mother spread out before me naked. I pulled my finger out of her pussy with a slick pop and put it in my mouth. As soon as I tasted her juices, my cock let go with a stream of hot spunk that splashed onto my mother's sweat soaked belly.

Weak kneed and dizzy, I sunk back down to the carpet. Mom's pussy was only inches from my face. Her lips had swollen so they peeked out from her bush all on their own now. I leaned my cheek against the inside of her thigh and watched as she dabbed at the cum I left on her tummy. She spread it in small circles all around on her skin, occasionally touching the tip of a semen-laden finger to her tongue.

"One thing's for sure," she said. "We certainly both have good taste."

I worked most of the day cleaning up at a construction site. It was shit-work in the blazing heat, but we needed the money. It started raining like crazy after lunch, so the foreman sent us all home early. I still got a full day's pay, so I was happy.

I was drenched by the time I got back to the motel and opened the door to the grungy room that had become the setting of my every fantasy come true. Mom was on the bed--she yelp in surprise and pulled the covers over herself as I entered. In the split second before she did, I thought I saw her lying there with her hand down the front of her cut-off jeans.

"You're back early, hon, you scared me," she sputtered, trying to cover her embarrassment.

"Mom, were you just playing with yourself?" I asked with a mockingly accusing tone as I closed the door behind me.

"No...I was just...resting here, and..."

"Ma, I saw you with your hand down you pants," I laughed.
"You're busted. Why are you so freaked out about it?"

"Well, I don't know. I guess old habits die hard," she admitted sheepishly and pulled the covers away. I began stripping out of my wet clothes by the door. I looked mom over as I did. She wore a snug fitting t-shirt that clung to her skin in the day's mounting humidity. Her tight little denim cut-offs were unbuttoned and unzipped and I could see a sliver of her pale blue panties. But the cutest thing of all was that that they were pushed down enough so that a small tuft of mom's pubic hair was peeking out of the top.

My mom's fingers tickled idly over the tips of her breast as she watched me undress. I was down to just my boxers (which were now tenting up over my growing hard-on) when she smiled lovingly at me.

"Look at you, you're soaked to the bone," she said in a motherly tone that didn't quite fit with her alluring pose. "Go get a towel and come here. Let me dry you off." I did as I was told and went to her side of the bed. She sat up and tugged my boxers down. "Let's get you out of those wet shorts before you catch cold." My erect penis bobbed only inches from mom's face. I envisioned myself pushing the tip of my cock against her lips, and her taking me into her mouth.

Instead, she looked up at me with a sly smile, as if she knew exactly what I was thinking, and began patting my chest and stomach with the towel. She turned me around and continued.

"You know, mister smarty pants, I used to catch you all the time," she said.

"I don't ever remember that."

"Oh, sure. I'd poke my head into your room for something and you'd be sprawled out, face-down on your bed, humping

away on your pillow. It was the cutest thing," she gushed. "I almost went and got the video camera once. You were so adorable with your skinny butt sticking up in the air as you went at it like a little bunny."

"Geez, mom. So, you've always been a raging pervert?"

"Stop it," she said and gave me slap on the butt, then started patting it dry with the towel. She finished and gave me a quick smooch on my left cheek. "You don't know the half of it. But to be fair, you almost caught me about a thousand times."

"Really? How?" I pressed, climbing by her and lying down on my stomach (like she had just described me doing as a kid) with my feet toward the head of the bed, and propped myself up on my elbows.

"I shouldn't even be telling you this," she blushed. "I was constantly getting myself off around the house all day long. I'd be vacuuming the living room and next thing I knew I'd have the handle pressed between my legs, rubbing myself

until I orgasmed." She laughed and flopped back onto the bed alongside me, resting her head against my knee.

"You had sex with our vacuum?"

"Mmm hmm. And that's not all. I must have humped just about everything in that house at some point." As she reminisced her hand meandered back down between the front of her jeans and her panties.

"Like what?" I was dying for details.

"Ah, let's see. The washing machine, of course, the corner of the dining room table, the railing by the garage steps." I watched as her hand casually kneaded her pussy through the silky material of her panties. "Oh, and remember that chair in the family room? The one with the knobby wood part at the end of the arms? That was my favorite. I'd rub myself off against that chair probably five or six times a week. So good."

"I had no idea back then that you were so horny," I said trying to imagine her doing all this.

"Yep, your mom was a masturbation addict." She started rotating her hips, pushing harder against her hand. "I guess I still am. But I can't even count the number times you'd just show up out of nowhere when I was right in the middle of humping one thing or another. You spoiled a lot of good orgasms for me young man." With that she gave me a pinch on the ass. Her hand lingered there and she began tracing lazy circles, tickling my skin with her fingernails.

"I guess I was always horny like that, too," I confessed. "I remember masturbating all the time."

"I know. I'm the one who had to wash your pillow cases!" Mom punctuated that statement with a little slap on my ass. She then went on to caress my rear, letting her fingers trail along the crack of my butt. "Though I can't blame you since you probably got it from me. I remember humping all my stuffed animals when I was that age."

"I can't believe my own mom would get herself off against a chair while I was in the next room doing my homework. I can't picture it."

"It happened. More times that you'd believe."

"I want to see," I prodded.

"What do you want to see, honey?" she purred.

"I want to see you humping something like you did back then."

"Are you crazy?" She playfully poked her finger down between my cheeks, coming thrillingly close to my butthole.

"I might need to take your temperature, I think you've got a fever."

"C'mon, I'm serious," I insisted. "I want to watch you to rub yourself off so I can see what I missed all those times I almost caught you." She thought about it for a few seconds, then had an idea. Her eyes lit up with mischievous delight.

"I'll make a deal with you." She grabbed a pillow and bopped me on the head with it. "You let me watch you hump your pillow, and I'll let you watch me hump the chair."

"Deal!" I said without a moment's hesitation.

"I'm so going to hell for this," mom lamented. She got up and picked which of the two mismatched chairs in the room would most suit her needs while I tucked the pillow beneath me, centering it under my hard cock. Wow, did that bring back memories!

Mom pulled her chair of choice over to the corner of the bed so we would both have a good view of each other. She ran her hands over the seat, sizing it up, checking the edges and testing the cushioned spots. She found an area that was to her

liking and sidled closer. I watched with rapt attention as she squatted just a little, opening her legs and carefully nestling her denim-covered crotch against the rounded corner of one arm of the chair.

"Oh, yeah, that's the spot," she whispered and began grinding her hips. "Okay, sweetie, show mommy how you used to hump your pillow." I began rolling my hips. "That's it, mommy knows that her little boy likes to masturbate in secret. I know all about your dirty secret."

Needing one hand to steady the chair, mom used the other to squeeze and fondle her breasts through her t-shirt. Her hips made generous circles as she pressed her crotch harder against the unyielding edge of the chair.

"And I know your secret, mom" I countered. "I caught you touching yourself."

"Yes, you caught me being nasty. You caught mommy secretly rubbing herself when she was all alone. You know one of

mommy's bad secrets now. My sweet little boy knows that his mommy likes to masturbate herself and fuck the furniture to make her pussy come."

"Mom, it feels so good to hump my pillow like this while I watch you. I always wanted you to catch me mom, I wanted you to see me masturbate."

"Oh, honey, I'm watching you now. I'm watching your tight little ass as you fuck your pillow for me. Is watching mommy rub her pussy like this going to make you come all over your pillow? Do you like watching your mother hump this filthy chair with her pussy?"

"Mom, I'm going to come!"

"No, slow down, sweetie, wait and come with mommy," she begged as she tried to speed her orgasm along.

"I can't!" I cried and gave a few strong thrusts and spewed my load. "I'm sorry..." I mewled pathetically as mom continued to fuck the chair with desperate intensity.

"Show me, baby! Hurry and show mommy the mess you made!" I rolled to the side to reveal a huge cum stain on the pillow. Sticky threads of spunk clung to the tip of my cock, and my belly was smeared with my own sperm.

"Such a nasty, dirty boy. Look at the disgusting mess you left for mommy to clean up." Her eyes fixated on the stain and for some reason she seemed to be energized with a strange sexual charge by the sight of it.

"Mommy always has to clean up her baby's mess. Mommy knows when her little boy secretly masturbates his penis. She can smell it on his pillow sheets." She crouched into a tighter position, her back hunched, her hips thrust forward. "That's how I know when you've been naughty with your penis. I know my naughty boy's secret." The chair began bucking under the force of her thrusts.

"When mommy finds out you've been bad with your penis it makes her so horny that she does very nasty things. It makes me do nasty things with my pussy, and with...and...Oh, God!"

Mom cried out with agonized ecstasy, as though finally releasing something pent up deep within her. She heaved herself against the corner of the chair and, orgasmed several times. They came so fast and close together that I couldn't distinguish one from the next.

Finally spent, she stood leaning over the chair, her legs shaking, laboring to catch her breath. She clutched the pillow to her chest, and hung her head, apparently unwilling to look up at me.

"Mom?" I ventured softly.

"Don't look at me, honey. A mother should never share such dirty secrets with her son like that. What is wrong with me?" Her shoulders bunched like she was about to cry.

"It's okay, mom," I whispered as comfortingly as I could. I went to her and put my arm around her.

"I was such an awful mother. Just so...despicable..."

"No, mom, that's not true at all," I comforted her. "I mean, okay, so you masturbated around the house a lot, so what?" She turned and wrapped her arms around me, returning my hug but hiding her face against my shoulder in shame.

"Oh, honey," she choked. "You don't understand, it wasn't just that. I did things a mother should never even think about. Sick things in secret that you'd hate me for."

I didn't know if I was up to the task of handling these radical mood swings. Less than a minute ago mom was delirious with

ecstasy, and all of the sudden she's spiraling down a dark tunnel of shame and doubt. But I imagined this all had to be as confusing for her as it was thrilling for me. Mom really needed my sincere support right now, and I had to be man enough to give it to her.

"You always said you'd love me no matter what, right?" I placed my hands on her shoulders and pushed her away enough so I could look her into the eyes.

"Of course, sweetheart."

"Well, I feel the same way about you, mom. I love you. No matter what," I affirmed. That seemed to ease her out of the emotional tailspin. A resigned smile tugged at the corners of her mouth.

"The way things are going, we're certainly going to put that to the test," she said, and instead of getting all weepy like I feared, she ducked down and ran her tongue across the patch of drying cum on my belly. She came up and licked my lips,

coating them with the flavor of my own semen, then gave me a kiss.

It was long, slow, and deep. The kind she and I used to call movie-star kisses, when I was little.

Chapter 4

I paced around the sweltering room in nothing but a pair of shorts waiting for mom to get back from job hunting. Once again, she was the only thing on my mind all day and I couldn't wait to masturbate with her tonight. It was all I could do to resist jacking off at that moment to the fresh memories of our recent sexual adventures.

I thought about my mother spreading her legs for me the other night and letting me watch her pussy right up close as she fingered herself. And also the achingly erotic image of her humping the arm of the chair last night. I wanted to come so badly, but I had to wait. I had to save my cum for mom. I

checked out the window right as the bus pulled up and I saw her getting off.

She came in looking tired and wilted from the heat. As soon as the door was closed behind her she kicked off her shoes with a groan of relief, and quickly began undressing.

"It seems like it's getting hotter every day!" She worked her way toward the bed as she shed her jacket, skirt, pantyhose, and blouse. By the time she was down to just her bra and panties she had reached the bed and collapsed onto it. "Ahh, that's better."

"How'd it go?" I asked as I sat down next to her.

"Nothing very promising," she mumbled drowsily. "I still have a good feeling about that place from the other day though." I looked at mom lying there face-down with almost nothing on. Her skin glowed with a light sheen of sweat, and I could see the faint tan lines across her back from her bikini top. Mom

had a few more curves than she used to, but she still looked good in a two-piece.

"You'll find something." I scooted down and took one of her tired feet in my hands and began to massage.

"Oh, sweetie, that feels like heaven," she moaned. "I better find that something soon. I can't wait to get out of this dump and back to civilization."

"I don't know," I said. "I'm getting to like this place. We're making a lot of nice memories here." I switched to her other foot (which elicited another series of moans from mom).

"I'd say those memories are far more naughty than they are nice," she countered with a chuckle. "But, honey, I want to make absolutely sure we're clear on what's going on between us." I finished rubbing her other foot and let my fingers lightly drift across her smooth calves and up to the soft creases behind her knees. "Mmm, that's nice. Don't stop."

"Mom, you really have to quit worrying about it so much. I love what we're doing together, and I'm pretty sure you do, too."

"I do, sweetie. I'm embarrassed to admit that I may be enjoying it too much." She parted her legs just a bit allowing me to run my fingertips up the inside of her thigh, then down the back of her leg. "I think I've had more orgasms in the past week with you than I had in the past year with your useless father. But I have to make sure you don't forget that this is a special circumstance." I could see a few curls of her pubic hair peeking out either side of the crotch of her panties, and had to resist slipping my fingers under there while mom was trying to talk to me about something she felt was important.

"When I'm lost in the moment everything feels so exciting and right, like it's the way things should have always been between us. Then later, when I get my senses back, I can't help thinking that no matter how much we love each other, it's still incredibly wrong. A mother is supposed to protect her child,

not use him to satisfy her sordid sexual desires. I can't help but feel more than a little guilty about it all."

"There's nothing to feel guilty about," I reassured her as I ran my hands over her satiny panties and up to her back. "It's not like you're forcing me to do something I don't want to do." When I reached the strap of mom's bra, I casually unhooked, hoping she wouldn't object. "I can't think of a time when I've been more happy."

"I want you to be happy, sweetie, more than anything," she said and shrugged the straps off her shoulders, then pulled her bra out from under her with a relieved sigh. "That's why we have to be clear with each other so there are no hurt feelings later."

"The only thing that would hurt my feelings would be if we stopped playing together," I said, hoping I sounded as sincere as I felt. "Plus, I have a few sordid sexual desires of my own that I still need to satisfy."

"Now you're just being fresh," mom complained.

"How about we not over-think it, okay? Let's do what feels good right now."

"I don't know. Maybe you're right. But this has to only be for right now," she said and rolled to her side so she could look at me. She modestly held an arm across her chest, but I could still see the edge of one of her broad nipples showing. I forced myself to look in her eyes and not stare at her chest. "Once I get back on my feet, and get us out of this place, we have to go back to normal. Things are all upside-down right now, so we're not quite ourselves, but at some point we need to be able to return to a regular life like a normal mother and son. Understand?"

"You're sure that's what you want?"

"That's what I want," she said, then narrowed her eyes and shook her head. "And I can tell what you want." I quickly looked up from her boobs and felt my cheeks blush.

"I can't help it. I love looking at you so much," I said as I reached into my shorts.

"Oh, sweetie, it's too early yet. Let's wait and play later. After it gets dark, okay?"

"Fine!" I said a little more harshly than I meant to, and lay down with arms crossed to wait for the stupid sun to go down.

"Oh, honey, don't be like that." She tried to tickle me, but I wasn't having it. "My, my, what a spoiled little brat I've raised." She lovingly ran her fingernails across my stomach, and arms, and eventually my leg. I couldn't help but let the sensation melt away my irritation. Her fingers slowly worked their way up inside the leg of my shorts until they just barely brushed against my balls.

"Don't be mad at me. Do you want mommy to rub your penis for you?" she asked softly. "Would that make you feel better?"

I didn't respond, acting like I was still upset. Her hand crawled farther up my shorts, her fingers tip-toeing their way across my balls and up my shaft. Once at the top she gently pinched and squeezed the head of my cock, then she touched her fingertip to my pee hole. A tiny drop of pre-cum had oozed out and she rubbed it all around the little slit at the tip of my cock.

"That feels so good," she cooed. "Mommy loves touching her little boy's privates." She took her hand out of my shorts, then pulled them down from the top, hooking the elastic waistband beneath my balls. "Let mommy look at her little boy's big penis." She teased my cock and balls with her fingernails for a few more moments before wrapping her hand around my shaft.

"Do you want mommy to masturbate your hard penis for you?" Her other arm remained crossed over her chest, still obscuring all the best stuff. It was hard to believe she could still be shy about me seeing her body. Although somewhat endearing, it was also the cruelest form of torment.

"Yes," I groaned, and closed my eyes trying to take in every sensation.

"My spoiled son wants his mommy to play with his dirty, sweaty pee-pee? Such a naughty boy. Do you like to touch your own dirty penis like this?" I nodded and began to writhe under her leisurely strokes. Her hand slowly worked up and down on me with experienced tenderness. "Do you have bad thoughts about your mommy when you touch yourself?" I nodded again, more vigorously. "What a filthy little pervert you are. You shouldn't think about your own mother's naked breasts and bare bottom when you play with your hard pee-pee."

"I can't help it." Mom's hand started pumping a little faster.

"Mommy's going to have to teach her bad boy a lesson. You need to get your dirty penis spanked for having nasty thoughts about my nipples and my ass." Her other hand cupped my loosely bouncing balls and held them firm while she continued to jerk me off. It took me a few seconds to

realize what that meant. My eyes flew open and I saw mom kneeling next to me, both hands on my cock, and her breast swaying bare and free in the full light of day. Oh, what a glorious sight.

"You like that, don't you? That's right, I see you looking at mommy's big titties. Go ahead and look my little pervert. Look at your mommy's naked tits while she masturbates your dirty cock."

"Mom, let me suck your nipples."

"No! You're such a bad boy," she scolded and squeezed my balls. "Just for that I'm going to spank you harder." She quickened the pace. Her hand flew up and down my sweaty hard-on causing her huge tits to bobble even more. "Yeah, look at mommy's big, naked boobies while I make you come!"

She leaned forward and let one of her nipples dangle down and touch the head of my cock while she stroked me. The feeling of her skin against my penis and the sight of her

tremendous tits flopping around right in front of me was too much.

"I'm going to come, mom! I'm going to come on your tits!"

"Go ahead, honey, it's okay. Mommy wants to feel your cum on her nipples. Let it shoot all over mommy's big, soft titties." I arched my hips up, pressing my cock deeper against mom's swaying breasts and let loose. "Oh, yes, just like that, sweetie! Come all over mommy's chest!" After mom had milked last drop out of me, we both fell back and took a minute to catch our breath.

"You want me to get you a towel?" I asked after a bit.

"Mmm, no, this feels nice on my skin." I looked over and once again she was happily playing with the many beads of semen I had sprayed on her breasts, occasionally scooping up little gobs and rubbing them onto her nipples. I sat up and pulled my shorts off the rest of the way.

"My goodness, honey!" Mom was staring wide-eyed at my penis. I looked down and didn't see anything unusual. "I swear your penis is long enough that you could probably lick the tip of it if you wanted."

"Mom!" I protested.

"I'm serious. Have you ever tried?"

"Of course not!" I lied. "Have you tried to lick yourself down there?"

"Believe me, if I could it would have made my life a whole lot more fun!" she laughed. We lay quietly for a while, listening to the street sounds and each other's breathing.

"Are you going to touch yourself?" I asked.

"I don't think so, sweetie. I'm a little sore after the last couple of nights."

"I noticed that your panties are all wet though," I ventured. She reached down to check herself.

"Oh, my, I'm soaked." She lifted her butt and wiggled out of her underwear. She opened her legs and fanned herself with them a few times before tossing them on the floor. "See what you do to me, naughty child." I snuggled closer to mom's side. It was actually too hot to cuddle comfortably, but she let me press my naked body up against hers anyway. My cock, still hard even after mom's hand job, rested against her fleshy hip.

We dozed like that in contented silence as the light slowly shifted from day to dusk. Before it became too dark, I tentatively reached out and rested my hand on my mom's belly. When she didn't protest, I slowly shifted it lower. I could sense her breath quicken slightly, so I knew that she was awake and that she would have stopped me if she didn't want me to keep going.

My hand reached her thick patch of pubic hair. I ran my fingers through it and marveled at the softness. I explored further, sliding my hand down over her pussy. She opened her thighs a little wider making it easier to touch her down there. The hair between her legs was wet with sweat and her own juices. I probed for her slit and started to work my finger into it.

"Careful, sweetheart," she whispered. "Mommy's privates are very sensitive right now." I slowed down and as gently as I could parted her lips and dipped a finger into my mother's most intimate area. I did just as she had the other night, and smeared the wetness from her vagina up her slit to where her clitoris was hiding. Goose bumps rose all over my body in reaction to the incomparable feeling of her silky lips.

"Mmm, honey, you do that's so good. But you shouldn't be touching mommy down there. What if someone found out that I let my little boy touch my pussy? Mmmm..."

"It's our secret, mom." As delicately as I could I made tiny circles around mom's clit. I soon felt her sensitive bud becoming firm and rising under my finger.

"You can't tell anyone, sweetie," she moaned. "You can't tell that you saw your mommy naked. You can't tell that I let you look at my bare breasts and that I spread my legs wide open to show you my wet pussy."

"I won't tell," I promised, then slipped a finger down her lips to the opening of her vagina.

"I don't want anyone to know how I touched your big, hard penis. Or how I rubbed my own son's cock and made him come all over my tits." As she talked her hands roamed over her own body, clutching at her breasts and tugging on her nipples. I teased my finger over her sopping wet hole. She opened her legs even more and pressed herself against my touch.

"What would people say if they knew I let my only son put his fingers inside me?" I took that as my cue and eased my finger into her pussy ever so slowly. "Oh, yes!" she gasped. "They would call me a whore if they knew. They'd say what a dirty slut I was for opening my legs to my little boy and making him masturbate my cunt for me."

I pushed my finger deep insides her, then drew it almost all the way out before sliding it back in. The feeling of her pussy tightening around my finger was indescribably satisfying. I pushed my cock harder against mom's hip and began rubbing it on her smooth skin.

"I'm so bad," she continued breathlessly. "It's so wrong to let my son fuck me with his fingers like this. I am a dirty whore. I'm a nasty pervert for fucking my little boy's fingers." I responded by adding a second finger, twisting them as I pushed them into her willing hole.

"Honey, you make mommy's pussy feel so good. You're going to make your mother's cunt come!" I loved hearing her talk so

dirty. I began pumping my fingers a little faster, and she matched me with thrusting hips.

"I love touching your pussy so much, mom," I said as I kissed her shoulder. "I want to make you come. Come on my fingers, mom."

"Yes! Just like that, right there," she coached. Mom took hold of her breasts, pulling the one that was farther from me up to her mouth. She licked, then sucked her own nipple. I watched with fascination and envy as she pulled the dark flesh between her lips and stretched her nipple between her teeth before releasing it.

"I can still taste your cum on my titty. Oh, God, my little boy's cum tastes so good to me." She grabbed her other tit, and while still thrusting herself on my fingers, lifted that one to her mouth. She licked and sucked it, just like the other, but this time when she let it go I leaned over and quickly took her nipple into my mouth before she could stop me.

"No. You can't," she panted. "I can't let you suck on mommy's titties." She pulled her breast out of my mouth, and immediately latched onto it again herself, sucking even harder this time. After only a few seconds she pulled it out and pushed her swollen nipple back to me. I opened my mouth wide and tried to take it all in, sucking it hard and running my tongue over it all.

"You're too old to be sucking mommy's nipple," she scolded. "You're not a baby any more." She pulled her breast away again, this time with a loud sucking sound, and continued licking it herself. "You shouldn't be licking mommy's big titties while they're all covered with your own cum." I took the hint and joined her. We both licked her nipple at the same time, our tongues occasionally running over one another. It was exquisite. I could taste my cum on the flesh of her huge breast, as well as on her tongue. We both began sucking on her nipple, each taking a half, our lips pressing close.

At that point she reached down and grabbed my hand pushing it deeper and harder into her pussy. We stayed locked on her nipple and she pushed her clit against the heel

of my hand grinding herself toward orgasm. Meanwhile I was humping away like mad against her side, about ready to blow another load on her.

"Mmm! Mmm! Mmmmmmm!" she groaned as she came, never letting go of her share of her nipple, keeping it clasped between her lips the whole time. When she finally let go she was still fucking my fingers just as fervently. "Keep going, mommy needs to come again, don't stop!" She twisted herself so that her other breast was within easy reach of my mouth, and I quickly began suckling her neglected nipple.

"Yes, make mommy come! Make your mommy's fucking pussy come again!" Her vagina clamped tight around my fingers as she shuddered with the throes of another, even more intense orgasm. I couldn't hold out any longer. I gave it one more thrust and squirted a gush of jism all over my mother's hip.

Her body relaxed as she sighed with gratification. I continued to nuzzle her breasts, softly licking and kissing them all over.

I kept my fingers inside her, expecting her to pull them out right away, but she didn't. Mom ran her fingers through my hair, allowing me to explore her breasts and nipples with my mouth as long as I wanted.

After about ten minutes of blissful kissing and touching I rested my head on mom's shoulder feeling totally at peace. She reached down and took my hand away from her crotch, carefully drawing my fingers out of her. My disappointment quickly evaporated when she brought my pussy soaked fingers to her lips.

"Let me see what it is that you like so much," she sucked one then the other into her mouth slowly, savoring the flavor of her own sex juices. The sensation of her tongue circling my fingers sent a tingle down my back.

"Mmm, finger lickin' good," she said with a smile as we drifted off to sleep, naked and happy.

I woke up and stared at my mom's bare nipple. She was asleep next to me in the only bed in our fleabag motel room. Her long black hair spilled across the pillow and I could see hints of gray in the morning light. My eyes wandered over her naked body. Lying on her back, mom's heavy, natural breasts gravitated one toward each side. In their relaxed state, her nipples were almost as big across as the palm of my hand. The soft roundness of her belly rose and fell gracefully as she breathed. Just below, her tuft of wild, dark pubic hair hid the gloriously soft recesses between her legs. There were spots, here and there, on her smooth skin where my dried semen glistened in contrast against her fading summer tan.

I carefully positioned myself, lifting my leg over her so that I ended up straddling her waist. I managed this without waking her. My balls dangled down to right about where her belly button was. When I leaned down and kissed the middle of her chest my already hard cock nestled against her tummy. I kissed my way toward one of her nipples and when I reached it I took it between my lips and gave it a light suck. Mom stirred beneath me.

I shifted to her other nipple and feathered it with kisses before licking around the edge until I could feel the center stiffen against my cheek. I then wrapped my mouth around it and suckled my mother's breast like an adoring infant. Several little moans of pleasure let me know that mom was awake and enjoying the attention.

"My," she sighed. "What a nice way to wake up." She arched her back and stretched beneath me while I sat up and began massaging her breasts. It was like nothing I'd ever felt before.

"But, sweetie, we can't keep on like this." The tone of pleasure in her voice didn't match her words so I gathered one of her big breasts between my hands and took her whole nipple into my mouth and sucked it long and hard. It took her several moments to gather the willpower to pull my face away from her tit.

"I'm serious, baby," she implored. "Listen, please. This is what I was trying to say last night. We agreed that this is a special

situation, and we're fooling around, as two consenting, grown adults, just to satisfy our urges."

"You seemed pretty satisfied a few seconds ago," I countered.

"Yes, but I need you to remember that we're just taking care of our pent-up, physical needs. And that's all."

"I don't understand what you're trying to get at." We were replaying this same conversation after every encounter. I knew that it was all part of the game I needed to play in order to continue walking this thin line. All these talks and rules were simply what mom needed to help her to deal with conflicting feelings, but there was something different in her voice this time. I could feel my hard-on wilting against mom's belly.

"Honey, don't take this the wrong way, but we aren't lovers," she said as tenderly as she could. "I do love you, you know that, and I love how you make me feel, but we can't be acting

like we're lovers." She pushed the hair away from my forehead as she looked into my eyes looking for agreement.

"But..."

"I know this is my fault for letting it go this far, honey. I'm sorry. I know this must be very confusing for you. Please try to understand." I could feel my eyes beginning to water. I didn't quite understand why I was suddenly so emotional, but I was determined not to cry in front of her. The concerned look on her face made it clear that mom needed me to be strong right now.

"So are you saying that you want to stop?"

"Maybe..." she started, biting her lip and looking away. My stomach was in knots as she wrestled with her conscience. "No," she finally whispered, apparently succumbing to her own weakness. "No matter how wrong it might be, I don't want to stop sharing my body with you. But you have to

promise me that it's nothing more than that, it's just mutual physical satisfaction, and nothing more."

"I think I understand now," I said, and was able to breath once more. "Just physical. I can do that."

"Oh, sweetie, what would I do without you?" She pulled me down on top of her and hugged me. I returned the hug as best as I could and became acutely aware of my naked skin against hers. I squeezed tight, wanting this embrace to last as long as possible. It was too soon when mom finally patted me on the behind and nudged me to the side.

"Oh, geez, look at the time! I have to get cleaned up." I watched her hop out of bed, quickly gather a few things from her suitcase, and dash off to the shower. I was captivated by her every move since she didn't bother covering up at all as she did this. Had she finally given up being irrationally modest around me? She casually hurried about her business with her tits swinging freely, and bent over to retrieve what she needed

from her suitcase, giving me a full view of her hairy pussy from behind. Just physical indeed!

She emerged from the bathroom in her bra and panties a few minutes later. The lace black bra pushed her breasts up and squeezed them together, putting her award-worthy cleavage on full display. She dressed in a matter of minutes and was ready to run out the door.

"I'm expecting them to call here today about that job from the other day--the one I'm counting on to get us out of here. Will you be around this afternoon in case they call?"

"Yeah, no problem." She came over and squished my face in her hands and gave me a kiss on the end of my nose. (She knows how much I hate when she does that!)

"Such a good boy!" she gushed. Then, much to my surprise, she reached down and grabbed my semi-hard cock. "Don't spend all day playing with this, do you hear? Save some for when mommy gets back." She gave me a smooch on the

cheek, followed by one on the tip of my cock! And with that she was off.

I went to the window and watched as she made it to the bus just in time. Once it pulled out of sight, I turned to go back to bed and noticed mom's panties that she had on last night still on the floor next to the bed. I thought about how she was so excited that the wetness from her pussy soaked through the silvery-satin fabric of the crotch. I picked them up and felt their moistness. I brought them to my nose and breathed in her scent. My cock pulsed to a full erection.

How was I supposed to spend all day by myself in this room with mom's wet panties and not jerk myself raw? I had the sneaking suspicion that she left them out on purpose for me. I sat down on the edge of the bed to consider my predicament. Without thinking, I began stroking the silky material against my cock. I soon had my penis cocooned in her sex-soaked panties and was beating off like a mad man.

And then the phone rang.

Chapter 5

Time had run out. The phone call had finally come and Mom had gotten the job. My gut knotted as I took the message knowing that this meant the end of our time together here in our grungy motel room. I was well aware of the fact that leaving this place would change everything. The company was paying for Mom to relocate, so we'd be heading for Texas by tomorrow. Tonight, was likely the last time Mom and I would play together.

This had me so depressed that I couldn't even muster the will to masturbate with the fragrant, used panties Mom had left for me. I realized that I had to snap out of it. If I wanted to make the most of my last night with Mom I'd have to adjust my attitude.

The simple fact was that I wanted to fuck my mother. And, by this point, I was pretty sure she had at least fantasized about

us doing it as well. But it was obvious she was clinging to the idea that a mother shouldn't fuck her own son. I was sure that I could eventually get her to overcome her guilt and give in to her desires, but it would take time to push past her boundaries, and nibble away at her inhibitions little by little.

But time was suddenly a luxury I no longer had. It had to be tonight, or never.

"Did they call?" Mom asked as soon as she was through the door. She looked exhausted, and I could see how hard she was trying not to get her hopes up too high.

"Well, yeah," I said with an air of disappointment.

"What'd they say?" she pressed, worried by the tone in my voice.

"I wrote it down." I went over by the nightstand where the phone was as if I was getting the message, but instead I pulled out the bottle of champagne chilling in the ice bucket that I had hidden there earlier. I popped the cork as I turned around. "You got it!"

"Are you kidding? Really? I got the job?!" she babbled with growing excitement.

"You did it, Mom. Congratulations!" I cheered.

"Oh my god, oh my god!" she squealed and ran into my arms giving me a huge hug. I squeezed her hard, and couldn't help feeling extremely proud of her at that moment. Despite all she had been through in the past few weeks, she really pulled it together.

"I knew you had it in you, Mom. You always told me that if you want something bad enough, you can make it happen." I punctuated that with a kiss atop her head. That's when I

noticed she was starting to cry. "Hey, hey! None of that. We should be celebrating!"

"You're right," she said and stepped back, wiping away the tears. "Let's have a toast!" I poured the champagne into a couple of plastic cups and handed one to her. She raised her cup. "To the best son I could ever ask for, and a new start," she proclaimed and took a drink.

"To the best mom," I toasted. "And all our special moments together." She hesitated, giving me a sideways glance, then tossed back the rest of her champagne and held out her cup for more. This was going better than I had planned.

"We shouldn't be toasting all the bad things we've been doing," she said as I refilled her cup.

"I wasn't," I said innocently, then with a sly grin, "I was toasting all the bad things we're going to do."

"Oh, no, mister." She wagged her finger at me as she took another drink. "You know the deal. No more fooling around once we're out of here."

"That was the deal. Which means we still have tonight." I took a chance and pulled her close and kissed her neck. Instead of resisting, I felt her whole body relax against me as I nuzzled my way up toward her ear.

"Maybe...maybe we shouldn't, sweetie," she whispered. "We have to go back to the way it was, remember. We need to be like a normal mother and son again."

"But we're not normal anymore, Mom," I said and slipped my hand down to her ass. I pulled her hips tight to me, grinding my crotch against her so she could feel my hard-on beneath my pants.

"No, we're not, are we?" she breathed and matched my movements with her body. "Just this one last night. Then no more."

"No more what?" I prompted as I kissed my way across her throat and to the other side of her neck.

"No more masturbating with each other," she answered, letting her hand drift down to my ass. "No looking at your mommy's naked body. You can't play with your big, beautiful penis while I watch. Mommy can't put her fingers inside her pussy in front of you any more."

"Do you still want my cum?" I asked and unbuttoned Mom's blouse.

"No. Mommy can't taste her little boy's cum any more. I can't lick your cock, or let you suck my nipples while you jerk off onto me." She swallowed another gulp of champagne and threw aside the empty cup. She reached into her bra, pinched a nipple and tugged her breast out. She did the same with the other as I slipped her blouse off and let it fall to the floor.

Mom took my head in both hands and pulled my face into her chest. Her bra was now tucked underneath her tits, propping them up magnificently. I began to suck her nipples eagerly, switching frequently from one to the other.

"Oh, sweetie, you suck Mommy's titties so good," she moaned. Without taking my mouth away from her huge breasts, I loosened her skirt and Mom wiggled her hips until it dropped down to her ankles. She then pulled her pantyhose and underwear down as far as she could and eagerly began fingering herself.

I reached down, placing my hand over hers for a moment, and felt her playing with her clit. I reached past and slipped my middle finger inside her pussy. She bobbed up and down slightly as I pushed my finger in as deep as I could.

"Mmm, Mommy likes when you touch her pussy like that. My naughty boy has learned how to make my cunt feel so good, hasn't he?" she gasped. I pulled my finger out of her and nudged her hand away from her clit. She willingly let me take

over there and I massaged her swollen bud until she groaned with pleasure.

Sensing the moment was right, I dropped to my knees, spread Mom's pussy open with both hands, and began sucking on her clit all in one quick motion.

"No, honey, don't!" she protested. "You shouldn't suck Mommy's pussy like that." Even as she told me not to, she crouched a little lower opening her legs wider for me. "I can't let my little boy taste my cunt like this."

She took hold of my head and pressed it firmly against her crotch. I pulled her panties and hose down from around her knees to her ankles, then grabbed her ass with both hands. My tongue worked soft circles around her hard clit. I kissed and licked my way down across her meaty cunt lips to where her juices were flowing from her vagina. I prodded her pussy hole with my tongue for a few moments before returning to her clit.

"That's it, sweetie, suck Mommy's cunt just like that. Make Mommy come on your face." With one hand on the back of my head, Mom began thrusting and twisting her hips, humping my mouth from her standing position. From what I could hear, she was using her other hand to pull her tit up to her lips so she could suck her own nipples while she fucked my face.

I got into a steady rhythm, lapping my tongue softly across her clit while sucking her at the same time. I could sense Mom getting close to orgasm and put my finger back inside her. I felt around until I found what I hoped was her g-spot. I pressed the tip of my finger on that spot and quickened my pace on her clit. I must have hit my target because she grabbed my head with both hands and began shaking like crazy.

"Oh, God, yes!" she cried. "Suck it! Suck your mommy's cunt, baby! Yes, yes!" she yelled loud enough for any neighbors to hear. She was beyond caring who heard her as the first waves of her orgasm exploded through her body. She tensed, and

grunted with animal intensity as she came with my face buried in her pussy.

"Whew, that one made me dizzy," Mom giggled. I moved swiftly then, not wanting to lose momentum. I continued to kiss her thighs and the crease of her pussy as I helped her pull her pantyhose the rest of the way off her feet. I gently turned her around and stood up behind her, letting my hands run up her sides and to her breasts. I kissed the back of her bare shoulder and moved her a few steps toward the bed.

Once I had her where I wanted her, I eased her shoulders forward so that she was bent over at the edge of the bed. I returned to my knees and began eating her pussy from behind. When she realized what I was up to, she responded by spreading her feet apart and pushing her ass back toward me presenting me with easy access to her.

"You like licking Mommy's pussy, don't you?" she said, clearly enjoying it. I let my tongue roam up and down her soaking wet slit, giving it an occasional kiss and suck here and there.

After about a minute of this I was ready to make my next move.

I ran my tongue up to her vagina and lingered there a moment before sliding past it toward Mom's asshole. I felt her suddenly tense up and try to reach back to stop me.

"Not there, honey!" she yelled, clenching her butt cheeks in an effort to ward me off. I reached up and spread her ass open and ran my tongue across her asshole.

"Oh!" she cried out with surprise. I felt the tension in her cheeks subside and knew she was ready for more. "Don't put your tongue on Mommy's dirty place."

I settled in and slowly licked across and around her asshole. I kissed and sucked with increasing intensity, barely able to accept the reality that I was giving my own mom a rimjob.

"No one has ever licked Mommy's ass for her before," she divulged, then reached back and spread her ass cheeks even wider for me. With my hands now free I was able to finger her pussy while I ate her asshole. "I shouldn't let my sweet boy suck his Mommy's asshole, but it feels so good. It's so wrong for you to lick my ass, baby."

With a firm tongue, I tried to push into her, but couldn't penetrate. Mom relaxed and I was then able to dip the end of my tongue a little ways into her asshole. She wiggled and rolled her hips, the combination of licking her ass and playing with her pussy had her on the way to another orgasm.

"Lick my ass, sweetie," she moaned. "Suck Mommy's dirty asshole and make her come." She let one cheek go so she could play with her clit. As she began vigorously rubbing herself, I slid two fingers into her pussy, and continued mouthing her asshole. "That's it, baby. Suck Mommy's ass while I masturbate. Oh, God, I can't believe my little boy has his tongue in my asshole!" she cried as she shuddered with her second orgasm of the day. Her ass tightened around my

tongue, her pussy clamped down on my fingers, and finally her knees buckled causing her to fall forward onto the bed.

I stayed where I was since I had a perfect view from there. I tenderly tickled my fingers over my mom's hot, soaked pussy lips, up to her wet asshole, and over her smooth round ass. After several minutes she patted the bed next to her.

"Get undressed and come lie down with me," she said.

I quickly did as she asked, hopeful that I could keep this going. I lay down next to her on my back. She propped herself up on her elbows and looked at me dreamily, then giggled.

"Sweetie, you have Mommy's cum juices all over your face." She leaned over and kissed me on the lips, then licked them. "Mmm, I love the way my pussy tastes on you." She then proceeded to kiss and lick all around my mouth and lips, savoring her own essence. As she did this her hand found its way to my hard cock and began stroking. "But you're very bad

for doing that. You're getting greedy, and I let you go too far. We weren't supposed to let this become sex."

"That wasn't sex," I countered.

"Oh? Oral sex isn't sex? Thank your Mr. Clinton." She added a twist to her stroke and it was all I could do to focus on not coming too soon.

"Well, you let me watch you touch your pussy, and you don't consider that as us having sex, right?"

"Watching each other masturbate is definitely sexy, but I wouldn't call it sex."

"And you let me touch your pussy with my fingers, and that's not sex."

"It's getting close, but I don't think I'd quite call it sex."

"So if I touch your pussy with my tongue instead of my finger, it's pretty much the same thing, just with a different body part, right?"

"I don't know if it's the champagne, but that almost makes some kind of sense." She looked lustily into my eyes for a moment, then leaned down and we shared a long, sensual French kiss as she continued to stroke my cock. "Since you made such a good case, Mommy is going to give her little boy a handjob with her mouth."

She flashed a wicked grin, ducked her head down and took my cock into her mouth. There was no lead-up, no teasing, she just went straight to it. I felt her lips wrap tightly around my shaft and slide up and down. Her tongue worked along the underside of my cock, expertly finding that sensitive spot just below the head.

Her fingers tickled and fondled my balls as her head rose and fell at my crotch. Mom began making a low moaning hum

that added a subtle vibration to the mix that almost sent me into sensory overload. This woman really knew how to suck a cock.

I could feel myself on the verge of coming. I wanted to make this last, but there was no way I could hold out any longer. I arched my back and felt my balls tighten, then she stopped. I felt the stirrings of my orgasm recede and let myself relax, not knowing whether to be thankful or annoyed.

"It's payback time, sweetie," Mom said with a smile as she licked the length of my shaft and teased the tip of her tongue over my pee-hole.

"Huh?" was all I could manage.

"I let you taste your mommy's pussy, and lick my ass, now I want something."

"Okay, sure, anything you want."

"Anything?" she confirmed and I nodded. "Mommy wants to see you to try to lick your own penis." Her eyes flashed with devious delight.

"You are such a freak, Mom. Why do you even want me to? And I don't even know if I can," I hemmed, a bit embarrassed by the idea of doing that in front of my mother, but intrigued at the same time.

"You like to watch me suck my own nipples, don't you?" She had a point there. "It's okay if you can't, I just want to watch you try." I looked at my naked mother, her nipples erect and her expression alight, and knew that I couldn't deny her anything. Each new experience was tearing down one more barrier between me and making love to her.

"If that's what you want," I finally relented with a shrug. She squealed and clapped her hands, getting up on her knees ready for the show. I did a few light stretches to loosen up my back some, then from a sitting position I leaned down as far

as I could. I was several inches from making contact. I straightened and stretched, then tried again. I was closer, but still too far.

I craned my neck from side to side, trying to loosen the muscles there. As I did this I noticed Mom watching me with fixed fascination. She had a hand down between her legs, rubbing her pussy very slowly, while she tugged at her nipples with the other.

"You're doing great, sweetie," she encouraged. "Mommy is getting horny watching you try to lick your long, hard penis for her." I really didn't want to disappoint her.

I exhaled, hooked one arm under my leg, and put my other hand on the back of my head. I leaned in, pulling myself down at the same time pushing my head toward my cock. I strained to close the distance, and when I could go no farther I reached out with my tongue and just managed to lick the tip of my cock.

"Oh my God, sweetie," Mom marveled. "You're doing it! My little boy is licking his own cock right in front of me." I sat up and took a deep breath. I looked at Mom, proud of the effect my performance had on her. She was masturbating herself harder now, one breast clutched tightly in her fist, and a look of almost pained lust on her face. "Honey, Mommy liked that so much. Can you do it again for me? Please?"

I knew that was as good as I could do from that position, but I wanted to go the extra mile for her. I nodded and threw the pillows onto the floor and had her move to the head of the bed. She complied without question, never taking her hand away from her pussy. I lay down in front of her, my head near her knees, my feet dangling off the end of the bed.

I pulled my legs up, and curled them over my head so I was in a kind of upside-down crouch. I heard Mom gasp as I settled in and gained my balance. I could smell my mother's fresh sex juices close by as I eased my hips down toward my head. This time my cock came within easy reach and I was able to comfortably lick all around the head.

"I'm so turned on right now," Mom breathed. "I don't know why this makes me so horny, but it looks so good to me." She leaned in close, her face only inches from my cock and watched me tongue myself. "Mommy is fucking her fingers while she watches you lick your own penis like a naughty boy." I took hold of my cock and pointed it toward her, and she licked and sucked the tip of it. I then slowly pulled it back down toward my mouth, bringing her closer.

My Mom and I were then able to both lick my dick at the same time. This drove her wild. She licked and sucked my cock, and lips, and tongue as we enjoyed this unique experience together.

"Push me down more," I panted. It took her a moment to sort out what I was asking, but then she got it and gently pushed down on my ass. This brought my hips even closer and I was able to get the entire head of my cock into my mouth.

"My baby is sucking his own cock. I'm such a filthy pervert for making my son suck himself for me." She rejoined me and

licked my shaft and balls while I continued to suck and lick the end of my dick. I could tell that her hand was back in her pussy by the slick, smacking sounds coming from just over my head.

Mom worked her tongue up between my balls, and kept going. I almost choked when I felt her tongue reach my asshole, which was up in the air and spread wide in this position. A moan of unadulterated ecstasy escaped from me as she sucked my ass with an almost crazed passion.

"You like that, sweetie?" she purred. "You like when Mommy licks her baby's asshole?" I was becoming light-headed with all that was going on. Mom was fingering herself, and licking my ass, while I was sucking my own cock between shallow breaths. Just when I didn't think it could get any more intense, Mom decided to spit on my asshole and slide a finger in there. "How is that, honey? Mommy has her finger in your tight asshole. Mommy is fucking your ass while she watches you suck your cock."

There was nothing I could do but keep sucking and revel in the sensation of my mother's finger zeroing in on my prostate. It was finally too much.

"Are you ready to come for Mommy?" she asked. "I want you to come in your own mouth for me, but don't be a bad boy and swallow it all. Let me see you come in your mouth."

I opened my mouth and started jerking my cock. Mom twisted and pumped her finger in and out of my asshole as she banged herself faster.

"That's right," she groaned. "Squirt that nasty sperm in your own mouth while Mommy makes herself come!"

My ass flexed tight around Mom's finger as I began to come. Jets of warm semen spurted down into my mouth and onto my lips as I jerked myself furiously. This triggered Mom's orgasm and all she could manage was a series of guttural moans as the primal pleasure of this intense climax seized her.

I held my own sperm in my mouth like she had asked, but wasn't sure what she wanted now. She was still fucking her fingers with unrelenting fervor. She pulled her finger out of my ass, and pushed my legs away so I was once again lying flat again.

"On my pussy," she huffed as she lay back, spreading her legs open. I turned around and found my face right there at her crotch. "I want it on my pussy. Spit your cum on my cunt," she begged.

I leaned forward and let my salty semen dribble out of my mouth and onto my mom's waiting pussy. Her breath caught and she writhed with delight as she spread my spunk all over her pussy. I watched in awed wonder as she forced three fingers in her hole and began pounding away, while bringing her other hand to her mouth and licking my cum from it.

"I love my baby's cum so much," she whimpered. "Mommy loves to eat your cum, and rub it on her cunt. Your mommy

is such a nasty slut. Look at Mommy's cunt all covered with your cum. Look at my cunt while I masturbate with your cum on it!" She reached her peak and came again, arching her back and lifting her ass high off the bed. "Oh, God, yes!!" she screamed and fell back down onto the bed finally spent.

She lay there still for a long time just catching her breath. I remained down between her legs, my face only inches from her crotch. I watched as her cum mingled with my sperm and trickled down across her asshole, to the cleft of her ass, then onto the bed.

"It sounds like someone got their money's worth," I teased. She laughed, and playfully knocked me in the head with her leg.

"Fresh."

Even now I couldn't take my eyes off of my mom's gorgeous pussy. She knew I was staring at her down there and opened her legs wider. Her fingers languidly played across her lips,

occasionally spreading them open for me. She toyed with the remnants of my semen, and once or twice trailed a finger down to caress her own asshole.

"I love your pussy so much, Mom," I sighed. "It's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. I can't believe I'm so lucky to have such a sexy mother."

"More like you're lucky I'm such a horny pervert."

"That, too," I agreed. "I could stare at your pussy forever." She then reached down with both hand and spread herself wide open for me.

"Well, get a good look now, sweetie, because the mommy freak circus is leaving town first thing in the morning."

"I don't even want to think about that now."

"I'm sorry, honey," she said sitting up and ruffling my hair. "I don't want to spoil our last night of fun. How about we take a little break, get cleaned up, and go out for a nice dinner to celebrate my new job?"

She kissed me on the forehead and climbed off the bed headed for the bathroom. I tried not to pout about the situation and focus on how I was going to reach my ultimate goal before the night was over.

"I can't believe what a mess I am," Mom called in an exaggerated sing-song voice from the bathroom. "If only there was a big, strong man around to help me wash my dirty, naked body."

All bitter feelings evaporated in an instant as I dashed into the bathroom to join Mom in the shower.

We splurged on a taxi to take us to the restaurant. Mom was looking great in her black dress that showed off her long legs, and considerably more than a hint of cleavage. She had polished off another cup of champagne while waiting for the cab, and she was all giddy and chatty as we rode out of the sketchy part of the city toward a nicer area.

Mom talked excitedly about the move, living in a new state, and her job. I tried to pay attention but my mind kept wandering to thoughts of us in the shower less than an hour earlier. The feeling of running my hands all over Mom's soapy body was incredible. I spent most of the time "cleaning" her tits, and pussy, and ass, but she seemed to enjoy it as much as I did. Of course, she had spent most of the shower making sure my cock and balls were squeaky clean.

After the shower we dried each other off, and I sat naked on the toilet and watched Mom rub her lotion on. She made a nice show of it, putting each foot high up on the sink as she moisturized her legs, giving me a perfect view of her hairy puss. She turned around and massaged the lotion all over her ass, bending over and giving me a quick peek at her butthole.

She squirted a large amount onto her big breasts and spent a long time rubbing, and working it into her soft skin.

All the while I just watched her every sensuous move, lightly stroking my cock, but not enough to come. I wanted to save that for after dinner. Mom's hand fell onto my knee and broke me out of my reverie. My cock was hard again--I'm certain that I've been hard more this week than my whole life combined!

She was going on about the movers getting her things out of storage, or something. I put my hand on hers, and without her paying much attention to what I was doing, I slowly moved it up to my crotch. When I had her hand up to my groin, she reflexively gripped my hard cock through my pants, then quickly pulled away.

I looked over at her with a mischievous smile and saw her giving me a scolding look. With just her eyes, she motioned toward the driver and shot me an "are you crazy" expression.

"Don't worry," I whispered. "It's dark anyway."

"No fooling around in public," she said in a guilty hushed tone. "Now behave yourself." She went on to the weather in Texas, and the new clothes she was going to need. I checked to make sure the driver wasn't paying any attention to us, and sneaked my zipper down. I pulled my cock out and held it near the base so it stood straight up and waited for Mom to notice.

When she did her eyes went wide in shock and she quickly put her hand over my hard-on, trying to push it down and hide it. She was so flustered she didn't know what to do. I picked up the conversation so as not to tip off the driver that we were up to anything. I rambled about whatever came into my head, while rubbing my cock against my mom's hand.

"You are horrible," she hissed. She took her hand away, crossed her arms and refused to look at my public display of affection. I left my cock out and continued chatting as if everything were normal. I caught Mom glancing over at my exposed dick a few times. Each time that she did I flexed so

that it bobbed up and pointed right at her. She'd look away with feigned disgust.

After a minute or so of this game I noticed she was staring at the driver's rear view mirror. I assumed she was worried about him looking back here and catching me with my cock out. But then she cleared her throat to get my attention. When I looked she pulled one side of her dress down enough for me to see her nipple, then quickly pulled it back up. My mom had just flashed me in "public."

I could see her trying to contain an excited giggle and noticed both her nipples poking up underneath the thin fabric of her dress. Her hand crept back toward my lap and she took a hold of my dick. She slowly moved her hand up and down my shaft, her eyes still fixed on the rearview mirror in case the driver looked back. Mom pulled her dress down again, further this time, and left her tit exposed for several seconds before hiding it again.

She looked at my cock in her hand and licked her lips. I could tell she wanted to suck me, but didn't dare. I reached over and cupped one of her breasts, squeezing just the way she liked. She squirmed in her seat, fighting back the urge to moan aloud. She suddenly squeezed my cock hard and gave it a little slap.

"Oops, we're almost there," she exclaimed. I tucked my cock away, bummed out that it had to come to an end so soon.

We pulled up in front of the restaurant and Mom paid the driver. As she climbed out ahead of me she purposely flipped the back of her dress up enough for me to catch a glimpse of her bare ass. Mom wasn't wearing any panties tonight! Such a naughty minx.

We were seated right away at a nice table. There were only a few other couples in the place. Mom ordered a glass of wine,

apparently she wanted to keep her buzz going as much as I did.

"That reminds me," Mom said once the waiter left with our order. "How did you get the champagne?"

"I paid one of the hookers near the liquor store ten bucks to buy for me." Mom tsked and shook her head.

"You used to be such a good boy," she sighed.

"That was before I had all my morals corrupted by this foxy, older lady I've been fooling around with lately."

"Shush," Mom stressed. "Don't talk like that in public."

"No one's paying any attention to us," I assured her. "Mom, I love it when you spread your hot pussy for me, and suck on my cock." Her expression was a mix of sudden shock and

embarrassment. She looked around, probably expecting everyone to be staring at us. "See. Nobody even noticed."

"Still," she said quietly. "You shouldn't be talking like that with people around."

"And you shouldn't be flashing your titties in taxis."

"You're such a bad influence on your sweet, innocent mother," she joked with a blush.

"Tell me, what's been your favorite thing we've done so far?" I asked, wanting to keep her as horny as I could until we got back to the room. She took a sip of wine and thought back over the week. She leaned in and spoke barely above a whisper.

"I have to admit that I really liked it when you did that thing to me...back there," she confessed. "I never realized that would feel so good. I want you to do that to me again when we get back."

"Do what? I want to hear you say it," I urged. She looked around to be sure no one was near.

"I want you to...lick my asshole," she covered her mouth as if shocked to hear herself saying such a thing in public. "I want to squat over your face so you can stick your tongue deep in your mother's horny ass." She giggled nervously, still looking around to see if she'd been caught talking dirty.

"I can't wait, Mom." I said.

"But, I'd have to say my favorite was the first night we played next to each other."

"The night you wouldn't even let me look at you?"

"Oh, God. It seems silly now, but it was so exciting for me to finally be able to share something so private and intimate with you. That will always be special for me."

"That first time was pretty amazing."

"Well, to be honest it wasn't exactly my very first time with you."

"What do you mean?"

"I shouldn't even tell you this," she hedged, then took a swallow of wine. "You know how I told you I'd masturbate all around the house? I would do it in your bedroom sometimes."

"Really? You'd wait for me to go to school, then sneak into my room and hump my furniture?"

"No! Not just your furniture," she said coyly. "I used your stuffed bear now and then."

"You sexually abused Mr. Brownsworth!?"

"Oh, he loved it!" she laughed. "And I didn't exactly have to sneak into your room while you were away, not when I had the house to myself." She paused, unsure she should continue. "But I did have to sneak when you were in there sleeping," she said quietly. I let that sink in for a moment.

"You...you masturbated in my bedroom while I was in there asleep?"

"Not a lot." Her voice retained its confessional tone. "A few times a month, maybe. If I couldn't sleep, or your father was too drunk to get it up." She wasn't able to look at me as she spoke. "You have a pretty good idea about my urges by this point, not to mention my lousy self-control."

"So you'd come in at night in your pajamas and rub yourself off right there against my desk?"

"Sometimes," she said and I could see her nipples stiffen once more beneath her dress. "But it was always better when I got completely naked and fingered myself."

"Wow," I said, totally blown away by this revelation. "You would actually masturbate bare-assed naked in my room with me there and I never had a clue?"

"I would fantasize about you waking up and seeing me. I almost did wake you on purpose once or twice. God, I don't know what possessed me to do things like that. If your father ever caught me...I don't even want to imagine."

"I wish you had woken me up one of those times."

"I would stand right next to your bed and put my foot up on your nightstand. My naked pussy would be only inches away from your sleeping face. If you had opened your eyes there would have been no way for me to hide. You'd have seen me spread wide, boobs hanging out, fingers buried in my pussy, playing with myself like a woman possessed."

"You have no idea what how exciting that is to me." Her bare foot slid up between my legs and she pressed against my hard-on.

"I think I have some idea," she teased. "I'm just so grateful to you for making some of your old mom's secret fantasies come true."

The waiter arrived with our food, and Mom quickly pulled her foot away from my crotch. We didn't linger over our meal. It seemed we were both just as eager to get back to the room for the conclusion of our final night of incestuous passion.

We played around again on the cab ride home. Mom hiked her dress up in the shadows of the back seat and showed off her pussy to me. She dipped her fingers in and let me lick her

juices off them. She reached down into my pants and played with my balls. I think this driver knew something was going on, but Mom was so into it she didn't seem to notice.

We reached the door to our crummy motel room and Mom put her back to it and pulled me in and began kissing me hungrily. Our hands were all over each other. I was stunned when she tugged the top of her dress down right there outside our door.

"Suck my naked tits, baby. Suck my big nipples where everyone can see," she panted. I grabbed both her breasts and lifted them to my mouth and suckled her erect nipples each in turn. It was unlikely that anyone except a couple of nearby hookers could actually see us, but just the fact that my mom was so revved up that she would expose herself and demand that her son suck her in public was incredible.

"Put your fingers in Mommy's pussy," she commanded. "I want everyone to see what a dirty whore I am." I reached up under her dress and easily slipped two fingers into her

dripping wet hole. She moaned and gyrated herself against me. "That's it, sweetie, play with your mother's pussy out in the open. Let them all see you with your fingers inside me. I'm such a slut for my own son."

I opened the door and we tumbled through before Mom got too carried away. As soon as the door closed behind us, she pulled me down to the floor. Her tits were still out and flopping freely as she kissed me wildly, her tongue in my mouth and her hand on my crotch. A week ago, Mom couldn't even stand to walk on the disgusting carpet in this room in bare feet, now she was rolling around on it half-naked without a second thought.

She pushed me onto my back then stood up over me. She straddled my head and squatted down, shoving her sopping pussy directly against my mouth. I licked and sucked her as she rubbed herself all over my face. Mom pulled her dress off over her head and tossed it aside. She was squatting on my face totally naked in just a pair of high heels.

"Oh, yeah," she moaned. "Suck Mommy's big, hairy pussy just like that. You're such nasty little boy. I bet you like it when Mommy sits on your face like this?"

"Um hmm," was all I could manage to get out with her meaty twat pressed hard against my mouth. Mom shifted her hips so that her ass was poised just above my face. She reached back and spread her ass cheeks even more, causing her asshole to open slightly.

"Put your tongue in my ass, sweetie," she begged. "I want my son to lick his horny Mommy's asshole again." I was only too happy to give her what she wanted. I licked, and sucked her anus, poking my tongue in as far as I could. "That feels so good," she breathed.

Mom dropped down onto all fours over me and hurriedly undid my pants. She pulled my cock out and plunged it into her mouth. I couldn't believe the sensation of her taking it deep into her throat as she swallowed almost the entire length of my erection before pulling it back out.

"Suck you mommy's clitty now, sweetie," she instructed. "Mommy wants to come with your big penis in her mouth." We lay there in the sixty-nine position sucking each other off like a couple of sex-crazed maniacs. As she worked my cock in and out of her throat I eased a finger into her asshole. She wiggled with excitement as it slid all the way in. I next worked a couple fingers of my other hand into her pussy. With fingers in both Mom's holes, and my cock filling her mouth, I really went to work on her clit.

"Oh, God, don't stop!" she cried, unable to continue sucking me off with all the carnal attention her crotch was getting from me. "Make me come, baby! I'm going to come on my darling boy's sweet face. Mommy's pussy is going to come in your mouth!"

Mom squeezed my dick hard in her hand as she pressed her pussy tighter against my mouth, and let out a unrestrained scream of ecstasy. I felt her legs quiver as her body was wracked with emanations of ultimate pleasure. After several seconds of this she pulled her clit away from my mouth. I

reached out and flicked it with my tongue, causing her to jump and squirm, too sensitive to allow even the slightest touch.

I pulled my fingers out of her holes and felt a dribble of pussy juices seep down onto my face. Geez, Mom was wetter than I'd ever seen her before. I slapped her on the ass to get her attention.

"Up on the bed, Mom," I ordered.

"Don't you want me to finish sucking you off?"

"Nope, get your sweet naked ass up in bed." She gave the head of my cock one more kiss before following my instructions and going to the bed. I moved around the room and turned on all the lights. I went to the foot of the bed and undressed as I looked over my mother's naked body.

It seemed to become more beautiful to me with each passing day. Her angelic, loving face, framed by that long dark hair. Her shoulders were broad, in that womanly way, complimenting her incredible breast in perfect proportion. It's true that her tits drooped more than they did when she was younger, but it had the effect of making her even more attractive. Although her waist still narrowed in just the right way, her belly and hips were more ample than I remember as a kid. The plumpness in her tummy gave her body a mature contour that I found irresistibly adorable. And, of course, the way her hips and ass had developed over the years made her already great form even more alluring. My eyes finally moved down the length of her long, smooth legs. They were as shapely and sexy as I'd always known them to be.

"Honey, it's too bright," she objected, moving a hand to cover her belly in a modest attempt to hide the few faint stretch marks there.

"Open your legs for me, Mom," I said. She did as she was told, opening her legs and moving her hand away from trying to

hide her tummy, down through her thick pubic hair, and teasing around the edges of her womanhood.

"Mmm, I just love the way you look at my pussy, sweetie. Is this wide enough?"

"More," I replied. I was completely naked by this time, my throbbing cock yearning to be inside my mother. She brought her knees up and spread her legs wider for me.

"How's that, sweetie? Can you see Mommy's wet pussy better now?"

I crawled onto the bed and between her legs. I ran my tongue slowly from her asshole to her clit in one long stroke. I kept going and kissed my way up to her soft, round belly. I spent some time there, tenderly licking the fading scars she earned while she was pregnant with me. Her fingers ran through my hair as I did this, the intimacy of the moment was not lost on her.

I worked my way up to her breasts. I gently kissed her nipple, and delicately took it into my mouth. I sucked softly with great appreciation, then moved to the other one and did the same. My hips were now between her legs, and my erection hovered just over my mom's pussy. It was now or never. I lowered myself just enough for the tip of my penis to brush against the curly hair between her legs. Her hands went immediately to my hips, pushing me away.

"Honey, what are you doing?" she said dreamily, almost lost in a sensual daze.

"I just want to rub myself on you down there."

"No, sweetie, you can't," she insisted weakly. "You might not be able to control yourself. I can't let you put your penis inside me."

"I just want to rub it on the outside, that's all."

"I know, honey, but you shouldn't. We can't let it go that far."

Each time she spoke I returned to suckling her nipples, trying to keep her in that heightened state of arousal. There was a chance I could just shove my cock in her and she wouldn't be able to resist, but I knew that wouldn't be right.

"How about if you hold my penis, and rub it on your pussy for me?"

"I don't know, sweetie."

"Take my penis and use it to play with yourself, just like my finger or my tongue."

"We shouldn't risk it," she said even as her hand wrapped around my stiff cock. I leaned in closer as she guided my dick toward her clit. The tip of my penis made contact with her pussy, and it was like an electric shock raced through me. She

slowly stroked me, putting pressure against her clit with each pull.

"That feels really good, Mom."

"It's good for Mommy, too. But it's so wrong to rub my son's cock against my pussy like this."

"I love you so much," I whispered in her ear.

"Oh, honey, I love you, too. I want you to suck my titties while I masturbate myself on your penis. Will you do that for Mommy?" I moved back to her breasts and returned to sucking her nipples, a bit more firmly this time. I felt her move her other hand down between her legs to spread her pussy lips wide open. She pressed the head of my cock directly against her hard clit.

She ran my cock around her stiff nub in slow circles that got smaller and smaller, until she was pressing herself against the

underside of the tip of my penis. I wasn't sure what she was doing, then I felt her squeeze the head of my cock with her finger and thumb. She pulled my cock toward her and I felt the stiffness of her clit up against my pee-hole. Mom nudged herself forward the tiniest bit, and I was pretty sure she was essentially fucking my cock hole with her clit. How does this woman dream up this stuff?

"Don't move, sweetie," she whispered. "Mommy's going to come. Mommy's fucking your penis with her clitty and it's going to make me come." She groaned and pressed against me and orgasmed with a quiet intensity. She held her breath and pulled my cock tighter against her clit then relaxed. "Oh, my, that was amazing."

"That was incredible, Mom," I said. "But I think it's getting a little dry down there for me." She reflexively dipped my cock down to her drenched hole and swirled the head of my dick around there, then moved it back to her clit.

"Mmm, that felt nice down there."

"Don't get any funny ideas, mister," Mom warned.

"Can you just do that again, but a little slower this time."

"You're really pushing your luck, young man." Once again, her words didn't match up with her actions as she slid my cock back down to the opening of her vagina. Once there she played it across her pussy hole, obviously delighting in the sensation.

"Mom, your pussy feels so soft," I said. "Can you put it inside just a little bit?"

"No, sweetie," she insisted. "You can't fuck Mommy's pussy."

"I don't mean that. I mean just put it in once, only a little bit, then you can take it right out."

"I can't let my son put his penis inside me."

"Please, Mommy," I pleaded. "It's been so long since you've had a penis inside you."

"It has been a long time."

"And you've always wanted to feel my hard cock in you, haven't you?"

"Yes. But, I can't. It's wrong for a mother to put her son's penis inside her pussy."

"It's what we both want," I pressed. "Just once, only for a second."

"Oh, dear, I knew this was going to happen," she moaned. "Just once, but then we have to do something different. Promise?"

"I promise."

She once again guided me toward the opening of her pussy. She teased the head of my cock around her hole, before nestling it into place.

"Just this once," she murmured and pulled my cock inside her. My every sense was suddenly alert to each minute experience. I could see my mom's expression transform from guilt-ridden shame to unbridled fulfillment. The pungent scent of her sex became almost overpowering. The taste of her sweat was still on my tongue. I could hear a deep groan of sweet release building in her chest as her darkest desire was finally being realized. And the feeling.

It was unlike anything I'd ever experienced. It was more than the sensation of my cock sliding into a slick pussy hole. This was my own mother's pussy. This was the woman that my very first sexual fantasies were built around. I masturbated every night hoping she would catch me, tell me it was okay, and explain that it was normal for everyone to play with

themselves. She'd confess that even she touched herself down there, and she would show me how girls masturbated.

It had all come true. This was the very moment that the final boundary finally collapsed. I resisted the urge to thrust into her and allowed my mother to control the gradual penetration of my cock into her vagina. I felt the muscles of her pussy spasm and contract around my shaft. I was about halfway in, and Mom's hand around my cock prevented me from going any further. She let go and put both hands on my ass, applying only the barest amount of pressure.

"Keep going, sweetie," she whispered, keeping her eyes closed. "Put it all the way in. It's okay, I want you to." I eased myself forward, unable to comprehend how each millimeter I slid deeper into my mother could be even more spectacular than the one before. It was several long, glorious moments before I was completely inside her.

"You feel incredible, Mom."

"Oh, God, what have I done?" she groaned. "My son's penis is deep inside my pussy, and it's so good. I shouldn't have let this happen. I'm a filthy, perverted whore."

"Don't say that, Mom," I said to her. "We love each other so much."

"It's still wrong, sweetie. I'm such a bad mother. I know it's wrong, but your cock feels so good. It's almost like it belongs inside me."

"It does, Mom. This is right. For us."

She opened her watery eyes and we looked unflinchingly at each other in the harsh light of that rundown motel room. She searched deep within me for something beyond my words. She must have discovered what she was looking for, because she slid her hands up and pulled my head down to hers and kissed me. Not a lust-driven kiss like earlier, but a gentle kiss of surrender.

"Make love to me," Mom whispered.

"Are you sure?" I asked. She responded by wrapping her legs around my waist.

"Mommy wants her little boy to fuck her good and hard. Can you do that for me?"

I smiled and made my first thrust. I saw actual goosebumps rise up along my mom's arm and was sure this is what she truly wanted. I began slowly, pulling almost all the way out and then pushing in as far as I was able. My cock glided effortlessly between the slick walls of my mother's wet pussy.

"Oh, my baby's cock feels so nice inside me. You fuck Mommy so good." Her hands roamed across my back and shoulders, up through my hair, then back down again to my ass. I kept my pace slow, partly for her pleasure, but mostly to keep from coming too fast. She rolled her hips with each

deliberate thrust as we moved in unison. "Do you like fucking your Mommy?"

"I love it," I responded.

"Your big cock makes Mommy's cunt so wet." I speeded up just a little, and Mom matched my pace without missing a beat. "I can't believe my own son is fucking me like this. My son is fucking his mother's nasty pussy with his dirty penis."

"That's right, Mommy," I said and shifted from a smooth rhythm to a hard thrust. "I'm fucking you just like you always wanted." The sound of my balls slapping against her ass could now be clearly heard.

"Yes. I always wanted to spread my legs for you, sweetie. Mommy loves her baby's cock and now it's finally inside me! I'm a whore for my son."

"That's what you want to be, Mom? You want to be a whore for me?"

"Yes," she gasped.

I lifted myself up off of her onto my knees, being sure that my cock never left her pussy. I grabbed a hold of her ankles and held them up and moved them apart, spreading Mom's legs wide in the air.

"Then I want you to fuck me like a whore, Mom!" I began pounding into her from this position hard and fast. She reached up and grabbed onto the headboard so she could better push back against my thrusts. From up here I could look down on my mom's sweat-soaked body. Her tits shifted loosely up and down as smooth as pudding each time I slammed into her. I was able to see my cock, covered in Mom's juices, pumping in and out of her hairy muff.

"Oh, yes, you fuck me so good. Fuck my cunt, baby, fuck my big cunt hole!" she cried. I could tell by that look on her face she was about to come.

"Is Mommy going to come like a whore now?"

"Yes, sweetie, Mommy's going to come right on your hard cock."

"I'm going to come with you."

"No! Sweetie, you can't come inside me," she pleaded without letting up on my cock at all. "Please, honey, don't come inside my pussy."

"We're going to come together, Mom."

"No, please. Come on my tits, or come on my face, not inside me. I don't want my baby to shoot his sperm in his mommy."

"I have to, Mom. Please let me come inside you."

"Don't," she whimpered, "come in me."

I let her legs down and hunched over her. She lifted her hips up off the bed and fucked me as hard as she could. I instinctively leaned down and caught one of her nipples in my mouth and sucked it hard as I continued to pound into Mom's convulsing pussy.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," she panted. "Go ahead, baby! Shoot it inside me! Come in Mommy's pussy! I want to feel your cum inside me!"

With that she surged her crotch against me and began to orgasm. I couldn't hold back any longer and I finally let loose. My balls clenched tight and I could feel spurt after spurt of semen shoot deep into my mother's cunt. She thrashed on the bed screaming out with no concern for who might hear.

"Keep going, I'm going to come again," she begged desperately and grabbed onto my ass pulling me hard into her. I jammed my cock into her faster and faster. "Yes, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me," she chanted deliriously as she humped my cock with single-minded intensity until her body was taken over by an even stronger orgasm.

She fell back, her body seemingly sapped of all strength. Hair was plastered across her damp face, and she labored to catch her breath. The smell of her sweat and her cunt filled the room with an intoxicating bouquet. I stayed where I was, not wanting to pull my cock out of Mom's pussy, and tried to absorb the reality of what had just happened.

"C'mere, baby," she eventually spoke up. "Mommy wants to clean your dirty penis." I reluctantly pulled out of her swollen pussy and moved to her side. She leaned over and sniffed my soaked cock, then began licking and sucking our mingled cum from it. I fondled her breasts as she worked to clean my cock and balls with her mouth.

"That's better," she said when she was satisfied. She then lay back and opened her legs. "Now it's your turn to clean Mommy's dirty place." I moved down between her thighs and watched as she first cupped her hand just beneath her hole. She flexed and a glob of my cum oozed out of her. She caught it in her hand and brought it straight to her mouth and let it flow onto her tongue before swallowing it all. "Go ahead, sweetie," she cooed. "Clean up the rest of your naughty mess from Mommy's pussy."

I licked and sucked Mom's sloppy cunt until it was almost clean again. The whole time she wiggled and squirmed under my mouth. By the time I was done, I was ready for another round. I climbed back on top of Mom and prepared to slip my cock back inside her.

"Wait, sweetie, we said it would just be the one time. You promised me."

"Actually, that wasn't exactly what we were agreeing to."

"I know," she admitted biting her lip. "But it should only be just that one time."

"If that's what you really want," I sighed. "We could just spend the rest of the night masturbating with each other."

"I think maybe that would be better," she agreed. "Please, don't hate me for being so silly about this."

"I couldn't hate you if I tried, Mom," I told her truthfully. "I'm just happy we got at least one chance to be together like that."

"Me, too, sweetie," she said with relief. "Thanks for understanding."

We moved so that we were sitting across from one another on the bed. Mom spread her pussy open with one hand, and began fingering herself with the other, making sure I had a good view. I half-heartedly stroked my cock. Despite my

disappointment, I was still enthralled by my mom's exposed pussy. We watched each other play with ourselves like that comfortably for several minutes.

"What are you thinking about, sweetie," Mom asked in a husky voice.

"I'm thinking about how wonderful it felt to make love with you," I said. "What about you?"

"I'm thinking about how nice it was to finally have a real man fuck me like I always wanted."

We lapsed back into silence and continued to diddle ourselves without either of us really being fully committed. Mom finally sighed.

"This just isn't working," she declared, then got up and turned off all but one light. It looked like maybe it was all over and we were going to sleep.

She climbed back into bed, then surprised me by getting on all fours in front of me. She looked back over her shoulder and gave me a wiggle of her ass.

"Are you going to play with yourself all night, or give your poor, old mom another good fucking?"

I grinned wide and was balls deep in my mother's cunt once again within seconds. We went at it like animals for the rest of the night. Doggie-style, her on top, from the side, in the chair, on the filthy carpet, and in the shower. Just before dawn we were both almost completely fucked-out. I was shooting blanks by then, and Mom's pussy was looking red and sore. Despite all this, we still found barely enough energy to make slow, intimate love one last time as the new day came upon us.

I was able to get just hard enough to penetrate Mom's almost painfully sensitive pussy. I lay atop her and we kissed long and soft as our bodies moved in graceful tandem. We both

managed to eke out one final orgasm from each other. There were no fireworks that time. No exploding rapture, or gushing fluids, or heaving anything. Just the barest sensation of pleasant release in the arms of someone who you know loves you more deeply than it's possible for any other person to love you.

Chapter 6

Mom and I had spent the whole night fucking and didn't get any sleep at all. The people at her new job called only about five minutes after I pulled my limp, exhausted cock out of her raw pussy. She was on the phone finalizing her travel arrangements with them, as I headed for the bathroom rubbing my bleary eyes. The scent of Mom's pussy was strong on my fingers.

I splashed a several handfuls of cold water onto my face, then stood naked in front of the toilet and began to pee. It was one of those thick, hard streams that felt so good to release. I heard a noise at the door and looked over to find Mom watching

me. She had on a t-shirt, but no panties. I could see a hint of her luscious pubic hair peeking out at the bottom edge of the shirt. Her face displayed an expression of strange fascination as she seemed unable to look away from my pissing cock.

"Don't tell me you're into golden showers," I teased. Startled, she looked up at me with a blush and for some reason tugged her shirt down to hide her pussy from me. This, of course, had the effect of pulling the shirt tighter against her large breasts and making her nipples stand out all the more.

"Don't be disgusting," she grimaced. "We have to pick up the rental car, so we need to get going." As she spoke her eyes dropped back down and she didn't leave until I had finished my last squirt. When she turned to go I caught the briefest glimpse of Mom's bare ass. Absolutely adorable.

It took a while for us to get packed up and on the road, but we were finally on the highway and headed for Texas. I was

feeling pretty low after leaving that filthy little motel room where Mom and I had shared some of the most intimate experiences I've ever known. I actually got a lump in my throat as I closed the door for the last time. I wondered if it was really all in the past now between us.

"I know you don't want to hear this, sweetie," Mom said not taking her eyes off the road as she drove. "But we need to talk." I had been expecting this, so I didn't put up my usual resistance.

"I hope it's about how you've changed your mind."

"I'm sorry, honey, but no." She bit her lip as she composed her next words. "I'll never forget last night, or any of our other nights we played together. It was a dream come true for me, but that's all over now. We are back to the way things were before. Back to our old selves. Right?"

"You say that's what you want," I replied after some hesitation.

"It is what a want," she said with a strained sadness in her voice

"But I don't want to go back to before. I love you, and I love the things we do together."

"I know. And this is just as hard for me, but as a parent I can't let that go on between us any more. Please tell me you understand."

I could see Mom's hands gripping the steering wheel too tightly. She was doing everything she could to keep from crying. My own guilty feelings surfaced as I looked at her. I wasn't ashamed of the things we'd done together, but rather that I was taking advantage of her. Over the past weeks I had learned something about the secret fantasies she had always had about me, and I now knew how she was seemingly unable to resist her own sexual passions. I had been taking advantage of that. I'd been using my sweet mother's inability to resist her darkest urges. I had turned it to my advantage in order to take

my own pleasure from her, and satisfy my perverse desires. She deserved better from her own son.

"I understand completely, Mom," I finally affirmed. "From now on we're just a normal mother and son, with some very happy memories of a special time we shared."

"Thank you, dear," she almost sobbed, wiping a stray tear from her cheek. "That means so much to me."

We had stopped for coffee three times, but I was still falling asleep at the wheel--and it wasn't even much past lunchtime. My head nodded and I jumped back to alertness jerking the car into our lane before having drifted too far. Startled by the swerve, Mom jolted awake in the seat next to me.

"Okay, that's it," she announced. "We're going to kill ourselves if we don't stop. Let's find a room and get some rest."

I pulled off at the next exit and one of those big, chain hotels was sitting right there. It was all clean and stylish, and something about it totally pissed me off.

"That looks nice," Mom said tentatively. "But it might be too expensive. Let's see what else there is."

This struck me as odd since I was pretty sure her new company was footing the bill as part of her relocation package. My brain felt like it was full of cotton, so I didn't give it much thought and headed on down the road. After a few miles we approached a small roadside motel and Mom perked up.

"Let's try there," she pointed. It wasn't as bad as the flophouse we were at before, but it would take a hefty bribe for someone to rate this place even one star. I pulled in and Mom ran in to get the room. I wondered if she was really being thrifty, or if she was trying to hold onto something we left behind at our last motel. I pushed the thought from my head.

Once in the room, I was disappointed to find two beds. It was clean enough (if you didn't look too closely), but had the funky odor of Lysol and old sex. This room had seen more than its share of one night stands, but at least it didn't have a gang of hookers lurking outside like the last place.

"Wake me up for dinner," Mom said as she immediately collapsed onto the closest bed, not even bothering to get under the covers. I followed her lead and conked out on the other bed in a matter of seconds.

When I awoke, I saw Mom curled up on her bed in nothing but a white bra and blue cotton underwear. Her pants and shirt had been cast off onto the floor between the beds. Her back was to me and I had a good view of her ample backside, only partially covered by her snug panties. As I gazed at her lovely bottom, I decided I would have to buy her some thongs as soon as I got a chance. I quietly got out of bed and tiptoed around to the other side of her bed.

Her knees were drawn up and she had one hand tucked between her thighs, only inches away from her crotch. Mom's beautiful breasts were spilling over the top of her bra. I could make out the shaded circles of her wide nipples through the fabric. My cock grew hard in my pants, and I instinctively began to rub it.

I wanted so badly to touch my mom right then. I wanted to feel her, and taste her, and love her. My eyes ran hungrily over her every fleshy curve and up to her peaceful face. I thought about how her soft cheek had felt against my cock. How those lips had glided up and down my hard shaft. How her hair tickled my skin every time she licked the spent semen from the tip of my penis. I wanted so badly to cuddle up behind her and ease my cock into her welcoming, wet pussy. But I knew I couldn't do that to her. She was counting on me to respect her rules.

But, I wondered, what if she didn't know? I could pull my cock out and stroke it quietly while looking at her smooth hips, and bare legs, and full breasts. If I was careful, I could masturbate only inches from her sweet face and soft lips. It wouldn't be

any different than how she used to masturbate over me all those years ago. And it wouldn't technically violate our agreement if she wasn't a willing participant, would it?

I reached for my zipper, but she began to stir. I turned to hide my bulge from her, and pretended to be going to the window to check outside as her eyes opened.

"Wake up, Mom," I said, hoping to sound nonchalant. "We slept past dinner."

"Oh, my," she declared. "Oops, don't look, honey, I'm not dressed." I couldn't help but smile at this. Less than twenty-four hours ago she had been squatting naked over my face with my tongue buried in her pussy, and now she was worried about me seeing her in her underwear.

You had to love this crazy woman.

We ate at an all-night pancake joint, then went back to the room. Mom changed into her PJs in the bathroom, while I stripped down to boxers and a t-shirt. We each climbed into our own bed and watched TV.

"Can you see all right from over there?" Mom asked after a bit.

"It's okay," I answered noncommittally.

"Why don't you come over here so you can see better?" I was happy to oblige and got under the covers with her. We lay comfortably against one another and watched some old rerun of a detective show. Mom absently ran her fingers through my hair sending tingles across my skin, and I had to force myself to keep my hands from her tempting body. She shifted, stretched her back, then rubbed the insides of her thighs.

"Geez," she groaned, "This old body is feeling the effects from last night. Everything is sore."

"Want a massage?" I offered.

"Oh, no," she chuckled. "You'd get all excited, which would get me going, and before you know it we'd be misbehaving again. Thanks, sweetie, but I can tough it out."

When the show ended Mom flicked off the TV. She gave me a peck on the cheek, then scooted me out of her bed. She had forgotten to turn off the bathroom light, so the room remained dimly lit.

We settled in for sleep, but it had only been a few hours since our nap, so I wasn't remotely tired yet. I wondered if Mom had any other steamy confessions to share.

"Mom?" I whispered. "Can I ask you something?"

"Sure, honey, what is it?" She rolled onto her side so we were looking at each other across the narrow gulf between our beds.

"Did you ever masturbate in front of anyone else?"

"Sweetie, please don't," she pleaded.

"It's just talk," I explained innocently. "No harm in that, is there?" She chewed it over for a few moments before reluctantly responding.

"Well, yes, I did once."

"With Dad?"

"Heavens, no!" she scoffed. "Even if he would have been interested, I was always too ashamed and embarrassed to touch myself in front of a man. Your grandma made sure of that."

"So I was the first guy you ever masturbated with?"

"That's right, sweetie," she said with a fond smile. "I had been fantasizing about it for years, but since I was a little girl it had been drilled into me that touching yourself was so disgraceful and disgusting that it still took a lot of nerve for me to do it in the same room as you, much less get comfortable enough to let you watch me with the lights on."

"I'm glad we were able to share that together," I said with a tinge of remorse.

"Me, too," Mom whispered, letting the moment linger as we each conjured memories of our recent intimacies. "But I might have never been able to do it if it wasn't for this one experience."

"C'mon, Mom," I begged. "Tell me, already."

"It was last year and you were away at school. Your father took me out to a fancy restaurant for our anniversary. I had a super-sexy new dress, and a pair of fuck-me heels that that could have put Viagra out of business."

"You must've had Dad creaming in his pants."

"Hardly," Mom said, rolling her eyes. "He thought I was showing off too much boob, and kept trying to get me to put on a wrap to hide myself. But at the restaurant, there was someone who did notice me, and seemed to appreciate all my efforts to look hot that night."

"Another guy?"

"Nope. She had long, silky auburn hair, and the greenest eyes I'd ever seen. She couldn't have been more than twenty-five or so, and had on a pretty, white off-the-shoulder blouse and a skin-tight red skirt. Even from across the room I could tell she wasn't wearing a bra."

"And she was checking you out?" I asked eager for more details.

Every time I glanced her way I noticed she was looking at me. And this was no casual look, she was definitely having bad thoughts about me and my dress. Before the meal came I excused myself to the ladies room. Just as I sat down in there to do my business, someone came in and took the handicap stall next to me."

"Was it her?"

"If you want to hear your bedtime story, stop interrupting and let me tell it," she scolded in her most motherly tone. "I didn't know who it was, but it quickly became obvious that she wasn't in there to pee. Before I'd even finished going, I could hear her moaning. I was ready to run back to the table, but then I heard her slapping herself down there--at least that's what it sounded like to me."

"I got a tingle between my legs, and before I knew it I was touching myself as I listened to her masturbating. I couldn't believe I was sitting in a public bathroom doing that. After a minute she must've heard my pussy. You know how noisy it can get when I'm good and wet."

I nodded, and wondered if Mom would be able to tell if I started stroking myself.

"So, anyway, I hear her say, 'You got me so turned-on with that sexy dress that I couldn't wait to get myself off.' She had a proper-sounding British accent that made me melt. I was too shocked to even speak. Then she said something like, 'Do I hear you taking care of yourself over there?' I think I said yes, but I was so keyed up I can't really remember."

"It was so filthy and exciting. Then she says, 'Come over here with me, love.' I didn't know what to do and asked 'Why?' She told me, 'I want to look at you when I'm coming.'"

"It was unreal, like I was outside my body watching myself get up and go into the next stall with her. She was sitting on the toilet with her top down. She had small titties that came to cute little pink points. Her skirt was pulled up and her panties were down past her knees. She was even pierced down there, you know? With a gold ring right by her clitty. She was yanking on the ring with one hand and touching herself with the other."

I could tell by the husky deepening of Mom's voice that she was getting worked up telling her story.

"She told me to show her my breasts and I whipped them out without even thinking about it. I just stood there with my tits hanging out of my dress, watching this girl rub her pussy getting more and more turned on by the second. When I couldn't take it anymore, I put my hand down inside my pantyhose and started fingering myself."

"As soon as I did that someone came in. We both stopped and tried to stay quiet. The other lady began to pee, and the girl

went back to masturbating as soon as she heard that. I was too petrified to move until the lady left. The second the door closed we both started frigging ourselves like crazy. She kept slapping her pussy really hard and came first while staring at my big titties bouncing all over the place. She must have been one of those girls that squirts, because she just started gushing. Most of it went into the toilet, but some squirted onto the floor, and a little splashed onto my foot."

"For whatever reason, that sent me over the edge. I stood there in front of that gorgeous girl spreading her legs for me, with my fingers buried in my puss, and made myself come like mad. She put herself together in a snap while I was still trying to gather my wits. She kissed me full on the lips and told me to save room for dessert, then left."

Mom was certainly full of surprises these days!

"And that's why you were able to masturbate with me?" I finally sputtered.

"I figured if I could do that with a strange woman in a public ladies room, I should be able to get off with my own son in a dark motel room."

"Did you go back for dessert and lick her puss--"

"Okay," she interrupted. "I know it's just talk but we really shouldn't be doing this. Let's try to forget about all that stuff and get to sleep now."

"All right," I pouted, truly disappointed, but not wanting to risk pushing it that night.

"Can you turn off the bathroom light for me, sweetie?" she asked. I got up and switched it off, leaving the room almost completely dark, and climbed back into bed.

"Night, Mom."

"Night, darling. Sweet dreams."

But I couldn't forget about 'all that stuff.' Just the idea of my mom masturbating with a strange woman in a public toilet was such a turn on. I wished it hadn't taken me so long to discover what a sexual animal she really was. I found myself stuck with a real predicament.

After that conversation, I absolutely had to jerk off, and soon. I knew I shouldn't do it there in bed. If I went to the bathroom, Mom would figure out what I was up to and probably get upset. I couldn't very well go out to the car and whack it, but that was becoming a definite possibility. Before I sorted out how to relieve myself, I thought I heard a familiar noise coming from Mom's bed.

"Mom? Are you playing?" I whispered and the faint noise suddenly stopped.

"No," she answered haltingly. "I'm trying to get to sleep."

"Sorry," I apologized, but wasn't convinced. I stayed quiet and listened intently. There was nothing for at least five minutes or so. I couldn't hear a thing, but I then I thought I noticed her breathing change very subtly. It may have only been my hopeful imagination, but I was pretty sure she was up to something.

There was just a sliver of moonlight coming in past the edge of the curtain, but that was enough for me to catch the motion of Mom slowly parting her legs. No matter how careful she was trying to be, I was sure of it then.

"I know you're masturbating over there, Mom," I whispered again.

"Never mind what I'm doing," she whispered back. "Go to sleep."

"If you're going to play with yourself, then I should be able to jerk off, too."

"No, we're not doing that anymore."

"But we're still cooped up in one room, and we both obviously still have urges, so like you said way back in the first place, it's kind of silly not to."

"No, honey, please," she begged. "We can't let this start all over again. We need to have some self-control--like two responsible, grown adults."

"Fine, whatever," I grumped. I figured I'd just have to wait for her to fall asleep and creep off to the bathroom and blow my load into the sink. As I thought about it I realized I shouldn't be mad at my mother. It probably was my overactive imagination making more out of her every little sound and movement. She might not have been touching herself at all. Even so, I didn't know how long I would be able to wait for her to fall asleep before I couldn't resist jerking myself.

That's when I heard a tiny, breathy moan from my mom's bed. This was followed by the unmistakable sound of her fingers working in and out of her wet pussy, muffled only slightly by her blanket. She was going to drive me nuts with these head games.

As best as I could figure, she wanted us to maintain some sort of shared fiction that everything was normal between us. But in actuality, she couldn't completely deny her true desires. If that was how she had to have it, I'd play along.

I pushed my covers aside and began stroking my aching cock. I jerked myself so that my hand slapped lightly against my balls on the down stroke to be sure Mom knew what I was doing. She must have noticed, because she pulled her blanket aside as well, and I could clearly hear the moist squelching sound of her hand between her legs, punctuated occasionally by the sound her slapping her pussy just like the girl from the ladies room. This was better than nothing, I decided, and took pleasure from the fact that Mom and I were once again masturbating together.

"My pussy feels so good," Mom said in barely a whisper. "It's so nice to touch myself and think about when my little boy's cock was inside me."

That had me a little confused and I wasn't sure if I should say anything, or more to the point, if I she wanted me to hop on top of her and fuck her. Then I realized that she wasn't actually talking to me, but rather to herself. Another of her tricks to keep things separate in her mind?

"I loved watching my boy stroke his big cock for me, and his cum tasted so good when he squirted in my mouth," she continued, but just a little louder than a whisper. I was pretty sure I had it figured out.

"My cock gets so hard when I think about my mom's naked body," I tried. I heard another little moan, so I was apparently on the right track. "I wish I was sucking on her big nipples right now, and licking her hot pussy while I jack off my hard cock."

"It felt so good to fuck my son. I'm going to make myself come while I think about his beautiful cock in my mouth." She wasn't holding back any longer. I could hear the bedsprings creaking as the pace of her fingers quickened and she began thrusting. I couldn't hold back much longer myself.

"My mom is so sexy, I want to come all over her face, and her mouth, and her tits. I want my mom to spread her pussy again for me."

"I want my baby's tongue on my asshole. I want him to lick my ass while I finger fuck my big, hairy cunt right in front of him."

At that moment, we each succumbed to our own orgasms. Mom moaned and twisted in the bed next to me, while I heaved myself upward and shot a spurt of cum onto the center of my chest. As we recovered I waited, hoping she would invite me to her bed.

"I suppose you forgot a towel again?" she eventually asked.

"Um, yeah."

"You can use these to clean up." She tossed something through the dark to me and it landed on my arm. It was the now damp pair of panties she had worn to bed. I couldn't help but take a whiff of their pungent aroma before wiping up my semen with her silky undergarment. I tossed them onto the floor, and had the sense that was going to be the extent of our game for the night.

I would have to be satisfied with whatever she was willing to give. At least I was relaxed enough to finally fall asleep.

Mom was up early, and shook me awake.

"I want to get a quick start today," she said. "While I'm in the shower why don't you go down to the gas station to fill up and get us a couple of coffees."

It seemed like a lot of unnecessary trouble, but I was too out of it to argue. I pulled on my jeans, grabbed the keys and headed out. Just as I got to the exit of the motel, I realized I didn't have my wallet, so I turned the car around and went back to the room.

As I was about to slip the key into the door of our room, I heard my mom's voice inside. I knew from her lusty tone that she wasn't on the phone. She was at it again. That woman was ridiculously insatiable. I debated what to do next.

Obviously she sent me off on this silly errand so she could have some privacy. And while I knew I should probably respect that, I also knew that I desperately wanted to "accidentally" catch her in the act. I didn't expect for it to lead to anything, but maybe it would help her to give up on the

frustrating idea of us being normal again. I very quietly unlocked the door and eased it open.

Mom was naked on my unmade bed. She was up on all fours with her ass angled toward me at the door. I could see her hand rubbing slowly between her legs.

"Mmm, that's so good," she said to herself, oblivious to my stealthy entrance. She was leaning down and I couldn't quite see what she was doing, so I stepped cautiously into the room to get a better view. "I want it all over my face, baby."

I saw the object of her attention. Her soiled panties that I had used to clean up my spunk were laid out on the pillow in front of her. She was sniffing them and rubbing her face on them as she masturbated.

"Mommy likes the smell of her baby's cum," she cooed. "I'm such a nasty whore for sniffing my little boy's cum." Her ass wiggled as she spread her knees wider apart and she slid two fingers into her pussy.

I suddenly felt awful for invading her privacy like this, but just as I had decided to sneak back out I saw her reach out with her tongue and lick her own dirty panties.

"I can taste his naughty cum," she whimpered, and started licking and sucking the silky material searching for more traces of my semen from last night. "Mommy wants to eat her own son's sweet cum."

Right then two screaming brats ran past the room and Mom's head whipped around. I quickly closed the door, and couldn't help but wonder if either of the kids got a peek at my mom's wide open ass.

Her face was an expression of anger and embarrassment. She moved quickly to shove the panties out of sight, while at the same time pulling the sheets up to cover her nakedness.

"God dammit!" she screamed. "Can't I get a moment to myself, for fuck's sake!"

"I'm sorry, Mom," I sputtered feeling as low as ever. "I didn't mean to, I just forgot my wallet, and..." I didn't know what to say next because she had covered her face with her hands was starting to cry. I went to her side in hopes of comforting her, but half expecting her to smack me instead.

"I don't want you to see me doing the filthy things that I do anymore. A son shouldn't know all his mother's dirty secrets. I'm so horrible..."

"It's okay, Mom," I said softly. "Why can't you just accept that I love you, and there's absolutely nothing you can do that would make me think less of you."

"I don't know what's wrong with me," she sobbed. "I'm like some kind of depraved sex addict, or something. I resisted the temptation for so many years, and now I can't go even one day without taking advantage of my only son."

"You? Taking advantage of me?"

"You have no idea how my sick mind works, sweetie," the tears were slowing, but she was still despondent. "I could tell that you were trying to be so good last night and I couldn't stop myself from tempting you into masturbating with me. Then I purposely had you use my panties so I could..."

"...taste my cum again?"

"You saw me doing that?" she asked humiliated. I nodded.

"But I don't care," I assured her. "In fact, I'm kind of flattered."

"You're flattered by seeing your own mother lick your dried cum off her dirty panties while she masturbates like a demented whore? You might just be more fucked up than me, darling." She couldn't help but laugh despite herself.

"I probably am," I smiled. "In fact, if it makes you feel any better, I almost jerked off on your face yesterday while you were taking a nap."

"Really? That's so sweet, honey," she said without any hint of sarcasm.

"This would all be so much easier for both of us if you could just stop feeling ashamed," I insisted more forcefully than I have in the past. "The rest of the world doesn't matter, it's just you and me. That's all we need to care about."

"I've tried to get past the shame, sweetie, and I wish it was that simple. But there's a reason that what we're doing is considered so wrong. I know it all feels good now, but we can't live normal lives acting this way."

"If given a choice between normal and making love with my sexy mom, I'll choose you every time."

"Oh, God," she sighed. "I'm so confused." She shook her head, trying to settle her thoughts into some semblance of order. I let her think without interrupting. "Well, we are going to be on the road together for a little while, which means our situation is really no different than when we were back at Motel Sleaze over the past couple weeks."

"Same thing really. No privacy, tight quarters..." I encouraged her line of thought.

"Okay, I guess I do need to make some allowances. But I can't switch off my guilty feelings just like that. We're going to have to maintain some kind of balance, you know? Keep things in perspective."

"That seems reasonable," I agreed. "I will respect whatever limits you're comfortable with, but only if you promise to not be ashamed of what we share together."

"I'll do my best, sweetie, but you'll have to be patient with me."
She leaned over and wrapped me in a tight hug. I returned it,

feeling like we might actually be back on an even keel. When we parted, the sheet Mom was hiding behind dropped away revealing her breasts.

"Boy, have I missed those babies!" I whooped. She covered up with one arm and gave me a playful smack on the shoulder.

"Don't get fresh, mister." Her smile faded and she became serious again. "This is only until we get to our new home. We don't have a choice, it absolutely has to end there."

"Okay, Mom," I agreed, sensing a genuine sadness within her. There was an awkward moment of silence between us. "I guess I should let you have some privacy now."

"Thanks, sweetie, I would like that."

I retrieved my wallet and, as I turned to go, I saw her pull the dirty panties out from hiding and turn them over in her hands with a forlorn look in her eye.

"Do...do you want me to, ah...freshen those up for you?" I said as my hand went to my crotch. She looked up at me with her big brown eyes and just nodded once, too embarrassed to say what she wanted--what she needed--out loud.

I took my cock out of my pants and it was hard by the time I got to her side. She knelt in front of me on the bed and held the panties under my penis as I jerked off. Mom didn't say a word while she longingly watched me milk my cock in front of her. I stared at her huge, naked tits only inches away from my face as I stroked myself.

It took less than a minute for me to shoot a gob of semen onto her panties, followed by a spattering of droplets. She looked at the gooey remnants on the tip of my cock and visibly held herself back from licking me clean.

"Thanks, honey," she said demurely and waited for me to tuck my hard-on away and head out. I turned and looked back just before the door closed and saw her on all fours again like

when I had first come in, rubbing her face all over the freshly defiled panties.

Damn how I loved that woman.

Chapter 7

Mom and I were on the road, and feeling like we didn't have a care in the world. Mom was at the wheel and in good spirits after some alone time, and a nice long shower. We talked and joked to pass the miles. Then she found an 80s music station on the radio and tortured me with it for over an hour as she sang along with her favorite tunes. I had to resort to underhanded tactics to end the agony.

"Do you still have those red crotchless panties?" I asked over the music.

"How do you know about those?"

"When you were out of the house I would snoop in your bedroom. I found them down at the bottom of your panty drawer once."

"And what were you doing in my panty drawer, young man?" she inquired, turning down the volume. Success!

"I used to like to look at them, and touch them, and...rub them on myself."

"And smell them?" she prompted. I wasn't sure how much I wanted to reveal. "Don't be shy, sweetie, you can tell me."

"Yes. I would sniff them, and sometimes...put them on."

"My son is a cross-dresser?" she giggled. "I knew you had a thing for my underwear, but I didn't know you were prancing around the house in my panties!"

"I didn't prance!" I objected. "...much." We both had to laugh at that. "How did you know I had a 'thing'?"

"Sometimes, when I was cleaning your room, I'd find a pair of my used panties from the hamper crumpled up and stuffed way back under your mattress. They would be all crusty and smelly with your dried sperm."

"You knew about that and never said anything?"

"I thought it was kind of cute. Whenever I found a pair like that I couldn't help playing with myself right then and there. Imagining you rubbing your little penis off into mommy's dirty panties got me so hot."

"If I'd only known," I mused wistfully. "And, as long as we're on the subject, I found something under your mattress, too, Mom. Your dirty magazine..."

"Geez, I'd forgotten all about that," Mom gasped. "You found it?"

"The 'All Girl Muff Diving Showcase'? Yeah, I found it. At first I figured it had to be Dad's since it was only had girls, but I realized it was always under your side of the bed. Are you into women, too?"

"No, of course not," she deflected. "I mean, sure, I find the female body attractive, but so do most women, I think. It was just something to look at."

"While you masturbated?"

"Don't act like you don't know that I played with myself while looking at those sweet, young things. I'm sure you jerked off to them as much as I did."

"Probably," I said. "But back then I didn't even know girls could masturbate. Dad did a lousy job with my sex talk."

"I'm not surprised," she scoffed. "I don't think he knew girls could masturbate either." She couldn't hold back from laughing, and I couldn't stop myself from joining her.

"I remember one night when he almost caught me with that magazine," she continued. "It was about three in the morning and I had snuck outside with it into the back yard. I went to the far corner and stripped out of my nightie. I lay down on the grass completely naked with my ass up in the air looking at the magazine with a flashlight."

"Outside? Could anyone see you?"

"The neighborhood was asleep, but if anyone looked they might have been able to see me staring at that magazine while I rubbed myself out in open. The cool grass always felt so good on my bare skin--tickly and itchy at the same time. But it was the sensation of freedom, and exposure, and danger all mixed up together that made it so exciting."

"And Dad caught you?"

"Almost," she recalled. "I was out there really going at it, and I saw the kitchen light come on. I was so panicked I couldn't find the switch to turn off the flashlight, so I just pressed it against my naked titty to hide the light."

"Quick thinking," I chuckled.

"There I was kneeling out in the backyard, completely nude with my fingers in my puss, a flashlight between my tits, and a lezzie mag spread out in front of me. How the heck would I have explained that? He looked out the window, but I guess he couldn't see me in the shadows. Then he just went back to bed."

"Holy crap," I was once again amazed by my mom's confessions of her sexual exploits. "Did you play with yourself outside a lot?"

"Maybe once every few weeks for a while there," she reminisced. "But you know how I crazy I can get. The more I did it, the more I pushed the limits. After a while the backyard wasn't exciting enough, so I sneaked into the neighbor's yard and got myself off. I even humped their patio furniture one night."

"You did not."

"Sure did," she said almost proudly. "After that, I got up the nerve to do it in the front yard. I'd lie on my back facing the street with my legs spread wide open and rub myself off like mad. I had to duck into the bushes more than a few times when a car came by. Once it was a police car, and I was sure they were going to find me crouched in the shrubs with my tits hanging out."

"So no one ever saw you?"

"Not that I know of. That's the funny thing, I would have died of embarrassment if I was caught. But I would get wrapped up

in the thrill of it all and do things I would hate myself for later."

"Like what else?"

"The worst was one night--I still can't believe I did this--I went down the street a little ways, by where the Peterson's house was, wearing nothing but a pair of flip flops. Totally, bare-assed naked walking down the street as bold as can be. I was so worked up that night that I didn't even bring anything to cover up with just in case."

"I actually stood directly under the streetlight and masturbated right there on the sidewalk in plain sight. I must've come three or four times in about twenty seconds. Then I came to my senses and ran home, scared silly that someone might have seen. I don't know what would get into me that made me do that stuff."

"I have the wildest, sexiest mom ever.

"You have the most deviant, perverted mom ever."

"That, too," I grinned.

Mom had been driving for several hours, and aside from a little traffic we were making good time. Then she took an unexpected turn.

"Um, Mom?" I piped up. "This highway doesn't take us to Texas."

"Oh, geez," she blurted. "I didn't tell you, did I? We have some time so I thought we could stop and visit Aunt Linda."

"In Arkansas?" I wasn't thrilled. "Will...Rachael be there?"

"No, why?" Mom looked over and then smirked. "Don't tell me you're still embarrassed about that time your father caught you two playing doctor. You are, aren't you?"

"You would be too if you got the humiliating lecture I did."

"I remember that. I was so mad at him for doing that to you. I told him kids are curious and there was no harm in a little innocent exploration. But he wouldn't hear it."

"I never even got my turn to give her a check-up," I groused.

"Aww, poor baby," Mom teased. "Maybe I'll let you give me an exam tomorrow night."

"Why wait? How about tonight?" I waggled my eyebrows at her seductively. She was somehow able to resist my irresistible charm.

"We'll be staying at your aunt's house tonight, so no monkey business."

"Let's just get at a motel then."

"I think we can make it through one night without molesting each other." She bit her lip, unsure. "I hope."

After lunch we switched and I took the wheel. Mom reclined her seat a little and we drove along in comfortable silence. I wanted to reach over and fondle her chest, and maybe slip my hand down her pants, but I didn't want to ruin the good vibe we had going. Maybe if I tried again to get her worked up.

"I really liked your stories about you being an exhibitionist," I said.

"I'm not an exhibitionist!" Mom objected.

"Then what do you call running around naked in public?"

"I wasn't out in public. It was just around the neighborhood. And besides, I haven't done anything like that in years."

"What about the other night? After dinner, in front of the motel?"

"That doesn't count," she argued. "I was drunk."

"Okay," I chided. "If you say so." I didn't say anything for about a minute. "You know, truck drivers can see right down into our car."

"I suppose, but so what?"

"I don't know. Maybe you could give them something to look at," I suggested. Mom lifted her sunglasses and gave me a scandalized look.

"What are you saying?"

"Well, I just think they're hard working guys, you know--the backbone of American industry, and all that--it's the least you can do to brighten their day."

"You want me to flash strangers on the highway? Are you nuts?" She dropped her glasses down into place and lay back.

"Okay, fine, it was just a thought. But I guess if you're chicken..." Mom didn't dignify my challenge with a response.

We lapsed back into silence and I tried to figure out what my next gambit would be. Lost in thought, I was suddenly snapped back to attention by the blare of a truck horn. I looked over to discover that Mom had her top pulled down

and was showing off one of her tits as we passed a trucker. She screamed at the sound of the horn and covered herself back up, laughing wildly.

"I did it!" she squealed. "I flashed him and he saw my titty!"

"And he apparently liked what he saw."

"Oh, my God, that was fun," she babbled, all fired up. "I want to do it again." I spotted another truck ahead and sped up.

"Here's your chance."

"I shouldn't do this, should I? What am I thinking?" she tried to argue herself out of it. "I'm too old to be acting like this." Just as we passed the truck, she grabbed the neckline of her shirt with both hands and pulled it down, dragging her bra with it. Both her huge tits flopped free and she screamed with panicked exhilaration. I honked the horn to get the trucker's attention, and he gave her an enthusiastic thumbs up and a

wave when he got a look of Mom's bared breasts. She blew him a kiss and pulled her shirt back up.

"Wow, Mom, you're a natural at this," I kidded.

"This bra is getting in the way." She leaned forward, "Unhook me." I reached up the back of her shirt, worked the fastener loose, and she did that trick that ended with her pulling her bra out of her sleeve. "There's another one up there."

In fact, I saw a line of trucks forming in the lane to our right and slowing slightly. Apparently her first two victims had gotten word out on the CB radio.

"Coming right up."

Mom waited for me to pull up along side the truck and lifted her shirt over her tits and jiggled them a few times, still accompanying the flash with a girlish scream of delight. This

guy waved and made a jerk off motion with his hand before Mom covered up and we moved past.

"He's going to be thinking about my tits tonight when he whacks off!" she shrieked.

"He won't be the only one! Here's your next trick-or-treater."

"He's getting a treat," she laughed and rolled down the window. She pulled up her shirt and sat up so her tits were almost hanging out of the car, and gave him a quick shake and a bounce. "Ooo, that wind feels awesome on my boobies!" She left the window down, and as we passed the next truck she lifted one of her breasts, licking and then sucking the nipple. That earned her another toot on the horn.

"Show this next guy your coochie, Mom," I egged her on.

"Are you trying to get me arrested?" She checked to see if there were any other cars around, then undid her pants and pulled

them down to her knees. When the next eager trucker appeared she lifted her shirt, squeezing a tit in one hand, and stuck her other hand down inside her black, lace panties. The trucker paced us as best as he could, trying hard not to miss anything and stay on the road at the same time. Mom covered up and gave him a friendly parting wave.

"I am so fucking wet right now," she said. "I can't believe my own son is making me show my pussy to a bunch of dirty truckers." She pulled her panties down just as the next driver came into view. This guy had a big, scraggly beard, and his jaw dropped when he saw my mom expose her huge tits and full bush to him. He enjoyed the show then allowed me to pull ahead so the next guy could get a turn.

"That guy's beard was almost as hairy as your pussy!" I teased.

"Oh, my God. I can't do this any more," Mom said, and I was bummed she was going to stop just when it was really getting good. "I have to come." And with that she turned and lay down so the back of her head was in my lap pressed against my

hard-on. She pulled her shirt up and over her head, then kicked her pants the rest of the way off. She put her bare feet up on the passenger side door, spreading them as wide as space would allow. Her black panties dangled from one of her ankles.

She began fingering herself and immediately the moans of pleasure erupted from her. Mom was basically totally naked and ready to masturbate in front of any truck driver that we happened to pass.

"Play with my tits, honey," she instructed. "Play with Mommies titties while I show my pussy off to the horny truckers. It feels so good to spread my cunt for strange men."

I began fondling Mom's tits, doing my best to watch the road and her at the same time. I pinched and tugged on her nipples just the way she liked. As we approached the next trucker, he held up a digital camera. He snapped a shot and the flash lit up our car.

"Oh, no, did he just take a picture?" Another flash. "He did. That man has pictures of my naked pussy," she said, sounding dismayed. Mom lifted her ass up off the seat and spread her pussy with both hands until another flash came. "That dirty trucker is going to look at his pictures of me spreading my cunt and jerk his cock. He's going to make himself come while he's looking at my nasty pussy."

"That makes two of us," I pointed out.

"Oh, honey, I'm ready to come. I want a stranger to see me come for him," she panted.

We glided up to the next rig. The driver was a good-looking guy in a cowboy hat. Judging by his wide, toothy grin, he was ecstatic to be witnessing the incredible show Mom was putting on.

She lifted herself up again, spread her pussy lips open with one hand, and reached around beneath her with the other and

jammed two fingers into her pussy hole and began fucking herself vigorously.

"Look at my cunt, look at my cunt," she chanted. "Look at my naked cunt coooooomme!" she screamed. The trucker pulled off his hat and leaned out the window like he was going to dive into our car with us.

"Yeeee haaaaw!" he hollered in harmony with Mom's screaming orgasm.

Mom juddered and shook on the seat for several seconds as the pleasure of her orgasm reverberated through her body.

"Oh, God, what did I do?" she groaned hiding her face. She tried to gather her clothes and get herself put back together, but her orgasmic buzz had her confused and disoriented. Two more truckers got an eyeful before she finally got herself sorted out and redressed. She looked up ahead and noticed the line of trucks all waiting for a peek.

"Just get off at the next exit." Her cheeks flushed red. "Why did you let me do that? I am such a slut!"

"You made a lot of guys very happy today, Mom," I told her. "Especially me." She looked at my crotch and saw my raging hard-on trapped in my pants. She grabbed it and squeezed.

"You've been very bad today for talking me into showing off my cunny to strange men, and just for that you're not allowed to come until I say."

"You're grounding me from coming?"

"That's right, young man," she said and squeezed my package harder. "Your penis is grounded until I tell you otherwise. Got it?"

"Yes, ma'am," I surrendered as I veered off the highway onto an exit. She passed her hand under my nose and I could smell her fresh pussy juices.

"And don't think I'm going to make it easy on you," she said and teased a musky finger into my grateful mouth.

We were off the main highway as we worked our way toward Aunt Linda's house. Mom was at driving and I was searching for a radio station playing something other than country music or religious sermons. I gave up and flicked the radio off. I noticed Mom had a peculiar little smile as she gazed at the road ahead.

"What're you thinking?" I asked, rousing her attention.

"Oh...nothing, honey." After a few moments though she fessed-up. "Actually, I was remembering how you licked me...back there."

"If you want, pull over and I'll do it for you again," I offered hopefully.

"Stop that. After my last shameful display, I promised myself I'd behave for the rest of the day."

"Was it true what you said? That no one ever licked you there before? Not even Dad?"

"God, no," she laughed. "His idea of kinky sex was me on top."

"It was the first time I'd ever done that to someone," I admitted.

"Really? You were so good at it. I assumed you had a lot of practice with of all those horny college girls up at school."

"Nah, I was too busy to bother with girls much."

"Too busy to kiss some little coed's hot ass?" Mom scoffed.

"It was nice when you licked me down there, too," I said trying to get off that line of discussion. "Remember? While you were watching me suck my own dick?"

"I remember all right," she said and her eyes seemed to light up. "It was different than I thought it would be. I especially liked putting my finger in you. Did it feel good when Mommy's finger was in your ass?"

"It was awesome. Can we do that again, do you think?"

"We'll see," Mom deferred coyly. "But right now, I need to check on your penis and make sure it's not being bad while it's grounded. Take it out so Mommy can see." I quickly fished

out my already hard cock for Mom to inspect. "Get it all out. Mommy wants to see her baby's big, smooth balls, too."

I reached in and scooped my nuts out of my pants, carefully navigating my scrotum past the teeth of my zipper, and put them on display for my mom. I wrapped my hand around my shaft and began to stroke it.

"No, no," she scolded. "Mommy didn't say you could touch." I let go and just sat there with my cock and balls dangling out while Mom sneaked peeks at it as she drove. "You shave your balls don't you, sweetie?"

"Yeah. All the guys in the pornos do it, so I tried and it felt good."

"I like it, too," she said. "I like the way they feel in my mouth when I suck on them." I could see her squirming in her seat. Her bra was still in the back seat, so it was easy to see her nipples stiffening beneath her shirt as we talked. "So my

naughty little boy watches a lot of x-rated porno movies, does he?"

"Um...not a lot, just a regular amount, I guess." I had spent so much of my life hiding my porno habits from Mom that it seemed strange talking to her about it openly, even with everything else we'd shared recently. She reached over and took my cock, lightly sliding her hand up and down its length.

"And would you play with your hard pee-pee when you watched your dirty movies?"

"Yes."

"You'd play with it until all that nasty sperm came out of your little pee-pee hole?" She circled the tip of her finger over my piss slit as she asked this.

"Yes," I moaned, dying for her to just get on with it and jerk me off. She traced her fingernails down my shaft and tickled my balls, then began fondling them gently.

"My baby is such a pervert," she tsked and returned her hand to the steering wheel. I reached for my cock, crazy with the need to come, but she slapped my hand away. "Did your roommate at school ever catch you playing with yourself?" It took me a moment to focus and form a coherent thought.

"Uh, yeah, once or twice."

"That makes Mommy's pussy tingle just thinking about it. Did you ever catch him?" she probed salaciously.

"All the time. I think he had four brothers, or something, so he wasn't exactly shy about that sort of thing."

"So you saw his penis?" Mom had dropped a hand down between her legs and was pressing it against her crotch. "Tell

me what it looked like," she begged as she continued to rub her pussy through her jeans.

"He wasn't circumcised like me, and it was shorter than mine, but it was fatter and curved a little."

"That sounds like a nice cock. Did you ever jerk off together?" Her hand was up under her shirt, pinching and pulling at each of her nipples in turn. We never did jerk off together, but I knew Mom would like it if I had a story about that and thought about making something up. I decided that honesty would be more of a turn on.

"No...but I wouldn't have minded."

"I would like to see that. My little boy and his friend playing with their naughty hard-ons together." She leaned forward and brushed her nipples against the steering wheel. "Did you ever think about sucking his penis?"

"Maybe," I said. That was something I was barely able to admit to myself, and here I was telling my mom that I thought about what it would be like to give a guy a blowjob. "Is that something you like, Mom?" I asked, still a little weirded out. "You want to see me with another man's penis in my mouth?"

"I sometimes think about you and me sucking someone's cock together when I play with my pussy," she confessed.

"I've never done anything like that before. But...but once, me and my roommate kind of both had sex with a girl at the same time," I revealed.

"Tell me," she panted.

"He was in his room doing some chick while I was studying. He came into my bedroom totally naked with a big, fat hard-on and told me this girl wanted to suck me off while he fucked her."

"What did you do?" She unfastened her pants and pushed her hand down inside. Her driving wasn't too steady at this point, but luckily we were the only ones on the road.

"We went to his room where the girl lying on the bed with her legs spread. She had really big pussy lips that stuck way out, and little tits with tiny nipples, and one of those tattoos on her back, just above her butt."

"She sounds like a nasty slut," Mom said as she worked her pussy inside her pants.

"She was a slut. She got up on her hands and knees, and he got behind her and put his cock in her pussy. Then I took my dick out, and let her suck it."

"She sucked my baby's penis while she was getting fucked from behind? She's such a dirty girl, she had two hard cocks inside her. Did you like fucking her slutty mouth?"

"Yes."

"Did you come in her mouth? Did she eat my little boy's cum like a nasty girl?"

"I squirted in her mouth, but she spit it out into her hand. Then she rubbed it on her own tits and went right back to sucking me."

"Hold the wheel," she suddenly commanded. I grabbed the steering wheel and Mom lunged for my cock. She wrapped her mouth around it, sucking and licking it passionately. "Did she suck as good as your mommy?"

"No," I replied, barely able to steer, talk, and enjoy Mom's mouth all at the same time. "You suck my cock so good, Mom. No one can ever suck me as good as you."

She pushed as far as she could, taking almost my entire length deep into her mouth and on into her throat. The car

accelerated as she tensed in anticipation of her building orgasm. I wanted to be able to focus on nothing by my cock in my mom's mouth, but I couldn't take my attention away from the road.

Mom held my cock like that deep in her throat as she peaked and climaxed, her hand rapidly grinding against her pussy with desperate force. She pulled away from my dick, leaving it soaked with a slippery coating of her saliva and let out an unrestrained orgasmic scream, knowing that no one but me could hear her. She sat up and drew a few deep breaths before taking the wheel back.

"Mom, I have to come!" I pleaded looking down at the near-purple head of my swollen, spit-covered cock.

"You're still grounded, mister," she reminded me as she licked her own juices off her fingers. "Put that thing away, and keep your hands where I can see them."

I couldn't believe she was actually doing this to me. I thought about ignoring her stupid game and whacking myself off anyway, but I didn't want to spoil her fun. So I just grumbled and reluctantly put it away.

"That's a good boy," she praised and patted me on the leg.

Several hours passed and we talked, and made all kinds of plans for when we got to our new home. Mom continued to torment me the entire time. If the bulge in my pants began to lessen she would pull up her shirt and show off her tits until I was hard again. Other times she would just start talking about rubbing her pussy on my face, or sticking her tongue in my ass while I jerked off. I was going out of my mind.

It was twilight, and we were only half an hour from Aunt Linda's place, when Mom turned off the main road.

"Where we going now?" I asked a bit perturbed. I just wanted to hurry up and get to my aunt's house so I could lock myself in the bathroom and finally beat off.

"There's a nice picnic spot down here with a pond we went to once," she explained. "I want to see if it's still there." She was killing me.

The little park was still there. Mom jumped out of the car all excited. I followed her past the couple old picnic tables down to the small pond. We were the only ones there in the fading light of the day. Her face brightened when we came to a crummy old playground.

"You played here when you were little? Do you remember?" She ran over to the rusty swing set.

"I don't remember, Mom, I was like four years old, or something," I said impatiently. I started to feel a little bad that I wasn't able to enjoy this with her, but then it was her own stupid fault I was in a sour mood.

"Ah! The slide!" she cried. "It's still here. You loved that slide, you spent practically the whole day climbing up the ladder and going down." She ran over to it and climbed up. I stood at the bottom with my hands in my pockets and watched her slide down. "I remember how you laughed each time you took a ride like it was only yesterday. You had so much fun on this thing."

Mom looked around, then quickly pulled her pants down. Okay, I wasn't so sour all of the sudden. She looked once more to be absolutely sure no one was around, then dropped her black, lacey panties to her ankles. She turned and sat on the bottom of the slide, lying back and spreading her legs.

"You want to have some more fun on this slide?" she asked seductively, and I nodded excitedly. "Then pull out your pee-pee and jerk off on Mommy's pussy for her."

I was hoping she was going to ask me to fuck her, but I was desperate for any kind of relief. I pulled out my cock and

crouched over her. She spread her lips apart so I could see her moist inner folds. Mom teased her clit and hole while I stroked my cock only inches from her pussy.

"That's right, sweetie, masturbate on Mommy's cunt. I want your cum all over my wet pussy." She lifted her shirt and pulled one of her tits up to her mouth. She sucked on her nipple so hard she was able to return her hand down to keep her pussy spread open for me, and continue sucking herself hands-free.

"Mom, I going to come on you," I called out. "I coming right on your cunt." She lifted her hips and pressed her clit against the tip of my cock as I spasmed and began spewing cum on her. She let her heavy tit drop from her mouth.

"That's it, honey, get it all out. Mommy wants all your cum on her pussy."

Once I'd squeezed out every drop I had, I plopped down on the sand, overcome with a dizzying head rush. I sat there for a minute holding my relieved dick in my hand.

I watched in awe as Mom carefully smeared my cum over her pussy. She spread it across her inner lips, and worked it into the pubic hair on either side of her slit. I thought it was odd that she wasn't masturbating, but rather meticulously slathering her entire cunt with my warm jizz.

Once done, she wiped her gooey fingers off on her nipples, then pulled her shirt down. Next, she very carefully pulled her panties up and snugged them into place, followed by her pants. She gave me a smug smile.

"It looks like that slide is still my little boy's favorite." She came and knelt in front of me. She took my softening cock in her mouth and sucked the pearly residue from it. Once she was sure she hadn't missed a single trace of cum, she stood and brushed the sand from her knees.

"Let's get going," she chirped. "Aunt Linda is waiting for us."

Chapter 8

Aunt Linda charged out onto her front porch and down the steps as soon as we pulled into the driveway. My mom burst from the car and ran to meet her sister. They were both screaming and flailing their arms in the frenzied way women do when they haven't seen each other in ages.

They crashed into one another and hugged tightly, hopping in a circle as they did. I felt a shiver run up my back and spread across my shoulders as I thought about the fact that Aunt Linda had no idea her sister's pussy was, at that moment, coated inside and out with her nephew's spunk. I climbed out of the car and waited for the spastic reunion to subside.

"Oh. My. Gawd!" Aunt Linda shouted and pulled me into a smothering embrace. "I can't believe how big you've gotten!"

I normally wouldn't have given it a second thought, but after my recent relations with my own mother, I couldn't help but notice how my aunt's soft body felt pressed against me. And it felt very nice.

Aunt Linda was older than my mom by a few years; a couple inches shorter and a few pounds plumper. My aunt's boobs were a bit smaller than Mom's, but these sisters both had the same shapely legs and curvaceous derrières. Aunt Linda wore her hair short, and colored it blonde, but her eyes sparkled just like Mom's when excited.

"C'mon, let's get inside," Aunt Linda said and ushered us toward the door. "I've had dinner ready for almost an hour! What took you two so long?"

"We stopped off at the pond, ah...for a some sight seeing." Mom gave me a wink out of her sister's view.

All I wanted to do was get back on the road so I could see more of those lovely sights.

Aunt Linda had an awesome home-cooked meal laid out for us that took almost two hours to eat with all the gabbing going on between her and my mom. I was content to be a fly on the wall and listen to their family gossip, and whatnot, wondering the whole time what kind of thrill Mom was getting out of talking to her sister, all the while knowing that her crotch was fouled with evidence of our incestuous transgressions.

"I'm wiped out," Mom finally announced with a yawn and a stretch. "I have to get some rest or I'm going to pass out in the leftovers."

"I've made up the guest room for you." Aunt Linda turned to me. "And you're going to be in Rachel's room, if you're man enough to sleep in a bed with frilly pillows and a princess canopy."

"He's man enough, all right," Mom said as she s gave me a kiss on the cheek. "G'night, sweetie. I'll see you in the morning." Her last words came with a stern look intended to tell me that she would tolerate no monkey business tonight, and I was to stay put in my own room. I nodded, and watched her ass sway invitingly as she climbed the stairs.

I helped Aunt Linda clean up, and when we were done she cut me a big slice of pie and heaped it with whipped cream. She made coffee and we sat and chatted about school, and plans for my future, and what her daughter Rachel was up to. Then she leaned forward and lowered her voice slightly.

"You having fun fooling around with your mother?"

"What?" I coughed, choking on a mouthful of pie. "What do you mean?"

"She tells me you're a real stud in the sack, kiddo."

"She told you that?" I was floored. I couldn't believe with all her shame and worry about people finding out about what we were doing that Mom had blabbed to Aunt Linda.

"Not in so many words." She smirked with an impish twinkle in her eye. "But I see how you two look at each other, the little touches here and there, the way you were staring at her caboose just then." She took a sip of her coffee to cover her smug grin.

"Oh, that?" I struggled, my mind spinning with panic. "That's nothing. We've just been crammed together for a while...I guess...it might look like something..."

"Quit your fussing," Aunt Linda brushed aside my explanations. "I've been a practicing psychologist since before you were born, so give me a little credit for knowing a thing or two about people."

I didn't know what to say, so I just shoveled more pie into my mouth. If Mom found out I'd let the cat out of the bag she

would die of humiliation. How could I have been so stupid to have fallen that easily for Aunt Linda's trap?

"Don't get all embarrassed," she tried to comfort me. "Look how red your cheeks are! If you must know, I'm glad you're her rebound guy. It's not necessarily the best choice she's ever made, but it's not the worst by a long shot. At least she has someone she trusts and loves to help her through this rough patch."

"You're...glad I'm fooling around with my own mother?"

"I'd rather she spread her legs for you instead of the first asshole who tells her she's pretty, wouldn't you?"

"I guess," I mumbled, my stomach still feeling like I was plunging down the big drop on a rollercoaster. "But she's really hung-up about how wrong what we're doing is."

"I'm not going to bore you with the whole psychosexual breakdown tonight, but you do need to be careful. You're on very thin emotional ice right now--both of you." Aunt Linda put her coffee down, leaned in and adopted a conspiratorial tone. "But I'll let you in on a secret. I haven't had my pussy licked since my daughter went away to school. And the only person I know who can suck a cunt better than your cousin Rachel, is your dear sweet momma."

My body simply ceased to function in that moment. I sat frozen in place, eyes wide, empty fork gripped in my hand, and my brain suddenly less coherent than the mass of whipped cream melting on my plate. She had to be screwing with me.

"I know she's tired from driving all day," Aunt Linda said as she stood up, "but I'm going up in a few minutes to see if she'd like to go down on her big sister for old times sake."

"Um, okay..."

"How about you?" Her eyes fell on the bulge forming in my pants. "Wanna watch?" She squeezed her boobs through her shirt, juggling them playfully while she waited for my answer.

"Yeah, if you want me to..." I finally managed and her eyes lit up.

"Mmm, this is going to make it even more exciting!" She sat down in the chair next to me with a hand on my knee and explained her plan. "There's a connecting bathroom between Rachel's room and the guest room where your mom is sleeping. You can peek into her room from the bathroom. I'll be up in a few minutes."

Aunt Linda's hand slid up my leg and she gripped my bulge.

"Jerk it as hard as you want while you're looking at your horny ol' auntie getting her nooky nibbled, but don't make any noise! This is our secret, got it?"

She stood up and planted a kiss square on my lips, then was off to get ready to seduce her own sister. I sat there for a moment trying to come to grips with it all. I quickly gave up and snuck upstairs so I wouldn't miss any of the show.

I made my way to Rachel's room as quietly as I could, not turning on any lights as I went. I realized I was literally shaking with nervous expectation for what I was about to experience. I stripped down to boxers, then focused all my ninja powers (which I had gleaned from watching too many bad martial arts movies), and crept into the adjoining bathroom. The door to the guest room where Mom slept was closed.

I gripped the doorknob and turned it by fractions of an inch until I was able to pull the door open. I edged it toward me by the barest margin, praying there was no squeak or tell-tale noise. Once opened a crack I could hear a rhythmic sound

coming from Mom's room. I guess she wasn't too tired to get herself off before going to sleep!

I dared a peek through the slim opening and saw my mom from the back. She was at the end of the bed, one foot on the floor, her opposite knee on the mattress. She was straddling the rounded top of the low footboard, and humping it with a slow, gliding motion. Mom simply can't resist polishing the furniture every chance she gets.

She had nothing on except for her black, lace panties--which by then must have been well saturated with my jizz and mom's juices. I could hear her whispering dirty talk to herself. I couldn't make out the words, but I had a pretty good idea what she was saying.

There came a soft tapping at her door. Mom, like a little girl who's been caught misbehaving, scrambled onto the bed, curled up on her side, and pretended to be asleep. I heard the guestroom door to the hallway open up, and a tongue of light

fell across my mother as she lay naked except for her panties atop the blankets.

The door closed and I saw Aunt Linda, wearing a short, satin robe that barely reached the tops of her thighs, tip-toe to the bed. She pulled a string at the window, opening the blinds, bathing the room in soft moonlight, then untied the bow at her waist letting the robe fall open before climbing into bed with her sister.

Aunt Linda snuggled up behind my mother and draped an arm over her.

"Sis? You awake?" Aunt Linda whispered. She began caressing her sister, running her fingers along her sides, down her arms, and across her bare back. Mom finally gave up her ruse of being asleep and stirred as if awakening.

"Hmm, that feels nice," Mom purred.

"Remember how we used to do this for each other when we were little girls?"

"Love tickles."

"That's right," Aunt Linda said then shed her robe and pressed her naked body against my mom from behind. "Do you remember what else we did when we were little girls?" And with that her fingers sought out one of Mom's nipples and played gently across it.

"No, Linda, we can't," my mom protested weakly, even while turning her shoulders and opening herself up even more to her sister's touch. "My son is in the other room, he might hear us."

"Then we'll just have to be quiet, won't we?" I could see Aunt Linda look to the door I was hiding behind. Once she confirmed I was there watching, a sly smile came to her face. "I've missed you so much, baby girl, I've missed your sweet mouth."

"But we're grown women now," Mom argued without conviction. "We're not curious little girls playing naughty any more. We can't be doing this at our age." As she spoke, my mom turned to face my aunt and their lips met in sensual reunion.

The women's hands roamed freely over each other's naked flesh. The tips of their breasts danced tantalizingly between them, touching, and rubbing together freely. The passion of the kiss intensified, as did the eagerness of their hands. I felt an aching anticipation in my gut, and released my pulsing erection from my boxers. I watched Aunt Linda lift her breast and guide my mother's head away from her lips to her nipple. Mom hungrily latched on and began suckling her sister with unrestrained bliss. I couldn't believe what I was witnessing.

"Your mouth feels so good on my nippies," Aunt Linda breathed. "I want you to eat my ginny," she said in a childlike voice. "Taste my cunny just like when we were girls."

Without hesitation my mom moved down toward the foot of the bed. Aunt Linda shifted to a half-sitting position, with the pillows propped up behind her. She opened her legs and it was clear even in the dim, silvery light that Aunt Linda was shaved totally bald down there. My mom, lying on her tummy with her face only inches from my aunt's hairless pussy, stared at the sight before her.

"Your pussy looks just like I remember," Mom marveled with plaintive desire. Aunt Linda reached down between her own legs and spread lips, opening herself completely to my mother, who yielded willingly to her forbidden yearnings.

When my mother's mouth reached its carnal destination, my aunt's entire body seized in incestuous rapture. She drew a sharp breath and arched her body against my mom's face. I watched in amazement as Mom responded, heaving herself forward and lifting her hips enough so she could get a hand between her own legs.

When Aunt Linda recovered from the initial euphoric shock of once again feeling her own sister's mouth on her pussy, she looked expectantly toward me as she caressed and pinched her nipples. I took a chance and guessed at what she wanted.

With Mom focused entirely on her sister's pussy, I could safely open the door wider without her being able to see me there. Once I had eased the door wide, the moonlight illuminated my bare skin. Aunt Linda's eyes feasted on my hard cock. I pulled off my boxers and took careful hold of my shaft. My aunt favored me with a lewd smile and moved one hand to the back of my mom's head, but continued staring at my cock.

"That's it, baby girl," she encouraged. "Suck my virgin puss. Hurry up and make me come before Mommy catches us." These women sure did enjoy their little games. I fought to restrain the pace of my stroking as I watched Mom's head circling lustfully between my aunt's open legs. Aunt Linda began thrusting her hips, fucking my mom's face with indecent delight.

"Oh, yeah," she panted. "I'm going to come in your mouth, sis. Please don't tell Mommy I made you suck my cunny. Don't tell her that your tongue was in my tight, little pussy hole. Mommy can never know I fucked my own sister's innocent mouth."

Aunt Linda's eyes were still locked onto my dick as I jerked myself, and I couldn't wait any longer. The tingle started beneath my balls and spread across my ass and up my spine. I fucked my fist with increasing fervor. My aunt opened her mouth wide, as if inviting me to shoot my load onto her tongue. I would have loved to give what she wanted, but I didn't dare. Instead, as my balls tightened and I felt the gush of sperm racing up inside my cock, I cupped my hand at the tip of my penis and caught my load in the palm of my hand.

I clenched my jaw and barely held in a grunt of primal release as I filled my hand with warm goo. Aunt Linda's eyes were wide with lecherous amusement. She licked her lips to punctuate her sentiments about what she just saw me do, then her eyes rolled back as she was taken away by the approach of her own orgasm.

"Right there, baby sister," she moaned. "Suck my little ginny hole! Make me come! Yes, yes, yes...oh, God, yes!" Aunt Linda bucked and humped my mom's face as she reached climax, pulling her sister's head even harder against her crotch. Mom didn't let up for a second and continued sucking and slurping my aunt's cunt throughout her orgasm, until Aunt Linda finally had to push her away from her now hyper-sensitive clit.

I wanted to clean the jizz from my hand, but I didn't dare move in the quiet moment that had settled over the room. Aunt Linda slowly began maneuvering her sister into a new position.

"You were too loud," my mom complained. "I think he might have heard." They were both up on their knees, face-to-face and tit-to-tit, when Mom began to turn her head, and would have easily spotted me standing there buck naked with a handful of my own spunk, if Aunt Linda hadn't caught her attention with a kiss.

Aunt Linda eased Mom down so they were lying with their heads toward the foot of the bed, making sure my mother wouldn't have an easy view of her lurking voyeur of a son. I took this opportunity to duck away and wipe the spooge off my hand onto one of the clean guest towels hanging nearby. By the time I returned to the doorway my aunt was kissing down my mother's belly on her way further south.

"Oh!" Mom squeaked with sudden realization. "No, Linda, don't." She reached for her sister trying to keep her from going any lower.

"Why not? I thought you'd be desperate for a good tongue lashing by now."

"I am, but it's a bad time..." Linda waited for an explanation. "It's...it's my time of the month."

"That never stopped us before," her sister said and escaped Mom's grasp. My mom tried to resist, but Aunt Linda overpowered her and managed to pull her black panties down. Watching my mom and aunt wrestle naked like a couple of horny school girls was a vision beyond even my raunchiest boyhood fantasies.

My aunt forced Mom's knees apart and plunged her face down between her legs. Mom cringed and covered her face. Aunt Linda's head popped up almost immediately with an expression of affected shock.

"It smells like a man's been down here recently," Aunt Linda said accusingly.

"Maybe...yes," Mom confessed through her hands.

"Does your son know about this?" she asked, shooting me a wicked smile.

"Please don't say anything to him."

"What would your dear son do if he knew that his mother is walking around with some man's slimy cum all over her pussy?"

"Promise you won't tell," Mom begged.

"I don't want my favorite nephew to know what a slut his mother is. I'll just have to clean you all up so he never finds out."

Aunt Linda hunkered back down and began licking my mother's crotch with long slow strokes of her tongue. My aunt's eyes focused on me for a long moment, reassuring me that she knew exactly whose encrusted cum she was eating off of my mom's cunt. She closed her eyes and rapaciously went about her work.

My mother writhed and gyrated under the oral attentions of her sister. Aunt Linda took her time, using her tongue like an artists brush--delicately dabbing, and swirling, and stroking the masterpiece between my mother's wide open legs. I envied my aunt, longing to once again savor the taste of my own mom's musky juices, and indulge in the silky flesh of her most intimate places.

"You shouldn't be licking my dirty pussy," Mom sighed. "I'm going to tell Daddy how you put your mouth on my privates."

"Please don't tell Daddy," Aunt Linda pleaded. "I'll make you feel so good."

"You have to make me come or I'll tell," my mom blackmailed. "I'll tell Daddy you've been a bad girl and he won't let you play in the shower with him anymore."

"I'll make you come, baby girl, I'll lick your little cunny 'til you come all over your big sister's face."

With her hands on the backs of her thighs, Mom pulled her knees up toward her chest, leaving her feet dangling in the air, then lifted her head so she could watch Aunt Linda as she ate her cunt. What an incredibly sexy position. Her sister was lapping and sucking faster now, scooting up on her knees for a better angle, which gave me a good view of my aunt's voluptuous rear end.

Mom pulled her knees even higher, so that her feet were sticking straight up in the air, which had the effect of angling her hips and backside upwards.

"Lick my ass," Mom whispered. "I want your tongue on my asshole."

"Someone's taught baby sister a new trick," Aunt Linda teased and gave me a wink. "You want me to put my mouth on your dirty hole?"

"Yes," Mom implored. "Please, suck my ass for me."

My aunt's head lowered and I could tell by Mom's reaction that she was getting exactly what she asked for. I was dying for better lighting, and a better view of the action. I wanted to be in there with them, but knew if I intruded on their lovemaking that Mom would absolutely flip out.

"Don't make me lick your stinky butt any more," Aunt Linda whined.

"Put your tongue in my asshole, right now," Mom demanded. "Do it or I'll tell Daddy how you stuck your fingers inside my puss. He'll be very angry with you and won't let you wash his dinky and make it all big and hard and soapy."

"Please don't tattle, I'll be good."

Aunt Linda returned to licking and sucking my mother's ass. I had to keep letting go of my hard-on to prevent myself from

coming again too soon. My balls were ready to explode, and my asshole was leaking pre-cum like never before. I squeezed and tugged on my ball sack as I watched, then reached a finger back between my own butt cheeks. I spread my stance a bit so I could more easily finger my sweaty asshole while I jacked off with my other hand.

"Oh, Linda, your mouth feels so good on my ass," Mom enthused. "I need to come now. Suck my cunt. Suck me and eat my cum like a dirty slut." Aunt Linda worked her way back up to Mom's clit and concentrated there. "Yes, suck it! Suck it hard! Make me come, make your little sister come, I'm coming! I'm coooming! Ahhhhhh..."

Now Mom was the one being too loud. She held her legs up, spread high in the air, and squirmed against Aunt Linda's face as she orgasmed. My aunt abandoned her sister's clit at that moment and moved her mouth down to her pussy hole and sucked up the fresh juices that would now be flowing from deep within my mother's sex. Aunt Linda slurped and swallowed until she had her fill.

As I watched this climactic display of sisterly incest, I finally gave in and beat my cock hard and fast. I pushed my finger into my asshole and seconds later I was launching jets of semen across the threshold, into the room and onto the polished hardwood floor. My entire body convulsed with the force of my ejaculation.

After my mom let her legs down and relaxed, Aunt Linda kissed her way back north. The two women's bodies entwined and they exchanged the deep, forgiving kiss of lovers condemned by mutual sin. My aunt's hand came away from my mother's breast for a brief moment and signaled me with a winking wave goodbye.

For a moment I dared to hope she was going to invite me to join them in the bed, but it looked like that was all for me. I eased the door closed, then crept back into Rachel's room. I listened for almost an hour, but I didn't hear the sounds of any further lovemaking.

I whacked off again before falling asleep to the mental image of my mom licking my naked aunt's pussy. I restlessly woke up twice more during the night, and each time I masturbated while thinking about the amazing display I had the rare privilege of seeing.

Tomorrow should be an interesting day.

The air in the bathroom was steamy from my shower. I stood naked in front of the fogged mirror and spread shaving cream over my chin and cheeks. I felt a cool rush of air and heard my mom's voice behind me.

"Oops, I didn't know you were still in here," she said. I looked over and saw her standing in the doorway nude, covering her chest and pubic area modestly with her hands. "I'll use the downstairs toilet."

"Why? Just go here," I told her and turned my attention to clearing a spot in the mirror so I could shave. She balked, and I watched her reflection as she checked over her shoulder, as if to ensure there would be no witnesses to her impending indiscretion. How could someone so crazy, be so darned cute?

She gingerly hurried to the toilet and sat down, one arm still hiding her bare nipples, the other tucked across her lap. I dragged the razor over my cheek, and rinsed the blade. After a few more passes, I realized Mom hadn't started going yet.

"Shy bladder?" I teased. She looked up at me, making those adorable puppy dog eyes, and I knew she had something in mind. "Want me wait outside while you go?"

Mom shook her head, and uncovered her breasts revealing her erect nipples and immediately gained my full attention. She looked down at herself and sheepishly opened her legs. Her dark pussy hair was matted with my dried cum and her sister's saliva. Then, with a sudden shush, she was peeing.

I watched in silence as my mom pissed right in front of me. My limp cock began to stiffen as the golden stream gushed from its hidden source within her tangled pubic hair. She looked up at my hard-on then down again at herself, and we both watched the forceful torrent flow from her, then gradually lessen until it was a trickle that dribbled down her slit and moistened her curly bush. She flexed and forced out another squirt, then one more. My cock bobbed at full attention as Mom's eyes came up and fixed on my erection.

I was about to step forward and let her take me into her mouth, but then we heard my aunt call up.

"Breakfast's ready!"

Mom hopped off the toilet like a startled jackrabbit, and darted into her room, closing the door behind her. I flushed the toilet, and my cock slowly wilted as I finished shaving, left to ponder yet another lost opportunity.

I sat down at the table. Aunt Linda, wearing only a two-piece bathing suit under a sheer linen cover-up, placed a plate of eggs, sausages, and hash browns in front of me. I couldn't take my eyes off of her. She smiled with satisfaction, obviously accepting my blatant ogling of her body as a compliment.

"Eat up, stud," she said. "You need to replenish your strength, you look a bit drained this morning."

"Not only that, but my right arm is really sore for some strange reason."

"You liked what you saw?"

"I can now die a happy man," I pronounced and dug into breakfast.

"Hopefully you'll live long enough to catch the second act," she said mysteriously with a suggestive leer.

"So you and mom've been fooling around since you were little?"

"It's all your mother's fault," Aunt Linda said as she sat down across from me with her tea. "She had it figured out long before I ever did. I used to catch her humping her toys or the sofa cushions all the time, but she'd never tell me what she was doing. I finally caught her grinding away on my favorite doll one day and threatened to tell our mom if she didn't spill the beans." She took a sip of her tea as she fondly remembered those days.

"You learned how to masturbate from your little sister?"

"Yep. I tell ya, that kid was born horny. Your mom and I started rubbing ourselves off together, and before long we were fiddling with each other's naughty bits and playing all kinds of nasty games. But when we reached high school we became more interested in boys, so we had something new to experiment with. After I went off to college, we only fooled

around a couple more times during summer breaks. I didn't realize how much I missed being with her like that until last night," she sighed.

"That reminds me, what the hell is a ginny hole?"

"Ha!" Aunt Linda laughed. "That's what we called our vaginas when we were little. Our 'virgin holes.' Just hearing it still makes my snatch pucker." She reached down between her legs and scratched her crotch vigorously. "Damn, I forgot how itchy it gets when you shave your pussy. I don't know how your cousin Rachel can stand to walk around like this all the time."

I loved that Aunt Linda was so crude and open around me. I wondered what she would do if I yanked those bikini bottoms down right there and gave her a tongue lashing of my own.

"Can I ask you a serious question?" I tried to redirect my thoughts.

"Sure, kiddo, shoot."

"You know how Mom likes to talk dirty when she's messing around?" Aunt Linda just nodded. "I love it like crazy, but she acts like I'm still a little boy when we're...doing stuff, you know? Like always calling herself 'mommy' for one thing."

"Your mother is going to a very tough time right now," Aunt Linda explained, comfortably transitioning into professional counselor mode. "She's dealing with it, in part, by going back to a happier time in her life. She's probably not even consciously aware of it, but this regressive coping strategy of hers is the whole reason she's allowed herself to cross the line with you, and violate every mother's most shameful taboo by giving in to her sexual desire for her own son."

I let that sink in. "So this is a bad thing?"

"Yes and no," she responded. "Your Mom's life has collapsed around her ears. She needs something stable, something she can depend on, to keep her anchored. That's where you fit in, stud. She's dealing with an overwhelming amount of stress, so she also needs a way to feel safe and comforted. She has powerfully emotional memories of joy and contentment centered around her incestuous explorations with me as a little girl. Your mom also associates the years she spent nurturing you as the happiest and most fulfilling time of her life. She has conflated these two elements of her past, and come up with actualizing her fantasies with you as her way of getting through this crisis without having a complete breakdown."

She took a deep breath and gathered her thoughts. We both heard the shower turn off upstairs, letting us know that Mom would be down soon.

"So, no, it's not entirely a bad thing," Aunt Linda continued. "There are worse ways your mother could have chosen to cope with her problems. But, as I said last night, this is an

emotional high wire act. She counting on you being there if she falls.

"I don't want to hurt her--that's the last thing I want in the world. But sometimes I can't help but feel like I'm taking advantage of her. You know, using her vulnerability to live out my own sick fantasy about having sex with my mom."

"Don't worry about that right now," she advised and came around to my side of the table. "The fact that you're thinking about it tells me that you will know enough to do the right thing when the time comes." Aunt Linda surprised me by sitting in my lap and wrapping an arm around my shoulder. "Your mom is a strong woman and what she needs most right now is all the love we can give her. And in this screwed up family of ours, the way we express love is with sex, lots of it." She tweaked my nose. "And the kinkier the better, got it?"

"Got it." I couldn't help wondering at that moment where Aunt Linda had gotten her psychology degree from.

"But more importantly, did you get a good look at your auntie's naked twat last night while your were jerking that big hog of yours?"

"Not really," I gulped. "I was kinda far away, and the lighting..." I heard Mom's footsteps coming down the stairs.

"I'll see if I can arrange something more graphic for you, stud," she said with a wink and stood up just before Mom caught her sitting on my lap.

It was a lot to process and I didn't know yet if I should be thrilled or depressed. I watched as Mom and Aunt Linda hugged and exchanged a quick kiss on the lips. Mom gave me a smooch on the top of my head and sat down at the table. Meanwhile, behind my mom's back, so only I could see, Aunt Linda yanked her top aside and flashed me her boob.

I decided, for the time being, to be thrilled.

Chapter 9

Mom had planned on us getting back on the road after lunchtime, but Aunt Linda talked her into staying another night. I can't imagine Mom put up much resistance if she was promised a romp in the sack with her sister again tonight.

I returned from the store with a bag of charcoal, and food for a backyard cookout. I dragged an old grill out of the garage and rolled it around back, where I found my mom and Aunt Linda lying by the pool. They were stretched out on padded lounge chairs, both in two-piece bathing suits, chatting away merrily.

Mom must have been wearing one of her sister's suits. The top was too small and the bottom too big--an enticing combination. Their skin shimmered with a greasy sheen of tanning oil in the warm day's sun. I realized I was staring, and went about hosing the cobwebs out of the grill before my cock became hard enough to be obvious.

By the time I had the charcoal burning the ladies had turned over and were lying with their asses to the sun. Aunt Linda's top was nowhere to be seen, and Mom had untied the string across her back, but kept the top beneath her.

"Pool boy!" Aunt Linda called. "Oh, pool boy!"

I pulled off my sweaty t-shirt as I crossed the grass to where they were lying.

"Be a darling," my aunt pointed to a nearby bottle, "and put some sunscreen on my back for me."

"Ugh!" Mom rolled her eyes. "Could you get any more cliché?"

"You're just upset you didn't think of it first. Oil me up, stud!"

I looked at Mom, unsure if it would be okay with her. She just shrugged and gave me an exasperated 'go ahead' face. I poured some oil into my palm and rubbed it onto my aunt's back. She squirmed and moaned as my hands worked over her sun-darkened skin. Her lack of tan lines told me she spent a lot of time out here by the pool topless.

"My legs, too." Aunt Linda wiggled her butt suggestively. I knelt down and began at her calves, working my way up behind her knees, and finally to her ample, yet smooth, thighs. Mom watched me as I massaged the oil onto her sister's bare skin. She didn't look very happy.

As soon as I was done with her legs, Aunt Linda turned face up, exposing her bare breasts and fleshy nipples to me.

"Linda, what are you doing?" My mom's brow furrowed in annoyance.

"Oh, tish!" She waved off my mother's distress. "He's a big boy now. It's not like he's never seen a set of knockers before. Well, maybe not a pair this nice."

"You're impossible," Mom clucked and turned away.

"Besides," Aunt Linda motioned for me to continue rubbing the oil on her legs, "I haven't been touched by a man in years. You wouldn't deny your only sister this one chance for some cheap thrills, would you?"

Aunt Linda lifted her sunglasses and watched me rub her thighs with an expression of barely contained craving. When I worked my hand up the inside of her thigh, she double-checked to make sure her sister was still turned the other way, then pulled the crotch of her bikini aside revealing the shaven groove of her pussy.

Before I realized what I was doing, my hand bolted forward and I slipped an oily finger directly into her pussy hole. Her astonished face let me know she definitely wasn't expecting

that, but her eyes told me she was absolutely loving it. Mom must have heard Aunt Linda's gasp and stifled giggle, and looked over to see what we were up to. I yanked my finger out of my aunt's bald snatch just in time.

"Am I being selfish?" Aunt Linda innocently asked my mom. "Do you want the pool boy to put some oil on you, too?"

"Are you even familiar with the word 'inappropriate'?"

"Speaking of inappropriate, don't forget the girls," Aunt Linda said and tweaked her nipples. "We wouldn't want these beauties to get sunburned, now would we?" I checked with Mom again, and she just rolled her eyes then closed them so she would see no evil.

I moved up and eagerly ran my hands across my aunt's soft breasts. Though somewhat smaller than my mom's, they were slightly firmer, but her nipples weren't as dark. I spread oil across her chest and in the shallow folds beneath her supple bosom. I noticed that my mom's eyes were open again,

watching enviously as my hands fondled her sister's big, greasy tits.

Aunt Linda was lying with her head back, luxuriating in sensations of her breasts being gently kneaded by her horny nephew. My mom began subtly flexing her butt and pushing her hips downward. I could tell that she was pressing her mound against the cushion beneath her in an attempt to satisfy her mounting, unbidden arousal. I ran my fingers in circles around both my aunt's nipples at the same time, squeezing them lightly. This pushed Mom over the edge.

"Now that I think of it," she reconsidered, "maybe I do need some more oil on my back." Aunt Linda wore a Cheshire grin as I moved to sit on the edge of my Mom's lounge chair. Her muscles were tense when I first touched her, but within moments she relaxed and softened beneath my hands. She sighed with utter contentment, and once again turned her head away from her sister.

Almost as soon as Mom turned, I saw Aunt Linda sneak a hand down the front of her swim suit. She grabbed at her tits aggressively while her hand worked quietly between her legs. My aunt could easily see how hard I was. She nodded, looking meaningfully at my crotch, indicating she wanted to see more.

I used the moment when I moved from my mom's back down to her legs as an opportunity to snake my hard-on down the leg of my shorts. Only half of my dick was sticking out, but that appeared to be enough for Aunt Linda. She fingered herself briskly as she stared at the bulbous head of my penis peeking out of my shorts. I ran my hands up and down my mother's shapely thighs, barely able to contain my urge to shove my cock into my aunt's beckoning mouth.

I indiscreetly slid my hands up under my mom's suit and squeezed her ass cheeks. Surprisingly, she didn't react. As I withdrew my hands, I let my thumb slip into her crack and glide across her asshole. She flinched at that, but didn't say anything. Aunt Linda had seen what I'd done, and it was encouragement enough to bring on her orgasm.

She clenched her legs together, and bit her lip to keep from making any noise as she came right in front of me, without her sister having any idea what was happening. After holding tight to her pussy for several seconds she relaxed and licked her fingers, savoring the taste of her own juices. It was right about then that my mom turned over.

"You're doing good, honey, but let's stick to the places where the sun does shine, hmm?" She added a wry smile to let me know she wasn't really that upset about my slip of the thumb. She tried to adjust the undersized bikini to cover her oversized breasts. She'd tug it one way, and the edge of her nipple would show on the opposite side. She'd try to cover that nipple, and the other would pop out again.

"Just take it off, already, will ya?" Aunt Linda shook her head and laughed at her sister. Mom refused to give up and continued fumbling with the skimpy top while I enjoyed the show. "As a matter of fact, it's getting too hot for these." Aunt Linda pulled the knots at her hips, releasing her bikini bottoms, and casually tossed them aside. She let her knees fall

apart, allowing the sun to shine straight onto her naked, clean-shaven pussy.

"Linda!" Mom was horrified by her sister's brazen display.
"Not in front of my son!"

"He doesn't mind, do you darling?"

"I'm okay with it," I quickly acknowledged.

"Besides," my aunt continued, "we're all family, so there's nothing to be ashamed of." Mom had stopped struggling with her top and we both stared at Aunt Linda's exposed pussy. "You should tell your boy to get out of those shorts before he suffers permanent boner damage." Mom looked and saw my hard-on straining against my shorts.

"Can I, Mom?"

"I guess, if you want to," she answered distractedly, seemingly unable to keep up with all that was happening. I stripped out of my shorts and boxers and stood before my aunt and mother completely naked with my hard penis in full view.

Mom looked from my bare cock, to her sister's open pussy, and threw in the towel. She pulled off her bikini top freeing her huge tits. "If our mom could only see us now, she'd be so proud," she remarked sarcastically.

I sat back down and worked some oil onto my mom's thighs. She had a lust-filled look in her eye that sent my heart racing. Her legs parted a little and I was able to see her luscious pubic hair showing to either side of her loose-fitting bikini bottoms. I worked my hands up across the round curve of her belly and toward her chest.

Mom's tits were pale compared to her tanned skin elsewhere. The white flesh stood out in alluring contrast, seeming to define her breasts as something meant to be hidden away, therefore making it all the more exotic that they were

revealed. As my hands glided closer, her nipples began to rise in anticipation of my touch.

Even though I'd had the pleasure of touching my mother's chest repeatedly over the past weeks, it felt like it was the first time all over. Something about doing it outside in the open, with my aunt only a few feet away made the experience brand new. My oily hands cupped her heavy breasts from below and slowly curled around the sides, and up over the tops. Mom's hands gripped the sides of her lounge chair, as though it was the only way she could keep herself from using them on me.

"Feels nice, don't it?" Aunt Linda commented.

"Yes," my mom and I both said at the same time. We all busted out laughing at that. I continued rubbing and massaging my mother's soft tits. Aunt Linda watched with prurient interest, and all pretense of me applying tanning oil had fallen away. I gently pinched and pulled at my mom's wide nipples, sometimes twisting them lightly between my thumb and forefinger.

My aunt's hand drifted lazily up and down her body, pausing frequently just above her slit and lingering where recently there had been a patch of hair. She was obviously aching to pleasure herself again, but wasn't yet ready to push my mom's indulgence to that extent.

I slid my hands down Mom's sides and caught the top of her bikini bottoms and pulled them down her hips a bit. I expected her to slap my hands away, but she just lifted her butt and let me slide them off. I rubbed some oil on the areas of her groin that had been previously covered, coming tantalizingly close to touching her pussy. I was so jazzed about being out by the pool with two incredibly sexy naked ladies, I was dying to jack off right there in front of them.

"Pool boy," Aunt Linda motioned me toward her, "come here and let me to put some sunscreen on that big, delicious pecker of yours."

"Oh, no you don't, Sis," Mom warned her.

"Sounds like your momma wants to handle that herself," my aunt said with a flirty thrill. Mom looked like she was seriously considering it.

"He can take care of that on his own." Mom handed me the bottle of oil.

I stood between their chairs and squeezed some oil directly onto my anxious boner. I spread it a little with my fingers, then wrapped my hand around my shaft and coated my hard cock with oil. My hand slipped past the head of my dick, then back down its length. I did this several more times being sure to use long, slow strokes.

My mom and aunt watched from behind their sunglasses, both fascinated into silence by the sight of me groping my slick cock. Aunt Linda pressed her legs together, crossing her ankles and tensing her thighs, putting pressure on her excited pussy. Mom chose the opposite approach, and put her feet

down on either side of her chair, thus spreading herself open to me.

I reached my hand down and rubbed some of the oil on my balls, fondling and squeezing them. I tamped down my urge to grab myself and start whacking like crazy, and instead concentrated on putting on a good show for my ladies. After playing with myself like that for several minutes I could see the translucent wetness beginning to leak from my mom's vagina. It sparkled in the bright light of the sun as it slowly trickled down the crease of her ass.

I filled my palm with oil and turned around. I worked it onto my ass cheeks, hoping that they were enjoying the view as I rubbed my backside for them. I bent over to put the bottle of oil down, which gave them a nice peek at my butthole.

"Okay, boys and girls," Aunt Linda abruptly called out, "I need to cool off!" She climbed out of her chair, slapped my ass as she passed, and hopped into the pool.

"I think we all need to cool down," Mom said, snapping out of her trance. She got up and gave me a peck on the cheek, being sure to let her nipples brush against my arm, then dragged me into the pool with her. We landed with a splash and the cold water almost forced my nuts to disappear up inside my body.

We spent the rest of the afternoon in Aunt Linda's secluded backyard like a trio of happy nudists. We cooked and ate, played badminton, and swam, all while totally naked. My erection came and went throughout the day, and it was so wonderful that I didn't have to be embarrassed or try to hide it. Both women took every opportunity to tease me by finding excuses to bounce their tits, or bend over and show off their asses. I was in a heaven of bare skin and jiggling flesh.

We got so comfortable that Mom even did me the favor of reapplying my sunscreen. She was careful not to miss a spot, and spent a little extra effort to make sure my cock and balls were well protected, all with Aunt Linda sitting right there watching the whole time.

Later, I was lying on my stomach on one of the lounge chairs. Not far away Mom and Aunt Linda sat at the patio table in the shade of a big umbrella drinking iced tea and talking. From where I was lying I could see under the table. They were both sitting facing toward me with their legs open, and I was pretty sure that wasn't by accident.

Occasionally Aunt Linda would reach down and scratch her itchy puss, and once in a while, when my aunt wasn't paying attention, my mom would sneak her hand down between her own legs and diddle her clit for a quick second or dip a finger in and out of her hole real fast.

I tried to fight it, but I eventually dozed off in the sun. I awoke some time later and found a raw hot dog tucked between my butt cheeks, along with a generous helping of mustard, ketchup, and relish. Very funny, ladies. As I was wondering what else I had missed while I was asleep, my aunt called from the house.

"C'mon, Colonel Mustard-buns, get cleaned up! We're taking your mom out on the town tonight!"

I showered, washed the condiments out of my ass crack, got dressed and we all headed out. Mom drove with Aunt Linda up front, and me in the back. My aunt did most of the talking on the way to the restaurant, my mom was putting up a good front, but I could tell she was feeling down for some reason. I just sat quietly in the back thinking about our family.

Mom and I had fooled around, pushing the boundaries until we finally violated the ultimate taboo and had sex with each other. We seemed to be repeating that same trajectory, and I wanted more than anything to make love to her again. Aunt Linda had provided me with the excuse that I was supporting my mom during this difficult time in her life, but I wasn't sure if I could trust that advice since my aunt was also using her sister for her own sexual gratification.

Me and mom were playing together. Aunt Linda and my mom were fooling around. Apparently my aunt and her daughter were going at it. And, if it wasn't just dirty talk, it would seem that back in the day grandpa was in on the act, too. Why did I never realized how fucked up my family truly was?

We had dinner at a decent barbeque joint, talking and laughing through the meal. Mom was in better spirits, but there was still something weighing her down. After we ate, Aunt Linda took us to a cowboy bar, with sawdust on the floor and a mechanical bull. The ladies downed a few beers and headed out into the crowd for some good ol' fashioned line dancing, while I sat it out at the bar nursing a soda.

After a while, Aunt Linda came and sat down in the stool next to me to catch her breath and ordered another beer. "Get any phone numbers yet?"

"Not a one. Where's Mom?"

"Out for some fresh air."

"Seems like she's having fun."

"I don't know." Aunt Linda fidgeted with the label on her beer bottle. "We had a long talk back at the house. She's got a lot on her mind right now."

"Did she say anything about me? About...what we're doing?"

"She told me everything." My aunt took my hand, holding it tight. "She loves you more than anything or anyone, you know that, right?" I nodded, feeling a lump forming in my throat for some reason. "She doesn't think she could survive if she didn't have you. Losing you scares her like crazy right now, and she worries that by...doing the things you've been doing, that it will somehow drive you away."

"But it's exactly the opposite. I love her more than anything, too. I love her in ways now that I never could have imagined

existed, and what we're doing makes me want to stay with her even more." I felt a low-grade panic welling up within me. "You have to make her understand that."

Aunt Linda recognized the sincerity in my eyes and patted my cheek lovingly. She took a pen and a twenty out of her clutch bag and wrote something on a napkin. She handed me the napkin and the twenty dollar bill.

"Give this to the D.J., and go ask your mother to dance." She nodded toward the other side of the bar, and when I looked I saw my mom standing there alone, lost in thought and looking like the weight of the world was on her shoulders. "You make her understand."

The D.J. looked at me sideways when I gave him the note, but the twenty apparently did the trick. There was now a guy with a big belly and a leather vest talking to my mom, probably hitting on her. I could tell she was trying to be polite, but wanted nothing to do with this jerk. I reached her just as the song started.

"Excuse me, miss?" I interrupted, and was greeted with a scowl from her admirer. "Would you care to dance?" I asked graciously and held out my hand. Mom's eyes glistened with barely contained tears. She took my hand without a word to the guy chatting her up, and followed me out to the nearly empty dance floor. We faced each other and I held her hand in my hand, putting the other chastely on her side, just as she'd taught me before my first junior high formal.

The first words of "Shining Star" by the Manhattans flowed over us and we began to dance together.

"I love this song," my mom said. "I haven't heard it in years." I looked into her eyes, and listened to the words of the song, hearing them in a whole new way as I related them to how I felt about my mom at that moment. By the way she responded to my heartfelt gaze, she felt those lyrics resonate in a new way for her as well. She stepped in closer to me, and I drew her tight against my body. We held each other and became the only two people in the world.

"I'm never going to leave you. You know that, don't you, Mom?"

"But you should, sweetie." She settled her head on my shoulder. "That's the way it's supposed to be. I have to let you go out in the world and be your own man. I can't hold you back just because it's what I want for myself."

"It's what I want for me. And for you. I love you, Mom. Nothing will ever change that."

"You say that now because what we're doing with each other is all new, and exciting. But one day you're going to wake up and hate me for the things I've done to you."

"I know I don't have life all figured out yet, and that I still have some growing up to do, but the one thing I do know for sure is that I could never hate you. Especially not for sharing something so special and perfect with me."

"I want to believe that, sweetie. I want to believe it more than anything."

"Mom, you're all I ever dreamed of. You are my shining star," I said, echoing the words of the song. Yeah, I know it was corny, but at that moment it felt right. My mom hugged me tighter, letting me know it's exactly what she needed to hear. "Believe it."

With her head pressed against my heart, she whispered, "I do."

We finished the dance in silent embrace. As the song ended she looked up at me, her cheeks wet with tears, and I couldn't resist leaning down and kissing her. We stood at the center of the dance floor and kissed like two unrepentant lovers for all the world to see.

The next hillbilly tune kicked in and we finally parted. Mom was too choked up to talk, and so just motioned to her

muddled makeup and rushed off to the ladies room. Aunt Linda stepped up next to me and put her arm around my shoulder.

"Looks like you got your wish, Oedipus." She slapped me on the ass, a move that was quickly becoming her trademark. "Now maybe we can get back to having some fun!" She headed toward the ladies room with an exaggerated wiggle in her step.

I returned to the bar, decided to take a walk on the wild side and ordered myself a ginger ale--straight up. A pretty girl in tight denim and fringe all over her shirt was nearby.

"Hi, how's it going," I asked just to be neighborly. She gave me the once over and wasn't impressed. Hey, I know I'm no Mr. Fantastic, but I ain't no slouch neither.

"Fine," she replied, doing her best not to encourage me any further.

"Is it always this crowded?"

"Are you, like, even old enough to be in here?" she sneered. Just then Aunt Linda and Mom arrived on the run and grabbed me excitedly.

"Get away from our man, skank!" Aunt Linda hauled me off the stool.

"We done paid fer the whole night," Mom hollered with a comical drawl, "and we're fixin' on gittin' our money's worth." They pulled me back toward the dance floor. I just shrugged in response to the girl's shocked expression as I was dragged away.

Once on the dance floor we made a spectacle of ourselves. My aunt and mom danced on either side of me, and as the music warmed up so did they. Before I knew it, dirty dancing was being redefined by these two frisky foxes, and they didn't care

who was watching. Mom pressed her breasts against my back, and ran her hands all over my chest. Aunt Linda straddled my leg and got very intimate with my knee.

Reactions ranged from envy, to disbelief, to indignation (mostly from the women about the same age as my dancing partners). A couple of the younger ladies took their cue from us and joined in the raunchy display with their own men. The D.J. pumped up the juice and kept the right kind of tunes spinning for maximum heat, and before long the floor was filled with horny folks of all ages rubbing, and grinding, and pawing each other.

I couldn't wait to find out what they had in store for when we got home.

As the designated driver, I got us back to my aunt's place just after midnight. Aunt Linda gave me and my mom a big kiss then tottered off to her room. Mom and I headed upstairs.

"I'm going to take a quick shower before I go to bed," Mom said when we stopped outside the guest room door.

"Want some company?"

"I would, but we both know where that'll lead us." She sounded genuinely disappointed. "I'd still feel funny about playing with you in your aunt's house."

"Aunt Linda told me that she knows what we're doing." I put my hands on my mom's waist and leaned forward touching my forehead to hers. "She won't care if I sleep in your room."

"Let's just behave ourselves for tonight. Tomorrow we'll have a hotel room all to ourselves and we can do whatever we want."

"Whatever we want?" I pressed myself against her. "I want to be inside you again, Mom." I could tell I was getting to her

because it took her several seconds to compose her next words.

"I want that too, sweetie, but Mommy can't do that with you." She nearly swooned as I nuzzled her neck with feathery kisses. "Mommy will show you her pussy tomorrow night. You can look at it, and touch it, and lick it, but I can't let you put your beautiful penis inside me any more."

"I want your pussy now, Mom."

"One more night, honey, I promise. Just go to your room and masturbate your penis for now." She forced herself back from me. "Play with your cock and think about how you touched Mommy's naked body outside today in front of your aunt. Think about how we let you see our titties, and our naked asses. When you come, think about how I showed my wet cunt to you by the pool."

"I had a fun day," I said, resigning myself to spending the night alone with my cock.

"It was fun, wasn't it?" She pulled my head down and kissed me passionately. I couldn't help sliding my hand up to cup her breast. She put her hand over mine and held it there for a moment, while our tongues played across one another. Mom pushed herself away with an effort. "Okay. A cold shower for me, a quick diddle, then to sleep. Goodnight, sweetie."

She hurried to her room before she changed her mind, and left me to skulk off to Rachel's room alone. I undressed and heard Mom getting into the shower. I thought about going in there anyway, but knew I shouldn't. I considered spying on her. She might even like me to do that. I snuck over and tried the door to the bathroom, but it was locked. I heard the shower stop, and stood with my ear, and my cock, pressed against the door listening for sounds of her playing with herself.

I was out of luck. She unlocked the door and I heard her return to her room. I went in and took a quick shower and climbed into bed. I stared up at the princess canopy and wondered how often my cousin Rachel had lain here and

played with herself. Or, for that matter, how many times her mom had sucked her pussy off in this bed. It was then that I realized I hadn't even taken advantage of a prime snooping opportunity.

I started with the drawer in the nightstand next to her bed and hit the jackpot right away. It was nearly empty, with just a few things left behind. Two tangled thongs, a hair clip, and a little, pink vibrator. I pulled out the thongs, one was cotton and black, the other was a silky turquoise.

I brought them to my nose, but they smelled only of fresh laundry detergent. I wasn't too disappointed. The mere idea that these panties had been wedged up my hot cousin's tight little ass was enough for me.

I pulled out the vibrator next. It was only about five or six inches long and shaped like a pink bullet with small bumps all over it. I took a sniff and could definitely detect the residual scent of pussy. I settled back on the bed with my prizes.

I dangled the silky thong over my erection, dragging it back and forth across my hard dick several times before wrapping it around my shaft. I tucked the cotton one up between my butt cheeks so they rubbed against my asshole. I then concentrated on the vibrator.

The fragrance of Rachel's pussy was faint, but unmistakable. I tested it on the tip of my tongue, but it wasn't enough. I put the very end of the vibrator in my mouth. It tasted mostly of latex, but beneath that was her most intimate essence.

I settled back on the pillows, my knees up and legs spread, and began stroking my thong-wrapped cock. I closed my eyes and eased the vibrator into my mouth, letting the flavor of my cousin's months-old cum awaken upon my tongue. I slid the small sex toy in and out between my lips, and found myself humming lightly just like my mom did when she sucked my cock. The oral sensations elevated me to a state of pure, indulgent pleasure.

"Rachel is going to come in her pants when I tell her about this."

My eyes flew open at the sound of my aunt's voice. I nearly gagged on the vibrator when I saw Aunt Linda standing in the doorway completely naked except for a strap-on dildo featuring a lifelike cock that sprang from her crotch.

"Any chance she won't find out?" I was unable to stop stroking myself as I beheld my aunt in all her natural glory.

"Not a chance, stud." She gave her own phallus a few playful jerks. "I've been dying to fuck your momma all day. Wanna watch me give it to her, or would you rather finish sucking off my daughter's little boyfriend?"

"I'll watch!" I put my toys aside and jumped off the bed. Aunt Linda put her finger to her lips, signaling me to stay quiet, and closed the door as she left.

The prospects for the night had suddenly improved immensely.

Chapter 10

As I snuck into the bathroom, I kept thinking how incredible Aunt Linda looked in nothing but a strap-on, and couldn't wait to see her fuck my mom with that realistic looking dong of hers. I suddenly realized that I hadn't come all day. It was time to let loose.

I silently opened the door, amazed that no one could hear the thundering of my heart beating a mile-a-minute. I peeked in just as Aunt Linda was opening the shades to let in some light so I'd be able to see them. My mom was lying on her back masturbating, apparently she didn't bother to stop this time when her sister came into the room.

"What have you got there, Sis?" Aunt Linda climbed onto the bed.

"A towel I found in the hamper." My mom lifted it to her own face. "It has my little boy's cum on it." She held it out to her sister, who drew in the scent of my dried semen.

"Mmm, I'll bet it tastes good when it's fresh and warm."

"Oh, it does, Linda, it does." Mom moved the towel down between her legs and rubbed it against herself. "My son's cum tastes so good to me, I want it so bad. I want him to come in my mouth right now."

"Would you share some with your big sister?" Aunt Linda caressed my mother's chest, squeezing and rubbing her big tits.

"Yes," Mom breathed, "I want you to know how good my baby's cum feels in your mouth." She released the towel as her sister's hand reached down there and she slipped a finger inside my mom's pussy. "Aah, that feels so nice. But I want

him inside me. I want to feel my boy's hard penis in my pussy again."

"Maybe this will do instead." My aunt brandished her fake cock and my mom took notice of it for the first time.

"Ooo, you came to fuck your little sister with your big cock?" My mom grabbed it and stroked it experimentally. "Where did you get this thing?"

"My daughter got it for me last Christmas. Rachel loves it when her Mommy fucks her tight, little pussy with it."

"I want you to fuck me, Sis. Fuck me just like you fuck your daughter. Fuck me like I want my son to fuck me."

"Then get up on your hands and knees, bitch!" Aunt Linda gave Mom's pussy a hard smack, that brought out an involuntary yelp.

I was peering through the narrow space at the door and going out of my mind. I had planned on waiting until they really got into it before I started jerking, but they were getting wild right out of the gate. I tugged the loose skin of my ball sack in an attempt to distract me from my urge to stroke off immediately.

"Like this?" Mom was up on all fours across the bed sideways, her head facing toward me. I had an excellent view of her huge tits dangling down, but I couldn't quite see exactly what Aunt Linda was doing behind her. Worse yet, I couldn't open the door any wider or Mom would spot me. I tried to calm my breathing and just watch and enjoy whatever I could see.

"Spread your knees, slut. Let me see that hairy pussy of yours." Aunt Linda maneuvered behind my mom as she followed her sister's commands and opened herself up wider. My aunt bent down and spit on my mom's pussy, and used the head of the dildo to spread it around.

"Be gentle, I'm still a virgin," my mom mewled, and wiggled against the head of the fake cock.

"I'm going to give it to you rough as I want. I'm going to fuck your virgin pussy so hard you're going to cry, bitch." With that Aunt Linda thrust her hips forward and slammed the dildo into my mom's pussy. Mom barely cut off a scream of pain and delight.

"Please don't hurt me," Mom begged. "I won't tell anyone you put your dirty cock in me, just don't hurt my soft pussy."

"Shut up, slut. This is my pussy, understand? And I'll fuck it any way I want." She pulled back and slammed into her sister again. Mom grunted with pleasure. My aunt then began riding her with a slow, steady rhythm. The movement sent my mom's pendulous breasts swaying forward and back in such a way that my balls tightened with desperate yearning.

"It's too big," Mom whined. "Your cock is too big for my little pussy."

Aunt Linda raised her hand and brought it down hard onto her sister's rear end. Smack!

"Ooo!" Mom squealed. "Please don't spank me, I'll be good." SMACK! Aunt Linda delivered an even harder slap to her other cheek.

"I said shut up, bitch!" My aunt picked up her pace, humping my mom harder and faster. Mom's hanging boobs began to swing and flap together. I was feeling like a caged dog left to starve with a pile of fresh meat just beyond reach. I noticed Aunt Linda looking toward my hiding place. She grabbed onto my mom's hips so she could get more leverage on her thrusts, and blew me a kiss.

The door swung open and before I was consciously aware of what I was doing, I had stepped into the room. My mom's eyes widened when she saw me standing there naked and ready for action.

"No," she moaned, "don't look, sweetie. I don't want you to see me like this." Even as she spoke, my mom continued to match the thrusts of her sister's dildo.

"It's okay, Mom," I said as I moved closer. "I know all about what you and Aunt Linda do together."

"I don't want anyone to know that I lick my sister's pussy." She caught one of her wobbling tits and fondled it as she watched my hard cock get closer. "No one knows that I let her put her fingers and her tongue in my cunny."

"I know, Mom. One day I'll know all your dirty secrets. If you let me." I took one more step and was finally close enough for Mom to take me into her mouth. She did so with manic urgency.

The deluge of sensations assailing my brain was overwhelming. My mom's mouth closed around my cock like a velvet vice. She sucked me hard as the natural motion of her sister fucking her from behind propelled her down and back

on my aching shaft. Added to that was the visual feast of my aunt humping my mother, her bare tits bouncing in time to her plunging thrusts. I reached around either side of my mother's torso and took hold of her dangling breasts and that was all it took to put me over.

I convulsed and cried out as I unleashed my first orgasm of the night almost immediately into my mom's mouth.

"That's it, boy, fill that slut's mouth with your cum." Aunt Linda administered another slap to her sister's ass. "Make her eat your filthy spew."

I withdrew from Mom's mouth, my head abuzz, and she pulled me down. I sunk to my knees in front of her and she kissed me. Her tongue wiggled between my lips and parted them. I relaxed my jaw and opened up, only to feel something land on my tongue. Mom hadn't swallowed my load, but held it and had just passed it back to me.

"Don't swallow," she whispered huskily, all the while getting pounded from the back. She motioned to her sister with a toss of her head, then rolled onto her back.

I moved around the foot of the bed to where Aunt Linda was adjusting her position between my mom's legs and reentering her with the strap-on. My aunt hungrily accepted my kiss, and opened her mouth to receive the gift of my spent semen passed to me from my mom. The flavor of my own cum was still thick in my mouth as I watched Aunt Linda lean down and kiss my mother.

Once again, my load passed from one mouth to another. But my aunt held some back. She lifted away and let my white fluid drool from between her lips down to my mother's open, waiting mouth. Mom caught every drop of my cum as it streamed down to her and swallowed it gratefully. The sisters followed that exchange with a passionate kiss, exploring each other's mouths with voracious tongues.

I was like a kid in the world's biggest toy store who's been told he could have anything he wanted. I wanted everything, and I had no idea what to do next. I decided to first get some more light on the situation and opened the blinds of the other window in the room. I watched my aunt fucking my mom across the bed in the missionary position for a few seconds and decided to go around behind them.

Aunt Linda's big round ass rose and fell, flexing on each down stroke. The straps of her dildo harness were cinched tight around her waist and along the sides of her buttocks. They all came together at her crotch, but there was a gap through which her chubby outer lips were squeezed. I chose this as my next plaything.

I spit on my fingers and worked first one, then a second, into my aunt's pussy. As she fucked her sister, I rapidly pumped my fingers in and out of her hole. This was so much better than the playful poke I had given her this afternoon.

"Oh, yes, that's it, boy," Aunt Linda growled. "Bang my pussy while I fuck this slut!"

"You fuck me so good," my mom panted, wrapping her legs around her sister. Their tits rubbed together in a chaotic frenzy of nipples and quavering flesh. "Make me come on your cock. Make your little sister come on your big cock."

"Oh, God!" Aunt Linda cried and plowed into my mom even faster. "Your son has his fingers in my cunt. My sweet little nephew is fucking me with his fingers!"

The two women thrust and heaved against one another as their words gave way to inarticulate cries of animal pleasure. I forced a third finger into my aunt's contracting pussy hole and pounded her as hard as I dared. My mom pulled her sister deep inside her with her encircling legs, and let out a series of guttural barks as she was the first to come.

Aunt Linda pushed down hard, squeezing her ass tight as I fucked her from behind with my hand. She gave a long

plaintive groan that became a howl of ecstasy as her orgasm released itself and rampaged through her body. Even as the tensing muscles of her pussy nearly crushed my fingers, I didn't slow my pace until she reached back and held my wrist still.

My aunt rolled off of my mom, and they lay side-by-side, as they caught their breath. They were each covered in sweat, and left their legs open to me. I eyed their cunts intently, one covered in hair, the other shaved and puckered between leather straps. I decided I was ready to take my turn fucking my mother with my very real cock. Before I could make my move, Mom spoke up.

"Do you like your auntie's big penis?"

"I liked seeing it go in and out of your pussy, Mom."

"Do you want to suck on it?"

I looked at the wet dildo, unsure if I wanted to do something that 'sissy' in front of them.

"Come on, stud," Aunt Linda wagged the dong at me. "Suck your Momma's cum off my hard dick."

I could see the light of perverse anticipation in my mother's eyes, and knew that this was something close to one of her secret fantasies. Aunt Linda had already seen me with her daughter's vibrator in my mouth, so I guess there was no point to being embarrassed. I climbed onto the bed next to my aunt and lay so that my head was down near her crotch, and my cock was up by her shoulder.

Mom took hold of the rubber phallus and directed it toward my mouth. I gave it a few tentative licks, and could taste my mother's warm pussy juices clinging to it.

"That's it, baby, don't be afraid," Mom encouraged me. "Mommy wants to see her little boy put this nice big cock in his mouth and suck on it." I took the head of the lifelike dildo

into my mouth and began to suck. I could see the look of lascivious delight on Mom's face as I got more comfortable and took the cock deeper.

"That's it, stud," Aunt Linda added. "Eat my fuckpole." I popped the fake dick out of my mouth, and both my mom and I just stared at her. "Sorry, that sounded silly, didn't it." We both nodded, and tried not to crack up and break the mood.

"Try licking her balls, sweetie," Mom suggested. I felt a bit ridiculous licking those rubber testicles, but my mom was really getting a kick out of it. Aunt Linda's slit was only inches from my tongue and I could smell her womanly emanations. "I like that, baby. Now give your auntie a good blowjob."

I returned to the cock and took it once again into my mouth. I bobbed my head up and down on it. Slowly I began to release my inhibitions and allowed myself to enjoy the sensation. I tried to imagine this is how it felt for my mother when she had me in her mouth. Aunt Linda began rolling her

hips, forcing me to adjust my technique so as not to choke myself.

"You're doing so good, sweetie, don't stop." Mom was fingering herself while she watched me suck my aunt's cock. I heard my aunt moan, and wondered what she was getting out of this. Then I realized that the underside of the testicles had a protrusion that was rubbing against her clit. The motion of me sucking the cock was actually getting my aunt off.

My mom wanted more than her fingers could provide, and so moved to straddle her sister's face. She nestled her pussy down onto Aunt Linda's willing mouth, and continued to watch me suck her perpetual hard-on. My mom's hand found my own cock and she stroked it as her sister sucked her clit.

"This is all too much," my mom moaned. "My sister is eating my pussy, I have my son's beautiful cock in my hand, and I'm watching him suck a big dick for me." I couldn't believe it either. I increased my pace, which elicited more forceful gyrations from my aunt. She was getting close to orgasm.

Occasionally, I mistimed my down stroke and the head of the cock would jam against the back of my throat and cause me to gag.

"Be careful, sweetie, don't try to take it all like Mommy does. Just suck the end. That's a good boy."

"I like sucking this cock," I blurted out and quickly returned to the dildo.

"Oh, honey, I'm so glad you like it." Mom leaned down so her face was right near mine. "I wish I could see you suck on a real penis," she whispered to me. "I want to see a man put his hard penis in my little boy's mouth and watch you suck it until he comes. Would you like to do that for Mommy?"

"Umm hmm," I responded. The idea of actually sucking another man's cock scared the hell out of me, but at the same time I was fully aware that I was unable to resist doing anything she wanted. "Show me how, Mom."

She kissed me, then we both put our lips on the head of the cock. We slid it between us, using our tongues as we went. Mom took it in her mouth, and I sucked on the balls, then we changed places. Aunt Linda was thrashing, her moans muffled by my mom's furry puss.

"Finish her off now," Mom urged. "Make your horny old aunt come." I shoved the rubber cock in my mouth and really went at it. I sucked and bobbed as fast as I could manage. Aunt Linda was humping my mouth in time with my efforts until she raised her hips and screamed out.

"Yes! Suck my cock! Suck it! Make me cooome!"

My mom straightened up, and once again pressed her pussy onto her sister's face. Aunt Linda breathlessly resumed tonguing Mom's clit.

"Do you like watching your auntie licking Mommy's pussy?"

"Yes."

"Mmm, it feels so good for Mommy to have her clitty sucked." She rotated her hips as her head lolled from side to side. "Put the cock back in your mouth for me, honey. I was to see you sucking it when I come on your aunt's pretty face." I gave her what she wanted, running my tongue up its length, then sucking it slow and deliberate.

Seconds later she was moaning and shuddering, her body wracked with first one, then a second orgasm. She grabbed a hold of both her breasts, digging her fingers in deep, and gripping them tight until the pleasure that was washing through her gradually ebbed away.

My mom climbed off Aunt Linda's face and they shared a series of gentle kisses. Mom settled down onto her belly, and kissed her way down to her sister's breast. There she nibbled and kissed her nipple.

Aunt Linda just relaxed and enjoyed the attention. After a few minutes she nudged me to turn my hips toward her and once I did my aunt tickled her tongue across my balls. She licked the sensitive skin of my scrotum, and lightly kissed and sucked at my balls.

For my part during this quiet interlude I ran my fingertips along my aunt's shaven slit. I dipped them in just far enough to get them moist, then drifted lower. I snuggled a finger in between her cheeks and located her hidden rosebud. I diddled lazily with Aunt Linda's asshole, only pushing the very end of my finger into it by the barest measure every once in a while.

"Okay, sweetie," Mom said after about ten minutes of us quietly playing with each other. "It's your turn. How do you want to come?"

"I want to come inside you, Mom."

"I know you do, darling," she lilted sympathetically, "but you know we can't."

"Then I don't know," I pouted.

"How about Aunt Linda?" Mom perked up. "What do you say, Sis? Is it okay if my son fucks you?"

"I'm up for it! How 'bout it, stud?"

"Are you sure, Mom? I mean, would you really be okay with that?"

"Of course, sweetie. I want to watch you fuck your aunt. Mommy wants to see her son's penis inside her sister's pussy. It'll be almost the same as if you were inside me, I promise."

I knew full well it wouldn't be almost the same at all for me, but Mom was so enthused with her solution, and she seemed genuinely excited for me to fuck her sister. It appeared to be as close as I would get for now. And, besides, I had been thinking about fucking my Aunt Linda ever since we arrived.

"I don't fuck chicks with dicks," I announced. "So if you want my cock, you're going to have to get rid of yours!"

Aunt Linda quickly began unfastening the buckles and straps of her dildo harness. Mom clapped and cheered like a school girl at a slumber party.

"I don't want to miss a single thing." Mom got up and turned on the bedside light, and then a reading lamp across the room, leaving the harsh overhead light off. "That's better." Boy, she's come a long way from the lady who made me close my eyes in the dark while she masturbated under a blanket.

Aunt Linda finally kicked her way out of the strap-on contraption, rubbing at the red marks it left behind on her skin.

"Any requests?" I asked Mom.

"Ooo, I hadn't thought of that." She put a finger to her lips and considered. "How about Linda on top, but facing the other way."

"Reverse cowgirl it is," my aunt said, and moved so I could lie down on my back. She then straddled my hips with her back to me. "How about you lube us up a little first, Sis?"

My naked mother came to the side of the bed, leaned over and gave my aunt's pussy a few moistening licks. She then spit on my cock and took me into her mouth, swishing it around and wetting it with her saliva. Mom then held my penis upright while my aunt lowered herself onto me. The tip of my cock made contact with her pussy, and Mom lovingly guided me into her sister's hole.

Aunt Linda was arched over me, her feet planted by my knees, her hands by my sides, and her body hovering above. Her pussy slowly glided down the length of my shaft. I felt the peculiar sensation of her pussy whiskers scraping against the thin skin of my cock. Though, the feeling was unexpected, it

wasn't the least bit unpleasant. When she went as far as she could, she lifted up again and repeated the move several more times.

My mom stood back and watched with wicked delight. She opened her stance, bent her knees slightly, and began masturbating herself. She fixated on the sight of my cock disappearing into her sister's pussy. There was no hint of jealousy or regret, only unadulterated lust.

"It's so nice to have a real cock in my pussy again," Aunt Linda said as she rode me.

"That's it, big sister, fuck my son's hard cock while I watch." Mom's hand fluttered rapidly against her own cunt. "Fuck him with your nasty pussy."

"Oh, God, my nephew's cock is inside me. I'm actually fucking my kid sister's little boy." My aunt sped up, slapping herself down hard onto me. "What would our mother say if she saw

us right now? What if Mommy caught us doing such naughty things with our pussies?"

"I wish she was here. I'd make her watch you getting fucked. I'd make that dried up old bitch look at my cunt while I fingered myself. I'd tell my son to shove his cock in her hateful mouth and make her eat his cum."

"You're so evil," Aunt Linda laughed. "Our Mommy taught us that girls aren't supposed to like sex. It's dirty, and sinful, and our privates are disgusting and shameful." I didn't remember much about my grandmother, but I was sure she'd be spinning in her grave if she knew what sexual monsters she'd turned her daughters into.

"If she was here I'd make her suck my disgusting pussy." My mom's masturbation had become angry and she was now attacking her vagina with vengeful intensity. "Fuck my son, Linda, fuck my boy's cock right in front of me while I finger my own cunt.!"

Aunt Linda shifted into a squatting position without ever letting my cock slip out of her. Her soaking wet cunt clutched tightly around my shaft as she bounced up and down on me. I had a perfect view of her wide ass spread before me. My mom moved around to the front of the bed to get a better view, so I lost sight of her and instead focused on watching my aunt's hairless cunt engulf my cock again and again.

I felt Mom get up on the bed with us. She sucked on her sister's tits, and I could feel her hand cupping my balls. Her fingers moved up and she touched my shaft, trying to follow Aunt Linda's pussy as she fucked me.

"Get on all fours, Linda, I want to see you get fucked from behind."

"You want to see your big sister get fucked like a bad doggie?" Aunt Linda pulled herself off of my erection and let me get out from beneath her. She settled down on her hands and knees and sucked her sister's nipples as she waited for me to get into position behind her. I couldn't resist taking a taste of

her swollen pussy and ran my tongue over the length of her slit, finishing with a swirl at her exposed asshole. I was rewarded with a shiver of pleasure.

I eased forward and sunk my hard-on once more into my aunt's hot pussy. I loved how when I slammed into her, the meaty flesh of her ass rippled and flowed in sensuous waves. I noticed that my mom was on her back and squirming down under her sister. She ended up in a sixty-nine position with Aunt Linda, her face only inches below where my cock was pounding into her sister's dripping cunt.

I felt Mom catch my swinging balls in her mouth at about the same time Aunt Linda's head dropped between my mom's legs. I could happily spend the rest of my life like this. We settled into a comfortable rhythm. We were all giving pleasure to, and receiving pleasure from, each other, and it was a beautifully perfect moment.

"I love you, Mom," I said with blissful sincerity. "You, too, Aunt Linda. I love you both so much. I love your bodies, and the things you do with me.

"We love you, too, sweetie," Mom said from beneath me.

"We love your cock," my aunt added. "We love the way you look at us, and how you touch us, and make us feel so good."

Aunt Linda returned her mouth to my mom's pussy, and I could hear her loudly slurping and sucking the flowing juices. My mom managed to reach around and work her finger into my asshole while she continued to tease my balls with her tongue. I just held onto my aunt's hips and worked my cock in and out of her invigoratingly scratchy cunt.

I took a cue from my mom, and rubbed my thumb over my aunt's asshole. She wiggled with anticipation, and I obliged her by gently pushing my thumb into her ass. This put a charge in her lovemaking, and she used her body to encourage me to fuck her harder. Which I was happy to do.

"That's it, sweetie," Mom coached. "Fuck my sister's cunt nice and hard. Make your auntie come all over your cock."

Aunt Linda began to emit a panting moan that increased in volume and frequency as her orgasm neared.

"Yes, yes, yes! Fuck me hard, fuck my cunt, fuck it, fuuuuck! Yes!" She twitched and twisted herself on my cock as she came, clenching me tight with her strong pussy.

"Mom, I'm going to come, too!" I cried out.

"Don't pull out, baby," Mom instructed. "Come inside your auntie. Shoot your hot cum in her pussy for me."

That was all I needed to hear. With a few more thrusts I was coming. I hugged my hips close to my aunt's and forced spurt after spurt of semen deep inside her.

"Oh, I can feel it," Aunt Linda groaned. "I can feel my nephew's cum squirting inside me and filling up my cunt."

When my mom was sure I'd released all that I was going to, she had me pull out. I sat back and watched. Aunt Linda once again returned to eating her sister. Mom just stared up at my aunt's engorged pussy lips and waited. Within moments my cum began to dribble out of Aunt Linda's hole and drip into my mom's open mouth.

Mom soon lost patience and brought her mouth to my aunt's pussy and began to suck our mingled juices directly from it. As she sucked, the flow of my semen increased and Mom eagerly gobbled it up as fast as it came out. Aunt Linda must have been hitting just the right spot with her tongue because my mom began to orgasm as she was swallowing my spent jizz leaking from her sister's cunt. Mom came long and hard, but even after she finished, she didn't let my aunt move until she had sucked every drop out of her pussy.

I got up and turned the lights off, then climbed back into bed with my lovely ladies. We lay with my mom in the middle between me and my aunt. We cuddled and caressed each other in contented silence for a long while before drifting away to sleep.

As I dozed off with my fingers tucked in the moist crease of my mother's pussy, I couldn't imagine a more ideal way to live.

I woke up alone. I was hoping we'd all fool around some more before Mom and I hit the road. I was bummed until I remembered that at least I would have Mom all to myself again tonight when we got to the hotel. I got out of bed and headed for the shower, but then I heard something outside. It sounded like giggling. I looked out the window into the backyard and felt a chill of excitement run through me.

Mom and Aunt Linda were out in the yard completely naked. These women were something beyond insatiable. They were sitting in the grass facing each other with their legs spread, pressing the bottoms of their bare feet together. They were watching each other masturbate out in the open under the morning sun and giggling like a couple of little girls. The two of them together were cute as kittens.

I looked down at my hard cock pulsing impatiently, begging to join in the fun. I guess it ran in the family, I was about as insatiable as they were. I hurried out into the yard. They cheered and laughed and waved me over.

"Wanna play?" Aunt Linda scooted over to make room for me.

"Are you kidding, this is one of my favorite games." I sat down in the dewy lawn with them and was surprised how nice the grass felt against my bare ass. "And I'm real good at it, too!"

"You've certainly had enough practice," Mom teased.

"Look who's talking," I playfully shot back.

We sat outside in a circle and watched each other masturbate like a trio of naughty children until my mom and aunt had each made themselves come twice. I came just once, wasting my load on the ground. 'Reseeding the lawn' Aunt Linda had called it.

Mom wanted to see me to fuck Aunt Linda again, so we made love in the grass while my mom sat next to us running her hands all over my back and legs and butt. This time, after I gave Aunt Linda another orgasm, Mom had me pull out and come in her mouth, then licked her sister's juices from my cock.

I next pushed my mom down onto her back and licked her pussy and ass while her sister sucked her tits. I brought my mom to orgasm, but after allowing her only a few moments to recover, started right back on her again and coaxed another shuddering climax from her. But we still weren't done. Aunt

Linda joined me between my mom's legs and the two of us licked and sucked her to yet one more groaning orgasm.

Then, sadly, it was time for us to get ready to go. Aunt Linda cooked us breakfast while Mom showered and packed up. I decided to make myself useful and take out the garbage. I collected the waste bin from the upstairs bathroom and when I dumped the contents into the trash bag my gut clenched when I saw what was in there.

I stared slack-jawed as panic ricocheted through my brain. Sitting before me, atop the gathered garbage, was one of those early pregnancy test sticks. And it was used. Mom and I were the only ones using the upstairs bathroom, and I remember the wastebasket being empty when we first arrived. It was definitely Mom's.

It had been at the bottom, beneath all the other trash, as though Mom had purposely hidden it so I wouldn't see. My mind reeled with the implications. I reached for it with a

trembling hand, not certain I really wanted to see the results. Not knowing if I could handle it, I turned the stick over.

I saw a little gray window where the verdict was displayed. There was a faint plus sign that would fade to almost nothing depending on how I angled it to the light. At some angles it looked like a negative result, at others positive. I couldn't be sure what it meant. My pulse raced, and my mouth went dry.

Could my mom be pregnant?

Chapter 11

We were all packed up and ready to go. Mom and I were on the porch saying our goodbyes to Aunt Linda.

"Remember," my aunt said, "you promised to come back and visit for the holidays when Rachel is home on break." The possibility that I might be spending this Christmas having an

incestuous orgy with my mom, aunt, and cousin Rachel was almost too much for me to contemplate at the moment.

Mom and Aunt Linda hugged and kissed. Not a quick smooch, but more of a long, open-mouthed make out session. For a second I thought they were going to start going at it right there on the porch. When she was done with my mother, my aunt came over and gave me the same treatment. As we kissed her breasts pressed close to my chest, and I felt her grind herself against my crotch, stealing one last cheap thrill before we went.

"Whatever you do with your mom," Aunt Linda said when our kiss finally ended, "it'll be okay, as long as you do it with love." With that tid-bit of wisdom she slapped me on the ass and sent me on my way.

Mom took the wheel and we headed west toward Texas. We planned to stay at a nice hotel for this one last night of our road trip, then tomorrow we'd be in our new place. Her company had arranged a house for her to rent until she found

something else. I was trying to get myself to focus on spending the night alone with Mom, but my mind kept wandering. I couldn't stop thinking about what it would be like to be a father.

"You're awfully quiet," Mom said, nudging my leg. "What's on your mind, sweetie?"

"It's something I saw back at Aunt Linda's house."

"Geez, I was afraid of this," she fretted. "Now that the excitement is over, you're upset about seeing me have sex with your aunt, aren't you?"

"Wow. No, not even remotely close. I loved watching you two play together. It was amazing what we all shared."

"Whew!" Mom wiped her brow as an exaggerated show of relief. "I'm glad to hear that. I'm really looking forward to tasting your cousin's sweet young puss under the mistletoe."

She squeezed my thigh and licked her lips as the sinful thought floated through her mind. "So what is it then?"

"Mom," I swallowed hard and just asked, "can you still get pregnant?"

"C'mon, I'm not that old..." She trailed off when she realized why I must be asking and her expression became serious. "Your father had a vasectomy while I was still pregnant with you, so I never needed to use birth control or anything. I've got a while to go before my 'change.' So, yes, I can still get pregnant."

"That's why you don't want us to go all the way, isn't it? The reason you don't want me to come inside you?" I looked at her when she didn't answer right away. Her jaw was set, and she had that guilty look on her face. She just nodded in response to my question. "But then I did come inside you."

"I'm a few days late." She whispered. That hung between us for a long while before she spoke again. "But that could be for

lots of reasons. It's probably just all the stress. And maybe the fact that I've had more sex than usual in the past few weeks. A lot more. But I don't know anything for sure right now."

"But what if you are? What if I made you pregnant?"

Mom pulled over to the side of the road and parked. She looked into my eyes and stroked my hair lovingly.

"It's too early to be worried about that, sweetheart." Her hand went reflexively to her belly. "I don't know what I'd do, but no matter what happens we'll figure it out together."

I nodded dumbly and she leaned over and kissed me on the cheek, and then on the mouth. Her lips felt so warm and comforting. Her tongue assured me everything would be all right. Her hands on my body gave me strength and confidence.

"No amount of worrying ever fixed anything," she told me. "Let's not get dragged down by 'what ifs' and 'maybes' that might never come. We're starting a new life and I don't want to miss a single chance to enjoy it." She ran her hand down into my crotch to make sure I knew what she meant. "Okay?"

"Mother knows best," I managed a weak smile. She always knew how to make me feel better. "But don't expect a big ring if we have to get married."

"Oh, God, can I finish getting rid of my first husband before I have to deal with a second." She laughed and pulled back onto the road.

Mom had opted for the scenic route, so we made our way on old two lane roads and rural highways. I was navigating using a couple of crappy gas station maps. My mood was much improved, and mom spent most of the ride so far telling me

funny stories about all the trouble she and her sister had gotten up to when they were little.

"I have to pee." Mom wiggled in her seat. "How about you?"

"I could use a pit stop." I glanced at the map. "There's a town in about fifteen miles." As I was speaking Mom pulled over to the side of the road. We were in an unpopulated area surrounded by scrubby woods.

"I have to go now," Mom said with a mischievous smirk and got out of the car. I watched her head into the trees and took a moment to admire her bare legs showing from below her short, summer skirt, then I hopped out and followed her. She had stopped only about thirty yards into the woods, we could easily see the car from there. She was leaning on a big tree waiting for me.

"This looks like a good spot for you to go." Her eyes moved down to the front of my pants. I unzipped and took out my semi-erect penis. I stepped up to the tree and prepared to take

my piss. "Can I hold it?" my mom asked in her most adorable voice.

I nodded and let go of my stiffening cock. She moved behind me, then reached around and held my shaft with just her finger tips on the underside, and thumb on top. I took me several moments to relax and get things flowing.

"Mmm, I like that," Mom purred in my ear as she watched me go. She moved my cock around, pointing it every which way, then jiggling it around so my stream made looping patterns on the dry tree bark. She giggled with delight at her new game. Just as the flow began to weaken she timidly edged one finger forward and touched my stream of piss right where it was squirting from my slit.

Mom squealed gleefully at the sensation, then emboldened by it, she actually cupped her hand beneath my fading stream and caught the last of it in her palm. It overflowed and spilled between her fingers. She then gripped my erection with her piss-soaked hand and stroked me. I know I should have been

grossed out by this, but it seemed no matter what my mom did it was sexy beyond all reason.

"I can't hold it any longer," she said. "Do you want to watch me?"

"I do, Mom. I want to watch you to pee for me."

She walked out to the middle of the little leaf-strewn clearing, hiked up her skirt to reveal she wasn't wearing any panties and squatted down. She started with a series of little squirts, relaxing and letting some pee flow out, then clamping down and making it stop. She gave a little moan each time she did this.

A car whizzed by and reminded me just how close we were to the road (and to anyone who happened to be looking this way as they passed). This seemed to only encourage Mom, and she leaned back, putting one hand on the forest floor behind her. She lifted her hips and spread her feet apart, then she reached

between her legs, and with two fingers spread her pussy lips apart.

With her cunt opened up to my view she relaxed and began to pee with a strong gush. I was stunned at how far her stream arced out from her tiny piss hole, which was no longer hidden behind her thick bush and the masking folds of her pussy. She laughed with almost rebellious joy at doing something out in the open that she normally did only in private. She was peeing in front of her son, without any inhibition or shame.

"Look at Mommy, sweetie!" She didn't need to tell me, I couldn't take my eyes off her even if I wanted. "Do you like watching Mommy's pussy while she pees outside?"

"It's beautiful, Mom."

Her surge thinned and the end of the liquid arc receded toward her. Mom moved her hand lower, the hand she used to catch my piss, and did the same with her own. She peed into her palm for several seconds and when there was no

more left she rubbed her hand, wet with warm urine, against her pussy. She looked up at me, checking to see if she had gone too far for me yet. All she saw was a look of enthralled wonder on my face.

She played with her drenched pussy a bit more, then crawled across the ground to me and took my cock in her mouth just as a pickup truck zoomed by. I didn't know if they saw us, but I didn't really care either. My mom sucked my piss-tainted cock with singular passion. The compounding of taboos seemed to propel her to new planes of ecstasy.

"Mom, you suck my cock so good," I moaned. "You're such a nasty fucking slut."

I held her head and fucked my mother's mouth. She took my thrusts with expert skill, never gagging or choking no matter how deep I penetrated her throat. She played with my balls as my cock plunged in and out between her lips. Mom closed her mouth a fraction and dragged her teeth against the thin

skin of my shaft, adding a whole new dimension to the experience.

When she looked up at me with those big brown eyes that seemed to beg me for my cum, I reached my peak and sent my load jetting down Mom's throat with urgent force. She took it all like a champ, as I knew she would. As soon as she was done milking me she stood up and pushed me down to my knees.

"Eat me now, sweetie, eat Mommy's pissy cunt." She spread her feet and crouched just enough so I could get my face between her legs. Her pussy was wet with her own fresh urine. The smell was strong, but not disagreeable as I had expected. I began licking her soaked lips and could taste the unique new combination of flavors. Her salty, and slightly bitter, pee had mixed with her pungent, feminine cum. My nose was filled with it, my mouth couldn't get enough of it, she tasted exquisite.

The feeling of her wet pussy hair moistening my cheeks, the distinctive new tang of her vagina, the very idea of what we were doing all combined with the excitement of hearing two more cars go past and drove me to suck my mother's cunt with audacious abandon.

"Oh, my God, you really like that don't you?" Mom practically shouted it. Then she called out, even louder, "My son loves sucking his mother's pussy!" There was no one around for miles and she was eager to take advantage of this rare freedom. "My little boy is sucking my cunt!" she screamed almost as loud as she could. "I'm going to come in my son's mouth! I'm coming in his mouth! I'm coming! I'm COOOOMING!!" Mom let loose, not holding anything back, and cried out in sinful rapture as if she wanted all the world to hear.

Mom humped my face throughout her violent orgasm and more cum flowed from her pussy, into my mouth, and down my chin. I couldn't stop sucking and licking her. I wanted to consume her, to swallow her, to once again becoming one with her. Even though her orgasm had passed, she remained

standing above me, hunched over my mouth, and allowed me to take all the time I wanted with her pussy.

When we got back to the car, Mom asked me to drive.

"We should stop in that town and get cleaned up before we really start to stink."

"Good idea," I agreed and got us back on the road.

"I'm sorry for being so disgusting back there." Mom blushed, feeling her usual post-kink remorse. "I didn't mean to get that carried away. I just wanted us to watch each other. I took it too far again, didn't I?"

"If you had asked me before, I'd have said yes. But I have to admit, it was really hot while we were doing it."

"I know what you mean. I'm still turned on just thinking about it. It felt so good to just let go like that." As she spoke I noticed

her hand caressing the insides of her thighs. She reclined her seat, and pulled her skirt up. "I'm sorry, honey, I'm still all worked up. I have to masturbate." She tickled her fingers playfully over her swollen pussy, still wet from pee, and cum, and my mouth.

"Just save some for tonight," I joked.

"Don't worry about that, sweetheart. I have plenty to go around."

She teased and toyed with her pussy for the next twenty minutes, only allowing herself to give in to her orgasm when we reached the outskirts of the little town. I wanted to jack off along with her, but I actually didn't have plenty to go around and wanted to save something for tonight.

As she brought herself to orgasm next to me, with her bare feet up on the dashboard, I fell in love with her all over again...for about the seventh time that day.

We stopped at a gas station and used the restrooms to clean ourselves up, then found a diner. Our waitress was a high school girl with a really tight little rack that she proudly put on display by way of an extra small top with a low scoop neckline that showed more cleavage than was probably legal in these parts. She cheerfully took our order and bounced off to the kitchen with it. Once she was out of sight I turned back to my mom, who was staring at me with a dopey grin.

"You want to put your cock in her tight little puss, don't you?"

"Hell, yeah," I confirmed, "but only if you're there to watch."

"Such a good boy," she patted my cheek then gave it a pinch. "Always thinking of your poor horny ol' mother." She put on an exaggerated pout. "But that's the one thing I still can't help feeling guilty about. You should be out chasing after girls your

own age instead of spending all your time jerking off to my saggy tits and wrinkled twat."

"But I love your wrinkled twat," I teased. "Your wrinkled, hairy, smelly, old--"

"Hey! Watch it, mister!" she warned with feigned indignity, taking a swipe at me that I managed to dodge.

"Speaking of hairy and old, I was thinking about Dad yesterday."

"What about him?" She made a face like she'd just found a month old fish at the bottom of the fridge.

"You are one of the sexiest, horniest, and wildest women ever, but from what I could tell, Dad was a total dud. How did you end up with him?"

"For the same reason I've made every other terrible choice in my life. I was scared." She twisted her napkin in her hand anxiously. "I had fooled around with some boys in high school, just the normal type of stuff. But when I left home and went to college I discovered all kinds of new sexual possibilities."

"So you got freaky in college?"

"Not exactly. I was obsessed with anything to do with sex, but I was too afraid to actually follow through. For instance, there was this girl I had a freshman crush on, and one day she invited me to a 'No-Pajama Party.' A bunch of girls would have a sleep over and just masturbate together all night. I was too shy and full of shame about my body then to actually go, but I fantasized about it all the time when I played with myself."

"That sounds like an awesome party!"

"No kidding. I always regretted not taking that risk." She began tearing little bits of the napkin as she went on. "But the more I discovered, the more twisted my fantasies became. I would go to the school library and read about abnormal sexuality and actually get off on it. I began having fantasies about orgies, and bondage, and being naked in public." She lowered her voice. "By the time I was a junior, it escalated to gang bang and rape fantasies, and...worse."

"Geez, Mom..."

"I know, I was sick. I realized that there was something wrong with me, and that I wouldn't be able to control my sexual urges on my own. I was afraid that eventually I'd give in and start doing all the depraved things I fantasized about. And that scared the hell out of me."

She looked like she was having second thoughts about confiding more secrets. I reached out and took her nervous hands in mine, trying to reassure her that she was safe with me.

"So that's when I found your father. The most normal, boring, uptight guy I could find. I figured that if I was with someone like him, it would keep me from pursuing my disgusting perversions."

"You definitely picked the right guy for that," I tried to lighten the mood.

"Definitely," she chuckled. "And my plan sort of worked for the most part. But no matter what I tried, I was constantly horny and I just wanted to fuck and come all the time."

"Um..." the waitress quietly got our attention. "Club sandwich?" She set the plate down in front of Mom with a blush, then put my burger in front of me before scurrying off. Mom held her giggle until the girl was out of sight.

"Your father was on a strict once-a-week fuck schedule, except when I had my period, then it would be a blowjob that week

instead." Mom sighed and took a bite of her sandwich. "Over the years it became a strict once-a-month schedule, if I was lucky."

"But at least it kept you from becoming a total weirdo, right?"

"Almost. After all, I did start lusting after my son at some point. Oh, who am I kidding," she took a deep breath and looked at me with distressed resignation. "This is really hard to admit, but I had sexual feelings with you almost from the time you were born."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, for instance...sometimes, when I was breastfeeding you, I would--" She stopped abruptly, biting her lip. "You know what, I don't want to get into all that." She shook her head to erase the unwanted thoughts, and then put on a big smile. "Let's talk about something else."

"Okay." I wasn't sure this was the best time to bring it up, but it was something on my mind. "Did Grandpa...did he molest you and Aunt Linda?" Mom laughed unexpectedly, almost spitting out her soda.

"More like we molested him," she corrected me. "On Sunday mornings our mom would leave for church before us to set things up in the kitchen since she was on the refreshments committee. Dad was left in charge of getting us ready. When he'd take his shower he'd leave the door open a bit so he could hear if we were causing any trouble." Mom chewed a bite of her sandwich remembering fondly.

"We'd always run in there and peek in at him and torment the poor man to no end. Finally he just gave in and let us get in the shower with him. And, of course, the only thing we wanted to do once we were in there was fiddle around with his man-parts."

"So he didn't make you do it?"

"Nope. C'mon, you know how me and my sister are. We couldn't wait for Sunday so we could play with Daddy. But the best was when Mom would go out at night and leave us home alone with Dad--which was rare. We'd make popcorn, then watch TV in the dark and take turns sitting on his lap. We'd beg him give us 'love tickles.' He'd ask 'Where do you want to get tickled?' and we'd always point between our legs like the horny little girls that we were.

"And he'd diddle his own daughters?"

"Oh God, did we love that. His big strong fingers, and the smell of his cologne. Geez, I'm getting wet just thinking about it. I remember the night Linda got the brilliant idea to take her pajama bottoms and underwear off before having her turn. It was nothing but naked love tickles for us after that. We loved our Daddy so much. I still think about him almost every day."

"Wow," was my only reaction. "So how come you waited so long to molest me?"

"I'm sorry, honey," she smirked. "If I had it to do over, I'd have started giving you naked love tickles on your little pee-pee a long time ago."

We joked and laughed for the rest of the meal. When we were done I made a quick run to the men's room and when I came out I could see Mom already waiting in the car. I went to pay the bill and the hot waitress rang me up.

"Congratulations," she said.

"Huh?" was my artful response.

"It's okay. Your wife told me all about you two, and I think it's totally hot."

"Oh? What did 'my wife' tell you?"

"About how she was your high school teacher, and you two fell in love, and how she waited for you to graduate so you could get married, and now you're on your way to California for your honeymoon. So congratulation!" She handed me my change with a sappy look in her eye.

"Um, thanks."

"It's too bad you have to hide it and can't wear your wedding rings out in public." She looked around to make sure no one was near, then asked so only I could hear, "How is it? Having sex with your teacher, I mean."

"Ah, well...the sex is great. You know how teachers are. Always horny."

"Yeah, she looks like a real cougar," she said, intending it as high praise. "There's a couple cute teachers at my school. I wouldn't want to marry them though, just maybe hook up with them or something."

"Okay, well...good luck with that. Don't want to keep the wife waiting, so...have a good one." I backed out of there as quickly as I could before I got myself into trouble. Mom was laughing her head off when I got into the car. "Yeah, very funny. Because of you, that girl is probably going to go to school on Monday and start banging all her teachers."

"If there's one thing I'm good at it's corrupting the youth of America." She leaned over and pulled me into a passionate kiss, taking my hand and placing it on her breast. We made out like a couple horny teenagers for almost a minute out in front of the diner. When Mom sat back, I saw our waitress staring at us from the big plate glass window with a dreamy expression. Mom gave her a little wave.

"Let's go, hubby. Mama wants some of that honeymoon-suite lovin'."

As we pulled out, the cute waitress waved goodbye, her head now filled with career-ending sexual intentions.

We checked into a nice hotel and headed up to our room. It was huge, with a king-sized bed, a wide-screen TV, and a nice view from our fifth-story window. The place had a pool, a good restaurant, and smiling staff around every corner. I could hear Mom oohing and aahing as she checked out the bathroom.

"What do you think?" I said. "Pretty nice, isn't it?" I fidgeted around the room with my hands in my pockets feeling uncomfortable and out of place. Mom came out of the bathroom and snuggled up against me. I wrapped my arms around her, laying kisses along her neck.

"Take me someplace dirty," she whispered in my ear. Mom felt it also. This room was too sterile, too conservative. Almost as if it was judging us for violating society's expectations and condemning our intended illicit acts. The filthy motel never cared what we did. Instead, it encouraged us to indulge our

depravity, and reveled in the carnal debauchery committed within its grimy walls. We grabbed our bags and hurried out.

We drove around for almost an hour before finding a seedy motel that rented rooms by the hour. Much like our first place, an assortment of hookers and their potential customers orbited the area. When I paid for the room, the clerk tried to sell me a hit of crack. The eyes of several shadowy figures loitering around the edges of the place were upon us as we entered our room. There was a real feeling of danger here.

The room was perfect. The worn 70s-era carpet, a single saggy bed with threadbare, but allegedly clean sheets dotted with cigarette burns, the faded and peeling wallpaper. Everything was bolted down and tattered. As soon as we dropped our luggage we were at each other.

"Oh, sweetie, I want you so bad. Make Mommy come."

Our mouths came together frantically. I pulled Mom's skirt down and immediately navigated my fingers past her curly

bush and into her wet inner delights. She tugged my shirt off, then kissed, sucked and bit my nipples.

"I want to be inside you, Mom."

"No, we can't do that, sweetie."

We fell onto the bed and finished stripping off each other's clothes. It had been only twelve hours since I had last seen my mom's naked breasts, but I still got a huge charge out of taking those big beauties in my hands and squeezing them and watching her nipples become erect.

Mom's hands went for my cock as soon as it was free. She gripped it and stroked it, fondling my balls and pinching the head. She rolled on top of me, grinding her crotch against my thigh. I rolled on top of her and rubbed my hard cock against her belly. We kissed throughout, our tongues darting back and forth into each other's mouth.

"Mom, I want to make love to you again."

"No, you can't fuck my pussy. My baby can't put his big, hard cock inside his Mommy."

My hand found its way back down between my mother's legs and I jammed my middle finger inside her, pumping it in and out.

"Don't you want to feel me inside you like this?"

"Yes. I want your cock inside me, but we can't. You know we can't."

"I am going to fuck you, Mom."

"Please don't, sweetie, not like that."

We continued to thrash and grope each other on the bed. She did her best to control my cock, making sure I never got into a position where I could get it inside her. I wasn't ready to use my strength to force myself on her, but we could both feel the mounting heat of our physical struggle. One thing was sure in my mind, however, I was going to fuck my mother again, one way or another, before this night was over.

"Don't fight it, Mom. I know you want me to fuck you. You can't stop me."

"I won't let you. You're not going to come deep inside my pussy. You can't make me fuck you."

We carried on with our sexual contest. I pinched the outer lips of her pussy, pressing hard on her hard clit beneath. She responded by biting my shoulder. The more pressure I put on her clit, the harder she bit, until I gave in and released her. I retaliated by clamping my mouth over one of her nipples. I sucked hard, drawing in as much of her soft flesh as I could, then slowly closing my teeth around it. As I did this I felt the

tips of her fingernails against the skin of my cock. The more I bit down on her nipple, the farther she sunk her nails into my shaft. The sensation of pain, and the aggression behind it, was uniquely arousing.

"Please be a good boy. Don't make Mommy hurt you."

"Be a good girl and give me your pussy. Don't make me take it."

I got hold of both her wrists then, and pinned them up by her head. I attempted to get on top of her, but she clamped her knees together. I tried to force them apart with my body, but she resisted, using the strength of her beautiful long legs to fend me off. We had both built up a good sweat as we wrestled, our slick skin made it slippery work.

I had managed to push her knees to the side and pin them against the bed with my hips. From her twisted position, she was able to guard her pussy with her drawn up feet. I tried to work my way past, hoping she would surrender at some point

and allow me to enter her. I didn't know if I could bring myself to actually force my cock into her without some clear signal from her that it was okay. But I was afraid at some point I wouldn't be able to control myself.

"Wait! Stop, sweetie!" she cried out. I assumed it was some sort of ploy, so I didn't ease up. "I saw something. There's someone outside." I looked and saw a two or three inch gap between the heavy curtains over the window. It was entirely possible someone was trying to peek in. I looked down at Mom's face and saw her concern was genuine. After a few moments of consideration I decided to change my strategy and released my mom.

I went to the window and looked out. There was movement to the left, but when I turned there was nothing. Across the way, a guy stood outside his room smoking, and another sat in his car looking over the streetwalkers nearby.

I threw the curtains wide. Light from outside lanced into our little room and fell like a spotlight on my mother lying naked

on the bed. She screeched and tried to cover herself, shocked by the sudden exposure.

"What are you doing? Everyone can see in!" She attempted to pull the sheet over her body, but it was tucked too tightly under the mattress.

"That's right." I returned to the bed, lowered my head, and kissed her just above the knee. I kissed and lick my way up her thigh. Her legs were still pressed tightly together, but when I reached the hollow just beneath her hip bone she relented and opened herself to me.

"I don't want anyone to see what we're doing. No one should see my son licking my pussy." She pushed my head down between her legs and I was once again granted the pleasure of inhaling the powerful scent of my mother's sex. I began with soft strokes of my tongue at the opening of her vagina and slowly worked my way out from there.

"There's a man at the window," my mother whispered urgently. "He's looking at me."

"Let him look."

The mystique of the filthy motel was once again working its magic on us.

Chapter 12

My tongue eagerly explored the intimate creases of my mom's luscious pussy. Light from the street, from coloured signs, and passing cars filled our shabby motel room, steaming in through the purposely open curtains. Mom lay naked and exposed on the bed, with me between her legs. A vague figure loomed at the edge of our window, drawn to our sinful exhibition like a degenerate moth.

"That man can see your Mommy's naked titties." she fondled and squeezed her big breasts. "He's watching me play with my nipples. He's watching how I let my son suck my cunt."

"Let him see what a whore you are, Mom."

I turned her hips to the side, so she was facing the window. I saw a dark shape skulking there. I lifted my mother's leg, revealing her pussy to the stranger. I let him have a good look, then returned my mouth to her warm wetness. She held her leg up in the air, and moaned with unrestrained indulgence.

"Oh, God, I think he's taking his penis out," Mom reported, more excited now than scared. I moved behind her and took her shoulders, bringing her up so that she was sitting on the edge of the bed facing the window. The light from outside shown on her skin leaving nothing hidden.

"Open your legs, Mom. Let him see your hairy pussy." I knelt on the bed behind her, and reached around to caress her tits.

"Don't make me do this. Don't make your Mommy show her pussy to the dirty pervert." Even as she protested she spread her legs and exposed herself willingly.

"Now let him see you play with it." I commanded, as I jiggled her tits for the gratification of our peeper.

"He's rubbing his penis now." She began to finger herself. "That man is looking at my naked body and masturbating like a filthy animal." I lifted one of her tits up high and she enthusiastically licked her own nipple. "Look, there's another one."

A second man was at our window. He didn't hide at the edge, but rather stood boldly near the center. His black skin seemed to absorb all light. I lifted Mom's other breast to her mouth, and by the time she was done licking it he had his hard prick out, too.

"Get on your knees, Mom," I instructed her. "Get down on the floor and suck my cock like the shameless slut you are." She quickly obeyed, sliding off the bed and onto her knees. I stood in front of her and she went at it like a woman possessed. I pulled her long, black hair away from her face so our audience could see my swollen member driving in and out of her expert mouth.

A third man stepped up. Perhaps the man I had seen sitting in his car, but he hung back so it was hard to tell. I moved so Mom had to turn with me, revealing a new angle to the crowd. She now had her back to the window so they could see her ass. I pulled my shaft away from her and rubbed my balls on her face. She took them into her mouth, sucking and licking them greedily.

"Those men can see my bare bottom," she breathed. "They're looking at my ass and stroking their nasty cocks."

I sat down on the edge of the bed and looked up at the men outside. The two up front were clearly jerking off, the third

just watched from farther back. Mom was still suckling my scrotum and licking my shaft. I lay back and lifted my knees up toward my shoulders. Mom knew just what to do and shifted her tongue down lower.

"That's right freaks," I said. "Watch my mom lick my asshole."

"Don't say that so loud," Mom begged. "I don't want them to know it's your Mommy who's sucking your ass for you."

I reached down and put my hand atop her head and pushed her face firmly into my ass. No longer able to talk, she concentrated on sucking my asshole, shoving her tongue as far into my anus as she could for as long as she could, then gasping for air. I loved the view of her beautiful face beneath my balls.

"Stand up," I told her. She stood after a few more parting licks. "Turn around and go to the window." She hesitated, turned, then took a faltering step.

"I can see their penises," she said.

"Closer," I ordered, and joined the men by stroking myself. I worked my cock slowly as I watched my mother from behind. She took a few more reluctant steps. "What do you see?" I asked.

"One has a little penis. He's jerking it with two fingers, and pulling on his foreskin. He's staring at my naked titties. The other one is big. He has a big, black cock, and he has his balls out, too. He's looking right at me, like he wants to fuck me with his black cock.

"Turn around," I said and she did. "Bend over and spread your ass for him." She turned and bent over, moved her feet wider apart, reached around and spread her ass cheeks open. The black man looked past her at me and gave me a nod of appreciation.

"They can see my asshole, sweetie." She rotated her hips seductively. "They're looking right up close at my wide open asshole and masturbating just outside."

I saw the man standing further behind move, and heard him try our door. Upon finding it locked he pounded on it. Mom let out a little scream.

"Don't let them get in! Sweetie, please, they want to rape me."

"Just do what I say and I won't let them in. If you disobey I'll open the door and let those men do whatever they want with you."

"I don't want those strange men to rape my pussy. I'll do what you say."

"Face the window." I watched my mom straighten up and turn around. The black man yelled at the guy by the door, and he

return to the back of group. "Get right up close, Mom. As close as you can and spread your pussy for them."

She moved up until her nipples touched the glass. She squatted down slightly and opened her pussy using both hands. The black man stepped directly in front of her and began jerking faster.

"His cock is so close to my pussy." Mom pressed herself against the glass and I was jealous that I couldn't see my mom's huge tits mashed on the glass the way those guys were seeing it. "Oh, God, he's coming. He's shooting cum out of his big, black cock right at my pussy. It's all over the glass, there's so much cum everywhere!"

That was all it took for Mom to succumb. She sank down on the grimy carpet, spreading her legs toward the window, and began masturbating herself. I got off the bed and knelt by her head and started seriously jerking as well. The black man continued stroking himself as his jizz ran down the window

in a thick white streak. The little guy was whacking away like crazy now, too.

"Did you see that?" Mom asked breathlessly, animated by the excitement of putting on a show. "I made that man come. Your Mommy showed him her naked cunt and made his cock squirt."

"You're going to make me squirt, too, Mom!"

"Shoot it on Mommy's face, baby. I want your cum all over my face."

I leaned in and landed the first spurt on her cheek, the next across her nose. She opened her mouth and I aimed a shot onto her lips and tongue. The rest seeped out and dribbled down onto her forehead. I used the head of my cock to spread my cum around on her skin, and this drove her wild.

Mom's messy facial did it for the little wanker, and he let fly a thin lash of semen that slapped against the glass. His pathetic discharge was comically small in comparison to the other man's.

"He just came, too," Mom called out in the heat of her self-pleasure. "Everybody's coming for me!" A spasm gripped her body as her orgasm rapidly came upon her. "I'm coming, too!" Her body arched, and she thrust her pussy toward the strange men. "Watch me make my cunt come you horny fuckers!" Mom let out a high-pitched wail of release, followed by several low grunts as she pumped every ounce of pleasure from her exhibitionist orgasm. She went limp on the carpet, arms and legs splayed wide, sated and spent for the moment.

The guy in back was gone by the time I stood up. The black man gave me a thumbs up as I closed the curtain, then turned and left. The little fellow still held his tiny pecker in his hand, and didn't look like he was going anywhere soon.

I made sure there was no gap in the curtains, bent down and gave Mom's cum-glazed lips a lick, then went and turned on the shower.

I came out of the small stand-up shower as Mom was coming in. We shared a lingering kiss as we passed. Once back in the room, I opened up her suitcase and searched around until I found her hand lotion. It would have to do. I set it on the rickety table next to the bed that served as a nightstand and waited for Mom to finish getting cleaned up.

"That feels so much better." She settled down next to me and laid her head on my chest. "You can't let me do stuff like that anymore. I can't be thinking about showing off my puss to the neighbors all the time."

"It would certainly add a new meaning to the term 'neighborhood watch.'" I kidded and tickled my fingertips down the center of her back.

"Don't give me ideas." Her hand drifted down across my stomach and she ran her fingers delicately through my pubic hair as we talked.

"You'll just have to be happy with showing off for me."

"Honey, you know what we talked about. It's not going to be like that between you and me after we move in. Our road trip is over tomorrow, and so we're back to normal."

I didn't think that was possible at this stage, but I would leave that for another day. I had a more immediate mission in mind.

"So why can't this last night be like our other 'last' night? Why can't I make love to you?"

"You know perfectly well why."

"I've been doing some thinking about that. If you are pregnant, then I can't get you pregnant again. And I'm no expert, but if you're supposed to be having your period now, then you wouldn't be able to get pregnant at this point in your cycle anyway. Right?"

"That's not the point."

"Even if you could, I can pull out. Hell, I'll go right now and buy some condoms if that's what it takes."

"Sweetie, stop. It's not just that. I want it too, probably more than you, but I know that if I let myself make love with you again I may never be able to keep from doing it after we're settled in to our new home." She stroked her fingers along my erection and down to my balls. "Right now I can tell myself it was only one night. One incredible night that I'll never forget. But, if I let it happen again...then who knows."

"So, I can't put my cock in your pussy?"

"No."

"That's your one rule for our last night together?"

"Yes, sweetie. Please don't be upset with me."

"You're not making it easy, but I'll try." I patted her on the butt.

"You want a back rub?"

"I'd be crazy to say no to that."

"Then roll over." I waited until she was lying face down, then straddled her hips. My cock settled nicely along the cleft of her round ass. I reached for the lotion I had found earlier and put some on her back. I gave her a nice massage, making sure she was good and relaxed.

I moved down and worked her legs, slowly moving up towards her ass. Her contented moans let me know she was enjoying it. I swirled my hands over her cheeks, and ran a finger down her crack to her hole. I was able to easily slip a finger in her ass and work it around. Once she loosed up a bit, I carefully eased a second finger in. She tensed up a little at that, but then relaxed and enjoyed my efforts.

"Am I going to get a happy ending?" she asked with a wiggle.

"That's the plan." I slowly pushed my two fingers in and out of her anus, spreading it open a little more each time and stretching her out. I put some lotion on my cock. I smeared it around, and was ready to go for it. I pulled my fingers out and squirted a big load of hand cream onto my mother's asshole.

"Ooo, what happened?" she giggled.

"Mom, I'm getting ready to fuck you in the ass."

"What? No!"

"You said I couldn't fuck your pussy. That was your only rule. You didn't say anything about fucking you in the ass."

"No, sweetie, please. I've never had anal sex before. I don't even think you can fit in there."

"I'm going to fuck you, Mom, one way or another. It's either in the pussy or in the ass. Your choice." I forced her legs apart and moved into position behind her, ready to thrust into either hole.

"Wait! Let me think a second." I waited. After a moment I pushed forward until the head of my cock touched her pussy.
"Okay, okay! The ass."

"You forgot the magic word."

"Please."

"Please, what?"

"Please, fuck me in the ass," she whimpered. I brought my cock up to her lotion-covered butthole and rubbed against it. "I'm scared," Mom squeaked.

"Just relax, Mom. Don't fight it." I pressed forward gently. I could feel resistance. I pulled away and put a finger back in there, then two. "That's it," I encouraged her when she unclenched. I removed my fingers and quickly moved my cock back into place. This time the very tip of my penis made entry. I pushed a little more and in a few seconds the head of my cock popped inside her asshole.

Mom let out a groan. "That feels so weird. Go slow, sweetie, please." The hard part was over and I took a second to reflect. I was actually putting my cock in my own mother's ass. Never in a million years would I have thought I'd ever be so lucky.

"You're okay?" I checked.

"I think so. Try a little more."

I inched a bit deeper and Mom sucked in a quick breath. I paused and gave her a few seconds, then continued. Her pussy was nice and tight for an older woman who'd had a kid, but her ass was simply amazing by comparison--like it had been custom fitted for my cock. When I got about halfway in, I pulled back some, and slowly pushed in to halfway again. I then took a good minute to slowly penetrate Mom's ass to the full length of my cock.

"Does that feel good, sweetie?" Mom asked, flexing her butt as she did.

"Geez, Mom, I never imagined it would feel this incredible."

"I'm kinda liking it, too. Now fuck Mommy's ass nice and easy."

I drew out part way and slid back in. I did this several more times so Mom could get acclimated to it. And so I wouldn't blow my load right away. After several strokes I felt in control enough to take some full thrusts.

"Ooo, that's it. My little boy is fucking my ass. Your big cock is all the way in Mommy's asshole."

"You like getting fucked in the ass, Mom? How does it feel when I shove my cock into your slutty hole?"

"It feels so wrong. I love it. I love getting fucked in the ass by my son."

I increased my pace by small degrees until I was pounding my mom's ass at a steady pace. Now, with each thrust, she let out a little cry of pleasure mixed with a hint of pain. I felt I was only a few pumps away from coming and stopped. I stayed deep in her butt until the sensation faded.

"Turn me over, sweetie. I want to see your face when you come in my ass."

I pulled out and rolled Mom over onto her back. She raised her knees up to her chest and presented her asshole to me. I was able to enter her much easier this time, though it felt just as tight. With a few slow thrusts to get warmed up, we were soon going at it pretty good again.

"I didn't think it would feel this great," Mom said as she bounced beneath me. She looked into my eyes with ravenous lust. "Try it harder. Slam your cock into Mommy's asshole."

I was happy to follow her wishes and began jamming my cock into her hard and fast. Again, she responded with loud cries each time I hit my limit, but showed no indication she wanted me to let up. I loved watching her tits ride up and down across her chest as I rammed myself into her again and again.

"Mom, I'm going to come!"

"Yes, come in my ass. Fuck your Mommy's dirty asshole!" She pulled her ankles back even farther and the added pressure triggered my orgasm. I plunged myself as deep into her ass as I could and let go inside her with a yell of satisfaction. I pumped several gouts of cum inside my mother before I was depleted. But she wasn't done.

"Don't stop, keep fucking my ass," she begged. I resumed humping her butthole, and she began fingering her clit. Her hand blurred as it flitted back and forth across her pussy faster than I'd ever seen her go. "I'm going to come with your cock in my ass. I'm going to come while my son fucks my asshole!"

Her body tensed, and her asshole cinched even tighter around my cock. I almost couldn't move it. She let out a cry that came from somewhere within her that I'd never been witness to before. And then something unbelievable happened.

A forceful stream of liquid gushed out of her pussy and splashed against my belly. I thought it was pee at first, but it didn't smell anything like piss. Her orgasm continued to rock her body, and as she worked her clit in a rapturous frenzy, more liquid spurted out and got scattered all over my chest and face. After what seemed like a minute-long orgasm, she collapsed back, my cock still buried in her ass.

"What the fuck was that!?" Mom shouted.

"I think you came so hard that you squirted."

"Holy fucking shit! Look at you, you're drenched. That never happened to me before. I didn't even think it was possible. Oh, my God, my head is spinning."

"Just slow down and breathe." I withdrew my cock from her ass and lay on top of my mom. She pulled me tight to her and rubbed her body against my skin, covering herself with her own ejaculate. She kissed and licked my cheeks where her

cum had spattered. It was several minutes before our heart rates slowed to normal.

"This stuff smells pretty strong, doesn't it? We should probably take another shower."

"I like it. It smells like you, Mom." I guess that was the right response because her face beamed with a smile just like when she opened the perfect gift on Christmas morning.

Mom began kissing me passionately, pushing her tongue aggressively into my mouth. She rolled us over so she was on top. I was so distracted by our feverish making out that I didn't notice what she was doing until I felt her lower her pussy over my cock.

"But Mom, you said--"

"Shut up."

"Does this mean--"

"Just shut up and fuck me."

To make sure I stopped talking she lowered one of her nipples into my mouth. I sucked it cheerfully, then moved to the other. I grabbed her tits and pushed them together and sucked both nipples at the same time. I loved the way her heavy tits dangled down on my face and I just lost myself between her soft globes of flesh.

As absolutely mind blowing as being in Mom's ass was, it was even more exciting for me to be back in her pussy. When I was fucking her ass there was this visceral feeling of conquering new territory, breaking down walls, and the sheer thrill of the 'badness' of it all. But feeling myself inside my mother's pussy came with a whole different set of emotional sparks.

Mom's pussy was love. Pure and simple. She could jerk me off, suck me, let me whack it onto her tits, or lick my ass, and

it was all incredible. When she took me into her pussy, she was showing me how much she loved me. The rest was animal lust; this was acceptance, and trust, and unconditional acknowledgement that we belonged to each other.

With each of us having had a couple of orgasms already, we were able to make love like that for a long while. Mom rode up and down on me, settled in deep and rotated her hips, and for several minutes just squeezed my cock with her pussy and released. The whole time my hands roamed over every inch of her body that I could reach.

"Sweetie, Mommy loves your cock so much," she whispered.

"I love your pussy, Mom."

"It's so nice when my little boy puts his big penis in my cunt. It makes Mommy come so good. You like it when Mommy comes on your cock?"

"I do. I like it when you come. I want to be the one who always makes you come."

"You will, sweetie." She began fucking me faster, working herself purposefully toward an orgasm now. "Every time Mommy masturbates her pussy I'll be thinking about you. I'll think about your cock, and tasting your cum, and watching you fuck my sister. I'll remember the way you look at my naked body, and the way you touch me, and how your cock feels inside me."

"You don't have to take that all away, Mom." I was feeling a strange mix of emotions as my mother made love to my cock, while at the same time breaking my heart by telling me we'd never share this again. "We both want this."

"Shhhh..." She tried to quiet me with kisses.

"I love you, Mom. And not just like a son loves his mom. I love you like a man loves a woman."

"Don't say that, darling. Don't even think about it, just think about Mommy's pussy fucking your cock right now. Think about Mommy's pussy almost ready to come."

"I want to be with you, Mom. I want to take care of you, and protect you. I want to love you and not care if it's right or wrong." I was having a hard time concentrating on my words as Mom increased her pace. Her hips were moving fast, and her pussy convulsed up and down the full length of my cock. Her beautiful tits bounced and slapped together inches from my face.

"Just fuck me, baby. Fuck Mommy and make me come. Make my cunt come all over your sweet cock."

I finally lost all ability to form rational thoughts and grabbed onto my mom's bucking ass. I began answering my mother's thrusts with my own, matching her intensity and rhythm. I spread her ass cheeks open and drove my cock deep into her pussy.

"Oh, God, that's it. Fuck Mommy harder. Fuck Mommy's cunt hard. Make me come, baby!" We pounded each other for only a few seconds more before our orgasms exploded through us at the same time. Mom screamed and dug her fingers into my shoulders, and I pushed myself into her so hard my hips lifted off the bed, carrying her up with me. My cock surged and I released my cum inside her pussy. It was the most glorious sensation.

"I need to taste it, sweetie. I need your cum in my mouth." I rolled her over and went down between her legs. She spread her pussy for me and I cupped my hand beneath her gaping hole. "No, baby, with your mouth. Suck your cum out of my cunt and bring it to me."

I placed my lips around Mom's open vagina and sucked. She flexed her pussy and my cum flooded out of her hole and into my mouth. As soon as I had my entire load in my mouth, I mounted her again, sliding my cock back into her cunt. She knew what treasure I held in my mouth and licked my lips, eager to taste it.

"Give Mommy your cum, sweetie. I want to eat my baby's cum so bad."

I made her work for it, and after a struggle she was able to force my mouth open. My cum oozed onto her tongue. After I had sent only about half of my wad down to her she stopped me. Mom played with my semen on her tongue, savoring the taste and feel of it, opening up and showing it to me, then swallowed it all. I was prepared to feed her the rest I still held in my mouth, but she put her fingers over my lips.

"No. The rest is for you." Her eyes had a wicked light in them. "I want to watch you eat your own cum. Will you do that for Mommy?" I nodded. "Show me first." I carefully gathered my semen onto the end of my tongue and let her see. "Mmm, now swallow it, baby. Swallow your own cum." I let the wad of jizz slide down my throat, then opened up again to show her it was all gone. "Such a good boy."

By this time we were fucking again at a pretty good clip, and as soon as I began swallowing my cum, Mom was closing in on her next orgasm. It wasn't going to be as easy for me, but I was determined to come again, too.

I got my knees under me, lifted her legs up, pushing them together and holding them in front of me, and focused all my attention on my cock. Her pussy was tighter in this position, which I really needed at this point. There was a loud, slick sucking sound each time I slammed into her. But I needed something more. Mom's voice.

"You like when I fuck you like a whore?"

"Yes. I am your whore."

"Tell me what a slut you are," I growled and smacked the side of her ass.

"I'm such a horny slut. I can't stop fucking my son. I'm a slut for your big cock."

"Where do you want me to come?" I demanded and slapped her ass harder.

"Come inside me. Come inside your Mommy's cunt."

"Make me come, bitch!" I smacked her again and she cried out when she felt the sting.

"Fuck me, baby. Fuck my cunt, fuck my cunt, come in my fucking cunt! I want your cum inside my pussy. Mommy wants your cock to come in my big, wet cunt!"

That did it for me. My increasingly sore testicles strained and sent the remaining few dregs of my semen into my mom's pussy. What it lacked in volume, my orgasm made up for in fulfillment. My mom peaked moments later and came with a

shivery spasm. I fell onto the bed next to my mom, coated in sweat and exhausted.

I watched limp and helpless as my mother continued without me. She squeezed what little cum I had deposited inside her out into her hand and rubbed it onto her tits. She then proceeded to lick and suck my semen off her own nipples as she masturbated beside me. Within seconds she was writhing under the effects of yet another orgasm.

This woman never ceased to amaze.

We had both lain awake for hours after that. We didn't quite have the energy to make love again, but neither of us wanted to go to sleep. I was lying on my stomach. Mom, warm and naked, was pressed close to me. Her fingers drifted lazily across my back, occasionally finding their way down across my butt to my legs.

"Mom?"

"Yes, sweetie?"

"Can we talk about tomorrow?"

"What's left to talk about?"

"I know you said we can't...be intimate once we're in our new place. I know you said that's the way it has to be. But I also know it isn't what you really want."

"Things can't always be the way we want, honey." She kissed my shoulder and moved closer to me.

"I have to be honest, Mom. I don't know if I can handle not being with you like this ever again."

"We have to be strong." She draped her leg over my back and I could feel the hair between her legs tickle my hip. "We need to help each other be strong."

"So I'm supposed to go find myself a girl, and you're going to get a new man, and that'll make us normal and happy again?"

"I don't know about me getting a man," she climbed on top of me, "but it would be good for you to find a girlfriend." Once she was straddling my lower back, Mom leaned forward and let just the tips of her nipples brush against my bare skin.

"A girlfriend that will eat my cum, and pee for me, and masturbate in front of strangers?"

"Why would you want a perverted woman like that?" She laughed as her nipples traced graceful circles on my back. My flesh responded with goose bumps.

"I want to make sure she's the kind of girl I can take home to mom." I shifted and she lifted herself to allow me to turn over. "I just want to make sure it's for real this time. That we're really going to give all this up after tonight."

"When you were fourteen I finally admitted to myself that I wanted to have sex with my own son." She leaned down and grazed her dangling nipples over my chest. "I was able to control my urges for almost five years. Then my life went haywire and I let myself give in." She moved herself down a bit lower so her pussy rested atop my flaccid penis. "My life is about to get back on track. When it does, I'll be able to get myself, and my urges, back under control."

She sounded like she was trying to convince herself as much as me. I wanted to argue, to shake her and scream, to make her see how wrong she was. But I couldn't be that selfish. I had to try to give her what she wanted, or thought she wanted, no matter how much it hurt.

"I love you, Mom."

"That's all I need to be happy." She brought her lips to mine. Mom pressed her wet pussy against my soft cock and awakened my weary appendage. I was barely hard enough to be useful when she tucked me inside her. "Mmm, this reminds me of my first time," she said after a few subtle turns of her hips.

"You mean your first time you had sex with a warm marshmallow?"

"It was the summer before my junior year. I was at bible camp and went with this guy on a dare. He was so nervous he couldn't get it up all the way. He's lucky my sister and I were so preoccupied with putting things in each other's pussies or he would never have been able to get it in."

"What happened?"

"He gave me two pumps with his mushy wiener, filled his condom, then ran back to the boy's camp and left me there in the woods with my shorts down around my ankles." Mom continued to massage my cock with her pussy, but it wasn't like we were fucking with the single-minded purpose of an orgasm. She just wanted me inside her.

"So you didn't even get off your first time?"

"Technically, no." She sat up on me, reaching around and tickling my balls. "After he was gone, I got totally naked and spent hours sneaking around the outskirts of camp and masturbating. I heard a group of counselors around a campfire, so I snuck up within about thirty feet. I hid in the shadows, diddling my pussy and listening to them talk about how much they loved Jesus. Now that was a damn good orgasm."

"You are going to hell for sure, young lady."

"Gee, you think?" She giggled and pinched my thigh. "What about you?"

"What about me?"

"Tell me about your first time."

"Oh. No, you don't want to hear about that."

"Was it Cindy after the senior prom?"

"No."

"C'mon, tell Mommy about the slut who popped my little boy's cherry."

"Okay, well...we went out to a nice dinner first, and had a really nice time. She looked beautiful in her sexy dress and

hair done up real pretty." I paused, not sure if I should continue. "We had a cheap motel room."

"Ooo," Mom interrupted, "so now I know why motels get you so horny."

"We were really hot for each other, but she didn't want to go all the way with me. So we started fooling around, and I asked her to let me rub my penis on her pussy, but she wouldn't do it until I told her she could hold it and rub herself with my cock."

"You used that same trick on me! You little stinker!" Mom squeezed my face, pinching my cheeks together, but not yet getting what I was saying.

"I talked her into putting it in her pussy just once, but after I was inside of her she didn't want to take it out."

"I know that feeling!" She flexed her pussy muscles tight around my cock for emphasis.

"We stayed up all night and made love. It was the most amazing night of my life."

"Okay, I'm starting to get a little jealous." Mom was moving a bit more now, but still with relaxed purpose. "What happened with you two after that? Did you see her again?"

"Yes." I reached up and caressed Mom's face. "The next day we checked out of the motel and headed for Texas to start our new life together."

My mom froze. Her eyes searched mine in the silent gloom. I could see her putting the pieces together, and then full realization struck her. And it struck her hard.

A gulping sob caught in her chest and she jumped off of me. She turned in several directions, not knowing where she

wanted to go. She fled to the corner of the room by the door and hid her face. She stood there naked, shaking her head, her shoulders trembling as she wept silently into her hands.

"Mom, what's wrong?" I had no idea she would react like this. I figured she'd be surprised, but not like this. I went to her and put my arm around her. "Don't be upset."

"You were a virgin?" The words came out as something less than a whisper. She turned and pressed her teary face against my chest. "I took my own son's virginity?"

I wrapped my arms tight around her, knowing I had done an awful thing to her, but not understanding exactly what.

"It's okay," I offered lamely.

"I'm a horrible mother. If I had known..."

"It's no big deal, Mom. Really."

"You don't understand. It is a big deal. I took something from you that I had no right to. Something you can never get back, and now that's a part of who you are forever."

"I'm glad it was you, Mom." I gently led her back to the bed and we sat down. "It was the most exciting, best night of my life. And it was with someone I loved, and who loved me. Isn't that what's important?"

"What are you going to say to your wife when she asks about your first time? Are you going to tell her your own mother stole your innocence?"

"I was hardly innocent, Mom. That's not even worth worrying about that." Mom's body was driving me crazy. I know we were in the middle of a very emotional situation, but she was sitting next to me, completely naked, and all I could think about was sucking her nipples and playing with her pussy. My cock was awakened from its stupor and stood up from my lap

strong and firm. "From what you told me, my first time was a hell of a lot better than yours."

"Can't argue that." The tears had subsided but she was still clearly upset.

"If you could go back and do it all over, would you want to lose your virginity to that dork in the woods at bible camp, or would you rather your first time be with your dad?"

Mom got a faraway look in her eye. I lay back on the bed, drawing her down with me.

"I guess I would have liked that better." She sniffled and thought about it some more. "He stopped playing with us when my sister reached puberty. I was so mad at her. I cried for a week. When I was older I'd dream about him coming into my room at night and making love to me."

I couldn't keep my hands off my mom any longer. I caressed her belly and soon worked my way up to her chest. She moved her own hand down between her legs.

"I wanted my daddy inside me so much. I'd think about how we played with him in the shower. How I'd soap up his penis and it would get so big." Her fingers worked slowly around her clit as she talked. "I didn't understand what we were doing at the time, but when I was older I realized what I had missed out on. I wanted my father in my mouth, I wanted to stroke him and feel his warm cum on my skin, I wanted Daddy's cock deep in my pussy."

"I had all those same kinds of fantasies about you, except all mine came true." I took one of my mom's hard nipples into my mouth, and her hand quickened on her pussy.

"Just because you wanted it doesn't make it right for me to have done what I've done. I'm a bad mother, and what I did was wrong."

"Was it wrong for you to masturbate with me?"

"Yes." She opened her legs wider as I pressed my cock against her hip.

"Was it wrong for you to suck my cock?"

"Yes. I should never have swallowed my baby's cum."

"Was it wrong for me to taste your pussy?" I climbed on top of her.

"Yes. You shouldn't have sucked my clit, and put your tongue in my cunt."

"Was it wrong of me to lick your ass?" I slid my cock inside my mother as she continued to masturbate her clit. She hooked her legs around mine and drew me in.

"Yes. It was wrong for me to let my little boy suck my asshole and put his fingers in me back there."

"Was it wrong for me to put my penis inside you?"

"Yes..." She became unfocused in her mounting ecstasy. I pulled nearly all the way out and then pushed myself deep inside her with one long smooth thrust.

"Is this wrong?"

"Yes...no... no, it can't be wrong. It feels so right when you're inside me. Your cock belongs in Mommy's pussy. It can't be wrong to feel this good. Please fuck me, baby. Fuck Mommy's cunt with your big, hard cock. Fuck me and make me come one last time."

"I will, Mom. I'll always be here to make you feel good."

I moved in and out of my mother with slow, deliberate strokes while she fingered the stiff nub of her clit. I held my body above her so I was able to look down and watch my cock repeatedly sink into Mom's wet hole. Her hand sped up, and her body told me she was close to coming.

"Oh, God," she panted, "you fuck me so good, sweetie."

I gave her a few more seconds, and just as she was about to reach the crest of her orgasm I took hold of her wrist and pulled her hand away from her clit. Her eyes flew open and she cried out in anguish.

"What? No!"

"Not yet," I leered down at her as I grabbed her other wrist and pinned her hands above her head like I had earlier in the night.

"I was almost there, I can feel it so close, let me come, please let me come."

I ignored her pleas and held myself motionless inside her until I was sure she was no longer on the verge of orgasm. Only then did I resume fucking my mom, occasionally dipping my head down to suck a nipple or kiss her lips.

"You'll come when I decide to make you come, Mom." I held her arms firm, she tested me, but I did not release her.

"Hurry, sweetie, please make me come."

My slow strokes were driving her crazy. She writhed and pushed against me, trying desperately to wrest more pleasure from me than I was prepared to ration out. I was taking a great deal of satisfaction from exercising this kind of power over my mother.

"Be a good little girl," I said to her, lowering my voice, "and Daddy will make you feel real nice." Mom's frantic movements lessened. "Don't tell your sister about Daddy's special treat. This is just for you, princess." She became suddenly passive beneath me, her eyes drifted closed and she seemed to shift into another world.

"I won't tell, Daddy," she whispered huskily. "I'll be good."

"You like touching Daddy's penis in the shower, don't you, sweetheart?"

"Yes. I like to be naked with you, and play with your big penis when it's all soapy and slippery."

"Daddy's penis gets hard when he gives you love tickles on your little privates."

"I know, Daddy, I can feel it when I sit on your lap. Does it feel good for you when you put your fingers on my naked puss?"

"It feels so good, princess." I was captivated by the look of childlike elation on my mom's face as we played out her fantasy. "So good that I had to see what it was like to put my penis inside you."

"Oh, Daddy, it's wonderful. But what about mother?"

"We have to keep this secret from your mother. She can't know how naughty we are."

"I won't tell, Daddy, I promise. You can put your penis in me whenever you want."

"That's a good girl. Do you want Daddy to go faster now?"

"Yes, please Daddy, I want you to fuck me like a big girl."

I gradually transitioned from my rolling movements inside my mom to more forceful thrusts, slowly building in speed and intensity.

"How's that, princess?"

"Oh, Daddy, fuck me harder. Fuck me hard with your big cock!"

"I don't want to hurt my little girl's privates."

"It's okay, Daddy, you can fuck my pussy as hard as you want."

With that I began really going at it. I got my knees beneath me for maximum leverage and put my whole body into my efforts to fuck my mother as hard as she wanted. She responded with cries of pleasure as each thrust slammed deep within her. Our bodies slapped and pounded together in a mad frenzy. Her amazing breasts whipped around wildly in time with our powerful lovemaking.

"Daddy's going to come!" I cried out.

"Yes! Come inside me, Daddy! I want Daddy's cum in my cunt!"

"Here it comes, princess! Daddy's coming!" I pushed as far into my mother as I could and unleashed my load inside her. But it was only a momentary pause, as Mom was riding my cock to the brink of her own orgasm and wasn't about to let up. I resumed fucking her as hard as I could, giving her everything I had left.

"Daddy, your cum feels so good in my little cunny. I can feel it way up in my tummy. I want to come on your cock now. Make me come on your cock, Daddy!" This orgasm was building from deep inside her. It seemed to be emerging from a place buried within, and exploding out of the darkness of shame into the light of fulfilled revelation. "Fuck me, Daddy! Fuck your little girl's cunt! Fuck my cunt, Daddy!"

Mom's pussy clenched, her body convulsed, her voice screamed out. Her arms and legs grabbed me and pulled me into her with all her might. She came, her orgasm ripping through her, not just once, but repeatedly in a resonating pulse that was amplified with each rebounding wave. She came again, her fingernails digging painfully into my back, her hips grinding hard against me, and her cunt extracting every scintilla of pleasure my cock had to offer. She came a third time. This one was accompanied with a moan that sounded partly like a euphoric sob. The guilt, the pleasure, the shame, and the joy all knotted together in an inextricable amalgamation of vulgar gratification that enlivened her limbs and invigorated every keening nerve to capacity.

Her mind may have been inundated to near incoherence, but her body persisted as if of its own volition. She continued fucking me, urging me to keep on. Her wetness was beyond anything I'd yet experienced. Her delirious groans of ecstasy became almost otherworldly. Her every muscle quivered, expending her last vestiges of strength toward this one final, all-consuming end. When it came, it came in silence.

Mom held her breath, and with every sinew strained taut, experienced this singular culminating orgasm. Rather than a lessening with each successive climax, her orgasms seemed to become even more profoundly intense. I looked down at her with desolate envy, knowing I could never know such divine rapture, but grateful to be witness to it. Then, like a cloud slowly drawing away from the moon to reveal its serene countenance, Mom relaxed beneath me. Contentment suffused her whole being.

Her breath came ragged for several minutes, sweat bathing her body in a delicate luster. Mom's eyes opened, looking as if awakening from an enchanted dream. Her hand reached up and delicately brushed my cheek.

"My handsome boy."

I stayed inside my mom for as long as I could. We kissed, and nuzzled, and basked in each other's glow until I eventually softened and my limp cock slipped out of my mother's still sopping wet pussy.

It would be dawn soon, and if Mom was true to her word, this would be the last time we'd make love.

Morning came gray and cool. The streets outside were quiet and empty. I sat on the bed waiting for Mom to finish in the shower. I had expected to be more depressed than I was. Maybe I was just too tired to know how I really felt, but there was a comfortable warmth at my core that seemed to be assuring me everything was going to be okay.

"Sweetie?" Mom called from behind the closed door of the bathroom.

"Yeah, Mom?"

There was a pause. That pause had a gravity about it that put me on edge.

"Can you go into my suitcase...and bring me a tampon?"

A dozen emotions raced through me all at once upon hearing that final word. Mom, it appeared, was not pregnant with my baby.

Relief was my first natural reaction, but as I rummaged through her bag, I realized there was an inkling of regret there as well. I guess I knew on some level that if she did have my child growing inside her that it would require a radical redefinition of our relationship. We wouldn't just be fooling around together and playing with naughty taboos, but we would need to deal with what we were doing more seriously. Perhaps deciding to live as husband and wife for the sake of the baby.

But that was all nothing more than fanciful speculation, at least for now. I tapped on the bathroom door. Mom opened up and reached out for the tampon. I passed it to her and our eyes met. I could see the relief in her face, but she couldn't

mask the sadness in her eyes. As she closed the door I knew that she felt exactly the same regrets as I did.

I became aware in that moment that things would no doubt be different between Mom and me when we were in our new home, but I was now certain they would be anything but normal. And I intended to make sure of it.

Chapter 13

Author's Note: I hate to do this--I would rather let the story speak for itself--but, I want to share a few comments, and hope I can do it without sounding like I'm making excuses or apologies for my choices. First, I want to warn you that this is a long chapter. I originally planned to do this part of the story in three smaller chapters, but I decided not to 'drag' it out and instead conclude it all in one big shot. Second, I wanted to let you know that there's a lot of plot and character stuff going on in the first half of this chapter. The longer this story went on, the more complicated things became. I grew surprisingly attached to these characters, and so I wanted to do their story justice. My hope is that if you've followed them this far, you will forgive my indulging in a bit more melodrama than might be proper for a jerk-off story. I did my best to bring it all home with plenty of raucous sex in the second half, but I'll leave it for you to judge if I was successful.

As always, I offer my humble thanks for taking the time to read my story, and especially for voting and sending your much appreciated feedback.

My cock was hard. Even after days of nonstop sex with my mother, just thinking about being inside her warm, loving

pussy got me hard again. Mom and I had one final game to play, and this time it would be for keeps.

We pulled into the new subdivision of pristine, ranch-style houses and Mom hunted for our street. She looked over at me, beaming with hopeful anticipation. She noticed the undisguised bulge in my pants and her eyes lit up.

"And I thought I was excited to see our new place," she joked. Her hand reached reflexively toward my cock, but she remembered herself and pulled back, gripping the steering wheel tight with both hands. "Here's our street."

Some of the houses were still under construction; others had 'For Sale' signs out front. Ours was at the end of the cul-de-sac and stood out for its expanse of bright green, freshly laid sod. Mom pulled into the driveway and cut the engine. We sat in silence and looked out at the physical reality of this new chapter of our lives. Mom squeezed my leg and got out of the car. I took a deep breath and followed her.

"It looks great," I said, lending as much conviction to my voice as I could.

"It does, doesn't it?" Mom enthused. "It'll be even better with some plants. Maybe a peony over here, flower beds along the side over there, and a rose bush or two out front by the mail box. It's going to be perfect."

She fiddled with the keys, trying to steel herself to take that next step forward. I came up behind her and gave her a hug.

"Any place you are, Mom, will always be perfect." I turned her around to face me. Her eyes were big and sparkled with wetness. "One last kiss?"

"Honey, I never said we couldn't kiss anymore." She gave me a motherly peck on the cheek, and another quick one on the lips.

"I meant one last movie-star kiss."

"Oh, no, sweetie, not out here where someone might see." She looked around with guilty apprehension.

"Mom, there's no one here but us." I leaned in and she tried to pull away. I drew her firmly against my chest and kissed her. She resisted for a moment, then gave herself over to me. Our lips pressed tight, our tongues found one another, and our bodies came together like they were a tailored fit. When I finally ended the kiss, Mom pulled me back to her for more.

Instead of letting her have her way, I bent down and scooped her up in my arms. Mom screamed in surprise and I carried her up the walkway to the front door of the new house. She giggled and kicked her feet like a school girl, allowing herself to get swept up in the excitement. I held her while she unlocked the door and pushed it open. I gave her one more kiss, then carried her over the threshold.

We were home.

The next week was an awkward series of days. Mom started her new job, and I began looking for work myself. Our new place was great, but everything was strange and new. Mom had the master bedroom, and I had the smaller room next to hers. I'd lay in bed at night, the air filled with the scent of fresh paint, new carpet, and a fading hint of sawdust, and think about her.

I knew she was just on the other side of that wall. Was she naked? Was she touching her body, or maybe caressing a nipple? Were her legs spread wide, and was she masturbating thinking about me inside her? These were the thoughts that occupied my erotic fantasies.

My mom was the only one I thought about when I became hard and stroked my cock in the lonely darkness. Her voluptuous full breasts, the delicate swell of her belly, the sensual curve of her hip, and my memories of the wet, welcoming embrace of her pussy fueled my imagination,

never failing to induce a wave of longing pleasure as I jacked out each nightly load of cum onto myself.

But, as I said, things were still awkward between us for some reason. Life was hectic while we sorted out all the details of our new house and got familiar with the local area. Mom and I went shopping for food, and all the little things we needed around the house. I could see how she forced herself to hold back from touching me, or even standing too close.

I was struggling, too. I knew what I wanted, to take our relationship to another level, but I didn't quite know how to make that happen. I wanted us to be together, emotionally and sexually, in a grown up way. I loved every second Mom and I spent fooling around with each other, but I didn't want it to be just naughty fun between us. While there was certainly a lot of love in what we had been doing, there was also a great deal of pure fantasy fulfillment, taboo thrill, and base animal lust. I was determined to make it something more.

If all I wanted was sex from my mother, I had little doubt I could manipulate her into it. All I had to do was pick the right time, go to her bedroom, and force my way past her affected objections. She wouldn't be able to stop herself from giving in to me at some point and letting me fuck her. But then would come the guilt and shame all over again. I had to figure out how to transform our relationship permanently, and to do it in a mature and caring way.

Mom was away at work and I found myself in her bedroom. I was well aware that I was giving in to my more childish tendencies, but I couldn't resist snooping. I didn't expect to find anything particularly out of the ordinary. The movers had yet to arrive with the stuff Mom had in storage, so all that would be here was whatever she had brought in her suitcase.

Her hamper was the first place I explored and was rewarded with a pair of recently worn panties. I stripped down to nothing and took them and sat on her bed naked. They had that familiar musty smell of dirty laundry I remembered from when I was a boy. Her distinctive fragrance was

embedded in the crotch of the panties and it induced my cock to a pulsing hard-on.

I laid them out on the bed and opened her panty drawer. It was less than half-full. I pulled out her cream-colored satin pair, the ones she had on the first time she let me see her pussy. I laid them next to the soiled pair. Next I fished out the turquoise blue panties she was wearing the day I caught her masturbating alone in the motel room. I added them to my line-up. I spotted her lacy black panties and took those out next. She had these on the day we arrived at Aunt Linda's. She had me come on her pussy then she wore these panties over the mess for the rest of the day. I swear I could almost smell a remnant of my cum on them.

When I looked back I noticed something out of place at the bottom of the drawer. I reached in and pulled out a frayed notebook. It was a one-subject spiral notebook, the type a kid would use for school. It was in rough shape. The pages were tattered, it was ripped across the middle, but had been kept together by the curly wire. Someone had meticulously taped each page back together. I opened it up and saw that the first

ago judging by the condition of the notebook. I continued reading imagining Mom as Meredith, and me obviously as the son. It was a barely disguised version of our lives, and incredibly hot. The further the story went the filthier it got, and the raunchier the language became. It was like I could see her opening up before my eyes as she explored her darkest fantasies on the page.

I guess at some point she must have been overtaken with shame and horror at the feelings she was having, and the desires she was actually committing to writing, and so tried to destroy the thing. I guess she rethought it and put it all back together and kept it all these years. Not only that, it was important enough to her that it was apparently the only personal thing, other than clothes, that she packed in her suitcase when she left the house.

I got a chill up my back when I read how the seduction started with the mother in the story purposely catching her son masturbating, then showing him it wasn't anything to be ashamed of by masturbating in front of him to prove it. I was

jerking off like mad as I read, picking out the parallels to what really ended up happening between Mom and me.

I came twice before I reached the end, both times into my mother's dirty panties. But I was disappointed to find that it ended only about halfway through the story. The back half of the notebook was missing. Not only that, but the final pages were singed around the edges as if they had been near a fire. I touched the burnt edge of a page and it flaked away as ash and a revelation struck me that completely reshaped my personal reality.

The tape was new, not yellowed or dried out like you'd expect if it was from years ago. The burns were fairly fresh. All the ash would have been knocked away by now otherwise. It wasn't my mother that had ruined this notebook, it was too precious to her.

It was my father. He must have found it recently and read it. I could picture him tearing it apart in a drunken rage, and throwing it into the fireplace in an attempt to obliterate the

scandalous words that mocked him with his own wife's sexual desire for their son. I could picture Mom screaming and fighting, and rescuing her secret journal from the flames.

That's why he went downhill so fast. That's why he left. He started drinking more, lost his job, lost his house. Lost his family. Mom was too ashamed to tell me the whole truth. But she wanted me to know.

I realized she left her notebook here in this particular drawer because she wanted me to find it. Whether deliberately, or as a subconscious impulse, she knew I would go into her panty drawer at some point and find this. This was her way of telling me the truth.

I put the notebook back where I had found it. I replaced her clean panties, and put the dirty ones back in the hamper. My mind was spinning as I tried to re-sort my understanding of what it all meant. I hated my father less for what he had done, but I couldn't find it in me to condemn my mother. She never

set out to hurt anyone. Mom did what she did out of love. Love for me.

It was all the more frustrating for the fact that I didn't know how Mom wanted the story to end. How did she dream that her fantasy would play out? There would have been so many answers in those lost pages that could have guided me as I tried to figure out what to do next. It was left up to me to write the end of our story.

I returned to the hamper and retrieved the panties stained with my semen. I left them in a crumpled ball on the corner of her bed. This way she would know. She would understand.

It was our first Saturday in the new house when the awkwardness between us began to diminish. I woke up late. Mom was out somewhere, so I made myself a bowl of cereal and sat at the kitchen table. As I ate, I wondered if Mom had humped the corner of this table yet. My mind was occupied

with the mental image of my mother pressing her hairy mound against the hard edge of the table and bringing herself to orgasm, when she breezed in with a couple of bags.

"Look who's finally up!" she teased cheerily.

"You're in a good mood."

"I heard from the movers this morning, they'll be here with our things this afternoon." She bustled around the kitchen putting the shopping away. "I've been living out of a suitcase for so long, I can't wait to finally get all the rest of my clothes and shoes and things."

"I have a second interview at that construction company Monday," I said and slurped the last of the milk from my cereal bowl. "The guy said I'm pretty much guaranteed to get it."

"Oh, sweetie, are you sure that's really what you want to do? You're so smart, wouldn't you rather do something less...dangerous?"

"You mean less blue collar? Nah, I like the idea of working with my hands. The money's good, so I'll be able to save up for school next year."

"Please don't worry about that, honey. I'll make sure your father pays for your school in the divorce settlement."

"I'd rather pay my own way. I don't need his money, I can take care of things myself." This was one of the few parts of my plan I had worked out. I needed to stop being the child and become my own man. Until I could do that my mom would never be able to see me as anything other than her little boy. I saw the concern on her face, but her eyes shone with a glimmer of pride.

She pulled some glossy magazines out of the last bag on the counter and sat down at the table with me.

"I picked these up and thought you might want one." She put the magazines down in front of me. Playboy, Hustler, and something called Fetish Girls. "I figured you might want something to look at when you masturbate." She picked up the copy of Fetish Girls, the only one wrapped in plastic. "I'm going to use this one tonight when I play with myself, so you can have the other two for now." She winked and headed off toward her bedroom with her dirty magazine.

So this was her idea of normal?

Things loosened up around the house after that. The movers came with all the stuff from the old house, and that went a long way toward making the place feel like it was ours. I got up the next morning and Mom was ironing while she watched TV. She was wearing nothing but panties and a bra. I ate my cereal on the sofa so I could watch her tits jiggle as she worked.

She noticed my hard-on in my boxers and just smiled knowingly.

I got the construction job and started right away. The work was hard, but it felt good to do something physical. There were cuts, and bruises, and sore muscles, but at the end of the day I could look at the results of my work and see what I had accomplished. Little by little I was helping to build something.

I was crashed on the sofa one night watching TV when Mom came in to join me wearing a sheer nightie with nothing underneath. I could plainly see her wide, brown nipples and the expansive dark patch of hair between her legs. It was all I could do to keep from pulling my cock out and jerking off right in front of her as I stared at her body, but I held back. I knew she was testing me, as well as herself. Mom was playing her own game, but I kept reminding myself that I was after higher stakes.

A few nights later, as I was brushing my teeth before bed, she hurried in, pulled down her panties and peed without saying a word. She wasn't showing off about it, but she could have easily used the toilet in the master bath. Mom was apparently working out exactly where she wanted to set our new boundaries.

I came home from work one sunny afternoon to find Mom had gotten home early. She was out on the back patio sunbathing topless. My heart raced with desire for her as I gazed longingly at her perfect, oiled breasts glistening in the bright sun. Memories of our outdoor escapades with Aunt Linda came to mind, and again I had to fight down my urge to give in to temptation and go to her. I showered and changed, hoping to cool my passion, but when I came to the kitchen Mom was there pouring herself an iced tea, still topless and looking like the sexy goddess of all my dreams.

"Hey, you're home early," I said, trying to focus my attention on Mom's face and not her nearly naked body.

"The power in the building went out, so they sent us all home." She sipped her tea and I couldn't help but notice how the condensation from the cold glass dripped down onto my mom's naked breasts. "Your aunt got me hooked on lying out in the buff, and I figured since we don't have any neighbors yet I may as well take advantage of it. You should come out and tan those pale buns of yours," she taunted.

"Actually," I heard myself saying, "I'm going to look at a truck a guy at the site has for sale." I wanted to grab her and pull her down right there on the kitchen floor. I wanted to tug that little bikini aside and bury my cock in her. I wanted to fuck her until her eyes rolled back in her head and she came all over my ramming dick. I wanted to fill her cunt with my cum.

"Well, I guess since I'll be here all alone I won't need these." She turned, and as she walked away from me toward the patio she pulled her bikini bottoms down and let them drop to the floor. I took a good look at her big, gorgeous ass, then had to force myself to get out of there before I lost control.

But, my greatest challenge came the following night. I had just climbed into bed and was lying on top of the sheets rubbing my cock to get it hard when there was a soft knock at my door. Mom poked her head in.

"Oh, sorry, sweetie, were you jerking off?"

"Not quite."

She took that as an invitation, and flipped on the light and came into my room. She had a flimsy robe on, but it wasn't tied, so it hung open in the front. Her big tits were covered, but her pussy was on full view. I noticed she had the fetish magazine with her as she sat down on my bed, her eyes taking special note of my exposed erection.

"I'm done with this magazine, so I wanted to see if we could trade." She opened it and turned to a particular page. "This one made me come at least ten times." Mom showed it to me and I saw a full-page picture of a busty brunette tied up in an abandoned warehouse. She was against a wall with her hands

bound and suspended over her head, and there was some kind of bar between her ankles that forced her legs open wide. Mom leaned over to give me a better look at the picture, and her robe fell off her shoulder, exposing one of her breasts.

"That's really hot," was all I could manage.

"Just imagine being that helpless and vulnerable. Somebody could do anything they wanted to you and you wouldn't be able to resist." She looked at the picture again herself and I saw her bare nipple stiffen as I watched. Mom set the fetish magazine down next to me and picked up the other two off my nightstand. "Hustler is dirtier, isn't it? The girls spread their pussies and everything, don't they?"

"Yeah, Playboy is a bit tamer."

"I'll take the Hustler then, if that's okay?" She flipped through it in front of me as casually as if it were a copy of Better Homes and Gardens. "Are any of the pages stuck together?" She gave me a sly smirk.

"No."

"Aww," she pouted. "Are you going to masturbate after I leave?" Her eyes drifted back to my unflaggingly hard cock.

"Yes." I waited until her eyes came up to meet mine. "But I won't be using a magazine, I'll be thinking about you." I dropped my gaze to her naked breast for emphasis. Her hand went to her bare nipple, and she pinched it and rolled it between her fingers while I looked on.

"Okay, then," she swallowed uncertainly and covered herself up. "I'll leave you alone so you can stroke that big ol' cock of yours in private." I had the distinct sense that she was waiting for me to invite her to stay and watch, but I had to force myself to keep to my plan. She wasn't making this easy for me at all.

"Thanks," I croaked. "Have fun with your new magazine."

"I sure will," she said as she reluctantly got up and headed for the door. "Do you want this off?" she asked and I nodded. She turned off my light and headed back to her room. Mom left my door open, and it was certainly not by accident.

I ran my fingers up and down my shaft, energized by the fresh image of my mother sitting next to me almost naked. I heard a faint moan of pleasure. Mom had apparently left her door open on purpose, as well. The sounds of her masturbation became distinct as her self-pleasure intensified. This was killing me.

I knew I could step out into the hallway and look into my mother's room and see her playing with herself. She'd be sprawled out on the bed, completely naked, legs spread and fingers buried in her hairy pussy. She would be fucking her fingers and probably sucking on her own nipples. Mom wanted me to see her, she wanted me to jerk off while I watched her come. All I had to do was get up and go to her.

But I couldn't. I mustn't. I had to stay strong and trust in my plan. I stroked myself faster as I heard my mother's moans of pleasure growing louder. I couldn't let her drag me back into this pattern of childish sexual encounters.

Mom fooled herself into thinking that once her life was back on track she could just pack away her incestuous urges like some toys she had outgrown. But it was obvious she was realizing her desire for me was still burning within her. She didn't want to deal with it directly, though, Mom wanted to lure me into making the first overt physical move. In this way she could delude herself into believing it was me forcing myself on her, and she could convince herself she was the innocent victim.

I went to my door, intending to close it as quietly as I could. But then I heard her voice.

"I love my son's cock so much. Mommy wants her baby's big cock," she moaned to herself, but not in her usual whisper. She wanted me to hear. "I want it in my mouth, I want it in my ass,

I want his cock in my cunt." Instead of closing the door like I had intended, I was instead standing there in my room beating off like mad to the sound of my mother talking dirty.

"It feels so good when I fuck myself and think of my little boy licking my cunt for me. He sucks his Mommy's pussy so good. I want to come all over his face. I want to come in his mouth so he can taste how much I love him."

That did it for me. My body tensed and tingled, and my cum gushed out of my cock, splattering against the door frame and down onto the new carpet. I squeezed the last drops out and licked them off of my fingers, just like Mom would have wanted.

"I need him in my cunt so bad. I need him to fuck my horny cunt. I want my baby to make me come again! Mommy wants to come! Mommy's pussy is going to come. Mmmmm, yes! Yes!" she cried out, not holding anything back. "YES!"

The frustration knotted my stomach and I almost felt like I was on the verge of tears. I knew that I could go to her room where she was laying only a few steps away. She'd be naked with her legs open, her pussy swollen and ready. She wouldn't even resist. I could walk right in and slide my cock inside her waiting pussy and it would be just like it was only a week ago. I eased my door closed and returned to bed.

I can't deny there was a moment when I became angry with her. But I quickly recognized it for the destructive feeling it was, and put it aside. She wasn't doing this to intentionally torture me. She loved me and wanted to be with me, she just didn't know how.

"Are you mad at me?" Mom asked when I came into the kitchen for breakfast the next morning. It wasn't asked as an accusation, but more out of a hurt uncertainty.

"Of course not." I kissed her on the forehead. "Why would I be?"

"I don't know, I guess...never mind."

I was acutely aware of her own frustration and confusion in that moment. I wasn't rising to her sexual bait, and she couldn't figure out why. All I could do is hope that I was doing the right thing, and that my plan would eventually bring us even closer together.

A horn beeped outside.

"That's my ride. Have a good day at work." I gave her another quick smooch on the cheek and headed out.

After that we remained open with each other around the house. Mom rarely closed her bedroom door when she

changed, she'd use the toilet while I was in the shower, and watch TV with me evenings in her see-through nightie, or just a little tank-top and panties. For my part, I wasn't shy about lounging around the house in just a pair of boxers, or crossing the hall to and from the shower with nothing on.

I can't quite explain what it was exactly, but even with all this freedom things were somehow different. It wasn't so much like she was trying to entice me into violating her 'rules' any longer. She was now almost just flaunting herself, as if to say 'this is what you could have had and passed up.' She must have been feeling rejected, and was probably angry with me as well. Maybe not consciously, but on some level she wanted to hurt me for not playing her game.

I responded by doing everything I could think of to be the responsible adult. I began taking care of my own laundry, and made sure I never left a mess that Mom had to clean up after me. I normally got home from work before her, and began making dinner for us. It wasn't much at first, but Mom seemed to appreciate the effort. I took care of the yard, and even paid our first electricity bill myself. I had to make sure

there was no way I could be considered the dependant around this house.

While I was doing all this, I never lost sight of how great my mom was. I loved her as a parent and as a woman. She'd had things rough and deserved for someone to take care of her for a change. During those weeks I was able to achieve some clarity after a lot of thinking and came to the realization that, even if we never had sex again, my mom was an incredible lady and I was lucky just to have her in my life. I made every effort to show her this with frequent hugs, and kisses, and little gestures that let her know how special she was.

Although I could sense the occasional undercurrent of tension between us, things were generally going well, until one Friday night when things got ugly. Mom had been out with some of the women from work, and she had a few margaritas in her when she arrived home. She was in a great mood and told me all about how some Japanese business men were hitting on them. She was all giggly and happy as she opened a bottle of wine to keep her buzz going.

Mom went and changed out of her clothes and came back to the living room in just a long night shirt. When she sat down with her glass of wine I caught a peek of her ass and could see she wasn't wearing any panties. We talked, and laughed, and were enjoying being with each other. After a quiet pause, Mom set her glass aside and tried to get serious.

"Sweetie, there was something I wanted to talk to you about."

I turned down the volume on the TV, ready to listen.

"I've been thinking it over," she said, "and I haven't been very fair to you. I know I said we have to be like a 'normal' family now that we're getting our lives back in order, but I realized how difficult it must be for you. It wasn't right for me to just take everything away all of the sudden. You know what I mean?"

"I've been doing a lot of thinking myself, and you don't have to worry. It's okay, I understand." Her expression told me this wasn't what she wanted to hear from me.

"You're such a good boy, and I know you're only saying that to make me happy. But I was thinking I don't have to be so strict about things as long as it's just you and me around here."

"I'm really all right with things the way they are," I assured her.

"Obviously we can't go crazy like we did before," she continued heedless of my response. "But I don't see any harm in being a little more open with each other in the privacy of our own home. For example, if you want to look at my pussy while you masturbate before bed, or something like that, it would be okay."

"You know what that would lead to, Mom."

"No, it doesn't have to go that far. We can tease each other a little and not let it get out of hand--so to speak," she giggled. "Look, I even have a surprise for you."

Mom pulled up her t-shirt a bit exposing herself to me. Before I could say anything she opened her legs and displayed her pussy. My objection caught in my throat.

"See? I shaved it for you a little." She showed off her new grooming style and I was struck breathless. She still had a thick tuft of hair above, but she had shaved the sides of her pussy clean. I could clearly see the rounded arc of her puffy outer lips, smooth and inviting. Her sensuous slit was no longer hidden in a dark pubic tangle. Mom's inner labia was already swollen with excitement and peeked out from the intimate folds of her bare pussy. "Do you like it?"

It was like seeing my Mom's pussy again for the first time.

"Of course I like it. I mean, I love it no matter what, but that is beyond sexy."

Mom practically glowed with joy at my reaction. My hard-on was pushing insistently within my boxers, but I kept myself from grabbing hold of it.

She reached down and spread herself open. Her stiff clit stood out in obvious arousal. Her engorged inner lips parted to reveal the fleshy pink within, and Mom's vagina was unveiled, open and beckoning to be touched and licked and fucked.

"Go ahead, sweetie," she whispered huskily. "Take your penis out and play with it if you want. Look at Mommy's pussy and masturbate your cock. It's okay, I want you to."

It was so tempting. I got up and moved to sit next to her. An involuntary gasp escaped from my mother as she focused on the bulge in my shorts, anticipating what might come next. I took her chin delicately and tilted her head up so she was looking at my eyes instead of my cock.

"You've had a little too much to drink tonight. If I let this happen you won't be happy tomorrow--with me or with yourself." I tried to keep my voice steady as I reasoned with her.

"I won't be upset, I promise, sweetie," she pleaded. "I want you to look at my pussy. I want to see your penis and watch you come."

"I know you do, and I want that, too. But not tonight. Not like this."

Her expression became one of almost confused panic. She dipped two fingers into her pussy hole, wetting them with her juices, and quickly brought them to my lips.

"Please don't say no to me. I need you." She teased her fingers over my lips. Her familiar scent was intoxicating. I felt my resolve weaken, and I couldn't stop myself from licking her fingers. "That's it, taste my pussy, sweetie. Mommy's cunt misses her baby so much." Her other hand found its way to my hard-on, and that snapped me out of my haze.

"I'm sorry," I whispered and tenderly took her wrists and put her hands down by her sides. "I love you, and that's the only reason I'm saying no to you tonight." I slid her shirt down to

cover her nakedness. She looked at me not knowing whether to cry or scream. She decided to scream.

"Fine! I get it!" She stood up fast, almost losing her balance. "You had your fun with me and you're done! You got to shove your dick in your pathetic, horny mom, and now it makes you sick to even look my crusty old cunt! I know how it is!"

"That's not it at all, I--"

"Bullshit! You know, there's a million cocks out there that would love to fuck this old pussy of mine!"

"Don't be mad, please. Don't be like this."

"You decided this is how it is, so deal with it. I'm going to my room and fuck myself silly. Have fun whacking off all alone." Her last words came out as a sob, before she hurried away unsteadily to her room. Moments later I heard her door slam.

My cock had shriveled up during the yelling and I felt like I'd never have another erection again.

I could hear Mom wailing in her room, and it broke my heart. I questioned everything in that moment. What was I doing? Was I going about this all wrong? I felt like it had been going so well, then in a matter of seconds it all fell down around my ears. I wanted to go to her and make it right. I wanted to kiss away her tears; tell her I was wrong; do whatever it took to make her happy.

Aunt Linda told me that I would know what the right thing to do was when the time came. I knew how much that must have hurt Mom, but I also knew what I wanted was right. And not just for me, but for us. I had to find a way to get her to understand that, but I didn't know how.

Maybe that was the whole problem. I was too young and inexperienced to deal with something this big. This wasn't little boyfriend-girlfriend fooling around crap. This was a mature woman, with a lot of experience and emotional

history, who needed a mature relationship. Maybe she needed more than I was capable of giving her.

I spent the night on the couch, unable to sleep, but not wanting to go to my room where I'd be close enough to hear my mother weeping. After running through all the scenarios, and questioning all my choices, I was no closer to knowing what to do next when morning came.

Mom shuffled sheepishly into the living room wrapped in her long, terry-cloth bathrobe. She sat down on the chair, looking like she didn't want to be there, and took a long while before she mustered the will to speak up.

"I said some awful things last night," she began, unable to look at me as she spoke in a low, raspy voice--her throat raw from a night of crying. "I'm so ashamed about how I acted, and I--"

"You don't have to say anything," I interrupted.

She sniffled, and wiped her eyes before I could see any tears fall. "I owe you--"

"It's okay. Really." I went and knelt next to her and took her hand in mine. "You've got a lot going on right now with the new job and house, and dealing with the divorce. The last thing I want is to be another problem for you. You don't owe me anything. Especially not an apology, if that's what you were thinking. I love you more today, than I've ever loved you before. Honestly."

"I don't deserve it." She covered her face with her hands. "I don't deserve you."

I stood and drew her up with me. I locked her in my arms and held her as she cried into my shoulder. I was prepared to stay like that forever if that's what it took. After a while her sobs lessened, and she put her arms around me, returning the hug. She squeezed me hard, like she was clinging to the only thing in her life that made any sense.

I knew then that I had been right.

"I'm going to the mall today and get some new clothes," I said softly. "I could use some help if you're not busy."

"You don't really want me tagging along, do you?"

"You know I have no sense of style. I could really use your help."

"Are you sure?" She pulled away from my shoulder and looked hopefully at me. Even with reddened eyes and runny nose she was as beautiful to me as ever.

"If you behave yourself, I might even buy you a fancy lunch at the food court."

She smiled despite herself. "I better go get cleaned up then."

We exchanged one more quick hug and she headed for the shower.

The shopping trip started kind of shaky as we were both still a little guarded following the emotional fireworks. But after an hour of trying on clothes in various stores, we fell back into our comfortable way with each other. We ate lunch and had more fun than we should have people watching, and as a result came up with the maxim that the bigger the cowboy hat, the smaller the penis.

As we strolled around after lunch I took Mom's hand. She acted like it was no big deal, but I knew her well enough to know that she'd be worried about what people might think when they saw us. After a few minutes I felt her relax. She gave my hand a squeeze to let me know she was enjoying walking hand in hand with me out in public.

After the blow up Mom had become suddenly modest around the house again. This was more than a little disappointing for me. My plan still precluded things going to the extreme between us, but it was nice to get the occasional peek at Mom's beautiful breasts or shapely ass. It was more than just the sexual thrill it gave me, it felt good knowing that she was comfortable enough around me to be herself and not have to hide anything.

I puzzled out what was going on one night while we were watching TV. Mom was once again wrapped up in her frumpy, terry-cloth robe, as she had been every night since that day.

"Aren't you hot in that thing?" I asked.

"A little, but I'm fine." A few quiet minutes passed before she spoke again. "Do you want me to put something else on?"

It seemed like a strange question at the time, but I answered without thinking much of it.

"I like that blue nightie--the one with the puffy shoulders."

At the next commercial break, Mom went and changed. She came back wearing the sheer blue nightie I liked. I could see that she had on panties underneath, but no bra. The way the nearly transparent fabric bloused around her breasts made them look even bigger than they actually were. Her nipples stood out against the filmy material betraying her excitement to be showing off for me once more. She did a little turn.

"Better?"

"Much." I smiled. She sat down and settled in with a contented grin.

After I thought about it, I figured out that she was letting me set the boundaries this time around. And I don't think it was so much a conscious design on her part, but more of a subtle acknowledgment that a certain amount of authority had

shifted to me. In this one small way she was giving herself over to my control, and letting me steer the course. I confirmed my theory shortly after.

I went into her room one morning while we were both getting ready for work. She was in the shower and I knocked.

"Can I borrow your toothpaste? I'm out."

"I'm in the shower, hon, just a sec," she called back. I didn't wait and went ahead in. I grabbed the toothpaste from next to the sink, and as I turned to leave I took a good look at my mom behind the clear glass doors of her shower. Her hair was full of suds that ran in curvy rivers down her body. Her smooth skin shined wetly. She was a vision of pure sensuality.

"Don't forget to wash behind your ears," I joked as I left, never taking my eyes off her.

After that she resumed popping into my bathroom while I was in there to pee, or put something away while I was showering. This confirmed my suspicions, and I soon used my unspoken authority to reestablish our formerly uninhibited demeanor around the house.

For the first time I felt like I had a pretty good handle on things. That feeling sure was nice while it lasted...

It was a Saturday evening and Mom had disappeared into her room and closed the door. I didn't pay much attention at first, but after she was in there for a while I went to check up. As I approached the door I could smell the strong scent of her favorite perfume.

"Hey, you okay in there?"

"You can come in, sweetie," she called in a merry voice.

I opened the door and Mom was standing in front of her full-length mirror in a smoking hot dress I'd never seen before. Her hair was done up, with a few tantalizing curls dangling down at the sides. She had two different high heels on.

"Which goes better?" she asked showing off each shoe in turn.

"What's the occasion?" I stammered, still stunned at how sexy she looked all dressed up.

"Oh, didn't I tell you? I have a date tonight." She turned and consulted the mirror again. A dozen thoughts pinballed through my head, colliding with a wave of mixed emotions. I had seen her use this little passive-aggressive routine on my father before. I didn't know if I should be hurt by the fact that she'd turned it against me, or if it was a twisted sign that she was dealing with me as more of an equal instead of as a kid.

"A date? Geez, that's great," I lied without sounding the least bit convincing. "Anyone I know?"

"Nope. He's a salesman from one of our vendors."

"Nice guy?"

"Of course he's a nice guy," she tsiked. "You think I'd go out with someone who wasn't nice? Give me a little credit, I'm not that desperate...yet."

Mom decided on the black heels with the thin criss-cross straps. The same pair she wore the night we went out to celebrate her new job. The same pair she had on when I made love to her for the first time. I felt like I had just been punched in the gut. Hard.

The doorbell rang.

"That's probably him," she trilled. "Go answer the door, I'll be out in a minute."

I opened the door and was confronted with a stocky man a few inches shorter than me. His ginger hair was thinning and going white on the sides. He had a broad face made broader by a wide smile that came across as that of a practiced professional rather than a genuine person. He held a sleeve of flowers, the kind you get by the checkout at the grocery store.

"My mom'll be right out."

"I'm Randy!" He said a little too enthusiastically, and held out his meaty paw.

"Yes you are," I replied a little snarkier than I should have.

I shook his hand and he had the overly firm grip of a typical salesman, but then he put a little more crush into it than was called for. I might not have looked like much of a tough guy,

but my time on the job site had already begun to have an effect. I easily matched his pressure, then took it up a notch. I saw a flash of alarm register in his expression and he eased his grip. I held on for a few more seconds than was comfortable, just to be sure he knew where things stood between us.

"Good to meet you." He looked inside the house, flexing his hand without comment. "Nice place you have here."

"Thanks."

"Quiet neighborhood, looks like." He prattled on in his thick Texas accent, his body language indicated he was expecting to be invited in, but I wasn't letting him beyond the foyer. "I noticed you have the only place around here with lights on."

"It's one of the conditions of my parole," I said flatly. "No one can live near us after what happened to our last neighbors."

His smile faltered as he tried to figure out if I was serious. After a moment his smarmy smile returned, and shot me with a hopelessly lame finger pistol.

"Ah, almost had me there, boy. Don't forget, you're in Texas now. Try any funny business 'round here and we'll string you up quicker than a crawfish."

"What the hell does that even mean?"

"Are those for me?" We both turned at the sound of Mom's voice. She took the flowers from Randy and gave them the obligatory sniff.

"My, you sure do look great!" Randy didn't know where to plant his eyes and they danced from Mom's cleavage, to her hips, to her legs and back again.

"Thanks, a girl never gets tired of hearing that." She handed me the flowers. "Can you take care of these for me, dear?"

I took the flowers without comment.

"Yep, we should git movin', I made reservations at the steak house." Randy was eager to get out from under my glare and have my mom all to himself. My throat clenched, but I couldn't let Mom see how upset I was, for a variety of reasons.

"Have her home by ten o'clock," I called after them as they headed down the walk.

"That boy's tongue's gonna git him in trouble," I heard Randy comment only half-jokingly to my mom.

"Oh, his tongue gets him into all kinds of tight spots," she answered coyly, bringing a smile to my lips.

I watched them drive away, then closed the door. I dropped the flowers into the garbage and began the long, torturous wait for Mom to get home.

Mom had another date with Randy the following weekend as well. I was a bit less on edge this time. It had become obvious to me over the week that my mom had no real interest in this guy. In fact, I don't even think she liked him that much at all. Which meant she was using him to get at me somehow.

One night at dinner, I ran through all the possibilities in my mind for the hundredth time. I looked over at Mom and wished I could see into that devious skull of hers and figure out how much of this was deliberate scheming on her part, and how much was merely subconscious acting out. I didn't want to have to call Aunt Linda for a professional opinion, but I was beginning to feel I was out of my depth.

After a lot of careful consideration, and exhaustive analysis, I settled on my next move. I headed down to the mall and started asking girls out.

It was a weird experience. I was always shy with girls, and never had the nerve to approach them. But I figured it was basically a numbers game, so there I was, walking up to complete strangers and striking up conversations. I got battered with a half-dozen rejections before I got a yes from a girl named Kim who worked at the perfume store. It's amazing what you can accomplish when you have a higher purpose motivating you.

We went out for dinner and a movie, and I did my charming best to make sure I'd get a second date. I never mentioned my new 'girlfriend' to Mom. I wanted it to be a surprise. For our next date I invited Kim over to watch a movie at my house. I rented a stack of DVDs, and cooked us a nice meal. It also happened to be the same night that Mom had a date with Randy.

Mom got home a little after eleven o'clock and was visibly shocked to find Kim sitting on the couch next to me.

"You're home early," I said. "How'd your date go?"

"Fine," she replied coldly. "Are you going to introduce me to your little friend?"

"Oh, sorry. This is Kim, we met at the mall last week."

"Hi." Kim peeped and gave Mom a cute wave along with a shy smile.

"Okay, I'll leave you kids alone. I'll be just down the hall, so keep it down."

With that Mom headed straight for her room at a pace that let me know she was none too happy. I felt a tinge of guilt, but if my calculations were correct, this was the right play.

"Your Mom likes midnight pleasures," Kim said out of the blue.

"Huh?"

"Her fragrance, 'Midnight Pleasures' by Dovanni. I can get it for her sixty percent off with my discount if she wants."

"She'd like that," and I couldn't resist adding, "my mom can never get enough midnight pleasures."

Mom didn't say anything about my 'girlfriend,' although I knew it was eating her up. Kim was a sweet girl and I hated using her like I was, but I didn't have much of a choice. She called a few times during the week, and each time I waited for Mom to answer so she'd have to hand the phone off to me. It was a mean trick, but I figured every little bit helped.

Mom was playing her own tricks, though they were not nearly as effective. The day after Mom met Kim, I noticed the dirty magazines were gone from my room. I wasn't sure if this was

her idea of punishing me, but she was definitely trying to send me some kind of message.

I decided to up the ante and suggested to Mom that we all go on a double date Saturday.

"I don't know if I'm going to see Randy again," Mom told me in a defeated tone.

"What's the matter? Won't he put out?"

"Don't get fresh, mister," she scolded and threw in a dirty look for good measure. "He's a nice enough guy, but I don't want to get tied down. I'm keeping my options open."

"Well, I promised Kim a night out. I can cancel if you don't want to spend the night by yourself."

"Don't be silly. You go have fun with your mall girl. I'll be fine on my own." Mom made the words 'mall girl' sound like something you'd scrape off the bottom of your shoe.

My mom had started up with another guy to make me jealous. And it did. If I hadn't known what she was up to it would have hurt even more than I allowed. When she saw me with a girl, Mom got a bitter taste of her own medicine. She realized how painful this game of hers was, and gave it up before we could hurt each other any further.

I had won this round, even though it didn't feel like much of a victory. Now it was just a matter of breaking up with Kim, and moving ahead with the final phase of my plan.

Unfortunately, I still had no idea how to achieve that final phase. I had done a lot of work to this point. I'd established myself as a contributing member of the household. Mom and I had become more like partners and less like a parent and

child. As difficult as it was, I had even stopped calling her 'Mom' when I talked to her. I had shown her that I wasn't going to follow along wherever she decided to lead me. She now knew that I had my own agenda, and my will was strong enough to follow it. And this latest exchange gave her a sense that I was tuned into her game, and could play just as well as she.

But now it was time to move beyond all those petty machinations and get to what was really important. I was ready to make the transition to being with my mother as a committed lover. It was time we stopped treating each other like sexual playthings, and forged a meaningful, mature relationship. Which, of course, would include all the wild, kinky sex that we both desperately wanted.

Kim and I went out for dinner on Saturday. I had planned on taking her to a movie as well, but I wanted to get home to Mom, so I broke up with her after we ate. I was hoping she'd be a little more upset, but she took it in stride. I can't blame her, I wasn't exactly the most attentive boyfriend under the circumstances.

I got home before ten o'clock and found Randy's car parked out front. Perhaps I'd declared victory too soon.

From the moment I entered the house I could sense something was wrong. As I tried to sort out what it was, I heard my mother scream.

"Get off me! Don't touch me! No! Stop it! No!"

My body was instantly flooded with adrenaline, and I was primed to detonate. I rushed to her room.

Randy was standing at my mom's bed, holding her down. His pants and underwear were crumpled on the floor at my feet. He loomed over her in just his shirt and shoes. Mom was kicking and struggling, continuing to scream. I wanted to tear his head off, but for a split second the possibility that this wasn't what it looked like entered my scattered mind. Maybe

Mom was playing out another one of her many fantasies with him.

"Hey!" I yelled. "Mom, are you okay?"

Randy turned at the sound of my voice. His shirt was unbuttoned and his short, fat cock stood out in livid contrast to his pasty white belly. His hard prick was a deformed stump of a thing covered in thick blue veins. Its squashed head looked like it was put on crooked, and his yawning piss hole drooled a long string of clear pre-cum.

"Get lost, kid!" he roared drunkenly. "Your cockteasing Mom needs her pipes cleaned, and I'm the Roto-Rooter man." He grabbed his poor excuse for a cock and laughed.

"Go!" Mom called frantically to me. "Call 9-1-1!"

I couldn't see her face, but the fear in her voice told me everything I needed to know.

I was across the room and in Randy's face before I was aware I was moving. I was taller, and probably stronger, but he outweighed me by at least sixty pounds. He reeked of whiskey and beer, but the fact that he was drunk could work for or against me. I hadn't been in a fight since fifth grade, and had no idea how to defend myself. But none of these considerations actually factored into my thinking in the moment. In fact, I had stopped thinking all together.

Reality took a vacation when I crossed the room. It seemed as though I had stepped out of my body. Time slowed, my vision narrowed, every detail became sharp and vivid. My fist let fly of its own accord and connected with the left side of Randy's idiotic face.

He was still laughing when his brow split open under the force of my blow. The blood sprayed from the wound and his oily, salesman's smile was instantly drained away. Before the first drops of blood could hit the carpet, my other fist plowed into his jaw and I felt something crack. Then it was like someone flipped a switch and we were in fast forward all of the sudden.

I hit him six or seven more times before he dropped to his knees. My fists were covered in blood, and I was vaguely aware that it wasn't all his.

I brought my knee up hard under his chin. His head snapped back and he dropped flat on his back.

I fell on him in a blind rage ready to beat the worthless animal to death with my bare hands.

He covered up as I rained blow after blow down on him. My shoulders burned, and joints ached with the repeated impact, but none of that mattered.

I became aware of my mom screaming and trying to pull me off.

"That's enough! Stop! Please, stop!" she screamed.

The sound of her voice guided me back to sanity. Randy didn't dare uncover his face and remained curled up beneath me, hiding behind upraised arms. I struggled to catch my breath as I tried to order my racing thoughts.

"Do you know where his car keys are?" I asked Mom.

"In his jacket, maybe. In the kitchen. Should I call the police?"

"No, I'll take care of him. Wait here, I'll be right back."

I stood, grabbed Randy by the shirt and hauled him to his feet. I turned him to face me and he cowered under my angry glare. I seized him by his now limp cock and pulled him out of the room by it.

I dragged him like that to the kitchen where I yanked a butcher's knife from the block on the counter and held it menacingly at the base of his wretched little dick.

"No, please--"

"If my mother ever tells me she so much as catches a glimpse of you I will hunt you down and slice your balls off." There was a murderous menace in my voice that I'd never known I possessed.

Randy just nodded. His tears mixed with the blood flowing from his brow, nose and mouth.

"I'm not calling the police, because if I ever so much as catch a glimpse of you I will kill you without a second thought. I don't want this little incident to be on record when they find your mutilated body. No reason to make it easy for them, now is there?"

Randy shook his head as best as he could.

I slammed the knife down on the counter, which caused him to flinch violently. I grabbed his jacket off the floor and

smashed it into his chest. He took it and held it tight as I once again dragged him painfully by his cock to the front door and out to his car. I threw him to the ground by the driver's side door, and barely resisted the urge to kick his balls into mush.

"Get the fuck out of here."

I left him lying there and went back inside, closing and locking the door behind me. I went to the kitchen and washed off my shaking hands. They were swollen and covered in small cuts, probably from his teeth, but I didn't think anything was broken. I splashed cold water on my face, and tried to calm down.

My mom was sitting on the edge of her bed when I returned to her. I was too keyed up to approach her just yet.

"Are you all right?" I asked immediately. "Did he hurt you?"

"No," she whispered. She seemed to be drifting in another world. Her night gown was torn, and I could see some red scratches high on her chest, but nothing that looked serious. "I opened the door, and he was there, and he just pushed me down, and I couldn't--"

"Don't think about it now. He's gone, and you're safe." I grabbed his pants and threw them out into the closet out of sight. I went to Mom's dresser and found a fresh night gown. One of her favorite flannel ones she always wore when it was cold.

"If you didn't come home when you did, he would have--"

"Let's not get worked up about all the 'what if's' and 'maybes'," I said gently as I helped her stand up. "Let's get you changed and into bed, and leave all that for another day." I lifted her ripped night gown, and she absently put her arms up so I could pull it up and off of her. She stood before me naked and exposed, looking so small and vulnerable. I quickly helped her on with the clean gown.

Mom fell against me, and I caught her in my arms. She finally broke down and began crying inconsolably. I just held her and let her get it all out.

"It's all my fault. I--"

"Don't do this to yourself, Mom." I pulled the covers aside.
"You didn't do anything wrong."

"I can't sleep in here tonight. Can I stay in your bed?"

We went to my room and I tucked her into my bed.

"Can I get you something?" I asked. "Is there anything you need?"

"I need you," she answered. "Stay with me, please."

I undressed down to my boxers and climbed under the covers with her. She turned with her back to me and I huddled up close behind her, wrapping my mom tightly in my protective embrace. I knew she was unlikely to be able to sleep, but I wanted her to feel as safe as possible.

As that long night slowly passed, I suffered an icy dread when I allowed myself to think about what my life would be like if I ever lost Mom. She was so much more than a sexual playmate, more even than the center of my world. She was truly part of me now, and I realized I couldn't live without her.

I held her tighter and resolved to never let her go.

The next day passed in a quiet blur. I made Mom some tea in the morning, then ran down to the video store as soon as they opened and rented a bunch of those old black-and-white movies she loved so much. I got her set up in the living room

with a comfy blanket and let her watch the videos while I cleaned up.

I scrubbed the blood out of the carpet and off of the tile in the kitchen. I put her torn night gown and Randy's abandoned pants in the garbage can out in the garage. His wallet was still in his pants, and I decided to hold onto it in case I needed it later.

Even though I didn't think she'd be in the mood to eat, I made us soup and sandwiches for lunch, then sat with her and watched the old movies for the rest of the afternoon. She obviously had a lot on her mind, and didn't feel much like talking yet. I didn't push matters, but stayed nearby so she knew I was there for her if she needed me.

Before dinner I convinced her it would be good to get out and take a walk. We strolled through the neighborhood hand in hand for over an hour. She was still quiet, but I somehow sensed that it wasn't fear or worry that was weighing on her, but rather she was lost in more of a contemplative silence.

Again, I patiently stood by, and let her have her emotional space.

"Do you want to sleep in my room again," I asked Mom when it came to bed time.

"No," she said, biting her lip. "The longer I avoid it the more power I give it. I should sleep in my own bed tonight." She wanted to say something more, but held back.

"Do you want me to stay with you tonight?"

She looked at me with thankful eyes, and simply nodded. I followed Mom into her bedroom and watched her undress down to nothing. She selected one of her sexy nighties, the blue one I liked with the puffy shoulders, and slipped it on. She lit a small candle and set it on her nightstand, then turned off the lights. I got undressed and slid into bed with her. Mom snuggled up close to me, resting her head on my chest.

"Thanks, sweetie," she said after a while. "Despite what happened, I actually had a really nice day today."

"I'm glad." I kissed her lightly on the top of her head and stroked her hair. It felt so good to be touching my mother again like this.

"Is your hand okay?"

"A little sore, but it'll be fine," I said, downplaying the reality of the pain I was feeling, but knowing that I would have willingly suffered far more if that's what it had taken to protect her.

She took my hand and touched her lips to each swollen knuckle. Those tender lips that had kissed away all my hurts when I was a boy still held a special kind of magic. I was so overcome with love for her that I felt ready to burst.

"Mom...there's something I wanted to talk about."

"What is it, honey?"

"This might not be a good time..."

"No, it's all right. What do you want to say?"

"I love you, Mom. I've spent a lot of time thinking about things...about you and me, and I'm sure of what I want now. I want to be with you, Mom. Not just as mother and son--even though I never want to lose that part of what have together--but I want us to be more."

"You shouldn't be wasting this time of your life with me. You should be with a girl your own age. Like that Kim girl, what about her?"

"We broke up."

"Oh." She kissed my chest as if to console me. "What happened?"

"She wasn't you, Mom. Kim was a nice girl, but I could never have feelings for someone like I have for you," I explained. Mom propped herself up and looked into my eyes.

"But that's what I'm afraid of, sweetie. I used you to fulfill my filthy urges, and now you have all these feeling for your own mother that you should be having for other girls. It's not right what I did, and I don't want you paying the price for my sick perversions."

"Maybe what you're saying is true. It isn't right what we did. A mother and son shouldn't lust after each other, or live out their sexual fantasies together, and make love with each other, but we did all those things. It's part of who we are now. We can't go back and change what we did, so the only thing we can do is move forward."

"Do you really understand what you're saying?"

"I do. I know it won't be easy, and we'll have a lot of things to figure out as we go, but I'm not a little kid anymore. I've thought this through and I know it's what's right--for the both of us. More important, I know it's what's right in my heart."

Mom looked deep into my eyes and gathered strength from the conviction she saw in me.

"I love you, too," she finally said, and tried to hold back the tears. "I realized when I was last out with...him, that even the thought of being with anyone else made me sick to my stomach. I knew then that it could only be you. My son was the only one I wanted inside me; the only one I wanted to love me."

"Then we both feel the same way." My whole body suddenly felt lighter and somehow more alive. "No more guilt, no more shame? And we're done with the games?"

"Yes," she said and kissed me urgently. "Yes!" She kissed me again. "And, yes!" She all but climbed on top of me with this last kiss. Her tongue sought out mine and we kissed like lovers reunited after years apart. Her body was so warm and soft, she felt like pure happiness given physical form.

She pulled her nightie off, eager to feel her bare flesh against mine. Our bodies came together and it was better than heaven. Her lips on mine, her naked breasts pressed to my chest, our legs intertwining. The wonder of it was almost too much to take in all at once.

"Mom, I've missed your body so much."

"You have no idea how much I want you right now." She pulled my boxers down and grabbed hold of my hard cock, leaving me to kick my shorts the rest of the way off. We were finally together again and completely naked. "Does Mommy's little boy want me to lick his big pee-pee?" she whispered playfully in my ear.

I hated to break the moment, but I had to do it. I took her face tenderly in my hands and tried to make sure she paid close attention.

"Listen, this important. You're not Mommy, and I'm not a little boy. Not tonight."

Mom blinked, taken off guard, then she smiled.

"You're right." She caressed my cheek. "You're not my little boy. You've become your own man right in front of me, haven't you? The best man I've ever known. And I'm your woman now."

"You are."

"Well, your woman wants to suck her man's cock," she growled lustily.

"It's all yours, woman! What are you waiting for?"

She threw off the covers and took me hungrily into her mouth. It was such a welcomed sight to see my cock disappearing into my mother's mouth again. She sucked and licked me like it was her only purpose in life. With each bob of her head she took me deeper, until finally she swallowed my entire cock. I can't even describe the incredible sensation of feeling my mother take the full length of my penis in her mouth and down her throat.

She came up for a breath, then immediately swallowed me again. She worked me up and down as long as she could then released me with a slight gag. Mom moved her attention to my balls and played her tongue over them. While she was licking my scrotum, she shifted into the sixty-nine position and straddled my face.

Mom pressed her shaved pussy down onto my mouth and I happily tasted her glorious essence once more. My tongue reacquainted itself with the now hairless contours of my mother's exquisite pussy. She tasted better than my memories could ever do justice. Her soft, feminine recesses opened

readily to my explorations. Mom's sultry juices flowed freely, coating my lips and nose and cheeks as my mouth made love to her precious cunt.

"That's it, eat my pussy," Mom panted. "Stick your tongue in my pussy hole. Your mouth feels so good on my cunt."

She returned her lips to my cock and we continued to suck each other. It was impossible to concentrate fully on both sources of extreme pleasure at the same time. I fucked my mom's mouth, while she fucked mine for a long while. We teased each other to the edge of orgasm. I could feel my mom's breasts brushing against my stomach, and I had to have them.

"Mom, I want your tits."

"You want to play with my big titties?"

"Yes, I need them."

She rolled over and fondled her huge breasts while I repositioned myself.

"They've missed you so much."

"It drove me insane every time I saw your tits and couldn't touch them." I watched her rub and squeeze her own breasts, enjoying Mom's seductive exhibition.

"It was so much fun to watch you get hard when you looked at me. I like showing off for you."

"I love your body so much. Every night I would jerk off and think about your naked tits, and your ass, and your beautiful pussy."

"Put your hands on me. Come feel me, sweetheart."

I reached out and let my hands settle gratefully onto my mother's big breasts. She pushed them together for me and I traced her voluptuous mounds with my fingertips. Mom released them to me and I took complete control of her fleshy globes. I massaged her, entranced by the inexplicable fascination her breasts held for me.

"Suck my nipples, sweetie. Please..."

I readily complied with her desire and took one of her large nipples into my mouth. I licked and sucked her sensitive areola, delighting in Mom's writhing reaction to my efforts. I moved to the other, and received an equally enthusiastic response. I then switched over to suckling her. I mouthed her quick and hard, like I was an infant trying to draw milk from her impassioned nipple.

"Oh, God, yes--just like that!" she cried out. I shifted to her other nipple and gave it the same treatment while pinching and pulling at the spit soaked one I'd just abandoned. "That's it... suck me hard. You're going to make me come."

I sucked even harder when I heard that. I bit down lightly and that brought forth a loud moan from Mom. Her legs thrashed, pressing together, then opening wide as I continued with unforgiving intensity.

"Do it with me, Mom." I abruptly pushed the tit I was sucking on up toward her face and watched her take her own nipple into her mouth. There was something about watching her do this that sent chills up my spine every time I saw it. She grabbed the back of my head and forced my mouth down onto her unattended nipple, where I resumed my aggressive nursing.

She pressed her tits together with her hands so that our faces were cheek to cheek as we each sucked and bit and pulled at her big, dark nipples. Her hips bucked rhythmically and her muffled screams built to an ecstatic crescendo. At the height of her passion she let her nipple pop from her mouth, and screamed out.

"Oh, God, I'm coming!" She clamped her legs together and lifted her ass up off the bed. I squished her tits closer together and sucked both her nipples at the same time. "Right there, that's it! Make me come. Yes!" Mom let out a feral grunt of release as her first orgasm of the night cascaded through her body.

It was only then that I realized she had come without touching her pussy at all. She must have been so ridiculously horny to have achieved orgasm from just having her nipples sucked. Mom managed to surprise me yet again.

"I liked the sound of that," I said, kissing and licking her nipples softly in an attempt to soothe them after all the rough handling.

"That was so good. You're the only one who ever made me come like that," she said between hurried breaths. She ran her fingers through my hair as I continued feathering kisses all over her breasts in ever widening circles. "You know, you used to make me come when you were just a baby."

"How do you mean?" I asked without interrupting my ongoing oral journey across my mother's chest.

"Sometimes, when I was breastfeeding you, I would get wet and my clit would get all hard. I tried to ignore it at first, thinking there was something wrong with me, but it kept happening, especially during night feedings." I realized that she was finishing the confession she had started at the diner but was too ashamed then to say it out loud. I worked my way down underneath her breast and ran my tongue along the sweaty crease I found there.

"One night, I couldn't take it anymore and I touched myself while you were feeding. I masturbated while my innocent little baby was sucking milk from my breast, and I made myself come--with your help."

"I wish you had some milk for me now," I teased and suckled playfully on her nipple.

"This might seem funny to you, but at the time I felt like such a degenerate." Her fingers drifted down to my shoulders and tickled the bare skin of my arm as she talked. "I promised myself I would never do anything that despicable again, but a week later I fingered myself while your were sucking at my nipple and had my first multiple-orgasm, if you can believe it."

"When it comes to your pussy, Mom, I can believe anything."

She gave me a light pinch and went on. "I found a magazine article that mentioned how some women became sexually excited while breastfeeding, and I didn't feel so bad after that. I played with myself while I fed you as often as I could, mostly when I was sure there was no chance your father would catch us--I mean me."

"No wonder I feel so warm and fuzzy when you masturbate for me now." I nuzzled my way up between her breasts and kissed her neck as I listened to her comforting voice.

Mom had admitted quite a few secrets to me over the past months, but this time something was different. The confessions always came from a place of deep guilt. She was usually ashamed of her feelings and the things she had done because of those feelings. When she almost told me about this before, she was too overcome with humiliation to even divulge this intensely private secret.

But this time it was different. She wasn't trying to justify her transgression or seek forgiveness. This wasn't coming from a sense of shame. She was expressing how much she loved me. Not only by telling me about what she did with me when I was a baby, but by showing unconditional trust in sharing this with me. To be honest, if she had told me these things at the diner several weeks ago, I would have been shocked, and probably a little disturbed. But to hear it now, like this, it seemed like the most natural, loving thing a mother could do with her baby.

"But, you know me, I can never just be happy with a good thing. I always have to take it a step too far," she went on.

"What did you do?" I kissed her on the lips, causing a brief lapse in her story.

"Ahh, you made me forget what I was saying."

"You went too far..."

"Oh, yes. Your father was away on a fishing trip and it was just you and me all alone. That night I decided to get totally naked when I breastfed you."

"Was I naked, too?"

"Yes, and you were a horny little thing back then, too. You sucked so hard on me that night. And I could feel your naked little penis rubbing against my bare skin, and you even got a tiny erection. I couldn't count how many times I made myself come that night. Even after you were done feeding, I kept fingering myself as I held you on my tummy. It was the best

feeling I'd ever had." She sighed with wistful nostalgia. "Then, you peed on me."

I couldn't help but bust out laughing at that. She joined in and we were both practically in tears by the time our laughter subsided.

"Would it make your feel better if I peed on you now for old time's sake?" I offered jokingly.

"Don't be gross." She smacked me on the shoulder. "But...if that's something you really want, I guess we could try it some time." There seemed to be no limits to this woman's kinky appetites.

Mom stretched her whole body then, reaching her arms above her head, pointing her toes and arching her back. She then released the tension from all her muscles at once and relaxed.

"I doesn't seem fair to be this happy," she mused.

My gaze fell on the hollow of my mom's armpit. With her hands still over her head, both her underarms were open to me and were looking strangely alluring in the shifting light of the candle. I started back at one of Mom's nipples and kissed my way toward my newest fixation. She squirmed a bit when I reached my destination, but she let me indulge my curiosity.

There was no deodorant or perfume that I could detect. It was just the delicate scent of her natural fragrance and the barest trace of soap. I kissed around the edges, then down into the shallow scoop of her armpit. She had shaved recently, but not today. I could feel the slight prickle on my lips. I reached out with my tongue and gave this unfamiliar area a tentative lick. A sudden tingle spread across my shoulders and back, and encouraged me to continue.

I licked her armpit again, then once more with a longer stroke of my tongue. Mom giggled and pulled away for a second, but then she moved back wanting more. I licked and sucked the

soft skin there under her arm, becoming lost in the taste and feel of the experience.

"That feels so weird," Mom gasped. "Do this one, too." She turned and presented her other underarm for my pleasure. I ran my tongue across this matching place of intimate temptation, and was rewarded with a fresh taste of my Mom's unique flavor. Her giggling continued and reminded me how much I adored this woman.

"It's official," I announced after a few minutes, "I love every single inch of you."

"Mmmm, you're spoiling me." She wrapped her arms around me and gave me a big kiss. "Now spoil me some more! You know what I'd like to do now?"

"Balance the checkbook?"

"Stop joking around, mister. This is serious business!" She tugged my ear to punctuate her point. "I want you to masturbate for me."

"How about if I jerk off by rubbing myself inside your pussy?"

"No, I want to watch you."

"Okay, if that's what you want..."

"Yay! Go down to the foot of the bed and get up on your knees," Mom directed. She arranged her pillows against the headboard and lay facing me with her legs wide. I was kneeling between her feet and prepared to begin stroking myself for her.

"Ready?"

"No, wait! This stupid candle isn't bright enough." She turned on the bedside light and smiled when she looked at the view she had now. "Okay, show me what you got, hot stuff."

I started by running my hands all over my body. I felt completely foolish doing it, but Mom was getting a real kick out of it, so I played it up.

"You've been driving me wild lately walking around here with no shirt on." Her hand went down between her legs and she teased a finger up and down her wet slit as her eyes roamed all over me.

"I've always done that."

"But now you have all those new muscles." She bit her lip and circled her finger around her clit. I had noticed the changes in my body myself, but the way my mother was looking at me made me realize how significant those changes really were.

"And I thought you loved me for my personality," I pouted.

"When we're in bed, all I care about is that hard, young body of yours, sweetheart. Now rub your big cock for me."

I reached down and took my cock lightly between my fingers and rubbed my shaft. Mom spread her pussy lips open with one hand, and continued to diddle her clit with just one finger. Her naked body looked amazing now that I had a better view of it in the light. Each time I saw her nude I couldn't believe my good fortune.

"That's it, honey, look at my pussy and jerk your hard cock while I watch you." She slid her finger down and played it across the opening of her vagina. I wrapped my hand around my shaft and began stroking nice and slow. I reached down with my other hand and toyed with my dangling balls. I tugged on the loose skin of my scrotum, and then lifted my nuts and squeezed them as she watched with rapt concentration.

"You like watching me play with my cock?"

"Oh, yes. It makes me so wet to see my son touch himself like this. I love seeing your big, strong hands on your hard cock. I like watching you be naughty while I put my fingers in my pussy." Mom pushed two fingers into her slick hole.

"I like it when you play with your pussy in front of me."

"It feels so good to masturbate with you, sweetie. I love to spread my legs, and show off my pussy to my son." She continued finger fucking herself with one hand, and reached around her leg with the other. She lifted her hips and rubbed a finger around her asshole. "Remember when you put your cock in here? Remember when you fucked my ass?"

"It was so tight," I recalled.

"I was sore for days, but it was worth it." Mom eased a finger into her asshole. I beat my cock at the same pace as her fingers

pumping in and out of both her holes. "That looks so good, honey, jerk off with me."

"You're going to make me come, Mom. Where do you want it?"

"In my mouth, sweetie. Come up here and masturbate into my mouth."

I moved up the bed so I was kneeling next to my mom's face. She was thumping away at her pussy and ass with increasing energy. Her eyes focused on the swollen head of my cock and I jerked off over her opened mouth.

"You want it in your mouth, Mom?"

"I want to taste your cum, darling. I want it on my tongue when I get myself off. I love eating my son's cum so much."

"Are you still my whore?"

"Yes. I'm your filthy slut. You can have me whenever you want. I'll do anything you tell me. Come in your whore's mouth."

I jacked off faster, letting my balls slap against my mom's cheek as I did. I could feel the sensation building. After so many weeks I was finally going to come again with Mom. I looked down at her beautiful face and her gaping mouth, and felt the surge overtake me.

The first jet of semen shot right past her face and onto the far pillow. I angled myself lower and fired the next spurt into her mouth, then another, and another. As soon as the first gob of warm cum hit the inside of her cheek, Mom's own orgasm took hold of her.

I still hadn't exhausted my load, and even more cum erupted from my cock and squirted onto my mother's waiting tongue. Her hand was working her pussy hard and fast, extending and intensifying her ongoing orgasm as much as possible. Her

mouth was so full of my cum she couldn't speak, but her incessant moans of pleasure told the whole story.

I milked the last oozing drops of semen out of my cock and onto her lips, then bent down and kissed her. My time with Mom had trained me to love the taste of my own cum, especially when it was on her body. Kissing her cummy lips sparked off another wave of orgasm for her and she came again while I licked her clean. As soon as I was done, she let some more of my white goo dribble out of her mouth and onto her chin. I dutifully licked and sucked it up as well.

Mom opened up to show me she had my ridiculously huge load still in her mouth. I stuck my tongue in there and swirled it around, feeling the thick, slimy wad of fresh cum. Her hands were no longer between her legs and were now grasping and clawing at my body with unrestrained passion.

She got up and pushed me down so I was lying on my stomach. I had no idea what she had in mind, but she got down between my legs and spread my ass cheeks open. She

then let my cum dribble from her mouth down into my ass crack. I felt it seep down and over my asshole.

"Does that feel good? Does it feel nice to have your cum all over your ass?"

"Yes," was all I could manage.

"Don't worry, I'll clean up the mess for you." I felt her tongue on my asshole as she began licking up the spilt cum and swallowing it. Her mouth worked up and down my ass crack and all over my butt as she swabbed up every last trace of cum. Once clean she returned to my asshole and spent several minutes tonguing me there, much to my delight.

"Mom, that was unbelievable," I said when she finally had her fill and lay down on top of me. I could feel her soft pussy hair against my butt.

"As if I didn't have enough sexual quirks, now you've given me an obsession for playing with asses."

"Yeah, well, you got me addicted to the taste of cum, so we're even."

"I'm so glad we can be together like this," she said and nibbled my ear.

"We're finally living the dream, Mom."

"C'mon, let's go take a nice hot shower together then play some more."

"Sounds great, but we have work in the morning."

"Damn, you're right." Mom squeezed my shoulders, massaging my muscles as she thought. "What if we both call in sick tomorrow? We could just stay home and spend the whole day fucking."

"We are pretty sick, so it wouldn't be like we were lying."

"So that's a yes? I can have your cock as much as I want for the whole day?"

"How can I say no to that?"

Mom squealed with joy and peppered my back with kisses, then slapped my ass and dragged me off to the shower. We took turns washing each other, and it was all I could do to keep from jamming my cock into Mom's soapy pussy right then. But I wanted to wait. I wanted our first time making love as a real couple to be special, and I think my mom had the same thing in mind.

We dried each other off and couldn't stop ourselves from making out like a couple of horny teenagers (which I, of course, was). We navigated our way to the bed without our

lips ever parting, turned the light off, and lay down in the candlelight.

With Mom on her back, I settled my hips in between her thighs. We continued to kiss, but we were less frantic about it now, our lips and tongues playing with amorous sensuality. It felt so natural the way that our bodies came together in perfect harmony, as if we were custom made for each other.

"I love you, Mom," I whispered, overcome with emotion.

"I love you so much, darling. You're the only one I've ever truly loved." When she said those words it struck me immediately that they were true for me as well. My mother was the only person I had ever really loved. The thought made this feel all the more special.

"I need you inside me," she murmured and hugged me tight against her.

There was no difficulty, no fumbling awkwardness, no nervous reservations. I simply shifted my hips forward and my cock slid effortlessly into the loving sanctuary of my mother's moist pussy. Her breath left her in a long sigh of contented fulfillment as I entered her, and inch by inch pressed deeper inside.

"Nothing else could ever feel as good as this," Mom groaned and a shiver ran through my whole body when I heard her say that. She wrapped her legs around me and I stayed deep within her just trying to sense every nerve and be aware of every source of concentrated pleasure this moment was creating for me. I began to move my hips with a slow turn, and Mom instinctively matched my motion.

Her hand pressed down against my lower back keeping me from drawing out of her. She continued grinding herself on my cock in slow, tight circles. I could feel her inner muscles convulsing and flexing around me. I held myself steady, maintaining the pressure of my weight upon her, barely moving. Her breath came quicker, and her legs gripped me tighter, as her hips rotated beneath me.

Her body suddenly tensed and shuddered. She was coming already. Mom buried her face in my shoulder and held me firmly inside her as her orgasm blossomed quietly and slowly receded.

"No one ever fucked me so good." Her words came out sounding almost like a prayer. "Your cock fills me up in every way. I feel whole when you're inside me, like more of a woman than I've ever been before." She was really getting dramatic. I put aside my embarrassment and tried to tell her exactly how I felt at that moment in the same way.

"I'm the man I am because of you, Mom. In every way. You were my first love, and will always be the only woman I ever love. You opened yourself up and taught me how to love you with my heart, and with my body." As I spoke Mom began kissing my neck and face, showing her appreciation for my sincere words. "You're all I live for. I'm going to keep you safe, and take care of you, and make you happy always. I promise."

Mom kissed me then on the lips. I watched her squeeze her eyes closed tight, and saw a tear trickle down her cheek. She held my face between her hands and looked at me with a dreamy expression of complete happiness.

"Okay, that's enough soap opera blubbering," she sniffled and wiped her eyes. "How about we get down to some serious pussy fucking?"

"That's my mom! They don't come any classier."

"Screw classy, just make me come so hard I can't see straight for a week!"

"You got it, Mom!"

I curled my arms under her and held onto her shoulders as I began sliding my cock in and out of her sopping wet hole. I could feel the tiny whiskers scratch against my slickened shaft each time I penetrated her shaven pussy.

"That's it, fuck me. Fuck me hard!" Her hands grabbed my ass and raked my back. "Your cock is in your Mom's pussy. You're fucking your own mother's cunt!"

I increased my rhythm and began slamming into her harder. I pulled down on her shoulders with each thrust, impaling her on my cock with passionate force.

"That's right," I grunted. "Your son is fucking you. Your own son is between your legs and has his cock inside your pussy."

"It's so good. You fuck me so good. My son fucks my cunt so goood!"

"Mom, your pussy is going to make me come."

"Come with me, sweetie, let's come together."

"Should I pull out?"

"No, come inside me."

"Are you sure? What if--"

"It's okay. If you want to, you can come in me."

I knew what she meant, and I knew I shouldn't be making these kinds of choices at a moment like this when I have no rational sense whatsoever, but all I wanted in that moment was to shoot my cum inside my mom.

"I do want to, Mom. I'm going to come in your cunt."

"Do it, baby. Fill my pussy!"

I pounded into her, and she fucked me right back as hard as she could. My balls slapped against my mom's ass and became

soaked with the pussy juices that were leaking down from her pulsating hole. I was ready to blow, I tried to hold out until she was ready to come with me, but it was no use.

"I'm coming, Mom! I'm coming!" I pushed myself far inside her and unleashed my load into my mom's pussy. My spontaneous bellow of extreme satisfaction triggered Mom's orgasm.

"Squirt it in me. I can feel your hot cum inside my cunt! Fuck me, fuck me, fuuuck meeee!" she screamed as she came. I was spent, but her hips were still bucking under me. "Don't stop, baby. There's another one in there. Keep fucking me." I gritted my teeth and pushed on, focusing all my energy into fucking one more orgasm out of my mother's pussy. "There it is, right there, yes, fuck yes, unnnngh! Fuck yeah!" That did it. She was satiated for the moment, and relaxed.

"Do you want to taste it?" I asked.

"Not yet. Let's leave it in there for a little while."

I didn't want to ruin the mood, but I felt like I had to say something.

"Mom, I thought about over the past weeks and I would like to have a baby with you, if you want, but I don't know if I'm ready."

"No one's ever ready to have a baby." She brushed her fingers through my hair. "But I understand what you mean. You don't have to worry about me getting pregnant tonight, but I guess it's something we'll need to discuss."

"I was thinking I'd like to have a little girl, that way I'd have someone to help me in the shower before we go to church."

"Oh, God. That's all we need around here, another generation of perverts!"

"Gotta keep the old family traditions alive."

"How about we make a new family tradition where you fuck me in the ass while I finger myself?"

"Now that's a tradition I can get behind."

I lifted Mom's legs and pulled out of her. A messy stream of my cum and her juices seeped out of her pussy and down over her asshole. The perfect lubrication. I watched as she pushed a finger inside her asshole, then another. She slid them in and out, twisting and spreading them, loosening herself up for me. When she was ready she put her hands on her ass cheeks and spread herself open.

My cock was raging hard again by the time she had finished her little exercise, and I rubbed the head against her slippery hole. With just a small amount of pressure I once again infiltrated Mom's rear end. She let out a thrilled gasp, and moved a hand up to her stiff clit.

"I wish I knew how good this felt twenty years ago," Mom said as she played with her pussy.

"I'm glad you didn't." I worked the full length of my cock up into my mom's butt. "I got to be the first one to fuck your virgin asshole."

"I don't want anyone else's cock in my ass but yours."

That sounded fine by me. I moved in and out of her ass with long steady thrusts and watched Mom masturbate herself. Her fingers were wet with a liberal coating of our combined cum. She worked her clit aggressively, occasionally slapping her pussy with a hard smack.

My eyes were drawn up to my mom's tits. As she urgently fingered her pussy, her breasts wobbled with mesmerizing grace. I loved Mom's tits like crazy when they were just sitting there looking beautiful, but to see them in action drove me out of my mind. I stepped up my pace, ramming my cock harder into her ass, and was rewarded with the sight of my

mom's tits bouncing even more wildly, almost slapping her under the chin with my every upstroke.

"I'm going to come," she panted. "Fuck my asshole while I come!"

I wouldn't have thought I'd be able to come again so soon, but Mom's ass clenched so tight around my shaft that I could feel the tingle of another orgasm approaching. I gripped my mom's ankles tighter and fucked her harder.

"That's it, Mom. Fuck my cock with your ass. Make me come in your asshole!"

"Oh, yes! Right there, right there, motherfucker! Come in my ass!" Mom started coming first this time, and I followed her within seconds. I shot my first spurt in her ass, then pulled out and sprayed the rest onto her pussy while she held it open for me. She scooped my semen from her swollen lips and quickly transferred it to her mouth. She brought herself off yet again with her fingers as she ate my cum.

Her body continued to tremble with aftershocks for the next minute. She lightly tickled her fingers across her pussy that she had moments before been giving such hard abuse. I was still holding her ankles and began kissing her calf, then moved up to her pretty feet.

My softening cock wilted and came to rest on her pussy. She took it and rubbed herself with it as I kissed and licked my way across her instep to her pretty toes. Mom twisted and purred like a kitten when I ran my tongue between her toes, and occasionally took one into my mouth for a gentle suck.

"That tickles," she giggled, and took her foot away. Her other foot took its place and I tickled that one with my lips and tongue as well. After several minutes of playing with Mom's sexy feet, I fell onto the bed next to her exhausted.

"I need to rest," I groaned.

"We're just getting started! I need to make up for lost time."
Mom shook me to keep me from dozing off. I could smell my cum on her breath and it made me smile.

"Just give me a minute, you sex-crazed cougar."

"Cougar? I like that." Mom dragged her nails across my chest like a big cat. "Okay, you stay here and rest, I'm going to rinse off."

I watched her head off to the bathroom, marveling at the alluring sway of her derriere. I rearranged the pillows and felt something underneath one of them. I reached down and pulled it out. It was the panties I had come all over while I was reading her story. They hadn't been washed, and were crusted with my dried cum. Mom was one special woman.

I tucked them back away, then zoned out for a few minutes. When I came around Mom was cleaning my penis with a warm cloth. She was so tender and attentive to her task that I

just lay there and enjoyed the attention. When she was done she kissed the tip of my cock and snuggled up next to me.

"I can't believe I wasted so much energy fighting this," she eventually told me. "I was so worried about maintaining some kind of control over my out of control life that I couldn't see what should have been so obvious."

"Do you have idea how nuts you made me, Mom."

"I'm sorry, honey. I know it must have been confusing for you."

"There's a nominee for Understatement of the Year."

"But we're together now, really together. Just promise me we'll always be honest with each other, and not keep any secrets."

"I promise." I gave her a kiss on the forehead.

"And if we have trouble, we'll stick together and work things out."

"I'll never leave you, Mom."

"But if things change between us, if you do want a different kind of life, don't hold yourself back for me. I don't want you to have any regrets, or have any reason to resent me."

"Let's not worry about all that right now," I gave her a kiss on the end of her nose. "We have plenty of time to talk and figure this all out together. I love you, and that's all that matters tonight." I kissed her on the lips, and her tension melted away.

We were quiet for a long while, watching the shadows from the guttering candle flame dance fitfully across the ceiling. Mom's fingers drifted across my chest, circling my taut nipples, then meandering over my belly and eventually to my

cock. She toyed with my limp penis until it showed some life and began to grow firm.

"Are you done resting yet?"

"I hope you've already hit your sexual peak, because I'm not going to be able to handle you if you get any hornier."

"I want you to fuck me outside." She waggled her eyebrows seductively, and it worked.

"I suppose the lawn could use a night seeding."

She hopped out of bed and blew out the candle. We left the bedroom and I headed for the sliding doors leading out to the back yard. Mom grabbed my wrist.

"No. I want to do it out in the front yard, silly!" She dragged me to the door and peeked out. With a nervous giggle she ran down the walk and onto the grass like a giddy stalker. I

followed her out a bit more cautiously, double checking the area even though all the houses around us were still empty.

"Property values are going to skyrocket if anyone finds out about this," I joked.

The autumn air was crisp, but we were warmed by the thrill of our daring little adventure. Mom went to the center of our small front yard and went down onto her hands and knees. She faced toward the street, wagged her tail invitingly at me, and gave a little bark. Mom let her tongue hang out and panted like a sexy puppy.

"Looks like my cougar is now a bitch is in heat," I observed as I came up behind her. She nodded and whined piteously. I couldn't resist having a taste of the tempting treats being presented to me. I lapped Mom's pussy beginning with her clit, working my way up her meaty lips to her always wet pussy hole. I sucked her pungent nectar for a few moments, then continued up until I reached the tight little pucker of her asshole.

The strong smell of her sex mixed with the earthy scent of the grass and soil to create a uniquely invigorating effect. I finished feasting on my mother's backside and moved my cock to her pussy and ran the head along her slit. The intimate fluid escaping from Mom's expectant vagina shimmered in the luster of the nearly full moon. I lubed myself with her lusty secretions and continued to massage her pussy with my cock.

"Stop teasing and stick it in me," Mom begged. "Fuck me out here where everyone can see." There was actually no one around to see. It was late and our closest neighbors were about ten empty houses away. Still, it did feel exciting to be outside like this where it was possible to be seen.

I ended the torture and eased my cock into my mom from behind. Her pussy was nice and tight from that angle and I especially enjoyed the view from back there.

"Ooo, that's it, fuck me like a bad doggie." Mom rocked back and forth on my cock, pulling forward as I pulled back, then slamming back as I thrust forward. Our bodies slapped together loudly with each collision. I grabbed onto her hips for better leverage and by small measures increased the tempo.

Soon I was humping her with quick hard strokes, like a sex-starved dog. It was killing me that I couldn't see my Mom's tits right then. I imagined how they were hanging down beneath her, her nipples stretching almost to the ground. They'd be swaying and swinging with each slamming thrust. I instead focused on my mom's incredible ass.

Her wide cheeks were spread out before me. I could spread them wider and watch how her asshole gaped open just a little for me. I could take my hands away and see how her fleshy butt jiggled each time she bounced back onto my cock. My mom's ass was a true miracle that I'd never tire of worshipping.

"Oh, God, your cock feels so good. I never want to stop fucking you." Mom pushed back against me driving my cock as deep into her pussy as she could. It was just then that I heard something. A metallic jingle came from up the street. I looked and could see someone walking this way with a dog on a leash.

"Mom, someone's coming," I whispered urgently.

"Don't come yet, sweetie."

"No, someone's coming this way. They're going to see us."

"I don't care, keep fucking me. This feels too good, I can't stop now."

I thought she was crazy, but I continued humping away. Mom moaned, and making sure she was loud enough to attract attention. I saw the dog-walker stop and look our way. I didn't know if we could be seen in the dark, but the light of the moon

should have been bright enough to get a good idea of what we were doing.

The dog-walker backed away, and I was somewhat relieved. I just hoped they weren't going to call the police. I refocused my efforts on getting Mom off as quickly as I possible so we could hurry back inside, when I saw the walker returning, this time without the dog. I watched warily as the shadowy figure came to the center of the unlit cul-de-sac and stopped there. Whoever it was definitely saw us, and now they were watching.

"Fuck me, baby! Fuck my hot pussy!" Mom called out loudly, more for the benefit of our voyeur than anything else.

The watcher came closer, tentatively at first, then getting the courage to step up onto the sidewalk only about twenty feet from where we were going at it like a couple of animals.

It was a woman, probably in her mid-thirties. She had long blonde hair pulled back in a pony tail, and wore a powder blue

track suit. She had a slender figure, and from what I could tell in the dim light, a pretty face.

Mom couldn't help but see her now and moaned with heightened arousal. She came up off her hands so that she was kneeling in front of me, my cock still in her pussy, and her body on full display to the strange woman. My mom's hands caressed her skin, squeezing her tits and rubbing her clit. She was really putting on a show.

It must have had an effect on the woman because she slipped her hand down the front of her sweat pants. This blew my mind. I'd expect this from a guy, but I'd never had thought a woman would behave like such a perv. I guess there were more women out there like my mom than I had suspected.

"I'm so turned on right now I can't stand it," Mom whispered to me, then lifted herself up so I slid out of her. She moved to my side and took my cock in her hand. She worked me with exaggerated strokes, putting me on display for her new friend. The woman's hand was busy down her pants while the other

found its way up to her chest. She began squeezing her small tits through the track suit.

Mom turned me, giving our voyeur a side view, and bent down to lick the tip of my pussy-soaked cock.

"Oh, yes..." I heard the woman gasp under her breath. She looked around to be sure it was just the three of us out here, then unzipped her top and fondled her bare breasts.

"You want me to suck him?" Mom asked. "Do you want to see his beautiful cock in my mouth?"

The woman nodded and took a few steps closer to the edge of our lawn. My mom sucked the head of my cock into her mouth and we heard the woman moan. Slowly, she took me deeper, enveloping each inch of my cock with dramatic finesse. Mom missed her calling as a porn star.

I looked over at our guest. She had a nipple pinched between her thumb and forefinger as she watched Mom's lips reach the base of my cock. Her eyes were wide with carnal craving when she noticed my attention was on her. She matched my stare, brave enough now not to look away. She stopped playing with herself, and hooked both thumbs into the waistband of her jogging pants. She hesitated.

Mom's head bobbed up and down on my cock, and she was humming her favorite tune. This seemed to encourage the woman to further indulge her public depravity and she pulled her pants down to her knees. This was too good to be true.

I reached down and played with my mom's dangling tits, never taking my eyes off this entrancing stranger. She dropped down to her knees and shrugged the warm-up jacket off her shoulders. The white flesh of her small breasts practically glowed in the moonlight. Her hand was back between her legs and she masturbated openly in front of me as she watched my mom suck my dick.

"I want to show you my pussy," Mom said to her after a bit.
"Do you want to see?"

The woman nodded.

"Tell me," Mom prompted her.

"I want to see it," the woman said quietly after a pause. "Show me your pussy." The Texas accent sounded adorable on her.

Mom smiled and turned me again so I was facing straight toward our voyeur, still on my knees. She then lay down so her face was under my cock with her body stretching out toward the woman. Mom opened her legs slowly, then spread them wide. The woman continued fingering her own pussy as she stared at my mom's. I watched my mom reach down and pull her pussy lips apart, exposing everything to this stranger.

The woman turned and fumbled with her jacket. It seemed that she might be having second thoughts and was going to

grab her clothes and run away. But instead, she pulled something out of the pocket of the jacket. She pressed the switch on her small flashlight and pointed it between my mother's legs. This woman didn't want to miss a thing.

"Oh, yes," Mom moaned. "Look at my pussy." She reached up with her mouth and sucked my balls as I watched this amazing display of perversions. This time there was no glass barrier between us and our watcher, there was no hiding, this was not at all like our other anonymous encounters. This woman knew where we lived. Who might she tell? Would she come back?

Mom writhed under the glow of the tiny spotlight, delighting in the attention. She licked my balls, slurping them loudly-- louder than she needed to. The woman moved her light up along Mom's body, pausing on her tits, then settling on my cock. My mom pushed her mouth back, reached around to spread my cheeks, and began tonguing my butthole.

"Is she licking your behind?" The woman asked with surprise. Her voice was still meek and hesitant, just loud enough for me to hear.

"Yes," I confirmed. "She has her tongue in my asshole right now."

"That's so nasty." She reached past her pussy and fingered her own ass. "I love it."

"I love your body," I told her. "You have beautiful tits."

"Aw, they ain't much." She shined the flashlight on her own chest and tweaked each of her nipples for me. She returned the light back to me. "You got a nice cock." Her voice was stronger now, more confident. I took hold of my shaft and started stroking. "Shoot, that sure looks nice." Our voyeur buried a finger in her own pussy, while Mom continued to suck my ass and balls. "I never did nothing like this before."

"We're glad you decided to join us."

"You guys are so sexy, I couldn't help it. I never seen people having sex for real."

Mom came up for air. "How'd you like to see some real fucking, little lady?"

"I'd like that just fine." The woman laughed with a nervous giggle.

I lay down on my back in the cool grass, and my mom climbed on top. She faced away from me and toward our watcher. Mom squatted and guided my cock into her pussy.

"You like that?" Mom asked the woman. "You like seeing his cock fuck my pussy?"

"I do. I feel so dirty watching you and touching myself like this."

"You look very sexy with your fingers in your puss."

I couldn't see what the woman was doing, but I heard her moving and could see the light darting around the lawn. A few moments later she came up beside us. She had removed her sweat pants and was in nothing but a pair of sneakers.

"Do you all want to see my kitty?"

"No." Mom said with throaty desire. "We want to see your cunt."

"Oh, my." She was taken aback by Mom's crude talk, but she went ahead anyway.

She pointed the flashlight down between her own legs and used two fingers to spread her lips apart for us to see. Her pussy was a dainty little thing compared to Mom's. She was shaved with a tiny strip of wispy blonde hair up above. She

was pink everywhere, except for the places where she had rubbed herself red.

"Do you like my...cunt?" the woman whispered the last word and giggled. "I never said that word out loud before. Cunt. It sounds so nasty. Look at my cunt y'all!"

"It looks real nice. I want to see you taste it." Mom leaned back without missing a beat and continued riding my cock.

"Really? I don't know..."

"Put your fingers in your wet cunt then lick them clean."

The woman squatted down, keeping the light on her open pussy. She was much closer to us, but still beyond arm's reach. I wanted to taste her. I wanted his strange woman to sit on my face with that darling cunt while I fucked my mom.

We both watched as she dipped her fingers into her hole and swirled them around. She brought her wet fingers up and sniffed them experimentally. She considered what she was about to do--it must have been another first for this sheltered Texas suburbanite.

She plunged her fingers into her mouth, doing it quick before she changed her mind, and her expression went immediately from doubt to enchantment. She sucked her own juices greedily, then went back for more.

"How does that pussy of yours taste?" Mom asked breathlessly. She was really working hard on me and I was getting close to blowing another load.

"I never knew how good it was." The woman was close enough that she didn't need the light to see us clearly. She put it aside and used her free hand to tug on her hard nipples while she resumed playing with her clit. "I don't know about y'all, but I'm fixin' to come soon."

"How you doing back there, sweetie?"

"I'm ready to come, Mo--, uh, Mistress..." That was a close one! Mom tittered gleefully, knowing I had almost slipped up.

"Can I see it?" the woman pleaded. "Can I see the cum squirt out of his penis?"

"What d'ya say, stud? You got enough left in those big balls of yours to put on a good show for our neighbor lady here?"

"I'll do my best," was all I could say.

The woman moved so she could get a better view. She retrieved her flashlight and focused it on Mom's pussy again, right where my cock was pumping in and out of her dripping hole. I could still see this beautiful stranger finger fucking herself, and that drove me over the precipice.

I pulled out of Mom's cunt, she grabbed hold of me and started jerking. My orgasm came from deep in my gut, raced through my balls, and launched itself out of my engorged cock. I got off at least three good spurts, then the rest dribbled out over my mom's hand.

"Oh, lord, I saw it. I saw his cum shoot all over you. Oh, oh, oh, oh, ooooooh!" She chirped like an orgasmic little bird as she made herself come.

Mom suddenly stood up and turned around to face me. Her feet were planted astride my hips and I could see the spots where my cum landed on her tits and belly. She was ramming her fingers violently into her cunt. The heel of her hand pounded loudly against her clit. Her face was strained with impending release. I had seen that look once before.

"God damn!" Mom screamed and let loose. She moved her hand and ejaculated a gushing jet directly onto my cock. Her legs quivered, as she grabbed her cunt again and with a few

quick strokes elicited another stream of womanly cum that splashed down on my stomach and chest.

"Sweet Jesus!" the woman cried out in stunned delirium at the same moment my mother's second squirt burst out from her pussy and hit me. "I'm coming again! My cunt is gonna come! Oh, oh, oh, my cuuuuunt!"

The woman tumbled onto her back after witnessing Mom's amazing display, and had her legs spread wide in the air as she orgasmed with one hand fingering her hole, and the other skipping back and forth over her clit. Her screaming climax was loud enough that her dog began howling just up the street a ways.

I was so tempted to crawl over and suck the sweet juices flowing out of her pussy, but Mom dropped to her knees and flopped on top of me. As the woman caught her breath, she felt around, found the little flashlight and snapped it off. The dog continued to bark nearby.

"Good Lord, what have I done?" she said to herself.

Mom smiled and kissed me. "I know that feeling."

"I got to get home before my husband calls the sheriff out to look for me." She got up and hunted around for her clothes in a bit of a daze. She had the cutest little ass, and I was sad to see it disappear beneath her sweat pants.

"Thanks for stopping by to visit," Mom said with friendly cheer.

"Thank you..." She looked at us lying naked in the grass and it seemed she didn't want to go. "Welcome to the neighborhood, and, ah...I'll see you later?"

"I hope so," Mom flirted. The woman picked up her top, gave us a little wave, and hurried off to quiet her barking dog.

"You've done it again, Mom. Turned a sweet, innocent, God-fearin' lady into a wanton slut."

"I know." She held one of her tits to my mouth and made me lick my cum off it. "Isn't it fun? I hope she comes back, I'd love to see you fuck that skinny ass of hers."

"Mom," I whined with mock hurt. "I thought you were my only woman."

"Damn right I am." She licked some of her own cum from my chest. "I don't want you fucking anyone else unless Mommy says it's okay?" She realized her slip. "Oops. Sorry, honey."

"That's okay, Mommy." I tweaked her nose. "I have to admit I kind of missed it."

"Me, too." She shivered. "Okay, Mommy's freezing her twat off our here. I think we could use another hot shower, how about it?"

We hurried inside, and got cleaned up, then climbed into bed naked and got cozy under the covers.

"You wore me out tonight, kiddo." She kissed me and rolled over.

"Then you'd better get your rest, you're going to need it for tomorrow."

"Ooo, I can't wait." Mom wiggled her butt as I cuddled up behind her. Remarkably, the feel of her warm skin against my limp cock coaxed a reaction out of it. It struggled valiantly, but didn't quite achieve the fully rigid status of earlier hard-ons.

Nonetheless, I was just hard enough to slip my penis into my mother's still moist pussy from behind. Once inside, I snuggled closer and wrapped my arm around her. We fell asleep like that and all was right with the world.

The next morning we woke up early and both called in sick. We went back to sleep and didn't wake up again until almost noon.

"Let's spend the whole day naked," Mom suggested as she stretched and got out of bed.

"No arguments here." I once again marveled at my mom's mature body. I'd never get tired of looking at her.

"Come watch me pee."

"That's how you want to start the first day of our new life together?"

She nodded with an impish grin. "Then I want to hold your penis while you go."

We played around in the bathroom then showered and had some breakfast--or more accurately, lunch. We ate naked and as soon as Mom cleared the plates away were going at it on the kitchen table.

We were like horny newlyweds and spent the rest of the day fucking and sucking and getting ourselves off. I fucked Mom in every room of the house, including the garage. I ate her out on the dining room table, she rode me while I sat on the sofa in the living room, and I banged her doggie style on the floor in the hallway. Mom blew me in the foyer, and I fucked her standing up in the shower. We went out in the back yard where she made me give it to her in the ass again while she lay sprawled out face down in the grass.

In my room I had her hump my bedpost while I watched, and she got me to masturbate with my pillow again. We jerked off,

and fingered each other's asses, and came countless times using every method we could think of.

Later, Mom was upside down on one of the chairs in the living room playing with her cunt while I crouched over her face. She was sucking my balls while I beat off.

"Come on my face, baby." She gasped. "Come all over Mommy's face!"

I pulled my spit-soaked balls out of her mouth and pointed my cock at her cheek and jacked my cock for all it was worth. My orgasm tingled pleasantly through my groin, but not a drop of cum came out. Mom tried not to laugh, but she couldn't help herself.

We took a nap then had some dinner. We watched TV together. Mom lovingly played with my cock the whole time, while I toyed with her nipples and pussy. When it got late we crept out to the front yard and lay there naked hoping our visitor would make an appearance. We waited almost an hour,

and when she didn't show we watched each other jerked off outside, licked up each other's cum, then called it a night.

Once again, Mom turned her ass to me as soon as we got into bed, and I slipped my exhausted excuse for an erection into her heavenly hole. When we woke up the next morning I was still inside her. Life was good.

Mom worked quickly to finalize her divorce. She didn't want anything from my father, and there weren't any assets to speak of, so it all went smoothly. I expected the process to be an emotional one for Mom, and was prepared to support her as best as I could, but she was happy to be done with it.

We ended up buying the house, and both our names were on the paperwork. Mom changed her last name back to her maiden name, which made things easier for us all around.

We were living as a real couple. Around the house we were mother and son, as well as lovers. Out in public we didn't hide the fact that we were together. Sometimes we played it as if we were husband and wife, but usually we left others to assume I was Mom's boy toy.

The idea of having a baby together appealed to us both. I could just imagine how beautiful Mom would look with a big belly that had my child inside. But we decided to take things slow and spend some time being with each other before making such a big commitment. What mattered most to me was that in this, as with everything else now, Mom treated me like an equal partner.

Our cute neighbor did come back for a visit about a week later. She wore the same blue track suit with nothing underneath. She brought a small dildo and proudly showed us how she used it to get herself off. It was so exciting to make love to my mom with her watching. She came back a couple more times, and we taught her a few more new tricks, but like a shy little deer she never came close enough for us to touch her. Some of the houses nearby began to sell, and it must have

gotten too risky for her so she stopped coming by. Mom and I were already planning how we were going to track her down when springtime rolled around.

I know 'happily ever after' only happens in fairy tales, but this journey I had taken with my mom was a lot like a fairy tale. There was a quest, wishes had been granted, there was an ugly ogre to contend with, and I ended up with the fairest princess in the land. Even if it didn't turn out to be for 'ever after,' we were happy in the here and now.

And that was enough for us.

THE END