

Haunted by Mom

By Klrxo

It was a morning like most other mornings. I was running late for school, like usual. Mom waited by the door with my lunch in hand, a patient smile spread across her pretty face. She was dressed for the gym. The way her tight yoga pants clung to her sculpted legs, never failed to get my attention.

"Andy, are you sure you don't want me to drive you to school? It'll be quicker," she said sweetly.

"No, because then you'll be late for your workout class," I responded.

"I don't get detention for being late to my workout class," she giggled.

"Well, that's true," I said. Mom had a point. I had been tardy so many times, that I was told any further incidents would land me in a half-hour detention after school. "You don't mind?"

"Of course I don't mind. Let me get my keys."

When dad was around my age, he had landed a real looker. As the story goes, Mom had actually dated my uncle Phil, who was a year older than dad, but she quickly took a liking to my father instead. It was no mystery that my dad was more handsome, and had less of a temper than my hot-headed uncle.

During the ride to the High School, my eyes drifted over to the beauty in the driver's seat. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't attracted to her. Yes, I was a sucker for my own mom. I had been since I reached puberty. I had never been fortunate enough to see her naked, but hoped that my luck would change before I moved off to college.

My friends and I followed soccer religiously, and they all agreed that Mom looked remarkably like the soccer star Alex Morgan. She had long brownish-blond hair, piercing blue eyes and a smile that could make you melt, if you gazed at it for too long. As I mentioned before, Mom was in tip-top shape, but it was obvious there were places on her body where fat refused to burn off, and those, of course, were the spots that fascinated me the most.

My eyes drifted to one such spot as she drove. Well, technically TWO spots, if you count each tit individually. Even under the confines of her sports top, they seemed to quiver from their tremendous weight. Like she had many times, Mom glanced over and caught me staring. She reacted like she always did, with an almost understanding smile.

"How are things going with you and Sasha?" Mom asked.

"They're not. She decided she doesn't want a boyfriend right now."

"Well, that's too bad. Her loss," Mom said.

"Yeah, I suppose."

Mom pulled up in front of the school. "Probably for the best though. You'll be graduating soon, and be going off to college. Long distance relationships are never easy," Mom said.

Mom reached over and placed her hand on mine tenderly, staring at me with those beautiful eyes. "Long distance family relationships are never easy either. I'll miss you," she said softly.

"I'll miss you too, but hey, it's probably not for another few months or so," I reminded her.

"I know, and you'll get to come home for visits...hopefully often."

"Of course," I said, leaning over and giving her a quick kiss. "Thanks for the ride."

"Love you!" she said.

"Love you too!" I said, exchanging a quick smile.

It was the last time I would see mom alive.

I've had some dark days, but none were as dreadful as that one. Dad pulled me from school. I knew just from looking at him that it was something serious, but wasn't prepared for the news he'd give me. Mom had toppled down the stairs leading to the basement, while carrying some laundry, and had taken a deadly blow to the head. She was gone.

The days that followed seemed surreal. Like some freaky nightmare that I couldn't wake up from. Her funeral was an incredible tribute to the wife, mother, and all-around incredible person who we had lost so tragically. Mom and dad both had big families, and they were all there offering their love and support.

My older sister Tami smiled and hugged me lovingly. Even though she was married, and lived in the next town over, her and Mom were especially close, and I knew the loss must have crushed her the very most. "We have to be strong," she whimpered, the tears flowing. "Mom would want us to be strong."

"You doing OK, kid?" My Uncle Phil said, putting his arm around me. He was a burley guy, but despite his reputation for being hot-tempered, he always seemed like a gentle giant to me.

"As good as can be expected I guess," I said, trying my best to control my emotions.

"I'm just across town, so if there's anything you need, anything at all, just reach out, ok?" he said.

Uncle Phil had moved away when I was ten, but after going through a nasty divorce, he moved

back home to be closer to family. "Thanks, Uncle Phil."

Dad didn't talk much about mom's death, which I found quite strange, but I chalked it up to him dealing with the loss in his own way. Home felt like a house, and not a home at all, without mom there. A home was a place where love abounded, but the driving force behind that love was gone forever, leaving only memories behind.

Three weeks passed, and even graduation seemed more gloomy to me than celebratory. I wanted to believe that mom was there in spirit, but honestly, I wasn't raised religious, and didn't really buy in to any of that 'afterlife' nonsense. I always thought they were just stories people told, to give themselves a false sense of hope.

A few weeks later, before dad left for work, we had a chat that kind of took me by surprise.

"Andy, I know this past month has been hard on both of us, and this probably isn't what you wanna hear right now, but...well, I'm seeing someone," Dad confessed.

"Seeing someone?" I asked stupidly, even though I knew damn well what he meant.

"Yes, well, we were just friends before...but we're gonna be spending a lot more time together, so you might see her around the house here and there."

I must have put on the ugliest scowl dad had ever seen. "Mom's only been gone for a month. You're already fucking seeing someone else?!" I spouted.

Dad had never heard me swear like that before, and I think he was a little taken back. "It's been a difficult time. She's helped me get through it, and in the process, we've become very close. I'm sorry, maybe it is a little soon, but the reality is, we have to move on."

I was fuming. I understood the 'moving on' part, but it seemed much too soon for dad to be chasing another woman. I was certain that mom would be rolling over in her grave if she knew dad was already in a relationship, only a month after she passed. My emotions boiled over, and I glared at him in disgust. "You're an asshole!" I screamed.

Dad attempted to talk his way out of it, but I turned and stormed to my room. I locked my door, pounced onto my bed, and pounded my fists into the mattress, the tears flowing. I was angry, but most of all, I was sad. I missed mom, and would have done anything to have her back.

Dad knocked on my door. "Andy?"

"Go away!" I shouted.

"Can we just talk, please," dad said.

I wasn't in a place to talk rationally. "Dad, not right now! Just please go away!" I said, in a little calmer tone.

"See you tonight," he said, heading off to work.

Since I hadn't been sleeping well at night, I drifted off for a long nap. It must have been noon when I finally woke up. I had some college prep work to do. Honestly, the thought of furthering my education really didn't excite me all that much since mom died, but I knew that's what she wanted for me, so that was my motivation.

I went to my dresser to get a shirt, and when I opened my door, I gasped in surprise, taking one step back. There, displayed neatly on top of my clothes, was a pair of panties, and a bra. I recognized them right away. Though I never got to see Mom naked, I had on occasion snuck a bra, or pair of panties from her hamper, to masturbate with. Ironically, the ones I was now looking at in bewilderment, just happened to be my favorite ones.

"How the hell did they get here?" I asked myself. As far as I knew, mom's things had been packed up, and put in storage for now.

Out of curiosity, I lifted the lacy black bra from my drawer, and looked at the tag. It read 38 G. Just as I suspected, it was mom's bra. The panties were hers also. It was a matching set. It seemed a bit wrong, but I couldn't help myself, lifting the panty gusset to my nose, and taking a whiff. The sweet pungent aroma swept through my nasal passages, as if they'd been left there seconds before their discovery.

"Holy shit!" My brain shouted. The smell was so ripe it made my eyes roll back in their sockets. I had enjoyed some amazing panty whiffing while she was alive, but nothing like this. The aroma of musky pussy-nectar, and sweet perfume about made me pass out.

"Andy?"

I spun towards my door, in the direction of the voice. It was mom's voice! Of that I had no doubt! The door was still closed, so I went over and opened it, looking out into the empty hallway.

"What the fuck is going on?!" I thought, standing there with what had to be a look of utter confusion.

"Hello?" I called down the hallway, loud enough for anyone in the house to hear me. "Is anyone there?"

There was no answer. The voice had been so clear, I was ninety-nine percent sure I hadn't imagined it. Then there were the bra and panties. They certainly weren't a figment of my imagination, nor had they been there earlier in the day, the last time I opened my drawer.

I wanted to talk to someone about what had happened, but I was still upset with dad, so I decided to call Tami, my older sister. "Hey brat, what's up?" she said, answering her phone.

"I just needed to talk to someone," I said.

"You okay?" she asked sweetly, probably assuming I was having a hard day, with thoughts of losing mom.

"Yeah, I'm good. I just...well, some really weird stuff just happened earlier."

"What do you mean weird stuff?"

"Promise you won't think I'm crazy?" I said, knowing I had a history of exaggeration.

"I know you're fucking crazy!" my sister joked, "but I always have an open ear, you know that."

"I went to my drawer, and there was a pair of mom's panties, and her bra in there," I explained.

There was silence for a moment on the other end. "Um...ok," Tami muttered, clearly surprised by what I was telling her. "How...do you think they got in there?"

"I have no clue! That's why I'm calling you. It's weird, right?"

"Andy, are you sure you just didn't have them in your dresser, from before mom died, and just forgot about them?" my sister asked, which made my stomach sink a bit, wondering if she knew about my fascination with Mom's underwear.

"Why would you think that?" I asked curiously.

"Ok look, I know you used to sneak mom's things into your room sometimes, which is no big deal. A lot of guys do that."

"Wait, how would you know that?" I asked her. It was a legitimate question. My sister had been out of the house for nearly four years, before I even started sneaking whiffs of mom's panties.

"Mom and I would talk. You know we were like best friends. She told me that she knew you were taking her bra and panties into your room, and using them to masturbate with."

My heart must have stopped for a moment in embarrassment. "Well, I wasn't really..."

"Andy, it's ok. Mom didn't care," my sister said. "She knew you were fascinated by her body. It's not uncommon for boys to feel that way about their moms."

I was speechless for a moment, but happy that my sister was having such an honest conversation with me. It was true that mom and her were close. She was here nearly every day, working on recipes, sharing gossip, and apparently information about me and my naughty habits.

"Are you still there?" she asked.

"Yeah, I'm here."

"Look, sweetie, you don't have to be embarrassed. Honestly, I think mom thought it was cute. We all have our naughty little perverted secrets," Tami said. "Even mom had them."

"She told you her perverted secrets?"

"Mom and I shared everything, but I really think that's all I should say."

"No wait, so...you can't tell me what her secrets were?" I asked, desperately wanting to know. The idea that my own sexy mom had 'perverted secrets' when she was alive was absolutely fascinating to me.

"I'm not gonna go into detail, but let's just say this... Mom wanted to get closer to you, Andy. Closer than you realize."

"What do you mean closer?"

My sister giggled. "That's all I'm saying."

"I heard her voice!" I muttered, followed by a short silence, as my sister registered my words.

"I hear her voice all the time too...in my head."

"This wasn't in my head," I said. "I swear to God, Tami, it was real. Like she was in the room with me."

There was a pause in the conversation, before my sister spoke again. "I'm seeing a really good therapist. She's helping me work through the loss. Maybe you should see her too," she suggested.

I couldn't blame my sister for not believing me. If it hadn't happened to me, I wouldn't have believed it myself. "I'll be ok. It'll just take some time I suppose."

"Have you met the new bitch yet?" my sister asked, changing the subject.

"Oh, dad told you about her too?"

"Yep, he did," Tami said. "I can't believe that he's moving on this fast."

"It seems almost disrespectful...to mom. Do you think him and this lady had something going on before mom died?"

"I would like to think not, but you never know. I'm sorry you have to live there, and see her face. Hopefully dad won't bring her to the house much, at least not for awhile," Tami said.

"Yeah, I hope not."

"Call me if you need anything. Love you!" Tami said.

"Love you too!" I said, then hung up.

It made me feel better having talked to my sister. Honestly, if I had mentioned the bra and panty thing to dad, I'm not sure how he would have reacted. There was still two unanswered questions though. How did mom's underwear get into my dresser, a month after her death, and why did I hear what sounded like her voice so vividly?

Two days later, I would meet dad's new female "friend." She was nothing like mom, especially in the beauty department. Her name was Maxine, and she was as fake as they come. Fake tan, fake tits, fake blonde hair. Even her teeth were too perfectly fake-looking to be real. She did her best to pour on the sweetness.

"So your dad tells me you like soccer?" she asked, with an obvious forced attempt to get to know me.

"Yeah, I don't play it much, but my friends and I follow the games."

"My nephew plays in a youth league. He really loves it!"

"Mmn," I muttered, showing that I clearly didn't give a shit.

"Andy, I'm gonna be straight up with you," she said, looking at me through her big fake blue contact lenses. "I really like your dad a lot. We've known each other from work for awhile. I know I'll never replace your mom..."

"Truer words were never spoken," I thought.

"...But I hope you'll give me a chance. I think we could have a lot of fun, the three of us," Maxine said.

"Yeah, ok," I said, trying to be civil. I was usually a pretty good judge of character. Something gave me the distinct impression that this lady was hiding some secrets, and that she had a true bitchy side, that perhaps even my father hadn't seen. Then again, it could have been just me projecting the 'bad guy' image onto her, since she was the one replacing mom in dad's life.

The following day, something woke me up in the middle of the night. I sat up to find my door wide open. I usually closed it before I went to bed.

I crept out into the dark hallway, but there was nothing out of the ordinary. I went to dad's room, and could hear him snoring lightly. Suddenly, from back down the hallway, I could hear the shower in the bathroom turn on. I stood there for a moment, frozen, but not in fear; more like cautious curiosity.

I wandered back down the hall. The bathroom door was cracked open, and the light was on inside. I slowly opened it further and peered in.

"Shit!" I muttered, seeing the silhouette of someone in the shower, through the steamed-up

glass.

Rather than hurry away, I walked in. What drew me inside, was the fact that I knew that "someone." I had studied the form of their body enough times to know exactly who it was.

"Mom?" I muttered, but the silhouette didn't respond to the sound of my voice.

It was rinsing off, like a person who'd just come home from a working out, and was having a hot shower. Logic kicked in, and I quickly wondered if it could be someone else. Dad's new girlfriend Maxine perhaps.

"No!" my brain said, without the slightest doubt. *"That's Mom!"*

There seemed to be a mysterious pink glow around her, which is perhaps what caused her body to be silhouetted in such detail. Her form was unmistakable. As she rinsed her hair, she thrust her chest, and her enormous tits jutted out obscenely. I could even see the the shapes of her big fleshy nipples protruding out from her boobs. It was a remarkable sight! My eyes drifted down her torso, to the mouthwatering form of her meaty half-moons. Mom had an incredible bubble-butt, and the sexy silhouette allowed me to see it's true shape in side profile, crowning her luscious legs.

"Wow!" I muttered, stepping closer to the glass with a major stiffy.

The figure paused and turned towards me. The sight of her mammoth melons wobbling back and forth, from her sudden movement, made me sigh in excitement. Now I wondered if she could see me too, or at least sense if I was near.

We both stepped up to the steamed-up glass, literally only a foot apart. She put her hands against the glass. It smeared the steam away enough to see that those hands were truly real. I could see her pink palms. I placed my hands over hers, wishing I could feel them, and not the shower door that separated us.

The figure's face moved closer to the glass. I'll call her mom, because I knew it was. It had to be. The form of her body...the way she moved, it WAS my mother!

I saw her reach down, just a little below our heads, and carved a little X through the steam of the shower door, obviously trying to draw attention to that very spot. I stooped down slightly, to get a closer look at it, then was startled, as her huge melonous tits hit the glass.

"Holy shit!" I muttered breathlessly, staring at my mother's naked tits for the very first time.

Her breasts were capped with huge wide areola. Those, along with her rubbery-looking nipples, were slightly distorted, as they mashed against the glass from the inside. In utter fascination, I moved in a bit closer, watching them slide around on the glass. I could even hear the wet squeaking sound they made, rubbing up against it.

"They're huge!" I thought to myself. *"And so real-looking!"* I added, still not completely convinced that this wasn't just a big wonderful dream.

Mom drug her boobs downward, showing the huge rounded undersides of her tit-flesh, and a cleavage that was even more tremendous than I ever imagined. It was as if she was sharing every detail of her incredible rack for me to see.

I followed her boobs down, then she suddenly pulled them away from the glass. I moved in even closer, to see if I could peer up at all of her, but before I could, her thick naked ass struck the glass door, right in front of my face.

"Fuck me!" my horny mind screamed. Now on my knees, I fished my cock out and squeezed up and down it's length. I simply couldn't help myself.

The wet buns of Mom's luscious ass squeaked against the glass. It was an unbelievable sight, especially since my face was literally only a foot away. The pressure against the door caused her meaty mounds to spread apart, exposing the crinkled ring of her asshole. I could see it throbbing wildly as it mashed up against the glass, then moved away.

My eyes followed it, wanting it to watch it further. Her ass swung back towards the glass, but this time it was her cunt-lips that mashed against the door. I literally whimpered out-loud, as I witnessed my own Mom's shaved vulva slide across the glass. The pressure caused her outer lips to peel open, exposing a deep coral slit.

I squeezed and pulled at my knob, imagining it sinking down into that hot mommy love-pit.

"Christ!" I gasped, more fucking turned on than I'd ever been.

Mom pulled her cunt away from the glass, and I stood up, looking in at her shadowy figure, surrounded in a pink hue. She seemed to be staring back at me too.

"Mom?" I muttered.

She moved her face to the glass, and mashed her other set of lips against the door. I watched her big pink pucker open slightly, and her long thick tongue squirmed out and began whipping around against the glass. I couldn't move I was so mesmerized. Mom had always joked about having a long tongue, even amazed my sister and I by touching the tip of her nose with it once. Now I was seeing it in all it's glory, moving around against the glass in the most obscene way possible. The way her licker curled and flailed wetly was absolutely spellbinding, and I simply couldn't imagine being on the receiving end of it, in a sexual way.

I was suddenly startled out of my skin, as I heard dad call to me from down the hallway.

"Andy?"

I quickly stood up and tried my best to conceal my erection. Unfortunately, I didn't get to the door before dad did. He opened it and looked in at me, groggy-eyed. "What's going on?"

I looked at the shower. Mom's figure was gone. Only the weird-looking design her body had made against the steam glass remained. "I was just um...gonna get in the shower," I mumbled awkwardly.

"It's three in the morning."

"I know, I know I just um, couldn't sleep, so I thought I'd go out for an early morning run or something."

Dad laughed. "Aren't you suppose to shower AFTER the run?" he asked.

He had me there. "Yeah, I suppose you're right."

Dad came inside, staring at the smeared-up shower door, probably wondering what the hell I'd been up to. He would shit if he knew I'd been gawking at Mom's naked body. He crouched down and looked at one design in particular, that mom had made in the steam-up glass. "What is that?" he asked.

I crouched down next to him, also noticing that it was some type of distinctive drawing. "Is that a drawing of a video camera or something?" he asked.

Dad was right. It looked like a crude image of a video camera, made in the steamed glass. Why mom had made it had me baffled, but I couldn't very well share that with dad. "Yeah, I was just farting around, doing stupid drawings on the glass."

Dad and I stood back up and looked at each other. "You ok?" he asked, clearly referring to how I was coping with Mom's loss.

"Yeah, of course."

"You sure?"

"Yeah dad, I'm fine!"

"Maxine said you guys had a good chat the other day," dad said.

"I guess. If you wanna call a few sentences a good chat."

"Thanks for giving her a chance," Dad said, patting me on the shoulder.

I was anxious to call my sister the next day, to tell her what had happened, but before I could, I had a detective knocking at the front door. "Hi," I said, wondering what this was about.

A handsome, slightly balding guy in a suit flashed me a smile. "Hi Andy, I'm detective Bronson. I was wondering if I could come in, and ask you a few questions?" he asked.

"Sure," I muttered, ushering him to the living room. I sat across from him awkwardly.

"First let me say, I'm sorry for your loss."

"Thanks."

"Were your parents having any difficulties in their marriage, that you noticed?" Bronson asked.

"Difficulties?" I asked, even though I was sure I knew what he mean.

"Yeah, fighting...arguing, before your mother's death?"

"No, they seemed to get along fine," I said. "What would that have to do with anything though? I thought mom slipped going down the stairs?"

Bronson seemed to hesitate a moment. "Andy, I'm gonna be frank with you. Some of the bruising your mother sustained wasn't consistent with just an accidental fall down the stairs," he said.

My stomach suddenly felt like it was tied in a knot. "Are you saying...that you think someone killed her?" I asked, cringing at the very thought.

"What I'm saying is based on the evidence, we haven't ruled that out as a possibility just yet."

My mind was suddenly buzzing. "*Who the fuck would kill mom?*" I wondered. I certainly didn't think my dad would do such a thing. "I know my dad was at work that day. Can't you guys just verify that?" I asked.

"Oh we have. You're father WAS at work, but according to security footage, he was out of the office for about an hour, during the time in question," Bronson said.

"No, my dad wouldn't do this," I said, immediately jumping to his defense.

"No one is saying he would. We're merely trying to establish his whereabouts during that time, so we can rule that out. Did he contact you at all during his lunch hour that day?"

"No. He usually takes his lunch to work, but maybe he went out to get a bite," I suggested, grasping at straws trying to provide an explanation for my father. "Did you ask HIM where he was?"

"Yes. He claims he was out to lunch...with a coworker."

"Maxine?"

Bronson got an uncomfortable expression. "Yes, that's right."

"I fucking knew it," I muttered, "he was seeing that bitch before mom even died."

"Not to throw fuel on the fire that you're experiencing right now, but we believe your father lied to us about where he and Maxine were that day. We have yet to find proof of them having lunch at the establishment they claimed they were at," the detective explained.

"So you think they killed my mom?"

"Again, I'm just trying to establish where they were that day, so I can rule them out as suspects," Bronson said.

Just when my jets had begun to cool, regarding my dad and his new love interest, I suddenly felt myself even angrier than before. Essentially, what the detective was saying was that my dad and Maxine were hiding something. Either they had killed mom, or were probably in the back of dad's car fucking somewhere at the time she died.

I wanted to leave the house, and run somewhere far away. My sister Tami was in just as much disbelief as I was, as I called and gave her the details of the Detective's visit.

"Even if dad was fucking this bitch somewhere, he'd have to be crazy to lie to a detective about it," Tami said.

"Tami, you don't think dad killed her, do you?" I asked candidly.

"My gut tells me no. Dad may be a cheating asshole, but I really don't think he's capable of doing such a thing."

"I'm sure that's what the family members of most convicted killers tell themselves too," I muttered, wondering if there was yet another side to dad, or maybe even this fake bitch he was with, that we didn't know about.

"If it wasn't dad though, then who? Everyone loved mom to death," Tami said.

There was a short silence, as my mind shifted to the incident in the bathroom. "Please don't think I'm crazy, but I saw Mom," I muttered.

"What?!"

"In the middle of the night, in the bathroom. She was in the shower. I swear on my life it was her."

"Andy..."

"Please, Tami, you have to believe me. I wasn't dreaming...I wasn't imagining it. She was real! It was her!"

"In the shower?" My sister asked skeptically.

"Yes, she was..."

"She was what?"

I was a bit hesitant, but having learned the things I already had from Tami, I felt comfortable telling her. "She was showing me her body through the glass," I said.

There was a long awkward silence that I finally broke. "Say something!"

"Showing you, by pressing herself against the glass?" My sister asked.

"Yes! That's exactly what she was doing. How did you know that?" I asked, curious to know how my sister would know that major detail, without me mentioning it.

"Ok, you're telling me some pretty unbelievable stuff here, and asking me to trust you. So I'm gonna tell YOU some pretty unbelievable stuff also, and ask you to do the same," she said.

"Fair."

"Mom knew about how fascinated you were with her body. She once joked with me, that if you ever came into the bathroom, and she was showering, that she would press all her sexual body parts against the glass shower door, and give you a show you'd never forget," Tami explained.

"Mom said that?" I asked, my heart pounding excitedly in my chest.

"Yes, and it...well, from what you're telling me, it sounds like she made true on her word."

"So is this what it seems to be?" I asked. "Am I being haunted by mom?"

"I was never one to believe in that kinda stuff, but yes, that's exactly what it sounds like. Did she say anything? Try to communicate with you in any way?" Tami asked.

"She didn't say anything, but she did draw something on the steamed-up glass."

"What was it?"

"A camera. A video camera," I answered, still trying to make sense of that.

"Strange. Why would mom's spirit draw a video camera?"

"Maybe she wants me to record her, to show you, as proof that her spirit is really visiting me," I answered. My theory was a stretch, but really the only thing that made sense to me.

"You haven't told dad about this, right?"

"No. Even if I wanted to, I would feel really awkward doing that. 'Oh hey dad, by the way, mom's spirit visited me last night, and showed me all her naked body parts.' I don't think so," I said, making my sister giggle.

"Good. It's probably best that we don't mention anything about what you've been seeing, not just to him, but to anyone."

"Got it!" I agreed.

"If you see her again, and do get some video, call me right away," Tami said.

"I will."

Two nights passed, and nothing out of the ordinary happened. I kept my phone handy, and set to video, just in case. I felt a bit like one of those paranormal investigators, on the ready for any late night apparition to appear. Finally, just when I thought I may never see mom's spirit again, I woke up to a bright pink hue above my bed. I could see a female form emerging from it, slowly lowering towards me. It was mom! Just like in the shower, she was completely naked!

"Shit! I need to record this!" I thought, reaching over and pressing record on my phone, which sat on the bed next to me.

Mom looked absolutely angelic! Her body was horizontal, as it hovered above me.. Her enormous melons hung down, and her nipples looked thick and erect. Her brownish-blond hair floated behind her, so I could see all of her beautiful face, as she gazed down at me with those piercing blue eyes. I couldn't dream of her looking any more perfect.

"Can you hear me?" I asked, hoping she could.

Mom answered with a heart-melting smile. "Yes," she whispered sweetly.

My heart skipped a beat. "I've missed you!" I said.

"And I've missed you," she answered back.

Before there was a chance she could disappear, I threw out a question that only she could answer truthfully. "Mom, how did you die?"

She looked confused. "That's...foggy," she said.

"Do you remember anything?"

"No..." she muttered, staring into space, as if visualizing something, "but I do see something."

"What is it?"

"A flag. A tattered flag," she answered.

"Tattered flag? You mean an American flag?" I asked.

"Yes," She answered, then I watched her naked curvy body do a graceful roll through the air. She reached down and peeled the blanket back over my crotch. "You're so hard!" her heavenly

voice whispered, sending shivers through my body.

"I'm sorry, you're just naked...and so beautiful!" I confessed. As she hovered there, gazing at my erection, her luscious legs were splayed wide open, giving me the most incredible view of her shaved pussy.

She peeked down into my eyes. "Can I...feel it?" she asked, with lust-filled eyes.

If mom only knew how I felt about her, she'd realize that it was the dumbest question ever. Of course I wanted her to feel it! "Yess!" I muttered, with nervous excitement in my voice.

Mom floated closer to my cock, wrapping her hand around the base. I wasn't sure that I'd be able to feel her spirit form, but wow could I feel her! Her hand felt unlike anything that had ever touched my body before, and sent a magical tingling sensation through my groin. The only way I could describe it would be to imagine a heated vibrator being wrapped around the base of your cock. That's exactly what her hand felt like

My boner now pointed straight up, and I watched mom's eyes widen, as they traveled up the length of my muscular shaft. I was proud of what I had. I knew eight inches was nothing to scoff at, and I could tell by the look on mom's face that she was impressed. She tugged at the base, pulling the remaining foreskin back, exposing my big purple knob in all it's glory.

I saw her tongue peek out, licking wetly between her lips. "Let me stroke it!" she whispered, then gazed into my eyes again. "Let mommy beat her baby off!"

My heart about beat out of my chest with excitement. "Sure," I muttered, watching her gracefully flip over once again, then lower towards me.

I've had some pretty thrilling times in my young life, but having my own beautiful mom's naked body drop down beside me on the bed, took the cake, no contest. Like her circled hand, the rest of her body was like a warm vibration against me. Mom was positioned beside me, propped up on her elbow, so she could gaze down at my cock while she stroked.

She started gently at first, grazing her fingers all around my boner tenderly. "Mmm, it's such a long and incredibly stiff dick," she whispered.

She gazed down into my eyes, and gave me that absolutely heart-stopping smile. Her beauty was stunning enough, but it was also framed in by that celestial pink aura, which made her absolutely ravishing.

"Did you find my gifts?" she asked.

"The bra and panties?" I asked.

"Yes," she whispered with a smile.

"I did...thank you."

Mom bit her body lip cutely, then gave me a hungry stare. "Did you like the way they smelt?" she whispered.

"Very much!" I answered, and that was an understatement.

"Good. I wanted you to smell what you do to me."

"Holy shit! Did Mom just say that?!" I thought. I began to wonder if this was just an awesome dream, if I was gonna wake up any moment, alone in my bed.

"Would you like Mom to tell you what she'd like you to do to her, while she beats your big erection?" Mom asked, with a naughty little grin.

"Heck yes I would," I sighed breathlessly.

Mom took a firm grip around my boner and started stroking it up and down. Not surprising, I was leaking a lot of precum, which lubricated her cock-strokes. For a few moments, we both looked down, and watched my boner glide through her fist, my big bell tip was shiny with leaking pre-jizz.

Mom looked back at my face, and I gazed up into her eyes, wishing this moment would never end. I found it interesting, that even though she was vigorously beating me off, she seemed as calm as when she used to sit and drink her morning coffee. I began to wonder if spirits didn't experience physical exhaustion like humans did. If that was the case, I was really in for an unworldly cock-beating.

"I used to fantasize about you fucking me from behind," Mom confessed.

"Seriously?" I asked, so amazed I could hardly breathe.

"Yes, seriously. I used to imagine that after your father left for work, you'd come over to the sink, where I was doing dishes. Then, you'd reach under my skirt, yank my panties down, and slam your cock into me hard and fast, and made me cum like crazy!" she explained with an excited look.

My mouth must have fallen open in awe "Holy fuck!" I muttered, never imaging that my mom would make such a confession.

"Can you imagine, baby?" Mom said, then looked down again at her whipping fist. "Can you imagine how good that would have felt on your cock?"

"Ohh yess, soo good!" I replied. It was easy to imagine, because the sensations I was experiencing on my dick right now were out of the world, no pun intended.

"Would you have carried me to my bedroom, Andy? Would you have fucked my ass off on my marital bed?" Mom asked, seeming eager to hear my response.

I couldn't help but notice how her ballooning tit-meat was quivering like crazy, from the motion of her stroking. "Ohh yes, Mom! I would have done that all day long."

Mom noticed the way I was gawking at her tits. "Oh I bet you would have, baby boy! You have what it takes, don't you?" she cooed. "You have what a boy needs to take his mommy to paradise!"

"Shit, Mom!" I snarled. The way her hand beat me off with warm tight, vibrating strokes was intense enough. Then factor in her hot sex words, and it was enough to make me explode with pleasure. My hips rose from the mattress, as I squirmed with delight.

"Fuck me, baby! Fuck my hot pussy!" Mom said, in a lustful tone.

She didn't let up one bit, rolling her body part-way on top of mine, pushing me back down to the bed. Now her spongy-soft tits were resting across my upper chest, and her sexy leg was thrown over mine. Her hand didn't miss a beat, stroking tirelessly, with perfect twisting squeezes, making my nuts jump around in my ball-sack. "Yess, baby! Push mommy's legs open around you! Smash my big soft titties between us!" Mom cried out.

"OhhGod!" I gasped, putting some motion in my hips.

"That's it! Make me cling to you, Andy!" Mom cried out, beating my boner relentlessly. "Make me gush my fucking cum all over your cock and balls!"

"Ohhdamn, this is so good!" My voice trembled.

As I pumped my hips, mom held her fist still for a moment, watching my cock fuck through the grip of her hand. I looked up to see her eyes wide, and her mouth open in awe. "There you go, baby boy! Show mommy how you'd fuck her!" Mom said. "Show me how you'd pound your boner through my hot pussy!"

She started stroking again. "Mmm, mom would hump her horny twat right back at you baby! We'd meet in the middle! Make our bellies beat together, while our crotches meet in the middle, just like that!" she cried, pumping me from balls to knob, her tightly clutching fist smacking against my cock-hilt on every stroke.

"Ohhhyess!" I whimpered, enthralled with how sexually aggressive she was being.

Both my cock and balls were tingling, as I writhed beneath her. I tried to fight it off the best I could, wanting to impress the shit out of her, but her hand-job just felt too fucking heavenly. "Ohhh mom, I'm gonna cum!" I grunted.

"Andy?" I heard her whisper.

I fixed my wild eyes on her face, which hovered closely to mine. She tilted her lovely head and lowered her lips to my own. The contact of our sensual kiss was electric! "Uuuhhh!!" I groaned,

against her mashed lips, feeling a rope of spunk splatter up across my chest.

"Uhhh!" I launched another milky geyser, and watched through the corner of my eye, as it struck the side of mom's boob, which was plastered against my chest and bulging out between us. "Uhhh! Again my jizz splashed against the side of her tit-melon, running down it's rounded meaty contour.

Mom pried my lips open with her tongue, and slipped her long snake into my mouth. My hips jerked and trembled. I couldn't think straight. Never in my eighteen years had I experience pleasure this intense! Her hand was like a vibrating milking machine, pulling out my load, while our tongues rolled and flickered together passionately.

"Gimme all your fucking sweet nectar, baby!" Mom cooed between kisses.

I could feel her enormous boobies squishing and sloshing softly against my chest, and her rubbery nipples were puffy and erect. "Ohh-oh-oh-oh-oh!" my voice trembled, as I pumped my cock up into her jacking hand, imagining it was mom's pussy.

"There you go! Get my pussy good, Andy! Mmnn, make me crave your big dick inside me!"

After a few minutes of this, Mom's spirit had milked me dry, and I went limp on the bed. My body suddenly stopped tingling, and I opened my eyes to find mom gone. "Mom?" I said, looking around my darkened bedroom.

I looked down at the big streaks of gooeey cum on my chest, just to confirm that it actually happened, and it wasn't some wild dream. My slimy boner was still twitching from having cum so hard. "Wow!" I sighed out loud, still trying to catch my breath.

I could hardly wait to call my sister the next morning. 'I saw her again! This time, I really saw her! She floated down through the ceiling of my bedroom," I blurted out.

"Did you get video?" Tami asked.

"Yes, and no," I answered.

"What's that mean?"

"I recorded the whole thing, but she didn't show up in the video," I said.

"She didn't show up at all?"

"No, it was just me, reacting to her," I said, hoping my sister would still believe me.

"Damn!" Tami said disappointingly.

"I'm not sure I would have showed you the video anyway though, at least not all of it. It got

kind of um...sexual."

"Sexual? In what way?"

I knew my sister and mom were close, but I didn't wanna take a chance of weirding Tami out by explaining what mom did to me. "Maybe it's better if we just leave it at, I saw Mom last night, ok?" I suggested.

"She jerked you off, didn't she?" Tami asked.

"What the hell? How do you know about all these things that happen, before I even tell you?" I asked, confused by how she would even know without having been there.

"Were you not listening the last time we had this conversation. Mom and I talk...ABOUT EVERYTHING. I knew she wanted to show her body off to you when she was alive, and I also knew that she thought it would be cool to jerk you off," Tami said.

"Mom told you that?"

"Yes! Andy, mom was infatuated with you! I'm the only person she trusted to tell that to. Do you see what's happening here?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Mom's spirit-self is crossing back over, and living out the darkest desires that she had when she was alive...and those desires are ALL DIRECTED TOWARDS YOU."

"Oh," I muttered, wondering what other naughty desires mom was gonna try to live out with me next. "I was actually able to talk to her this time. She was speaking right back to me. It was unbelievable!"

"Did you ask her about the day she died?"

"Yeah, she said that the time period around her death was foggy, but then she said she saw something. A tattered American flag."

"What does that mean?" My sister asked.

"I'm not sure. I don't even think Mom knew. I think it was just an image that was popping into her head."

"Like the video camera she drew on the door?"

"Yes," I said.

"Do you think they're clues, to maybe what really happened to her?"

"Honestly, I'm not sure what to think," I said.

"Well, the detective seems to think mom's death wasn't an accident. I dug up some pretty interesting dirt on this bitch dad's dating. I think it's time we had a chat with him." Tami said.

After talking to my sister, I went down to my room and sprawled out on my bed. Dad was at work and I had the house to myself, so I felt free to look up and talk to the ceiling, as if mom were listening. "Mom, are you there?"

"Mom???"

"I really wanna know what happened to you. If it wasn't an accident, I need you to remember what happened."

I would have given anything to see her spirit lower from the ceiling, as she did the night before, but after awhile, it became obvious that it wasn't happening. *"Maybe ghosts had hours of operation?"* I thought, *"Or maybe she was having a ghost snooze?"* For a few minutes, I amused myself with such speculation. The very fact that such a spirit realm existed boggled my mind, but after what I'd recently experienced, I was definitely a believer now.

I took a short nap, then went in and had a shower. After toweling off and stepping back into the hallway, I heard the sound of clattering dishes from the kitchen. "Dad, is that you?" I called out, but got no answer. It was much too early for him to be home anyway, so I stepped down the hallway to investigate.

As I neared the kitchen, I heard the water running in the sink. Someone was defin in there. I hoped it wasn't Maxine, the bitch dad was dating, but both dad and my sister were working, so I couldn't think of anyone else it could be. Unless it was...

"Yes!! It was mom!!" I cheered inside, spotting her standing at the sink. She wasn't naked, like the two other times I'd seen her, but damn did she look stunning. She wore a pink mini skirt and a snug white cami top. The backs of her silky bare legs looked stunning, flexing from her feet being propped up in five-inch pink mules. He entire being was surrounded in that beautiful pink hue, accentuating that sexy outfit she was wearing.

She suddenly turned and spotted me in the doorway, her long silky hair brushing across her shoulders. "Hi sweetie!"

"Hi," I muttered, in just as much awe as the first time I'd seen her.

Mom's eyes drifted down to the towel wrapped around my waist, then back up into my eyes. "Your father just left for work," she said, with a naughty smile, then turned back to do more dished.

I stood there confused for a moment. Dad had left a few hours ago. Then, it suddenly stuck me what was happening. I remembered while mom was jerking me off, she said something

about this scenario. In fact, I remembered her words exactly. *"I used to imagine that after your father left for work, you'd come over to the sink where I was doing dishes. Then, you'd reach under my skirt, yank my panties down, and slam your cock into me hard and fast, and made me cum like crazy!"* she had said.

"Tami was right! Mom was living out her naughty desires with me!" I excitedly thought.

I decided to play along. "I guess we're all alone then," I muttered.

"I guess so," Mom said, with a cute little wag of her ass.

I took that as an invitation, and slowly stepped over behind her. I was nervous as hell, but this was no time to be timid. Mom had made it clear what she wanted, and it was my duty to follow through. *"Here we go!"* I thought, taking a courageous breath.

I placed my hands on her wide hips, and she froze. I could feel that familiar warm vibrating sensation moving through my hands as I touched her. "I know this is what you want," I said. "It's what I want too!"

I brazenly pulled up her pink skirt, then grasped her dainty pink panties at the waistband, and "yanked" them down, just as she had requested. My towel had somehow fallen off, but I didn't bother retrieving it. My big boner dug across mom's naked ass, as she leaned over and gripped the edge of the countertop.

Bravely, I mounted her haunches, grasping my erection and dragging it up and down the split of her twat. *"Oh my God, I'm about to fuck mom!"* my brain screamed excitedly.

Mom looked back at me over her shoulder, with look of horny desire. "Stick it in me!" she said pleadingly.

I happily obliged, spearing my hard cock up her pussy-passage. Her vagina was hot...and juicy...and vibrated exquisitely. "Ohh shit!" I moaned out loud, letting her know just how amazing she felt.

I grasped her hips again, setting my own hips in motion, and slammed my cock into her hard and fast, just like she wanted it. A lewd repetitive smacking sound filled the kitchen, as my crotch clapped against mom's naked ass.

"Yess! Just like that!" Mom cried out, pleased with the way I was fucking her.

I had fucked a few girls this way, but none with an ass quite like mom's. Her glutes flexed, while the fatty outer layer of butt-meat rippled every time my midsection beat against her. She pumped her rump back against me, intensifying our rhythm.

My whole cock tingled in the exquisite grip of her vibrating cunt. I wasn't sure how a spirit could secrete bodily fluid, but mom was definitely getting my dick wet. Her slippery vaginal

nectar allowed my dick to glide as smooth as butter, along the pink ribbed walls of her cunt.

I went at her pussy at slightly different angles, seeing which one she reacted to the most. Without a doubt, she was the most vocal when I pumped at a slightly downward angle. I knew it was because I was digging my cock against her G-spot.

Satisfied with my angle of attack, I leaned down against her back and wrapped my arms underneath her, across her belly. This gave me just the right amount of leverage to really go at her pussy hard.

"Ohh God, Andy!" Mom cried out, as I doubled the pace of my fuck-thrusts, hammering my hard cock through her gradually tightening pussy. I knew it would take every ounce of will-power I had to keep from cumming to quickly at this pace.

"Oh my God, you're fucking my pussy so good!" she cried out..

Luckily, it didn't take long before mom's body was trembling in orgasm. Her cries of passion rang through the entire house, mixed with the sound of my crotch beating against her meaty rump. She came so hard her knees got weak, but my arms were around her, and I held her up and continued fucking savagely. I was king of the fucking world right now!

"Ohh shit yeaah!!" I sighed, pumping my cock through the juicing sleeve that had birthed me out eighteen years ago.

I hadn't had a ton of sexual experience. I knew if you made a girl cum once while fucking her, you were awesome, but if you made her cum more than once, you were a fucking Rockstar! I wanted to be mom's Rockstar!

I clenched my ass-cheeks to fight off my own orgasm, that had been slowly brewing in my nuts.

"I'll squeeze her tits!" I thought, thinking surely that might trigger orgasm number two for mom.

I was right. The moment my fingers sunk into those big jiggling melons, Mom started crying out, and shaking uncontrollably again. Her boobs felt amazing through the shirt and bra. I could only imagine what it would be like to squeeze them while they're naked. I'm sure I would find out soon enough.

Through her clothing, I could feel the thick hard nubs of her nipples poking out, so I clamped them between my fingers.

The way her vibrating cunt muscles squeezed my meaty muscle, while her cum-juice spurted around it, provided way too much pleasure for me to fight off any longer. "Ohh! Ohh, God damn, I'm gonna cum, Mom!!" I groaned.

"Yes, baby! Cum in my pussy!" she gasped.

And did I ever cum in her pussy! It must have been quite an eruption of hot white spunk going

off in mom's cunt-hole. I probably sounded like a dying animal, gasping and grunting, as I pumped out what had to be a massive load of cum inside her.

I thrust in as deeply as I could, feeling the head of mom's cervix squeeze up against the underside of my bulbous knob. "Uhh!" I snarled, flexing my cock and blasting a finally oozing gob of jizz inside her.

My cock made a wet popping sound as it slipped out of her pussy. Mom turned around, embraced me, and dove straight for my lips. We kissed like long lost lovers. Mom's long tongue darted around inside my mouth. It was unbelievable!

"Do you remember what you're suppose to do next?" she asked between wet kisses.

"Carry you to your bedroom," I answered.

"And?"

"Fuck your ass off on your marital bed," I said, with an excited thrill. How on earth could I forget something like that.

"Are you ready?" she asked, continuing to kiss me, as she hooked one leg up around my waist and tightened her arms around my neck.

"Yes!" I answered, knowing what was coming next.

Mom's other leg sprung from the floor. My hands went down and cupped her thighs, so I could help support her weight. I carried her out of the kitchen, her legs wrapped snugly around me. As I stepped down the hallway, mom uncoiled her arms from around my neck and shed her cami top. The sexy pink bra could barely contain the enormity of her monster-sized melons.

Without hesitation, she reached back and unclasped her bra, then slipped the cups off, making her massive mammaries bobble free. "Damn you have big breasts, Mom!" I muttered, stating the obvious.

"Is that why you always stared at them so much?" she asked with a giggle.

"Yes! It was hard to keep my eyes off them!"

"Did you like to imagine that your head was stuffed inside my bra with them all day?" she asked.

"God yes!" I exclaimed.

"That your lips were clamped around mommy's aroused nipples?"

"Oh my God, yes! I wanna suck your tits so bad!" I answered, beside myself with lust.

"Mmm, take me to bed then, baby."

We entered mom and dad's bedroom and my excitement level nearly went through the roof, as we moved to the bed. Countless times over the last several years I had heard my parents screwing in here, and every time, I wished more than anything that I could switch spots with my father. Now here I was, about to make my dreams come true.

Mom gazed at me, her pretty blue eyes glazed over with excitement. "Throw me on the mattress baby! Suck my big titties while you fuck me better than I've ever been fucked on this bed!"

It was a tall challenge, but one I gladly accepted. I clutched mom at the waist, as she loosened her grip on me, then I tossed her onto the big bed with relative ease. She let out a playful scream, landing on her back, so her oversized tits teetered up and down from the impact.

She splayed her sexy thighs, spreading her legs open wider than I ever imagined she could. Her wonderful pink aura matched the same color of the horny wet slit between her legs. Mom held out her hands. "Come on! Come stick your cock in me!" she said, in that same loving voice I had grown up hearing.

I pounced on top of her, like a hungry lion. Mom immediately wrapped her lovely legs around me, high on my back. My cock sunk to heaven, while I gobbled up as much tit-flesh as I could, pressing my face down into the spongy meat of mom's jiggling boob.

"Oh Andy! Yess!" Mom cried out passionately.

"HOLY FUCKING WOW!" my horny brain screamed, as I fucked and sucked at the same time. Mom's entire lush body vibrated exquisitely beneath me. The grip of her legs felt warm and welcoming around me. Every day since I hit puberty I would stare at her sculpted legs and wonder what it would be like to be between them. Now here they were, spread wide open, doing what a mom's legs were made to do.

I felt her long nails clutch my bobbing ass. "Yess! Fuck me harderrr!" she cried out.

I put some extra speed and force in my thrusts, pumping my boner through the snug rubbery sleeve of mom's vagina. I could tell she liked my tempo, by the way she was panting breathlessly and tightening up. Our crotches smacked together wetly, and mom and dad's bed rocked and creaked from our wild fuck-rhythm.

"Yess! Just like that! Ohh your boner, baby!!" Mom cried out, clearly impressed with what my cock was doing to her.

I could hardly breath, my face was plastered so deeply into her tit-flesh. My mouth was gorged with as much tit as I could possible take in. I was pretty sure it was at least her entire areola. Her nipple was huge and engorged, and I swathed my wet tongue all over it, snarling like a dog as I sucked at the mouthful of distended flesh.

Mom suddenly threw her arms back against the mattress and arched her back from the bed. "Ohhh fuck yess!" she screamed, clearly reaching the peak of another mind-blowing orgasm.

Mom's nipple popped from my mouth, wet and swollen. I learned a trick from watching porn, and decided to try it out, hooking my arms under mom's arched back, moving upright into a crouched position and thrusting at her that way.

Mom let out a loud ear-piercing cry, and I felt her pussy start to cream around my cock. Apparently she was liking the adjustment as much as I hoped she would. I watched her toss her pretty hair around, gasping and whimpering as she came. With her chest still thrust up, her giant boobies rolled all around wildly from our humping motions.

She reach up and pulled me back down on top of her, bowing her legs wide, giving me plenty of room to work. We kissed, and our tongues twirled together frenziedly. I grasped her shoulders, giving me more leverage, so I could really spear my boner deep. I wanted her to feel it fucking her deeper than any man ever had.

"Ohh baby, right there!" she gasped, feeling engorged bell knock on her cervix.

Whether dad or any other guy had ever hit the back wall of her pussy, I didn't know, but obviously that was as deep as I could get. Now I just wanted to pound my initials into it.

"Ohhh yeah!!" I sighed, fucking her with everything I had. I could feel the big purple bell of my cock kissing the pouting lips to the entrance of the womb that once held me. Her cunt-tube became tighter and tighter around me, making the sensations around my cock even more intense.

"Oh my God, you're amazing!!" Mom cried out, which was music to my ears.

I lifted my head and looked down at her pretty face. I had never seen it like this...masked with sexual pleasure. Our eyes communicated our love for each other, and how magical this moment was. Mom tightened her cunt muscles, and I flexed my cock in response. She did it again, and so did I, making my cock swell and stretch her lining out even more. It was like we were communicating back and forth with our genitals.

"Your bigger than I ever dreamed you'd be," she gasped.

"Do you like it?" I asked with pride, still fucking steadily.

"Do I ever! Your father never packed my pussy this full!"

I smiled back at her. Feeling confident and anxious to show her just how hard I could pound her. "Wanna cum again?" I asked.

Mom looked into my eyes adoringly. "Uh huh!" she muttered innocently. "Will you hook my legs over your shoulders?"

"Gladly!" I said.

Mom propped her lovely legs way back limberly, and I rested them against my shoulders. Now I literally had her folded in half, and began to double the pace of my fuck-thrusts. I looked up to see her sexy, dainty bare feet pointed back toward the headboard, and bobbing around from the power of my thrusting. A lewd smacking sound filled the bedroom, from my balls beating steadily against her ass. The feel of her squeezing, vibrating cunt-tube was beginning to resonate through my cock, and even my nuts.

"Ohh I love it! I love it soo fucking much!" my mother cried out beneath me.

I looked over and saw a family picture on the bedroom wall. It was taken while we were on vacation, when I was only thirteen. Even my sister was in the picture, since she hadn't moved out yet. Mom and dad knelt on the floor, and we stood behind them, all looking happy as a family unit. My hand was on mom's shoulder, and her hand tenderly resting on mine.

This was about the time I began lusting after mom sexually. I vividly remembered looking at her that day and wondering what she would be like in bed. How would her body move? What would she sound like? Would I be shocked at some of the nasty things I would see her do and say?

I looked back at her beneath me. Here she was. In spirit form yes, but it was still mom. Still the one in the picture, holding my hand. Those questions from my youth were now being answered.

"How did she move?" I asked myself. "More wonderful than I could ever imagine. She moved with the skill and experience of a middle-aged woman, pumping her meaty buns off the mattress, to meet my every thrust. Mom knew how to fuck! How to use her strong legs, her pussy, her fat tits, to give a man ultimate pleasure."

"How did she sound?" I again asked myself. "Like a sexual angel. I was listening to her make the most primitive sounds a woman makes, and every scream and cry, whimper and gasp, was absolutely beautiful."

In just five years I had gone from that silly curious boy, to a man. Now I was showing mom what that man could do. And even though, I was fucking this beautiful curvy woman, like only a man could, and our bodies were sweating and writhing, and humping passionately, I knew I was still her little Andy.

Mom legs left my shoulders and scissored open into a huge wide spread-eagle, with her sexy feet still pointing back. "Oh my God!" I muttered, gazing up with dreamy eyes at the way her incredibly luscious legs were spread so far apart.

Mom placed her hands on my cheeks lovingly, gazing up at me. "Do you like the way they spread for you baby? Do you like the way I spread my legs way open, so you can mount me like

a man, and fuck me hard?!

"Oh God yess!"

Mom gazed at me pleadingly, her huge round tits rolling up and down her chest. "Ohh Andy, give it to me as hard as you can! Make me gush my love-juice on your cock again!" she panted.

My balls beat against her upturned ass like crazy, as I fucked her with every ounce of energy I had.

This times when mom came, I did too. "Ohh shit! Fuuuuck!" I cried out, feeling my cock swell so much that I thought it might pop off my balls.

For five mind-blowing minutes, Mom and I sang an orgasmic duet of grunts and whimpers and cries, as we squirted out our cum-juices together, bathing my plunging boner in the hot liquid product of our passionate union.

"I love you!" Mom's voice whispered.

I suddenly felt as though I was somehow melting into her body, then found myself alone, face down on my parent's mattress. I lifted my head and looked around. "Mom?" I called, but got no response. She was gone again.

I stayed there for a few minutes, replaying in my mind the awesome experience I'd just had. When I got up, I paused suddenly, and looked at the mirror of my parent's dresser. Something big was written across it in red lipstick. It was clearly a big W, but had a peculiar design to it.

"What does it mean, mom?" I asked out loud, but knew that perhaps it was just another image that had popped in her head, and even she didn't know what it meant.

I took a shower, then got dressed again. I was so consumed with putting the clues mom had given me together, and trying to make sense of them, that I completely forgot it was time for dad to come home.

"Who's the girl?" he asked, startling me as he stood in my doorway.

"What?" I asked, confused at first by what he meant.

"The girl you had sex with...in my bed? You could have at least straightened up after, washed the sheets maybe," he said.

This felt completely awkward. "*Yeah, sorry, dad...I just had sex with mom!*" I thought, amusing myself. "Sorry, I was gonna clean up in there," I said, a bit embarrassed.

"Yeah, well, feel free to still do that. It looks like you guys had a water fight in there. It wasn't the girl you dated a few month ago, was it?"

"No, it wasn't her," I said, referring to the girl who got caught shoplifting, and I promised my parents I wouldn't date again.

"Well who was it then? Do I know her?" Dad asked.

I answered without thinking. "Yes. I mean, no! No, you don't know her."

"Well, she has good taste in perfume," dad said.

"Perfume?"

"Yeah, I can still smell her perfume in there. I don't remember what it's called, but I'm pretty sure your mom used to wear it," dad said.

"Oh, um...interesting." I muttered, laughing my ass off inside.

"So what's with the big drawing on the mirror?" he asked.

Along with the mess on the bed, I'd forgot about the drawing also. My mind quickly scrambled for an explanation. "Oh, yeah that, um...sorry, we were playing some pictionary after," I lied.

I could tell dad knew I was full of shit. "Pictionary huh?"

"Yeah, she drew that design on the mirror, and I had no clue what it was."

"Yeah, I've seen it somewhere before," dad muttered, making my eyes light up.

"You have? Where?" I asked, hoping dad could give some insight to the clue mom left.

"I can't recall off the top of my head. It'll come to me though," he said.

"When it does, will you let me know?"

"Of course. So um, since I APPARENTLY let you use my bed, I have a favor to ask of you," dad said.

"Ok," I muttered curiously.

"Maxine's coming over in a little while. We're gonna order some Chinese, and watch a movie on demand. I'd like you to join us."

"Join you? Why?" I asked, not liking this idea at all.

"Just as an act of good will. She thinks you hate her, so by you joining us, and being a little cordial, it would show her that's really not the case," dad explained.

I was more than a little pissed that dad asked me to do this, but then again I did just fuck his diseased wife's spirit, in their marital bed, so I couldn't be too upset.

Dad continued to try to sell me on the idea. "Look, I don't expect her to be your favorite person, but could you at least be civil, and spend some time in the same room as her?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "I guess, but don't expect me to be Mr. sociable around her."

"Fair," dad said.

As promised, I cleaned up the bed in dad's room, and washed off the mirror. I was in the living room with a big fake smile when Maxine arrived. My demeanor soon changed though when I saw what she was wearing. Her blouse was an American flag design, and the bottom hem had that torn, tattered-look, like some cheesy eighties rock band t-shirt.

"A tattered American flag!" I thought, looking at her suspiciously. *"Oh my God, it was one of mom's clues. Did this bitch have something to do with Mom's death?"*

This definitely made for an even more awkward evening than it would have originally been. Of course, dad's new 'motor-mouth' girlfriend was constantly trying to engage me in conversation, but I mostly gave simple, one-word answers, hoping she'd get the hint.

The movie they chose was a boring drama, but I endured it the best I could. Near the end of the film, as I sat there on the opposite end of the couch as them, I sensed a presence next to me. "Where's 'YOUR' date?" I heard mom whisper in my ear.

This time I couldn't see her, and with good reason, since dad and Maxine were sitting right there. "Sounds like she just arrived," I whispered.

"What?" Dad asked, as he and Maxine peered over at me.

"Sorry, I was just talking to myself," I said, realizing if I was gonna stay here, I'd have to let mom do all the talking.

"She looks a bit nerdy, doesn't she?" Mom asked, referring to Maxine. "And your dad always loved my big tits. I'm surprised he would settle for such a downgrade."

I started snickering, and dad and Maxine looked over at me again. "Sorry," I muttered, "this part just reminds me of a comedy I saw once."

Mom whispered in my ear again. "Wouldn't it be something...if I sucked your cock right here in front of him," she said.

I was amazed, and terrified at the same time, as I felt mom reach down, unzip my pants and begin massaging my cock. I quickly grabbed the blanket that was draped across the back of the couch. "It's a little cold in here," I said, quickly covering my crotch.

"Ohh, I can feel it getting so hard!" Mom whispered. "A nice stiff boner to stuff down mommy's throat."

I sighed excitedly, trying not to draw attention to myself. Mom's hot words weren't helping any.

"Mmm, you want me to run my long tongue all over that big juicy knob, baby?" she whispered. "Drag it all the way down your thick boner, and across your big cum-filled balls?"

I didn't speak this time, just gave mom a subtle nod. The way she was massaging my cock was amazing. I didn't know how the hell she was gonna pull off a blowjob, without dad and Maxine noticing, but apparently mom had a plan. "Slouch so your ass rests near the edge of the couch. I'm gonna suck your dick and swallow all your cum!" she whispered.

I did as mom asked, trying to adjust myself as naturally as possible, so it didn't appear as though I was up to something. The blanket was still draped across my lap and legs. It was a good thing it was, because I felt my shorts and briefs being pulled down to my ankles.

In order to avoid her head being seen bobbing up and down beneath the blanket, Mom tilted my boner down between my legs, so she could give me head in a horizontal manner, with raising suspicion. Her mouth felt exquisite, as it shrouded nearly half my cock in wet warmth.

I did my best to stay quiet, but as mom started fucking her mouth on my cock, and twirling her tongue around my nob, I couldn't help but let out a vocal response. "Wow!" I sighed.

Dad and Maxine both looked over at me, and I glanced at them. "Sorry, it's just a really good movie!" I lied.

"It's ok," dad said.

"I have a feeling it's gonna just get better and better!" I said, of course, referring to mom's blowjob, and not the movie.

My feeling was correct. I felt my cock slip into mom's throat and she let out a few lewd gurgling sucks, as her lips mashed up against my cock-hilt.

Maxine must have heard mom's throaty sounds, because she looked over at me weirdly. I looked back at her, acting a bit embarrassed. "Sorry, that's just my stomach growling. I guess I didn't get enough to eat."

Mom continued to suck earnestly on my boner, and this time dad looked over. "You're not kidding! Your stomach IS making some weird sounds. Go eat some more take-out, there's plenty left in there," he said.

"As soon as I shoot a wad down mom's throat, dad!" I wickedly thought.

That moment wasn't far away. Mom now had her hand wrapped around the base of my boner, and was beating my meat into her mouth. It was hands down the most intense blowjob I had ever gotten, and I had no idea how I was gonna stay quiet once I started cumming.

"Oh shit!" I suddenly said out-loud, feeling my balls tighten up.

"What's wrong?" Dad asked.

"I think I'm getting a cramp in my leg!"

"Stand up and and walk it off!" he suggested, but I didn't dare.

"Hold on!" I sighed, with a shaky voice, feeling mom's tongue lash wildly on my knob, as she sucked relentlessly. "Ohhhh shit!" I cried out, hoping they'd see pain on my face, and not pleasure. "Ohhh!"

"Are you ok, Andy?" Maxine said, reaching over and touching my shoulder in concern.

"Yes, just feels good!" I grunted by mistake, feeling the hot pulses of cum being pulled out by mom's warm sucking mouth.

"Feels good?" she asked.

"No, I mean hurts, but it's getting better!" I muttered, feeling mom suck the final few squirts of jizz from my cock.

"Your dad's right! Maybe you should get up and walk it off. We can pause the movie," she suggested.

"No, no, it's ok. I'm good now!" I sighed, slumping back against the cushions of the couch and feeling mom's mouth slip off my cock.

A few seconds later, mom's lips were back at my ear. "Did you like that baby? Did you like the way mommy sucked your big fat cock, right here in front of your father, and his nerdy new girlfriend?" she asked seductively.

"Uh-huh," I muttered, not really caring at this point if dad and Maxine heard me or not.

"Next time you'll cum in my hot wet pussy, with my big titties swinging in your face," her voice hissed in my ear.

I nodded, showing that I liked that idea very much.

"Will you suck my tits when we fuck, baby? Will you suck mommy's thick nipples, like you did when you were a baby?" she seductively asked.

"Yess!" I sighed.

"Yes what?" Dad asked, looking over at me.

I decided to be a smart-ass. "Yes, I wanna do some things I did when I was little. You know, take a trip down mammary lane," I said.

"You mean, um, memory lane?" Maxine asked, trying to correct me.

I just giggled and didn't respond.

"Are you sure you're Alright tonight?" Dad asked.

"Oh yeah, dad, I'm just fine."

I felt Mom's wet tongue lick all over my ear teasing, then it suddenly went away, as the movie ended and the credits began rolling. I was happy to see that mom didn't leave any trace of my jizz behind for them to step on. That would have been a tough one to explain. She had swallowed every drop, just like she said she would.

The next day my sister came over, and we had a serious family sit-down with dad. If there was something him and Maxine were hiding, we wanted to know, before we witnessed dad getting hauled off in handcuffs.

"Look, I know there's been detectives asking a lot of questions, but I can assure you guys, that both myself and Maxine had nothing to do with your mother's death," dad assured us.

My sister clearly wasn't as convinced as I was. "Dad, how much do you really know about this Maxine lady? If she's psycho enough, she could have killed mom just to be with you," Tami said.

"She didn't kill, mom, ok?! Maxine doesn't have a mean bone in her body."

"Oh really?! Are you aware she was arrested several years ago, for the domestic assault of her ex-husband?" Tami said.

I looked back at dad, waiting for his response. That was something pretty incriminating. My sister threw another good point at him.

"If she'll overpower a grown man, then what makes you think she wouldn't overpower mom?" she said.

"First of all, I knew all about that. Maxine was honest about her past, and told me there was a lot of abuse in that relationship. It doesn't excuse physical aggression, but she does feel bad about what happened."

"Ok, that still doesn't mean she couldn't have done something to mom," Tami pointed out.

"Secondly, Maxine couldn't have attacked your mother, because she was with me at the time of the accident," dad said.

"You keep saying 'accident' dad. They're saying that this was no accident. That mom may have been killed," I reminded him.

"I know, all I'm saying is that Maxine and I were together at the time, and had nothing to do with it."

"Oh, that's right, 'together' on the mysterious lunch break," my sister said. "The one the detectives can't seem to find any proof of you two taking together."

Dad lowered his head shamefully. "I was...dishonest with the detectives at first, I'll admit. Maxine and I weren't out to lunch...but we were together," dad confessed.

"In the back seat of your car right? So you didn't kill mom, but YOU WERE cheating on her?"

"Look, all I can say is I'm sorry. I'm sorry I cheated, and I'm sorry you guys had to find out this way, but THAT IS why I lied to the detectives at first...to try to keep you two from finding out," dad explained.

"How kind of you!" My sister said sarcastically.

"Were things that bad between you and mom?" I asked, not ever remembering my parents fighting at all.

"No," dad answered. "Maxine and I just hit it off, and...one thing led to another."

Tami glared at my dad. "I don't know much about the afterlife, but I certainly hope there's a guy right now giving mom all the attention she deserves," she said, then looked over at me and winked knowingly.

Dad was done hanging his head in shame and looked up at us. "So I want you both to know, that we are cooperating with detectives, and I'm just as determined as you are to find out what really happened to your mother," he said.

Tami peered over at me and rolled her eyes as dad got up.

"I have to do a conference call for work, but I'm really glad we had this chat," dad said. He started to walk off, but stopped suddenly and looked at me. "Oh, and before I forget...Wyden Brothers!"

"Wyden Brothers?" I said back, confused by what he meant.

"The design your lady friend wrote on the mirror yesterday. It's a W...for Wyden Brothers lumber yard across town. They went out of business a couple years ago, but I think they still rent out space in the building," he explained.

"Oh, um...thanks," I answered, then looked at my sister. I could tell we were both thinking the same thing.

"Wanna take a drive?" Tami asked.

"Let's do it!" I answered.

We got in her car and drove across town, to an old industrial area. Before long we pulled up in front of the old Wyden Brothers Lumber yard. There, on the building, was the same logo mom had drawn on the mirror. "That definitely the same thing she drew. It's even red, like the red lipstick she used," I pointed out.

"We should go in," my sister suggested.

"Go in? Can we do that?"

"Let's just see if the door's open. Dad said they're renting out parts of the building. Maybe there's someone in there we can talk to," she said.

"And say what, that our dead mother drew the old company logo on the mirror, after she had sex with me?" I said.

My sister looked at me and laughed. "Mom clearly wanted us to come out here. Let's go find out why," Tami said, then got out of the car.

Surprisingly, we found the door open, and went inside. There were several doors along a long eerie hallway. We could hear the sound of someone using a table saw, from somewhere in the building. "Ok, this is definitely starting to give me horror movie vibes!" I said.

My sister giggled. "Would you relax. Let's just snoop around a little," she suggested.

I had always been the skittish one in the family. My sister was like mom...scared of very little. The sawing sound seemed to get louder the further we went. Suddenly, I saw something that made me stop dead in my tracks. "Holy shit!" I exclaimed.

"What?" she asked.

There, displayed above the door at the end of the hall, was an old tattered American flag. We both looked at each other, realizing we were most definitely on the right track. My sister waisted no time going over to the door and opening it. "Coming?" she asked, looking back at me.

Inside the room was a workshop area, with a lot of old tools scattered about. The table saw was pretty loud now, clearly coming from somewhere within the large workspace. My sister and I nosed around. It didn't take me long to find the third piece of the puzzle...A VIDEO CAMERA. It was laying there among all the junk tools, like it had been discarded.

"Tami, I found it!" I said, perhaps a little too loudly.

She rushed over, and the table saw suddenly shut off in the other room.

"Let's take it and get out of here," my sister suggested. I think her imagination was getting the

best of her as well. Like me, she probably imagined a Michael Myers type character barging in from the next room and chasing us with a chainsaw.

"We got as far as the door, then heard a rough male voice. "Can I help you?" he asked.

Tami and I froze in our tracks, and gazed across at the figure of a man as he entered the light.

"Tami? Andy? What are you guys doing here?" The figure asked. IT WAS OUR UNCLE PHIL.

"Uncle Phil?! What are YOU doing here?" my sister asked.

"When I moved back to town, I rented out some space here...for my cabinet making," my uncle said, then looked at the video recorder in my hands. "Why do you have that camera?"

"What's a camera doing here...with all these old tools?" Tami asked in a suspicious tone.

My Uncle looked like he was at a loss of words. "Why don't you let me have that, ok?" he said, stepping towards us.

We watched him slowly creep towards us. Never in my life had I felt intimidated by my uncle, until now.

"Andy, play the tape!" my sister said.

"Andy, no!" my uncle said, closing the distance between us. "The camera's broken, just hand it over!"

I pushed play on the camera, as my sister suggested, and my uncle froze suddenly. The monitor of the camera lit up, showing a familiar image. It was my parent's bedroom, and my mom was being secretly videotaped undressing, from someone in the doorway. She suddenly noticed the individual peeping in on her. "Phil, what the fucking are you doing?" Mom asked, trying to cover herself.

We heard Uncle Phil answer from behind the camera. "I was just...um, this isn't what it looks like."

"Like hell it's not!" Mom said, moving towards him. "Give me the fucking camera!"

There was an obvious struggle, as mom tried to wrestle the camera from my uncle. It must have gotten ugly, because we heard my mom scream, and caught a flash of her smacking violently against the wall, before the recording stopped.

Tami glared at my uncle Phil in disgust. "And then you threw her down the stairs...to make it look like an accident, right?! she asked.

My sister's word registered in my brain, and I glared at Uncle Phil. "HOLY SHIT! YOU KILLED MY MOM!" I exclaimed.

"Your mother and I were in love!" my uncle shouted. "Your father stole her from me!"

"That was over twenty fucking years ago!" my sister shouted back. "And my father didn't steal anyone! My mom left you!"

"Yeah, she left me...for my own brother! Do you realize how shitty that was?!" My uncle asked, then he picked an iron bar up off the junk table, and held it in a threatening manner. "I can't let you leave here with that camera!"

Then, my sister surprised both of us by pulling a handgun from her purse, and pointing it at my uncle. "Come get it...I fucking dare you!"

Realizing he wasn't taking the camera without taking a bullet, my uncle threw the bar down, then dropped to his knees and began weeping. My sister looked over at me, without the least bit of sympathy for him. "Call the police!" she said.

They say love makes a man do crazy things, and my uncle Phil was proof of that. His obsession for mom led to his demise, and he would soon be spending his remaining days in prison.

A week later, I was suppose to meet dad and Maxine for dinner at a restaurant, but my favorite lady showed up at the house, so I decided to stay home. There were two enormous boobs swinging around my face when dad called. "Hey dad!" I answered, putting him on speaker phone.

"Hey, I though you were meeting us for some Italian tonight?" he asked.

"Yeah, sorry, I should have called. My girlfriend popped by for a visit," I said, looking up into Mom's beautiful smiling face. It was framed in by that brilliant pink hue, and she looked like a Goddess.

"A visit huh? In YOUR bed I hope? Seems like every time I come home lately the two of you have completely wrecked MY bed," he said.

Mom and I giggled. It was true we had done some serious lovemaking in dad's bed, but it technically still belonged to mom also, so I didn't feel so bad. The truth was, we hadn't played in just in their room. By now, Mom and I had fucked all over the house.

"Don't worry, we're on MY bed this time," I answered. That was the truth. I was on my back sprawled in the center of my bed, and mom was riding me in the cowgirl position. I loved looking down and seeing her shaved crotch mashed against mine, grinding up and back.

"Yeah, I can tell. That damn squeak has been waking me up at night here lately," dad said, referring to my squeaking bed frame, and mom and I's late night humping.

Mom's huge dangling boobs were still brushing softly on my face, swinging heavily from our steady fucking. I licked across her fat nipple playfully, making her smile down at me. "Sorry, we'll be greasy for it or something," I said, even though I had no intention of doing such thing.

"Thanks," dad said.

Mom sat upright, and put on a pouty face, rubbing the fake tears from her eyes as she mocked dad. This made me snicker. My eyes traveled up her rocking torso, to the two enormous melons jutting from her chest. Just the sight of them, especially from this angle, made my tongue nearly hang out of my mouth. Her nipples were big and erect, protruding from the rings of her wide puffy areola. I could search every college campus in the country and probably never find a girl with knockers like these. "Damn!" I muttered out loud.

"So when do I get to meet this mystery girl?" Dad asked.

"This is no girl dad. 'THIS' is a woman," I said, looking up into Mom's eyes, while I reached up and sunk my fingers into her fleshy tits.

"Ohh, a woman! Chasing an older lady, are you?"

"Well, actually, she's kinda been chasing me," I said, making mom smile and nod as she stared down at me over the swell of her big bobbling boobies.

"Awe, so you have a cougar pouncing on you, do you?" Dad joked.

His words made mom drop down on top of me, mashing her squishy knockers against my bare chest. She brought her lips down and made a sexy growling cougar sound in my ear, then bit the lobe playfully.

"Ohhh!" I sighed, then pumped my cock up into her dreamy cunt, feeling her inner rings squeezing and sucking on my dick.

"Sounds like I should let you two love-birds go. I'll be staying at Maxine's place, so I won't be home tonight," my father said.

"Perfect!" I muttered, "bye, dad!"

I hung up the phone and mom lifted her head enough to look into my eyes, with a quirky smile. "Your girlfriend huh?" she asked. "Is that what I am now, your sex-hungry spirit-girlfriend?"

"I know I'm good with that title...if you are?"

"Well, I still want you to go to college, but I could certainly make it worth you making that hour drive to class everyday, if you chose to stay living here," she suggested.

It definitely took no convincing, but I wanted to play a little hard to get, so I could hear mom

sell me on the idea. "And how would you make it worth it?" I asked.

Her lips curled into a naughty smile. "By letting you fuck ALL my holes, that's how," she said.

"Even your ass?" I asked, eager for more details.

"Especially my ass!" she said, her eyes lighting up.

"Wow! Tami didn't tell me you liked anal sex."

"Well, a woman doesn't share all her secrets, at least not with her daughter," Mom said, then flexed her cunt muscles around me. "But with her sexy big-dicked son, there's NOTHING I won't share."

With that, mom lifted her pussy from my cock. I could feel her wet secretions dripping down my boner. She lifted herself slightly from my chest, reaching back and grasping my hardon with her fingers.

Her mammoth boobs were dangling teasingly close to my face, so I tilted my head up, burying my face deep in her creamy cleavage. I felt her drag my sensitive knob back and forth across the ring of her asshole, wetting her anal lips with my precum. Then, she squeezed me inside her, and I felt my foreskin pulled all the way back as I slipped into her tight vibrating rectum.

"Ohh damn!" I groaned in sheer delight, feeling her anal walls expand around my thick meat.

"Ohh, baby, you feel so good in my ass!" Mom whimpered.

I felt her ass squeeze and pucker around me, as it adjusted to my size. I backed out a couple inches, then speared forward, determined to bury all of my boner inside her exquisite ass. Finally, I felt her stretched asshole nuzzle snugly against my cock-hilt.

"Ohh, mom! Ohh damn, that's all of you," I sighed, flexing my cock inside her.

She responded by squeezing the muscled ring of her anal sphincter around me. "Mmm, yes, baby...and now mommy's gonna ride you, and pump your cock off with her ass," she said.

Mom humped her meaty buttocks up and down, spearing my cock through her ass-tube. It felt insanely good! I kissed the insides of her cleavage, loving the way her big knockers bumped around softly on both sides of my face.

"Come on, baby...fuck my ass!" Mom shouted, clearly wanting some hard, boner-grinding anal sex.

I complied by pumping my butt off the mattress, beating my crotch against mom's naked bubble-butt. My dick plummeted through her gripping ass-tunnel, feeling the rubbery inner lining mold to every contour of my prick, as it plunged through her.

"Ohh damn your ass feels good, mom!" I muttered, with an excited shiver in my voice.

"Do you like it, baby?" she panted. "Do you like having your cock buried up the ass that you like to always stare at so much?"

"Yes, it's like a dream come true," I confused, continuing to pump my cock steadily into her.

"Mm, fucking my asshole, while your face is buried between mommy's titties!" Mom giggled. "You must be in heaven baby!"

I gave the inside of one of her spongy melons a big wet kiss. "Yes!" I sighed.

It was true. I couldn't imagine heaven being much better than this. Speaking of heaven, I wondered if this was mom's 'heaven,' having sex with me, and living out the naughtiest sexual fantasies she had when she was alive. Something told me it was.

"Roll over on top of me!" she panted.

I did as she asked, rolling mom over onto her back and keeping my cock deeply imbedded in her ass. She hooked her lovely naked legs high up around my back, tilting her buns up, giving me a good angle to keep pounding away at it.

"Ohhh yeah!" I whimpered, plugging away at her fleshy ass, delighted by the new friction this placed on my prick, as it dug through her ass-tract.

"You like it baby boy? You like what my ass is doing to your cock?" Mom asked.

"Do I ever!" I muttered, feeling her anal walls squeeze and vibrate around my meaty boner, making my knob tingle.

"Ohh me too!" Mom cried, with a cute quivering voice. "You're gonna make my pussy cum, with your cock up my asshole!"

"Yess!" I muttered triumphantly, boring into her even faster, determined to make her scream and cum hard.

Seconds later, I got my wish, feeling mom's big-titted body tremble beneath me. I could feel her shit-tube contracting around my cock, making it impossible for my not to explode as well.

"OHHFUCK, MOM, I'M CUMMING!!" I announced, humping frantically.

"Yess! Ohhh yesss!! Cum up my ass!" she cried out.

"Ohhh!!" I moaned, feeling my cock hose out big gobs of cum deep inside her rectum.

Mom and I milked this one out as long as we could, humping and writhing together for what had to be ten mind-blowing minutes. I loved feeling her lush body clutch onto me, her big boobs sloshing around between us

We kissed passionately, while continuing to hump together in a steady butt-fucking rhythm. I should have been completely drained, but I wasn't. I wanted to keep fucking her, and I could tell mom wanted the same.

My cock slipped from her ass, and mom reached down and greedily shoved it in her cunt. She gazed up at me with her beautiful blue eyes, her face beaming with sexual excitement. "I wanna fuck you forever!" she said, making my cock flex inside her.

I nodded, eager to accept her wish. "Deal," I muttered.

Mom pulled me down and we made-out like two long lost lovers. I set my hips in motion and fucked the royal shit out of her, cumming twice more before we were finished that night. I couldn't count the number of times mom came, soaking my cock each time.

"Oh Andy, I love you and your big cock so much!" Mom cooed, as we held each other in post orgasmic bliss, her giant spongy tits plastered against me.. "Thank you for figuring out the mystery of my death, but most of all, thank you for being such an incredible lover."

"My pleasure, Mom," I said.

"Yes, my pleasure literally!" I thought. Of course I missed mom in her physical form, but her spirit self was pretty fucking amazing, and would allow me to live out MY wildest fantasies, as well as hers...foverer!

THE END

