

Healing Hands

"It's going to be weird this weekend," Mom stated out of the blue as she unstacked the dishwasher.

I looked up from my phone long enough to see her glance in my direction, obviously waiting for me to ask to what she referred?

"The work picnic...Fourth of July," she waited for me to respond and I offered a perplexed shake of my head. "It's my first flying solo, so to speak," she explained and I all of a sudden felt terrible for being so inconsiderate.

Coming up to the anniversary of Dad's passing, it was understandable Mom would be feeling his absence considerably.

"You don't have to go you know," I offered.

"Oh, no I must," she assured. "It's tradition. Well..." she paused. "...it's expected."

"I'm sure your boss wouldn't mind if you missed one," I posited. "Under the circumstances."

I saw the cogs in her head turning but I knew, company woman that she was, she wouldn't be missing a year. I also knew what was coming.

"Remember how much fun we used to have? When you used to come," she added.

"Yeah, when I was like, eight or something," I countered and she was quiet, focusing on stacking the dinner plates. Her silence was working and the guilt built inside me. "Okay. Do you want me to come along?"

"What?" She feigned surprise. "No, I wasn't...I mean you don't have to...I wouldn't expect...would you?" She enthusiastically ventured and seeing the childlike excitement in her face, I couldn't help but feel sympathetic.

"Yeah alright, I'll keep you company," I agreed and she looked genuinely emotional. "Hard to turn down a free feed," I added to provide levity to the atmosphere.

Surprisingly, she skipped across the kitchen and wrapping her arms around my neck from behind, kissed me on the cheek. The waft of her perfume; a tickle from her hair upon my neck; the warmth of her embrace and lightest of kisses. I'm not ashamed to say it was pleasant, and strangely as she withdrew, I had the compulsion to draw her back. To prolong the embrace.

Her hands slid back around my neck but before she broke the connection completely they briefly massaged my shoulders. The action fleeting, it was still long enough for me to enjoy the feeling.

"Aww, you can keep that up," I sighed and she playfully slapped my arm as she headed back to her chore.

"You wish Mister," she laughed. "I'm already late for work," she added and I absently allowed my eyes to drift down her body. Her regular office attire, mid- thigh length grey skirt over opaque black pantyhose. Yet to don heels, her appearance quite comical with sheepskin slippers upon her feet. I made out the black of her bra through her blouse and funnily enough the sight was almost stimulating. If on ANY other woman but my mother, I was quick to add.

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"Batter up," I laughed as Mom took possession of the bat. Acting as catcher in the casual game of softball that had eventuated at the work picnic, I squatted back into my crouched position behind the home plate as Mom took a couple of practice swings.

The first throw by the roughly twelve-year-old girl pitching, sailed right under Mom's bat and into my mitt, Mom laughing at her lack of timing.

"Strike one," I chuckled, throwing the ball back to the young girl.

"You're enjoying this, aren't you?" Mom smiled down at me before turning back to the pitcher. Without lecherous intent, I scanned my

eyes up her legs, her tight blue denim jeans hugging her hips hermetically. High waisted, her ass filled out the rear and with her shirt tucked into the waistband, it really accentuated her curves. At only 52, she'd have no problem attracting another partner if she chose to pursue it (perish the thought) but as I said, I wasn't ogling...at the time.

The next pitch would've been a ball if she'd left it but as Mom was want to do, she swung wildly, turning a full circle accompanied by her laughter.

"Keep your eye on the ball," I offered my helpful advice as I rose to throw the softball back, and as my action caused me to step forward slightly, Mom chose that moment to practice a swing.

It looked worse than it felt.

The bat hit me right in the groin and to all watching it must have looked painful. Painful, and of course, extremely humorous. Playing up the theatrics for the kids present I went down clutching my balls howling my discomfort. Mom dropped the bat and raised a hand to her mouth, her eyes wide in horror at what she'd done.

"Oh God Seth," she dropped to her haunches, a hand reaching out to touch my shoulder, the other upon my thigh "I'm so sorry!"

Laughing, I removed the mitt from between my legs and noticed Mom's eyes zero in on the area.

"It's alright, really," I assured her as I made to stand, thankful the bat had indeed hit my penis and not my balls. Fully aware of the difference in pain.

"You're sure? Jesus, I feel terrible."

"Yeah, I'm fine," I stood before her as she scowled at a girl filming the event on her phone.

"This'll go viral," the girl laughed and with Mom doing her best to get in the way, I used the opportunity to 'rearrange things downstairs,' so to speak, placing my cock in a more comfortable position.

It was just then her eyes strayed back onto me and once more she looked concerned.

"You're positive? We don't need to go to emergency or anything?"

Again, I laughed. "No, seriously, it's all good," I reassured and dropped to hand her the abandoned bat. "Come on, let's get back to it."

With some trepidation, Mom faced another pitch and to my surprise managed to connect, making her way to first base. When the next batter scored a hit, I was able to watch Mom run to second, self-consciously holding her breasts as they bobbed. Had I noticed before then how large my mother's boobs were? The thought took me by surprise and when she ran for home two pitches later and I allowed her to touch the plate, they were in fact what I was attempting to NOT focus upon.

The day turning out better than I'd expected, we had our fill of BBQ and come late afternoon made to head home. In the car, the couple beers she'd imbibed loosening her tongue, Mom admitted that for the first time in a long time, my father hadn't been foremost on her mind.

"To be honest Honey, I had a better time with you today that I ever had with him," she raised a hand to her mouth in shock at what she'd declared, quickly following up. "Is that wrong?"

I made no judgement, but whilst driving I glanced in her direction, the tightness of her jeans, the curve of her breast and the smoothness of her cheek as it caught the sun. And admitted I too had had an enjoyable day.

It would only get better.

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A light meal at dinnertime, neither of us hungry after the feast we'd partaken. When early evening she entered the living room in her nightie and casually asked what I was watching, I caught myself and refrained from saying, 'her.' Some mindless game show played on the television but it was my mother where my interests lay.

She'd probably done it before in my presence, opening a small container of skin cream and applying it to her feet and legs as she one-by-one rested them on the coffee table. But I had certainly never paid such close attention. With her eyes on the screen, I was able to watch her process. Her fingers well lathered up, sliding between her tiny toes, massaging the soles of her feet and up onto her calves and eventually thighs. A leg raised onto the couch, her nightie sliding down to her hip. The briefest glimpse of what looked like white satin panties. I adjusted my penis to a more comfortable position as it twitched into life.

She applied more cream to her fingers and worked on her elbows and arms, finally wringing her hands together before screwing tight the lid. The show over, I risked a brief rub of my cock and just as it'd been earlier in the day, it was at that exact moment she chose to look in my direction.

"Oh God, I forgot all about you," she proclaimed and I felt myself blush.

"W...what?" I stammered, subtly removing my hand from my dick.

"Your...well your testicles. Do they still hurt Darling?" She asked.

"Oh. No, it's fine, ah they're fine," I fumbled.

"You're sure? You wouldn't keep anything from me? You can tell me, I'm your mother."

"No, it's all good," I admitted but her eyes remained on my groin. I looked down myself and wasn't unimpressed. My brown cords tight, I bulged out the fly handsomely I noted, penis, even balls quite defined.

Mom seemed to let it go, glancing back at the television before her eyes alighted on the container of skin cream.

"You should rub some of this in," she suggested. "It's aloe. It'll be soothing."

Just when I thought we'd moved on; she'd focused right back on the issue.

"I really don't think I need to Mom," I made a final denial but she seemed to be on a mission.

"Nonsense. I know how hard I hit you Honey. I could've really done some damage," she rose from her armchair and moved the couple of

paces to stand right before me. "Now come on. Pants down Mister. Let me take care of it."

"W...what?" I repeated.

"Oh, don't be shy. Come on, you've got nothing I haven't seen before."

Working on pure motorized instinct, I undid my button and fly and lifted my bottom off the couch as I slid my pants down mid-thigh. For a moment it seemed quite natural, exposing myself to my mother. Almost as if I was visiting a doctor. But when she scooped up a large amount of the cream and looked down upon my groin, reality kicked in and I made to cover my hardening cock with a hand.

"Might be easier if you stand up," she suggested and instantly I rose as she in turn knelt.

Her face level with my junk, I grew lightheaded as she reached out and cupped my testicles in her hand.

This was ridiculous. For starters, I hadn't even been hit in the balls, it was my dick that had taken the full brunt of the blow. Second. My mother was on her knees, rubbing skin cream into said testicles! Was I dreaming?

"Ooh," I gasped as she used both hands to cup and massage my shaved sack.

"Did I hurt you? See they're still sore!" She looked up expectantly.

"No, it's just cold." I still had a hand over my cock, holding it in position vertically and I hoped she couldn't ascertain as to my hardness.

"Sorry," she smiled, her fingers sliding between my thighs then back, creeping up high on my groin before again rubbing my balls. "Would you like to move your hand?" She queried and it was the moment I'd been dreading.

"Um, it's just..."

"What?"

"I've got...well..."

"Oh, come on Seth," she grinned. "I've seen it all before."

I was pretty sure she hadn't in fact seen her son's hard-on, but taking a deep breath, I removed my hand. If she was shocked, she didn't let on. Admittedly I wasn't fully erect for which I silently thanked God; this wasn't meant to be sexual. She was just a concerned mother

rubbing ointment over her adult son's balls. The very thought had me more aroused and even as her eyes panned from her rapidly emptying container of skin cream back towards my groin, I grimaced at her expected disgust at seeing me swell before her.

To her credit she didn't at first acknowledge my condition. Oh, she looked at it! But it was only as I noticed the skin upon her bare chest begin to blush that she gave away anything happening here was out of the ordinary. Her chest! The nightie not being overly hugging, from my vantage I could see right down between her boobs. They jiggled as she once more lathered my scrotum with the cream and I pictured her holding them as she ran the bases. What base were we on in our relationship right now? I humorously wondered.

She kept a hand under my sack as her other, the more lubricated, ventured up onto my cock proper. Not encircling me but smearing the cream up the underside of my shaft. It gave me a full-blown erection and as I twitched violently against her touch, it proved too much for her to continue to ignore.

"Well I didn't expect this to happen," she acknowledged, looking up into my face, a smirk upon her lips.

"I'm so sorry Mom," I admitted, though skeptical in her assertion she didn't expect something like this to occur.

"It's okay Darling," she insisted. "It's natural. It's also a good sign things are working correctly."

Her positive spin was welcomed, as was her hand as she wrapped her fingers around me and worked the lotion up my length. This as she looked me in the eyes as if gauging my response to her manipulation. I was more than consenting, even moving my hips ever so slightly in a thrust as she slowly jerked my cock.

Finally, her eyes once more lowered and she was in time to see a dribble of pre-cum ooze from my eye. Unfazed, her thumb reached the head and smeared the clear fluid back down my shaft along with the cream. Another stroke from base to tip, her grip so tight. The hand cupping my balls pressed harder into my body, did she know it was pleasurable? Surely not. This wasn't sexual. This wasn't sexual, I repeated again to myself as she clearly increased her pace. Oh God, I voiced to myself as I felt it happen. What to do? I questioned as I understood what was about to occur. Pull away? Admit to her? My choices were moot.

Quicker than I think I'd ever cum in my life, a volcanic spurt of semen erupted from me. The breath I'd been holding came out in a relieved gasp as I watched torrent after creamy torrent pour forth. All upon my mother. The first rope of cum hit her face. Splashing against her forehead to lay in a ribbon down over her eye and onto her cheek. The next upon her nose, her lips open mouthed in shock, sealing tight as the cum streaked her face. Her hand didn't release its hold around me however. In fact, though her reaction to my spontaneous eruption was horror, her touch was nothing short of consensual. She continued to jerk my cock as it pulsed each ejaculation. Her chin caught a spray before she aimed me downwards. Was it to give her face some relief? Whatever. It just enabled me to release the last of

my seed upon her breast, glistening her wondrous tits as it slid down her cleavage.

Her hand slid off the end of my cock, taking the dripping with her I noted and she leaned back against the coffee table, once more looking up into my face. She was yet to speak and with my cock still monstrously hard, it dominated the space between us.

"Jesus, I'm so sorry," I once more apologized. This time for a lot more than an unexpected hard-on. I wanted to help her to her feet but I instead chose first to pull up my pants, hoping the removal of the culprit would make things more comfortable. Tucking myself away, I offered a hand and with one eye closed, Mom made it to her feet. "Mom...you okay?" I tentatively asked as I allowed her fingers to dislodge from mine.

Her hands stayed held out at a strange angle as if she was unsure where to put them, finally to my surprise, dropping them to the hem of her nightie and raising it up her body. My initial thought was she was undressing, her panties coming into view (correctly identified as satin) but she stopped as she met her head and used the front to wipe her face. I felt like an idiot for not immediately offering a towel or even my own t-shirt but as her face once more came into view, it was clear she bore no grudge.

"Um...okay," I could see she was clearly preventing laughter. "That just happened." She wiped cum from her boobs but her nightie drenched in my semen, it made more mess than use.

"Can I get you a towel?" I too late offered but she shook her head.

"No Honey, that's fine. I think it best I just go take another shower," she said, allowing her nightie to once more cover her hips, the front of it smeared with cum, a hard pink nipple appearing through the material.

"I'm sorry," I once more ventured and she offered me a dismissing shake of the hand in response as she made her way out of the room.

"Oh shit!" I breathed out as I slumped back down onto the couch.

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Her shower indeed running. I remained in the lounge room long after it stopped, television off, hearing her going about post shower business. When in her bedroom, possibly wearing a new nightie, I waited still. For her to come to me and say it was all okay. That she'd encouraged it all. That it had been planned. For surely it was. Mom's didn't offer to rub their son's cocks! An accidental baseball bat to the nuts or not. I couldn't be held solely responsible for cumming on her face. Could I? The awful feeling began to creep in that indeed I was to blame. That she was just doing her motherly duty and here I was getting off on it sexually. When I later crept to my room and sleep eventually came, it was troubled and full of shame.

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I heard her up and about Sunday morning but I was in no hurry to face her. My morning erection was inspired by her raising her nightie. I imagined her in my room, standing beside the bed and lifting the white material (sans cum) to show me her naked body. Her satin panties hugging her pussy, a hint of camel toe. The word incest floated into my brain as I stroked and it had me on the verge of orgasm. Incest. Jesus. It was the first time I actually realized what we'd done was incestuous. What I'd done. I corrected myself. For she was the innocent here. It would be me going to jail for my crimes.

Foregoing breakfast I played Ps4 in bed until, hours later I heard her leave the house and being Sunday, I knew it was to exercise. Before showering, I used the time alone to feed myself and knowing I had at least an hour before she returned, stashed away some extra food in my room so as to possibly avoid seeing her at lunchtime.

I tried not to think of her as the hot water ran my body. It was totally unhealthy I knew. A boy can't fuck his mother, a boy can't fall in love with his mother. Yet even as I attempted to dismiss my feelings, my cock presented a rebuttal. I thought of her exercising. What pants was she wearing, I wondered? The tight pink ones she wore doing yoga? I'd indeed noticed them before. Absently looking at her ass in the kitchen as she filled a water bottle. Noting the way they hugged her crotch, that delicious bulge of a woman's sex, almost begging to be kissed. With eyes closed I took my cock in hand, picturing myself upon my knees worshiping her pussy. Nose, lips, pushed hard into her labial softness, the hard pubic bone above. It was only seconds

later I found myself cumming, a wave of incestuous ecstasy mixed with anger at myself for the indiscretion. Guiltily washing away the infuriatingly sticky evidence from the shower floor, I cursed myself for facilitating the fantasy.

Half an hour later, I'd be glad I had.

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Safely in my room, door closed, I heard her return home. Expecting the sound of her showering, I instead heard her in the kitchen. The routine was all over the place, the kettle boiling for a coffee or tea whereas that was usually after lunch. I was trying not to picture her and concentrate on my game when there came a knock at my door, closely followed by her peering through the opened space.

"Hey," I nonchalantly acknowledged her presence before she entered proper and it forced me to look. I was wrong. Not the pink leggings, light blue. Was it possible they were in fact tighter? The white tank top housed her breasts perfectly, a similarly toned sports bra strap visible at her shoulder. But it was to her hand that my eyes were drawn.

"You ready Mister?" She held out and shook the container of skin cream that had been the catalyst for the previous night's tryst.

"What?" I barely managed to ask, amazed she was possibly offering to repeat the therapy.

She frowned. "What do you mean? You can't just expect to use it once. Typical male, you have to re-apply! Come on, come down to the kitchen. We should probably talk. Don't you think?"

I literally threw down my Ps4 controller and was off the bed in no time, noting a slight smirk appear on her mouth as she backed out of the room.

In the kitchen she'd already prepared two cups of coffee, steaming upon the table, and obviously planning on her 'talk' before my treatment, she pulled out her chair to sit. I did likewise and there was a moment of uncomfortable silence before we spoke at once.

"...I'm sorry about last..."

"...I couldn't sleep..." She admitted before I smiled and told her to go ahead. "What I was going to say was, I couldn't sleep last night for worrying," she finished.

"Worrying. About what?" I asked. "It's me who fucked up," I stated, quickly apologizing for swearing.

"What? No," she seemed incredulous. "You did nothing wrong Honey. I'm concerned about how quickly you, well, how quickly you ejaculated though."

I was taken aback. "Wait, what?"

"Mhmm," she nodded, taking a sip of her coffee. "I mean I admit I've never been..." She struggled to find the words. "...well I've never had someone...release on my face before," and at this she allowed herself to giggle. "God knows your father always asked me to allow him!"

Now here was a revelation. "Dad wanted to cum on your face?" I boldly questioned and despite how brazen were my words, Mom seemed not to mind, smiling as she nodded, though through a blush.

"Uh huh," she confirmed, hiding behind her mug. "I was maybe a little prudish."

"Mom you have to know I didn't mean to," I confirmed.

"Oh, I know Darling," she reached across the table and placed a hand upon mine. "It's what I'm concerned about. Do you have that issue regularly? I'd hate to think me hitting you has caused a problem."

This was what she was worried about? Not the fact that I'd cum in the first place but that I'd cum so quickly. Was she serious? Mom giving me her first hand-job. How was I expected to last any longer?

"Um, I don't know," I admitted. "I mean last night was just a bit different."

"Oh, I know, of course," she took back her hand and cupped her coffee mug before taking another sip. "Well I think my hands are suitably warm, shall we get started?"

"You're seriously going to put it on me again?" I asked, disbelief overriding reality.

"Well of course Honey," she smiled. "Can't expect YOU to do it correctly, can I?"

I was up and around her side of the table before she'd even placed down her mug and she noted my enthusiasm with a chuckle.

"Now let's get these down," she said, undoing the draw string of my track pants. My trunks pulled down to my knees with my pants, my flaccid penis came into view and Mom took a moment to peek before she reached for the aloe. Her fingers scooping a decent amount from the container, she turned back to my groin and wasted no time in reaching for my balls.

The cream cold, I felt my testicles retract somewhat as her fingers connected. With her other hand she lifted my cock to fully access my scrotum and it was then I began to swell.

"Oop, here we go again," she smiled up at me and I thought she'd never appeared so beautiful. Well possibly when her face was streaked with my seed, but still, she looked good. "Hey Mister!" She sounded surprised. "We're you just looking down my top?"

I hadn't. I'd been simply admiring her face but sensing she wanted me to comply, I said I had.

"You have really nice boobs is all," I admitted and her smile broadened.

"Oh really! Is that what you think?" She laughed. "Well I don't think a boy should be looking at his mother's breasts."

Her hand had brought me to a full erection and she was concentrating more on applying the cream to my length than the testicles she was so concerned about prior.

"I don't know," I challenged. "I mean it's only fair, you've seen pretty much all of me."

"Oh, is that right!?" She removed her hand from my cock and for an instant I thought I'd overstepped the boundary. She instead reached again for the cream before pausing and looking back at me. "Do you really want to see them?" She asked seeming surprised and I managed a nod.

She didn't even take the time to think twice, reaching up and scooping one then the other breast from her top and bra, exposing her tits obscenely. I got harder! And she noticed.

"Oh, look at you," she laughed at the twitching of my cock before she once more obtained more cream. "I'm nearly out," she observed, lathering the cream again into my cock and balls. It was now I was thankful I'd jerked off in the shower. Her tits out, legs spread wide in that I could see the mound of pussy in her athletic tights, and her hand essentially jerking me off, I would surely have cum just as quickly as the night before. Not now. Now I was ready for the long haul. If she wanted me to cum again, she'd have to work for it.

No longer feigning any therapeutic massage, Mom furiously beat her hand along my length, a determined look on her face, even biting her lip. "Does that feel any better Darling?" She looked up into my eyes.

"It feels so good Mom," I admitted, wanting to tell her I loved her for it. For everything.

"Do you think you'll..."

I knew she wanted to say 'cum,' but couldn't bring herself to say the word.

"No," I shook my head and to my surprise, she looked disappointed.

"Oh," she was clearly shocked. "Am I doing it wrong?"

"Oh no. No way," I quickly reassured her. "It's just maybe I need a little more... I don't know, stimulus?"

She frowned and looked down at her boobs, her nipples so hard.

"Well, I want to make sure you're working correctly down there," she stated. "Is there anything else I can do to help you?"

She'd opened Pandora's box.

"I mean," I sheepishly ventured. "If it'd be okay. Only if you want to. Maybe I could see your...your," I looked down between her legs and she immediately understood what I wanted.

"Oh! You want to see my vagina?" She exclaimed; no offense discernible in her articulation.

I nodded my assent and she was quick to comply. Her hands taken from my cock, she rose before me and took hold of the high waist band of her leggings. In one sweeping movement, they slid down her thighs revealing she wore no panties beneath. Even from my perspective I could see the wetness that had saturated her gusset and the scent of a woman wafted up as she once more stood straight in front of me. "I suppose it can't hurt," she almost whispered. "A boy seeing his mother naked."

My cock was barely inches from her dark tuft of pubic hair, pristinely manicured into a perfect triangle. Both of us with pants around our knees, we stood silent, looking in each other's eyes seemingly for a direction on what to do next. I took it upon myself.

"Mom."

"Yes Darling?"

"Can I?"

"Oh, God yes," she stated her approval to seemingly anything I'd suggested. I wondered what she thought I'd had in mind before I leaned in to kiss her. Had she expected me just to touch her? To get to my knees and bury my face in her vagina? To fuck her without any foreplay? Believe me I wanted to. My base instinct was to go down and stick my tongue into her without a second thought. But the son in me wanted to love her. And what better way of admitting

a son's love for his mother than a kiss? A kiss upon the lips. And that is what I did.

She let out the slightest of gasps as my body pressed into hers. My cock met her belly and pushed into the softness of her skin. As my lips descended, her own slightly parted and before our connection I saw her close her eyes. And then our kiss. I'd kissed my fair share of girls. Never a woman. And then it hit me. As her tongue entered my mouth. How many men had kissed their mother like this? I was of a rare few. So fortunate. I could feel pre-cum leaking from me and my cock slid against her as we drew ever closer. Her hands were on my ribs, caressing me through the t-shirt but it wasn't enough for her. She clasped the material and dragged it up my torso, breaking our kiss only momentarily as she lifted it above my head and discarded the unnecessary item. Her own top and bra quickly to follow.

Back to her mouth, her tongue a whipping snake as it licked my lips, my chin. I grabbed a now unsupported boob and she moaned her approval as her fingernails raked my back and combed up into my hair.

"Oh, Baby yes," she hissed as I pinched her nipple. "Do everything."

I took a mile from the inch she offered and whilst simultaneously shuffling out of my pants, I left her mouth and descended on her free boob. Too long we'd been apart, my mouth and her nipple. Of course, no memory of her feeding me, but a primal understanding of the connection I had made. She felt it too. The pleased sigh as I once

more sucked at her teet, swapping to lavish the other with the same treatment, kissing and nibbling upon her swollen nipples.

But I needed more sustenance. Only one thing could satisfy my hunger that morning and with her hand in my hair pushing my head ever lower, she knew what food was her son's favorite. I kissed her belly on my way downwards. I met a lawn of public hair into which I buried my nose, inhaling her as my mouth finally connected with her dripping sex. A rich flavor of woman. An aroused and sweaty cunt that flowed freely with a fine mature wine. I savored her strong taste, filling my mouth with her juices and swallowing her gift. My tongue lashed out and found clit, my lips soon to follow, nibbling and kissing much as I'd done her nipples, jaw sliding along her labia.

Her hands gripped my hair at the root and pulled me forcefully into her groin as she ground her pelvis into my face. "Yes, my good boy," she sighed. "Eat Momma's pie Baby."

I wanted to smile, even laugh at her label but my mouth was occupied, agape as my tongue fucked its way inside her body. Nose buried in her pubes, a mouthful of vagina, I could happily have stayed there but she had other ideas. I was wrenched from her groin and lifted to my feet, our mouths once more coming together as she lasciviously tasted herself on me, her tongue and mine dripping with saliva and cunt.

"Fuck me Honey," she almost begged and fell back upon the kitchen table, bringing her legs up for me to remove her leggings. Her Reeboks ripped from her feet without unlacing, I followed with her

pants, leaving her in only white ankle socks. And I was upon her. Guiding my cock between her slick folds, I found her vagina and entered. Slowly, I allowed my length to penetrate her cave, her walls accommodating my size, clasping me like a hand in glove. I pulled her up from her elbows and her breasts met my bare chest, our lips together once more.

"I love you," I breathed out into her mouth and I felt her vaginal walls tense around my cock. She needn't say it back. Her action was love enough.

And like that I fucked her. On the kitchen table. Where we'd eaten countless meals. Family dinners. No memory of thanksgiving or Christmas would ever compare to this. Mother and son, fucking like newlyweds. Coffee spilled from my cup as the table moved with every thrust, but we cared not. She arched her back and I was again on her tits. Her ample boobs that I'd admired from afar as she ran bases, now lavished with kisses as they deserved to be.

"Oh God," she moaned as she brought my mouth once more to hers. "Grab my ass," she insisted and I went one better. Kicking a chair out beside me, I clutched both of her cheeks and lifted her from the table, setting down with her now atop me. She took to the position with gusto, taking charge of the insertion, slamming her groin down onto my pelvis. Leaving a hand upon her ass, I pulled her body to me and we were as close as two people could get, her breasts smushed into my chest and I made my confession.

"I have to cum," I looked into her lazy eyes and I'd never seen her look so proud.

"Do you Baby?" She hummed, her hips ever bucking on my cock. "Are you going to cum in me my baby?"

"Yes," I gasped, fighting back the ever-increasing urge.

"You gonna cum in Mommy?" She panted. "Cum in Mommy's pussy?"

"Oh, fuck yes Mom," I cried. "I'm gonna cum. I'm gonna cum," I repeated, thrusting my groin into her each time she descended. With an arm around my neck, she reached back with the other and took hold of my hand on her ass, guiding my fingers between her cheeks. Knowing full well what she wanted, I found her asshole and tentatively entered before she forcefully pushed my middle finger inside herself.

Her mouth fell open as she was double penetrated, triple as my tongue entered her gaping maw. She stopped moving for a moment, her breath held before I felt her vagina squeeze around my cock, her anus twitch around my finger. And then she was slumped against me, her body shaking as I in turn felt her orgasm surge through her frame, from her brain to her sex and back. She bit down on my tongue and feeling my cock through the walls of her ass, I thrust up into her.

It was all it took, and I was cumming. Her orgasm ending as mine began. I gasped my pleasure and she kissed me. My mouth, my cheeks. "I can feel it Baby," she beamed as she kissed my eyelids, my forehead. Spurt after spurt of cum released from me. Amazed I could produce so much so soon, yet not surprised in the slightest. It was her. She was the source of my lust. Every ounce of cum I would ever produce was now for her, dedicated to her, and I swore I'd never love another.

We hugged for what seemed hours. My cock hard inside her, cum leaking to the chair below. We kissed and caressed each other and again we fucked. The kitchen smelling of sex and cum until we finally made it to her bathroom.

The water falling upon our bodies, she took me in her mouth and before my eyes, swallowed my cum. Rising with a mischievous grin I took her in my arms and told her I loved her for it, for everything, and she giggled.

"What?" I joined her mirth, hugging her close and kissing her.

"Nothing," she smiled. "Just. I never even did that with your father," she admitted.

Once more further revelations about their romance. I found it didn't trouble me, hearing about my parent's sex life. I loved my father, my mother even more so. A part of me felt I was simply continuing on

his part in her life. He'd passed the baton to me and I was taking it with honor.

I shook my head at her honesty, smiling at how comfortable she'd become talking to me.

"I want to know everything about you," I kissed her. "I want to do everything with you."

She returned my kiss, her tongue playing with mine as she began to grind her pussy against my leg.

"Everything?" She cheekily challenged.

"Anything and everything," I reiterated.

"Even something your father would never give me?" She mysteriously asked. "No matter how much I begged?"

I leaned back dumbfounded, imagining her begging, for what? "I promise," I pledged.

Breaking from my arms, she turned her back to me and reached for the bottle of soap, pumping a large amount into her palm. With her eyes watching my reaction over her shoulder, she pushed her ass out and lathered the soap between her cheeks, leaving little doubt as to

what she wanted. My cock responded, standing proud once more as it readied for duty. "Oh God," I sighed as she spread her cheeks and revealed her lubed asshole ready for my attention. "Really?"

She responded with her alluring giggle, sliding a finger around her winking sphincter.

"Batter up Baby!" She laughed.

THE END