

NO MONKEY BUSINESS: WEEK 02

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Mom wants my cum. And maybe my cock.

Incest/Taboo

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When I woke up on Saturday morning the house was silent and mom was nowhere to be found.

It was a week since she had called me into her room and asked me for a little favor. I was heading to college imminently and mom was scared. For eighteen years I had been her closest and, as far as I knew, her only friend. Now I would be leaving. There would be a son-shaped hole in her life, one she intended to fill by having a second child.

The flaw in mom's plan was that it was a minor miracle that any man had gotten close enough to get her pregnant the first time, a second miracle seemed unlikely. Below clothes that the Founding Fathers would have called frumpy was the body of an angel. But mom's face, the only part of her that she ever showed the outside world, was, well, not so angelic. Although you might see something like it if you went to church, most likely on those gargoyles they have up near the roof.

Given that, it was no surprise to me that mom's online pleas for a man to impregnate her went unanswered. And so she turned to me. My mom had asked me to be involved in the process, if you catch my drift. She wanted me to help her get pregnant, if you see what I mean. She wanted to fill that son-shaped hole in her life by having her son fill her hole, if you grasp my meaning.

I had agreed, albeit reluctantly, to donate my sperm to mom twice a day for the two weeks before I left for college. Obviously we couldn't have sex. That would be incest, which is just plain terrible. Instead, mom wanted me to masturbate to the point of no return, guide my cock inside of her with the precision of a bored gynecologist, wait a few seconds to finish, then withdraw and go back to whatever it was I was doing before the minor inconvenience of cumming inside my mother. That would totally not be incest. Everyone's a winner.

Problems had arisen almost from the start. One of the cardinal rules of our arrangement was There Shalt Be No Thrusting. Thrusting was tantamount to sex in mom's eyes, and like I said, we totally weren't having sex. Now, mom's pussy was the first that my cock ever had the pleasure of being inside. It was warm, it was tight, it was oh so very wet. But simply chilling out inside it wasn't quite enough to cause my orgasm to spontaneously burst forth, no matter how close I was when I entered. We came up with various work-arounds to this: jerking into my hand with just the head inside mom, thrusting myself against mom's heavenly ass or over her pussy, or even using her panties as a barrier to stop my cock going more than a few inches inside her. As the saying goes: if it's only a few inches, then you can't call it incest! At least, I think that's a saying.

The previous morning mom had decided that thrusting your penis inside a woman's vagina really isn't the same as sex, when you get right down to it. At least, not if you only thrust a few times. In the interests of maximizing her chance of conception she had decided to allow just a handful of thrusts inside her when I was about to cum. How many thrusts constitute a handful was a question we had strived to answer the previous night inside the stall of a gas station's public bathroom. Then outside the stall. Then in the back of my car. We didn't seem to have a definitive answer yet, and I

was looking forward to studying the problem in greater detail today. Except, as I said way up there, mom was nowhere to be found.

Our house was comfortable but not exactly huge. There were two bedrooms upstairs; mom's had an attached bathroom and there was a separate bathroom that I used. Downstairs there was a large kitchen, a medium lounge, and a small laundry room with a door leading to our modest back yard. With so few rooms to search it didn't take me long to check them all and confirm that I was indeed alone in the house.

It wasn't even eight o'clock yet, so I couldn't fathom where mom would be. I returned to my room to don a t-shirt and some shorts that were more respectable than the boxers I had been wandering the house in, then went back downstairs and headed out of the front door. Mom wasn't in our front yard, but her car was. I wandered over to the road and looked up and down it. Still there was no sight of mom, though I did see our neighbor Mr Brownling mowing his lawn across the way. I raised my hand in greeting but he ignored me. The houses down our road were carefully spaced so no two were directly opposite each other, as if they were all embarrassed about the prospect of making eye contact with another house.

I hung around in the yard for another minute, but there was a chill in the air at this time in the morning in early fall, so I soon headed back inside and sat myself down at the kitchen table. To be honest I didn't know whether to be worried or not. I'd never known mom to go on early morning walks, but then I wasn't exactly an early morning person. Maybe this was normal for her and I'd just managed to miss it until now. But part of me worried that it was something more serious. Our session the previous night had been intense. Far more intense than earlier ones, in fact. I felt like we had started to cross some line. This wasn't just a son harmlessly jerking off to cum inside his mom anymore, it was in danger of getting weird.

What if mom thought we'd gone too far and hated me for it? What if she hated herself for it? What if she'd woken up and fled the house never to return? What if she hated herself so much she was going to take her own life? What if she hated *me* so much that she was just out there finding some sharp implement in order to come back and take *my* life? What if-

"Steven! You up yet, honey? I'm home!"

I heard the front door click shut then mom walked into the kitchen, acting as if nothing at all was the matter.

"Mom!" I said, my emotions feeling like someone had taken all the characters from *Inside Out* and thrown them in a blender. "What's the matter?"

Mom just frowned at me. "Nothing at all," she said. "We were out of milk. I just walked over to the store to get some." She held up her hand to show me the half gallon jug of milk she was holding. I felt tension ebb from my body and rubbed my face to restore some sanity to the brain behind it. Mom was busy getting out breakfast supplies and didn't seem to notice my reaction as she continued talking. "I saw Mr Brownling on my way home, mowing his lawn. I stopped to have a chat but he didn't seem interested."

Given how introverted mom normally was I was impressed that she'd tried to talk to our curmudgeonly neighbor. "Isn't there some law against using a lawnmower at this time in the morning at the weekend?" I asked. Mr Brownling's house was far enough away to make the sound of his mowing too quiet to be really annoying, but also too loud to ignore completely.

Mom turned to face me and tapped her chin as if pondering this deeply. "No," she said at last, "not quite. I think the closest thing in this state is one of those weird old laws that's never been replaced. You know, you can mow your lawn first thing in the morning as long as you're not riding on the back of a bear."

I laughed. "Ah, one of those. You can only eat three slices of pizza at one sitting unless you have written permission from the Pope."

Now mom laughed. "You can only buy a toothbrush on Sunday if you don't buy toothpaste at the same time."

I tried to think of another one but mom beat me to it. "No sex in the back of the car unless both people are wearing a seatbelt." Mom cast her eyes down slightly and a pink tinge appeared in her cheeks. "Whoops," she added softly.

I felt my own cheeks heating up. I didn't know what was weirder: the fact that I was now having amazingly erotic sessions with my mom twice a day and losing enough cum inside her to fill the milk jug on the table, or the fact that when we weren't in the throes of one of these sessions I became embarrassed talking about them.

Mom clearly had the same issue as her cheeks were in no rush to lose their color. She turned on her heel and took the milk to the fridge and resumed getting breakfast ready. I stood up and helped, partly because I wanted to distract myself and partly because I was famished.

With two of us working on it, breakfast soon materialised and we dug into it with gusto. The food vanished from our plates in a fraction of the time it had taken to appear, leaving mom and me to nurse our glasses of orange juice. "So," said mom after a few minutes, "it's been a week."

This had been on my mind since the previous night, but it hadn't occurred to me that mom would be as aware of the time as I was. In a week I'd be leaving for college, and either mom would be pregnant or... well, I didn't really know if she had a backup plan. Maybe she would follow me to college and continue our sessions until she had a child in her belly. But no, mom had made it clear that she wanted me to live my life. It would be difficult to enjoy a normal college life if my mom was loitering nearby, constantly trying to squeeze in a clandestine session of me cumming inside her. Pleasurable? Absolutely. Normal? Alas not. Lost in these thoughts I almost didn't hear mom carry on.

"One more week to go," she said. "You still happy to help me out?"

I nodded enthusiastically, eliciting a smile from mom. "Of course, mom! I love you, you know I'd do anything to help you." That made mom smile even more and look down shyly. On more than one occasion mom had seemed to get even more pleasure from our sessions than I had. In terms of number of orgasms we'd had I figured we were probably drawn level. And yet seeing her face light up and knowing that I made mom happy felt good in a whole different way to all those orgasms.

"Well then," she said, looking back at me. "Wanna come to my room and do me a favor?"

The reference wasn't lost on me. Nor was it lost on my cock, which stiffened in my shorts. I drained my orange juice and stood up before holding my hand out for mom. She took it and stood, and together we walked upstairs to mom's room.

Once there mom slowly started pulling down her jeans, revealing the light blue bikini briefs underneath. "The thing is, Steven," she said, "I want a baby. And I want you to help me get pregnant."

I pushed my shorts down my legs, trying to match mom's pace in disrobing despite feeling like tearing off both our clothes there and then. "So," I said, trying to remember my lines, "you want me to have sex with you?"

"Oh god, no, Steven!" she said, even as she pulled her panties down. I couldn't help but notice a dark patch on her underwear where they had been against her pussy. "Nothing like that." I pushed my own boxers off then, my cock being pulled downwards with them until it twanged free and pointed up and outwards. Mom licked her lips then continued. "No, obviously we can't have sex." Mom tore her gaze from my cock in order to open her bedside drawer and grabbed the bottle of lube she kept there. She then sat on the edge of her bed, her glistening pussy level with its edge and her legs spread. I wasted no time in positioning myself between her legs, my cock jumping in time with my pulse as if it was trying to get away from me and go where it really wanted to be. "I figure you could just..." she poured some lube into her hand as she said this then tossed the bottle to one side and grabbed my cock in its place. As soon as she finished talking she began making long strokes up and down my engorged cock, pausing at the top of each stroke to rub her thumb over the tip. I let out a long, shaky breath at this, then remembered I was supposed to say something.

"Masturbate?" I said.

"Right," she said, and stroked a little more vigorously. "Until you're ready to..."

"Cum?" I supplied.

"Mmm," moaned mom, something of a variation from the script as I recalled it. "Then you can just stick it in, fill me up with this big, beautiful cock, give me your cum, make me yours."

"Oh fuck," I whispered. If mom was going to diverge from the previous Saturday's dialogue then so was I. Besides, the feelings of pleasure welling up from my cock were deserving of an oh fuck or two.

Mom brought her other hand up to gently caress my balls. A week's worth of orgasms had done wonders for my stamina, but mom seemed to be on a mission to make me cum. I was starting to think I wouldn't long at all when mom suddenly slowed her strokes down to a crawl.

"It must be hard," she said, rubbing her thumb agonizingly slowly over my cock head on the last word, "getting close enough to cum before sticking it inside me." I nodded. Something was definitely hard all right. Mom hadn't really teased me before this, our sessions had been almost frantic, the point being for me to cum inside mom and our horniness making that happen as quickly as possible. "Maybe if you just rub the tip against me," she said, then let out a low moan as she pulled me closer and rubbed the head of my cock up and down between the folds of her pussy, pressing against her clitoris with the tip as she did so. Every few strokes she would push her hips forward at the right moment to let the head of my cock slide between her folds and into her pussy. It was slow, heavenly torture, and it was working. I felt a glowing tingle deep in my abdomen as a slow burning orgasm started to build. I already knew it was going to feel incredible, but I didn't want to get there alone.

"It's not working, is it?" I said. Mom looked at me, confused. We both knew it was very much working. I pulled my hips back slightly. Mom never let go of my cock but it did slip away from her pussy. She looked down at my cock in surprise, then pouted up at me. I carried on before she got too upset. "I suppose I could touch you if it's not a sexual thing," I said. "What if I put my hand here while I masturbate?" As I said this I moved my hand down to mom's pussy and located her clit with my middle fingertip. Mom let out an appreciative little coo.

"Okay," she managed to say in a breathy voice, then started stroking my cock again, picking up the pace as my own finger started to move back and forth over her clit. Avoiding each other's arms was a little awkward but the pleasure we were both feeling made it hard to worry about such details. Mom tried to keep up her trick of running a thumb over my cock's head periodically, but the distraction of my finger on her clit soon made her forget about that and she stuck to just frantically jerking my cock. She soon closed her eyes and tilted her head back, a grimace of pleasure on her features. I regarded her face and, not for the first time in the past week, I reflected on how, to me, it had transformed without changing. Mom hadn't magically become beautiful, not objectively and not subjectively. But with each of our sessions she had become ever more sexy, and somewhere along the line that had become much more important to me.

"Oh god, mom," I managed to say. "Are you close?"

"Yes, Steven," she groaned, even as I felt the cum rising in me.

"Oh fuck, mom! Put it inside!"

In the event mom merely released my cock and I was the one who moved my hand from her clit in order to grab my cock and guide it into mom's waiting pussy. I slammed my hips forward as soon as my hand was clear, and mom tensed up as my cock filled her, crying out a series of little 'ooh's.

I could have stayed perfectly still and cum just then. Mom hadn't brought me to the edge with her hand, she'd tossed me right over it. But what was the point of having new rules if I wasn't going to test their boundaries?

Even as mom started to experience her orgasm I pulled my cock back and then sank it once more into her. Mom's little 'ooh's became somewhat bigger 'ahh's as I repeated the maneuver a couple more times. That was all I could manage though as at that point my own orgasm hit. I'd heard of toe curling orgasms before - the good kind not the embarrassing kind - and thought it was a quaint figure of speech. Not so any more. My toes curled down into mom's carpet as the rest of my body started to tremble with the pleasure emanating from the base of my cock. Maybe I should have roared or bellowed, but at that precise moment I was silent, the breath catching in my throat and rendering me quieter than I had been since we started. The pleasure built and yet, weirdly, the cum didn't follow. For a second, some part of me wondered what would happen if I orgasmed inside mom without actually cumming. Would we repeat our morning session, affording me three glorious orgasms with mom today?

The question became academic even as these half formed thoughts dashed through my mind. The intense feeling of pleasure in my cock grew until it felt like a physical pressure trying to escape. And then whatever dam had been holding back my cum burst. It felt almost like an explosion in my cock. Without any conscious thought from me my hips jerked so hard that I almost pulled my cock clean out of mom. Luckily I didn't as the next thing I knew, cum was jetting straight out of my cock and into mom. I could feel it rushing down the length of my cock, each burst like a new, smaller orgasm.

Clearly mom wasn't too far gone to be aware of what was going on. She raised her legs as I came, wrapping them around my waist and keeping our bodies locked together, and making encouraging noises.

I don't know how long my orgasm lasted. Probably longer than it felt like at the time, but shorter than it seems in retrospect. All I know is that all too soon the last dribble of cum seeped out of my cock. My legs were shaking and little grey dots floated before my eyes. I didn't trust my limbs to walk me out of there nor my vision to guide the way. So I pulled my cock out of mom, stepped to the side, and crashed down onto the bed beside her. She turned her head to look at me and smiled.

"You did good, hon," she said softly, and stroked my hair. "Why don't you have a nap now. I think you need one."

It was sweet of mom to suggest that, but my whole body was still coming down from that orgasm and I knew sleep wouldn't be possible any time soon.

That turned out not to be entirely accurate. A few seconds later I felt mom's weight shift on the bed and her lips press gently against my cheek. That's the last thing I remember before sleep took me once more.

I awoke feeling groggy and thirsty. I was still laid on mom's bed, but I had shifted around a bit. At some point while I'd slept either I'd pulled some of mom's comforter over me or mom had covered me up a bit. Whoever had done it, I felt nice and cozy. I also felt lazy. Mom's digital clock told me it was afternoon already, and my stomach confirmed it was about time for lunch. Tempting though it was to stay there wrapped up in the warm covers, I forced myself to roll out of bed.

I pulled my boxers and shorts back on and headed downstairs. Mom was in the kitchen, fully dressed once again. "Hey there, sleepy head," she said when she saw me walk in. "I'm rustling up some sandwiches for lunch. That okay?"

"Great, mom," I said, shuffling over to the coffee machine and pouring myself a large helping. I sipped at the scalding liquid, risking a burnt tongue in order to get that sweet, sweet caffeine inside my system. It seemed to work at once, and I started feeling like a human being again. When the sandwiches were ready I ate my fill, fully restoring my humanity in the process.

"Mm mm mmm," I said as I swallowed the last of my lunch. "That was delicious. Thanks, mom."

Mom looked down at the last bit of sandwich on her own plate then raised her eyebrow at me, probably wondering if I was being sarcastic. "Erm, thanks?" she said. "They were just sandwiches..."

"More like *grandwiches*!" I said, too enthusiastically. Mom looked skeptical. "More like sandwowches!" I tried. Mom just gave her head a little shake to warn me off any more attempts. I gave up. "Any plans for today, mom?"

Mom swallowed the last of her lunch and nodded. "Yep. Seeing Mr Brownling mowing his lawn reminded me that our back yard needs a bit of work. I got started on it this morning, I'm going to head back out there when we're done here."

I felt a little embarrassed about that. I usually helped mom out with gardening, but had managed to sleep through her work that morning. "I'll help, then," I said.

Mom shook her head. "Not so fast, mister. You're leaving for college in a week, right?" I nodded. "And how is packing going?"

"Oh you know," I said, taking a sudden interest in a breadcrumb on my plate. "I know what I'm taking to college." That was sort of true. "And I've got some boxes ready." It was certainly true I owned boxes, albeit ones that were full of other stuff at the moment. "I just have to put the stuff in the boxes." That last sentence was one hundred per cent true. Except for the word 'just'.

Mom knew me too well to believe me, but also knew I would get my packing done before the last minute. "How very organized," she said. "In that case I'll carry on in the garden while you just put those carefully itemized things in those handily prepared boxes of yours." She smiled at me sweetly. I knew when I was beat and so, once the dishes from lunch had been washed, I slunk upstairs to my room while mom returned to our back yard.

Packing a few boxes for college somehow managed to simultaneously take both more and less time than I'd expected it to. Finding a couple of boxes was easy. Emptying their contents into a Jenga-esque heap in the bottom of my closet was the work of a moment. Tidying up those same contents when that Jenga-esque heap inevitably collapsed and spilled stuff all over my bedroom floor took rather more time. And figuring out what I actually wanted to take with me to college took most of the afternoon.

I didn't consider myself to be someone who owned a lot of stuff. There was the crappy computer that my grandparents had bought for me years ago but that still worked well enough. There was the modest collection of second hand books. The even more modest collection of films and music. A few childhood toys that I wasn't going to throw away but also wasn't going to take to college with me. I had a small but varied collection of clothes. And not much else. By the time it started to get dark in the early evening I'd filled a couple of boxes, emptied them again, then refilled one of them. I figured the other box could be used for food supplies and some kitchen stuff. I had a separate bag for my clothes. I was pretty pleased with myself.

Since I'd been successful in my day's work, I knelt on my bed to peer out of the window and see how mom was getting on with hers. Our back yard wasn't huge but, as mom had said, it needed some work. In the ever-decreasing light I could see that she had raked up all the leaves into a couple of piles, and made a pretty decent job of weeding the flower beds around the edge of the yard. At present she was pottering about near our garden shed, though I couldn't see what she was up to.

Packing my stuff for college had tired me out pretty effectively, but I suspected mom would be even more tired. She was the one doing the more physical labor. Also she hadn't had a nap in the morning. I decided to be a good son and go help her out. It also may have occurred to me that it was nearly dark and mom would have to stop soon, so I could get brownie points for helping mom while not actually having to work for too long. I slipped on a sweater and some old jeans - clothes more suited for gardening in the chilly evening air - and headed downstairs. We had a light outside that, in theory, would illuminate the back yard pretty well. In practice the bulb had broken years ago and neither mom nor I had replaced it. Instead I flicked on the kitchen light. The kitchen window looked out onto the back yard so the light would provide some modicum of illumination. That done I passed through our small laundry room and out through the back door.

"Hey, mom" I said once I emerged. In the few minutes it had taken me to get changed and get outside, the darkness had really swept in. Mom was kneeling by the side of the shed, attacking some creeping plants with a short tool, but I could only see her because she was illuminated by the

light spilling out from the kitchen. Mom's eyes must have adjusted better to the dark. Or maybe she was just determined to finish whatever it was she was doing before wrapping things up.

"Heya," said mom, looking up at me. "Finish putting those things in those boxes?"

I nodded, "Sure have. I thought I'd come out here and help you now."

"Thanks," she said. "Why don't you get down here and hack at this creepy green thing, and I'll start putting stuff away?" She got to her feet as she said this, stretching her arms up and arching her back in the process. She was wearing some torn old jeans and a light cardigan over one of her baggy jumpers, but now I knew what was hiding under her clothes it was hard not to see the slight hints of curves that her stretch showed off. All too soon she lowered her arms and held the garden tool in her hand out to me then passed over the garden gloves she had been wearing.

"Right you are," I said, taking the items from her and getting down on my knees by the shed where she had been. The offending plant had been trying to burrow down between the shed and the ground. It was not the world's greatest shed to begin with and really didn't need its structural integrity being compromised by an overly curious plant. The shed was narrow but quite long, and the plant seemed to be growing along its entire length. Fortunately for me mom had hacked most of the plant away from the shed, leaving only a couple of feet left to disengage. It would be but a moment's work, I figured.

I don't know how many moments there are in a minute, but there are definitely enough to make a mockery of my estimate of how long getting rid of the plant would take. Mom had finished putting everything away and was clearly loitering while I built up a sweat trying to disengage the plant from the old wooden shed. There had to be a knack to it, I thought, but no approach seemed to work better than any other, which is to say not very well at all.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity but was probably more like twenty minutes, I yanked the last bit of greenery off the shed's side and tossed it on the minuscule pile behind me. I stood then and stretched out, half way through the motion before realizing I was precisely copying mom's motion from earlier. As that thought occurred to me I lowered my arms and glanced around. Mom was nowhere to be seen in the back yard, but nor had I noticed her go back into the house. It was, admittedly, possible that she'd gone back inside without me noticing. I'd been a little distracted during my battle with nature. Mostly I'd been distracted by trying to come up with ever more inventive insults to use against the plant. I'd heard that some people said nice things to their plants to make them grow better. It stood to reason that hurling obscenities at the thing growing on the shed might make it easier to destroy. It didn't seem to work, but more to the point I had no idea where mom was.

"Mom?" I called out to the back yard, not really expecting a response.

"In here," came the muffled reply from inside the shed. With hindsight that was obviously where mom was. I walked around to the front of the shed and peeked in. The light spilling out of the kitchen fell at an oblique angle through the shed's doorway, only just taking the edge off the pitch blackness within. I couldn't see mom inside the embarrassingly cluttered shed, but then I couldn't see much of anything in there.

"Mom?" I tried again, taking a few tentative steps into the shed. There were various garden tools and boxes of who-knows-what scattered around the shed, making it a minefield in the dark. I let my eyes adjust a little then took a few more steps inside. I was about to call out again when a slow

creak sounded behind me, and the little light that had been spilling into the interior of the shed was cut off. Someone had closed the shed's door.

I only had a moment to come to that realization before I felt that someone press themselves up against my back. A pair of hands encircled my chest and then slid down my front before making quick work of the buttons on my jeans. I let out a soft gasp as my jeans and underwear were pushed down to my thighs then mom's cool hand wrapped around my cock, slowly pumping it.

I sighed as my cock responded to the treatment, stiffening under mom's ministrations. Mom let out a quiet "Mmm" as she felt it happen.

Much as I was enjoying mom's hand on my cock, I did feel like her luring me into the shed then closing the door had been a cheap prank to scare me. I decided it was only fair to get my own back a little bit.

"Oh, god," I whispered softly. Mom let out another little moan and sped up her hand on my cock. "Oh that feels so good... Mr Brownling," I said, grinning to myself. Mom's hand froze on my cock as I said our neighbor's name, and I delighted in what I assumed to be mom's discomfiture, although mom stopping her handjob was less delightful. I pressed on with my advantage. "But we have to be quiet, Mr Brownling. My mom's around here somewhere and she must never know about our forbidden love."

There are some things about myself that I think must have come from my dad, whoever he was. But my sense of humor? That's all mom. Just as I was basking in my success at freaking out mom she resumed her handjob on my cock with gusto. "Don't worry, kid," she said in a gravelly voice that was impressive in how little it sounded like our neighbor. "I won't tell her if you don't." She gave my cock a little squeeze then carried on jerking me off. "After all, you've got such a lovely cock, and old man Brownling needs it in his old man butt."

"Jesus Christ, mom!" I said, hoisted by my own petard. The mental image was so mortifying that my cock actually flagged a bit despite mom's handiwork

"There is no mom. Only Brownling," said mom in her gravelly voice. It was an impression somewhat ruined by her breaking into giggles as soon as she'd said it.

I spun around to face mom, her hand losing its grip on my cock in the process. Once I'd turned around I realised that it wasn't as pitch black in the shed as I'd thought. Mom hadn't fully shut the shed door, so a trickle of light was coming in. Not enough to see anything clearly, but enough to make out silhouettes and glints here and there. I could see, for example, mom gently shaking with mirth. "Alright, I give up," I said. This didn't seem to stop mom's amusement so I reached around her and grabbed her ass to pull her against me. I was delighted to find that mom's jeans and underwear had vanished, and my hands rested on the cool skin of her behind. My erection sprung back into action, brushing against the soft curls of mom's pubic hair as it rose.

"Ooh, hello," said mom, breaking into a fresh burst of giggles as she felt my cock against her. I pulled her against me by her ass, the bottom of my cock now resting in her pubic hair while its tip nudged against her jumper-clad stomach. I leant my head forward, intending to capture mom's tongue with my own and stop her giggles. Unfortunately I misjudged just where her mouth was and instead of initiating an erotic make out session I just kind of slobbered on mom's cheek. Suffice to say she found this hilarious.

"Anywhere else you wanna lick?" she asked between laughs.

Inspired, I responded "Not yet." I then put my hands on her shoulders and gently pressed downwards. "But you could."

Mom got the hint and finally stopped giggling, even letting out a little coo as she sunk to her knees in front of me. As soon as she was down she cupped my balls with one hand and took my cock in her other hand, before slowly starting to lick the head. I ran my fingers into mom's hair but let her dictate the pace.

The pace she opted for would probably best be described as 'leisurely'. She worked her tongue around the tip of my cock for some time before finally encircling the head with her lips. Even then she kept her mouth still, only giving soft little strokes to my cock with her tongue. Slow it may have been, but that didn't stop it feeling astonishingly good. I groaned at the pleasure mom was giving me before murmuring "You're so fucking good at that, mom."

I could feel mom smiling around the end of my cock. And then, as if to prove that she wasn't a one-trick pony, she thrust her head forward and started bobbing her mouth up and down the length of my cock, her tongue pressing up against the underside as she did so. My hips twitched at the new sensations she was conjuring and my fingers tightened their grip on her head. I knew it would only take a few minutes for mom to elicit an orgasm from me at this rate. Part of me wanted to ignore our agreement, to keep fucking mom's face until the cum exploded into her mouth. A different part of me wanted something slightly different. The latter part of me won out.

I let her carry on for another half minute or so, then leant down and put my hands under mom's armpits and pulled her up. She seemed a bit put out to have her toy taken away, but stood up willingly enough. I then bent my knees just a little and maneuvered my cock in between mom's legs. Even with my cock coated in mom's warm saliva I could feel the warmth and wetness of mom's pussy as I slid my cock head over the folds around her opening. I tried to push upwards and enter her, but the angle was far too awkward. Luckily mom realised what I was trying to do and came to the rescue. Putting an arm around my neck for support she lifted one leg and grabbed my cock from me then guided it into her waiting pussy. We both let out lust-filled groans as we pushed our hips towards one another and the length of my cock vanished inside mom.

It was an awkward position, but mom threw her other arm around my neck and I grabbed her ass, which helped us avoid a potentially fatal and incredibly embarrassing fall onto some pointy garden equipment. We both then started making little thrusts with our hips which, between us, managed to actually generate some traction. For the first time since our arrangement had started, I really did feel like I was fucking my mom. My head spun at how good it felt. Up until then I'd only really been inside mom when I was about to cum, which obviously felt good in a whole different way. Having mom's tight wetness engulf me when I wasn't on the brink of an orgasm was something new, and something incredible.

I only had a few seconds to enjoy it, though. That was when mom breathlessly said, "You're gonna cum already?" The question was punctuated by the noise of our bodies slapping against one another with every thrust we made. Partly because of some vague sense of pride at my stamina and partly because I'm an idiot I responded honestly.

"No, not yet," I said. Mom groaned and raised herself up on the toes of the foot she still had on the ground. My cock slipped from her pussy and a shiver ran through my hips as the cool night air in the shed hit my thoroughly soaked manhood.

"Mom!" I gasped, and jerked my hips up, only to be rewarded by the feeling of my cock's head sliding fruitlessly against my mom's skin.

Mom dropped her other leg to the floor and took a small step back. Her arms dropped from my shoulders as she did so, then one of her hands took my cock. "Sorry, Steven, you know the rules," she said.

"Fuck the rules," I said, taking a small step towards mom. I was all too aware that the shed was dark and full of terrors, and a misstep in my exposed state of dress could be a disaster. That's the only reason I didn't immediately charge at mom. "I want you," I added.

Mom let out a frustrated little growl and started walking slowly backwards, pumping my cock just as slowly as she did so. "We can't," she said. "It wouldn't be right."

"Why wouldn't it?" I asked. Mom was making a beeline backwards for the shed door, to escape and freedom.

"It just wouldn't," she said. I don't think either of us was convinced by that particular argument. "I'm sorry, Steven," she said, "but I won't let you fuck me."

I was taken aback by that particular statement. Mom made it sound like I would try to force myself on her. Horny though I was, she knew I would never do that.

Even as I thought that, mom's path backwards curved away from the door, and she started leading me by the cock over to the side wall of the old wooden shed. How she was navigating past all the hazards while walking backwards in the dark I'll never know.

"I mean," she went on, "I might not be able to stop you. You are bigger and stronger than me." That was overstating matters somewhat. I was only a few inches taller than mom and in a fist fight I feel like she would have held her own. "I guess if you absolutely had to have me, there wouldn't be much I could do," she went on, sounding equal parts resigned and horny. She shuffled another half step backwards towards the shed wall. "If you just grabbed me and shoved me against the wall, what could I do?" she asked, rhetorically. "If you took your big cock and rammed it into my pussy, how could I stop you?" she wondered aloud. "If you fucked me right here, right now, until I came all over your dick then what would- AGH!" she said. I'd been preparing to help her answer all those rhetorical questions when mom bumped into the shed wall. And that was when she dropped my cock and gave the squeal.

"Mom?" I asked, concerned. "What happened?"

Mom moved away from the wall of the shed, forcing me back a step. "Fucking fuck fuck fuckity fuck," she said. It was a sentiment that, I felt, didn't entirely answer my question. In the almost non-existent light I could just make out her fiddling with something behind her. "There's a god-fucking-damned splinter," she finally said after a few moments of fiddling, "in my god-damned-fucking ass!" At the final word she wrenched something away from her ass and flung it into the deepest darkest corner of the shed. I never saw the splinter, but I gather it was a beast.

I stood there, hard cock pointing at my mom and mom muttering about the splinter's questionable parentage. I couldn't help it. I laughed.

Mom's glare was mercifully invisible in the gloom, but I could feel it. I should have wilted under it. Instead I laughed harder.

"Oh, think it's funny do you?" asked mom. I could hear the amusement in her voice now that the splinter had been vanquished.

"No," I managed to say just before emitting another snort of laughter.

"Uh huh," mom said. I could just make out her arms crossed over her chest.

"S-sorry, mom," I managed to get out once I'd regained my composure. "How can I make it up to you?"

"Too late now, kiddo," replied mom. "The damage is done." I could just about see mom moving one hand behind her and rubbing her presumably sore ass.

"Want me to kiss it better?" I asked, more to be cheeky than anything.

To my surprise mom seemed to consider it a moment, then said "Okay!" and span around so her back was facing me. I mean, I say her back was facing me. But it wasn't her back I was interested in.

I sunk to my knees just as mom had not so many minutes ago, and with a similar goal in mind. I ran my hands up the backs of mom's long, smooth legs until they reached the end of the line and I was cupping one of her glorious ass cheeks in each hand. The skin was cool and soft and just begging to be kissed. So kiss it I did.

I raised myself up a bit so I was face-to-ass with my mom and planted a long, gentle kiss on one of her butt cheeks.

"Better?" I asked when my lips were no longer occupied.

"Mmm", moaned mom softly. "No."

"Yeah, I thought s- wait what?" I said, taken aback.

"Wrong cheek," explained mom.

"Oh, right." I moved my head all the way to mom's other ass cheek and gave it the same treatment as its neighbor. "Better now?" I asked once I'd finished.

"Much," said mom.

"Anywhere else I need to kiss better?" I asked, trying to waggle my eyebrows suggestively. The gesture was doubly lost on mom since she did not have eyes in her ass and even if she did it was all but pitch black in that shed.

Mom chose not to respond with words but instead bent forward at the waist, using the shed's wall for support, and so presented me with her pussy. Even in the barely-existent light I could see it glistening with wetness. I tried to think of something witty to say about me not realizing that she had got a splinter there as well. Given that I'd had my cock inside her a few moments earlier I wasn't sure I wanted to go for 'Did you get a little prick there too?'

As it was I didn't get to say anything at all. Perhaps sensing my intent, mom reached behind her, grabbed my head, and pulled me face first into her pussy.

This was my first time going down on mom and I really did want to make a good impression. I knew I wasn't bad at oral. My ex-girlfriend Cassie had certainly enjoyed my ministrations. Sometimes I'd

felt like she enjoyed it a little too much. A technique I'd hit on early was spelling out letters with my tongue over her clit. The stimulation on her most sensitive spot was of course welcomed, but the slight unpredictably of my tongue's motion that came with the various letters was also an important part. An added bonus for me was that when my tongue was getting sore and I'd been eating out Cassie for so long that boredom was starting to strike, I could amuse myself by spelling out little hidden messages.

Faced with mom's pussy I may have been a little too eager to impress. I dove tongue first at mom's clit and started licking out letters like a journalist on a deadline. Within a few seconds I'd spelled out a novella. Given a couple of minutes I probably could have licked out half of *War and Peace*.

Fortunately for both of us mom stepped in. She reached behind her again and slid her fingers into my hair. "Easy," she murmured. "It's not a race."

I realised she was right and stopped my frantic tongue action. I took a deep breath, breathing in the heady aroma of mom's arousal, and then started again.

I stuck to my initial plan and started flicking my tongue over mom's clit once more, but this time I took my time about it. Mom sighed and then let out ever more aroused sounding moans as I varied the pace and pressure, but never let up.

"Oh shit," mom muttered after a few minutes of attention from my tongue. I took this as a good sign and kept it up, running my hands slowly up and down mom's legs as my tongue danced over her clit. "Oooh shit," was mom's reply and then she emitted an adorable little squeak. I felt her legs tense up and then tremble as an orgasm took her.

I knew Cassie had always needed a minute after the first orgasm before I could go down on her again. She was simply too sensitive for a while. Assuming that mom would be the same, I lightened the touch of my tongue and slowly started to move my head away.

Mom was not Cassie.

"Don't you dare stop," she said in a rush, reaching behind herself to grab my head and push it back between her legs. "Do it like earlier," she went on. "Make like it's a race!"

Far be it for me to disobey my mom. I went to town on her clit, lapping out the alphabet forwards and backwards, right side up and upside down. My tongue was a blur, and mom was loving it. Her hips rocked around, no longer under her complete control, and she let out a constant stream of sexy little moans, groans, and colorful language.

I wrapped one arm around the front of mom's thighs, not so much to hold her still as to help me move in time with her. The other arm I needed for myself. Mom's sound effects were getting to me, and my cock was begging for attention. As mom vocalized her way to a second orgasm I wrapped my hand around my dick and started pumping. If I'd been paying more attention I might have been surprised at how close I was to my own orgasm, but at that moment my focus was more on mom.

"Steven!" she managed to squeak out. "I'm gonna..." she said before her breath caught in her throat. "You're gonna make me..." she tried again, without any more success. At that point she stopped trying to talk. Actually it sounded like she'd stopped trying to breathe for a moment, and the only sounds in that shed were the obscene wet noises of tongue on clit and fist on cock.

Almost unheard, mom whispered out, "Gonna." And then go she did. I felt it in her legs first, a tremble that built to a shake, which in turn built up to something that I'd need to be a seismologist to describe. She made a noise somewhere between a stifled scream and an unstifled grunt as she came in earnest. My tongue was still a blur upon her clit, and my hand was working just as fast on my dick. I still had my other arm wrapped around mom's legs, keeping her close as she shook through her orgasm.

Finally mom's legs started to settle, and I loosened my grip on them. At the same time I slowed down my lapping at mom's clit, giving it a few gentle kisses before moving my head back. No longer distracted by mom's mighty orgasm I realised my own was imminent. I let go of my cock, not sure if I'd already passed the point of no return. Just as I was about to stand up in order to impale mom on my cock and perform my son-ly duty, mom decided to come to the mountain instead. She took a small, shaky step back, bumping ass first into my face and knocking me onto my ass. Then her legs seemed to give up altogether. Like a tree slowly falling in the forest, mom fell back onto me. I had enough support to stay sitting upright, so mom's ass slid down my front tugging at my jumper the whole way, until she settled in my lap, my pulsating cock tight between her legs.

"Mom," I said through gritted teeth, "you need to get it inside."

I wasn't entirely sure if mom had heard me. But then she reached between her legs and located my cock with her fingertips. Using her other hand on the floor for support, she lifted her hips a few inches, pushing my cock head towards her pussy. Just as it was about to slide inside, mom collapsed back down onto my lap. My cock head slid between her pussy lips but didn't quite manage to enter her.

"Oh god," I muttered as my cock twitched. Mom must have realised how close I was as she repeated the maneuver, lifting up her hips and trying to shove my cock inside her.

"Unggh", I said, or words to that effect, as the same thing happened, and my cock didn't quite penetrate mom. I wasn't just close anymore. I could feel my orgasm starting. A few more seconds and I'd be cumming, whether I was inside mom or not.

If we'd been on a nice big bed I could have rolled mom over and taken matters into my own hands. But we weren't on a bed, we were sat on a nearly pitch-black shed floor. There was probably an open can of paint stripper to one side of us and a chainsaw with a hair trigger to the other side. Not that we owned a chainsaw, but you get the point.

I clenched my jaw and my fists, willing my orgasm to hold on just a few more seconds. Mom used those seconds wisely, lifting up for a third and final time and finally shoving my cock head inside her waiting pussy.

The cum started jetting out of me even as mom slid down my cock and back onto my lap. I wrapped my arms around her midriff, holding on tight and jerking my hips up in sporadic little bursts as the pleasure spread through me. Mom just leant back into me, making little pleased sounding murmurs as the flow of cum slowed and then stopped.

We sat there like that for a minute, each of us getting our breath back and enjoying the come down from our orgasms. I'd like to say we stayed like that for longer, me holding mom and her feeling good in my arms. But not every situation can be quite as romantic as that.

"Fuck it's cold," I said after the aforementioned sixty seconds. Distracted by mom's pussy and warmed up by our activities, I hadn't noticed this fact before. But sat on the shed floor with my jeans around my knees, I was noticing it now. I felt mom's legs starting to shake against mine and this time I was pretty sure she was shivering from the cold and not some very belated orgasm.

"Yep," said mom. I waited for something else. A pithy observation or witty comment. Instead mom shifted on my lap, then said, "Lock the shed."

With that she got her feet under her, slowly lifted herself off my cock, then walked apace out of the shed. I heard the back door to the house open then click shut through the open shed door.

"Huh," I said to myself. And then I realized I was sat on a freezing shed floor with my cock out, late on a Saturday night "huh"ing to myself. "Fuck this," I muttered, and leapt up. I managed to get out of the shed without incident and high tailed it back to the warmth of the house. After locking the shed, of course.

Come Sunday morning I made my way to church, just like always.

Nah, I'm just kidding. I'd spent the past week basically fucking my mom. Do you really think I go to church?

No, come Sunday morning I got up late and went downstairs for breakfast. Just like always.

Mom wasn't in the kitchen so I took my bowl of cereal through to the living room. Mom wasn't there either. After her disappearing act the previous morning I wasn't too worried that I couldn't immediately find her. Instead I finished my breakfast, washed up, then headed upstairs to see if mom was in her room.

Surprisingly, mom was not only still in her room, she was still in her bed. I couldn't remember the last time I'd gotten up before her.

"Are you okay, mom?" I asked from her doorway. Mom was laying on her front under the bedcovers. Only the back of her head was visible.

"Ugh," she responded. "Too much gardening yesterday. Everything hurts."

I nodded at the back of mom's head. She had been out there on her hands and knees for most of the day. With hindsight she had somewhat overdone it.

"That sucks, mom," I said. "Do you want anything? Some breakfast? Coffee? Massage?" I turned, ready to head downstairs and grab the coffee that mom would definitely ask for.

"Ooh yeah," said mom, audibly perking up. "A massage sounds decadent. Do that one."

"Oh," I said, taken aback. I hadn't been serious and had no real clue how to give a massage. Still, how difficult could it be?

"There's some massage oil in the top drawer," said mom. The bedcovers flapped slightly and I assumed she was pointing at her bedside chest of drawers.

I walked over to the drawers and pulled the top one open. I have to admit I was a little bit curious about what would be in there. Lingerie? Sex toys? My birth certificate revealing that I was in fact the

bastard son of the King of Norway? More sex toys?

In the end the drawer was disappointing. There was no lingerie, no sex toys, no birth certificates. Just some pills, a half-read thriller novel, a small selection of bookmarks, and a couple of small plastic bottles. I grabbed one of the bottles and saw it was indeed massage oil. The bottle looked full, which wasn't that much of a surprise. I'm not sure who mom thought would be massaging her when she bought it, or who she would be massaging. Either way it looked like this would be the oil's maiden voyage.

I picked up the second bottle, which was noticeably less full, and realized that it was the lube that mom had been using occasionally in our escapades.

"Found it?" asked mom from the bed, breaking me out of my reverie.

"Yep!" I said, keeping both bottles in hand. I turned to the bed and folded the covers over to the side, revealing mom in all her pyjama-clad glory.

"Nice jim jams," I said, even though I had seen them before. In fact whenever I'd seen them recently mom's pyjama bottoms seemed to end up on the floor while I ended up balls deep inside mom. The thought of that had my cock stirring in my boxer shorts. I was only wearing them and a t-shirt since breakfast wasn't really a black tie event in our household.

"Oh, shush," said mom. "Do my back first, it's killing me."

I placed the two bottles on the bed next to mom then got up on the bed, straddling the backs of mom's thighs. A little bit of skin was peeking out from the gap between mom's pyjama bottoms and the top half, so I dribbled a little bit of oil there then gently placed my hands on it and started to push upwards. Mom's pyjama top bunched up as I pushed, but she was laying on her front, stopping the fabric from moving far. I'd exposed about half of mom's back when the fabric grew taut and I couldn't push my hands any higher.

"Uh, mom," I said. "Your top."

"What about it?" she asked innocently.

"It's in the way. You need to take it off."

"But I'm not wearing anything underneath it," she said, though I had in fact figured that out for myself.

"And?" I said, not sure when mom had gotten shy.

"It's not the kind of thing a son should see," she went on. "I wouldn't want you to feel uncomfortable."

I realised belatedly that mom was indulging in a little role play. Although the role she was playing was my mom, so I'm not sure if it really counts. "I'll be alright, mom," I said, sounding as put upon as I could. "I won't peek."

"Well okay then," she said. I scooted back and lifted myself onto my knees as mom raised herself up into what I could only describe as the doggy position. Entirely by accident on my part, but perhaps not on mom's part, she ended up with her ass bumping against my boxer shorts directly over my ever more interested cock.

"Whoops," said mom as she tried to undo the buttons on her pyjama top. She was in just about the worst position possible for doing it. She needed one hand on the bed to support her weight, leaving her only one hand to undo the buttons. Moreover she seemed to be having trouble keeping her balance. As she wrestled with the buttons on her top she kept wiggling around, grinding against my cock until it was fully erect inside my shorts.

"Here, let me help," I said, before putting my hands on mom's waist and holding her tightly.

"Thanks, sweetie," mom said. "That's much better." It wasn't clear whether she was talking about the extra stability she had now I was holding her, or the fact that as soon as I had hold of her hips I started rocking my hips, pushing the bulge in my boxer shorts against where her pussy was hiding within her pyjamas.

All too soon the last button gave up and mom flopped back down onto the bed leaving my cock tenting my boxers obscenely. She stuck her arms out behind her, the material of her pyjama top hanging loosely now it wasn't buttoned up. I pulled the top off and tossed it aside, leaving mom to fold her arms on the bed and rest her head on them.

Despite everything we'd done together, it wasn't lost on me that I'd yet to see mom naked. Or even topless. Since our first innocent session I'd become intimately familiar with her bottom half. Her shapely legs, round ass, and heavenly pussy were like old friends that I'd recognise anywhere. But while I'd groped her tits a few times and even slid my cock between them on one glorious, albeit dark, occasion, I hadn't actually seen them in the flesh. Nor had I seen the rest of her top half, for that matter.

Now, with her top off and her back facing me, I at least got a tease. Mom's breasts were squashed on the bed by her weight and their sides peeked out tantalizingly. Below them her torso narrowed to a trim waist before flaring out again, widening as it vanished down into her pyjama bottoms. There, I knew, mom's body kept on widening, turning into that bottom that my dreams were made of.

I took all this in, but what I really wanted to do with mom's body was touch it. Luckily that's why I was there.

For a while I did actually give mom an honest to goodness massage. Since this was my first ever attempt I was hesitant at first. But mom guided me through it, telling me when to apply more pressure, where to touch, when to use more oil, the works. After twenty minutes she had stopped giving advice and was just letting out occasional moans of delight as I worked on her back. I knew these were innocent noises of appreciation at the massage, but having elicited similar noises from her in far from innocent scenarios, it was difficult not to remain rather aroused throughout the massage.

After about half an hour I sat back on my haunches over mom's legs, pleased with my work. "Anywhere else need massaging?" I said. For once I was being innocent, but having said it I did realise how it sounded. I just hoped mom would take it the wrong way too.

"Well," replied mom, sounding hesitant. "My legs are sore too. But..."

"I can do them as well," I said quickly. "I'll just need to take these off." I gave her pyjama bottoms a gentle tug.

"Oh I don't know, Steven," said mom, back in her character of mom-who-isn't-almost-fucking-her-son. "I'm, er, I'm not wearing much underneath. I wouldn't want you to get grossed out."

"I'll be fine, mom. I-"

"Well okay," said mom before I could even come up with a nonsensical reason. She wiggled her bum, which I took to mean 'Pull off my pants'. I shuffled backwards a bit and lifted myself up onto my knees so I wasn't pinning mom's legs anymore. In return she lifted her hips up from the bed, raising her ass up in the air before me. I tucked my fingers into the waistband of her pyjama bottoms and slowly started to pull them down.

Her ass appeared first. I mean, you probably could have predicted that. It still took my breath away, and I had to focus on what I was doing or I would have just knelt there with mom's pyjama bottoms around the bottom of her ass for the immediate future. As they peeled down her thighs her pyjamas revealed her pussy lips, glistening in the bedroom light. It occurred to me that when mom had said she wasn't wearing much underneath she hadn't been kidding. Unless she was wearing some kneepads she was bare beneath her pants.

Eager to find out if I was right, I made short work of tugging mom's pyjama bottoms off the rest of the way. I had to hop off the end of the bed in the process to pull the bottoms over mom's feet. Once they were off I tossed them aside. Then I took in the sight of mom before me: naked, wet, and wanting my hands on her. I stepped up to the plate.

Or rather I shuffled onto the bed and resumed my massage, starting with mom's feet.

My first few touches provoked squeals from mom, who was more than a little ticklish when it came to her feet. But she started giving me tips again and before long mom was back to making her delighted little coos. I took my time over it, massaging mom's left leg from the tips of her toes and working upwards. I knew where I was headed of course. Mom's pussy was visibly soaked with arousal. As I moved up from her foot to her ankle, then from her ankle to her knee, mom was clearly struggling to contain herself. She was fidgeting ever more and her little noises of pleasure were increasingly interspersed with noises that definitely weren't so innocent.

That's not to say I wasn't properly massaging her still. Mom had been working hard the previous day and needed her muscles soothing. But that may not have been my main concern anymore as I reached her upper thighs and dug my fingers into the flesh there, letting the fingertips slide around each side of her leg.

I repeated the maneuver, letting my fingers roam higher each time. The hair around mom's pussy was trimmed short, yet the index finger on my right hand still managed to skim it without touching her pussy as I went round her thigh one last time.

"Oh god," mom whispered, perhaps readying herself for my next touch which, if I kept up the pattern, would finally bring my fingers into contact with her pussy.

I didn't keep up the pattern, and instead sat back. Mom wiggled her ass and let out a strangled sounding groan, then glanced back over her shoulder at me.

"You're stopping?" she asked. Although the look on her face suggested that what she meant was: "If you stop I will literally murder you."

"I'm just taking a break," I said. "It's a bit warm." I flapped the bottom of my t-shirt theatrically. It was true that I'd built up a bit of a sweat from massaging mom for the best part of an hour, but mostly I was just teasing her.

"Take your clothes off," said mom matter of factly. "I mean," she added, "you can take your top off if you're too hot. I won't be able to see."

"Thanks, mom" I said, before peeling my t-shirt off and tossing it aside.

"And your shorts too, if you're uncomfortable," said mom. "I won't peek."

"Well if you're sure," I said, and quickly pulled them off too, leaving me as naked as mom. Her promise not to peek was somewhat undermined by the way she was staring shamelessly at my erect cock, biting her lip. I pretended not to notice.

"Right," I said. "Where was I?"

"Oh god yes," said mom in a rush, before putting her head back down and spreading her legs slightly more. I'm no expert on body language, but I felt like she wanted something. I moved back up to where I'd been before stopping, between her thighs.

And then I wrapped my fingers around her right thigh, and resumed my massage. Mom let out a long moan as my fingers skimmed her pussy hair again, then a disappointed groan as I moved my hand down her leg slightly and continued.

"What're you doing?" she asked, sounding dangerously close to petulant.

"Massaging your leg," I responded, as I massaged her leg. "I've done the left one, now I'm doing the right one. I assume you used them both."

"Smart ass," muttered mom.

I grinned and kept up what I was doing, working my way down mom's right leg just as slowly as I'd worked up her left one. Mom's fidgeting didn't grow any less intense, if anything she became more restless beneath me. As I finally reached her right foot she was almost panting and a dark patch was growing on the bed beneath her pussy from her leaking juices. As I reached her toes she started to tense up, no doubt expecting this to be the end of the leg massage and the part where I touched her somewhere more important.

It was not the end of the leg massage. Once I'd finished with her right leg I knelt down between mom's outstretched feet. Mom murmured something too quiet to hear, though the note of desperation in her voice was still audible. I placed a hand on each of her calves and started to slowly work my way back up again. I wasn't quite so leisurely in my pace this time. An hour of running my hands over mom's naked body combined with her increasingly erotic sound effects and the sight of her dripping wet pussy had my own cock rock hard and crying out for attention.

I shuffled forwards on my knees up between mom's legs as my fingers gave her muscles one last going over. Once my knees drew level with hers, I stopped shuffling forwards and leant forward slightly, pressing my palms into the backs of mom's legs and rubbing my thumbs up her inner thighs. Mom's stream of little noises became ever more wanton as my hands inched closer to the tops of her legs, until finally they arrived. I gripped her legs at the point where they started giving way to her ass, and slowly ran the tips of my thumb up along the skin either side of her pussy.

"Ohh god, yes, there," said mom.

"Here?" I asked, running my thumbs back down, never quite touching her pussy. Mom trembled and wiggled her ass, trying to get my thumbs to make contact with her more sensitive spots, but I held firm and her efforts were in vain.

I repeated the motion a few more times, until I could feel the frustration emanating from mom just as plainly as I could feel the heat from her pussy. I decided to put mom out of her misery and, without warning, slid two of my fingers all the way inside her.

The effect was electric. Mom let out a cry and started thrusting her hips backwards against my fingers, fucking herself with all the traction she could muster in her position. I grabbed her ass with my free hand, using it for support while I fucked mom for all I was worth with my digits. My fingers were a wet blur as they slid in and out of mom. Apparently they hadn't come a moment too soon as within seconds of penetrating her, mom cried out "I'm cumming!" and her hips went from thrusting back against my fingers to spasming uncontrollably.

I didn't slow my digital assault on mom's pussy, and clearly she didn't want me to as even as her orgasm rippled through her she sent reinforcements. Shifting on the bed slightly, she shoved one of her hands down between her legs and started strumming her clit feverishly. "Cumming" she said again, stretching the word out in a long strangled voice. Whether she was announcing a second orgasm or just still enjoying the first one I couldn't tell. I don't think it really mattered.

"Oh god, I'm cumming," she said one last time, raising her hips up and shoving them back to bury my fingers in her up to the knuckle. With one final tremble she stopped playing with her clit and then collapsed back down onto the bed. I took the hint and drew my fingers out of her pussy, a copious volume of her juices coming out with them.

As mom slowly got her breath back I reached for the bottle of lube.

Despite all its uses the bottle was still over half full, so I used it to coat my dick liberally before popping the lid back on and tossing the bottle aside. Mom was still oblivious so I scooted forward until my cock was lined up with her pussy lips.

I put my hands on mom's waist, pushing her down into the bed and using her for support as I lowered my cock to her pussy. Mom finally seemed to rouse somewhat and started to glance back.

"Ohh fuck," we both whispered as I ever so carefully let the head of my cock slide between the folds of her pussy lips and enter her. And then I stopped.

"Is that your cock?" mom asked. I wasn't sure whether she thought it might be someone else's cock or whether she thought it was my fingers again. Both were evidently not true.

"It is," I responded.

"Are you close?" she asked, sounding horny and hopeful in equal measure.

"Not yet," I said, though truth be told I didn't know how much longer I was going to last.

"You know we can't fuck until you say you're close," she said. My cock twitched at her words. It was the first time either of us had called what we were doing fucking rather than 'a few thrusts to help me cum'.

"I know," I said. "It's just the tip."

"Just the tip is okay," said mom, lowering her head back onto her arms.

Taking that as permission to continue I started to rock my hips. I had to go slowly to stop myself penetrating mom with more than just the head of my cock. It was slow, delicious torture. Mom thought so too apparently as after a few minutes she returned her fingers to her clit and started to rub it, lazily at first but with ever more gusto.

As mom's arousal increased, so did her hip movements. They wiggled and gyrated beneath me, making it ever more difficult to slip just the tip of my cock inside her. I moved my hands from her waist and put one on her ass and one on her upper back, leaning forward slightly in the process in an effort to keep mom pinned to the bed and hold her still. It didn't go exactly as planned, as mom seemed to get more excited by my pinning her down and her hips started to gyrate even more.

"Careful," she gasped after a moment. I was too intent on my ever increasing arousal to wonder what she was warning me about. "If you lose balance," she went on between gasps and moans, "you might end up impaling me on that cock of yours."

"I'll be careful," I grunted out, exasperated at mom's lack of faith in me.

Mom's only reply was a little growl and then her hips hit new heights of movement. I pulled back automatically, lest her movements accidentally pull me too deep inside her, and the tip of my cock fell with a wet noise from mom's pussy. She responded immediately, reaching up with the hand that had been toying with her clit and grabbing my cock, she then yanked it back towards the opening to her pussy. She slammed her hips back against me as she did so, drawing out a groan from me as my sensitive cock head rammed inside of mom. Her hand was still wrapped around the rest of my lube-coated cock, and without missing a beat she started sliding her hand back and forth over it, the lube reducing friction to an afterthought.

"Oh god, mom," I groaned as my orgasm finally approached. I put my hands back on mom's waist and held her as she jacked me off with the tip of my cock inside her. "You're gonna make me cum," I said.

"You're close?" she asked again, only seeming to speed up her hand as she asked.

"Close!" I managed to say, that being about as coherent as I could manage.

Without warning, mom took her hand away from my cock and slammed her hips back, engulfing the whole length of my cock inside her. We both let out loud moans but only paused for a moment. Like a man possessed I started hammering my hips forward. With each thrust came a noisy slap of skin on skin, a beautiful ripple across mom's ass, and an ever decreasing countdown to my long overdue orgasm.

"Mom!" I managed to say after just a few moments. I was going to say more but that was when my orgasm hit. I bent over as the pleasure struck me, almost too intense. My powerful thrusts became sporadic trembles as waves of pleasure swept through my cock and waves of cum spurted into mom's pussy. I was vaguely aware of mom's fingers being back on her clit, of her mewling through her own little orgasm, and then I shakily lowered myself down and laid on top of her, gasping for air.

We both just lay there for a few minutes, getting our breath back. When I felt like I could move again I pushed myself back onto my knees, my soaking cock slipping from mom in the process.

"Good massage," said mom, still sounding out of breath. "Would recommend," she added, giving a thumbs up.

"Any time," I said back, meaning it.

"So," said mom after another minute of gasping. "You mentioned coffee and breakfast?"

I rolled my eyes and off the bed, clumsily, like a bad writer using syllepses. "Coming right up," I said, and grabbed my clothes before heading back down to the kitchen.

Having fed and hydrated my mother I took a much needed shower to scrape off the residues of massage oil, sweat, lube and cum that coated various parts of me. By the time I felt clean and had thrown on a new t-shirt and some shorts it was lunch time. I crafted a sandwich using various items from the fridge then sat at the kitchen table to eat it, and to think about what to do with the rest of my day.

Having mostly packed the previous night and sorted out all the paperwork and administrative stuff in the previous weeks, I didn't have any college-related preparation to get on with. All my school friends that I had much interest in seeing had already left town. I decided to ask mom if she wanted to hang out today, I figured she'd be delighted by the prospect.

"Hey, mom, fancy hanging out with your dear old son this afternoon?" I asked when mom appeared in the kitchen a few minutes later.

"No," she said, smiling sweetly at me.

"Oh," I said, a little put out. "Thanks."

Mom came over and ruffled my hair. "I'm heading to the shops for a bit. Nothing you'd be interested in, I dare say," she explained. "You can amuse yourself for a few hours, right?"

I shrugged then nodded, back to square one with my day's plans. "Sure mom," I said, "I'll think of something." To be honest I was glad mom was heading out. Not because I was sick of her company: I wasn't. But mom's self-consciousness about her looks had made her painfully shy around people she didn't know. Sometimes she seemed to live an almost hermit-like lifestyle. Aside from her weekly visits to the supermarket to buy groceries, she hardly ever went out by herself. "Have fun!" I said, then added "Be good."

"I'll do my best," said mom and gave me a chaste kiss on the cheek before she headed off. I heard the front door open then shut a moment later, followed by the sound of mom's car driving off. I was left by myself in the silent house.

"Ahh, boredom, my ancient enemy," I muttered to myself. "So we meet again."

In the end boredom was vanquished in the same way that people have been vanquishing it since time immemorial: I tried to do some housework then realized that literally anything would be fun compared to that. The alternative to cleaning that I opted for was sitting down in the living room with a few of my favorite but not-recently-watched DVDs and having a lazy Sunday film marathon.

I was just starting on the third film when the front door clicked open and I heard mom shuffle in through the front door.

"Hey mom," I said, glancing over the back of the couch to see her. She had a few nondescript bags in her hands and a pleased expression on her face. "Get everything you wanted?"

"I sure did," she said. "I see you found something to do too," she said, indicating the television.

I nodded. "I did, but this one's only just started. I can stop it if you want to do anything."

Mom shook her head. "No it's okay, hun. I'm going to take these up to my room. I'll come down in a little while, okay?"

"Sure thing, mom," I said, and returned my attention to the snowy scene on the television.

It was about another hour before mom came back downstairs. I didn't hear her arrive, engrossed as I was in the film. I only realized she was in the room when she spoke.

"Wha'cha watching?" she asked.

"Thing," I said, without looking over.

"Gee, real descriptive," said mom. I could almost hear her eyes roll.

"*The Thing*," I corrected myself. "As in John Carpenter's. It's a classic mom, we should watch it together some time. It's... oh, my god."

As I spoke I turned towards where mom was stood. Except it wasn't my mom stood there, it was a vision of erotic beauty.

I should probably remind you that my mom's usual dress code would be considered frumpy by seventeenth century Puritans. I now knew better what bodily charms lay beneath her uniform of thick, ill fitting jumpers and jeans, but our escapades hadn't stopped her wearing them. Except when I had my dick in her. She tended not to be wearing jeans at that precise moment.

While I'm explaining things unnecessarily I should also point out that when I said it wasn't my mom stood there, I was being metaphorical. This isn't the bit of the story where my hitherto unmentioned but incredibly hot nymphomaniac aunt turns up. My mom's an only child. Sorry.

Where was I?

Right. Mom. Mom was not wearing a bulky jumper. Nor was she wearing jeans. I could tell this because I could see her skin. Almost all of it, in fact, since the only two items of clothing she was wearing were a dark, faintly sheer, purple bra, and matching panties. They were both made of some lacey material, but sexy as the lingerie was, it was mom's body that really took my breath away.

I already knew that from the waist down she had a killer body, but for the first time I got a good look at her top half too. Mom had an incredible hourglass figure, the curves of her hips narrowing on the way up to her waist, then above that widening again, though at that point my eyes were more interested in her large, pale tits, being gently cupped and lifted by her bra.

"You look... amazing," I breathed, unable to tear my gaze from mom's body. As if to confirm my story my cock was, without even being touched, straining visibly inside my shorts.

Mom smiled, looking extremely pleased with herself, and even blushing a little. "Thanks, Steven," she said quietly. Then, more loudly, "Flattery will get you everywhere."

Before I had a chance to ask what she meant, mom closed the distance to the couch and straddled me, her knees on the couch either side of me and her panty-clad pussy coming down on my frustratingly restrained cock. I couldn't help myself and immediately ran my hands up her bare legs, savoring their smoothness. I didn't stop with her legs though. Having reached the top of her legs, my hands curved around mom, grabbing her ass and pulling her against my cock, earning a pleased sound from mom and a gasp from myself. But I couldn't keep my hands still when so much of mom was exposed to me. I ran my fingers up mom's back, past her bra strap and then back down again. Then up her sides, my thumbs grazing the sides of her breasts as my hands went up to mom's armpits then back down. Finally I brought my hands around to mom's front and slowly traced my way upwards, over her tummy and towards her heaving breasts.

Just as I was about to make first contact and grab a handful of mom's beautiful tits, she reached her own hands up and interlaced her fingers with mine.

"Sorry, sir," she said softly, placing my hands on the couch either side of me. "No touching; them's the rules of this establishment."

I opened my mouth to protest but mom placed a shushing finger over my mouth, then placed her hands on my shoulders. I gazed hungrily at her, clenching my fists to keep them by my side. Mom responded with a sly wink, then went to work.

I suspect mom had never given anyone a lap dance before. And I'd certainly never received one from anyone. What she lacked in experience, though, she made up for in enthusiasm. Her hips were a blur from the moment she started moving, first back and forth, then in small circles, then various combinations of the two.

She varied the pressure too, sometimes pushing down so hard on my cock that I was sure I could feel the shape of her pussy lips through our layers of clothes, and sometimes giving my cock light little kisses with her hips. My instinct was to grab her, hold her, touch her everywhere I could reach. But I stuck to her rule, my fingers digging into the couch rather than into mom.

"So good," I managed to gasp out, making mom beam with delight. She moved her head forwards, her lips making a beeline for my own. I moved my head forward, intending to meet the kiss half way, but just as our lips brushed against each other mom darted her head back. I stared at her, nothing but lust in my eyes and she stared back, biting her bottom lip to disguise an amused grin. Up until now I'd been loath to kiss mom in anything but the pitch black, her face not being one that exactly draws lips to it. But now I wanted nothing more.

I moved my head forward again, and this time rather than eluding me mom went on the offensive. She pushed her lips to mine, so hard that I was pressed back into the couch. Our tongues entwined and tangled and she moaned with pleasure into my mouth. I couldn't stand my hand's impotence

any more and reached around to grab mom's ass, squeezing her as I pulled her harder against my throbbing cock.

"Oh god," mom whispered in response, and buried her head in my neck. Based on the way her hips started shuddering I surmised one of her lesser orgasms had arrived. Mine wasn't quite ready to make an appearance, so when mom looked me pointedly in the eye and asked if I was close yet I shook my head.

"Hmm," she said, staring at me for a few long seconds. Then she hopped off me and back onto her feet. "Maybe this will help," she said.

She turned and grabbed something from the coffee table then knelt down between my legs. She dipped her fingers into the waistband of my shorts and pulled them and my boxers down until I could shuffle them off my feet. While she was pulling my shorts down I yanked my t-shirt up and off, so that in a few moments I was buck naked, my cock pointing accusingly at mom and a bead of pre-cum building up at its tip.

Mom seemed to be momentarily distracted by the appearance of my cock. She leant forward, dipping her head so that she was coming at my cock from underneath, and then ever so slowly licked in one continuous sweep from the base of my cock all the way to the head. I exhaled shakily and had to restrain myself from grabbing mom's head and fucking her face there and then, a temptation that was doubly hard to resist since I seriously doubted that mom would mind.

Before I could get side tracked, mom knelt back on her calves and lifted her hands, revealing that the item she'd grabbed from the coffee table was our old friend the bottle of lube.

One generous portion of lube on my cock later, she rolled the bottle to one side and then used her hand to smear the goop all over my erection. Having done that she raised herself back up onto her knees again.

"Ready?" she asked. I nodded. Not that I had any idea what I was supposed to be ready for, but at this point unless mom walked in with an Ass Destroyer 3000™ strap-on around her waist, I was inclined to agree to anything she wanted to do to me.

As it turned out, what she wanted to do to me was this: she leant forward slightly so that her tits lightly bumped against my stomach. I gazed hungrily down at the heaving cleavage her bra was showcasing, almost drooling at how good it looked. Mom then reached up and pulled the center of her bra away from her chest. For a moment I thought she was going to whip off her bra, affording me my first real view of her naked tits. Instead she reached up with her other hand and grasped my cock, maneuvering it so it was pointing straight up. And then she slowly lowered her body until the head of my cock made first contact with the underside of her tits.

Mom had not held back when it came to lubricating my cock. But then nature had not held back when it came to endowing my mom with tits. And her bra didn't just look like it fitted her, it looked like it had been sculpted around her breasts by an artist of old. It gently compressed and lifted her ample tits, squeezing them into a mouthwatering display. Unfortunately it also meant that as mom pushed down against the head of my cock, my cock struggled to penetrate up into the space between her tits.

For a long moment I could feel the gaze of philosophers through the ages upon me as the unstoppable force that was my cock met the immovable objects that were my mom's bra-encased tits.

It turned out that the unstoppable force wins, as long as it has enough lube on it. Mom pushed down more firmly and my cock finally slipped up between her tits. I let out a long groan as she lowered her body until, finally, the head of my cock peeked out from the cleavage on show before me.

Once I was buried, mom let the front of her bra snap back into place and started moving her body rhythmically up and down. My cock head vanished down into the mysterious depths before resurfacing a moment later. Soon it was leaking copious amounts of precum, adding to the lube that let it glide up and down inside mom's bra.

Mom soon got the motion down to an artform, and then started leaning forward, giving light feather kisses to my chest as she bobbed up and down. I couldn't believe how good it felt, the warmth of her chest and the wetness of the lube making the experience feel incredible, while the sight of my cock rocking up and down between her beautiful tits was erotic enough to leave my whole body trembling.

"Oh my god, mom," I gasped as my arousal started to come to a peak. "If you keep doing that I'm gonna..." I said.

Mom let out a low moan and pushed her tits together before bobbing up and down even faster. I let out a yelp, certain I was about to blow my load all over mom's new bra.

A few strokes before I did, though, mom rose up extra high on her upstroke so that my cock fell out from between her tits and pointed at her. Before I could complain she got to her feet and pushed my knees together, then she span around and sat down on my lap, her legs straddling my own.

"Not yet," she whispered, pushing herself back on my lap until her back pressed into my chest and her ass snuggled against my erection. I started to wrap my arms around her midriff, but she grabbed my right hand before I got the chance and unceremoniously crammed it down the front of her panties. "Do me," she said, a bit unnecessarily.

The inside of mom's underwear was a damp, sticky, hot mess. I ran my index finger down over her clit and across her slit until I came to the entrance to her pussy. She let out a shaky breath and raised her hips just slightly, giving me some pretty clear signals as well as room to maneuver. I curled my finger, sliding it up into mom's pussy.

Mom let out a whimpered "Oh" as my finger entered her, which turned into a low moan as I slid in a second finger. I wrapped my left arm around her stomach to hold her steady as I started to rock my hand, causing my two fingers to jerk up and down inside mom's pussy.

"Oh... god!" yelped mom, flapping her hands around at her sides like she was going to take off. She then shoved one hand down behind her and grabbed my cock with it. I was still lubed up so she had no trouble sliding her hand up and down, though her style was noticeably distracted by my fingers inside her. I started giving my hips little thrusts upwards to help her out, and mom must have decided to let me do the work. Giving up on her handjob, she instead lifted her hips slightly, then pulled the back of her panties to one side and crammed my cock up inside them so that it lay along her ass crack. She then let the panties go and put her hands on my knees, using them for support as she raised and lowered her hips.

The living room was filled with the sounds of sex and violence as mom raised and dropped her body onto my lap all while my fingers sloshed noisily inside her; mom had started to let out an ever louder series of grunts and curse words that I'd learnt to associate with the imminent arrival of one

of her orgasms, and with mom's ass wrapped around my cock my own orgasm was hot on her heels; and all of this to the backdrop of Kurt Russell angrily flame-throwing a screaming alien. That last bit was from the television. You didn't accidentally skip a paragraph where Kurt Russell showed up in our living room.

"Fuck!" yelled mom, hunching forward and slowing the bounce of her hips as she became engrossed in her own pleasure. I leant forward with her, moving my free hand up from her stomach to grab one of her breasts. I kneaded it roughly and tweaked the nipple which was hard enough to find even through the material of the bra. I started giving bigger thrusts against mom too, my well lubricated cock sliding snugly between mom's ass cheeks. Just as I was thinking I should lift mom up and replace my fingers with my cock so we could cum together, mom beat me to it.

"Shitshitshit cum agh!" would probably best describe the noise that exploded from mom's mouth as her whole body shook. She leant back against me and grabbed each of my hands in one of her own, squeezing the one on her breast and cupping the one in her panties through the material. I stilled both my hands but kept trying to give little upward thrusts with my hips, desperate now for my own orgasm.

Mom, breathing hard, took my wrist and slowly lifted my hand out of her panties, then slid forward off my lap. With all the grace of a newborn foal she fell onto her knees on the floor in front of me, then dropped down onto her hands, panting.

A good son probably would have let his mom get her breath back. But then a good son probably would not have just given his mom an orgasm either. Clearly I am not a good son.

Not wasting any time I dropped down onto the floor behind mom. It was a tight squeeze between her and the couch, but there was room enough. With my cock leading the way, I yanked the back of mom's panties to one side, exposing her pussy and ass. Mom didn't even look up, she just let out a groan as I moved the head of my cock to the entrance to her pussy, grabbed her hips, then slammed forward.

I had no interest in teasing mom, no interest even in her pleasure at that point. It sounds selfish with hindsight, but then again my entire role in our arrangement was to cum inside mom. I was literally a man on a mission.

I started slamming my hips forwards, pulling mom back against me by her hips as I did so. The sheer force I was using was more than mom could hold up against, and with each thrust forward mom's hands slipped on the carpet, lowering her body to the floor. I followed, not missing a beat, and as she moved into a lower and lower position my hands slid higher and higher up her back, until, after a few moments, mom was laying prone on her front with my hands on her shoulder blades, pushing her down into the ground.

"Oh fuck, mom" I groaned as my hips went crazy. I couldn't have held back any longer even if I'd wanted to. With a noise not too dissimilar to the death cries of the Thing on the television, I came, pulling mom back by her shoulders and pushing myself forward to keep my dick as deep inside mom's pussy as possible until the waves of pleasure subsided.

My breath had gone for a wander during this, and it took me half a minute to get it back. When the post-orgasmic haze finally lifted I realised I was still in the same position as I'd cum in: pressing my prone mom down into the carpet as my slowly deflating cock retreated from her pussy.

"Oh, god," I said, aghast. "I'm sorry, mom." I sat back, releasing mom and mortified that I might have hurt her in my horniness. "Are you okay?"

"Mmm," moaned mom in a tone that positively oozed okayness. "So good," she added.

I relaxed now I knew that I hadn't gone too far with mom. "That really was," I agreed. I sat back on the floor leaning against the couch and drank in the sight of mom laying before me. Even though I'd just cum she still looked incredibly sexy, her long legs and pert ass just begging to be touched. I resisted, though, and after a minute she pushed herself up onto her hands and knees then crawled over to sit beside me. We both looked up at the television as she settled, like it was just another film night. We were treated to a solid five seconds of Antarctic scenery before the screen faded and the end credits began to roll.

"Well," said mom. "Good film. We should definitely watch it again some time."

"Oh I would absolutely like a repeat of that," I said, nodding earnestly.

Mom gave me a knowing smile then got to her feet. "I need a shower," she said, absently running her fingers across the drying streak of lube and precum on her cleavage. "Order us a pizza, will you, sweetheart?"

As if on cue my stomach gave a low grumble and I realized that it was starting to get late. "Sure thing, mom," I said, then sat there and watched as mom's ass and its attached mother left the room and headed upstairs. Giving my head a quick shake before I got sidetracked, I pulled on my shorts then dragged myself into the kitchen, found a recent flyer for the nearest pizza place, and picked up the phone.

Mom came into the kitchen about twenty minutes later. I'd already changed into a light jumper and some jeans. Mom had gone in the opposite direction and was wearing a white silk dressing gown that her long, smooth legs vanished into high on her thighs. It wasn't anything I'd seen before and was, I assumed, one of the day's purchases. She'd also tied her hair back in a loose pony tail, a radical departure from her usual hairstyle of whatever gravity decided.

"I like your hair, mom," I said. "It suits you."

"Um, thanks," she said, touching her hair self-consciously. "I just kind of... did it." She gestured vaguely at my clothes. "Going somewhere?"

I nodded. "The delivery guy's sick so the pizza place is doing collection only," I explained. "I figured I'd walk over and grab it. Should be ready in..." I looked at the clock. "About thirty-five minutes."

Mom nodded. The pizza place was about a mile away, not far from the end of the street we lived on, and it was a pleasant enough walk in the Summer. In the Fall, with the sun preparing to dip below the horizon it probably wouldn't be as pleasant, but the place did amazing pizzas. Also, walking there and back instead of driving made me feel less bad about ordering the Beast-sized meat feast pizza, which in all honesty would feed a family of four for a week. Mom and I usually polished it off in an evening, with a token slice each saved for the next day's lunch.

Mom seemed to be deep in thought for a moment, then glanced at the clock herself. "Give me five minutes to throw some clothes on," she said, "and I'll come too. It'll be nice to get some fresh air."

Before I could respond she turned back from where she came and jogged up the stairs. I sat down at the kitchen table, checking my phone periodically and hoping mom didn't take too long.

I needn't have worried, as after only a couple of minutes mom bounded back down the stairs. I was weirdly disappointed to see that she had reverted to her old uniform of a baggy jumper and a long skirt, though the skirt was better than the unflattering jeans she usually wore. At least picking her usual clothes had sped up the process, I told myself.

"Ready?" mom asked.

"Let's hit the road," I said, heading to the front door.

The walk down our street was quaint, though chilly at that time of day in the Fall. So mom and I kept our pace up as we chatted about my imminent college classes and my dorms and what I thought my roommate might be like. Our prodigious pace meant we hit the end of our street after only about fifteen minutes. The pizza place was only another five minutes walk from there, but our pizza wasn't likely to be ready for another fifteen minutes. We could have just gone there anyway. At worst we'd have to sit in the warm pizza shop for a bit, and at best our pizza would already be finished and we would have pizza.

Mom vetoed that plan, though, and gestured at the small park on the corner of our street. "How about we sit in there for a few?" she asked. "We can watch the sun go down rather than watch Giuseppe sweat into the tomato sauce."

Mom had a point, the pizza place had amazing food, but less amazing hygiene. "Park it is," I agreed.

The park was not a large space, more of a token bit of green on the corner where a house wouldn't fit. Low metal railings ran around its perimeter, and a line of trees lay just inside that, so once you were inside you were basically closed off from the rest of the world. The only way in was a gate in one corner of the park. A gate that no one liked for very good reason.

"Maybe someone's oiled it?" said mom hopefully as we both stood by the gate, staring at it like it was some deadly snake.

"Sure," I replied in a tone of voice that people reserved for saying things like "That is not true" and "You are clearly incorrect" and other sick burns.

As we surveilled the gate a noise made us look up. An elderly bearded man with an elderly bearded dog was approaching the gate from inside the park.

"Evenin'," said the man (not the dog).

"Evening," mom and I started to say in unison. But that was when the man pulled open the gate and the sounds of our mere human world ceased to matter.

A cacophony straight out of some Lovecraftian hell assaulted our ears. I cringed. Mom cringed. The old man cringed. Even the dog cringed, and dog's faces don't have the necessary musculature to cringe. That's how bad the sound was.

"I'll hold it open for you," said the dog walker (not the dog walkee) after he'd passed through the gate.

"Thanks," I said too loudly as my ears slowly recovered from the trauma.

Mom and I shuffled through the gate and I took it from the man, nodding thanks again. The gate swung shut by itself if unattended, which would mean a repeat performance of that noise. But backwards. Rumor had it that in reverse there were hidden messages from Satan.

"You go on ahead, mom," I said. "There's no point us both getting it."

"Oh but Steven!" cried mom theatrically, clutching her hands to her chest. "What will I do without you?"

"But don't you see?" I said, hamming it up to match. "I'll always be with you, right here." I reached out as I said this and poked mom in her tummy.

Mom looked perplexed for a moment. "I don't..." she said.

I nodded sadly. "That's right," I said. "If I don't make it, I want you to know one thing." I paused for dramatic effect. "You can have my half of the pizza," I concluded, amateurly dramatically.

"Oh!" said mom. "Well, in that case." She turned and jogged off, making a bee line for the opposite corner of the park where a solitary bench was set up.

I gave her a five count then released the gate and ran after her. If I'd been in a Roland Emmerich film I could probably have outrun the demonic noise, but real world physics were less forgiving and the unholy screech was with me the whole way.

When I arrived at the bench mom was already sat down. "Oh," she said sullenly. "Looks like you made it."

"Sorry, mom," I said. "Looks like you'll have to share the pizza."

Mom gave a theatrical sigh then patted the bench next to her. "Well since you're here you may as well be useful and keep me warm," she said.

I plonked myself down beside her and she shuffled over to lean against me. I lifted an arm around her shoulders as she nestled in.

"We missed the sunset," she pointed out. And indeed we had. The sky was an ever deepening purple. Only an orange glow over the trees on the west side of the park hinted at what we'd missed.

"Still nice though," I said, gazing up at the few stars that were already twinkling overhead.

"Mmm," responded mom. "It is."

We sat there for a few minutes, the sky and the park darkening, and the constellations forming one star at a time. I was just about to suggest we head to the pizza place when mom spoke first.

"I'm gonna miss you," she said, out of the blue.

"I'll miss you too," I replied. Then I added: "Really," since I knew how it sounded like an automatic response.

She reached up to her shoulder where my hand was resting and interlaced her fingers between my own. "I've been so lucky to have you," she went on.

I didn't really know what to say to that, but before I said anything mom nuzzled into the crick of my neck. With her free hand she reached up to tug the neck of her jumper away from her, and with her other she tugged at my own hand, pulling it down into her top.

"I'm going to miss *having* you," she whispered into my neck, before starting to gently kiss it.

A shiver ran straight down my spine, and I glanced around to double check we were alone in the park, although in the growing gloom it'd be hard to make us out anyway.

"Mom," I gasped softly in what I hoped was a warning tone. "We can't, not here." My sentiment was somewhat betrayed by my hand which slid down into mom's jumper until it reached her bra-less breasts. I started to squeeze and caress her tits even as her kisses on my neck became more urgent.

"Please," she whispered, kissing up to my jawline, then taking my head in her hands and starting to kiss my face frantically.

"Please," she whispered again, almost like a mantra, as she shuffled awkwardly around on the bench until she was sat sideways and facing me. My hand slipped up and out of her jumper in the process, so I shuffled around too so I was facing mom as well as I could on the confines of the bench.

Mom wrapped her arms around my neck and started to lean back into a laying position on the bench, pulling me on top of her as she went, all the while kissing me desperately and murmuring "Please" to herself. As she descended I slipped one hand up the front of her jumper, resuming my ministrations on her tits. My other hand I put on the bench to steady my descent.

The bench really wasn't big enough for this, but mom didn't seem to care about that. Her long skirt limited the movement of her legs, so she let go of me for a moment to pull it up into a bunch around her waist. That done she was able to wrap her arms back around my neck and her legs around my waist and pull me against her.

We settled into a roughly missionary position, mom with her limbs wrapped around me, and me with one leg on the bench and one on the floor. It was awkward and not particularly comfortable, but it left my jeans covered crotch roughly level with mom's naked pussy, which seemed to be her main criterion for success at that moment.

"Oh, god. Please, Steven" she whimpered, moving one of her arms around and sliding her palm down my front until her hand dipped inside the waistband of my boxers, moving down until she grasped my cock.

My cock was, predictably for those keeping track, not very hard at all. It had been less than an hour since I'd last pumped mom full of my cum. And that had been my second big orgasm of the day. My eighteen year old cock had some impressive stamina, if I do say so myself. But there were limits.

I don't doubt that mom could have gotten me hard, she had certainly demonstrated a knack for it. Could she have made me cum there on that cold, uncomfortable bench? I don't doubt that either. Could she have done it quickly? That there was the problem. Even mom would have struggled to draw any more cum from me in the immediate future.

I was just about to slide down on the bench and go to town on mom's pussy with my tongue (which had no problem staying hard), when a banshee screamed in the night.

No, wait, it was the gate.

Mom and I both froze, our limbs tangled around each other's bodies and inside each other's clothes. But we recovered fast, and untangled the knot we'd become with the kind of speed that would make Alexander the Great blush.

We hopped off the bench - or rather mom hopped off the bench and I kind of half stumbled, half fell off the bench. And then we stood there, striving to look innocent. Which was a waste of effort because there was absolutely no one to be seen.

"God dammit," muttered mom with a scowl. I thought for a moment she was going to shove me back on the bench and pick up where she'd left off, but we both knew that noise had to come from somewhere. So, instead, she grabbed my hand and started dragging me across the park, back towards the exit.

As we neared the demonic gate we came across the source of the noise. Another dog walker had come in while we'd been on the bench, though this one seemed happy waiting near the park's exit until her dog had finished its evening toilet-related business. The dog owner seemed slightly startled as mom and I came charging hand-in-hand out of the darkness.

"Evening," I said in what I hoped was a friendly tone as we sped past. Mom was giving the dog owner dirty looks, while the dog owner merely looked a bit confused.

"Uh, hi. Evening," she managed to say before we were past her. I was delighted to see that she had propped the gate open so not only could we avoid opening it, we didn't have to hear it shut either. That was a win in my book. Mom still looked sub-impressed with life in general.

In fact mom kept up her fast pace and silent demeanor all the way to the pizza place. Even the discovery that our pizza was ready and waiting when we arrived didn't seem to cheer her. Fortunately Giuseppe the owner loved two things: making pizza and flirting with customers. And he only hated one thing: people leaving his store in a bad mood.

I'm exaggerating obviously. Giuseppe no doubt has a rich and fulfilling personal life and has many loves and hates, just like the rest of us. But, for the purpose of a pithy narrative, let's make him a bit more one-dimensional.

Suffice to say that the grey cloud hovering over mom was not lost on Giuseppe. He vaguely recognized us as occasional customers and so turned on the old Italian charm as we paid for our order. Five minutes later and both thoroughly flirted with, mom and I left the pizza place with pizza and smiles to go.

The walk home was not quite as speedy as the walk from the park had been, but between the cool night air and the promise of pizza, we were both eager to get back inside. I initiated a bit of small talk, mostly just amused observations about Giuseppe, and mom responded, warming to the subject as we chatted. By the time we were back in our kitchen and placing obscene amounts of pizza on our plates mom seemed to have gotten over her disappointment and frustration from the park. We ate the pizza at the kitchen table, chatting about this and that long after the last slice had vanished.

"...so then I phoned Giuseppe and he just tells me to keep the pizzas. But I say 'What am I supposed to do with six twenty-four-inch pizzas?' And he says... he says..."

"What did he say?" prompted mom as my story faltered somewhat.

"He said: 'Eat them.'" I finished, frowning slightly. "Huh, I thought that story had a punchline. Sorry, mom."

Mom just shook her head, no doubt despairing at the comic genius that she had failed to raise. She opened her mouth to say something that I assume would have been intelligent, amusing, and cutting all at once. But all that was lost as she instead yawned with gusto.

That set me off, and I looked at the clock on the wall as I yawned, surprised at how late it was. "Wow, bed time, I think," I said, suddenly feeling tired. I hadn't been a moment earlier, but like cartoon gravity, now my body knew how late it was it had decided to react accordingly.

"Yep," said mom, getting to her feet. "After we wash up."

I gave a little groan, but it was half hearted. After we put the remaining slices of pizza in the fridge there was almost no washing up to do and it was done before I could muster the energy to complain about it.

That done we trudged up the stairs. "Night, mom," I said as I reached the summit.

"Good night, sweetheart," she said, giving me a lingering kiss on the cheek.

With that we headed our separate ways. Mom to her bedroom, me to the bathroom and from there to the warm comfort of my bed.

"What seems to be the problem?" asked the man in the computer store.

"It's the motherboard," I said, gesturing vaguely at my computer. "I think it needs replacing."

"That much is obvious," he said, nodding in a knowing kind of way. He walked over to the side of the store where the wall was covered with labeled plastic drawers. "What kind of computer is it?" he asked, placing his hand on a drawer labeled "Not a PC".

"Uh, I think it's a PC," I said.

"I thought so," he said, moving to the neighboring drawer labeled "PC". He pulled it open and took out a small green circuit board, then came back over and handed it to me.

"Thanks. How do I install it?" I asked, being something of a novice when it comes to computers.

His response was simply to sigh then press the eject button of my computer's CD drive. Once the tray had slid out he gestured to it.

I popped the circuit board onto the tray then pushed it shut again. My computer started making deeply unimpressed noises.

"It'll take a minute to install," said the salesman over the noise. "It's got to find a chauffeur."

"You mean a driver, right?" I asked. But the salesman had pulled out a heavy looking tablecloth and was throwing it over the table in front of me. I looked around at the restaurant I was in. A gorilla stared back from the table next to me. I tried to remember if you were supposed to climb trees or pretend to be dead if a gorilla attacked you. Or was that pandas?

My musings were interrupted by the waiter pulling the tablecloth off the table and onto my lap.

"Steven," he said in a soft voice that most certainly didn't belong to him. He then started dragging the table cloth across my lap.

"Wha?" I asked, my brain scrambling to keep up with events.

I opened my eyes, my vision almost as bleary as my thoughts. I was in bed, my room dimly lit by the small lamp on my desk. The duvet I'd been lying under was being dragged off me by my mom, who was stood by my bed in just her pyjama top.

"Oh you're awake," she said quietly. "That's lucky."

"Mom?" I said groggily. "What time is it?"

Mom seemed to ignore my question and instead yanked my boxer shorts down my legs and tossed them aside. Then she looked back at me. "It's I'm-unbelievably-horny-so-shut-up-and-give-me-your-cock," she said. Then added: "O'clock."

I had just enough time to focus on the clock by my bed and see that this translated to about 2:30am before mom clambered onto the bed, dropping her noticeably wet pussy onto my noticeably soft cock.

"C'mon," she muttered either to herself or to my cock. Whoever it was she was speaking to, they didn't have a chance to respond before she started sliding her hips rapidly back and forth, rubbing her pussy over the currently unimpressive length of my cock.

I may have been half asleep but my cock seemed to be half awake, and slowly started to stiffen under mom's assault. As far as mom was concerned the operative word was 'slowly'. Losing patience, she maneuvered herself around on the bed until she was kneeling with her pussy hovering above my head and her head hovering above my cock. I'd seen enough porn to know where this was going, and, sure enough, before I could say 'what's twenty-three times three?' mom dropped her pussy down onto my face and, simultaneously, engulfed my cock in her mouth.

I started lapping at mom's pussy, savoring the taste of her juices, before I encircled her clit with my lips and started teasing it with the tip of my tongue.

Mom's approach was less teasing and more like full on harassment. She didn't move her head at all initially, simply holding my whole cock in her mouth and sucking it furiously as her tongue slipped and slid around it. As my cock grew she started to bob her head, starting fast and only getting faster.

I tried to reciprocate as best I could but mom's assault on my cock was seriously distracting me from my own oral efforts. In the time it took mom to bring my cock to something resembling a proper erection I'd barely managed a few licks of her clit. I redoubled my efforts, trying to recapture the skills I'd shown in the shed on Saturday evening.

My efforts were almost certainly in vain. Mom wasn't kidding about being horny already, and seemed almost oblivious to my oral ministrations. She was far too focused on my cock, which within a couple of minutes she had brought to full attention.

After bobbing up and down along its length for another minute or so, mom released my cock from her mouth and started stroking it rapidly with her hand. "Close?" she asked, as if she was asking my

cock directly.

I was fully hard, that was true, but saying I was close to cumming would be pushing it. It still hadn't been that long since our previous session after all. "I'm getting there," I responded, figuring that had the benefit of being true.

Mom carried on stroking for a few seconds then seemed to give a little shrug - though it was hard to tell what her shoulders were doing with my face buried between her legs. "Close enough," she said, and crawled down the bed, removing her pussy from my face.

I only had a moment to interpret what that comment meant, for then mom span around on the bed so that she was facing me whilst knelt over my stiff cock. With practiced ease she grabbed it and lined it up, before sinking her waiting pussy onto it.

We both groaned as she made first contact. Her groan deepened into a husky growl of pleasure as she pushed her weight down in order to force my cock up and inside her. My groan evolved slightly differently, becoming a pained grunt. Wet or not, mom was incredibly tight inside and her pussy squeezed hard enough around me to cause some discomfort.

Either she was oblivious to my response or she chose to ignore it - which was fair given my occasionally blasé approach to mom's comfort. It didn't really matter; mom lifted and sank back down her hips a few times, building a rhythm, and as she did so her pussy clearly got used to its intruder and relaxed in order to accommodate me. Soon only an ever building feeling of pleasure was emanating from my cock.

"Yes," mom hissed, riding me more vigorously with every thrust. She put her hands on my torso - using me for leverage as she humped, and pressing me down into the bed. She had her eyes closed, a look somewhere between intense pleasure and intense determination on her face. I felt like an oversized sex toy as I lay there with my hands on her knees, not that I was complaining.

"Oh God, mom," I murmured, "that feels so mpff."

I hadn't meant to say mpff of course, which I don't think is even a real word. No, that's just the noise that I managed to make with one of mom's hands clamped over my mouth.

"Shh, sweetie," she murmured back, her eyes still closed. "Mommy's busy right now."

It was a little off putting to have mom treat me like this, but it felt too good to bother me. This was easily the longest amount of time I'd spent with my cock inside mom. I came to the realization that at this point we were, quite simply, having sex. That epiphany made my cock lurch inside mom and my hitherto distant orgasm felt like a suddenly imminent possibility. Mom was clearly coming to the same conclusion. Her hips bounced up and down over me, every time a little harder than the previous one, and each downstroke ending with a lewd slap of skin on skin.

I tried to hump my hips up to meet mom's downstrokes, but struggled to get any real motion with her weight pressing me down. So instead I opted for Plan B. I began to slowly lift my knees. My intention was to tilt mom forward and down against me. Once she was low enough I'd be able to wrap my arms around her and hold her in place while I hammered my hips into her.

Mom initiated her Counterplan C. She removed her hands from my mouth and chest, then leaned back slightly and put them on my thighs, forcing my legs back down again. I couldn't tilt her forward any more, but as compensation, mom's arched back pushed her breasts forward, forming a

mouth watering outline inside her pyjama top. Her new position had also caused her top to ride up slightly so I could now see her pussy as it rose and fell on my cock.

Acting on impulse I moved my hand to mom's crotch, placing my palm flat to her body and sliding my thumb down to rub over her clit. I'd barely touched it when mom let out a sudden squeal and started shaking.

"Fuck!" she yelped, hunching forward and grabbing my wrist with one of her hands, then she arched back again and grabbed one of her tits with her other hand. After that she forced her hips down, crushing my thumb between us as she ground herself against me, trembling all the while.

I had no desire to ruin mom's orgasm, close though mine was, so I let her shake her way through it. As soon as she calmed down I would be becoming more active in this encounter. No more mister nice son. She'd be on her back before she knew what happened. She'd be my sex toy, just like I'd been hers. She'd be crying out my name as I filled her with cock and cum alike.

She'd be... hopping off me and the bed and stepping away, apparently. "Thanks, hon," she said. "I needed that."

I made a noise in response, a noise that somehow conveyed that I was glad I'd helped mom with her horniness, and that she could always count on me, but that I was now hard to the point of bursting and really *really* needed to finish. The last week had bestowed upon me an almost Pavlovian aversion to cumming outside of mom. So, hard though I was, I couldn't just jack off. That last bit wasn't communicated by the noise I made, that would be silly.

"Sorry, Steven," was mom's reply, as she looked at my throbbing dick. "I'm too sensitive now after that, and it's late. I should head to bed." She came over and gave me a kiss on the forehead. "I'll see you in the morning," she said, before exiting stage left.

I thought about pursuing her like a bear, but it was nearly 3am and my body was unsure whether sleep or cumming was the real priority right now. If mom really was too sensitive to take my cock then that only left the sleep option. So I pulled the duvet back over me and waited for sleep to pull me under.

Sleep didn't exactly draw me into its sweet embrace. Rather than a cozy hug it went for an awkward high five, which it missed, followed by a second one that ended with a dull thud rather than a satisfying clap. In a last gasp attempt to save the situation, I went for a fist bump. You can't mess up a fist bump, right? Well you can if you're going for some classic fist-to-fist bumpy action, whereas the metaphorical personification of sleep tries to shake your hand.

I slept like shit, is what I'm trying to say.

Initially I was just too horny to get to sleep. Mom had left my balls so blue that they were practically ultraviolet. But jacking off wasn't an option. I would've been within my rights to do so, I know, and soon enough I'd have to get used to masturbating again, but for now my cum belonged to mom. That left me waiting for my erection to go down, which took its sweet time. And then once I had calmed down from the state mom had left me in I started thinking about the next morning. About storming into mom's room the moment I woke up, ripping her bottoms off, and dumping what felt like a gallon of backed up cum inside her. If she was in the kitchen I'd fuck her over the table. In the

living room? The couch would do. I couldn't help but fantasize about how I'd give her my cock in every room of the house - the ones we'd already done stuff in and the ones we hadn't.

By the time my dirty thoughts gave way to sleep it was already starting to lighten outside. My last waking thought was of the possibility that I wouldn't have to go anywhere to impale mom. If the night had proved anything it was that mom was seriously addicted to our sessions. Chances are I'd wake up to the sweet, sweet feeling of mom lowering her pussy straight onto my waiting hardon.

I woke with a start, some vague remnants of a dream about being a toy train driver already fading from memory. I looked around my room blearily. It was not a vast room and I could say unequivocally that mom was definitely not in there. My hardon was, but my bladder assured me that was normal morning wood rather than the remnants of a nocturnal visit from mom.

Once I'd popped to the bathroom I threw on some clothes and headed downstairs. In the kitchen I glanced at the clock and realized that 'morning wood' might have been a misnomer since it was the early afternoon already. For a moment I wondered why mom hadn't dragged me out of bed, but then I saw a note on the kitchen table.

"Gone out, back later. Mom x" it said. Not the most informative of notes. There was no way of knowing whether she'd gone out a few minutes ago and would be back in several hours, or whether she'd gone out several hours ago and would be back in a few minutes. I picked up the note and stared at it from several angles, wondering if I could figure out how long it'd been there.

But no, CSI: Steven was a failure and I still had no clue. I made myself a vast lunch to make up for missing breakfast, devoured it, and washed up, all with no sign of mom. Five minutes passed by with me sat at the kitchen table twiddling my thumbs, then five more. After fifteen minutes I decided I was being ridiculous. Mom would be back when she was back and I wasn't going to magically summon her no matter how well twiddled my thumbs were.

If mom was going to vanish then I could too. I added a postscript to her note to tell her that I had headed out as well, then tossed the book I was reading in a bag and left the house.

I spent some time wandering around the small town I lived in. I hadn't really had a plan when I left the house, but once I was out I realized that my home of eighteen years was about to lose that streak. Sure I wasn't moving very far away - only a few hours drive - but I was moving. There wasn't a lot to see, but I took my time and saw it.

My little tour ended, as many of my trips into town did, at Café Esprellento. It was a great coffee shop despite its car crash of a name. It was also the only coffee shop in town, so with hindsight it might not even have been that good. But it sold hot coffee, had plenty of comfortable couches, and never asked people to move on, no matter how many hours they'd been nursing the same empty mug. I ordered the biggest coffee they sold then settled into a comfortable armchair tucked into the corner and got stuck into my book.

I'd been there for maybe an hour and was approaching the grand climax of the novel when I heard my phone's text message tone from my bag. I thought about leaving it until after I finished the book, but curiosity got the better of me and I put down the book and rummaged in my bag until I pulled out my old and slightly battered phone.

I thought the message might be from one of my friends who'd recently left for college or on other adventures. Or more likely a message to tell me I could get 10% off a pizza if I used the discount code PIZZA, with the caveat that I could discontinue such communications if for some reason I wanted to using the code STOP. As it turned out both those guesses were wrong.

"Hey hon. Where are you? x" was all the message said, and the number wasn't one in my contacts list. Still, I was pretty sure I recognised the style.

"New number, mom? x" I typed back.

"New phone! I went out and got one this morning. x"

"Nice!" I sent back. But her response begged an obvious question. Mom hardly ever used her phone, at least as far as I knew. Other than me and her parents I don't think she ever called or texted anyone. Her phone was ancient, sure, but it worked just fine. "Why?" I texted her.

"So I could do this..." came her almost immediate reply. There was then a long pause. I used the time to update mom's number in my contact list. I waited for a while longer and began to wonder if that was all mom meant to send. If I was meant to decipher her enigmatic statement then I had failed. I was just about to return to my book when my phone buzzed in my hand and a picture message appeared. From the small preview in the chat window it looked like a photo of mom's dressing table.

I opened up the picture full screen and, sure enough, it was a high resolution photo of mom's dressing table. I stared at it intently, zooming in here and there. Nothing looked different about it, certainly nothing that would explain why mom would need a new phone. And then, like a really slow Sherlock, I realised what mom was getting at. Her new phone could send photos, something her old phone would struggle to do unless she superglued a camera to it. Even then, I wasn't sure that would count.

"A camera phone! That's great! Welcome to the 21st century mom. x" I belatedly replied after my sleuthing. "Beautiful shot of your dressing table too."

"Shit, didn't mean to send that" came the reply. "Still getting hang of this thing."

I shook my head with affectionate amusement at mom. She was usually quite tech-savvy, so I could forgive this slip up. That didn't mean I wasn't going to tease her about it of course.

"So I could do THIS..." was the next message. I wondered what item of furniture I was going to get a photo of next. Or maybe the camera wasn't the point at all. Maybe I was about to get an invitation to play Cake Crush or Farmtown or whatever the kids were playing these days.

It wasn't a game invitation that came through next. Nor was it a photo of furniture. Though it was a photo, a selfie no less. I could see that from the preview. In fact I could see enough to make me nervously glance around to ensure no one else could see my phone screen. Satisfied that no one was nearby I opened up the picture full screen.

It was a photo of mom sat on her bed. Hints of her bedsheets were just visible around the sides of the photo. Most of the frame, though, was taken up by mom herself. The top of the shot started somewhere around her nose. I suspected this was an accidental semi-dismemberment as mom got used to her new gadget. At the opposite end the shot cut off just above where her pussy would be

visible. And given the light hair on display and utter lack of visible underwear, I was pretty sure that her pussy *would* be visible.

But it was in between the two extremes that my eyes kept returning. Centre of frame was a simple black bra similar to the purple one that I'd almost cum all over the night before. Beautiful though the bra was, it was the captivating breasts that it barely contained that I couldn't take my eyes off. My cock, which clearly still held a grudge for not being given its release last night, suddenly felt uncomfortably hard in my jeans.

I don't know how long I stared at the photo for. Long enough that mom sent me another message while I was still gawking at it. I tore myself away from the picture long enough to read what she'd sent.

"You approve?"

"I absolutely do" I replied.

Mom replied with a smiling emoji, followed by: "When are you coming home?"

I didn't bother replying. I just tossed my book and phone into my bag and almost leapt out of my chair. Straight into a very large, very solid man.

"Dude!" he yelled, pointing a pair of high caliber finger guns at me.

"Sorry," I said, barely acknowledging who I'd bumped into. I only had one thing on my mind and it wasn't in that coffee shop. Or male. Or clothed.

"Steve-o, my man!" I finally took the time to look at the towering figure.

"Jeff?" I said, before belatedly adding "...o?". Jeff Bozemant was in my year at school, though we'd never really been friends. Most people said he was impossible to dislike. I just thought they weren't trying hard enough. He straddled the line between being aggressively friendly and just plain aggressive. Given his bear-like size that wasn't something to be sniffed at. "What's up?" I asked politely. Hopefully he'd say not much and ask what was up with me, I'd say not much, we'd lie that it was good to see each other, and I could be on my merry way.

"Oh man, man. So much is up with me. Why don't we grab a coffee and I'll tell you about it!" Jeff was the kind of guy who didn't really believe in question marks. They would imply that he was asking a question when in fact he was just pausing for breath in a way that made the other people feel like he was interested in them. His agnosticism about questions extended to a full on atheism when it came to answers. Exhibit A: "Hey, sweetheart! Two flat whites for me and my man here!" I'd barely opened my mouth to decline Jeff's offer when he made his order. The guy behind the counter looked about as pleased as I did about Jeff's manner, but at least he was getting money for being here. I was just getting no sex.

"Listen, Jeff," I began, hoping to nip this in the bud. "I don't really have time right now, I promised my mom I'd help her with something." I was rather proud of that excuse as it managed to be entirely true. It only occurred to me after I'd finished talking that I'd just told the self-certified Coolest Guy at my High School, as one eighteen year old man to another, that I had to run home to do chores for mommy. Still, the joke was on him as he no doubt thought it was weird that I was dashing off to help my mom with something when in fact I was dashing off to get my dick in her. Take that, Bozemant.

"Hey no problemo, Big S," he replied. Like I said, Jeff and I hadn't really interacted much at school and I started to wonder if he had been saving up nicknames for me for the past five years and was finally using this opportunity to unload them on me. "Let's make it quick!"

I groaned inwardly and prepared to make more excuses when the barista appeared at our side with our coffees. Now, I would freely admit that what I'd been doing with my mom had become more than a little addictive. For both of us, I'd dare say. But you know what else is addictive? Caffeine. And that cup of coffee was right there, small yet perfectly formed. Mom, meanwhile, was on the other side of town, at least a forty minute walk away. I reasoned that I could polish off the coffee in five minutes then head home. The extra spring in my step from the coffee would shave at least six minutes off my journey time, thus reducing the delay to hot times with my mother. It was crazy, sure, but just crazy enough to work.

"I guess I've got a few minutes," I said to Jeff, who was too busy getting settled at the table I'd just vacated to hear me.

Once I'd grabbed the coffee and sat down Jeff leaned forward and looked me in the eye. "So, S-man," he started. I gulped nervously on my coffee. Jeff had a reputation for trying to lay everyone in school, and the school had a reputation for letting him. Rumor had it that he'd succeeded with well over fifty percent of our year, and more than one of the teachers too. I wondered if he'd reached my name in the yearbook and was planning on adding me to his Sexédex. I had no particular interest in sleeping with guys so didn't rate his chances very highly if that was his plan. Of course, two weeks earlier I wouldn't have rated mom's chances of sleeping with me very highly either, which shows how much I knew.

"Are you still dating that girl?" he asked.

I gawked at Jeff for a moment, thrown by this turn the conversation had taken. "Cassie?" I finally said, as if clarifying which of my many ex-girlfriend he meant.

"Yeah, that's the one," he said, leaning back in his chair as he shot me yet again with his finger and winked with the opposite eye. I was pretty sure I'd look absolutely ridiculous if I tried to pull off that maneuver, whereas, somehow, Jeff only looked, like, semi-ridiculous.

Back to the conversation at hand, I shook my head. "No, we broke up about a month ago." I'll be honest, I'd kind of forgotten about Cassie. Here's a pro-tip: sticking your cock in your mom will have that affect, if you're ever trying to get over an ex-girlfriend.

"Cool, cool," said Jeff. "So she's single?"

"Uh, I guess so?" I said. "We haven't really spoken since then." It would occur to me later that I probably should have been mad at Jeff. Grabbing someone in a coffee shop to ask if you can bang their ex-significant-other yet isn't exactly the done thing. But with my coffee down to its last mouthful I was far too distracted to think this at the time. And Jeff has the empathic range of a cucumber so was thankfully oblivious to my unusual blasé attitude. "Do you want her number?" I asked, figuring that would definitely end this particular side quest and let me get home.

"Oh man that would be freaking awesome! man!" responded Jeff, defying the laws of grammar. I grabbed my phone from my bag and unlocked it, being careful to tilt the screen away from Jeff in case mom had sent any more entirely inappropriate photos. Unfortunately she hadn't, so I quickly found Cassie's number and shared it with Jeff.

"You are a scholar and a bro my man!" said Jeff as we concluded the transaction and he started tapping away at his phone.

"Yeah you too," I responded. I suspected that now he had Cassie's number Jeff would be far less interested in my company. "Anyway, I'd better make a move. Thanks for the coffee, Jeff."

"Anytime," he said, waving his hand vaguely in my direction as I got up and left the coffee shop. Once I was outside I pulled out my phone again and went into my messages with Cassie.

"Hey," I typed. "Jeff B just asked for your number. Gave him your old phone's number so you can dig it out if you wanna get Jeffed. x"

I started walking home once the text was sent, but kept my phone out. Cassie rarely took long to respond. Sure enough, after less than a minute a new message came through.

"Haha, thanks x" was all it said. I probably should have felt curious or jealous or something. Cassie hadn't said she wasn't going to look at Jeff's messages, but nor had she said that she was. Maybe she dug out her old phone right then and was sexting Jeff before I got home. Maybe she never responded and Jeff cursed me to his dying day for giving him the wrong number. As I prepared to leave for college I knew there would be more and more of these stories going on around me whose endings I would never know.

But whatever, philosophy could wait. My penis could not. I headed home at a rate of knots.

"Honey is that you?" came mom's holler as I closed the front door.

"Yeah, mom" I called back. I dropped my bag and hung my jacket up before kicking off my shoes. Our front door led straight into our living room, which took up the front half of the house. A door in the opposite corner led to an odd little space that contained the stairs and another door into our kitchen. Based on mom's yell, my acute powers of aural observation told me that she was somewhere downstairs. My equally powerful visual faculties told me she wasn't in the living room with me, so I deduced she would be in the kitchen. Columbo, eat your heart out.

The kitchen made particular sense for mom's location in space given our current location in time. It'd been late afternoon before I'd escaped Jeff and the coffee shop. Tempting though it had been to sprint back I did want to arrive home in a state other than 'sweaty gasping mess'. As a result it was now early evening, and mom was probably rustling something up for dinner.

I decided it was time to stop hypothesizing and collect some data. And so I made my way across the room and wiggled through into the kitchen. Or rather I wiggled through to the doorway into the kitchen. There I froze, all my hypotheses suddenly called into question.

There was a woman stood in front of the cooker with her back to me. Her brown hair was pulled back into a loose ponytail that dangled against her bare upper back. The rest of her upper half was covered by a strappy white tank top that clung to her body, though black bra straps visible at her shoulders told me she wasn't wearing just the tank top.

My eyes roved down to where the tank top ended and a black and white plaid mini skirt began. The skirt bloomed out over the eye catching curve of the woman's behind before coming to a halt indecently high on her thighs. Below that there was just leg, leg, and more leg, all the way down. Also feet, I guess, if we're being anatomically accurate.

For eighteen years it had just been me and my mom living in the house, and I'd like to think that if the police had a lineup of women suspected of being my mother then I'd be able to pick her out accurately ninety-nine times out of a hundred. This, clearly, was the hundredth lineup. My brain took in the woman before me and whatever synapses were supposed to recognise my mother were off having a break somewhere. I even opened my mouth, ready to apologize for barging in on this complete stranger in my kitchen. Luckily for my reputation as a reliable witness I didn't quite manage to say the words, partly because I realized that it was the stranger who had some explaining to do, not me, and partly because at that moment she glanced over her shoulder.

Have you ever successfully looked at one of those magic eye puzzles that looks like a pile of iron filings until you squint and cross your eyes, and then out of nowhere it looks like a giraffe forever more, to the point where you can't *not* see the giraffe no matter how hard you try? I'll assume the answer is yes. Well this was like that. On the other side of the kitchen to me was some hitherto unglimped stranger with an admittedly fine body. Then she looked at me and it was, predictably enough with hindsight, my mother. My brain acted as if it had known all along, noticing the way she was standing, the colour of her hair, her height and a hundred other minor details. But I knew it was bullshitting.

"Hey, sweetheart," said my mom, smiling at me before turning back to the sizzling pan in front of her. "Did you have a good day?"

"Yeah, thanks," I said, staring shamelessly at mom's body. Since her shopping trip the previous day mom seemed to have an entirely new wardrobe of clothes designed to showcase her body. If she was trying to get me worked up then I had to say her plan was a total success, as my increasingly uncomfortable jeans attested. I belatedly remembered that after mom had sent me that photo of herself in nothing but a bra I'd come straight-ish home intending to repay her for last night's teasing and ravage her on the spot. Yet here I was getting all distracted by how damn good she looked. Honestly, it was hard being me.

"I'm glad you're back," she went on, still with her back to me. "I could use some help with my new phone. Also with dinner, but I assume you'd rather play with my phone than chop carrots."

I'll be honest, I was barely listening to mom. The more I gazed at her the hornier I got. I drank in the slight shimmy of her ass as she stirred what smelled like onions in the pan. I devoured the curve of her breast just visible from my angle as her top clung to her body far tighter than her usual loose jumpers did. And speaking of tight clothing my jeans had gone from uncomfortably tight to borderline painful as my erection demanded to see whatever I was seeing. Mom was saying something about apps that I barely heard as I quietly slipped off my jeans and underwear, leaving me bottomless. I then padded across the kitchen, sneaking up on my mom like a really horny ninja.

"I tried looking on the internet, but wasn't really sure what to search for. I figured you'd- oh, hello," was mom's last comment on phones for the time being as I arrived behind her, flipped up the back of her skirt and nestled my cock between her panty-clad ass cheeks. With that taken care of I wrapped my arms around her, resting one hand on her stomach while I brought the other one up to her breasts and started squeezing one gently. Mom moaned quietly before whispering "I guess you found something you'd rather play with than my phone huh?"

I grunted something affirmative before busying my lips on mom's neck, gently kissing in small patterns under her ear. She moaned and tilted her neck giving me better access, which I made the most of. Glancing down I could see that she was still distractedly stirring the contents of the pan (the beginnings of a bolognese for those interested in that kind of thing). Even more mouth

watering to me was mom's cleavage which heaved below my eyes as she breathed ever more unsteadily.

"What about dinner?" she asked, though the word dinner was more of a gasp as I dropped my hands to her ass to shove her panties down to her mid thigh. That done I returned one hand to her breast and quickly located her clit with the fingertips of my other hand.

"It can wait," I assured her as I began rocking my hips, sliding my cock up and down between her ass cheeks while my hands busied themselves on her tits and clit.

"Are you sure?" she asked. "I was just about to- to sauce," she said, sounding like someone who had no idea what they were saying. Apparently she had some idea though, as she dropped the wooden spoon she'd been stirring with and took a death grip on a waiting jar of tomato sauce. I was pretty sure this wasn't the part of the cooking process where the sauce went in so felt safe in ignoring her.

"It can wait," I whispered again into her ear before accelerating my fingertip on her clit. She groaned in response and shook against me.

"Should stop, should make dinner," she murmured, though the way she pushed back against my cock with her hips and shoved my hand on her clit further down until my fingers touched her entrance told me that she wasn't entirely serious about this. As I curled one finger into her pussy she let out a long, low moan, and grasped both her hands on the sauce jar like she was drowning and it was a life preserver.

As I started to finger mom with more gusto she started to move more against me, bouncing up and down on her toes and gasping, her gasps as arousing to my ears as her bouncing was to my cock still nestled between her cheeks. With my cock directly on mom's ass and one of my hands directly on her pussy, my other hand suddenly felt out of place as it groped mom through two layers of fabric. I figured that I could halve that number without having to try to undo mom's bra through her top with my teeth. And so I released mom's tit for a second and slipped my hand inside her tank top at the waist, sliding my palm up over her smooth stomach until it returned whence it came, but now with only a bra between it and the prize.

Based on the noises she was making, mom was definitely enjoying the three-pronged assault I was making on her body. But it wasn't one way traffic. The feel of her ass on my cock was of course amazing, yet the feel of her body under my hands was possibly even better and I lamented how long I'd gone without realizing what a divine body I'd been living with, and how soon it would be taken from me. "God, mom," I whispered into her ear between kisses, "you're so fucking... fuckable." It wasn't exactly Shakespeare, I know, but I was at least being true to mine own self. Besides, mom seemed to appreciate the comment.

"Yes," she hissed, shoving her ass hard against my cock and wringing her hands on the jar she was still clutching. "Fuck me then," she whined. Then, just in case I hadn't heard, she moaned "Fuck me, fuck me fuck me," punctuating each clause with a hard thrust against me.

I knew this was lust-fuelled dirty talk. Mom made her feelings on The Rules clear regularly: if I wasn't close we couldn't have sex. And horny though I was I wasn't yet close to cumming. But with mom practically begging for my cock I found the number of fucks I could give about The Rules at an all time low. And so I said fuck it, and decided to do just that.

Before she could retract her demand or sexily moan "Figuratively speaking", I pulled both my hands back from their errands. Mom gasped at the sudden loss of my finger in her pussy but leant

forward slightly as I put some pressure on her back. I then shoved her panties down to her ankles, grabbed her hips with one hand and my cock with the other, and guided the head to mom's waiting entrance. And then I pushed.

I'd intended to be inside mom before she could react. As a best case scenario she'd then be too delighted with my cock inside her to check whether I was close. And the worst case scenario was that she'd ask if I was close, I'd admit I wasn't, and I'd have to pull out. But all that would take several long moments, and I'd be fucking mom all that time.

What actually happened was this. The head of my cock slipped between the folds of mom's pussy lips and I pushed forward. If I'd done some trigonometric legwork first I might have realised that with both of us stood against the kitchen worktop, the angle wasn't quite optimal. But it wasn't hopeless either. My cock didn't fly off into the ether but nor did it head up into mom. I pushed harder, eliciting a little squeak from mom. Then, with an entirely inaudible pop, the head of my cock shifted slightly and lurched up into mom's pussy. And that was when all Hell broke loose.

Okay, Hell might be pushing it. To be more accurate, that was when a jar of tomato-y pasta sauce broke loose. In her throes of delight mom had been twisting the jar between her hands, but not tightly enough to actually undo the lid. At least, not at first. As our passions mounted she gripped tighter and tighter. And then she felt my cock finally penetrate her. She jumped in surprise and twisted the jar reflexively. And because even jars of pasta sauce have comic timing, this time the lid *did* come off.

From my position behind mom I didn't see anything happen. As far as I was concerned, my cock entered mom, she jumped, and then she yelled "Dammit!" I smiled inwardly, proud that my cock could have that effect on mom, but also unsure why she sounded quite so angry. Presumably it was some horny-angry mash up, like when people get so hungry they get angry about it: hangry. Mom was probably just horny.

My deliberations on horniness and imminent fucking of mom were both interrupted as she lifted herself up on tip toes to remove my cock and reached behind her to push me back slightly.

My first guilty assumption was that mom knew I wasn't close to my orgasm and was making me prematurely exit because of my premature entry. The second possibility as I saw it was that mom had had her own orgasm already and was too sensitive to continue. This was as unlikely as it was unhumble since mom was profoundly unlikely to have had a powerful enough orgasm to stop after experiencing the full force of about an inch of dick. More possibilities would have come to me with time, but before that time came mom turned around.

Any brief hopes that she was turning just so that we could go at it face-to-face were dashed as soon as I looked down at what had been her pristine white top. Now it was none of those things, except a top. About half of the jar of sauce had clearly decided that since it was destined for mom's stomach later in the evening it could take a shortcut. The shortcut had failed, as shortcuts are wont to do, and instead mom was now wearing that sauce. A few globs had splattered onto her forearms and one small drop had even made the connoisseur's choice and had made it to her cleavage. But her new top had taken one for the team and intercepted most of the thick red sauce.

I did a heroic job of keeping a straight face as I opened my mouth, hesitating for a moment as I tried to decide between "This wasn't what I had in mind when I thought we'd get saucy in the kitchen!" and some not yet fully developed joke about it being *my* job to splatter mom with gooey liquids.

My hesitation probably saved my life as mom held up a finger before I could speak, looking mightily pissed. "If you want to keep your tongue, then keep it still," she told me, before kicking off her panties and pushing past me to get a cloth from beneath the sink. "Dammit," she muttered as she started wiping the excess tomato goo off her top. "This'll have to go straight into the wash," she added, before grabbing the bottom of the tank top and heaving it up and off. "Could you turn off the hob, then run upstairs and grab anything white from the laundry basket?" After a moment's pause she added, "Steven?" This last bit was said not unkindly, as mom broke through my reverie over her suddenly exposed figure. She really did look devastatingly good in that bra and skirt combo.

"Right, yes, totally," I managed to say, despite feeling like my tongue was going to loll out like a cartoon dog's seeing a bone. With a burst of willpower I tore my eyes away from mom long enough to turn off the hob and then headed towards the staircase as mom began running cold water through the stains on her top and squirting dish soap on it.

I bounded back down the stairs and into the kitchen a few minutes later with an armful of assorted whites that I'd hunter-gathered from the laundry basket in the bathroom. It was mostly mom's stuff as my white clothing didn't extend far beyond a couple of white t-shirts, and they were already packed ready for college.

Mom wasn't in the kitchen any more, so I passed straight through into the small laundry room on the opposite side that connected the kitchen to the back door.

"I got the- the sturm" I said as I rounded the corner into the room. This was of course a total lie as I actually had the *stuff*, and not the sturm, which is (checks notes) an eighteenth century German literary movement full of rousing action. It's possible that I tripped over my tongue because of the sight awaiting me as I entered the laundry room: mom sat with one leg over the other atop the washing machine, slowly swinging her leg as she waited for me. She was still in just the bra and skirt, with the skirt coming obscenely high in her sitting position. I approved. It's also possible that I was making an intellectual comment on the fact that the sight of mom was certainly having a rousing action. My erection, which had gone from full hard on to semi-on as I'd dashed upstairs, had faded to more of a demisemi-on as I rummaged through mom's dirty socks looking for the white ones. But now it was back to nearly full arousal. Totally sturm.

Mom looked pleased with herself at the effect she had on me and then patted the front of the washing machine where the door hung half open. As I approached it she leant forward slowly, struggling to contain a smile as her bra-encased breasts had a predictable effect on me and removed any last doubts about my erection.

She wasn't just leaning down to show off her tits though. Once she was low enough she grabbed the washing machine door. "Fill me with your big load, Steven," she said in a gruff voice, moving the door in time to give the impression that the machine itself was talking. I wasn't fooled though as I could see her lips moving. I rolled my eyes, hoping that I didn't survive the therapy-inducing act of sleeping with my mom unscathed only to develop a fetish for washing machines. (Spoiler alert: I did not develop a fetish for washing machines.)

Once I'd crouched down and dumped that big white load in the washing machine, mom pushed the door shut with a click. "Could you start it on a white warm wash?" she asked, tilting her head as she added "I can't see the buttons from this angle."

I nodded and made to carry out mom's instructions, only to face an immediate obstacle. "Uh, mom."

"Yes, dear?"

"I can't get to the knob because of your legs."

"I thought that was my line."

I looked up from where I was crouched to see mom simultaneously trying to cover up a smirk at her own joke with an innocent look, as well as blushing slightly. Before I could come up with a witty retort mom leant back slightly and uncrossed her legs. I assumed she'd scoot to one side and hop off the washing machine. Instead, with a shy glance at me, she slowly spread her legs until they hung down on either side of me. Her skirt, despite its mini-ness, did a noble job throughout her motions of protecting her modesty.

"Thanks," I said, a hint of a tremor in my voice. With the obstacle gone I quickly turned the machine to the appropriate settings and hit the on button. After a few seconds the door lock noisily engaged and water could be heard doing whatever it is that water does in washing machines when they start up.

That taken care of I stood up, ending up between mom's spread legs. I drank in the sight of her body before me, my arousal only growing at her proximity to me. For her part mom was staring down at my cock, her lips parted slightly and her breath heavier than sitting down would really warrant.

"So," she said softly after about half a minute of this.

"So," I echoed.

"We should, really. Should go do dinner."

I didn't respond, not trusting my voice to say anything suitably withering about that absurd suggestion. Instead I kept gazing down, devouring the sight of mom's legs vanishing impossibly high into her skirt, of her hips emerging from the other side and narrowing to her delicious waist and then of course onto her mouth watering tits. I even gazed at her face, which may not have magically become objectively beautiful, but the pink blush growing in her cheeks and the little bite she occasionally gave to her lower lip were turning me on more, not less.

My whole body was on edge, and from the slight tremble I could see from mom I think hers was too. "Steven," she said almost desperately, and that was it.

It was as if I was a runner waiting at the starting line, and mom had said "Bang." I was off.

I dropped to my knees so quickly that I'm surprised they weren't bruised. With one hand I grabbed the front of mom's skirt and lifted it up, exposing her very ready looking pussy perched on the edge of the machine. With my other hand I held onto mom's thigh. But my mouth was where the action was. As soon as mom's skirt was out of the way I darted my head forward between her legs and gave a single firm lap of my tongue over her pussy. She squealed my name and grabbed my hand on her thigh. As she did I clamped my mouth over her clit and started going to town on it with my tongue, using the tip, the sides, and long strokes with the flat of it to stimulate mom. And stimulated she was as she let out a string of nonsensical noises and grabbed the back of my head, pulling me even tighter against her. I somehow found a higher gear with my tongue and started

lapping furiously at mom's clit, not sure how long I could keep it up. As it turned out I didn't need to keep it up for long at all.

Mom made a noise somewhere between a sob and a "Fuck!" (a sock?) and then the pressure of her hand on my head changed direction. Instead of pushing me quite uncomfortably hard towards her she pulled me very uncomfortably hard upwards by the hair. Enjoyable though eating out mom was I was not going to risk having my hair pulled out to finish down there, and so used mom as leverage to get back into a standing position.

"Inside me!" she growled at me and I took the cue. I took my hand from her thigh and slid a finger inside the pussy I'd just been pulled from. Mom was so wet already that almost my whole finger entered her before facing much resistance, and once I started fucking her for all my finger was worth that resistance melted away. Mom tilted her head back with a groan then gasped "More!"

I added a second finger which again took but a few strokes to start banging mom with abandon. This earned another desperate sounding swear word from mom, yet it still wasn't enough. Leaning forward again she grabbed my arm and pushed it away, grunting as my fingers fell from her pussy. She then let go of my arm and immediately grabbed my cock. "Inside," she gasped, tugging my cock towards her waiting entrance and squirming on the washing machine as if she could get my cock in her without me moving.

"I- I'm not close," I said with almost horror movie levels of stupidity.

Mom glared at me as if she couldn't believe she'd wasted eighteen years raising a son who had the impertinence to not be close to cumming at this exact moment of this exact Monday evening.

"Then put the fucking tip in," she said with the kind of icy calm that immediately precedes someone being attacked by a homicidal snowman.

"Right," I said and pushed my hips forward, letting mom guide me in. In my eagerness to satisfy mom I overcompensated and stuck half my cock in her before coming to a halt. I gasped at the sensations, and risked leaving my cock there for a moment before I started to pull out, aiming for a more realistic interpretation of 'the tip'.

I'd scarcely started moving my hips back before mom started wiggling around in front of me, and before I knew what was happening she had her arms and legs wrapped around me, and pulled me forcibly against her until my whole cock was balls deep inside her. My gasp this time was even louder, and mom let out a long moan.

"Mmm," she cooed. "Such a big tip." She finally sounded happy again. I nodded, and grunted something approximating a "Yup." We stayed like that for what must have been a full minute before mom relaxed her death grip on me. Now that she'd had whatever itch had needed scratching deep inside her dealt with, she seemed calmer again. She pulled back slightly to look me in the face.

"Okay," she said quietly, even looking a bit embarrassed. "That might be a bit more than the tip. Why don't you go back a bit and I'll help you finish?"

I assumed she meant she'd jack me off while I held the end of my cock inside her, which was fine by me. I nodded in agreement and gave her a little kiss on the nose. Her smile widened at that and she wrapped her arms around me again, postponing my withdrawal for a few more seconds. Finally she relaxed her grip again. "Okay, mister. Back you go-oh. Oh. Ohh!"

Now, mom was not bursting into spontaneous song from an excess of joie de vivre. She was not filled with the joys of Spring (it was Fall). No, instead a third character had entered the fray.

To be fair this character had been quite vocal already during our sexual encounter in the laundry room. I didn't mention them above because I felt like it spoiled the mood. As someone who was there at the time I can tell you that licking, fingering, and sticking my dick in my mom on top of the washing machine was honestly very erotic. And as someone who was there at the time I was distracted enough by my horniness that I could happily ignore the occasional whooshes, clunks, and squirty noises that the washing machine made below us. I didn't mention them above because, well, go back about a dozen paragraphs, then compare and contrast: *Mom was so wet already - much like the innards of the washing machine which she sat on that noisily flushed yet more water through its pipes - that almost my whole finger entered her before facing much resistance and once I started fucking her for all my finger was worth that resistance melted away and the washing machine made a loud thunking noise which I think it was meant to do, or at least it's always done that and we've had it for, like, ten years now. Mom tilted her head back with a groan then, as a series of clicking noises emerged from the depths of the washing machine, gasped "More!"*

See? Better without that, right?

Anyway. At this point the washing machine became impossible to ignore. Whatever setting I'd put the machine on apparently had about fifteen minutes of wet preamble before getting down to serious business. Mom and I had been getting up to our own wet preamble for about fifteen minutes. You can see where this is going.

Just as I was about to pull most of my dick out of mom the loudest click yet came from the washing machine, and then the spin cycle started. Mom, who was pressed down onto the machine with my dick deep inside her, felt it first, hence the "Oh. Oh. Ohh!" As the machine started to spin a low rumble thrummed through both our bodies, growing in intensity as the torque did. It would probably have been quite a nice feeling under more innocent circumstances. With our bodies intimately locked together as they were it went far, far beyond nice.

"Steven?" said mom sounding a little scared and a lot turned on as the vibrations built and my cock turned into the world's most lifelike sex toy. Any thoughts of getting my cock out of her were forgotten as she tilted her head back with a moan and wrapped her limbs around me yet again. Meanwhile, I leant forward to try and keep my balance and grasped the edges of the machine on either side of mom. As I leant towards her, mom leaned back, pulling me down lower. "So good," she moaned quietly and adjusted her hands so she could pull my face to hers. We kissed, but almost chastely in the circumstances, the vibrations from the machine making it more awkward than arousing. Giving up on that I rested my head next to mom's, our cheeks brushing against each other.

Beneath me, mom rolled her hips a couple of times then gasped against my ear. "Feels so good," she murmured, then, a moment later, "I think I'm going to- ." She gasped and tightened her grip on me before letting out a high groan as she came.

My own orgasm wasn't there yet but it did feel absolutely inevitable. The vibrations from the machine were relentless, only growing stronger if anything. The constant sensations being transmitted to my cock through mom's pussy were like a thousand tiny blowjobs all at once. It was only a matter of time before they took me over the edge.

Mom had barely finished going over her first edge when she started running her hands up and down my back. "Shit, Steven," she said, a definite tremor in her voice. "Can't believe I'm already- I'm gonna- Again- ." Whatever broken sentence she tried to utter next was lost as she shuddered against me, grunting into my shoulder. The sexy little noises as she came for the second time egged on my own arousal and I pressed my hips harder against her, managing to urge my dick a little deeper into mom in the process. She yelped in surprise and started shaking under me.

"Don't- Can't- Oh, god" she cried, actually sounding close to tears. I wasn't sure if she was on her third orgasm or her fourth, or whether she'd just been having one long one since the machine had started doing its thing.

"You okay, mom?" I managed to shakily get out.

"S'making me cum," she responded, equally shakily, before her voice was lost in another bout of moans. When her voice returned I could hear the smile in it. "Could do this... all day."

I grinned and gently kissed mom where her neck met her shoulder. And then the washing machine decided to prove mom wrong.

I'm no washing machine mechanic, despite my childhood dreams, so forgive my terminology. But let's say that the washing machine had been spinning along in first gear. It was more than enough for anyone sat atop the machine who had their son's cock deep inside them to get a multiply orgasmic buzz, but it wasn't exactly bucking bronco levels of buzz. And then the machine shifted up from first gear to eleventh. In the process it probably broke the clutch, and my mom lost her mind.

"Steven? What's?" were the last words she said that I can be sure of for the minute that followed. The machine's low rumble started to elevate in pitch, turning into a high whine. And as the rumble changed so did the vibrations, going from a thousand tiny blowjobs on my cock to a thousand full sized blowjobs compressed into a few seconds. My orgasm had been slowly ambling towards its inevitable conclusion, but out of the blue it strapped a rocket to its back and lit the fuse. I shuddered uncontrollably and made a series of grunts as my cock throbbed almost painfully inside mom and the cum started to flow.

I got off lightly. Mom got off very, very heavily. As the new and improved vibrations slammed into her she started whimpering into my shoulder and trying to rock her hips. With my weight pinning her down that didn't achieve much but it didn't seem to matter. An incoherent babble of half formed swear words, my name, various religious figures, and the word 'cum' flowed from her mouth as she was struck by a series of overlapping orgasms, each hitting her harder than the previous.

As she shook below me I just held on for the ride. My cock, despite having just cum, felt engorged beyond any healthy level inside mom and the feelings welling up were indistinguishable from cumming at this point. I would've pulled out since the balance of pleasure and pain was definitely tipping in the pain direction, but I felt bad doing that with mom thrashing around in orgasm under me. I gritted my teeth and decided to hold on for a few more seconds. Just as I made that decision mom took a shaky breath and stilled.

I waited a beat to make sure she was done, and during that beat she whimpered "Steven?"

"I'm here mom," I said in what I hoped was a soothing voice.

"I don't wanna, oh god, I think I'm gonna." I could guess what she meant and tried to pull back and get us both of this rodeo before she came again.

"Mom, your legs," I said as my escape plan was foiled by mom tightening her limbs around me. She either didn't hear me or didn't care as she started furiously rocking her hips against me, even as she cried out her reluctance to cum again. My cock felt like it was going to burst inside her, whether in a good way or a terrible way was hard to tell. But I realized I didn't care and started hammering my hips back against mom as much as I could with her legs holding on so tightly.

Whether she noticed and appreciated it I don't know, but I do know that a few moments later she cried out "Shit!" in a pained voice and started writhing around under me even more.

"Fuck!" she yelled even louder and began clawing at my back so hard that she probably would've drawn blood if I hadn't still had a t-shirt on.

And then came the calm before the orgasmic storm. It lasted about a second.

Mom screamed. Not a dainty "Ooh!" scream, a full on "Oh god I'm going to die" scream. Her whole body tensed up beneath me and she gripped me so tightly that I would've heard ribs creak if she hadn't just screamed in my ear. Her pussy joined in, squeezing my already sore cock to the point of brief agony. She shuddered once, twice, thrice, and then sobbed. I took that as my cue and pulled back. Mom didn't let go of me but she did push off from the washing machine so we both managed to stagger a step away from it before my legs gave up and I sank to the floor. We ended up laying a few feet from the washing machine with mom on top of me, my cock still buried inside her. We both just lay there gasping for breath for a few minutes as the washing machine whirled beside us. Finally mom broke the silence to say "Hold me," and so I wrapped my arms around her torso, feeling occasional tremors course through her body.

It was another twenty minutes before mom disentangled from me and pushed herself up onto her knees. She lifted the front of her skirt then slowly raised her hips. I looked down to see my purple and angry but mercifully flaccid cock slip out of her pussy, along with what looked like a new personal best amount of cum. Looking at mom I could see her eyes were slightly moist, but she also had a dreamy smile on her face. "You okay?" I asked, hoping she wasn't so scarred by the experience that we'd be ending my sperm donations early.

"Mmm," she moaned happily, nodding. "So very okay." She pointed to my cock and to the washing machine. "I can't believe I've had that and that in the house all this time and never put them together."

I gave a little shrug. "Well you didn't need to get pregnant in a hurry until now," I pointed out, then gestured at the pool of cum that had leaked from her. "Though that might not be an issue any more based on that quantity."

"Yeah," mom said, looking at the washing machine, which slowed its revolutions back down as if on cue. She then turned to me. "We should keep trying though, to be on the safe side."

"You're the boss," I said, which earned me an earnest nod from mom.

"I sure am. Come on then, employee." She stood and helped me to my feet, then we both hobbled back into the kitchen looking like we'd been riding camels all day.

Somehow it was only seven o'clock, yet despite that we were both exhausted and absolutely not in the mood to finish making bolognese. The onions instead found a new home atop some hastily cooked burgers and we collapsed on the couch to cuddle and watch television until it was late enough that we could go to bed without losing our cool cards.

Early to bed did not, on this occasion, mean early to rise. It was nine o'clock before I woke up, and even then it wasn't unprovoked.

"Wake up, sleepyhead!"

I opened my eyes to be greeted by the sight of mom beaming down at me. Through the fog of drowsiness I ran my eyes up and down her, seeing that she was wearing the short white robe that she'd tried on briefly on Sunday night. "Wuzzah?" I asked. I always ask the big questions first thing in the morning.

Mom's smile widened as I blatantly checked her out, and then she got down to business. "I realized we need to do some more laundry," she said, managing to keep a straight face. This woke me up better than any caffeine shot would, as I recognised her code for 'I realized we can fuck without breaking the rules if you stick your dick in me when the washing machine's on.' She went on, "I've got plenty of light things. Do you have any light colors that need washing?"

Without waiting for my answer she grabbed my duvet and tossed it aside, revealing the tent currently set up in my dark blue boxers. "I've got plenty of dark things, do you have any dark colors that need washing?" she asked, retconning real life before my very eyes. "Oh look at that," she added, taking her words to heart as she gazed at the bulge in my underwear. Before I could respond she reached down and grabbed my boxers by the waistband, then yanked them down my legs with the flair of a magician. For a moment she just stood there, my boxers in hand, gazing hungrily down at my cock. It seemed like a very real possibility that she'd just straddle me there on my bed and forget all about the laundry plan. But the washing machine had clearly left a lasting impression on mom and she finally tore her gaze away from my erection and grabbed my hand. "Come on, you can help."

I hopped out of bed and let mom lead me by the hand out of my room, down the stairs, through the kitchen, and into the laundry room. It was quite liberating walking through the house naked and my erection barely wavered during the journey. Once we arrived at our final destination mom let go of my hand in order to toss my boxers and a few other dark items from the nearby hamper into the machine, close the door, and fiddle with the dials. With that done she turned back to me and patted the top of the machine. "Why don't you sit here so we can chat?" she asked, which was a weird way of pronouncing 'fuck' I thought.

"Sure mom," I said and perched myself on the machine. Mom scooted me back until my thighs were fully on top of the machine, with my calves hanging down in front of it. I was about to ask mom what she wanted to talk about when that became doubly irrelevant. Mom definitely wouldn't have been able to respond as without any ceremony whatsoever she bent forward at the waist and engulfed my cock with her mouth. And I became unable to speak properly because, well, she bent forward at the waist and engulfed my cock with her mouth.

My question turned into a strangled grunt and I reflexively reached out to put my hand on the back of mom's head as it bobbed up and down my length. This was evidently approved of by mom as

she hummed a happy sounding moan around my cock, only adding to the glorious sensations she was creating down there.

One of mom's hands was digging into my thigh to help her balance. Based on what I could see and what I could hear over the washing machine and mom's moans, her other hand was busy between her legs, and not being gentle about it. That realization excited me even more and I started pushing down on mom's head each time her head lowered over my cock. I wasn't being rough, just encouraging. Either way mom let out a louder groan and twitched. I was worried I'd hurt her somehow, a worry seemingly confirmed when she pushed herself upright using my thigh.

Instead of a reprimand mom just smiled coyly and glanced down, before quietly saying "I like it when you do that." The pink glow in her cheeks grew even pinker as she spoke, though I couldn't say whether that was from embarrassment or from her fingers still visibly at work in her pussy. However much she liked it, clearly it wasn't enough as rather than resuming her blowjob, mom finally took her hand out from her gown and wrapped both arms around my neck. Using me for support she clambered onto the washing machine, ending up kneeling either side of me with her pussy hovering over my glistening cock.

Once she was aboard the good ship washing machine mom reached down and started stroking my cock. "I put the machine on a different setting," she explained, apparently going for the world's worst dirty talk. "It should start spinning sooner and be a bit less, ah, vigorous."

I was relieved to hear that. Last night's session had been quite the experience but I wasn't sure if I'd been able to enjoy it. It had been just a bit too stimulating.

Before I could ask just how much sooner the machine would start spinning, mom gave my cock one last stroke then lowered herself down, guiding my cock straight into her pussy. I gasped and grabbed mom's exposed thighs on either side of me. Mom on the other hand was totally silent, just giving her hips a few lazy thrusts up and down until she could lower herself completely onto my lap and take the whole cock. Only then did she let out a shaky breath and lower her head onto my shoulder.

I swallowed hard, having to fight the urge to start thrusting up into mom. She didn't make it any easier as she sporadically laid little feather light kisses on the side of my neck. Having to do *something*, I ran my hands up her thighs and into her robe, curving them around her body until I had a good grasp on an ass cheek in each hand.

"I thought it would have started by now," mom mused, though neither of us were really complaining about the position we were in. After a drawn out moment I spent squeezing mom's ass, she broke the silence again. "So, seen any good films recently?"

I turned my head to look at her, my raised eyebrow showing what I thought about small talk during these important proceedings. But then I remembered something and perked up. "No, but Evil Dead 2 is on TV tomorrow night. Wanna watch it?"

"Oh yeah!" said mom. It was one of our favourite films and we owned a copy of it, but somehow we always made a point of watching it together when it was on the television. "Oh... yeah..." she said a moment later, but this time she wasn't thinking about Ash fighting off the undead: the washing machine had started its cycle.

It was definitely a gentler cycle than last night's, I could hear that as well as feel it. But we'd swapped positions since last night and I was realizing that being the one sat on the machine with

mom pressing me into it made the vibrations welling up from the machine far more intense. I uttered something along the lines of "Oh fuck" and grasped mom's ass tighter in my hands.

"Oh, baby. You feel so good," whispered mom. She tightened her grip on me and kissed up and down my shoulder. She wasn't the only one feeling good, and in only a few minutes I felt my balls start to swirl with an impending orgasm. It was going to be a quick session I could tell, but hopefully the machine made mom cum as quickly as it did last night.

I slid one of my hands off mom's ass as the grand climax approached, then moved it around her body inside the robe, then up her front, towards her breast. Her dressing robe wasn't exactly designed for an extra arm inside it, and the knot holding the front together loosened as my hand roved upwards. My hand grasped mom's tit at the same moment as the knot loosened to some critical point, and the front of mom's robe fell open. I gazed down, a clear path visible from mom's neck down to her pussy. The sides of her tits jiggled in and out of view in the opening as she writhed about, and I suddenly wanted nothing more than to finally see mom naked before I came. That gave me about ten seconds based on the feeling in my cock.

As if on cue mom moaned "You're going to make me cum," into my ear, shaving several vital seconds off my countdown. I leant back and extricated my hands from the inside of mom's robe, then reached for the knot. Mom sat up straight, as if realizing what I was about to do. "Steven," she moaned.

"Mom," I moaned back, finally getting the knot undone. I moved my hands up to part mom's robe.

And then the doorbell rang.

We both jumped which probably would have set off both our orgasms if the doorbell hadn't shocked them into being staved off for a few seconds. I stared at mom, shaking my head as a cheeky smile spread over her face.

"No, mom," I said.

"I should probably get that," she said, putting a finger on the side of her mouth as if deep in contemplation.

"You really, really shouldn't." But it was too late, before I could stop her she lifted herself off me and dropped back onto the ground, leaving me sat on the vibrating washing machine with a visibly throbbing cock.

"We'll finish when I get back," she said to my cock as she retied her robe. She turned to go then span back and dropped her mouth over the head of my cock. I gasped and pushed her head further down, eliciting a low moan from mom and almost eliciting an orgasm from myself. She popped back up again before that happened though and wiped her chin. "Back in a sec," she said, and trotted out of the door.

I waited on the machine for a second then hopped off. The vibrations felt nice but when mom returned I planned to rip off her robe, throw her onto the machine and fill her with my cum. Or maybe I'd bend her over the machine instead and take her from behind. At this point I could willingly forgo the whole washing machine aspect of our encounter and meet her in the kitchen on her way back before fucking her on the floor. I was close enough that I could do so without breaking any rules.

My mental rehearsals were interrupted as I made out a voice, just audible over the washing machine. I assumed it was mom, telling me to meet her in the kitchen half way and fuck her on the floor. As I moved closer to the door into the kitchen I realized that it was mom talking, but what she was saying didn't make much sense.

"...just about to have a shower, didn't see the point of wearing anything else." I heard her say, before adding "You should've called and told me you were coming."

My hormone flooded brain couldn't figure out why mom was saying these things when she should have been saying things like "Fuck me right now."

"I called you yesterday several times, but your phone went straight to voicemail," said a second voice, and my eyes went wide. "I thought I'd just turn up. I don't need an appointment to see my own grandson do I?"

"Of course not, mom," said mom. I barely heard this last part as I was frantically looking around the laundry room for some clothes to put on. Or failing that, for an emergency escape tunnel. "But... he's not here right now," continued mom, louder than necessary. "He went out earlier to see a friend."

I took the hint. Mom wanted me to flee the house. That did seem preferable to explaining to my grandma why I was wandering around naked with a hardon covered in suspicious wetness, but did not deal with the problem that I was naked. I rummaged through the hamper containing some dirty clothes, but they were all mom's apart from a single sock of mine.

There was only one exit open to me so I took it, slowly opening the back door and glad that the washing machine's hum covered the quiet squeak of the hinges. Once outside I clicked the door shut and sneaked over to the corner of the house where a path led to the front and from there to the road. I stayed against the back wall of the house, not wanting any pedestrians on the street to look my way and see me stood there in the buff. Our neighbors' high hedges at least shielded me from their views.

I had been stood there for about a minute trying to come up with a plan to get some clothes on when I heard the back door open. I panicked, certain that my grandma was about to burst out and catch me. Instead it was mom with a bundle of my clothes and some shoes in her arms.

She was still wearing just her robe and an amused smile as she took in my naked form. Once she was by my side she said in a low voice "Your grandma's here."

"I know," I hissed.

"We didn't finish."

"I kn- we didn't what?" I asked dumbly then stared down as mom dropped my clothes on the floor and grabbed my cock. I couldn't believe she wanted to do this now. And I really couldn't believe my traitorous cock, which had mostly softened during my naked wait in the cold, but now lurched back to an erection with just a few strokes from mom.

"We can be quick," she said and dropped to her knees before taking my cock in her mouth. I wanted to dispute her statement but I'd been so close to cumming before and her mouth felt so good that I realized she was right: I would be quick.

Just to be sure I let mom go to town on my cock for half a minute or so until my orgasm felt imminent again. I then reached down and pulled her up by her armpits. Not wasting any time I pushed her against the side of the house and stepped up to her. She gasped out a "Yes" and reached for my cock again even as she lifted one of her legs. With a moment's work she managed to guide my cock into her pussy, earning a matching gasped "Yes" from me. I then started hammering my hips into her, both of us staring into each others eyes with an intensity only matched by the feelings coming up from below.

"Oh yes," she breathed. "You can do it, cum in me, quickly."

I had every intention of doing just that, right up until grandma's voice drifted out of the kitchen window. "Are you out there, dear?" she called.

Mom had the good grace to look alarmed this time. "Abort, abort!" she hissed, pushing me off and getting her robe back in order. She then gave me a sloppy kiss on the mouth before dashing to the back door and heading indoors. "Yeah mom," I heard her say as she went in. "I thought I saw a... wolf."

I didn't hear the rest of the conversation, far too worried that grandma would rush outside to see this majestic wild animal and only see her grandson's wild penis. I got dressed as fast as I could in my state of panic, struggling the most to cram my cock into the jeans mom had brought out. I noticed she hadn't brought me any underwear so my cock rubbed unhappily against the denim. But at least it was covered.

Finally decent I sneaked away from the house then went for a long walk around the block.

When I returned to the house a while later grandma's car was still there. I cursed inwardly. I loved my grandparents dearly and enjoyed spending time with them. But right now I really wanted to spend time with mom. Preferably naked.

I rang the doorbell as I didn't have any keys on me, and mom opened the door a few seconds later, now conservatively dressed in her old jumper and jeans combination. "Hey," she said cheerily, "look who's here!"

She turned to the side to reveal grandma sat on the couch, grinning at me over the back of it. I wondered why mom was making such a big deal of it when I already knew grandma was here. But then I remembered that grandma didn't know that I knew she was there. Theory of mind, man, what a pain in the ass.

"Grandma! What a surprise!" I said, earning an eye roll from mom.

I may have overdone it slightly as grandma chuckled as she came over to give me a hug, pointing out that her car was literally outside. I flushed at that but grandma was too happy to see me to pay it any mind.

"Your grandma has some exciting news," said mom with a forced smile once the pleasantries were out of the way and we were all sat down.

I looked at the two women enquiringly before grandma spoke up. "Well you know me and your grandpa are going to miss you terribly once you head to college." I nodded a little nervously. Mom was going to miss me terribly too, and her solution had been to get as much of my cum inside her

as humanly possible in order to produce offspring 2.0. I really hoped that grandma and grandpa weren't having the same idea. "So we thought it'd be a nice treat for all of us if we stayed with you for your last few days at home, then helped drive you to college!"

"Oh!" I said without a whole lot of conviction. "You don't have to do that," I added with significantly more conviction. "Mom was going to drive me on Saturday."

Grandma just waved her hands dismissively. "Nonsense, nonsense. Well anyway, that was the plan. But..." I perked up. Buts were good in this situation. "But your grandpa isn't feeling well so he's had to stay at home. He sends his love though!"

"Oh, is he okay?" I asked, my affection for my grandpa briefly silencing my desires to be alone with mom.

"Oh yes," replied grandma, "it's nothing serious. But it does mean you just get little old me!" She pinched my cheek, a move straight from the grandma playbook. She then excused herself to go to the bathroom upstairs, citing the coffee she'd drunk while driving here.

Once she left the room I raised my eyebrows at mom. I was of course grossly disappointed that we'd have to stop our sessions, but I wasn't even sure if mom would want me to speak about it out loud while grandma was in the house. It would no doubt be safer if we just went back to being a normal mom and son for the rest of the week, and mom was no doubt about to say just that. Mom smiled sweetly at me until she heard the bathroom door upstairs click shut. Then she all but threw herself onto me, straddling me on the couch and pushing herself down onto me so hard that I thought my cock was going to be bruised.

"You didn't finish," she murmured before locking her lips to mine and kissing me nearly as hard as she was grinding down against me.

I'd like to say that I smoothly took control. That I flipped mom onto her back and whipped off both our jeans in one fluid movement. That I brought her to multiple orgasms there on the couch before satisfying my own desires, and all before grandma could return to the living room.

What I actually did was sit there, eyes wide open in terror and hands variously trying to get mom off me or digging into the couch. My efforts were in vain as mom only wriggled against me more as I struggled, right up to the point where she slid off sideways to sit beside me again. I sat there breathing heavily, my cock trying to burrow out of my jeans. Mom merely glanced at the clock as she said "What do you fancy for lunch?"

I stared at her incredulously, until a second later when grandma re-entered the room. "Did someone say lunch?" she asked, as mom smiled and winked at me.

That was pretty much the pattern for the rest of the day.

I did my best to enjoy grandma's company, and for the most part succeeded. It was whenever grandma's company was absent that things got tricky. When she went upstairs after lunch to check her phone for messages from grandpa, mom pushed me against the kitchen sink and rubbed her whole body against me, reminding me that I still owed her my cum.

If grandma popped to the toilet then mom immediately straddled me wherever we were and grinded against me until I felt fit to burst.

When grandma went into the kitchen in the afternoon to make us all a cup of tea mom shoved her hand roughly into my jeans and grabbed my cock. She gave it a few strokes before kissing my ear and whispering "You're putting this in me tonight." I thought I was going to cum there on the couch, but somehow held off and had even stopped shaking when grandma came through with the tea a minute later.

Suffice to say that by the time bedtime rolled around at the end of the day I was a wreck. My boner had been up and down more times than I could count and I was both ready to do whatever mom wanted to get me off and also terrified at the prospect of doing anything sexual with grandma in the house.

Mom had no such fears and when grandma proposed that it was time for bed mom launched her plan into action. "I figure you can have my bed, mom, since it's the most comfortable" she said graciously to grandma, then pointed at herself. "I'll take Steven's bed, and Steven can sleep down here on the couch, can't you?"

"Absolutely," I said, pretty sure that mom wouldn't be staying in my bed and neither of us would be sleeping.

"Excellent," said mom. "It's a plan."

I felt hope and arousal blossom in me. Then grandma came at that hope with some shears.

"Oh don't be silly," she put in. "Your bed's big enough to share and then we can have a chat about a few things." Grandma clearly mistook mom's aghast look for horror at the idea of sharing her bed with her mom. "I don't bite," said grandma, rolling her eyes. "And then Steven can sleep in his own bed before going to college. He deserves that much."

Mom clearly wanted to argue further but grandma ignored her and gave me a hug. "Goodnight, Steven," she said, then looped her arm through mom's and escorted her upstairs. As they went I could hear grandma asking mom about her work.

I stood there in the living room for a minute longer, not sure what to do with myself. Unfortunately there wasn't much I could do, so I turned off all the lights and headed upstairs to bed.

I hadn't slept very well on Sunday night after mom's middle of the night visit left me too horny to sleep. That Tuesday night put the earlier one to shame.

I laid there in my dark bedroom for hours. My cock was too sensitive to cover so I had neither my boxers on nor the duvet over me. Despite that it rarely flagged from its full erection, and when it did I would find myself stroking it while thinking of mom.

On the subject of mom I was sure that she, like life, would, uh, find a way. Every little creak of the house sounded to my ears like mom walking to my room, and when she didn't appear I despaired every time. Occasionally I did doze for a short while. Then my dreams would conjure mom and I would awake with a start, certain she was there with me.

Part of me hoped my body would betray me and I would have a wet dream, at least then I'd have release. But the one time I wanted one they declined the offer, and I dragged myself out of bed at eight the next morning with my balls even fuller than they'd been the night before.

When I lurched into the kitchen mom and grandma were both already there. Grandma was happily talking about her neighbors while an exhausted looking mom sat at the kitchen table eating some toast.

"Good morning, dear," said Grandma and shovelled a full fried breakfast onto a plate for me. Sudden celibacy aside, there were perks to her being here after all.

"Thanks grandma," I said, grabbing some coffee from the machine and then joining mom at the table.

"Morning," mom said, smiling at me and looking more human as she did so.

"Morning," I said back, feeling a bit more at peace in her company. Sure I still wanted to fuck her there on the kitchen table, but failing that it felt nice to see her again after the night I'd had.

"Did you not sleep well either?" asked grandma as she came and sat with us.

"Not great," I replied. "You didn't sleep well, grandma?"

"Oh no I slept fine," she responded. "I'm a light sleeper and your grandpa is a heavy snorer so I've gotten used to making do without much sleep." She then inclined her head at my mom. "Your mother here seemed to have trouble. Needed the toilet a lot during the night, I gather."

"Mom..." moaned my mom, going pink.

"It's nothing to be embarrassed about. These things happen as we get older. Still, what was it last night, five times you woke me up trying to sneak off to the bathroom?"

Mom nodded and looked guiltily at me. "Yeah, sorry, mom. Like I said, I can sleep downstairs tonight."

Grandma was still having none of it. "Oh don't be silly, it's fine. Maybe just don't drink quite as much before bed tonight though, eh?"

I was pleased to hear that mom had been trying to visit last night, but less pleased that her sneak stat was too low to get past grandma.

Still, the knowledge made it easier to get through the morning as grandma never seemed to leave the two of us alone.

The rest of the morning passed without incident. By the time lunch was finished mom and I were both feeling more like fully functioning members of society again. Grandma was clearly pleased that we could hold our own in conversation. But as a side effect we were both ready to jump each others bones at the first opportunity. I was still a little hesitant about fooling around with grandma in the house. Mom, on the other hand, scarcely seemed to care if grandma was in the same room.

Once we'd finished tidying up the lunch-related mess from the the kitchen, grandma announced that she was going to call my grandpa and headed upstairs to use her phone. The second she was up the stairs mom grabbed me by the front of the t-shirt. I stumbled out of my chair and followed

as she dragged me from the kitchen into the laundry room. I knew where this was going, and was simply too horny to protest.

Once in the laundry room and out of view of the kitchen mom pinned me against the wall and kissed me hard on the lips. I kissed her back as she grabbed my hands and put them over her tits, squeezing them roughly and moaning into my mouth. I kneaded her tits through her jumper for the few seconds it took her to drop her hands to my jeans and yank open the buttons. Then her tits and the rest of her dropped from view as she crouched down in front of me, pulling my jeans down to my knees in the process, then took my already hard cock into her mouth. Her head bobbed back and forth a few times, bringing my overly teased cock close to the edge, before she stood up again.

"Inside me, now," she whispered, lifting up the front of the skirt she was wearing today to reveal a total lack of underwear. She tugged my saliva coated cock towards her opening and tried to jam it inside, but she was stood too close to me and only succeeded in rubbing the head over her pussy lips.

Visibly frustrated she stepped away and led me by the cock over to the washing machine. Turning her back on me she reached down with her free hand to lift the back of her skirt up. She then leant over the washing machine, letting her skirt pool upon her lower back as she pulled my cock into her. We both groaned, albeit quietly, as I pushed my hips forward and sank into her.

"Don't just stand there," she whispered, when I still hadn't moved two seconds later. I drew my hips back and then slammed them forward in response, and immediately regretted it as mom's knees clanged noisily against the washing machine.

I froze, suddenly aware that mom's bedroom was directly above us, and grandma was in there right now. My ears strained as I tried to figure out whether grandma was still talking on the phone.

Mom, it transpired, was tired of my shit. Taking the initiative she started thrusting back against me, the gentle clapping of her ass against me with each thrust sounding like cannon fire, and her murmured words of bliss sounding like yells. Luckily this was not going to a long session as I was already feeling on the edge of release, and mom's murmurs were growing ever more colorful - a sign her own orgasm was imminent.

Not imminent enough, though.

"Steven? Are you there, dear?"

Panic flooded me as I heard grandma yelling from what sounded like the stairs. I pulled back and tried to yank up my jeans in one swift movement, but mom was having none of it and reached back trying to find my cock. "Give it back," she hissed as her fingertips brushed against me. She moved back, trying to impale herself on my erection. A brief tussle ensued as I tried to extricate myself.

"Steven!" came another yell, this one sounding even closer. In my imagination I could all too easily believe that grandma was striding across the kitchen. Any second now she would come through the doorway and see her daughter wantonly trying to grab her grandson's dick. The mental image was strong enough to deflate my erection a little and give me the strength I needed to tear away from mom.

"Here, grandma!" I yelled back, provoking a moan from mom who finally seemed to realize that we weren't going to be finishing just yet. I succeeded in cramming my dick back into my underwear and did up my pants. Decent once more I stepped into the kitchen, expecting my grandma to be

right there. She wasn't, but she was stood on one of the lower steps of the staircase and could see into the kitchen. Her phone was in one hand. She murmured something into it when she saw me then waved at me to come over.

I walked awkwardly across the kitchen and to the bottom of the steps, trying to look like a guy who definitely hadn't been balls deep in his mom a minute earlier. Hopefully grandma's raised eyebrow was just her wondering why her grandson was moseying towards her like a buffoon and not because she suspected anything. Once I was at the bottom of the steps she handed me her phone.

"Your grandpa would like a word with you," she said.

That was almost literally what I got, too. My grandpa was a man of few words and after we'd exchanged a few standard pleasantries the line fell silent. "Well," I said, having done this dance before. "It was good to hear from you, grandpa."

"You too, kid," he responded, the relief to get off the phone almost palpable in his voice. I handed the phone back to grandma, hoping that she would take it upstairs again for a nice, long chat with her husband so that I could have a nice, short fuck with her daughter. It was not to be.

"You take care of yourself, you hear?" she commanded into the phone. I gather my grandpa did hear, as a few moments later grandma said "Alright, I'll call you again tomorrow. Bye now."

Having hung up she smiled at me. "Have you seen your mom around?" she asked. I frowned as if giving this not inconsiderable thought. Our house was too small to get away with lying. But I was more than a little nervous that if I directed grandma into the laundry room then she might walk in there and find mom still bent over the washing machine with her ass exposed. The situation was confounded by the fact that grandma had seen me come from the laundry room, so I could hardly act surprised when mom came from there too. I was just about to come up with some nebulous statement when mom appeared from the living room.

I did a double take, wondering how on Earth mom had gotten from the laundry room to the living room without us seeing her. The only route was through the kitchen and right past where grandma and I were stood. Teleportation. It had to be.

"You called?" said mom as I came to terms with the fact that she had superpowers. Maybe they were genetic and I'd inherited them too. Teleportation wasn't a bad one as far as these things went. Invisibility might be better. Or telepathy. My pent-up arousal evaluated every possible superpower in terms of its utility for screwing my mom. Teleportation would deal with my imminent distance from home. If the teleportation worked over long distances then I could just teleport home whenever the need arose, fuck my mom, then teleport back to college. Invisibility meanwhile offered a whole range of delicious options. Fucking mom where ever she was and whoever else was present was particularly tempting. As for telepathy-

"Earth to Steven, you there?"

I shook my head clear and looked sheepishly from grandma to mom. Grandma looked concerned that I'd seemed to have entered some kind of stupor, while mom only looked amused.

"Sorry, yeah, I was thinking about... something."

Mom raised an eyebrow that told me she knew exactly what I was thinking about.

"I was just saying that I planned to head to the mall now," said my grandma, still looking at me with grandma flavored concern.

"Oh. Okay," I said, not sure if she was asking for my permission or something.

"That's a great idea, mom," said my mom. "There's a new tea shop just opened. I'm sure you could spend an hour or two just looking around there."

My grandma did love her tea, though 'an hour or two' sounded like overkill. I looked at my mom, intending to point out that the new tea shop wasn't that big. Her expression halted the words in my throat. A playful smile was on her face, but there was an undeniable hunger there too. Her breathing was coming faster than could really be explained by standing around talking about tea. As she caught my eye she slowly licked her lips. I felt my cock respond and glanced at my grandma, worried that she would see mom's gesture and interpret its meaning: that mom couldn't wait for my grandma to leave the house so she could finally be alone with my cock.

"Y-yeah," I said, finally catching on. "That music shop had been refurbished too since grandpa was here last year. Maybe they'll have something for him."

Mom winked at me, glad that I'd finally made a useful contribution.

"That all sounds lovely," said grandma. All three of us beamed, though for two different reasons. "Care to come along?" she asked my mom.

Mom did an admirable job of looking like she was giving it some thought, before shaking her head. "Sorry, mom, I have a few work things to get done."

I was pretty sure the closest thing to a spreadsheet in mom's afternoon was going to be her spreading her legs on my bedsheets. I wisely kept this witticism to myself.

"That's okay," said my grandma. "It'll give us some time alone, won't it dear?"

Mom and I both nodded. I was already imagining ravishing my mom the instant the front door clicked shut. Based on the far away look in mom's eyes she was imagining something similar.

"I'll just grab my purse and change my top then we can head out, okay Steven?" With that, grandma turned and headed up the stairs.

"Okay," I said automatically. I was mentally undressing mom so as to be well practiced when it came to physically undressing her in a few minutes. I was just about to mentally lift mom's top over her head when my grandma's words penetrated my skull. "Whur wha?" I said to the empty staircase that no longer had my grandma on it.

I turned back to mom, planning to say... I'm not sure what. Maybe 'I'm sorry, I think I accidentally agreed to spend time with my grandma' or perhaps, more usefully, 'Snap out of it, mom, we can't do anything now.' We'll never know for sure since what I did actually say was more like "Urk" as I turned back just in time to see mom close the distance between us, grab me by the front of my jeans, and yank me over towards the living room.

We didn't actually make it to the next room. Before we finished that great journey of a few feet mom span me around and pushed me against the wall next to the doorway leading into the living room. She was in hot pursuit and was immediately pressed against me, her whole body tight to

mine and sliding up and down, stimulating every inch of me. Especially those inches in my underwear, which were rapidly rising up again.

I intended to firmly push mom off me and explain to her what had happened. That apparently I'd be going to the mall and that we really shouldn't be doing this when grandma would be downstairs any second. Somehow the message got intercepted on its way from my brain to my body, though, as instead I grabbed her by the ass and pulled her more firmly against me, even giving little thrusts to my hips to maximize the stimulation. Mom upped the ante still further and kissed me hard enough on the lips to press my head back into the wall.

That kiss only lasted a few seconds before she lowered her head and started giving me light kisses on the neck. I gasped with pleasure, but knew we'd been doing this too long now. Expecting grandma to head back down the stairs any second, I tried to make my voice sound firm when I said "Mom, we need to stop. We can't do this now."

Mom didn't even glance up at me, only saying "I assure you we can," between kisses. That didn't leave me much choice, and I grudgingly put my hands on her hips, intending to break our little tryst. But mom got there first, grabbing me by the waist and pulling us sideways. We did a little roll together along the wall, or rather around the wall since we were next to the doorway. When our maneuver ended we were in the living room, on the opposite side of the wall to where we'd just been. And now it was me pressing mom against the wall, not vice versa.

She'd stopped writhing against me and instead just looked me in the eyes, a look that was about ten per cent playfulness and ninety per cent horny-as-fuck-ness on her face.

"You were saying?" she said. Whatever I had been saying eluded me, and I just gaped for a moment like a particularly confused fish. "Thought so," she added, and reached down to pop open my jeans and shove them and my underwear down to my mid-thigh with the practiced air of someone who'd done that an awful lot recently.

I gasped as my cock sprung free, and then gasped again as mom grabbed it, stroked it a couple of times, then squashed it between our bodies and resumed her ever-more frantic gyrations.

Lust had clouded my judgment to glaucoma levels by now, and I humped back for all I was worth, not even bothering to listen out for grandma's arrival anymore. We were at least being quiet.

"Oh god," I murmured, "I'm so close."

"Yeah?" said mom. I assumed she'd lift her skirt and shove me inside her then. Normally my issue with The Rules was trying to stop myself from fucking mom before I was close to cumming. That was absolutely not going to be an issue this time.

But mom did not do that. Instead she span around so she was facing the wall, knocking me back half a step in the process. She then glanced back so she could grab my hands, clamped them over her tits, and then pressed herself against the wall with my hands sandwiched between her and it. My cock was now resting against her ass over the soft fabric of her skirt. And leaking copious amounts of precum, I saw with mild horror. For the first time it occurred to me that if I filled mom up with two days worth of cum then grandma would be coming downstairs just in time to see it oozing down mom's leg.

"We should really stop," I whispered.

"Go on then," said mom softly, before starting to thrust her ass back against me, sliding it against my cock with each thrust. She knew the effect that would have on me, and I didn't so much stop as I did squeeze mom's tits roughly and start hammering my hips into her, earning a hissed "Yes" for my efforts.

"I'm... gonna... cum" I grunted quietly, one word every few thrusts, again getting nothing but "Yes" in response. "Your skirt," I said, hoping to convey both that her skirt was in the way of me cumming inside her but also that if she didn't do something in the next few seconds then her nice dark skirt was going to be covered in cum. Or maybe that should be *more* covered, since it was already obscenely painted with streaks of my precum.

"Do it," she said to this. "Cum all over me." That seemed like a terrible way of getting pregnant. But I assume mom knew that. "When she's gone," she went on, "you're going to do whatever you want to me, where ever you want to do me, in every... fucking... room."

The last few words were punctuated by extra hard thrusts back against me. I would've cum right there at mom's words if they were true. But I knew otherwise. As my orgasm prepared to boil over, my lust-addled brain decided this was the perfect moment to blurt out "But I'm going to the mall with grandma."

Mom froze, which was appropriate since I felt the temperature in the room drop by about twenty degrees.

"What?" she said in a tone of voice I'd not heard her use before. Or if I had then I'd repressed the memory.

I stopped humping into mom's now stationary ass and she used it to push me back a few steps before rounding on me.

"I wasn't really paying attention and now she thinks I'm going with her and I can't really say sorry grandma I know you drove for three hours to see me but I can't be bothered to go to the mall with you for an hour can I," I said, the words running into each other in their haste to explain.

"No, you can't!" mom blurted out. Whether she was agreeing with me or telling me that I couldn't go to the mall wasn't clear. And I never got the chance to ask as it wasn't me who responded.

"Are you talking to me?" came grandma's voice from the stairs. Mom had the decency to look mortified as she took in the situation: me with my cock out, leaking precum onto the carpet, her with the back of her skirt drenched in that same fluid, and grandma a few seconds away from bursting in.

Mom flapped at me in an entirely unnecessary hurry up gesture. Taking my time was not part of my plan. While I frantically tried to get my jeans back up mom headed round the corner to the base of the stairs in order to cut grandma off, and I assume kept her back to grandma the whole time.

"No I was talking to Steven," said mom from just around the corner as my cock finally relented and allowed itself to be bent into my underwear. "Turns out I don't have any work to do, so I told him I was gonna come."

There it was confirmed, mom would never be able to use the word "come" again without my cock giving a sympathetic throb in response.

"He asked if I could stay here anyway so he could have you all to himself," said mom, continuing her masterclass in bullshitery. "So I told him he couldn't."

"Oh well isn't he a sweetheart," I heard grandma say.

"He sure is," said mom. "Anyway, I'm going to change quickly but I'll be ready in two minutes."

I assumed that was my cue to either be covered up or dive out the window. I had managed to hoist my jeans back up but my cock was taking its sweet time going down again, and didn't seem to understand that it was the wrong female relative that was about to enter the room.

"Okay, we'll wait for you," grandma said. By her voice I could tell she was descending the stairs and heading my way. At the last second I had an idea and dived across the room to the corner by the front door before kneeling by the shoes. Grandma entered the room some time during that process but I think she only saw the kneeling by the shoes and not the mad dash that preceded it. Either way she didn't comment, and I started to put on one of my sneakers.

"Your mom's just getting changed, she'll be with us in a minute," said grandma.

"Okay," I said, as if I hadn't heard everything. In an effort to sound natural I continued, "I'm putting on a shoe!" Good job, Steven.

Grandma didn't deign that with a response, perhaps worried that I'd start narrating her life too. I took my sweet time putting on both shoes, until I felt like I could stand up without any obvious bulges. Then mom walked back in and I was worried that all my waiting was in vain. She was back in the white tank top and plaid black mini skirt that she'd been wearing on Monday night. The get up I'd walked in on her wearing in the kitchen before our first washing machine adventure. The memory of that got the blood flowing to my cock, and how good she looked promoted that blood flow to a semi-on. I was sure that grandma was going to complain about mom's choice of attire. Perhaps say it was inappropriate, indecent, maybe even scandalous. Instead she just said "Won't you be cold in that?" For the first time in my life I wondered if mom had always dressed so conservatively or whether my grandma had seen all this before.

"I'll be fine with my coat," mom said, which glossed over the fact that her coat only came about as low as her skirt currently did and would leave those long, luscious legs exposed. I had to shake my head to clear it of images of those legs wrapped around me. Mom, meanwhile, walked over to me and picked up her coat, slipping into it and giving me a dirty look from the corner of her eye. Not the good kind of dirty, either.

Once we'd all donned jackets and shoes we headed out to the driveway. Grandma's car was blocking in mom's so it looked like we'd be driving to the mall in grandma's cramped sedan. Since she didn't like anyone else driving it, even grandpa, that left me and mom as passengers. Mom looked at the car for a moment, a contemplative look on her face. I could easily imagine that she was wondering whether we could both sit in the back seat. Maybe grandma would be distracted by driving and mom could straddle me. Maybe I could slip my pants down and we could finally finish what we kept starting. And grandma would be none the wiser, provided she temporarily lost the ability to see anything. Or hear anything. Or smell or feel anything. And then, being driven by a coma victim, we'd crash and die horribly. Probably not the best idea.

"Who wants to navigate?" asked grandma, as she unlocked her car.

"I can," said mom, a hint of resignation in her voice. She took the front passenger seat and I clambered in behind her, and off we went.

If mom thought she was going to have any more luck getting me alone in the mall than she'd been having at home, then she was to be sorely disappointed. We spent about three hours at the mall and grandma was never far away. The new tea shop was our first port of call after mom's glowing review. But when mom suggested we split up grandma insisted I be on her team. She had driven all this way to see me, after all. It was hard to argue with that, so mom didn't bother.

After learning more about antioxidants and first flushes than I ever wanted to from the clerk in the tea shop, we moved on to the music store. We didn't spend too long there. Grandpa was the musician in the family, not any of us, and I don't think grandma really wanted to buy him a five thousand dollar bassoon as a souvenir of her trip.

A break at the coffee shop was followed by the book shop then a cookware store where we finally bought something, mostly a few small bits and pieces I'd need once I left for college that weekend. Grandma bought me a tiny kettle that I could already see being one of my best friends at college, whilst mom insisted on perusing the shop's huge mug collection so as to buy me a couple of huge mugs. "I'd get you one that said 'Number one son' if they had one," she said as we browsed the selection, earning an "Aww" from grandma. "They don't have 'Number one cock' either," murmured mom a moment later in an undertone, earning a "What's wrong, honey?" from grandma as she came back from the other end of the aisle to see why I was spontaneously choking.

Kettle and mugs bought, we then passed the various women's clothes stores without going in, and I thought we were finally done. Then mom insisted we pop into a men's clothes store near the exit. I wasn't sure why, since I had all the clothes I wanted. But it seemed easier to acquiesce. Mom led us over to the loungeware section and grabbed a pair of navy blue lounge pants in my size. "Try these on," she said, nodding over to the changing rooms.

I did as I was told and went into one of the small, curtained off areas. It was your classic changing room: a full length mirror on the wall, a tiny wooden bench to sit on, and a few hooks to hang things upon.

I dropped the lounge pants on the bench then got busy removing my jeans. I'd just got them off and dumped them next to the lounge pants when I heard a familiar voices from outside.

"How's it going in there?" asked my mom through the curtain.

"Fine," I said. It wasn't my first time changing pants and it was going about as well as that kind of thing ever does.

"Do you need a hand?" she said. It could have been my imagination but I was sure she put extra emphasis on the last word. My cock certainly thought so as I felt a thrill go through it.

I was just about to take mom up on her offer when I heard grandma say "Oh stop trying to embarrass the poor boy. I'm sure he can manage to put on a pair of pants by himself."

Cockblocked by my own grandma, what a life. I hadn't actually realized that grandma was out there with my mom or I wouldn't have been planning to accept mom's help.

Despite mom's offer, my cock managed to stay flaccid enough for me to finish putting on the pants and get them the family seal of approval without showing off any indecent bulges. That done, mom bought them for me as a gift and we finally left the mall.

Back home I changed into my comfortable new pants. I usually lounged around in my jeans and soon realized what I'd been missing out on. That done I headed downstairs. Mom wasn't down there but grandma was in the living room with a big, red, leather bound book. She patted the couch next to her and I joined her.

"I thought you might be interested in this," she said, opening the tome to reveal it was an old photo album. A tiny baby gurned up from the first page.

"Is that...?"

"Your mom, yes," said grandma, and proceeded to spend the next hour giving me a visual tour of mom's life, ages zero through eighteen. Mom had been a generic baby who grew into a cute kid who matured into a dorky, scowling teenager. By age eighteen she was out of the scowling stage and, to be honest, looked a whole lot like she did now. The last few photos in the album were of mom in a small room with her arm around another woman of a similar age. The other woman was admittedly cuter, but past-mom was wearing a tight fitting t-shirt and equally tight jeans that proved that just like her face, her body hadn't changed much since then either. "That was your mom's roommate at college. Carla? Or Karen? Something like that." Grandma tapped the young woman in the photo as if hoping to provoke her into revealing her name. Luckily the photo remained inanimate.

"Were they friends?" I asked. I couldn't remember mom mentioning any friends called Carla or Karen or something like that. Then again mom didn't really have a social life at all as far as I knew. I was both intrigued and nervous to meet my room mate on Saturday and was hoping to hear encouraging stories about other people's.

"Best friends, those two," said grandma. "She moved to Australia about eighteen years ago, though. I think she and your mom fell out of touch a bit then, as people do. They still send those electronic emails to each other, as far as I know."

I nodded, glad to hear that, then turned my attention back to the album on our laps. I hadn't seen the photos before and thoroughly enjoyed seeing them. Partly because it's always fun to see old photos of loved ones and see them turn from a potato-like lump of a newborn into the person you know and love, and partly because of the amusing anecdotes that grandma told alongside many of the photos. Mom, on the other hand, seemed less delighted. She came into the living room after about half an hour, having changed into her pyjamas. Grandma and I both looked back over the sofa when we heard her come in, and told her what we were doing. Mom just scowled at me, muttered something about a cup of tea, and then headed into the kitchen. I assumed she was just upset at us looking at photos of her as a kid with her ever changing but often embarrassing assortment of fashion senses and hairstyles.

Once we were finally done, grandma suggested that we go help make dinner. It was approaching time to eat so I followed her into the kitchen. Mom was rustling up that bolognese we had never gotten around to making earlier in the week. "How can we help?" asked grandma as we entered.

"Could you take point on making the spaghetti, mom?" asked my mom, getting a nod in response. "Steven, where's your phone?" she then said to me.

I was momentarily thrown by this non sequitur. Did mom want to cook my phone? "It's in my pocket," I said, patting my pocket in case mom didn't understand the concept. My pat came down on a pocket that was conspicuously empty. I looked down at my new lounge pants, momentarily confused, then realized what had happened. "No, wait, it's in my *jeans* pocket. I changed into these when we got back."

"Maybe you should go check it," said mom. If the remark had been any more pointed then she could have stabbed someone with it. Based on the dark looks she kept giving me that 'someone' would have been me.

Not sure what I'd done wrong, but not keen to be on the receiving end of mom's murderous stare any longer, I turned back and left the kitchen before heading up the stairs and into my room. My jeans were where I'd left them, not being capable of independent movement. I dug into the pocket and fished out my phone. Sure enough I had nine messages and a missed call, all from mom.

Somewhat nervous about what I'd find, I opened the messages. They started innocuously enough. "I'm in your bathroom" said the first one. The time stamp was from not long after I'd started looking in the photo album with grandma.

"That was a hint. Come to your bathroom." said the second one from a few minutes later. A few minutes after that was "Steven get in here right now." Hot on the heels of that message was a picture message. It took me a second to decipher until I rotated my phone and saw it for what it was: a photo taken from around mom's stomach pointing down. She was sat on the edge of my toilet seat and the bottom of her pyjama top was visible in the shot, above that in the photo were her legs, slightly spread and utterly naked.

I felt a stirring in my underwear and sat on the edge of the bed to read the rest of the messages, my fingertips idly stroking my cock through my pants.

After the picture was another text that just said "Where are you?" Then three in quick succession. "Please." "I need you." "I'm so wet."

As if to back this up the final message was another photo. This one was a bit blurry, as if mom hadn't been able to hold the camera still while taking it. That seemed likely, given it was a shot from between her legs, pointing up towards her pussy. I couldn't really see her pussy in the photo, though. Not because of the blur, but because she had two of her fingers buried inside of herself and her hand was obstructing much of the view.

Now I could see why mom had looked pissed. She'd no doubt thought I could excuse myself for a moment and then ravage her upstairs, while grandma sat oblivious downstairs. Hell, now I knew what had happened I was pissed with me too.

I was also very visibly horny. My new pants were extremely good for lounging in but not so good at disguising a raging boner. I guess that's why they're called lounge pants and not disguising a raging boner pants. It all makes sense now.

Pant nomenclature aside, I couldn't wander downstairs in my current state. And so I paced about my room, trying to find things to distract me. This was a new problem for me. For most of my teenage years I'd just jacked off if I had a boner that needed to be gone. And for the past week and

a half I hadn't had to worry about mom seeing that I was hard. Usually it was because of her in the first place. There are probably hundreds of clever tips online for getting rid of unwanted erections, but I didn't know any and so resorted to flicking through the books on my shelf that I hadn't packed for college, then counting the number of pens I had (too many), then checking to see how many of those pens actually worked (too few), then attempting to recite the alphabet backwards. My erection, like some mythical dragon, did not want to be vanquished. But it couldn't last forever and after about fifteen minutes it had finally retreated to the point where it wasn't obvious unless you were really, really looking for it. Making dinner with my grandma would certainly shave off that final bit of erectitude. Satisfied, I exited my room and headed downstairs and into the kitchen.

"Ah, you're back," said my grandma as I went in. "I was just about to come and get you. Dinner's ready."

And so it was. I looked guiltily at the three plates of spaghetti bolognese laid out on the kitchen table. "Great, thanks," I said. "Sorry I didn't help out."

Grandma just waved that off. "Your mother said you were expecting an important email about college. I assume it came and that's what you were doing up there."

"Yes," chipped in my mom, who was getting cutlery from the drawer. She looked less fuming now, and glanced at me almost playfully. "Did it come?" she asked, raising an eyebrow.

"N-no," I stammered out, getting myself a wink and a small smile from mom. "I, uh, had an email from a friend though. I was just replying to that."

"Oh okay," said my grandma, before gesturing to the table. "Well, shall we get started?"

My fork clattered down onto the plate before I gave my stomach a satisfied rub. "I am stuffed," I said. And I was, having polished off two platefuls. "That was excellent, thanks mom."

Grandma looked at me shrewdly, weighing up the possibility of insisting I eat a third plateful. Before she could, mom rubbed her own stomach and said "No problem. I think I could manage a bit more myself."

"Steven did eat a lot more than you," pointed out my grandma.

"True," said my mom. "Maybe I should have had a bit of Steven's inside of me." If I'd been drinking at that second I probably would have choked on it. But instead I flicked my eyes to my grandma to see if she'd found mom's choice of words odd. If she had then she gave no indication of it. "You're both welcome to more," continued mom after a beat, "but there'll be enough leftovers for tomorrow if we stop now."

"In that case let's stop," said grandma, before standing up and starting to collect up the plates.

"I can do that," I said, standing up too and preparing to wrestle my grandma for the honor of washing up.

"Nonsense," said grandma. "I'm the guest so I'll do the washing up." I'm pretty sure that at grandma's house the rule was 'It's my house so I'll wash up.' Before I could point this out she went on "Your mother said there's a film on that you'd both like to watch."

"Yes she did," added my mom, glancing at the clock. "And it starts in two minutes."

I'd completely forgotten that *Evil Dead 2* was on tonight. Unforgivable, I know. I was tempted to demand I do the washing up anyway, but grandma would have fought to the death for her right to do it, and I'd end up missing the start of the film and dead. It seemed counterproductive. So instead mom and I sped through to the living room to turn on the television and find the correct channel. While doing that I crashed down onto the couch. I thought mom would sit beside me but instead she grabbed the blanket that we kept tossed over the back of the couch then laid down, placed her head on my lap, and flapped the blanket so it lay over her. It felt nice to just be with her like this. Even without all the sexual high jinks, the last few weeks had definitely brought mom and me much closer together. I couldn't imagine us watching a film like this two weeks ago. Now it felt natural.

"This doesn't feel right," said mom, interrupting my thoughts.

"Oh," I said, somewhat dejected. "Do you want me to..." I cast my mind around but had no idea what would make our position on the couch feel right. Fortunately mom had a plan. Even as the television warned us that the following feature film would be much too distressing for those of a sixteen-or-younger disposition, mom hopped up from the couch and headed to the corner of the room.

For those who've not seen our living room, and I really *really* hope that's all of you, our couch is of the roomy three-seater variety. To be honest it's a bit *too* roomy for our bijou living room. That means the rest of our living room suite consists of a single armchair jammed into the corner and mostly used as a dumping ground for things like spare cushions. That's where mom was heading and, after grabbing a cushion, she about turned and was soon laid back on the couch, under the blanket, and now with her head resting upon a plump cushion on my lap rather than my lap itself.

"Much better," she said, just as the long list of pre-film warnings came to an end and the film itself began.

"Legend has it that it was written by the dark ones," intoned mom in time with the narrator as the intro sequence started. Like I said, we may have seen this film more than a few times.

"Necronomominomenom ex mortis, otherwise known as-"

"I think you had a few too many noms there, mom," I helpfully pointed out.

Mom glanced up at my face with a sour look. "I'll nom you in a minute, mister," she said. Before I could point out that was a meaningless statement she slipped a hand up between the cushion and my lap, located the outline of my cock and gave it a quick squeeze through my pants. I jumped in my seat, reflexively glancing over the back of the couch towards the doorway that led, eventually, to the kitchen. I was all too aware that grandma was only a room away. But of course, even if she'd been stood right there in the doorway she'd need x-ray vision or an elaborate system of mirrors to see through the couch, through my body, through mom's hair and head, and through the cushion, just to see mom's hand, which with its squeeze done now seemed happy to just stay where it was gently resting over my cock.

I returned my attention to mom, who was now giving me an evil grin, then we both tried to concentrate on the film.

It should be a testament to how much we like that film that despite how wound up we both were, we managed to behave ourselves and pay attention to the television for a solid five minutes. We

might even have made it to ten, but at the five minute mark that became academic as grandma walked into the room.

"Where's your mother?" she asked from the doorway.

"Down here, mom," said mom from my lap. Grandma walked over to stand beside the couch from where she could see us both.

"Aww," she said at the scene of entirely appropriate familial love on display. "Would either of you like a drink of anything? I was just going to make a pot of tea."

"I'll have some tea, thanks," I said, while mom politely declined. With our orders taken, grandma paused for a second to see what we were watching on the television. Normally when an older relative watches five seconds of a two hour film that you're watching, you know it's going to be the one five-second-long sex scene in the whole film. Luckily *Evil Dead 2* doesn't have any sex scenes, so instead grandma turned to the screen just in time to see Ash decapitate his suddenly possessed girlfriend with a shovel. Which, to be fair, is not particularly unrepresentative of the film as a whole.

"Seems like a nice sort of film," said grandma. Mom beamed up at her from my lap before grandma left the room. A few minutes later she returned with two steaming cups of tea.

"Thanks," I said, as she placed mine down on the coffee table. I assumed she'd be heading upstairs now and away from the viscera on screen. Instead she paused beside the couch.

"Room for one more on there?" she asked when neither mom nor I moved.

My surprise was probably plain to see. "You want to watch the film?" I asked. "I don't know if it'll be your kind of thing, grandma."

"Where do you think you got your taste in films from?" asked mom as she pushed herself into a sitting position.

"Uhh, you?" I said. Not that I thought a penchant for dubious B-movie horror films was genetic or anything, but I'd spent a decent chunk of my teenage years having riotous fun watching all manner of them with mom on this very couch.

"And where do you think *I* got it from?" said mom. I did a brief double take between my mom and grandma, not entirely sure she was being serious. My grandma liked things like tea and crochet and pinching my cheek, not *Evil Aliens* or *Alien Invasion* or *Invasion of Evil*. Did she? Grandma just gave an enigmatic smile and a small shrug.

"They weren't quite like this in my day, of course," grandma said as Ash started up the chainsaw on screen.

I assumed mom was sitting up to make room for grandma on the couch. Instead she got up altogether, and I wondered if mom was going to head upstairs and forgo the movie. But no, that would be absurd. Instead mom headed over to the armchair in the corner. "Why don't you sit on this, mom?" she said as she reached the chair, and started dragging it across the carpet into a suitable position to watch television from. "It'll be more comfortable than the couch."

"And that way you can stay laid down?" said grandma, a hint of teasing in her question.

"Well I hadn't thought about that, but now you mention it... yep!" Mom made a show of coming back and stretching out on the couch, flopping her head back down onto the cushion on my lap and getting nestled under the blanket.

Grandma rolled her eyes and took a step towards the armchair before mom asked her to turn the light off. "It is a horror movie after all," she added. Grandma headed back towards the doorway to flick the light switch, plunging the room into, well, not quite darkness. A bit of light was coming through from the doorway - I assume the kitchen light was on - and of course the television bathed us all in an ever-changing light show. That done grandma finally got a chance to sit down with her cup of tea.

You might be wondering why we banish the armchair to the corner of the room if we can just drag it out whenever we want. The thing is, it doesn't really fit. Rather than slotting alongside the couch so we're all sat in a neat row, it has to go just in front and to the side. It doesn't quite block the television for those of us sat in the back row on the couch, but it's a close thing. What it does block is a view of the person sat in the armchair, especially if they're somewhat diminutive like my sweet grandmother. Conversely, the person sat in the armchair can't easily see the people on the couch without a concerted effort. So there we were, the room in relative darkness, the television blasting out all manner of noise, and mom and I with a couch and a concealing blanket all to ourselves. You can see where this is going.

The moment grandma sat down and vanished from view mom and I were all over each other. I dived under the blanket with her and our clothes were ripped off and flung in every direction. We sixty-nined, ninety-sixed, and some other numbers too. I gave mom, like, ten screaming orgasms before totally nailing her in every hole and filling her with all the cum. And then we rearranged ourselves into some semblance of decency just before grandma leaned around the side of her armchair to ask if I wanted a top up of tea.

...is not what happened.

I mean really, have you ever tried having sex with your mom on a narrow couch without alerting your grandma who's sat a few feet away? It's a logistical nightmare. No, for the next half hour the most vigorous activity we got up to was me leaning forward over mom's head a few times to pick up my cup from the coffee table and drink my tea.

In fact, watching one of my favorite movies had sufficiently distracted me from just how horny I'd been for most of the day that I was totally unprepared when, about half way through the film, mom's hand once again sneaked under the cushion and located the outline of my cock. As she made contact I jumped in my seat. Luckily I'd finished my tea or mom could have been getting a face full of it, and even more luckily the sound of my surprise was lost in the screams currently coming from the television. I had to wonder if mom had timed her move for that precise reason.

Any thought that she was just rearranging her limbs to get more comfortable was quickly dismissed as she gripped my cock through my pants and started making little stroking motions. She couldn't really stroke me properly since she was basically laying on that hand, but that wasn't a bad thing since even with grandma sitting so close I knew it wouldn't take a whole lot of stimulation to make me cum after the past couple of days. Sure enough it only took a couple of minutes for my cock to become painfully hard, trapped as it was under mom's head. Part of me hoped that she would just keep doing what she was doing. Uncomfortable though it was, I knew that mom's hand would eventually take me over the edge. Yes it would have been unsatisfying, and yes it would have left me with a sizeable load of cum in my underwear, and yes it seemed unlikely that jizzing in my pants

would help mom on her mission to get pregnant. But with just a few minutes of work mom had reminded my body just how desperate it was to cum. Some small part of me even rationalized that it was okay to cum outside of mom if she was the one who made it happen.

Just as I was coming to terms with my imminent climax, mom's hand stopped moving. I thought she was just pausing to give me a break, sensing how close I was. But no, her hand withdrew completely from under the cushion. It looked like I wasn't going to be getting any release after all.

Brief thoughts of returning the favor flashed through my mind. Perhaps I could sneak my hand under the blanket and tease mom in return. Given our positions I couldn't really reach anything of hers below the waist without awkwardly leaning to one side, but that left a couple of obvious targets. I'd just decided to surreptitiously slip a hand beneath the blanket and explore when mom started fidgeting.

At first I thought she was just rearranging herself, and gave her a moment to do so. But the fidgeting didn't stop. After forty minutes laid happily on my lap she now seemed to be uncomfortable.

"Hey, mom. Could you pass me a spare cushion?" said mom out of the blue. I briefly panicked at her getting grandma's attention, before realizing we weren't in any kind of compromising position. Sure I had a throbbing erection a few inches beneath mom's head, but nobody else knew that. Grandma leaned around the side of the armchair to pass mom one of the many cushions she was surrounded by on her seat.

"If you're uncomfortable you could try sitting up," said grandma, "it might be more comfortable."

"Mmm," said mom, contemplatively. She took the cushion from grandma and placed it atop the other one, giving her head some extra padding. "Maybe. Or... why don't you lie down, hon?" she said this last bit to me. I glanced from her to grandma and back again. "There's plenty of room," she added.

"I, uh, I mean, I'm not sure," I said. I'm super decisive like that sometimes.

"You're not?" asked mom, before lifting up the back of the blanket. From where she was sat, grandma couldn't see anything, whereas to me the lifted blanket revealed mom's pyjama clad top half, her pyjama clad legs, and in the middle where they met, her completely exposed ass.

I don't know how she managed to slip her pyjama bottoms down without me noticing during the film, but slip them down she had. The waistband now rested just below the curve of her ass cheeks, subtly lifting them in the process.

Mom pushed her head down a little bit against my lap, presumably to remind me that grandma was sat there staring at us while I appeared to be giving far too much slack-jawed consideration to the deep and meaningful question of whether I wanted to lay on the couch or not.

"Okay," I croaked, my throat suddenly dry. I mean, I wasn't going to say no, was I? That just left the question of how I was going to get from my current position to laying down without grandma spying the tent in my pants. Luckily the television came to my rescue at that moment, as a particularly noisy sequence started and grandma turned away from us to settle back into watching it.

Not wanting to squander the opportunity Ash and co. had provided me, I slipped out from beneath the cushions on my lap while mom held them up slightly. She then lowered them and her head down while I scrambled around on the couch, lining myself up behind mom and trying not to kick her in the process. Thirty awkward seconds later our maneuvers were done and I adjusted the blanket over us as mom pressed herself back against me, her bare ass pushing against the cock currently trying to bore through my underwear and pants until it settled into position between her ass cheeks.

"Mmm, much better," she said softly, sending a little shiver down my spine.

It was tempting to try something then, but it was even more tempting not to be caught by grandma trying something. So I propped my head up on one hand and placed the other one on mom's stomach and once more began to pay attention to the film.

Mom seemed content to play it safe too, and simply rested her hand over mine on her stomach and watched with me. True, my erection was still pressed against her ass, but apart from that it was just a nice innocent moment.

The innocence lasted maybe another ten minutes. With half an hour left in the film I felt mom's fingers interlace with my own. I gave her hand a little squeeze, which she reciprocated, and then she slid my hand up over her stomach and placed it firmly on one of her tits. My cock had softened ever so slightly during the previous ten minutes (I like *Evil Dead 2*, but not like *that*) but this was all it took to bring it lurching back to full hardness, and I gave an involuntary little thrust forward as my hand covered mom's tit. Mom gasped in response, but so softly as to be inaudible unless you were as close as I was. It was only a gasp, but in my state of arousal it sounded so erotic that I nearly lost it and started thrusting against mom. Somehow I maintained a semblance of composure and settled on massaging mom's tit through her pyjamas. I couldn't imagine ever tiring of the feel of them in my hands. They filled my hand, big but not to the point of being silly, soft yet also firm, and oh so sensitive as mom's ever heavier breathing attested to. I was suddenly glad we weren't watching *A Quiet Place*.

I spent the next ten minutes squeezing, caressing, and straight up groping mom's chest while also watching the film. Life surely could not get much better. Mom's labored breathing, astonishingly hard nipples, and occasional little thrusts back against me told she was having a pretty damn good time too. I thought we'd finish the film that way. With luck grandma would then decide to go for a late night drive to the next state and back and mom and I could have a marathon session there on the couch. Although given how aroused I was grandma would probably only need to drive next door and back to give us enough time to screw each other to our mutual satisfaction.

Mom was less content to maintain the status quo. About three fourths of the way into the film she once again took my hand in hers. I barely had time to wonder if she was stopping me because she was too sensitive when that question was answered with a resounding nope. She shoved my hand down her body, past her stomach and between her legs. I didn't have to wonder what she wanted as she pushed my hand against her and I felt the heat and the wetness radiating from her. I was momentarily taken aback by just how aroused she was from what had been a relatively innocent time on the couch. By our standards, I mean. The average guy groping his mom's tits for ten minutes would probably not describe the event as innocent. Anyway, even as I had that thought my cock throbbed in my pants and I felt a little trickle or precum seep out, and I realized that I was being quite the hypocrite.

All that aside, and no matter how turned on we were both were, it was hard to forget that grandma was only a few feet away. She'd made occasional comments and asked a few questions during the first half of the film, but seemed to have got the hang of it by now. Her presence was why I didn't start finger banging mom for all I was worth then and there, and instead slid my index finger along the length of her pussy lips, liberally soaking it in the process, until the tip of my finger reached her clitoris. I felt a small tremor run through her as my fingertip made contact, and then I ever-so-slowly started to run my fingertip back and forth in a side-to-side motion over her clit.

Mom, I have to say, was a trooper. Being so close, I could hear her breath hitch a few times and become more ragged overall. I also noticed her body start to move in little random twitches, especially when those twitches pressed her ass back against my cock. But anyone not literally pressed against her would have struggled to notice anything amiss.

I wasn't trying to get her off. 'Quiet' and 'orgasm' weren't two words that went together when describing my mom. The last time she'd needed to silently climax she'd nearly bitten through my shoulder. I didn't want to risk it this time. And so my finger moved back and forth in a lazy fashion, gently stroking her clit rather than frantically button mashing. When I felt her start to tense up or any of the other small signs of an impending orgasm that I'd picked up in the last week and a half, I slowed my finger right down until she seemed to calm again.

With hindsight I was basically just teasing mom. Bringing her to the edge of an orgasm and then pulling her back again, only to rinse and repeat. After ten minutes of this she was so wet that I was struggling to keep my finger moving on her without making obscene sloshing noises. They probably would have gone unnoticed - *Evil Dead 2*'s climax is about as quiet as mom's - but I didn't want to risk it and so was moving my finger even more slowly.

Just how much longer mom could take all of this was a question that was doomed never to be answered. Out of the blue, and making mom and I both jump guiltily, grandma suddenly spoke up from her armchair.

"How much longer is there? Until the end," she said.

"About..." I said, trying to remember how the end of the film went. With my concentration on the chronology of the film I became somewhat distracted from mom, and my finger carried on strumming her clit of its own accord, moving faster as I pondered grandma's question. "...Ten minutes," I said after a moment. "Maybe fifteen." Even as I said the words mom slapped a hand over her mouth as it opened in ecstasy. I realised I'd brought her right to the edge of an orgasm and stilled my finger, hoping she wasn't about to blow our cover.

Grandma, of course, picked that exact moment to stand up and turn around. "I wanted to wait until the end but I need a brief bathroom break," she explained as she headed past us. On the way she looked down at mom who still had her hand over her open mouth and was doing a fair impression of a deer caught in the headlights on the brink of an orgasm. "Tired, dear?" asked my grandma, apparently mistaking mom's expression for a yawn.

Mom made a little squeaky noise which probably did sound like a mid-yawn sound effect if you didn't know the truth. "Uhs," she then managed to say, giving a small nod.

"Straight to bed after the film then," said grandma, forgetting that her bedtime setting privileges ended several decades earlier. Mom just nodded again and made her little affirmative squeak. That seemed to satisfy grandma who finally walked past and left the room. Mom and I both remained frozen in place until we heard grandma reach the top of the stairs.

"I'm sorry!" I started to say, but it was lost on mom who threw the blanket to one side and reached behind herself to grab me. She then rolled onto her stomach, pulling me on top of her.

"Get inside me!" she hissed. "Get inside me right now." She shoved her pyjama bottoms down to just above her knees as she said this, then reached back to try to help me free my cock.

Under other circumstances I might have been reluctant to do what mom asked. We would only be alone for a minute and getting caught by my grandma was simply not an option. But there comes a point in every man's horniness where he just doesn't give a fuck any more. I was at that point. I'd been edging mom for the past ten minutes, but she'd been edging me for the past two days. I decided to go for it. Given the state we were both in I figured we'd both be cumming after one or two thrusts, giving us enough time to cover ourselves up again afterwards. Quite how we'd deal with the smell or the cum were concerns for the future.

That was the plan, anyway. There's a saying. Something about more haste and less speed being... good? I don't remember the details of the saying, but I do remember the point of it. Sometimes going a little slower gets things done more quickly. This was destined to be one of those times. My cock was about as hard as it had ever been, and was making an utterly obscene tent in my pants. With one hand on the couch to support my weight I slipped the other one inside the waistband of my pants and underwear, planning to shove them both down at once. After that the plan was simple: stick my cock in mom, cum embarrassingly quickly, profit. It didn't quite go down like that. My cock was so eager to be released that it got caught on the waistband of my pants as I shoved them down. If I'd been a little bit softer then it might have flexed enough to let them twang free, but like I said above: so very hard.

This wouldn't have been a problem normally, I simply had to lift my pants back up a little bit to free my cock, then pull them down again being sure to pull the waistband clear of my cock on the second attempt. Unfortunately the point where I started to pull my pants back up again was the point where mom grabbed a hold of them in order to help. I guess from her perspective she just felt me pulling up my pants, the very opposite of what she needed to happen.

"No," she whined, trying to yank down my pants. "Give it to me, I need it," she went on. A particularly hard tug from her once again trapped my cock's head in the waistband of my pants, pulling painfully against it.

"Mom, wait," I grunted, wrestling with her for control of my pants. She changed tactics and let go of my pants, instead shoving one of her hands down the front of them and into my underwear, grabbing my cock roughly as she did so. We both let out moans, then each let out another as she stroked my painfully hard cock a couple of times, smearing the copious amounts of precum already around the head over the rest of it. With her hand holding my cock I could finally shove my pants and underwear down until the waistband rested just beneath my balls. I then lowered my hips and shoved them forward, just as wanton as mom for what was about to happen. Mom, in turn, arched her back, lifting her ass into the air to meet my thrust, and used her hand still on my cock to guide me to her entrance. There was no subtle foreplay or acclimatizing: as soon as I felt her pussy envelop the end of my dick I pushed ever onwards, inch after inch sliding into mom until the whole length of my cock was buried inside her and every part of it was squeezed with blissful agony by her pussy. This was it, I knew. One more thrust and we'd both be cumming.

"F- f- f-" murmured mom, shoving her face into the cushions beneath her. She then lifted her head back and cried out "Fuck!"

"Language!" called grandma from the stairs.

Based on past experience you might expect me to have gaped comically at that moment, before ineffectually disentangling myself from mom. It also seems reasonable that mom, seconds away from an orgasm as she was, would refuse to let me go and insist on some kind of world record hyper-quickie.

But, truth be told, I don't think there's any amount of horniness in the world that would have led to me or mom risking having grandma catch us like this. Our muddled attempts to get into this position were smoothly reversed in a fraction of the time, and when grandma walked through the doorway ten seconds later we were back to laying on the couch, watching the movie, and the blanket covering us. We'd even managed to yank our respective clothes back into roughly the right position. There was of course still a definitely grandma-unfriendly bulge in my pants and I suspected there were a couple of suspicious stains on the couch that weren't there eighty minutes earlier, but for the most part we were externally as we should be.

Internally we were both a hot mess. The sexual teasing for the past couple of days was bad, and the lack of release was even worse. But even worse still was finally thinking that we were going to get that release, coming that close to it, and then having it snatched away. Small shivers ran through both of us as we laid there in the dark.

"What did I miss?" asked grandma as she sat back down in her armchair. I racked my brains, trying to remember when grandma had left and what happened in the climax of the film. Mom came to the rescue though and smoothly rattled off the main developments of the past few minutes.

"Hmm," said grandma once she was caught up. "And was that yelling about?"

"Oh," said mom. "I, er. Well..."

"Mom stubbed her toe," I said, smoothly, glad that I could come to the rescue too. Mom slowly turned her head to glance over her shoulder at me, giving me an incredulous look. She mouthed 'Stubbed my toe?' at me and rolled her eyes. Maybe, in retrospect, it wasn't such a clever excuse.

Grandma glanced around the armchair at us, perhaps wondering like the rest of us how mom could stub her toe while laid on a couch beneath a blanket. She clearly decided it wasn't worth pursuing as the grand finale was finally taking place in the opposite direction. We all sat and/or laid there in companionable silence as Ash found himself out of time and the end credits started to roll.

"Well that was certainly something," said grandma.

"Mhmm," mom and I said in unison, before both giving a little snort of laughter.

"And on that note, I believe it's time for bed," continued grandma. "Come on young lady," she said to mom.

"Actually I was going to stay up a little longer," said mom. But grandma was having none of it.

"Nonsense, you slept poorly last night and you were yawning fit to burst not ten minutes ago. Now come on."

"But moooom," said mom, making me smile at her petulant teenager impression. She relented though, knowing this wasn't the right hill to die on. Once she was up she looked down at me. "You too, mister. Bed time."

I really had been planning to stay up a little later. More to the point my erection was still pretty evident to anyone with a working eye or two, and the blanket was the only thing protecting my modesty. "But mooom," I whined.

"Nuh uh," she said, reaching down to grab my arm. Just before she yanked me to my feet she seemed to understand the panicked look in my eye, and relented. "Five minutes," she said, letting go of my arm. "And turn everything off, okay?"

"Yes mom," I said.

"Goodnight dear," said grandma to me, before taking mom's arm in her own and leaving the room. As they headed up the stairs I heard a brief snatch of conversation.

"You're quite the softy with him you know," said grandma.

"Oh I don't know," said mom. "I like to think I make some things hard for him."

After sleeping terribly on Sunday and Tuesday nights, you'd think I'd be due some solid rest that Wednesday night. And you'd think wrong.

The shock of almost being caught by my grandma had temporarily lessened the feelings of dismay and downright lust I felt from nearly getting to cum with mom again. That lasted about long enough for me to settle things downstairs, use the toilet, brush my teeth, and get into bed.

The rest of the night was torture.

I lay in bed for an hour, totally awake and totally aroused. It took all of my willpower to keep my hands away from my cock, which despite the lack of contact wavered between semi-hard and raging erection the whole time. My attempts to think about something other than sex with mom failed as soon as they started. I was a mess.

After an hour I got out of bed and started pacing my room. The soft carpet and lack of creaky floorboards hopefully meant that my perambulations were inaudible in mom's room next door. But I wasn't too worried about disturbing anyone, I was far too wrapped up in my arousal.

A few hundred laps of my small bedroom seemed like a good idea. That would exhaust me enough to pass out, surely? Surely not. After I'm not sure how long spent stalking my room I was still hard and still awake. Worse, I'd caught myself a few times stroking myself through my underwear, once even getting so close to an orgasm that I was sure I'd gone too far. But my cock throbbed and a sudden gush of precum soaked into my boxers, and that was all. I knew then that I couldn't take much more of this. I was still avoiding bringing myself to an orgasm because of this notion that, until I went to college on Saturday, my cum was for mom. She was desperate to get pregnant and I was not going to ruin her chances by wasting my sperm into a bit of tissue. Except, that had all gone out of the window the instant grandma had arrived. I was holding onto my cum for no reason except to torture myself. It felt strangely sacrilegious, but it occurred to me that I could just jerk off right now. No one would blame me. I mean mom might blame me. And I'd probably blame myself. But I was starting to think that was okay.

The only problem was I didn't have any tissues in my room. Luckily the bathroom had plenty, and so I pulled open my door and padded down the hallway towards the bathroom. On the way I passed the door to mom's bedroom, and there I froze.

A sudden, almost palpable, sense of guilt struck me as I stood there. On the other side of the door was my mom. Whatever twists and turns our relationship had taken in the past couple of weeks, she was still the woman who had raised me single handedly for almost nineteen years. More than that, she was one of my best friends. Hanging out on the couch earlier, watching one of our favorite films, had reminded me of that. I felt a sudden surge of love for her, and knew then that if she could spend nearly half her life raising me then I could wait for a couple more days before jerking off. For her. Having made the decision, I reached out and brushed her bedroom door. A small, suicidal part of me wanted to open up her door, sneak in, and see if I could finish what we started on the couch there on her bed without waking grandma. The part of me that wasn't a screenwriter for a twenty minute porn film vetoed this idea, and so I slipped back into my own room and went to bed. I wouldn't say that I slept well for the rest of the night, but I did doze, and I was at peace.

I'm not sure if mom had some similar epiphany on Wednesday night, or whether she'd just become too tired to care anymore, but the following Thursday morning and much of the afternoon passed with us acting like a relatively normal family. Mom and I hugged when I first wandered into the kitchen in the morning, but then I hugged grandma in the same way, which should tell you what kind of hug it was. Otherwise we kept our hands to ourselves and, I'm a little ashamed to admit, were much better company for grandma as a result.

I'd not exactly been ignoring my grandma for the past couple of days, but our interactions did tend to be overshadowed in my mind by musings of when I'd next get a chance to be alone with mom. With my weary acceptance that nothing sexual was going to happen for my last two days at home, I could concentrate more on just enjoying my family's company. And so we played a board game in the morning, then after lunch grandma and I went for a short walk at a nearby park and chatted about college, until gathering storm clouds persuaded us back to the car and then home.

Mom was Hoovering when we got home, so grandma and I went upstairs so I could show her some photos on my computer of the college I was about to attend. I had a brief moment of panic as we went into my room, sure that there'd be some flagrant evidence of my and mom's recent activities. I'm not sure what exactly. Maybe her panties laying on the floor, or her bottle of lube by my bed, or a giant poster across the wall showing a picture of me balls deep in mom as I unloaded yet another load of cum inside her. As luck would have it none of these were there. In fact my room looked quite tidy after my packing activities at the weekend.

I felt strangely proud when grandma liked the look of the college I was about to attend. It's not like I designed the buildings or hired the professors or anything, nor was I even a student there yet, but still I'd already been infected by that peculiar sense of loyalty towards an institution that was graciously accepting lots of money to educate me for another few years. Now's probably not the time to analyze that, though.

By the time we'd finished looking at pictures we could hear that mom had finished the Hoovering, so we both headed back downstairs. After a brief debate on what to do mom persuaded us to have another round of the board game we'd played that morning. Just because she enjoyed it, of course, not because she'd lost and was ultra competitive when it came to games. Not at all. Suffice to say we set up the game on the kitchen table and started round two.

The game was approaching its grand climax when it was interrupted by grandma's phone ringing. She went over to her purse where she'd left it and fished it out, then frowned at the screen. "It's your father," she said to mom, then answered it as she walked out and into the living room.

I couldn't hear grandma's side of the conversation that well, only her tone of voice, which went from surprise to alarm and then to annoyance. A tangled knot seemed to be growing inside me as sudden fears bloomed about my grandpa. I'd asked about him earlier in the day and grandma had told me he was doing fine. But this didn't sound fine anymore. I could see mom looking increasingly concerned next to me, and took her hand under the table. She gave me a grateful look and squeezed my hand, then focused back on the doorway, as if it would have the answers.

The doorway gave up nothing, but after a few minutes grandma came back into the room with the phone clutched to her chest and an irritated look on her face. I took this as a good sign. Grandma was as sweet a soul as you could imagine, and would give up anything to look after any of her small family. Her worry for people manifested itself as a calm and conscientious facade that got shit done. That was right up until they were out of danger and then she masked that worry with irritation instead. We knew she wasn't actually irritated, it's just how she shows she cares. And if she was looking irritated now then whatever had happened to grandpa presumably wasn't serious.

"Your father took a little fall," she said to my mom, then immediately held up her hands to stop mom before she could interrupt. "He's fine, here you go," and she handed the phone to mom, who took it with her free hand, still squeezing mine with her other one.

"Hello, dad?" she said, and I could see a bit of tension ebb out of her shoulders as he replied. That tension continued to relax as grandpa delivered a monologue of what had to be a personal best duration. Mom even gave a little chuckle at one point, and nodded along as she was wont to do when talking on the phone. "Oh no don't be silly," she said after grandpa's great soliloquy was over. "Steven will understand, and we'd both be much happier knowing she was there." I wondered who was where, but saved questions for the end of the presentation. "Absolutely," she continued, after a brief pause, "I'll let him know. Now go get some rest. Love you, dad." After another brief pause mom ended the call and passed the phone back to grandma. She then lifted my hand up from under the table and held it in both of her own, while grandma sat back down opposite me.

"Your grandpa is fine," mom assured me straight away.

"Really?" I said, just wanting to make sure this wasn't some 'don't tell Steven how bad it is because he's about to start college and doesn't need the distraction' situation.

"Really," said grandma. "Nothing's broken. He probably just has a sprained ankle." I felt the tension in my body relaxing.

"There is some bad news, though," said mom, and back came the tension with a vengeance.

"Your grandpa needs to stay off his feet for the next few days," said my grandma, and I turned my attention back to her. "He was staying in bed for the most part anyway to get over this bug he's got. But now he shouldn't be getting up at all."

"Okay," I said.

"Normally I'd ask Millicent Jones next door to pop over and help out with meals and what not, but her daughter Louise is getting married in Tijuana so she's there at the moment. Nice chap but the Lord only knows why they're getting married there of all places. We went to San Diego once on vacation and your mother threw up most of the week after eating some fish."

"Mom," said mom, prompting grandma out of her non sequitur.

Grandma nodded. "And I can't ask Trevor across the road because he'd insist on bringing his dogs. He has four of them and you know what your grandfather is like with animals."

As far as I knew grandpa loved dogs, but I suspected that wasn't the right answer. Whatever the case, mom dived in to speed up proceedings. "The point is," she said, "your grandma will need to head back home tonight to take care of your grandpa."

"Oh, well that sucks," I said. And meant it. I've probably given the impression that I'd have done just about anything to get rid of my grandma and be alone with mom again, but she was family and I loved her and, truth be told, I did enjoy spending time with her.

"I'm sorry dear," said grandma, reaching across the table to join the pile of hands mom and I had going on. She then seemed to psyche herself up. "I'd better pack my things. Could you lend me a hand?" she said to my mom, who nodded and then they both headed upstairs.

Suddenly alone I made myself busy packing away the game. Grandma had been in a dominating position, with me a distant second, so I didn't think mom would want to finish the game tonight. With that done I wasn't sure what else to do, so quickly reconnoitered the kitchen, laundry room, and living room to see if grandma had left any of her belongings laying around. One of her headscarves was in the laundry room so I put that next to her purse then sat myself back down and awaited mom and grandma's return.

I didn't have to wait long. Grandma travelled light and came down the stairs just a few minutes later with a small bag, while mom followed behind with another. Mom grabbed grandma's purse from the kitchen and just like that grandma was pulling on her coat and shoes by the front door, ready to leave. Mom and I slipped on some shoes too while we all kept talking in overlapping waves, grandma apologizing for leaving, mom asking for updates on grandpa as soon as possible, me wishing grandma a safe drive, grandma asking for updates on me at college, mom telling grandma not to be silly, me sending grandpa my love, and round and round we went.

Amongst all this we made it outside, where the stormclouds had become even more ominous, and a few spots of rain drizzled down on us. Mom and I helped load grandma's bags into the car, then we both exchanged hugs with grandma.

"Let me know when you get home safe," said mom as grandma got into the driver's seat.

"I will. And take care of each other," said grandma.

"Oh we will," said mom, reaching out to hold my hand.

Grandma smiled at that and closed her car door, before starting the engine and rolling down her window. "Bye you two," she said, blowing us a kiss.

"Bye grandma!" "Bye mom!" we said in approximate harmony, waving her off as she drove out of our driveway and headed right.

We just stood there for a long moment, hand in hand. The reality of the situation was sneaking up on me, not like a hammer blow but like the tide coming in. We were alone. Mom and I. Just the two of us. The house to ourselves. I'd become so accepting of the idea that our sexual shenanigans were over, and this recent happenstance had come upon us so quickly, that I was struggling to accept it. I glanced over at mom, resplendent in one of her classic bulky jumpers and loose pairs of jeans, and focused entirely on the road past our house. I turned back to it, remembering why we stood there.

A minute passed, then two, and still we stood there like the only two people in the world. And then, finally, we heard it. Mom squeezed my hand as a car approached, and I squeezed back. She gave me two squeezes, so I gave back three. And then grandma's car finally drove past on the opposite side of the road. She slowed right down in order to wave at us, and we waved back enthusiastically. Grandma hates pulling out of our driveway and hanging a left, even though that's the direction in which she lives. No matter how quiet the roads are, and on that particular Thursday evening they were utterly deserted, she always pulls out heading right, then does a little circuit around the nearby roads in order to come back heading in the correct direction. And so we dutifully waited, then waved, then were alone.

I stood there, rooted to the spot, not quite sure what to do now. Mom had no such problem, and seconds after grandma's car had passed out of view she turned and stormed back towards the house with me in tow. I jogged after her, feeling my heart pounding in my chest and my cock already stiffening at the thought of what was about to come. Namely me.

As we approached the front door mom suddenly stopped but spun around and tugged my arm simultaneously so that I rushed towards her even as she faced me with a look of absolute lust on her face. She leapt up as I reached her and she threw her arms around my neck and her legs around my waist, clinging to me as I reached the front door.

The plan was clear. One: barge through the front door, locked in our lover's embrace. Two: kick the door shut then tear off both our pants as we fell to the living room floor. Three: slam my cock into mom as we landed, and pound my way to what was sure to be an explosive orgasm. The ten-thrusts-or-fewer rule that mom had set up not so long ago was not going to be a problem, that was for sure.

We got as far as stage one of the plan before we hit the first SNAFU. We didn't so much barge through the front door as we did barge into it. In the rush to help grandma get out of the house we'd forgotten to put the door on the latch, locking ourselves out. We left the back door unlocked for moments of numbskullery like this, but that didn't help with our immediate situation. Not that either of us cared.

As we slammed into the door my hips slammed into mom's, shoving my painfully hard cock against mom's crotch. I grabbed mom's ass by one hand to hold her weight, while I crammed the other one between us and into my pants in order to pull my cock upright so it was still confined by my jeans but not excruciatingly so. That done I slipped my other hand around mom so that I had both hands on her ass, which I couldn't help but squeeze.

Mom was not a quiet spectator while I did this. She grabbed my face as we hit the door and immediately mashed her lips against mine, moaning noisily against them. As soon as my hand was out of the way she started bucking her hips against me, then used her legs too to pull me rhythmically against her. I let out a moan of my own, and sent out my tongue to engage mom's in lust-filled battle while I hammered my hips with her help into her own.

As if the moment couldn't get any more erotic mom momentarily stopped all her gyrations and pulled her face from mine, cupping my cheeks and looking me dead in the eye.

"Fuck. Me." she said, enunciating each word like a spelling bee quizmaster. I groaned in response and returned my lips to hers, giving two big full body thrusts against her, slamming her against the door and causing a loud pair of knocks to come from the door. "Mmm, who's there?" mom moaned against my lips before issuing a series of half-giggles half-grunts. She sounded like she was losing it

from lust, but she still had the presence of mind to reach down between us and start yanking open the buttons on my jeans. My cock throbbed as she brushed against it through the material, and I knew I could cum right there.

Right there. Stood outside our house. By our front door. Making out with my mom. Groping my mom. Dry fucking my mom.

My eyes popped open and I frantically looked around to see if anyone was nearby. Small hedges and the layout of our road meant our neighbors on either side of the street wouldn't see us, but anyone walking or driving past would be sure to. As I looked around mom kept on humping against me and fighting with my jeans, kissing any part of my face she could get to. The coast seemed to be clear, but it was only a matter of time before someone passed the house, and this wasn't a situation we could easily explain away.

"Mom, we have to mng" I said, interrupted by mom trying to make out with me again. I tilted my head back and she leant down to kiss and nibble at my neck. "We have to move," I managed to say.

Mom's head snapped up and she fixed me with a most terrifying stare. "Steven Rogers, you fuck me right now young man."

"Yes, mom," I said automatically, unable to resist the commands of the mom-voice. Oh, and yes my name is Steven Rogers. Haha, yes I know. Guess what my nickname at school was? That's right: Steve. My friends are very imaginative.

I glanced around again. There was still no one visible on our road, but I wasn't going to take any chances. Or rather, I wasn't going to take many chances. Hoisting mom up slightly I stepped back from the door. Mom cooed appreciatively at my show of strength, but my arms were less appreciative. Mom's not much smaller than me and I'm not exactly Mr Universe. Still, I had enough in me to march our way over to mom's parked car. We'd already had one session in the back of it here in the driveway, though that had been later in the evening under the cover of darkness. It was gloomy now and growing ever more rainy, but not fully dark. Besides, neither of us had thought to bring the car keys with us on our journey to grandma's car and back. But mom's car did at least provide some cover, so as we reached a place where the car was between us and the road I finally released mom's ass. Mom had been lost in her own little world of grinding and kissing as I got us over here, but she took the hint and unwound her legs from my waist before dropping down to her feet, and then immediately down to the ground, pulling me with her.

She was soon laid on the smooth gravel of the driveway and I fell between her legs, bringing my lips back to hers as she wrapped her legs back around me and we both resumed thrusting. That little break hadn't bought me a whole lot of time and I could feel my orgasm inching ever closer. That only spurred me on to hump at mom even harder, earning a moan of pleasure from her. I belatedly realized that mom was laying on stones as her son pounded her into them, probably not the most comfortable position. I pulled my head back, wanting to make sure she was okay. "Mom, are y-" was as far as I got before she grabbed my head and pulled me back into the kiss.

The sheer urgency she was showing was the last straw on this orgasmic camel's back. I gasped and managed to mutter "Gonna cum" against her lips. And I almost did before I remembered something.

During sex education at school we'd been warned repeatedly about using protection. Condoms were ninety-eight percent effective at preventing pregnancies, we were told. The pill was ninety-nine percent effective. But the only method that was one hundred percent effective was, say it with

me kids, ab-sti-nence. And then the teacher would get serious for a minute. She told us that abstinence meant abstinence. It did not mean pulling out as the guy finished. It did not mean having a little sex but stopping before the guy finished. It did not mean dry humping until the guy ejaculated in his underwear. Her nephew existed, she told us, because clothes are not condoms. And all that's true. But it's also true that two layers of jeans and two layers of underwear are pretty damn effective at preventing pregnancies. And not preventing a pregnancy was why I was here.

"Inside," I gasped, somewhat cryptically with hindsight.

Mom shook her head frantically. "No no no," she said. "Right here. We're good right here." I slowed my hips to stave off my imminent explosion.

"No mom, I need to cum inside you. To get you pregnant. Remember?" For a moment she didn't look like she did remember. But then she let out a little growl, gave me an extra hard hump, and then nodded.

"Fine. Help me up and let's head in. I don't want any gravel up my butt," she said, charmingly. I nodded and got back onto my knees, before taking mom's hand and hoisting us both upright.

"Hello there!" came a voice from the road. It's lucky that our skin is so well attached, or we both would have leapt right out of it. We turned in unison to see one of our neighbors walking past.

"Hi!" I called back once my heart got out of my throat.

"Lose something?" he hollered, no doubt wondering why we'd both popped up from behind the car.

"Yes," I said, utterly unconvincingly. "We lost... a thing."

"What was it?" he said, glancing around lest there were any lost looking things in his vicinity. When he didn't spot any he gestured over to where we were stood. "Do you need a hand? I think I have a flashlight on my phone." That helpful bastard.

"No that's okay!" I called back with more enthusiasm than was warranted. "We found it. It was, it was, my, um." I floundered for inspiration.

"Phone!" I finally settled on, just as mom piped up with "Contact lens!" We glanced at each other with a frown.

"He lost his contact lenses," went on mom. "And then he lost his phone and couldn't find it. Because of the contact lenses."

"Huh. Makes sense," lied the man.

"But we've found them, thanks," said mom. I gave a thumbs up to the man then pointed at my eye in a 'I'm wearing contact lenses' kind of a way.

"Well then," said the man, suddenly looking like he wanted to get away from these odd people. "Have a good evening, folks."

"You too!" mom and I called in unison, as the man resumed his walk past. We waited for him to pass, getting increasingly wet in the rain as we did so, and then mom grabbed my hand and all but

ran around the corner and down the side of the house. We hadn't gotten far when mom turned on me and shoved me against the side of the house, pressing herself against me straight after.

"Can't wait" she murmured against my lips as her hand dropped to my jeans and started roughly stroking my cock through them. I knew I would not last long if she did that so I grabbed her wrist and dragged her onwards towards the back garden. As I rushed along, my cock rubbed around against the inside of my jeans. It would normally have been painful but I was so starved for stimulation that I nearly doubled over from how good it felt.

Now it was my turn not to be able to wait, and just before we reached the corner of the house I turned and pushed mom against the wall, pulling one of her legs up by the thigh as I mashed my crotch into her, trying to get myself off against her. We were too far gone to even kiss this time, just frantically rubbing ourselves against one another in a race to get off. And the finishing line was definitely in sight, but before I could reach it mom pushed me back a step, grabbed my hand, and literally ran around the corner, heading for the back door.

The rain by this point was no longer messing around, and sheets of it fell on us as we moved. I'm not sure either of us even noticed at this point, so caught up in our lust as we were. But it was harder to ignore its effects.

As mom charged onto the grass on our back yard she tried to turn towards the back door but her feet decided to keep going in her original direction, sliding along the slick grass. She let out a little whoop of surprise as she fell to the floor, tugging me with her. We ended up in a tangle on the muddy lawn and I think we both realized that with an entire house between us and the road, this was private enough. Mom's hands flew to her jeans and she all but ripped them open, shoving them and her panties down to her mid thigh before unceremoniously jamming a finger inside herself. By the time I'd lifted myself up onto my knees, unbuttoned my own jeans, and slipped them off one leg and most of the way off the other mom had already advanced to two fingers.

I was knelt between mom's legs while this was going on, but as my cock stood indecently out in front of me, mom tucked her legs up then wiggled between my knees, sliding her way down between them. My cock hovered over her legs then her pussy then her jumper covered top half. Halfway through this last bit mom raised herself up onto her elbows and just about swallowed my cock whole.

I had a second to realize what was coming before she wrapped her lips around the head of my cock and then pushed forward, forming a beautifully tight seal around me and lapping at every bit of skin she could as that seal moved down the length of my cock. I grabbed the back of her head, pulling her damp hair back out of the way then using it as a handle of sorts to guide mom's head up and down my cock. I groaned at the glorious sensations, and heard mom groan in response. A quick glance over my shoulder revealed she was absolutely hammering her pussy with her fingers, her hips writhing in bliss as she did so. The sight almost sent me over the edge but then mom released my cock with a gasp and flopped back down onto her back. She screwed her eyes shut, a grimace on her face.

"Hnng, gonna, fuck," roughly matches what she said, and she then opened her mouth in a silent moan of delight. She wasn't the only one who was close. Staring at that open mouth and with the sensations of that brief blowjob still in my memory, I couldn't help myself. I fell forward onto my hands, so that we were both now in the missionary position, but with my cock a couple of feet farther north than usual. As I lowered my hips my cock came down, with my aim being to slide straight back into mom's mouth. My aim wasn't great, it turned out, as I poked mom in the chin

with my cock instead. But that made her open her eyes and immediately grab my cock with her open mouth, before once again getting to work with her tongue. That was all the encouragement I needed, and I began rocking my hips, fucking mom's face and loving every single feeling it conjured. I made sure not to go too roughly nor too deeply, but it was difficult not to get carried away as mom moaned around my cock while writhing around in obvious bliss, her intoxicating little noises audible even over the rain.

It was all far too much for me and my much-teased cock to take any more. I felt a swirling sensation in my balls and groin, almost as if three days worth of semen was winding up for release. "Mom, gonna cum," I yelped, and started to roll off her so I could get my cock to a more useful hole of hers. Before I got anywhere though her arms flashed up and around me, grabbing me by the ass and pulling my cock back into her mouth deeper than it had yet been. Her tongue went crazy around my sensitive head and I cried out, both from the pleasure of my imminent orgasm and frustration that I wasn't where I needed to be.

With a burst of willpower that, honestly, they'll probably be singing songs about in a thousand years time, I wrenched myself sideways, breaking free from mom's grip and rolling onto the muddy grass beside her. I wrapped my hand tightly around my cock as I landed, as desperate to restrain my cum as it was desperate to emerge. It was a mad scramble then down towards mom's legs even as she started arching her back and crying out from an imminent orgasm of her own.

I planned to just jam my cock into mom as soon as I got within cock's length of her pussy. But she'd only lowered her jeans to a few inches below her thighs, which is not an ideal place for them to be for what I had in mind. With one hand round my cock holding back a tidal wave of an orgasm and what felt like seconds till that tidal wave arrived anyway, I was short on options. Tugging her jeans down far enough to be able to access her pussy using only one hand seemed implausible. And then a moment of horny inspiration struck. I grabbed her by the knees with my free arm, and unceremoniously shoved upwards. Mom let out a squeal of surprise as I used my body to lever her legs up over her body, until her knees were hovering inches above her head. This raised her pussy and ass and left both of them lewdly exposed, though some of her pussy was covered by her fingers that never let up their frantic strumming of her clit. Under other circumstances I wouldn't have been able to resist diving tongue first into the sight before me. But we were both way, way beyond any oral foreplay, and so instead I used her legs for support and lifted myself up over her. With a shaking hand I guided the tip of my cock to the entrance of her pussy, then pushed it down, down into her.

Mom's whole body shuddered as I made contact and she let out a cry that started "I'm cu-" then descended into incoherent squeals as ever more of my cock vanished into her. The cries only quieted when I finally bottomed out with my balls pressed hard into her ass. Like a well practised relay team, that was when my orgasm took over.

I'd never quite had an orgasm like it, and probably never will again. I'm guessing it was the three days of edging followed by me stopping stimulating my cock just as I came. Whatever the case it hit different.

Rather than building up to a plateau and then bursting out of me with a few, admittedly pleasurable, spurts, this orgasm seemed to linger on the plateau. And linger. And linger. And just when I thought I wasn't actually cumming and would need to give mom some thrusts after all, I felt it start to happen. Not a few spurts and an immediate come down, but rather a steady flow of both cum and pleasure seemed to come from my cock, making me tremble all over. The feelings seemed

to both wane and crescendo simultaneously, the pleasure fading away as the trickle of cum slowed and stopped, but my cock also seeming to stretch inside mom until it felt like it was going to burst.

It all got too much, and I pushed myself out of mom on wobbly arms, before collapsing beside her on my back, both of us gasping for air.

We both laid there, getting our breath back, for a few minutes. The cool rain actually felt nice after the sweat I'd just built up. The prickly grass poking me in the ass, less so. At some point I reached out with my hand and found mom's and we just lay there holding hands, a sweet counterpoint to the anything but sweet act we'd just finished.

Mom lowered her legs slowly, a beatific smile on her face. What did not go down, I soon noticed, was my cock. It lay still hard on my stomach, an occasional little dribble of cum leaking from the end being the only evidence that I had actually climaxed. I gave it an experimental single stroke and found that it was sensitive but only in an extra pleasurable and not actively painful way like my cock usually got after cumming. I wasn't quite sure what to do with that information. What I was sure about was that we should head indoors. The rain had gone from pleasantly cool to downright cold, and at one point I thought I heard a distant rumble of thunder.

Just as I was about to propose this plan to mom, she pushed her jeans further down her legs then kicked them off. That done she rolled over, nuzzling up against me. "Hey," she said, probably to me but possibly to my cock which she started giving long strokes with her fingertip as soon as she arrived.

"Hey," I said back, but she was already on the move, shuffling down the side of my body until her head was level with my crotch. With a complete lack of ceremony she leaned over, picked up my cock, and slid it into her mouth.

There was nothing frenzied about what followed, mom simply kept her soft lips wrapped around my cock and moved her head back and forth, pushing down until she had half of my cock in her mouth then pulling back until just the very tip remained. Every few strokes she'd pause at the tip and give it a few feather light kisses or lick around it. Both felt amazing and after five or so minutes I could feel my orgasm coming back for an encore. I tapped mom on the shoulder to warn her and she pushed herself upright and slung a leg over me, straddling me. She kept a hand on my cock throughout, slowly pumping it as she moved then using the hand to guide me into her waiting pussy.

After a few short strokes she managed to take all of me, and just sat there, eyes closed, and a contented smile on her face. I felt a sudden compulsion to be near her, and pushed myself into a sitting position. Mom's smile only widened as I came up to meet her and wrapped my arms around her body, and she in return wrapped her arms around my neck. She pulled me against her until we were cheek to cheek, and clasping each other. There was no making out and no thrusting, just the erotic sounds of her breath against my ear as we slowly rocked back and forth, waving in the breeze. It was minimal stimulation, but I could already tell that it was going to be enough, my second climax approaching with each little motion we made.

I leant down to mom's neck as that orgasm approached, giving her a gentle kiss. My position left her mouth right next to my ear, and she whispered "I love you."

Wholly unexpectedly, that was enough. I moaned into her neck and she started stroking my back as my hips twitched and a surge of pleasure blossomed in me. My cock pulsed inside her over and over, adding still more cum until I felt utterly drained.

I shivered then, as the cold finally hit home. Mom felt my tremble, and must have felt the cold too. Given how soaked we both were it was hard to miss. She gave my forehead a single lingering kiss, then got to her feet, mindless of the copious quantities of my cum that left trickling down her legs, then helped me to my feet. I almost slipped on the sodden grass as I stood, but mom caught me and we ended up clinging to one another, both grinning like idiots.

"Turned out nice again," she said over the noise of the rain, making me laugh, which made her laugh. As if on cue thunder rumbled from somewhere nearby. It would have been more epic if that had happened as we came, but then mom probably would have given birth to Thor and that seems like a lot of responsibility.

Once we were both more or less steady on our feet, mom bent over to pick up her jeans, revealing her ass to me. I let out another snort of laughter. Not because her ass is intrinsically funny. It is, in fact, seriously mouth watering. No, I laughed because laying down on the wet lawn had left its mark on mom.

Mom glanced at me as she heard me laugh, automatically smiling but also raising an eyebrow in silent enquiry. "Your ass is grass," I said, doing an impression of a 1920s mobster for reasons that made sense at the time but with hindsight, not so much.

Mom glanced behind her and saw that her whole back side was indeed covered in grass and mud stains. The back of her jumper and jeans hadn't escaped the dirt, but it was most noticeable on her otherwise pale ass. She gave an ineffectual swipe of one of her butt cheeks, getting rid of a single blade of grass and transferring some of the mud to her hand, then shrugged and looked back at me. "And I'm the lawnmower!" she growled, before baring her teeth and stalking towards me, twiddling her fingers around one another like someone telling another person to hurry up.

"Is that, is that an impression of a lawnmower?" I asked, just before she mowed right into me.

"Yes?" she said, her shoulders slumping a bit. "Not believable?"

"Oh no, it was great," I said. "I thought 'where has mother gone and whence did this lawnmower come from?' Honest."

She grinned, though she could probably see through my deception. Her smile lit up my whole world. Or, more likely, the lightning that flashed nearby did, almost immediately followed by a boom of thunder. We both looked alarmed once we could see again, and mom grabbed my hand. "Cometh on, Shakespeare," she said, "let's head inside."

We stripped in the laundry room as soon as we got through the back door, tossing our wet, dirty clothes on the floor rather than making the stuff in the hamper even wetter and dirtier. That left me naked and mom in just a plain black bra. It wasn't as obviously sexy as the one she'd worn for my lapdance on Sunday night, but mom's body in general and the way her nipples poked at the material in particular meant it was devastatingly sexy nonetheless.

"Hoo boy. Cold," she said, wrapping her arms around herself once our clothes were off. I was shivering too, now hoping our impatience to get each other off wasn't going to be rewarded by pneumonia. We stepped towards each other almost at the same time, wrapping ourselves tightly in one another's embrace. My chin rested on her shoulder while her cheek rested on mine, her warm breath tickling my neck. Our hands mirrored one another, stroking softly up and down one

another's backs. It was, all things considered, quite an innocent moment. Though after a few minutes of having mom's hands roaming me, of having her naked ass in my periphery, and of having her tits squashed into my chest, I will admit that my cock started to stir against her.

Mom let out a soft growl as she felt it, which definitely made my cock more than stir. "Normally I'd think of something we could do with that," she said quietly, giving her hips a little roll so that she pressed against my cock on the final word. "But..." she finally released me then and took a small step back, immediately wrapping her arms around herself. "...we both really need a hot shower."

That was hard to argue with. My shivering had waned while holding mom but both of us were still cold, and both of us were still covered in mud and grass in certain places. I nodded in agreement. "Good idea," I said. Mom nodded, as if to say 'of course!', and then turned to go. She barely made it a step away before turning back and darting towards me, giving me a single peck on the lips, before grinning and dashing off again. I couldn't stop smiling for some reason, so shook my head and went upstairs for a shower of my own.

What should have been a two minute journey to my shower ended up taking a little longer. I stopped in my bedroom first to grab some underwear to put on post-shower. Sure it was strange to worry about my modesty while literally walking around the house naked, but it was an old habit and so, like John McClane, died hard. With a vengeance.

Once in my room I saw that I had a message on my phone from a friend, giving me an update on college life. So I responded to that, then checked my emails, then twenty minutes had passed and I still wasn't in the shower. Feeling oddly guilty I made haste to my bathroom and turned on the shower. Once the water was nice and hot I got in, pulled the shower door closed, and got to work making myself much cleaner and much warmer.

I don't normally have very long showers, which was useful given how many I'd needed to take recently. This was a special occasion though, so I luxuriated in the cascade of hot water for twenty or thirty minutes, long after I'd finished cleaning myself.

Getting out of the shower before I turned into an actual prune was just crossing my mind when I heard the bathroom door burst open. I quickly wiped the water from my eyes, wondering what the hell the emergency was, just in time to see mom yank open the shower door. She was wearing a tight fitting black t-shirt, a scowl, and, nope, that was it.

I had maybe half a second to take in her appearance, noting her damp hair, and to wonder if she was angry at me for showering too long and wasting water. Once that half second was up she stepped into the shower with me, pulling the door shut behind her, pushing me against the side with her hands, then following up with her whole body. The shower was still running but she didn't even seem to notice, far too busy as she was mashing her lips to mine, and grabbing my hands to slap them onto her ass. When I dug my fingers into the flesh of her ass cheeks she moaned into my mouth then slid a hand down between us to grab my cock.

After two orgasms in rapid succession my cock had been enjoying a well earned rest in the shower, but it certainly woke up now as mom's fingers encircled it and gave it a few quick strokes. Rather than keep up the handjob mom pulled her hips back slightly so that she could push my cock in between her legs. She clamped her thighs shut then, holding my ever more interested cock tight against her labia as she started rocking her hips back and forth.

I wanted to tell her how good it felt, how good *she* felt, but her mouth returned to mine before I could do anything but gasp, and her tongue darted out to meet mine. We stayed locked together like that for precious minutes, her mouth never leaving mine, my hands never leaving her ass, her hands alternating between my hair, my cheeks, my chest, and anywhere else on my body she could reach. I was in heaven and couldn't imagine how this could feel any better. And then on one back stroke of her hips she kept on moving, letting my cock slide out from between her legs and finally breaking the kiss. In one swift movement she turned away from me and bent over, using one hand on the opposite side of the shower for support and arching her back in a way that was unfairly arousing for such a simple gesture. With her remaining hand she reached back to grab my cock and guide it straight into her pussy.

A beautiful pressure surrounded my cock as I entered her, and as I did I held onto her hips, never again wanting to be not touching her. It was hard to tell in the stream of water from the shower, but she felt especially wet this time, and after a few firm shoves back against me she had me bottomed out inside of her. She froze in the position, her head hanging down and wet hair forming a curtain around it. Maybe she was savoring the moment or maybe she was acclimatizing to me. After being a good son and giving her a solid three seconds to savor or acclimatize, I dug in my fingers and started slamming my hips into her. Each thrust resulted in a noisy slap of wet skin on wet skin, and I had to keep shaking the water from my face so that I could take in the hypnotising sight of her ass jiggling each time we made contact. For her part mom kept her head down, though ever louder gasps and moans managed to sneak out from behind the curtain of her hair.

I'd only been thrusting for what felt like seconds before mom abruptly pulled herself off me and span around to face me. Any noise of complaint I could make as my cock suddenly felt exposed died in my throat as she once again pushed her lips hard enough against mine to make me worry later that they'd bruise. In the moment all I could concentrate on was the feel of mom's body. My hand's immediately returned to her ass and I pulled her against me by it, trying to make little thrusts as my cock lay pinned between me and her groin. Mom smiled against my lips at my efforts and then slid down into a crouch, the end of my cock bouncing against her t-shirt clad tits and then her chin as she descended, before she caught it in her mouth once she was down.

I leant my head back against the side of the shower, then realized the view was way better in the opposite direction. Looking down, I saw mom just holding my cock in her mouth, though I could very much feel that her tongue was being far more active. The eroticism was only a little bit lessened by the stream of water from the shower blasting straight down on to mom's head where she was. In particular her hair was getting thoroughly soaked again and trying to fall between her and my cock. She released me long enough to flick her hair to the side and then take my cock again, her head slightly tilted this time to keep her hair out of the way, which afforded me my best view yet of my cock vanishing into her mouth.

My fingers worked their way into her hair, or at least tried to. Wet fingers in wet hair is not as easy as it sounds, and after I accidentally pulled her hair mom paused her tongue movements to look up at me, a classic 'don't do that' mom-look, though this one had the unusual twist of her having my cock in her mouth as she gave it.

Once it was clear I was leaving her hair alone, she bobbed along the length of my cock a handful of times, before grabbing me by the waist and hauling herself to her feet again. I leant forward for a kiss, but got a face full of hair instead as she span around, bent over, and once more stuffed my cock inside her. Neither of us could hold in a gasp as I filled her with my cock and began hammering into her, only for that sweet feeling of being wrapped inside her to vanish again after a dozen or so thrusts.

As she span around and immediately hunkered down to take my cock into her mouth again I tried to think about why she was teasing me this way. Not that thinking was particularly easy as her lips held tightly to my cock and her tongue lapped at the head. I wasn't supposed to be inside her until I was ready to cum, and while I was getting close to my orgasm, I hadn't told mom that. So why these mini-fucks of about ten thrusts?

Inspiration struck me even as mom gave my cock one long lick from base to head, then popped up again, assuming the position and sliding me back into her. She wasn't giving me roughly ten thrusts, she was giving me *exactly* ten, as per our updated rules. Any more than that was fucking, which we clearly weren't doing now as my cock buried its way into her over and over. Sure enough, after ten incredible strokes she pulled off again and turned to face me, this time pushing her whole body against me. The wet fabric of her t-shirt grazed against my chest as she rubbed herself against me with abandon, kissing me when she could but seemingly happy as long as her lips were never far from my skin. I was tempted to rip it off (her t-shirt, not my skin) but it looked tight to begin with, and was now so thoroughly soaked that I knew I'd need scissors to get it off in a hurry.

I settled for reaching up to grab at mom's tits through the material with one hand, while the other returned to her ass. I squeezed her mercilessly, while she ground herself against me, squashing my cock and rubbing it around with her body. I was getting seriously close to cumming now, and as she span around once more I thought this would be the time. The first big thrust she made back against me confirmed that view, as I felt a swirling sensation in my balls and knew the point of no return was approaching. I hammered into her for all I was worth, harder than I ever had before, earning more grunts from mom who flipped her hair to one side and looked over her shoulder at me, a mixture of surprise, pleasure and pain on her face. Or just lust, really.

The tenth thrust and my orgasm were both almost upon us, and I really don't know which would have arrived first. Neither did, in the event, since after some forty minutes of showering from me, and a similar amount from mom beforehand, the hot water finally gave up the ghost.

You might think that with me being balls deep in the finest body I'd ever likely see, moments away from orgasm, nothing could stop us. You'd be wrong, as the sudden gush of cold water made us both cry out, mom in a shriek and me in a strong manly way, and definitely not a shriek indistinguishable from mom's. I turned to the shower controls, my lust-addled mind taking precious seconds to remember how to turn off the water. Mom took a more direct approach and shoved open the shower door, pulling herself off me and all but leaping into the bathroom. As soon as the water was off I dived after her, and we came together in a damp maelstrom of kisses and hands, both of us unwilling to leave any part of the other untouched. As our bodies pressed together mom started lifting herself up on her tiptoes then dropping down again in a quick jiggle, moaning in frustration as my cock refused to just magically fall between her legs, line up with her entrance, and fill her back up again.

She wasn't the only one frustrated, and with a burst of willpower I stopped fondling mom all over and instead grabbed her waist, spinning her around and bending her over my bathroom sink. Mom let out a long moan as I grabbed my cock and ran the head between her pussy lips, pushing forward slightly until I found her entrance and then sliding back into her. Her moan turned into a grunt as I did so, which turned into a series of grunts as I resumed hammering into her.

Despite their reputation, the cold shower had done little to soothe my lust and I could feel myself ready to burst inside mom. I placed my hands on her shoulders, giving her little tugs back against me as I rammed into her. Some small part of me even managed to keep count during all this, and I felt my frustration mount as I hit ten thrusts just shy of cumming. Mom made a noise that perfectly

encapsulated my feelings, and reached behind herself to put her hand on my stomach and give me a little push back. I was far, far too close to my release to play this game again, though, and grabbed mom's hips, pushing her against the sink and grunting as I accelerated my hips.

Mom hissed something vaguely affirmative, and moved her hand from my stomach to one of my hands, squeezing it firmly. Her other hand reached up to the mirror over the sink, wiping across it before grabbing onto the sink for support. In the gap she'd made in the fog on the mirror I could see mom's face, and she could see mine. Her mouth opened in a silent scream as we locked eyes, and her whole body convulsed as she came. The look in her eyes, the sight of her orgasm, and the relentless fucking were all too much for me, and I came inside her with what felt like explosive force, gripping her hips tightly and holding myself deep inside her as we both made small movements against one another.

We stayed like that for just long enough to get our breath back, before I took a shaky step back, my now very flaccid cock falling from mom with a little dribble of fluid. Mom didn't move for a few moments longer, still bent over the sink, head down. Finally she turned and left the bathroom, without even looking at me, and I felt a sense of loss cut through me, threatening to shred my post-orgasmic glow. A knot seemed to tighten inside me, a knot that, come to think of it, had been tautening all week. The kind of knot that people go to therapy for. But no. Figurative knots and actual therapists were forgotten seconds later as mom returned, a towel now wrapped around her t-shirt-less body and another one in her hand. She came over and wrapped the second towel all around me, before hugging me tightly, her hands gently stroking me through the towel. I hugged back, kissing her gently on the forehead, and earning a satisfied smile in return. She then returned the kiss, though on the lips this time, then exited the bathroom. I heard her bedroom door click shut a moment later, and I got busy drying myself off. It only occurred to me later that we hadn't said a word the entire time.

While mom did whatever she was doing in her room, I followed my heart, which deferred to my stomach, which insisted I make some damn dinner. That was easy enough, since grandma's early exit meant we had enough leftover bolognese to last a couple of nights. I boiled some pasta while the microwave did its thing, and then dished up, somehow managing not to splatter the t-shirt I'd put on with any sauce. Small victories, eh?

Any notion I had that mom and I were so in tune with one another that she'd psychically know dinner was ready and just appear was dashed when mom utterly failed to appear. When I knocked on her bedroom door she answered quickly enough, and I found her on the phone to my grandma. She was now dressed in her robe, though I could see she had a t-shirt on underneath it. I did some kind of interpretive dance to indicate that dinner was ready, which despite its deep emotional resonance only got a smirk from mom. Nevertheless, she did follow me downstairs to the kitchen, passing me the phone on the way so that I could say hi and bye to my grandparents.

Dinner was a muted affair, except for all the unbecoming slurps that are inevitable with spaghetti. Once it was over we moved to the living room and collapsed on the couch by unspoken agreement.

I had grand plans, you know. Once I stopped feeling quite so stuffed I was definitely ready to continue making up for lost time with mom. True, I was feeling a tiny bit sore from our earlier sessions, but that wouldn't really matter since my primary goal was to sink to the floor between mom's legs and find out whether she was wearing anything beneath that robe except a t-shirt. With my mouth. I was going to go down on her, is what I mean.

It didn't quite go to plan. Instead I found myself blearily opening my eyes several hours later. It took me a moment to realize I'd fallen asleep on the couch with mom snuggled up against me. The question of why I'd woken up was soon answered when mom gave a snore that I'd like to say was adorable, but definitely had an element of dying-animal to it. I gave her a prod, and she came to, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand and frowning.

"What time is it?" she asked, though it came out more as *whattam zit?*

"Late," I said, which seemed sufficiently accurate. Despite looking like a pair of arthritic zombies we managed to turn everything off and head upstairs without falling asleep en route. After several nights of little sleep and our earlier rather physically active trysts I think we both just wanted to go to bed and pass out for a day or two. So as we reached mom's bedroom door, her on her way to her bed and me on my way to the bathroom, we didn't start a passionate clinch, instead she just gave me a peck on the lips, a smile, and bid me goodnight. Before she could turn away I gave her a peck back, only widening her smile. We then turned to go our separate ways only for me to be spun back by her hand on my arm. Another chaste kiss and another grin followed. And then we really did manage to go our separate ways. At least until I finished in the bathroom and was heading to my room. On my way past her room I gave a little knock on the door. It opened at once with mom stood there, grinning like a kid. I darted forward for one last little chaste kiss, then headed bedward for an unbroken dreamless night of sweet, sweet sleep.

If I'd woken up naturally on that Friday morning I might have laid there in bed and felt a profound sense of loss. This was it, the last day before I went to college and so the last day of me doing mom 'a little favor'. Tomorrow we'd just be mom and son again, not whatever we were now. Which I suppose was still mom and son, just with significantly more sex. I might have wondered how I'd cope going from all this sexual activity with mom to none at all. I might have wondered how mom would cope with it. Our enforced chastity earlier in the week suggested we would not cope well, but without the temptation of each other's presence maybe we'd do better. And lurking behind it all, of course, was the question of mom's pregnancy. The rules, the regularity, the situation as a whole, it was just a means to an end. Mom hadn't really mentioned the whole pregnancy thing since quite early on in our arrangement but I assumed she hadn't got a positive result from a test yet nor started her next period. The former would mean we could stop our activities and the latter I thought I'd notice. So what if this had all been for naught? I would have had a lot to think about if I'd woken up naturally.

Instead I was awoken by a hand shaking my shoulder.

"Morning, you," said mom's soft voice as I dragged my eyes open and the world came into focus. She smiled, a warm motherly smile, as I returned to the land of the conscious. My gaze traveled from her smile downwards, to the tight t-shirt she was wearing, a white twin to the black one she'd worn in the bathroom last night, down to a pair of simple black panties, and still further down to her bare, shapely legs. Having made the journey down her body, my gaze made the return trip, savoring the details of mom's body until I was once again focused on her face, where her sweet motherly smile was now noticeably more wicked.

"Hey, mom," I croaked, before clearing my throat. The question of what time it was died on my lips as mom reached down to push her panties down and off, then she slipped into bed with me, laying facing me just a few inches away.

For a while we simply lay there like that, deep under the covers with only our heads peeking out. She seemed content to just take in the details of my face, her playful smile never faltering as her eyes moved from my lips to my eyes to my hair. I too couldn't seem to take my eyes off her. Not so long ago I'd used mom's face to postpone my orgasm, I remembered guiltily, now I could feel my cock stirring just from laying here next to this woman with the radiant smile, this confident, sexy woman.

"I raised such a handsome boy," she said at last in a whisper, reaching out to stroke the hair above my ear and then cupping my cheek.

"And I raised such a sexy mom," I said back, resting a hand on the curve of her hip. That got me a laugh, and somewhere under the covers our free hands found one another.

And still we lay there like that, basking in each others company for a while. Then mom wiggled forward until we were almost touching. "Sexy, huh?" she whispered, trying to sound playful but I could hear the doubt in her voice.

I moved my hips forward slightly, poking her thigh with my erection. "So sexy," I murmured back, hoping I sounded as earnest as I felt.

She wiggled forward again until our noses were almost touching and our bodies made contact every time we breathed. "Prove it," she whispered.

I didn't need to be asked twice and grabbed her by the back, pulling her torso to mine and pushing my lips against hers. She grabbed the back of my head, pulling my lips even harder against hers, though our mouths stayed closed, stifling our moans. Our other hands gripped one another tightly, and a moment later mom threw a leg over me, not straddling me but just humping against my thigh with abandon. The heat and wetness I could feel left my cock straining between us, and I humped back, glad for any stimulation I could conjure. As the heat under the covers built up I slipped my hand up the back of mom's t-shirt, relishing the feel of her skin and the way her body writhed as she did her level best to get off on my leg.

Before either of us humped our way to an orgasm mom released my head for a moment to throw the blanket off us. She failed miserably, but after a bit of family teamwork we got the blanket on the floor and our hands and mouths back on each other, though not before I'd drunk in the sight of her wantonly grinding herself against me.

I wished every morning could start this way, a wish that only deepened as mom rolled onto her back and dragged me along for the ride, ending up with me on top of her. No longer satisfied with my leg she ground herself against my straining cock, which felt fit to burst right through my precum soaked underwear. Before it did though mom interrupted our kiss to take my head in her hands, look me dead in the eye, and ask "Are you close?"

I took a quick stock check and shook my head. I was so very aroused, but not ready to blow just yet. Mom just stared at me for a long moment, then reached down and slipped her thumbs into my underwear, pushing them down until my cock sprang free. Given our positions, this meant the head of my cock landed at the entrance to mom's pussy. Mom then lifted her legs up, bending her knees in order to get a grip on my lowered underwear with her feet. In the process the head of my cock slipped inside of her. I gasped at the feeling, while mom just smiled wickedly as she pushed my underwear down and off with her feet, a smile that widened as the motion slid another couple of inches of my cock inside of her. Once her legs were back down again she tilted her head. "Are you sure?" she asked before glancing down between us at where my cock was visibly penetrating her.

I gulped, my willpower at an all time low. But I'd agreed to the rules and didn't want to lie to mom now. And so I nodded. "Sorry mom, not close yet."

Mom just stared at me, her smile losing some of its luster. After a long moment she grabbed one of my hands and pushed it down towards where our bodies were joined. I nearly toppled over in the process, but managed to keep my balance. "Well you'd better fuck me with something," she said, a hint of annoyance in her voice.

I took the hint and slipped my cock out of mom, marvelling at how slick it looked after barely being inside her. Not wanting to keep mom waiting I then moved a finger to her clit and started rubbing my finger from side to side. Mom's smile regained some of its shine and she let out a contented moan, before she grabbed my wrist and shoved it further down. "No foreplay," she said, looking at me. "I just want you to fuck me." She moved my finger to her entrance. I nodded and slid my finger into her. She closed her eyes as I did so, gasping softly as my whole finger entered her wetness with barely any resistance. She didn't seem to be in the mood for slow teasing so I immediately withdrew it and then pushed back in again, building up a fast rhythm. "Yes," she hissed over the wet sounds of my finger plunging into her. "Yes," she said again, arching her back so that her tits were pushed upwards, then grabbing one in each hand and squeezing them roughly through her t-shirt. "Another one," she gasped, then gasped even louder as I added my middle finger to the one already sliding into her.

My relationship with my ex-girlfriend Cassie wasn't particularly sexually educational, but one thing she did teach me was that if you're doing something that's working, then keep doing it. I suppose that's true in general whether we're talking about a lifestyle change, a new outlook on life, or finger fucking your mother. What I was doing was clearly working for mom, so rather than try to cleverly mix it up with more fingers or awkwardly licking her at the same time I just kept on doing it. Mom certainly had no complaints, and after a few more minutes her eyes snapped open as she let out a choked little gasp and her body shook. As her orgasm took her I could feel her muscles clenching my fingers inside her to an almost painful degree. But fortunately I didn't have to come up with a story for how I broke my fingers that didn't involve being crushed by my mom's pussy, as she then slowly relaxed, sinking her back onto the bed and smiling lazily.

She wasn't entirely done, though, as when I started to pull my now very wet fingers out she grabbed my wrist and guided them back in, before showing me the slow in-and-out motion that she wanted.

I followed her wishes, slowly fingering her while she laid back looking content. Content and mischievous, rather, as her eyes soon drifted down to my cock. It had softened slightly as I concentrated my attentions on fingering mom, which seems counterintuitive now I think about it. But not to worry, as mom gave it a veritable eye job and it rose back into action. (By eye job I mean looking at it all hungrily and sultrily, not the *Serbian Film* kind.)

After a minute or two of this mom tore her gaze from my cock and looked back at me. "Stand up," she said, simply.

I wasn't quite sure why she wanted me to do that, but normally when she gave orders in these situations they ended well for me, so with a mental shrug I pulled my fingers out of her and then stood up on the bed over her, wobbling slightly as one of my feet was close to the edge of the mattress. I gazed down at mom's half naked body, looking particularly fuckable in her post-orgasm glow. And she gazed up at me and my bobbing erection with a look of unbridled lust. No, wait. Unbridled amusement, not lust.

I had a brief moment of panic. Understandably so, I think. Standing there totally exposed before a woman and seeing amusement in her eyes will do that to a man, be he never so cocksure. I was pretty sure mom loved my cock, so my brain railed against the notion that she suddenly found it funny. That meant she was amused by my standing there. But she'd literally just told me to. Hadn't she?

"You meant stand by the bed, didn't you?" I said, comprehension hitting me like a hammer.

"I meant stand by the bed," mom said before cracking up.

I got off the bed without making a fool of myself, while mom still giggled away. Once I was down she gave me a winning smile. "I love you, you doofus," she said. "Now come here," and with that she shuffled to the edge of the bed, turned her head to the side, and spread her legs. She then reached over to grab my cock in one hand and my wrist in the other, then brought one to her mouth and the other to her pussy. I'll let you guess which was which.

Once I was close enough she wrapped her lips around the end of my cock (did you guess right?), but kept hold of the base of it, giving me little strokes as her tongue worked wonders over the tip. On the other hand I discovered that her amusement at her doofus of a son had done nothing to temper her arousal, as my fingers glided straight back into her pussy, rewarding me with a moan around the end of my cock. The sound of that intoxicated me. So partly to hear more and partly to get over the embarrassment of my recent mistake I immediately started a rapid motion with my fingers, a lewd wet sound filling the room as I finger banged her for all I was worth.

Mom cried out, releasing my cock from her mouth in the process. She looked up at me, her mouth opening and closing in an effort to make words. "Fuck!" was the first one she actually managed to vocalize, before adding "You need to slow down, sweetie, or you'll make me cum so... fucking... hard."

"Okay, mom," I said, slowing my fingers right down as mom panted next to my cock. Once she could breathe again she grabbed the end of my cock with her mouth and went to town on it, lapping and sucking while her hand frantically worked on the rest of it. I took that as my cue and immediately resumed my previous speed, my fingers a wet blur at her pussy.

Mom arched her back and grabbed at her tits, pinching the nipples through her white t-shirt. Her tongue stopped moving around the end of my cock, too busy trying to say something. But she did manage to keep her mouth on me this time, so I started rocking my hips back and forth, fucking her mouth while my fingers did the same to her pussy. One of her hands still had my cock in a death grip so I wasn't worried about pushing too far and hurting her, leaving me free to move my hips as fast as I wanted.

I could feel an orgasm coming on, as much from the erotic sight of mom ravaging her breasts while I took her mouth and pussy simultaneously as from the feel of her mouth on me. I didn't want to cum before her though, and held on as well as I could until mom arched her back even further and let my cock go with an incoherent cry as she came around my fingers, her free hand slapping at the bed as she did so.

The tight grip she had on my cock was just about the only thing holding back my own orgasm at this point, so as soon as mom looked semi coherent again I tapped her hand. "Mom, I'm close," I said breathily. She looked up at me, slightly dazed. I was ready to lay on her and provide that much needed seed as soon as she let go of me, but before I could she rolled clumsily off the bed.

"Sit on the edge of the bed," she said, her voice a little slurred.

I complied, assuming she'd straddle me, but instead she dropped to her knees between my legs. "No mom I'm really clo-ohhh," I said as she took my cock back in her mouth, sliding her lips tightly down further than I'd seen her go before, and just holding them there. I thought the sight alone was going to make me climax, but my cum stayed miraculously inside even as she slowly dragged her mouth off me, her lips forming a perfect seal the whole way up. Once she was fully off she sat back on her feet, a dreamy smile aimed at me. I took a couple of deep breaths, willing my cum to hold on just a moment longer. "Really. Close," I said in a strangled voice, and mom raised herself up, finally coming up to where I needed her to be.

Quite what happened next is still a mystery to me. Mom was on her knees between my legs. She put her hands on my knees to boost her up so she could, presumably, come back down onto my cock and I could finally cum inside her. She was part way through this process and her face was just level with mine when she seemed to slip, even though there was nothing to actually slip on. Instead of getting up high enough to straddle me she instead slipped back down onto her knees, but in the process my cock somehow got caught up in the material of her top, pulling it up in the process, and leaving us back where we'd just been but now her white t-shirt was pulled up over her stomach to reveal a hint of underboob, and my cock was nestled up inside her top and snugly between her tits.

"Oops," said mom with a mischievous grin, while I could only manage a strangled 'urk' not sure how I hadn't cum yet. "Well, while you're here," she said, looking down, and apparently talking to my cock. She grabbed a tit in each hand and pushed them together, enfolding my sensitive cock in a far too pleasurable embrace. And then she slowly lifted herself up then dropped herself back down again.

"No no no no," I said, urgency dripping from every negative. I reached down and grabbed mom by the armpits, meaning to pull her up and hopefully stuff my cock inside her before it was too late. She seemed to misunderstand though, and raised her arms as I pulled, leaving me nothing to hold onto. Her arms reached up and wrapped around my neck, pulling me down to her for a lingering kiss. Her tits were no longer being actively squashed around my cock by her hands, but her t-shirt was tight enough and her tits big enough that it simply didn't matter. As her lips met mine I let out a frankly embarrassing whimper, and started to cum.

Mom moaned against my lips, and I'm sure I felt a smile, as my hips trembled and three or four long spurts of cum shot out of me followed by a steady trickle. When she pulled back a few seconds later the smile was gone, if it was ever there, replaced by a look of polite confusion. We both looked down to see a trickle of cum sliding down from her neck back into her top, and the front of the formerly white t-shirt now rapidly turning grey as my cum seeped into it.

"Oh my," she said at last, dabbing at the ever expanding cum stain with her finger.

"I'm sorry, mom" I said, abashed. Mom just gave me a smile that told me everything was okay then leant up to kiss my cheek.

"It's okay, sweetheart, accidents happen." With that she got back to her feet, my cock falling free of her top as she did so. I grabbed my underwear to stop my cock dribbling any last cum on the bed. "I'd better wash this," she said, running her finger through the cum stain again. "And myself," she added, touching the glob on her neck. She then turned and headed out of my room, fiddling with her top as she walked. My eyes automatically following her ass as she went. Just after she left my

room but before she'd fully vanished around the corner she glanced over her shoulder at me. "I'll be in the shower if you need anything," she said.

"Okay, mom," I said back.

She looked at me for a moment longer then turned away. But still she just stood there with her back to me. Then, in one fluid movement, she grabbed the t-shirt at its base and pulled it up and off, scrunching it up as she held it. My mouth dropped as I stared at her naked body from the back. It took my breath away, and mom must have heard my gasp in the silence of the house. "Anything at all," she said, before stepping out of view. I nodded dumbly, not realizing that she wouldn't see that until I'd heard her bedroom door click shut and the shower start.

I ate my breakfast in something of a daze, while mom seemed to be going for a particularly long shower. I didn't hear the water stop running until I'd eaten, cleaned myself up, and started some last minute college preparations in my room. Mom poked her head around my doorway about an hour after she'd last passed through it, her hair dried and in a loose ponytail and anything lower than her neck hidden from view. Though I didn't see any of that at first.

"What cha up to?" she asked, startling me.

"How long have you been there?" I asked as she grinned at me jumping.

"Oh hours and hours," she said.

"I don't believe you."

"Then you are very wise. So what cha up to?"

I gestured around my room, where I'd started arranging the things I'd want for college but also needed for home and so hadn't packed last weekend. "Just sorting out some college stuff," I explained, since the fact that some of my pens had moved might not have been immediately obvious nor totally informative for mom.

"Ah, okay, I'll leave you to it then," she said. Her head slowly vanished from the doorway, before popping back a second later. "I'll be in my room if you want me," she said.

"kay, mom," I said, turning back to what I was doing. She stayed there a moment longer, then vanished once more.

My sorting took up much of the morning, and midday was nearly upon us when I finished up and headed downstairs. Mom was nowhere to be seen and I assumed still in her room, so I sat on the couch to lose myself in some mindless daytime television.

I certainly found something mindless, and had entered a kind of stupor by the time mom entered the living room twenty minutes later. I glanced up at her as she came over to the couch, and was instantly destupified. She was once again rocking the white tank top and short black plaid skirt from earlier in the week. Maybe if I was more into fashion I'd get bored of seeing her in the same clothes, but I am a simple man and mom's gorgeous legs and enticing cleavage were things I would never get bored of.

Mom sat down next to me on the couch, leaning into me so that the side of her breast brushed against my arm. I swallowed, suddenly nervous. "What's this?" asked mom, and I dragged my eyes away from her cleavage to follow her gaze to the television, where a chimpanzee was frantically typing at a computer.

"Uh, Doctor Panpan, PhD," I said. Mom glanced at me to see if I was joking, and I shrugged. "He's the world's top nuclear scientist, but he dies in a car crash. He donates his organs, though, and his heart is given to this dying bonobo." I gestured to the ape on screen. "And I guess now the bonobo is the world's top nuclear scientist. Also a spy," I added as the bonobo finished hacking into the mainframe just in time to get into a firefight with some henchmen.

"Wow," said mom, which is about all one could say to be honest. "Sounds terrible."

"Yep," I said. There was a pause.

"Wanna fool around instead?" she asked.

"Oh god, yes."

I got a flash of mom's grin as she turned and straddled me before our lips met and my world became one of touches and smells and sounds, her body grinding onto mine with a purpose and the faint coconut scent of her shampoo and the desperate little moans she made against my lips. My fingers slid up the back of her skirt to feel her ass, then I pushed them up the front of her body, grabbing her breasts and sliding my thumbs back and forth over them until I could feel the hardness of her nipples, and then back to her ass which my hands missed too much to ignore.

Despite our last session only being a few hours ago, mom seemed like a woman possessed. Our making out and groping straddled the line between passionate and frantic, and with a particularly throaty growl she edged back a bit to pull open my jeans and pull them down far enough to be able to reach in and pull out my erection. As soon as she had it her lips were back to mine, and she kissed me with an urgency only matched by that with which she jerked on my cock.

I was seriously turned on, and definitely feeling like a good old fashioned quickie was an excellent way to start the afternoon. Mom seemed to agree as she tore her lips from mine, a look of pure hunger on her face. She raised herself slightly on her knees and then reached down between her legs. I pulled the front of her skirt out of the way in time to see her pull her panties to one side, the entrance to her pussy hovering a couple of inches over my very ready cock.

"Want to go for a ride?" she asked huskily, dropping down slightly so the end of my cock kissed her entrance.

"Oh yes," I breathed trying to flex my hips in a way that would push me into her.

"Yeah?" she said, slowly rotating her hips to tease me. I was most definitely teased, and was just about to grab her hips and pull her down onto me when she vanished.

Not, like, Frodo-putting-on-the-ring vanished, obviously. I saw her go, I just wasn't expecting it. With impressive speed she hopped off me and the couch and rounded it, heading for the front door.

I just sat there, my cock still throbbing on full display and confusion reigning supreme. I turned to look over the back of the couch, just in time to see mom finish putting on some shoes, and open

the front door. "Come on, let's go for a ride," she said to me with a grin that was about as innocent as, well, as her. And just like that she left.

I would have given chase immediately, but she'd helpfully left the front door and my jeans wide open, so I had to deal with the latter before I could approach the former. Once I'd wrestled my cock back into my jeans and done them up I marched over to the front door, hoping mom was just messing around and we could get back to the serious business of a son impregnating his horny mom.

But no, there she was in the driver's seat of her car, engine running and slowly rolling towards the road. I put on some shoes in record time and then jogged out of the house as quickly as I could with an erection squashed into my jeans. I had a brief panic when the front door clicked shut before remembering that the house key was attached to mom's car key, so we were all good.

Panic over, I ran around to the passenger side of mom's car, diving in when she momentarily paused it, only to be pushed back in my seat as she accelerated down the road.

"Seatbelt on," she said when I hadn't done so after half a minute. Normally I'm good about that sort of thing, but normally mom's own seatbelt isn't pulled tightly between her breasts, making them look like they're about to spill out of her top. Once I was safely belted in she patted my leg. "Good boy."

We drove for about fifteen minutes, I know not where. Not because I have a poor sense of direction, but rather because, well, I refer you to earlier comments concerning mom's breasts. When I did finally manage to look away from mom and glance outside, the road seemed familiar, though I couldn't quite place it.

"Where are we headed?" I asked at last.

"Somewhere nice. Get your dick out please," she said. I nodded, before my ears caught up with my brain. She'd said the whole thing in the same tone and for a moment I hadn't processed it. Trepidation about exposing myself in broad daylight fought a brief battle with my arousal, and was handily beaten. I popped open the buttons on my jeans and pushed them down to my mid thigh, freeing my definitely-not-soft cock. I wouldn't say I'm an exhibitionist, but mom's presence was enough to arouse me where ever we were, and as soon as it was out in the open my cock started to stiffen, going from definitely-not-soft to really-quite-hard.

Mom seemed happy to ignore me for the next minute or so, concentrating on her driving. And then as we made our way down a forest-lined road she casually reached over and grabbed my cock. I let out a gasp and pushed my head back into the headrest.

"Whoops, I thought that was the gearshift," said mom as she started to give long strokes to my cock.

I gave her a suspicious look. "Your car's an automatic," I said.

"Well," she said. "Double whoops."

I let the matter slide, too caught up in the exquisite feeling of mom's hand gliding up to the head of my cock and then back down again. She started with a light touch but as the handjob continued my cock produced a little bead of precum, which she rubbed around the head with her thumb. That bead was followed by a trickle, which she smeared around the end of my cock with her fingertips.

Before long I was producing a steady supply of precum every few strokes, and mom increased the pressure of her grip as more and more lube got involved. It was easily better than any solo masturbation I'd ever experienced, and I knew jerking myself off would never be quite as satisfying again.

I was so caught up in the experience that I scarcely noticed mom turn the car into a small gravel lined car park amongst the trees. There were only a couple of cars parked there, but mom still went to the very far corner in order to park next to a large black pick-up truck. I would have been impressed at how well she could drive one-handed if I wasn't so busy being impressed by what that other hand was doing.

"Here we are," she said once the engine was off. She unclipped her seatbelt and turned to face me, finally taking her hand off me and holding it up. "Wow. Did you cum already?" she said, turning the hand over and staring at the sticky fluid coating it. I shook my head, not quite trusting myself to speak. "Mmm, good," she said, leaning over to give me a soft kiss on the cheek. "Well, let's go stretch our legs!" she said, turning to face her door and glancing out of her window before immediately turning back. "There's something in the way of my door," she said. "So I'll have to get out of yours, okay?"

"Uh, sure," I said, going to undo my seatbelt so I could get out first. I didn't even get as far as pressing the release button before mom scrambled over to my side of the car, ending up straddling me in my seat. I saw a blush creep into her neck as she lowered herself, pressing her panties down against my throbbing erection. We both made little noises of pleasure and her eyes closed for a long moment.

"Oops," she eventually said, giving her hips a lazy rock against me. "I-".

I'm sure she was about to come out with a hilarious one liner, but I was far too horny to laugh at that moment so it would have been a waste. Instead I grabbed mom's head, pulling it down to my own and interrupting her with my lips. Her words turned to moans against me and she reached between us with shaking hands, trying to grab my cock and move her skirt out of the way and slide her panties to the side all in one go. It took a few attempts but she got there in the end, and I felt the heat of her pussy on my cock a second before she engulfed me in it. Between us there was enough lubrication to make short work of any resistance, and she barely had to rock her hips a couple of times before she was sat on me, my whole cock surrounded by her tightness.

"Hnng, fuck," she moaned, pulling her lips away and resting her forehead against mine for a few seconds. She then moved her head back so she could stare straight into my soul as she bit her lip and then started lifting and dropping herself onto me in fast, furious thrusts. The whole car rocked each time she came down, and a noisy clap followed as if applauding my imminent eruption into her.

"Gonna cum," I groaned, the words running together into meaningless syllables, and my whole body tensing. And then mom stopped, my orgasm teetering on the precipice with one foot forward. My gaze bore into her and hers bore into mine.

"Ten thrusts, time's up," she said, as a smile that Vlad the Impaler would probably call a bit *too* evil came to her lips. I just stared at her, not understanding the words. But I understood what happened next as she opened the car door next to us and hopped out of the car. I made some sort of animalistic noise as I tried to undo my seatbelt, momentarily forgetting how buttons worked. Once I was freed from that I leapt out of the car, expecting to see mom dancing off into the distance. But

no, she was stood right there, between our car and the pick-up truck next to it. I breathed heavily, my cock rising and falling in time with my chest, and stared at mom like a lion stares at a lady lion in heat. I was so horny I couldn't even remember what female lions were called.

"You should put that away," said mom, staring down at my cock. She then took a step closer and ran a fingertip along it. I swallowed hard, but didn't move. "We should go for a walk," she then said, her gaze never wavering. "You definitely shouldn't shove me against this truck and fuck me with this-"

"Delightful penis," is probably how that sentence was meant to end. Instead it ended with a little woop as I grabbed mom and span her around to face the black truck we'd parked next to. I pushed her upper back closer to the truck and pulled her waist further away so that she was bent over, her head resting on her forearm which in turn was splayed against the driver's side window of the truck.

"What are you doing?" she gasped, even as she hiked her skirt out of the way and pulled her panties to one side. I'm glad she did since I was in full on caveman mode and probably would have just tried fucking her through both items of clothing. With nothing between us, I shoved my cock into her, too horny to even savor that beautiful first moment of penetration. Instead I grabbed mom by the hips and hammered into her for all I was worth. "Oh fuck, keep doing it," she groaned, lowering her forehead onto her arm. I grunted, anything but my imminent climax becoming irrelevant. On the next thrust I shoved extra hard into mom, pushing her whole body against the stranger's truck. "Yes!" she squealed, a cry lost in the sudden noise of the truck's alarm blaring all around us. I didn't care. Nothing mattered anymore. Balls deep in my mom I become quite the nihilist.

I ran my hands up mom's front, grabbing her tits hard enough to make her cry out, and then she gave a little scream. She'd been making so many noises that this one didn't even register. The next one did though. "What the fuck is that?" she yelled, close enough to my ear that I could hear her over the truck's alarm. I looked down and saw a chocolate Labrador sniffing mom's leg. Now, I love dogs, but there's a time and a place and this was neither. I stilled my hips, my roaring orgasm not quite so urgent with this sudden audience. Mom went a step further and pushed me back, my cock sliding from her in the process. I quickly stuffed it back in my jeans, self conscious about this random pet seeing my most private parts.

"It's a dog!" I yelled at mom, who gave me a look.

"Behold the shit, Sherlock!" she yelled back, gesturing around us. "And you will see that there is none!"

We both gave little starts as mom yelled the last word at me in sudden silence, the truck's alarm cutting off.

"Sorry about that, folks!" came a voice from nearby. Its owner soon appeared, a short and stout man, much like a teapot. He looked like he was dressed for fishing, except for the fishing rod, which he did not have. "Brutus c'mere and stop botherin' them nice people." Brutus turned from sniffing my shoe to give his owner a look of deep contemplation, before returning to the important issue of my footwear. "Hope he weren't no problem," said the man.

"Oh no, we were just, I was," I scrambled to think of something other than 'fucking my mom'. "I lost my contact lenses," I said at last and mom sighed.

"We found them though," she chimed in, before we got stuck in that conversational dead end again.

"Well," said the man, somehow stretching the word into three syllables. "That would've been a tasty pickle to squeeze out of the jar, ain't it?" he said with a chuckle.

Mom smiled politely, while I tried to figure out whether 'yes' or 'no' was a better answer. The man walked into the awkward silence, coming over to us and holding out his hand.

"Name's Julian if it do yer," he said. "Julian Caesar."

"Nice to meet you," mom and I both claimed, giving him our names in turn. I shook his hand, and then mom held out her left hand, causing a brief moment of confusion as Mr Caesar didn't seem to know what to do with it. I was a bit confused too since mom is right handed, and then I remembered what she'd been doing with that right hand on the drive here, and noticed that she was holding it behind her back lest our new friend ask what she'd spilled all over it.

In an effort to distract him I grabbed at the first thing I could think of.

"Wait, your name's Julian Caesar?" I asked.

"Ayuh," he conceded.

"As in..."

"The dressing, ayuh. Never liked it myself, mind."

"And your dog's name is Brutus."

"That it is."

"As in..."

"The fellow from Popeye, ayuh." He looked down at the dog. "On account of him lovin' olive oil," he went on. "Drinks that stuff like water if you give him the chance."

"Oh," I said. The preceding eighteen years of my life had not prepared me for a conversation like this. I looked down at the dog, for want of anything else to do. I swear the dog looked back at me conspiratorially.

"Shouldn't though," continued Mr Caesar, "what with it givin' him the shi- the runs," he said, shaking his head sadly.

"Well!" piped up mom. "We should start our walk."

"Right!" I said oh so gratefully. The man looked mom up and down appraisingly.

"Mightn't be a bit chilly for yer, ma'am," he said.

"Oh I'm sure my son here will keep me warm, but thank you for your concern Mr Caesar," she said, beaming at him.

"Ain't'n't nothin'," he said, a small patch of red appearing in his cheeks. "You fellas take care now, y'hear?"

"We will," said mom.

"Take care!" I said as we locked the car then started to walk away towards the start of one of the trails that began at this car park. Brutus gave me a look which I choose to interpret as 'Oh I'll take care of him alright.' And with that we parted ways.

I thought we'd just walk down the trail for a couple of minutes until we were sure Mr Caesar had gone, then circle back to the car park for some vehicular shenanigans. Or failing that, we could drive home and fuck each other senseless on the living room floor.

I thought wrong, and mom kept up a lively pace as we headed down the trail. We only passed one other person as we walked along. They also had a dog, but thankfully were satisfied to just nod and say "Afternoon" in passing rather than enter into any conversation about their dog's name or bodily functions.

The chill in the air and the physical exertion seemed to keep us in perfect thermal equilibrium as we walked. Never getting sweaty and hot nor growing too cold. We were baby bear's porridge. But less likely to be eaten by a felonious blond.

I actually quite enjoy hiking, but hadn't managed to do much during the past year. I also wasn't wearing the best shoes for it due to the nature of our outing. Fortunately the trail we were on was loosely gravelled the whole way rather than a genuine wilderness path. Still, after half an hour or so of mom's keen pace I was starting to feel it. Just as I was thinking of asking mom if we could slow down a bit we reached a small bench by the side of the path, and mom sat down on it. I dropped down next to her, glad to see that she was breathing as heavily as I was.

We just sat there for a while, facing away from the path and looking out into the forest around us. It was peaceful and it was beautiful, if occasionally interrupted by the distant sounds of vehicles.

Mom leaned against me as we sat there, resting her head on my shoulder, and I wrapped my arm around her waist to keep us both warm now that we were still.

After the emotions and the hormones and the nerves and the frustrations and the near misses of the past two weeks, this just felt right. I absolutely loved what mom and I had been doing, and had no idea how I'd cope with its absence from tomorrow, but this right here, with the birds singing and the sun rays shining between the trees and her hair tickling my cheek, this was perfect.

"I love you, mom," I whispered, not wanting to spoil the moment with my voice. I knew she was smiling, without even looking.

"I love you too," she whispered back. "And, you know, whatever's happened, and whatever happens next, I'll always be your mom."

"I know," I said, and that little knot inside me untangled itself as I realized that I *did* know that. Deep down I guess I'd been worrying that what I'd done with mom had changed our relationship somehow. And of course it had, but not in the way that I'd worried about. We'd added to our relationship in a new and wonderful way, and when we stopped this strange and beautiful thing we were doing then that part of our relationship would always be there, joining us. She wasn't now a girlfriend who was going to break up with me and foster only awkwardness and hate. She was my

mom and I loved her all the more for what we'd done, even if it stopped this instant and never happened again. "And I'll always be your son." I whispered.

She found my hand with hers and squeezed it. "I know," she whispered. And I know she did.

I had a second grade teacher who said Heaven isn't like life but better. It's not just endless birthday parties and jello for every meal. (We were in second grade, remember.) No, heaven is the best moment of your life, stretched out for infinity.

That sounded kind of lame in second grade, especially compared to endless jello. And these days I'm pretty agnostic on the whole afterlife thing as a whole. But if he was right then that moment on that bench could be my infinity. And I'd be okay with that.

Real life soldiers on though. And after a while sat still on the bench we were both starting to feel the cold. And while our hormones could take a brief break to be sappy, they couldn't be ignored forever.

"Come on," said mom, getting to her feet and flashing me a naughty smile. "We're nearly there."

I didn't ask where, knowing I'd get no straight answers, so just took mom's hand and followed her down the trail.

The sounds of vehicles increased as we walked, and ten minutes after we'd left the bench we emerged from the trees and found ourselves behind a squat building next to a road. A familiar dishevelled extension was attached to the back of the building, which I took to be a gas station from some clues like the huge sign giving the price of gas visible looming at the front.

"Is this...?" I started to say, but mom ignored me and dragged me towards the small building in front of us. We came to a dilapidated door upon which a heavily repainted sign hung saying "Toilets".

I looked at mom, who gave a little shrug and pulled me forwards and into the structure.

It was just as I remembered, the surprisingly clean toilet block that we'd come to a week ago when mom couldn't wait for us to get home. It had been a pretty great time. Except for us breaking one of the cubicle doors. And then nearly getting caught. And then having to leave without me managing to cum. Actually I'm not sure it was so great.

Much like the previous week we had the place to ourselves, at least for now. And what I couldn't help but think of as 'our' cubicle had been fixed up as good as new. I assumed we'd go in there but instead mom pulled me into the central cubicle of the three and then drew home the bolt behind us. It was quite cramped in there. The cubicle by the door was the largest of the three, which was one of the reasons we'd used that last week. Still, any port in a storm.

Rather than fiddling with me, mom seemed to be fiddling with the toilet roll dispenser, and after a brief tussle it came away from the wall. I stared at mom as she placed the dispenser on top of the closed toilet seat, not sure when my mild mannered mom had become such a vandal. She then stepped aside and gestured to where the toilet roll dispenser wasn't.

"Do you know what this is?" she said quietly.

"A class C felony?" I asked.

She rolled her eyes and pointed. I looked at where she was pointing, seeing the hole in the thin wooden wall dividing the cubicles where the dispenser had hung. Except... I looked back at the dispenser, which had four small tacks in the corners to keep it affixed, and nothing on its back that would fit into the hole. "Is that?" I began, then crouched down and looked at the hole again. It was a very neat cut, and even had some kind of soft material lining it so that if, say, something sensitive were slotted through the hole then it wouldn't chafe on the exposed wood. It wasn't huge, only slightly bigger than the hole made when I put the ends of my thumb and index finger together. But big enough. For other things.

I cleared my throat. "I, uh, think I know what that is." It would be a cool day in hell indeed before I admitted to my mother that I knew the word gloryhole.

"Good," said mom, resting her hand over my cock, which had started to stiffen in my jeans as soon as I realized what the hole was. "Would you like to use it?" she asked, leaning around me to place soft kisses along my jaw. My cock leapt at the feeling and mom gave it a little squeeze back.

"Um, with you?" I said, wanting clarification here.

"Mhmm," said mom, kissing down to my neck and opening up my jeans to release my ever growing erection. She took it in her hand and gave it a series of slow strokes before looking into my eyes. "Or you could just take me right here," she said, lifting the front of her skirt so that I could see her underwear. "If you're close," she added, almost as an after thought.

Tempting though that second option was, the sheer naughtiness of using the gloryhole was too good to resist, while the knowledge that it would be my mom on the other side also made it safe in a way that I knew I would never feel if I used one of these things as nature intended.

"I'd like to use it," I said softly. As the words spilled out I wondered if mom would be offended that I'd rather use her through some anonymizing hole than face to face. Clearly I needn't have worried as mom grinned at my answer, clamping her thighs together and giving a little shudder.

"Good," she said, kissing me softly on the lips. "Post it through when you're ready," she said. "And knock three times when you're close." She then gave three short, sharp knocks on the cubicle wall to demonstrate. "Nice and loud or I might not hear you." I nodded in understanding, though wasn't sure what was wrong with me just yelling 'Yo, mom, I'm close.' Gloryhole etiquette, I guess. She gave me another little kiss before leaving the cubicle. I had a brief moment of panic that someone would burst in at that precise moment and see me stood there with a semi-on. Or charge into the neighboring cubicle before mom could stop them and then sit down to be confronted with my cock peering at them through the hole.

Neither thing happened, as luck would have it, and I bolted the door behind mom, then heard her go into the cubicle next door. She started humming, which was a little odd, but I concentrated on my part of the job. I had a brief debate about trying to post my balls through the hole too, but decided against it and just slid my cock through, leaning myself up against the wall to get as close as possible.

For a moment nothing happened, except mom humming her little ditty. And then I heard her gasp. "Oh my, what's this?" she said with a performance worthy of no Oscars. There was a long pause, as if mom was waiting for someone to feed her a line. And then I could almost hear her shrug and decide to feed on something else.

Without being able to see I couldn't really know what was going on in mom's cubicle, but I'd had enough blowjobs from her now to recognise the feeling of her lips as they gently kissed the end of my cock. Another kiss followed, then another. The kisses were plentiful but so soft that I'm not sure they would have done much for me in normal circumstances. But the thrill of not being able to see turned every sensation up to eleven, and mom's kisses by themselves soon had my erection almost at full mast. Then mom's lips slipped around me, and I went to full mast and beyond.

We were both being quieter than normal, understandably given the circumstances, but neither of us could help let out our little sounds of pleasure as mom's lips slid down my cock and back again. She repeated the motion again and again, getting a little faster each time, until I knew I wouldn't be able to hold on much longer. The teasing at home, in the car, and now here were all adding up to a whole lot of cum, I knew, and soon. I was about to knock on the wall when mom's lips reached the end of a stroke and then their sensation vanished altogether. I gasped, the lack of feeling hitting me almost as hard as its presence. I could hear some shuffling around from the other side of the divider, but didn't want to break the spell by asking what mom was doing. A few seconds later I didn't care as I felt her lips touch me again. Except this sensation was all different to the last one, and I felt a hot wet pressure surrounding the end of my cock and slowly enveloping it inch by inch.

I gasped as I realized what was happening, then nearly came at the mental image of mom bent over in the neighboring cubicle, shoving herself against my cock jutting out from the wall. I tried to give a little thrust only for nothing to happen except a painful sensation around the base of my cock. I panicked, and looked down to see that I was now so engorged that I was filling the hole. I was, in fact, the perfect size. A round peg in a round hole. Any bigger and it would be cutting off circulation. As it was it just meant I was trapped in place until my cock calmed down, unless I was willing to risk some very difficult to explain wounds on my cock.

With the panic easing, I could go back to enjoying the sensation of mom easing back along my cock until it dropped back out of her. Her pussy had felt so good that I knew that between it and the eroticism of the gloryhole I'd be cumming quickly once I was back inside her. As I thought all this I felt mom once again take me in her mouth, resuming the rapid pace she'd had before. I was sorry to end this second blowjob so quickly but I could tell I'd be cumming far too soon to make it last.

I raised my hand to knock on the wall, then froze in place as I heard the toilet block's door open up. I didn't dare move as I heard the newcomer take a few steps in. My heart nearly burst from my chest when I heard them push against my cubicle's door, though the bolt held firm. I then heard them try mom's door and hoped she'd remembered to lock it behind her. Apparently she had, as the newcomer made their way back to the first cubicle and I heard them head in and bolt the door.

I still didn't dare move, though with hindsight I probably should have made some noises to allay suspicion. Mom too was being utterly silent, though not utterly still as she began working her tongue in circles around the head of my cock. I brought the fist I'd been about to use to knock on the wall to my mouth, trying desperately not to make any noises. This only got more difficult as mom slipped my cock back between her lips, circled the head with her tongue, then pulled out again. She repeated this process a couple of times until she got the hang of it, then turned up the speed.

I almost gasped as mom's mouth worked some kind of magic spell on me, charming out the most reluctant of orgasms. No matter how hard I focused on being quiet and not cumming, mom's mouth was not to be ignored. A shaky little breath escaped me as I put my hand against the wall and gave three little taps with my fingertip. Mom's onslaught continued apace, if anything getting

faster. I made one last attempt to pull my cock backwards, with even less success, then gave three more taps on the wall, slightly louder than before.

But even as I tapped I knew it was too little too late. That familiar tightening sensation started in the base of my cock, flaring to brief pain as the hole gripped me, and then all turned to pleasure as I felt my cock throb over and over, a jet of cum accompanying each throb.

I thought mom would release me at the first sign of orgasm, maybe even try to get me into her pussy before it was all over. But instead her lips stayed wrapped around me the whole time, and her tongue even gave small strokes to the underside of my head encouraging every last drop out.

Here, in the midst of my orgasm, is when the intruder chose to finish up and flush their toilet. In the sudden cacophony I let out the breath I'd been holding, gasping down some much needed air. On the other side of the wall I thought I heard mom moan, but it was hard to tell, and my cock was rapidly becoming too sensitive for me to trust whether I felt a subtle vibration around it.

As our uninvited guest washed their hands, my cock slowly deflated to the point where it was not trapped any more, and when mom released it from her mouth I drew it back through the hole. There was a red mark around its base where it had been held in place by the hole, but otherwise it seemed unharmed. I wasn't so sure whether I was going to remain unharmed when mom got her hands on me. Getting my cum inside her was the plan, true, but definitely not like this. She'd be pissed at me, and I'd deserve it. When the block's door opened and I heard the visitor crunch their way out across the gravel, I considered knocking on the wall three times, but that didn't seem funny even to me. Instead I returned the toilet roll dispenser to the wall, taking a minute to figure out how it was attached, then exited my stall.

Mom was still in her cubicle, and I didn't want to rush her. But a couple of minutes passed by and she still wasn't out. I decided to break the silence.

"Sorry, mom," I said, sounding nearly as remorseful as I felt.

"S'okay, honey," she said from inside her cubicle, sounding breathless.

"Are you alright, mom?" I asked, hoping I hadn't choked her with my cum.

"Mhmm," she said, then repeated it a moment later. And then a long silence, followed by soft sigh. Before I could ask again the cubicle door opened and mom came out looking a little dishevelled and with a red blush creeping from her chest to her neck.

She smiled at me, which turned to a worried frown as she saw the look on my face.

"I'm sorry," I said again. "I tried to knock but didn't want the person to hear and I got kind of trapped and-"

She interrupted my ramble with a soft kiss at the corner of my mouth. "It's okay, really," she said, emphasising the last word.

"Really?" I asked.

"Really really." She said it with such earnestness that I knew she meant it, and felt myself relax. She took my hand then and we left the block together, heading back to the trail. As we walked she nudged me with her shoulder. "Maybe you'll get it in the right hole some time today, though."

Hmm?" I must have looked mortified as she nudged me again. "Kidding." she said. Followed a beat later by "Kind of."

The return journey to the car seemed to take less time than the trip out, as return journeys tend to. We walked in companionable silence for the most part, and were about five minutes from the car park when something occurred to me.

"Mom?" I asked, immediately regretting starting this conversation, but morbidly curious nonetheless.

"Yes, lover?" she said, making a little flight of butterflies take a trip through my stomach.

"Uh, how did you know about that... that?" I asked, figuring she'd know what I meant.

"Oh," she said, and I glanced over to see her blushing a deep red that had little to do with the cool air or our determined pace. "When I was, you know, researching ways to get pregnant, I, uh. Well, a friend of mine. She's in Australia. She thought maybe. You know. Anonymous donations. Could be good."

Now it was my turn to "Oh." We walked in silence for a moment before I couldn't help but ask. "So did you...?"

"No," she said at once, making sure to look at me when she said it. "I got kind of crazy about all this around that time. Even put an ad on Craigslist, but then never had the nerve to see if I got any responses. I looked up online to see where people could go to, um, receive anonymous donations. But I never went to one. There's no way of knowing if the person would be clean, you know?"

I assured her that I knew, not wanting to get onto a chat about STIs right now.

"And besides," she went on, "if I did do something like that, I wanted it to be with someone I cared about. Someone I trusted. Someone I loved. You know?"

"I know," I said, with a smile. And we walked the rest of the way in silence, mom not needing to finish her sentence because I knew what she meant. Someone like me.

After our little trip we were both worn out and even a late lunch didn't do much to revive our spirits. On any other day we might have had a lazy evening and an early night. But we both knew tonight was our last night like this. And despite our loginess the tension in the air seemed to grow and crackle like the prelude to a storm.

That's not to say we were lustily pawing at each other all afternoon. In fact aside from occasionally holding hands if we were near each other and quick little kisses whenever we passed each other, we were as chaste as we'd ever been before two weeks ago.

I helped mom with the laundry and she helped me bring my packed boxes and bags down to the living room so they'd be ready for our road trip the next morning. We watched a little bit of bad television together. We read side by side on the couch. We drank tea and made fun of one another and knew that everything was right in the world, because we had each other. It was a beautifully dull afternoon. As the evening chill approached mom swapped her strappy tank top and scandalous skirt for one of her bulky jumpers and her pyjama bottoms and still I struggled to keep my eyes off her.

Dinner time sneaked up on us and mom sorted out the food while I laid the table and got us glasses of water. Maybe you'd expect us to be all dressed up, making big eyes at each other over wine and candles on this, our last night. But really we were just relishing being what we'd always been: a mother and her son. And we'd never been a mother and son who had candlelit date nights, so we didn't now. Instead we made affectionate jokes about Brutus and Mr Caesar, we told each other what we loved and hated about the books we were each reading, we pondered which highway to take when mom drove me to college the next day. And yes we made little innuendos and flirtatious comments, but they were just a part of us now like the jokes and the books and the planning, they weren't all we had.

After dinner I washed up while mom dried, and then we did not have vigorous sex there in the kitchen. There's no right or wrong when it comes to what people enjoy, but if you enjoy getting jiggy with it on a full stomach then you're wrong. There, I said it.

Instead we crashed on the couch, channel surfing until we found a familiar sci-fi film. It was about half way through its run time but I recognized most of the characters, though not the actual events on screen.

"I think I've seen the start of this film," I said. "But never the end."

Mom nodded. "I've seen the end, but never known how it begins."

We stared at each other, mirroring smiles appearing on our faces.

"Snap!" I said as she said "Jinx!"

We both frowned. "Polo?" I tried. Mom shook her head. "I don't think there's a word for this," I concluded.

Mom snuggled up against me. "What about... you complete me," she said.

"Mmm, that'll do," I said, stroking her hair. "That'll do."

There was a moment of silence as we enjoyed the moment of tenderness. And then mom oinked.

We both snorted with laughter before I hushed her. "Let's watch the film, Babe."

"Whatever you want, snuggle bunny," she said, before bursting into a fit of giggles. And so we went on. I never did pay attention to the end of the film. And I never did care.

About an hour later, after a conversational voyage almost as convoluted as your average trip to Wikipedia, mom was in the middle of a giggly explanation of who Zefram Cochrane was (not to be confused with cock rain, she informed me blushing, which was something she got a little of in her mouth earlier). Amongst all that we realized the end credits of the film were running.

"Huh, how'd it end?" I asked.

"Zorax was actually that guy's sister so became queen of the ninth fleet and ended the war," mom explained.

"Ahh," I said, nodding with comprehension. "Who was Zorax?"

Mom burst out laughing, then grabbed the remote and flicked off the television. "Right," she said, looking as close to serious as she had for the past few hours. "I'm going to bed."

"Okay," I said, captivated by the ghost of a smile tickling her mouth.

"It's bedtime after all," she went on. It was a bit early for bed, truth be told. But I was willing to see where this was going. "But... before I sleep. Wanna do me a favor?"

I grinned, then tried to look serious, and mostly failed. "For you mom, anything," I said, and that *did* sound serious.

Mom looked like she was fit to burst with happiness, but tempered it down and took my hand instead, and we headed up to her room.

I flicked her light on as soon as we were in, not wanting to miss anything. We didn't say anything this time. Not needing the script. Mom stripped off her pyjama bottoms, socks, and panties, while I slipped out of my lounge pants, boxers and socks. We stood there for a second, just in our tops, and admiring one another. Then mom grabbed the lube from her drawer before perching on the edge of the bed, and I went to stand in front of her. She squeezed a bit of lube from the bottle into her hand, then held it up to me, smiling shyly as I saw the bottle was close to empty.

Her hand gently stroked my cock then, smearing the lubrication all over it, and the rapt attention of her eyes fed my erection almost as much as her hand did. A few minutes was all it took to bring me to full hardness, and she wiped the last bit of lube from her fingers around her entrance. She then looked up at me, the most vulnerable look on her face that I'd seen since she first sat me down in this room and took the greatest risk imaginable, asking me for my help to get her pregnant.

I wanted to say something, to let her know that everything was alright and was going to be alright. But she spoke first, in a quiet voice, with her face down but her eyes up, "Are you close?"

My heart sank a little bit, and her eyes turned down as she saw the answer in my irritated expression.

Why? Why did she do this every time? She knew I wanted to love her properly, to be inside her for longer than a few fleeting moments as I came. But we had an arrangement, an agreement. We had The Rules. Until I was close I couldn't be inside her. She'd said it herself: I couldn't fuck her until I said I was close. It didn't matter if I wanted it. Or if she wanted it. We two adults who loved one another so much. It didn't matter. And yet she kept on asking when she knew I wouldn't be close. Knowing. Knowing that I wasn't close. Knowing that if I said yes we could fuck. Asking me every time. And knowing.

Fuck. I am an idiot.

"Mom," I said, almost too quietly to hear. I waited for her to lift her eyes to mine. "I'm close," I said.

For a moment nothing happened, her eyes looking at me yet almost not seeing me. And then her whole face turned upwards towards me, lighting up like a sunrise, and just as beautiful. Her smile was a promise that everything was okay, and that I was loved.

"Well," she said, then cleared her throat. "It's about time." She could not even pretend to be serious as she spoke, and I couldn't go a second longer without being near her. I pushed her back onto the bed by her shoulders, dropping down over her as she fell and sealing my lips to hers. We kissed a

kiss full of passion and glee as she moaned then smiled against my lips, her hands tangling in my hair the whole while.

Now that we knew we were going to have each other properly, a little bit of the urgency faded away. We made out and kissed each others faces and were generally just horribly sappy for quite a while. Not that my cock went down during all this. Kissing mom was a bottomless source of arousal, and besides that our position left my cock rubbing around mom's thighs and, every now and then, brushing past her pussy.

It'd be romantic to say we just kissed all night and never actually escalated things beyond that and that it's the destination and not the journey and that the Tinman had a heart all along. But, well we're not *that* romantic. Which is to say that mom broke first.

"Mmm," she moaned against my lips after somewhere between minutes and eternity spent kissing. I could feel one of her hands snaking down between us until her fingertips found my cock, and she cooed to find it still hard. "I think you'd better get this thing inside of me. You know, what with you being close and everything."

"Whatever you say, mom," I said, lining myself up.

"That's right, listen to your muhhh," said mom. Guess the moment when I pushed forward into her.

I rocked my hips back and forth slowly, savoring the feel of mom rather than savoring my imminent orgasm. I took my time, not rushing to force as much of myself into her as fast as possible. Ten thrusts passed, fifty, a hundred, I neither knew nor cared how many. I was not the only one enjoying it. Mom's expression changed but the amount of sheer bliss it conveyed never did. It was her face that drove me on more than anything else, my wish to see just how much joy I could bring her turning my long, slow strokes into ever more powerful thrusts. She gasped as my speed increased and dug her fingers into my back, rocking her hips to egg me on, then tapped me frantically. "Wait, wait," she said, and I slowed right down.

"Everything okay?" I said.

Her eyes went wide and she gave me an almost comically big nod. "Oh yes. But I think I should roll over. So you can do me from behind. I've heard my chances of conceiving go up that way."

"Huh, I think I've heard that too," I said.

"It's because of," she began.

"Evolution, yeah," I finished for her, nodding scientifically. With a grin we disentangled and she span around beneath me onto her front. Her ass rocked side to side in the aftermath of the maneuver, momentarily distracting me, before mom wagged her behind at me.

"In your own time," she said, and I decided now was my time and plunged back into her.

Encouraged by the ever shifting reactions of her ass, my pace picked up as I thrust over and over into mom. If anything her ass was a little too arousing and every few strokes I would push extra hard into mom, holding myself there for a few seconds while she grabbed at the bedsheets for moral support.

I may have been just a bit overzealous at times, and slowly but surely I realized that I'd pushed mom several inches forward onto the bed. Not a lot, but enough to make my position ever more

awkward and rob both of us of the feeling of my cock filling her as much as it could.

Mom, despite sounding close to getting lost in an orgasm, had the presence of mind to tell what was going on. "Hang on a minute there, stud," she said, pulling herself forward and off me and crawling forward a little bit further onto the bed, making a hard turn on the way so that she was now facing the headboard while I stood at the side, affording me a precious view of her from the side as she waited on her hands and knees.

She didn't have to wait long, as I crawled onto the bed, getting behind her on my own knees.

"Go for it," she said, even as I lined my cock up with her entrance and pushed forward. She pushed back simultaneously, bringing us together with a crack and leaving me deeper inside her than I'd been so far tonight.

Neither of us was in the mood for introspection, though, and I grabbed mom by the hips before pounding into her. Mom cried out, lowering her upper body down and grabbing a pillow to stifle her cries in, presumably worried about the neighbors. One of her hands shot out and started frantically tapping at the bed beside her like a wrestling referee counting someone out. Except mom got well past three before her fingers dug into the sheets and she raised her head. "Oh fu-cumming!" she all but screamed. So screw the neighbors, I guess.

I didn't let up even as mom shook her way through her orgasm. Part of me thought mom looked like she needed a break as she squirmed, while the rest of me thought she looked so damned arousing that I couldn't help but keep fucking her.

Mom seemed to fall somewhere between these two camps, pushing herself back against me as her orgasm began in order to get as much from it as she could, but by the end she crawled forward away from me, muttering "Too much" to herself as she went. There wasn't far for her to go, as she almost immediately reached the head of the bed, though once there she kept going, her hands walking up the wall as her knees kept shuffling forward until she was knelt on her pillows, her body heaving against the wall.

I came up behind her, wrapping my arms around her just holding her for a second. She tilted her head back against me and we stayed like that as she got her breath back. My hands may have wandered, true, sliding from her hips up to her waist then back down again. As they tried to go higher mom's jumper got in the way and a profound question came to me.

"Why are you still wearing this?" I asked, tugging the bottom of her jumper.

Mom didn't answer with words, but did pull her jumper up and off, tossing it from the bed.

"Dunno what you're talking about," she said, as my hands roamed over her exposed stomach and up to her bra and then back again.

This was enough of a break for mom, apparently, as without warning she pushed herself backwards. She had a hold of the headboard when she did this so didn't go very far. I, knelt right behind her and fondling her ass at the time, had no such support, and went sprawling onto my back. Once I was down mom shuffled backwards on her knees until she was hovering over my cock. It was definitely ready to continue, but mom helpfully reached down to give it a few strokes anyway before sinking her body down and letting gravity guide her all the way onto it. We groaned in unison, then both laughed at our unintentional harmony, but then mom started thrusting her ass up and down and I was lost in the sight and feeling of what she was doing to me. "Feels so good," I

gasped as mom stopped bouncing on me and changed to rolling her hips, arching her back on each back stroke.

In fact it was starting to feel a little too good and I sat upright to wrap my arms around mom and hold her still for a moment. I knew the night would end at some point but I didn't want to rush it either.

Mom reached back to stroke my hair and then I fell backwards onto my back again, bringing mom with me this time to lay on top of me, my front to her back. My cock slipped from her as we fell, but neither of us really cared, laughs and kisses filling the room as I ran my hands over her and she wiggled on top of me.

It was playful, and fun, but far from innocent, and it didn't take long for me to miss being inside her. Without warning I rolled mom off me to the side and onto her front. She squealed in delight as she went, then raised up her ass as I rolled on top of her. It took the two of us a little bit of coordination to line my cock up with her entrance, but once I managed to slide it in we both gasped with pleasure. Mom just lay there unmoving, letting me use her for the time being, and I thrust my hips with abandon, the feel of my groin bouncing on her ass driving me on. Mom's immobility was not through lack of enjoyment though, and after a few minutes she made her hands into fists and beat out a little drum solo on the bed in front of her. "Oh fucking god," she groaned, her voice shaking as I bounced into her, "you're going to make me cum." I thrust harder hearing that, more eager to make mom climax than I'd ever been for my own. "No wait!" she cried before she got there, and I froze, worried I'd hurt her. "Let me turn round," she said desperately, "I want to see you."

I lifted myself up far enough that I slipped out of her and she could spin around underneath me, then sank back down again. She reached between us to ensure my cock ended up back inside her, and then I picked up where we'd left off. Her orgasm did too, clearly, and within seconds her body tensed up and she squeaked, before grabbing my head and forcing my lips down to meet hers. Not that I took much forcing these days.

The kiss deepened and slowed as mom's orgasm loosened its grip on her, and we just lay there gently playing with each others lips. I was still inside her, but for the moment that was almost incidental.

At one point one of mom's soft moans against my lips came out slightly more contemplative. "Hmm?" I hummed back against her, making her smile. She then tugged on the t-shirt I still had on.

"Why are you still wearing this?" she asked. To which there was no good answer. I lifted myself up and out of mom, then sat back to take off my top. Mom shuffled off the bed as I did so, standing beside it and then crooking her finger at me in a come here gesture once my top was off. I went to join her, opening my arms to her as I approached only for her to turn at the last second. I held her like that, her stood facing her dressing table and me stood behind her, holding her close with our bodies pressed together. I kept my lips busy on her shoulder as she writhed against me, my cock being trapped between us and lying upwards along her ass cheeks. She knew how to move and gyrate her hips to achieve maximum levels of tease, and soon my cock was oozing precum over her and my hands were squeezing her tits roughly through her bra. I wished that mom had a mirror on her dressing table so I could see as much of her as possible, but her only mirror was in her bathroom and I was way too horny to maneuver us through to there. Instead I put my hand on her upper back and bent her forward until she was leaning over her dressing table. She stuck out her ass in a gesture that was impossible to misread, and I crouched just low enough to find the entrance to her pussy again and slide back in.

I didn't know how long we'd been going at this point. We'd switched from loving to playful to hard fucking so many times that I'd lost any track of time. The sweat on my back told me it had been a while and the ache in my hips confirmed that. I gave mom a few strong thrusts as she bent over before me, then slowed to a more gentle motion. Not so much because I wanted to be gentle as mom exposed herself like that in front of me, but just because I was running out of steam.

As I rocked into her, mom reached back and stroked the side of my leg. "Getting tired, baby?" she asked.

"A little," I said, being sure not to interrupt my rhythm.

"Mmm, go sit on the edge of the bed."

Sitting sounded good, and I pulled backwards from mom before sitting myself down almost exactly where she'd begun the evening. Mom sauntered over to me, her hips swinging enticingly, and then straddled me. With practiced ease she lowered herself onto my cock, taking its full length before starting a gentle motion against me. She wasn't moving any faster than I had been a moment earlier, but I didn't really care about that. The little kisses she afforded me every few strokes and the feel of her skin under my hands, those were the things I cared about.

I would have been happy staying like that all night. My climax was close but not urgently so, and just being with mom was more than pleasure enough after so many orgasms in her presence. But, well, that's not how this story ends.

My hands were running slowly up and down mom's sides as she moved just as slowly up and down on my cock. Each time my hands drew level with her breasts I would rub my thumb slowly over them, then repeat the whole movement.

After one of these touches mom stayed still after a downstroke, my cock buried to the hilt inside of her. She looked at me for a moment, biting her lip. Oh how I was starting to like that lip bite. Then she reached behind herself and undid her bra. I saw it loosen, though her breasts only sagged a tiny bit behind it as they lost the support. "Wanna see?" she asked, raising an eyebrow. She was trying to be cheeky but the look on my face did away with that and back came the lip bite. With that she flicked the straps off her shoulders and then let the bra slide down her arms and to the floor.

Breasts are never easy to describe. Shall I compare them to a fruit? That always seems popular. Or tell you a cup size? Or should I just show you how I reacted, and let you figure it out? Let's go for the last one.

"You like?" said mom as I stared at her exposed chest. I couldn't just look away any more than an addict can just stop. My mouth felt dry. Not that I could have said anything. 'Yeah they're nice' would be akin to 'The sun's quite large'.

I wanted to grab them, but now that I could see them that almost felt like sacrilege. I had to do something though. Did I say that my orgasm was some distant unnecessary concern? Yeah, not so much. I suddenly needed to show mom how much I loved her and desired her in the basest way I could.

I grabbed her by the ass, standing up and spinning to drop her onto the bed. My cock slipped out somewhere in there but I lunged on top of her and even my cock was on team as it slid straight back into her without any effort. Once on top of her I immediately started slamming my hips into her, a second, third, and fourth wind filling my sails.

"Oh fuck!" cried mom, digging her fingers into my back and wrapping her legs around my waist. "You like, you like!" she yelled before descending into a meaningless garble of syllables. Even they were stopped then as I mashed my lips to hers, my hips pistoning mercilessly into her with a dull slap resounding each time our bodies crashed together. I could feel the end coming and opened my eyes to stare down at the woman who was making it happen.

That woman was staring right back at me. I pulled my lips away and she immediately moaned out "I'm gonna cum, baby."

"Me too, mom," I gasped, feeling the point of no return. "I love you," I added before my breath was taken away.

"I love... you," she gasped out, arching her back on the last word and pressing her whole body against me. I stopped using my hands to support my weight over mom and wrapped them around her instead, holding her in a full body hug as we came together. Nothing in the previous two weeks came close to that feeling, whether because of our emotional connection or the sheer joy of finally actually making love to my mother. Whatever the case I knew even as the moment happened that this was my moment of perfection. This was heaven.