

Working Out with Mom

HeyAll

Erotica / Incest/Taboo

Complete



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Summary

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Lactating mother needs help from her son.

1. Working Out with Mom

“Can we talk for a second?” my mother asked as I was watching the football game. “I need a favor from you.”

My eyes were still glued to the tv. “Sure, but can this wait until later? This game is almost over.”

She picked up the remote control and shut the tv off.

“Hey! I was watching that!”

“You can read the results online or catch the replay on the news, I really don’t see what the difference is anyway,” she replied sternly.

“Fine, what can I do for you mom?”

She lifted the bottom of her tshirt to reveal a soft, curvy stomach. She had given birth a year earlier which had left her with a decidedly feminine shape. At the time, I was 18 and her eldest son. She, at 42, was still as gorgeous as ever, despite what she thought about her newfound midsection.

Being in shape always meant a lot to her. She still had a fit body, which was built by long distance running and lots of yoga in her bedroom. Her arms and legs still looked tone for a woman her age, or any age really. The extra weight she put on really bothered her as she poked at it.

“That’s what you can do for me,” she replied, poking at her belly a few more times. “I’ve gotten my energy back since delivery, and I desperately want to get back in shape. It’s not easy at my age. Do you think you can help push your mother with a good workout routine and some motivation? We’ve still got a lot of old gym equipment in the garage that we could use.”

“Mom, you’re being way too hard on yourself. You look great the way you are. I’m serious.”

“Thanks, but I still love being fit while I can still do it. It’s a healthy obsession, I’d say.”

I gave her a skeptical look. “It would be kind of awkward, don’t you think? You know, with me having to watch you do reps with weights and all that. Why don’t you go to the gym instead? They’ve got all the best equipment, not to mention that they have personal trainers who are used to dealing with women your age... no offense mom.”

“Gyms today are so crowded,” she scoffed. “Plus, you know how much of a clean freak I am. All of the machines and lockers have got to be covered with germs and bacteria; I read about it on the news.”

“Seriously? I walked past the gym at the mall and it was less than half full. It looked spotless as well. There are a lot of regulations nowadays about cleanliness too. There’s antibacterial gel all over the place.”

She sighed. “If you want the *real* reason why I don’t want to go the gym anymore, it’s because it’s filled with students of mine, and the last thing I need is for them to see me working out. And I especially don’t want any of my future or former female students seeing me naked while I’m in the locker room.”

“I guess that makes sense.”

“So what’s it going to be, mister?”

“Well, it looks like I’m not in a position to argue with you,” I replied.

“No, you’re certainly not,” she said with her arms crossed and a stern look.

“Okay, we’ll start whenever you’re ready. I’ll try to think of a routine which would be perfect for you. Not too easy. Not too hard. Just right.”

A big smile appeared on her face and she bent down to give me a hug. “Thanks! I knew you’d see it my way. We’ll start tomorrow after I buy something proper to wear.”

And so it began; every so often my mother and I would meet in the open area of our garage to work out. It started out simple enough, with her wearing sweatpants and a thin sweater. I had her doing basic exercises to begin with, such as a warm on the stationary bike, followed by light weight-lifting and stretching. Or we would spend the entire session doing strictly cardio.

And as time went on, months and months, her fitness casually progressed and so did the confidence she had in her already beautiful body. She started wearing tight spandex pants along with more tightly fitting sweaters on top. And I had her doing more intermediate exercises to go along with all of that.

She always made a point of thanking me wholeheartedly after every workout because she still had

assumed that me being her ‘personal trainer’ was still a real drag on my time. But what she didn’t know, and what I obviously didn’t want to tell her, was that I was starting to enjoy our sessions a lot more than I was letting on. It’s one of those things where you don’t know how it happens, but it just does. Maybe it had to do with the fact that we became even closer with the extra time we spent together. Or maybe it had to do with how good and vivacious she looked each time.

“That’s it, one more rep!” I yelled in encouragement as my mother finished her dumbbell rows.

She dropped the weights when she was done and shook her arms around like I taught her, to relieve the tension.

“Phew!” she sighed, breathing heavily. “You’ve really been stepping up these workouts lately. God, I’m exhausted, but I feel great. I don’t think I’ve worked out this hard even when I played sports in college.”

“Well, it’s only because you’ve been improving so fast and your endurance keeps getting better.

You're a real natural at this."

She smiled and lifted her arm to flex her bicep through her clothes. "Thank you. I guess our family has good genes."

"If that's the case, we better hurry up and finish up this last part of your circuit while your heart rate is still up," I said, pointing to the workout bench for her to do her dumbbell presses. "You get better results that way."

"Hold on a second, this sweater is killing me."

My mother casually turned around to pull her thin sweater off and placed it neatly on a nearby table. She stood in her sports bra and took a sip from her water bottle, completely oblivious to the fact that I was in awe over her sculpted body. My eyes quickly glanced around the trickles of sweat glistening on her lower & upper back, shoulders, and her arms. And after she finished her drink, she turned back around to focus on her weight lifting again and I shifted my eyes away as fast as I could.

"Oh, pardon the attire," my mother said, alluding to the fact that she caught me looking. "I feel a little overheated. Plus I feel more confident wearing something like this, now that I'm in better shape."

“I can see that. You look great! I mean, I didn’t mind those curves from before; curves are sexy. But your body looks so different now.”

“Thanks!” she smiled, looking down and patting her stomach. “I owe it all to you.”

“You can thank me by hitting these weights.”

I didn’t need to give her much instructions anymore as she bent down to pick up a heavier set of free weights and laid down on the bench to do her dumbbell presses. As usual, I counted the reps for her and made sure that her form was perfect.

But for the very first time, I was seeing her do such a strenuous exercise with her wearing a small top. My eyes were enthralled by the sight of her triceps and shoulders flexing. But more than anything, seeing the muscles in her chest start to flex was making me very aroused. And seeing her breasts being squeezed in her sports bra— wow.

When she finished, she sat up to place the weights on her thighs, took a quick breath, and then put the weights down so that she could get more water. My eyes seemingly had a mind of their own as they roamed her sweaty body. And once again, I

was too slow to look away as my mother glanced at me.

She put her hands on her hips and smiled. “Were you just checking me out?”

“What?! Of course not! I don’t know why you would say something like that.”

“You always were a terrible liar,” she said with a smirk. “Come on, every since I took that sweater off I’ve noticed you checking out my body. I’ve even noticed you staring at my chest while I was doing that last set.”

“I’m offended,” I said boldly, but in a half-joking manner. “You asked me to help you workout, and when I monitor your progress, I get accused of being inappropriate.”

“Good point there. But what about that *look* I saw you giving me when I turned around after taking that sip of water, or you staring at my chest while I was doing those presses, or...”

“Fine... you caught me,” I replied, feeling a little embarrassed. “You look really good in that top. There, I said it. Happy now?”

Her eyebrows rose and she was clearly holding back laughter. “You know, that’s exactly what I was afraid of. I didn’t want to make things distracting for you. That’s why I always kept that sweater on no matter how hot I was getting. Besides, I just bought this sports bra recently, and before that I only had a t-shirt underneath. My nipples would have been an incredible distraction, since I’m still a lactating woman after all.”

“Oh... hearing you say that makes me wish you were in your t-shirt instead.”

“Men... you’re all so predictable,” she said with a snicker. “I just hope that your little fascination with my boobs won’t distract you from our workouts in the future. It’s much more comfortable wearing a sports bra.”

“If you keep wearing outfit like that, I can’t make any guarantees,” I replied humorously.

She wrapped her fingers around the bottom end of her sports bra and swiftly yanked it upwards to expose her bare breasts to me. And I mean everything. Her sweaty tits and nipples were on full display.

“There, you can stop wondering what they look like now,” she said, as if to prove that I was being totally immature over her body parts. “And I hope you get a good look because you won’t be seeing them again. So get it out of your system.”

I was definitely getting an eye full, looking and examining her breasts while they were out. They were round on the bottom, pendulous, and hung down quite a bit. She wasn’t kidding when she mentioned the lactating part because her nipples and areolas were and swollen.

It also seemed as though there were extra fluids around her nipples, and it wasn’t sweat. It was always a light shade of white.

When she felt that I had enough of a look, she yanked her top back down to cover herself once again.

“God... you just made my week,” I told her, almost at a loss for words.

“I’m glad.”

“Was that, ummm, milk dripping out?”

She nodded. “All the pushing and pulling I did has caused my breasts to express a little bit of milk.

It's been that way since we started lifting heavier weights. I didn't want to mention it before. And it's the reason I bought the sports bra, so my clothes wouldn't stain around my breasts while exercising."

"That would be pretty distracting."

"It's something that lactating women secretly deal with. Just don't bring it up again, and don't mention it to your father. Now if it's not too awkward, I still need your help for my post-workout stretching."

She fixed her top and it was back to work.

As hard as it was, I never brought up the fact that she briefly showed me her breasts to 'reward' me for helping her because of how stern her warning was. I didn't want to risk making her mad and have our private time together end.

But at the same time, she wasn't oblivious to the fact that I admired her body. When we had dinner that night, she wore a much smaller shirt than what she would normally wear and seemed a little more flirtatious than usual, almost as if to tease me for being attracted to my own mother's body. So that

night, before I went to bed, I did the only thing I could do at that point— fantasize about her.

Two days had passed and it was time for our next afternoon workout together using weights. It was Tuesday, which meant that she only taught class early in the morning and would usually use her extra time to do household chores or catch up on her favorite tv shows.

But on that day, I came home from school and noticed a new shopping bag sitting on her bed as I walked by her room.

“Oh... I wasn’t expecting you home so early,” my mother said as she stepped out of the bathroom fully dressed, looking surprised to see me.

“Yeah, well I had a test today and got to leave sooner,” I replied. “So you just went shopping?”

“I purchased a few things. It’s a surprise for your father later tonight.”

“That sounds nice.”

“I think it is,” my mother said with a smile. “I didn’t want to say anything about this before, but the

main reason I wanted to get back in shape was for tonight. With my recent pregnancy and your father's busy career, our love life has really suffered, and I was hoping to really spice things up between us once again. And that's as far as I'm going to tell you..."

Hearing my mother say that she planned on doing something sexy tonight immediately struck a chord with me.

"Mom, judging by how you looked yesterday, I'm sure you'll be a real knockout with whatever you're planning to wear."

"Thank you. And none of this would be possible without your help. I tried on the outfits in the store fitting room and I could hardly recognize myself. Your dad is in for a real treat."

There was yet another suggestive tone in her voice, and for reasons unknown, I couldn't help but feel excited over the matter. Especially as she stood there looking so good.

"I'm sure he is," I replied, feeling something take possession of me. "Speaking of which... how about a second opinion? You know, maybe you could model it for me and I'll give you my thoughts on

which one dad might prefer. I mean, I've already seen parts of you so it won't be that weird."

She put her hands on her hips and gave me a *stern motherly* look which only she could give.

"Didn't I say to never bring that up again?"

Immediately I worked my charm. "I know you did. But you were only referring to what you showed me in the garage. This has absolutely nothing to do with that. And as far as I'm concerned, this is a completely different topic altogether."

"Oh, you're such a smart ass. But I can't really blame you for that since I'm the same way. Turn around, I'll let you know when I'm ready."

I followed her order and turned to face the hallway, listening attentively to the sounds of her undressing. My heart raced and my imagination ran wild listening to each article of her clothing hit the bed as she threw it, and as she pulled her new outfit out of the shopping bag and slipped it on.

"Okay, I'm ready," she said hesitantly.

When I turned to look, I was amazed by what I saw. My classy and respectable mother stood in nothing but a skimpy negligee which mainly served

to cover her breasts and crotch. It was the most that I had ever seen of her body, and I took full advantage of it; with my eyes quickly roaming through her bare feet, her athletic thighs, her mid-section that was covered by a see-through fabric, and her bare upper shoulders and arms.

Her hands went back on her hips, but this time her face had a proud smile.

“So what do you think?”

“I think you look absolutely stunning. Dad couldn’t be a luckier guy tonight. Seriously mom, you look fantastic. And as far as I’m concerned, you could compete with any lingerie model out there.”

“Doubtful, but thanks,” she replied with a newfound confidence. “Like I said, *I owe it all to you.*”

She playfully raised her arms to flex her biceps, the same way that a bodybuilder would. And once she was done with that, she lifted the bottom part of her negligee and did the same thing with her thighs; leaning each leg forward, one at a time, and flexing them for me.

“Your body and legs look stunning. Those squats really paid off.”

“They sure did,” she replied proudly. “Speaking of which, the show’s over. Let me switch to my workout clothes and I’ll meet you downstairs for even more of those squats.”

“Sure... but before that, what about the other outfit?” I asked.

“That one isn’t for you. It’s see-through.”

The thought of my mother wearing a see-through outfit sent a tingle down my spine.

“...Oh...”

“Sorry to burst your bubble. And I hope that thing in your shorts *isn’t* what I think it is,” she said, with her eyes looking down at my growing bulge.

“...Of course not. It’s...”

“Then if it’s not what I think it is, take it out and show me,” she said with an eyebrow raised.

I paused for a moment, with my silence answering her question, admitting that I was actually aroused.

She gave me a sympathetic smirk and looked as though she was debating herself. “I’ll tell you what; you’ve been a tremendous help to me the way

you've sacrificed your time so that I could have these results. So... if you're interesting, I would be willing to help you with *that*."

"You mean..."

She nodded. "If you want me to take care of that erection for you, I'll do it. Just promise me that you'll be respectful about it."

"I promise."

She took a few steps forward and got down on her knees in front of me. I froze, and all I could do was watch my respectable and classy mother get to work undoing my pants, while wearing nothing but a skimpy piece of lingerie.

Once my ever-growing cock was freed, she wasted no time taking it inside her mouth to suck. Her lips formed a tight O-ring around my shaft and her head quickly bobbed back and forth as she was easily giving me the best blowjob of my life.

The room became filled with the vulgar sound of my mother sucking and slurping on my cock. I could see her saliva glistening off my erection whenever her head pulled back, only for her head to push forward again to suck it all with up with her vacuum like mouth. And with every bob of her head, her lips

would go just a little bit deeper, taking me further inside of her mouth.

Before I knew it, my mother had fully deepthroated me with her lips nearly touching my crotch, taking in all of my cock inside her mouth. She looked up at me and moaned the words, ‘ta da,’ as if to show off her exceptional talent in sucking cock.

Her mouth started inching its way back after deepthroating me. But where her lips once were, she covered with her hand and began jerking me off at the same time; giving me the pleasure of both her mouth and her fingers.

“Mom... I’m about to cum...” I warned.

For better or worse, my mother ignored my warning and kept at it. If anything, it only seemed to embolden her as she began to stroke and suck harder. The pleasure I was receiving reached its inevitable climax and I shot a huge load of cum inside my mother’s mouth. I continued ejaculating with every stroke my mother gave me, and all of it was sent straight to her stomach with her tight lips concealing everything combined with her mouth’s powerful suction.

It took every ounce of strength I had to keep from falling over while I came. And when I finished and became flaccid again, my mother made sure to suck EVERY last drop of cum before releasing her lips and using the back of her hand to wipe her mouth.

“You taste just like your father,” she said casually, looking up at me while still on her knees.

“God mom... that was fucking incredible,” I gasped.

She stood up and winked at me while we were face-to-face. “I’m glad you liked it. And you can consider us even now. Now if you’ll excuse me, I’m in the mood for hot bath. That was my workout for the day. We’ll continue our next session tomorrow.”

My eyes were glued to my mother’s legs throughout our workout. After all, she wore a new pair of spandex shorts for women which hugged her thighs perfectly. And the day’s workout consisted of a long warm up & cardio routine on the exercise bike, followed by a few sets of weighted squats.

“Your mind seems so preoccupied,” my mother teased, already knowing what was on my mind. “Is

something bothering you?”

“I think you know...” I replied with a smile. “And I know how you don’t like me bringing this stuff up, but since you asked, I just wanted to tell you how much I’ve thought about what you did for me yesterday. That really was amazing.”

She smiled back at me. “Thank you. And for the record, *that* made my night even more special than I had anticipated.”

“Really? How?”

“Well, your father was very impressed with how I looked in the lingerie outfit, and with the different poses I did. I told him how it was all thanks to you, and it began to peak his interest about how we’ve been spending some of our afternoons together. I eventually told him about the other day where I noticed you looking at my body, and how I showed you *the goods* for all your troubles. You should have seen his face.”

“Was he mad?” I asked.

“No,” she replied. “In fact, he was the opposite of being mad; his eyes lit up in a way I haven’t seen for a very long time. I continued telling him about how I modeled a sexy outfit for you, and how you became

aroused... and... I may have let it slip that I ended up giving you a blowjob afterwards. At that point, he was as hard as a rock.”

Could it be? I was shocked, and in a good way.

“I never would have thought that dad would be interested in such a thing.”

“He was more than just interested. He made me tell him every juicy detail about what I did to you with my mouth and hand. And afterwards, I even let him nurse from me before we made passionate love. I’d say he has a serious incest fetish.”

“He nursed from you? As in...”

Mom nodded. “He sucked on my nipples and drank my milk. It’s a fetish that many adults have.”

“That sounds really hot— especially with someone like you.”

My mother giggled as she held back her laughter. “You two are so much alike. It’s adorable.”

“No one can resist you, mom.”

She winked and pinched me on the cheek. “Come on, help me finish with stretching, then I need a

shower. Maybe you can join me and we'll give your father even more erotic stories to think about."

The look in her eyes showed that she was interested in more than just a shower. And her nipples seemingly poked through the thin material of her top.

I followed my mother up the stairs and we headed towards the main bathroom.

Once there, she raised her arms and asked, "Care to do the honors?"

"I'd love to," I replied, as I pulled the sports bra over her head, leaving her topless.

She bent down and did the rest, pulling off her tight spandex shorts and panties, and stood completely naked before me. I was mesmerized by the sight of her mature figure. Her body looked perfectly proportioned, with the right amount of muscle tone, yet maintaining much of her feminine curves which made her look womanly. Seeing her entire midsection bare for the first time was also a real treat. Her hips and thighs were fairly thick, and

her crotch was cleanly shaven, with a nice bikini tan line to it.

“You look gorgeous mom,” I told her honestly.

“Thanks. Now it’s your turn to get undressed. I refuse to be the only one standing here naked.”

With that said, she wasted no time in pulling off my t-shirt, and stripping my shorts and underwear away from my body. Sure, it felt awkward standing naked in front of my mother, but at the same time, to say that it was ‘worth it’ is a massive understatement.

Her eyes looked me over the same way that I had done to her. And once she saw what she wanted to see, she pulled me in the shower for us to continue our acts of incest.

“You can start by cleaning my backside,” she said as she handed me a bar of soap.

I took the soap in my hand and began rubbing it on her upper back while she washed her hair with shampoo. My fingers brushed up against her skin as I soaped her sculpted body. Inch by inch I made my way down towards her voluptuous rear end, and I was more than happy to wash that for her as well.

Once she washed off the shampoo from her hair, she turned around to wash the soap from her back, and she gave me simple look, telling me that it was okay to wash the front part of her body.

“Like what you see?” my mother asked with a sly look on her face.

“Of course I do,” I told her. “I love your breasts mom, especially those nipples of yours. They’re perfect.”

“Thank you,” she smiled. “I guess that’s one of the extra benefits of pregnancy. Now start cleaning.”

I started at the top of her chest, pressing the bar of soap against her. And as I made my way down, I was able to feel her milk filled breasts against my fingers. They were soft and luscious. And it was an erotic sight seeing them jiggle with every movement. Then as I pressed my hand a bit harder against the side of her left breast, milk leaked from her swollen nipple, giving me a real eye-full to look at.

“Looks like you’ve found something else you like,” my mother said teasingly.

“What can I say? I’ve never seen that happen before.”

“Do you like it?” she asked, knowing the answer.

“It’s sexy.”

She smiled. “Well, boobs have more significance than just being sex objects. You used to feed from them remember? A mother’s milk helps sustain life. And if you’re interested in doing it again, at this point, I wouldn’t mind.”

“Are you sure?”

“Why not? I’ve already sucked your cock and tasted you. You might as well drink milk from my nipples.”

“In that case, I hope you have enough milk,” I said jokingly.

“Hold on a second...”

My mother then rinsed the soap off her body, turned off the shower, and stepped out of the tub to dry herself with a towel. When she was done with her quick rub down, she handed me another towel and I did the same thing.

She used both hands to lift her breasts, as if to model them for me. “Okay, they’re all yours now.”

I struggled against my natural urges to just bury my face in between my mother's round breasts. Instead, I simply took them in my hands and played with them, massaging them. They felt soft and firm. And when I squeezed them a little harder, my eyes widened at the sight of milk leaking through her long brown nipples.

"Don't be afraid, it's perfectly natural," she said. "I promise it's healthy and it tastes great."

At my mother's insistence, I bent down to lick the milk which leaked from her tit. It tasted surprisingly sweet, and I drank even more by taking her large nipple inside my mouth and began sucking on it and rolling it around in my mouth. She let out a small gasp and rubbed the back of my head to show her approval from my breastfeeding of her.

I sucked and pulled each nipple with my mouth. Each time, she made a small noise which expressed her arousal. More milk came out as I sucked and squeezed her breasts, and I gulped everything down with joy.

"That feels nice..." she whispered.

"Can I ask you something?" I asked my mother after taking her nipple out of my mouth.

“You can ask me whatever you want.”

“Do you enjoy having me do this? I mean, are you doing this *just* to get dad aroused?”

A look of warmth came over my mother’s face. “You two are the most important men in my life, and I love you both very much. And if it takes a little bit of incest to keep you both happy, then so be it. Besides, I have needs like anyone else. What woman wouldn’t want two men servicing her under the same household?”

I kissed her nipple. “Now there’s an interesting way of looking at things.”

“Well, now that we’ve gotten that out of the way, do you like anal sex?” my mother asked bluntly with an eyebrow raised.

“I love it. And I really hope you aren’t just being a tease here because I couldn’t take my eyes off your ass while we were in the shower.”

“You know that I would never do something so cruel as to tease you like that,” she replied playfully. “Now let’s head over to the bedroom and you can show me how much you love me.”

She took my hand and led me to the bedroom.

Once we stood near her bed, she immediately dropped down to her knees and began sucking my cock with as much zeal and enthusiasm as you would see in a porn movie— only she wasn't a porn actress, she was my own mother!

After bobbing her head several times on my manhood, she was able to get me fully erect and then she stopped.

“Now that I've got you nice and hard, I'm sure you know what to do next,” she said.

My mother climbed onto the bed and got on all fours, and then she put her head down so that her ass was sticking straight up at me. It was a thrill seeing the bottom of her thighs so bare. Her calves and feet were flat on the bed. And those thick, open butt cheeks just looked delicious.

Her little brown anus looked incredibly inviting, and I didn't dare waste another second before leaning forward to kiss the soft flesh of her rear end. I took another look at her tight little hole and spread it apart with my fingers. I gave it a long kiss, planting my lips on her most intimate of areas, before sticking my tongue out to begin licking it.

She trembled and gasped a little while I was using my tongue on her asshole. And that only emboldened me to go even further, pushing my tongue through the small opening of her anus and inside her rectum. She let out an immediate *yelp* the moment I entered her tiny opening. I then moved my tongue around in her rectum, probing her, and tasting her as far as I could go. I even felt her legs start to shiver as I held onto them.

“Just like that,” she moaned. “Keep going in circles.”

At that point, I knew I could have brought her to an orgasm with only a few more minutes. But why stop there? We both obviously wanted more.

So I stood up and positioned myself behind my mother’s shapely rear end. Both of our sexual areas were already coated with ample amounts of our wet saliva, and I gently pressed the head of raging hard-on against the entrance of her anus. Despite her ass pointing straight up in the air, entering her tight hole was no easy feat. And she knew this and reached back with both hands to spread her cheeks apart for me.

“Now try it,” she said, holding herself open. “I’m small back there, but that’s what makes it feel so

good for me.”

My mother released an audible gasp once I pushed harder and my cock entered her from behind. Her body trembled slightly and she put her hands back on bed sheet, clenching it with her full grip. Her anus felt incredibly tight, and she only felt tighter once I pushed my way down her rectal canal. And the further I went, the more I could feel my mother’s body start to adjust, and the most pleasure we felt.

It was only a matter of time before I went all the way in. My crotch was pressed against her toned rear end, and my throbbing erection was buried deep inside her rectum. I could feel the walls of her anus being stretched and forced to adjust to this act of sex. And soon, my strong-willed and respectable mother gave in to the pleasures of her anus being fucked, as I slowly began to make my way in and out of her body.

“Does it hurt?” I asked, holding my cock still.

“No, no. Let me worry about that. I’ll tell if you if it does. Go ahead, fuck me already.”

For the first time in my life, I heard real depravity in mom’s voice. She was horny and aroused. She

needed to be fucked in the ass. And it had become my responsibility to give it to her. So I rocked my hips and fucked her hole faster.

Her gasps and moans became louder and louder with every thrust. With my hands wrapped tightly on her hips, and her rectum loosening up, I was able to fuck my mother anally as hard as her body would allow. It felt unbelievable. And after several minutes of having sex with her, my mother wanted more.

“Reach... down...” she panted, with her face buried into the bed sheet. “Play with my clit... oh fuck... I’m close to cumming!”

I did what she asked, touching that wet pussy of hers and playing with her clitoris, rubbing it in fast circles.

Soon, her moans and verbal sounds bordered on becoming screams. A stream of fluids rushed through my fingers from her vagina as she was having an orgasm. Her body became tense and the muscles in the lower half of her body clenched tightly, which was more than enough for me to have a powerful orgasm of my own.

“Cum inside me! Cum inside me!” my mother shouted while I shot load after load of cum inside

her rectum.

Soon, we both went limp after reaching an incredible climax. I laid beside her body and we were both breathing heavily. She was face down, and I got to feel (and examine) the muscle tone of her back and ass. It was a sight to behold, especially as she breathed heavily, causing her back to heave up and down.

“That was the best thing I’ve ever felt in my life,” I said to my mother.

When she had the energy, she turned over to lie on her back, and she pulled me down to kiss her on the mouth for a brief moment.

“You know,” she said between kisses. “If I had known that having sex with my own son was that much fun, I would have done it earlier. You were terrific.”

“Beats lifting weights and doing cardio, doesn’t it?” I joked. “I only wish I had the courage to recommend this earlier.”

She smiled. “Well, I think we’ve found the latest addition to my fitness routine. We’ll start off with a warm up, workout, and then we’ll come back to the

bedroom and fuck. Perfect for a cool down, and it provides additional cardio.”

“Exactly.”

“And don’t forget the post-workout nutrition.”

There was a lustful expression in her eyes, along with a slight grin which had formed on her lips.

While laying on her side, she lifted one of her breasts and brought it to her mouth, sucking on her large brown nipple. She looked me in the eyes as she sucked on herself. Her hand squeezed her breast as her mouth sucked, and instantly, she was drinking her own breast milk. Her cheeks caved in with every suck.

When she unlatched her lips from her nipple, there was milk on her tit, and around her mouth, and she smiled.

“Your turn,” she offered, with her lips still wet with milk.

She sat up on the bed, moving nearer to me, and held out her other tit. The nipple was rock hard and begging to be sucked, so I bent forward and sucked on it. I did the same thing she did, sucking hard, and

using my hand to squeeze on it. Milk entered my mouth and I drank it.

“Like I said,” she moaned, enjoying the breastfeeding experience. “It’s perfect for our post-workout nutrition. Healthy in every way.”

No one could argue with that.

The End

Your votes & comments are appreciated.

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