

I Now Pronounce You

by Stud Warrior

Nick Williams stood in front of the church's altar unconsciously clenching and unclenching his fists. He squeezed his hands hard enough that his knuckles turned white. He shifted his weight from one foot to the other trying not to let his temper get the better of him, but inside he was seething and the hate he felt threatening to boil over at any moment.

He looked up over the altar and stared at the giant stained glass window set in the front wall. It had a large brown cross in the center and a white dove clutching a fig leaf in its talons in the bottom right hand corner. For a moment he studied the way the light reflected through the multi-colored glass wondering why his life had come to this. The sound of the large pipe organ playing its music in the background barely helped to sooth his already frayed nerves. Taking a deep breath he caught a wiff of the smell of burning wax.

Shifting his head he studied Pastor John standing in front of the altar, in front of the head of the assembled guests. He had a large beaming smile on his face, which showed his perfect white teeth. An open red book that Nick guessed was the wedding ceremony lay spread out in his large hands. Pastor John seemed to sense someone was looking at him so he turned and smiled at Nick who averted his gaze to hide the look of hatred on his young features.

When he noticed the Pastor had averted his gaze he ventured to look at the man standing next to him. Nick knew him as Frank Connors the person he hated the most in the world. He was wearing a perfectly tailored black Armani tuxedo with a white carnation stuck in his lapel. His thinning brown hair was cut above his ears and combed back over his high forehead trying unsuccessfully to hide the bald spot that was forming on the back of his head.

The more Nick looked at Frank the more he loathed him. Frank was short and squat man, about five feet nine. A series of fat jowels outlined his ruddy complexion. He tried to hide his large guy by leaving some room in his jacket, but it was no use the buldge was more than evident. Whenever Nick looked at Frank he hated him even more because the man had let his body go so far.

In contrast, Nick himself was the perfect physical specimen. He was the captain of the high school hockey team and worked out everyday. At sixteen-years-old he was already over six feet tall and almost two hundred pounds of solid, compact muscle. He had sandy blonde hair with a pair of peircing green eyes.

Nick saw Frank lean over and whisper something conspiratorily into the Pastor's ear and the two leaned back and chuckled quietly as if sharing some private joke. It took every ounce of Nick's self control for not to walk over there and smack the stupid smile right off of Frank's fat face.

Nick forced himself to turn away and look out into the congregation. He barely knew any of the guests. Most were Frank's friends and coworkers. Most had brought their wives or girlfriends along with them. His eyes passed over a few of the teenage girls his age. He noticed they all smiled in his direction and he saw them give him the once over, but he did not even acknowledge their lust filled looks. He already had a lover that meant the world to him. There was no way he could ever betray her no matter what she did or was about to do to him.

His body jumped when the sound of the organ music changed and grew louder. It seemed it was time for the festivities to begin. His heart rate quickened and his mouth became dry as cotton. How could it come to this he asked himself for the thousandth time? His heart ached and he felt sick to his stomach. He swallowed hard fighting down the bile that threatened to burst from his throat.

His seven-year-old cousin Lisa stepped out of the doorway and onto the red carpet. She was wearing a white flower dress with lace material around the fringes. He smiled to himself when he noticed how cute she looked. Her honey blonde hair hung down in loose curls over her shoulders. A white lace circular hat lay on top of her head perfectly contrasting with her bright blue eyes. She tossed red rose petals from her small hands spreading them out in front of her, all along the aisle as she approached the altar.

After Lisa had finished she stepped off to the side and sat down. The organist paused for a moment as if waiting for some unseen cue. Nick listened and it seemed that the congregation took a collective, deep breath. The organist started out and the sound of "Here Comes the Bride" reverberated from the organ's pipes. Everyone, including Nick turned toward the rear of the church to watch her entrance.

Nick clenched his fists hard and dug his fingernails into the palms of his hands. The pain was excruciating, but it helped him stave off his anger. He held his breath and bit down hard, grinding his back molars against each other.

Nick's breath expelled from his lungs when his mother stepped out onto the red carpet. She was being escorted by Frank's father who was giving her away. Nick wished that his own grandfather could be performing this sacred duty, but his Papa as he called him had died a long time ago when Nick was only ten-years-old. As his mother glided down the carpet and toward the altar, Nick knew that he had never seen her look more beautiful in his life. Her cream white dress hugged her perfect hourglass figure. The garment was strapless leaving her tanned shoulders exposed. It also pushed up her already huge breasts making them look even bigger and leaving her ample cleavage on display. His eyes slid down to her slim waistline and over her rounded hips that swelled beneath. A veil covered her face so he couldn't look into her beautiful blue eyes, but he could sense that she was staring right at him. He found himself getting hard just looking at her.

Nick watched in stunned silence as his mother and Frank joined hands and the minister started in on the ceremony. Pastor John began the age old tradition in the same way. "If there is anyone who thinks that these two should not be joined together as husband and wife let him speak now or forever hold his peace."

Everyone stayed silent, but inside Nick was screaming. Yes, he shouted. I think they shouldn't be husband and wife! He's not good enough for her! She's my mother! I love her and I don't want to lose her. Not like this! Please, not like this!

The rest of the ceremony was a blur to Nick. He heard the the whirl of the photographer's camera clicking in the background recording the wedding. He heard some crying in and wondered why women always got so emotional at weddings. Occasionally he was rewarded with the smell of his mother's musky perfume. Nick watched silently from the side, forcing himself to remain silent so he would not ruin things. He saw his mother pronounce her undying love for her future husband, the bastard, the no good, rat bastard, son of a bitch Frank. She promised to love, honor and cherish him for better or worse until death. She slipped a platinum wedding ring on his third finger and things were almost over. Everything passed way too quickly for his liking. Before Nick knew it, Pastor John had pronounced his mother and Frank husband and wife. It seemed his worst nightmare had finally come true and no matter how hard he tried he could not stop it. Inside Nick was crying, but on the outside he forced himself to put on a brave face. He couldn't believe it had really happened. He thought this had to be some kind of nightmare. At any moment he expected to wake up in his bed and laugh the whole dream off as a bad experience, but from there things got worse. Frank lifted the veil from his mother's face and cupped her face in his hands. To Nick's horror, the two kissed each other sealing their pact and their love for each other. Taking his mother's hand in his, Frank escorted her down the aisle and out the door.

Nick followed everyone else out the door to catch a final glimpse of the newly married couple. Frank turned and smiled. He gave the thumbs up to the crowd and then helped his wife into the back seat of the long stretch white limousine. Frank climbed in behind her and the chauffeur shut the door behind them, walked around to the driver's side door, climbed in and drove off. The sound of cans hung by string off the rear bumper clinking against the black asphalt was the last thing Nick heard before he made his way silently to his hotel room. He trudged his way up the stairs one at a time, shuffling his feet. He avoided the elevators in order to stay away from any of the wedding guests. The last thing he wanted or needed was to hear any congratulatory remarks or comments directed to him about his mother.

When he arrived in his room he took off his jacket and tossed it onto the empty bed next to his. He unbuttoned his bow tie and unsnapped his shirt to the waist. Walking over to the small brown refrigerator he opened it and proceeded to raid the mini-bar. He popped open a ice cold can of beer, light a cigarette and lay down on the bed. He took a sip of beer and then a deep drag of his cigarette, inhaling the nicotine deep into his lungs. If only my father were still alive and not left us peniless it would never have come to this he thought. Now it seemed his mother was lost to him forever. They didn't even share the same last name anymore, which cut even deeper into his soul. He continued drinking throughout the rest of the afternoon thinking about how things had changed for the worse. As time progressed, he graduated to the small bottles of Jim Beam and Jack Daniels and his depression deepened.

By the time he had to leave for the reception Nick was half drunk and having trouble keeping his balance. The alcohol was coursing through his blood stream and he could tell he needed to lay off the booze for a little while to allow his body to catch up or he would be falling all over himself. He smoked another cigarette and left down to the lobby for the reception.

He took his place at the head table. He tried to act like he was sober, but he stumbled up the stairs. When he went to sit down he missed the rear of the seat and almost fell onto his ass. He sipped water from the crystal glass set in front of him and waited patiently with everyone else for the newlyweds to arrive. I'll bet the two of them are late because they're fucking each other right now he thought. Jealously raged inside of him. He picked up the silver knife and considered driving it deep into Frank's heart. That would fix that fucker he said to himself.

Finally, his mother and Frank arrived. The Emcee announced their arrival as Mr. and Mrs. Frank Connors. Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! He screamed again and again. I hate that fucking name. Through bleary eyes he watched his mother and her new husband dance the first dance. She had changed into a knee length black evening dress held up by thin, spaghetti straps. As with every other outfit she owned the gown fit her perfectly. A string of white pearls hung around her neck with matching earrings placed in each ear lobe, which Nick knew that Frank had purchased for her as a pre-wedding present.

When the two finished they headed for the table and sat down. To Nick's shock his mother did not even acknowledge his presence or look in his direction, which made his anger rise even further. He stared at her hoping she would notice him, but she only sat there holding hands with Frank, staring deep into his eyes. It looked to everyone the two were deeply in love.

"Time to get another drink," he mumbled under his breath.

He walked over to the bar and ordered a double Jack and Coke. Nobody even seemed to care he was underage, they just served him without a second look. He strolled through the crowd and found a quiet table in the rear to nurse his drink.

As he stood there he saw a sexy blonde strut toward him. She walked up to him swaying her hips seductively while her titties jiggled beneath her dress, doing an exotic dance. Stepping up next to him she took his arm in her hand and squeezed.

"Come on baby. Let's dance."

The music was too loud and Nick was too drunk to protest. Besides the hottie had a death grip on his arm and he knew she wouldn't take no for an answer so he allowed her to haul him out to the dance floor. He danced with her, letting her rub her tight ass against his hard crotch. He put his hand around her waist and pulled her tight against him. The two teenagers grinded their bodies together moving to the beat of the music. The song changed to a slower beat so the blonde turned around and slipped into his arms. She locked her hands around his neck and pressed her breasts against his chest smashing them between their bodies. Nick let his hands roam down her back and settle on her hips.

The music died down to a low roar, which gave the blonde the opening she had been waiting for. Leaning up toward him she asked, "Why are you so upset?"

"It's a long story," he said staring into her green eyes.

"I'm Melissa by the way. I take it your Nick, Mrs. Conner's son."

Damn why did she have to say that name? He asked himself. It seemed he had just gotten labeled as Nick Connors, not Nick Williams. "Yeah," he said noncommittally.

"You're pretty drunk huh?" She said giggling.

"Yeah, so what?" He answered defensively.

"Hey it's no biggie. I've had a few myself."

Nick looked around and saw his mother staring directly at him. He relished the look of shock on her face.

Serves her right he thought to himself. He pulled Melissa closer to him and kissed her on the neck.

"Hey, I need another drink," he pronounced.

"Yeah, me too. I'll get you one just go find us a table."

"Sure," he agreed.

Nick disengaged himself from Melissa and stumbled toward an empty table. He sat there watching her cute little ass sway back and forth while she walked over to the bar. As he eye fucked her he felt someone sit down next to him. He didn't have to know it was his mother, he could smell the scent of her perfume, Chanel number nine.

He refused to let on he knew she was there. He inhaled deeply letting the sweet fragrance intoxicate him as it always did. Her hand rested on his bicep and she squeezed the muscle as if silently begging him to look her way, but he continued to stare off into the distance.

"Baby," Helen whispered into his ear. "What's wrong?"

Nick turned his head and looked into her bright blue eyes. He just scoffed at her and tore his arm out of her grasp. As he got up to leave, Helen grabbed his wrist and pulled him back into his seat.

"What is it mother?" He shouted above the music. "Don't you think you should get back to your husband?" He said pointing back to Frank who sat there talking to his sister.

"Come on," she said getting up and tugging on his arm. "We need to talk."

"I'm waiting for my drink Mother," he said fighting against her.

Helen leaned down and shouted into his ear. "Move it right now young man. I said we need to talk and we are going to talk if I have to pull your hair like I did when you were five years old."

Nick looked up into his mother's eyes and saw she was telling the truth. He walked out of the reception hall, letting her guide him out into the silent hallway. Helen continued walking until she found what she was looking for. She stopped in front of a door marked custodian. After looking both ways down the long hallway and making sure no one had noticed them, she threw open the door and pulled her son inside.

Helen pressed herself up against her son, letting her body mold against his. She searched the darkness, found his face and pulled his mouth down toward hers. She kissed him on the mouth. At first he resisted her, stiffening his lips, not wanting to return her kiss, but she pressed herself harder against him.

Nick's body weakened and he found himself returning his mother's passionate kiss. He took her into his arms and hugged her so tight it almost squeezed the breath from her lungs. He let his hands fondle her ripe breasts and glide over her ass, cupping the twin cheeks. Their kiss went on for what seemed like an eternity. Mother and son were entwined in each other's arms, lips locked together while their tongues dueled and fenced.

"Oh baby, I needed that," Helen said pulling her mouth away from Nick's.

"Me too mom, me too."

"I'm so sorry baby. I wish there was another way."

"I know mom. It just hurts me to see you with that guy."

"I hate being with him too baby, but I have to be able to take care of you. Don't I? You know there was no way we could ever had survived on my salary."

Nick knew his mother was right. His father had died left them with barely enough insurance money to survive on. His mom had to sell the house because she couldn't afford the payments and his father's life insurance policy only allowed them to live modestly in a one room apartment. Nick was forced to share a bed with his mother and that was how they had become lovers. They had grieved together, finding solace in each other's arms. Eventually, things progressed further and they used each other's bodies to help relieve the pain that threatened to consume them.

It hurt Nick that he couldn't help with things. The economy being so bad left him no chance of getting a part time job. His mother had a job as a legal secretary with a law firm downtown, which was where she had met Frank who was a partner there.

Basically Helen had used Frank to get what she wanted. When she noticed the look in his eyes and could see the lust burning deep in his soul so she decided to take advantage of it. She managed to get herself transferred into his department and then she became his legal secretary, which raised her salary. The pay increase helped out a little, but was still not enough to make things right. Their money was dwindling fast and would be gone within the year.

Helen knew what she had to do. She set up a trap with herself as the bait. She dated Frank almost every night despite Nick's protests. Her son didn't like sharing her with another man and she couldn't blame him, but she had to think about both of their futures. She held out on Frank not having sex with him. Besides she didn't need him when she had a healthy young stud at home with a big, fat cock crawling in between her legs at every opportunity.

She used sex as a weapon and held it over Frank's head like a guillotine. She never gave in to him, not even giving him a blow job only the hint of the promise of things to come. She could tell it was driving him insane by the lump in his trousers, which she could tell wasn't near as impressive as Nick's.

Finally, Frank proposed to her after three months. She accepted even though Nick hated the idea. Things were done and over with and she couldn't take it back now.

"Mom," Nick said. "I have to ask. Did you fuck Frank in the back of the limo?"

Helen took a deep breath and replied. "No, he wanted to, but I managed to hold him off. I hope you realize that I am going to make love to him soon."

"Dammit!" Nick almost shouted. "I can't let you do this."

"Nick. Please calm down baby," Helen said pressing her fingers against her son's lips. "You know I have to."

"Mom, let's just run away together. I'll drop out of school and get a job. We can live together. We can even get married if you want. No one will know we're mother and son."

"Nick," she said patiently. "I wish it was that easy. I'm your mother and it's my duty to take care of you. If that means sleeping with Frank to get what we need to survive then so be it."

"You make it sound so easy Mom. I just love you so much and I get jealous seeing you with him. I'm afraid that I'm going to lose you."

"Baby, there's no way you are ever going to lose me. I promise you things between us haven't changed and they won't. We're just going to have to be more careful from now on."

Nick buried his head in his hands and rubbed his eyes. He fought back the tears that were threatening to burst free at any moment. It hurt him so deeply seeing his mother turn into some kind of whore just so she could take care of him. He wished he could take care of her himself, but he knew he wouldn't be able to until he graduated from college first.

Helen reluctantly disengaged herself from her son's arms. "We really should be getting back honey. We've already been away too long."

"Come on Mom," Nick pleaded with her. "Just a few more minutes."

"Baby, I don't want Frank getting suspicious and ask me a lot of questions when I get back." She made a move to leave, but Nick grabbed a hold of her wrist and held her tight.

"You can't leave yet Mom," Nick said smiling at her. "Besides, there's something you have to take care of first." Helen drew in an audible gasp when her son guided her hand to his crotch. She wrapped her fingers around his aching erection and dug her fingers into the hard flesh.

"Ohhhh," she cooed. "Did Mommy cause this or was it that little blonde slut you were dancing with."

"Mom!"

"I saw how you were dancing with her honey. I have a sneaking suspicion that if I hadn't intervened you would have had her up in your hotel room and be fucking her right now."

I'll bet I would Nick thought, but didn't say. He saw the flash of jealousy flare in his mother's eyes and he felt he had gained a small amount of revenge. "Maybe," he said.

"You bastard," Helen said turning away from him.

"Mom, you know I would never cheat on you. You're my only lover. I would never hurt you no matter what you do to me."

"Nick," Helen said turning to face him. "I'm sorry you feel the way you do. I'll just go back to my husband."

As she was turning to leave Nick placed his hands on his mother's shoulders and turned her to face him. His heart lurched when he saw the tears in her eyes. He knew he never should have said what he did, but he had let his emotions get the better of him. "I'm sorry Mom."

"It's ok baby," Helen replied wiping the tears away with the back of her hand.

Nick took a handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped away the long black smudges of mascara that stained her cheeks. After he finished, he kissed her lightly on the lips and opened the door for her.

Helen turned to face her son. A smile formed on the corner's of her lips as she looked at his handsome face.

He looks so much like his father, she thought. Grabbing his crotch she said, "No jerking off while I'm away baby. Mommy will have a big surprise for you when she gets back."

"What surprise?" Nick asked excitement shining in his eyes.

"It's a secret. Trust Mommy when she says you will definitely like it."

"I can't wait two whole weeks Mom," Nick cried, exasperated.

"Yes, you can. Save up all this creamy cum for me." After giving her son a parting kiss, Helen looked out the doorway and disappeared from view. Nick leaned back against the wall and gathered his thoughts. He waited five minutes before he followed his mother into the hallway.

The next two weeks seemed like an eternity. Nick found himself constantly checking his watch. The second hand on the digital display seemed to take forever before it turned into the next number. He tried to keep busy at his new home, exploring the expansive mansion. He went from room to room, admiring the expensive paintings that decorated the walls and Ming vases sitting on pedestals.

He now had his own bedroom on the second floor to the right at the top of the spiral staircase. The room was huge, it was almost as large as their last apartment. A large four poster king sized bed dominated the far wall. He hated the mattress because it was too soft for his liking. A solid oak dresser with a mirror in the center sat opposite his bed.

A brand new metallic blue Ford Mustang GT convertible sat in the large eight car garage, courtesy of his new step father. It had every option available, leather bucket seats, cruise control, five speed transmission and even traction control. It was a teenagers dream car, but Nick refused to drive it because he didn't want anything from that bastard Frank.

Everyday he swam laps in the kidney shaped pool, doing anything to get his mind off his mother. He wondered where she and his step father were at that moment. He knew they were on Frank's private yacht cruising around the Caribbean, visiting the different islands and seeing the sights.

Unbidden images of his mother and Frank laying on the foredeck, naked and interlocked in each others arms rushed into his thoughts. He could see them kissing and Frank's fat ass bobbing up and down in between his mother's shapely thighs. He could almost hear his mother, his lover, urging Frank to fuck her harder and faster. Every night in his dreams his mother had a look of unadulterated lust on his face while her new husband pounded her with his cock that seemed bigger than Nick's own. She always seemed to be begging him for more. One night it got even worse when she looked right into his eyes and said Frank is a much better lover than you ever were.

He always woke up from these terrible nightmares in the middle of the night, sweat drenching his body and the sheets clinging to his torso. The more he thought about his mother on her honeymoon the more jealous he became.

He had never been more horny in his entire life. By the end of the first week his cock was harder than a piece of granite. At his hockey games he got into a fight every single game. His scoring dropped off and he became the team leader in penalty minutes. Everyone asked him what was wrong, but he refused to tell them. There

was no way he could explain that he and his mother were lovers. He felt betrayed and it was getting the better of him.

Finally, the day arrived when his mother was due back. He met her at the front door with a smile on his face glad to see her. Frank was right behind her holding the door open for her. Nick politely shook his step father's hand trying to hide the hatred that was boiling in his soul.

As he looked at his mother he thought she looked better than ever. She looked healthy, tanned and relaxed. Her hair was up in a pony tail, which added to her youthful appearance. A pair of tight jeans hugged her shapely ass and trim hips. A low cut blouse molded itself to her ripe breasts, leaving an ample amount of cleavage on display.

Helen hugged her son, but Nick was stunned when she didn't press her body into his like she usually did. She politely kept her distance from him giving him a normal mother/son embrace, which sent a jolt of pain into his heart. He made a move to kiss her, but she politely turned her head to the side only letting him give her a chaste kiss on the cheek. It was at that moment that he just knew things were over between them. He would never be able to enjoy her again. Never make love to her. Never hold or kiss her.

So it's over Nick thought. I should have expected it now that she is married. She doesn't need me anymore. He hung his head as he made his way up to his bedroom. He locked the door behind him, buried his face in his hands and finally let the tears that he had been holding back flow. He stayed in his room for the rest of the evening and didn't bother to eat dinner.

His mind wandered while he considered his options. Part of him wanted to just leave and never return. He could hop in the Mustang and be long gone before anyone noticed he had left.

He decided that would be his best option. He packed a few of his belongings and got ready to leave the following morning. He remained awake all night, thinking about where he would go and what he would do. Morning finally arrived. Nick watched the sun rise, marveling how the orange fireball rose above the horizon. He watched as the light turned from dull orange to purple violet and then to a blazing yellow.

He waited until eight when he knew his mom would have left for work with her new husband. As he was getting ready to leave there was a soft knock on his door. He thought it was just the maid wanting to clean up so he answered it.

"Mom," he stammered when he saw her standing in his doorway. She was wearing a pink silk robe that was tied around her slim waist. It barely covered her pussy mound and left most of her beautiful tits exposed to his lustful gaze. He dropped his eyes to her chest and noticed her nipples were almost poking through the thin fabric.

"Nick," she said imitating him. "Aren't you going to invite me in?"

"Uhhh...sure," Nick stammered stepping to the side. "Come on in."

Helen stepped into her son's room and locked the door behind her. She looked to the left and spotted his packed bag sitting on the right side of the door. "Going somewhere?"

"I...uhhhh..."

"So you were just going to leave me without getting your present? You weren't even going to say goodbye to me?"

"I...didn't think you cared anymore. I don't think you need me mom."

"Don't need you?" Helen asked rushing into her son's arms. "Of course I need you, you silly boy. I'll always need you."

Nick refused to return his mother's embrace. He couldn't figure her out. One minute she was all over him the next minute she wouldn't even look his way.

"What's wrong Nick?" She mumbled into his chest.

"You don't love me anymore. I can tell. You hardly even pay attention to me."

"Nick," Helen said holding him at arm's length. "I told you we had to be careful from now on. Very careful. We can't afford to get caught. We don't have the same freedom we used to."

"Then why are you here?" Nick retorted.

"Well, I told Frank I wanted to spend the day with you and I wasn't coming into the office. Since I'm his wife now I can pretty much do what I please. I can even work from home now if I want."

Nick's face brightened up when he heard his mother's words. A smile formed on the corner's of his lips when he found out he had the whole day alone with her.

"So," Helen purred. "Are you ready for your present?"

"Sure Nick," replied. "I've been going insane thinking about what it could be."

"Well," Helen cooed undoing the sash of her robe. "Let's get started."

As the horny mother pushed her son back onto the bed her robe parted revealing her ripe breasts. Nick watched stunned as she swayed back and forth provocatively with each step she took. His legs hit the edge of the mattress and he fell flat on his back.

Helen shucked her robe over her smooth shoulders. The silk garment swished slightly as it fell onto the floor at her feet. She thrust her chest forward letting her son admire her naked body.

"Oh mommy," Nick said stunned. He noticed she didn't have any tan lines and knew she had been sun bathing nude on the yacht. Her ripe breasts dangled down from her chest. Large red nipples the size of strawberries dominated the center of her dark areolas. Her slim waistline swelled outward into a set of plush, womanly hips. Nick noticed that she had kept her bush neat and trimmed her pubic hair into a long brown stripe that ran up the length of her pussy.

Seeing her naked like this made his mouth water, but also aroused his suspicions once again. No tan lines were a dead give away and he thought his nightmares had come true.

"What's wrong Nick?" Helen asked seeing the suspicious look that crossed her son's face.

"I was just wondering why you don't have any tan lines Mom," he said motioning with his hand.

"I thought you would like it," Helen said pouting her lips.

"Is that my surprise?" Nick asked sarcastically.

"No. Baby," Helen said kneeling on the bed, "You have to tell me what's wrong."

"I was just wondering if Frank was the one spreading sun tan lotion all over your body."

"Dammit Nick!" Helen said her anger rising. "This jealousy bit is getting old. I swear you remind me more and more of your father everyday."

"I can't help it Mom."

Helen felt her temper getting the best of her. Her son just couldn't see the bigger picture. If only he could understand that sex with Frank was just that, sex. It meant nothing to her, it only served a bigger purpose. Making love to her son was all that mattered to her. "Well young man you are going to have to grow up and deal with it," she said keeping her temper in check.

"Mom, I love you and I consider your body mine and mine alone. I get sick to my stomach everytime I think about him touching you. I can't help but feel that everytime you come to me it's like I'm getting sloppy seconds or something. No matter what you say it's not like it used to be. It can never be like it used to be again. Just a few days ago I could make love to you whenever I wanted to. Now it's like I have to make an appointment just to be alone with you."

Nick's words cut deep into Helen's soul. "Oh what's the use. I can see you don't want your surprise after all," Helen said sobs wracking her body. "I just wanted what's best for you. I'm a lousy mother."

Nick lay there watching his mother as she cried. He felt slightly guilty how he was treating her, but he also thought it served her right for putting him through hell for the last two weeks. He just stared at the wall, not even looking at her while she put her robe back on.

"I understand how you feel Nick," Helen said getting up. "I'll leave you alone. You can leave if you want to. Just remember that I love you and I always will."

Nick made no move to stop his mother. He just stared off into the distance thinking about all the good times the two had shared with each other despite the hell life had thrown at them. It was so much better when it was just us against the world he thought. Things seemed so much simpler. At least we had each other.

As he thought about it he discovered the problem was he had to share his mom now. She was right, he was jealous and he couldn't help it no matter how hard he tried. The more he thought about having hurt her the more guilty he became. He knew he was lucky to have such a loving, caring, giving mother. She meant the world to him and he knew he was one of the fortunate sons who got to make love to their mothers.

I should consider myself lucky for a beautiful woman like that to want me, he thought. He got up and started pacing back and forth across the room. "Ah fuck it," he muttered.

He threw open the door and went in search of his mother. The house was deserted. It was the maids day off. He shouted her name and got no reply. He walked down the long, expansive hallway dragging his fingers along the wall as he called her name.

He came to her door and knocked softly. He got no reply so he cracked it open. She was her laying on the bed asleep so he sat down next to her. He ran his fingers over her smooth skin and pushed away the stray lock of hair that lay across her lips. She stirred slightly and opened her eyes.

Smiling, she said, "Hi baby."

"Hi mom. I'm so sorry," he said the anguish evident in his voice.

"It's ok baby. Mommy understands."

The two embraced and pressed their bodies together. Helen buried her head in her son's chest as her body shook and shuddered. Her tears soaked his shirt while he held her tight.

"I've decided I'm going to leave Frank," Helen said.

"No, mom. You don't have to do that. I've been a selfish bastard. I treated you so bad lately and I'm sorry."

"I just wanted what's best for the both of us honey. I want the best for you and if I have to become a whore to get it for you I will. I will do anything for you."

"You're not a whore mom. I never should have said that. I've been thinking and I understand what you are doing."

"I hate it when he touches me," Helen muttered. Pushing herself away from her son she stared directly into his eyes. "I cringe and get nauseous whenever he's near me. It's all I can do not to throw up when he's on top of me."

"Shhhhhh mom," Nick said brushing his hands along the back of her head. "You don't have to tell me."

"No, I do. He's always drinking and when he breaths on me or kisses me it makes me sick. He has hair all over his body, even on his back. Ewwww, it's like fucking an ape or something," Helen said chuckling slightly.

"Yeah like fucking Tarzan huh mom," Nick said smiling at her.

"You mean Tarzan the ape man."

They both laughed out loud at that remark. Nick loved being with his mother like this. Her body felt so natural in his arms. Her body formed to his like a tailor made glove. Joy surged through his body as she nuzzed up against him.

"I know you're curious about what we did on our honeymoon."

"No," Nick said cutting her off before she could go any further. "I definitely don't wanna hear about that."

"Just listen to me baby. He's nothing compared to you. You're such a stallion in bed while he's a horse that should be sent to the glue factory. He has a thin, pencil dick that he has no clue how to use. I swear he lasted thirty seconds that first time and he just rolled over and went to sleep."

Nick's pride went up another notch hearing those words. It seemed all his nightmares were just that, bad dreams that had not come true despite his worse fears.

"Come on Mom," he said picking her up in his strong arms. "I'm ready for my present now."

He carried his mother to his room and gently lay her on his bed. She sat up and practically ripped his shirt getting it over his head. The urgency to have her son inside of her once again seemed overpowering. Wanting to have his thick cock sliding into her after a two week absence had driven her insane.

Helen unbuckled Nick's jeans and pushed them down his hips. His massive hard on sprang into view. She had never seen him so hard before. His massive cock was pointing straight up at the ceiling. Clear drops of pre-cum had collected around his fat mushroom head. She rubbed the pad of her thumb across his cockhead and sucked the tasty fluid into her mouth.

"I need you Mommy," Nick said laying on top of her. His hands fumbled as he undid her robe. His mother's hard nipples dug into his chest when he lay down on top of her. Her legs spread wide allowing him access to

her inner sanctum. He rocked his hips slowly forward and back, letting the underside of his cock rub against her pussy creating a delightful tingling sensation for the both of them.

"Time for your present baby," Helen purred reaching in between their bodies. She grasped her son's raging erection and guided him into her wet, waiting portal.

"Mommy, oh Mommy," Nick cried out as he pushed forward and slipped into her wet, waiting opening. Her smooth velvety cunt lips surrounded his length. She flexed her tight vaginal muscles, which contracted around his hardness and threatened to milk the cum from his balls.

Helen slid her legs up her son's flanks and locked her ankles around his waist. She squeezed her thighs tight, which stopped him from moving. She took his face in between her hands and stared into his eyes. "Don't you want to know what your present is?"

"I thought this was it Mom."

"No. I want to tell you something."

"What?"

"I stopped taking my birth control pills."

"You did? When?"

"Before I left on my honeymoon."

Dammit Nick thought, she did it to me again. She wants too have that bastard Frank's baby.

Helen immediately detected the look of betrayal on her son's face. "No, no, no," she whispered reassuring him.

"It's not what you think."

"Then what is it?"

"The reason I stopped taking my birth control pills is because I want to have a baby."

"Yeah, I kinda guessed that mom."

"You silly boy," Helen said, "I want to have YOUR baby."

"My baby," Nick said shocked.

"Yes, your baby. That's my surprise for you. I want you to put a baby in me."

"But...but, how will you know it's my baby when you're still fucking that asshole Frank?" Nick asked shaking his head.

Helen had planned this from the start. She had always wanted to have another child, but after her husband had died she thought it would never get the chance. When she had started making love to her son she considered letting him impregnate her, but the risks were too great. Not having a visible boyfriend or husband would cause quite a controversy. She thought of telling people she had been artificially inseminated, but the authorities could check that out and prove it as the lie it was. The thought of going to jail for having wonderful, loving, consensual sex with her son was too much to bear.

When she met Frank she felt she had been given a second chance. She could have the best of both worlds. She could continue her incestuous affair with her son while she lived in the lap of luxury. Having sex with Frank was the only downside, but once she got pregnant she could put him off. She was only thirty seven so she had the possibility of having at least two more children with her son before she got too old.

"I've already thought of that honey. I made him wear a condom everytime he fucked me. I don't want him shooting his nasty, disgusting cum inside of me. The only man who gets to fill up my pussy with his cum is my wonderful, sweet, loving son."

"But what are you going to tell him when you turn up pregnant? He's going to be suspicious. After all you are always going to make him wear a condom."

"Well, I think I will either tell him it broke once or after you put a bun in my oven I might let him do me without wearing a rubber so he will be sure it's his. After you knock me up it won't matter then. Will it?"

"You wanna have a baby? Wow, that's sure some surprise mom."

"I knew you'd like that idea. Now let's get started shall we?" Helen dug her heels into her son's ass cheeks and humped her hips against his.

"I can't fucking believe this," Nick panted as he threw his hips forward. "Unfucking believable."

"Oh baby, I've missed your big cock. You sure fill up your mommy good."

Nick could already feel the cum rising up from his balls. Not having sex for two whole weeks had left him horny as hell. Following his mother's orders and not jerking off made things even worse. He picked up the pace of his strokes. His hips became a blur as he hammered his cock into his mother's tight groove.

Helen knew her son's movements all too well. She could tell he was on the verge of cumming, which was exactly what she craved. She wanted him to save up his creamy cum and deposit it in her fertile womb.

"Oh Mommy I'm gonna do it. I'm gonna cum in you. I'm so sorry."

"That's a good boy," Helen cooed into her son's ear. "Shoot it in Mommy. Make Mommy pregnant. Oh yes, such a good little boy."

Hearing his mother's words sent Nick over the edge. He erupted inside of her. His hot, steaming cum blasted from the tip of his prick so hard he thought the head of his dick had exploded. Rope after rope of his scalding cum fired directly into her womb as he came like never before.

"Oh baby," Helen cried. "Fill Mommy up. Fill me up good."

Nick snorted as he continued to blast off into his mother's fiery core. When he finished cumming he collapsed on top of her in an exhausted heap. His mother continued to contract her cunt muscles around his cock squeezing out every drop of sperm remaining.

"Wow! You've never cum that hard before baby."

"I know Mom, not having sex for two weeks can do that to a guy."

"I can't believe you're still hard," she replied marveling at her son's stamina.

"Yep, I'm ready to go again Mom."

Nick leaned down and sucked on each of his mother's hard nipples between his lips. He feasted on her ripe melons like a starving man while he thrust himself into her cunt.

"Oh I've missed this," Helen cried. "I finally have my son's hard cock inside me again."

"I'm gonna make you pregnant so many times Frank will never get his dick into you again," Nick declared.

"Ummmmm, then do it baby. Do it," Helen cried gyrating her hips against her son's invading member.

Mother and son fell into their familiar fucking routine. Nick's cock was so thick it stretched his mother's cunt wide, threatening to split her in two with each downward thrust. No matter how many times he fucked her, Helen's pussy always tightened up again. It made her feel like a virgin everytime they got together. A light coat of sweat coated Nick's body as he hammered his prick home. He stared hypnotized, watching his mother's big, pendulous breasts shimmer and shake each time he buried himself to the hilt inside of her. The way Nick's cock rubbed against her clit had Helen's pussy juices gushing from her cunt. His fat hairy balls beat a steady, staccato rhythm against her asscheeks. She continued to thrust her hips and meet each one of her son's powerful thrusts. She could feel her orgasm coming on and knew it would be a good one.

"I'm going to cum baby," she cried. "Mommy's going to cum."

"That's it Mommy," Nick grunted picking up the pace of his strokes. "Cum with my cock inside of you. Cum for me."

"Close. Real close. Here it cumsssssss," Helen shouted. "Mommy's cumming."

Nick buried his cock into his mother and held her tight. Her body shuddered in his arms as the convulsions wracked her body. He felt her long, sharp fingernails dig into his shoulder blades while her pussy flexed around his cock. She tossed her head from side to side, which made her long, dark strands of hair fly in different directions.

When her body went limp Nick brushed her hair behind her ears and kissed her lightly on the lips. He resumed fucking motion giving it to his mother while she lay there as still as a corpse. He saw her smile and pushed her legs up higher so her ankles were resting over his broad shoulders. He loved fucking her like this because it let him increase his fuck angle, which would let him penetrate her deeper into her tight pussy.

He knew he wasn't far from cumming himself so he concentrated on good it felt. He thrust himself harder into his mother, his cock slicing in between her pussy lips like a hot knife through butter. Hell, if I'm lucky I'll stretch her cunt out enough so she won't ever feel Frank's pathetic cock in her again.

Grunting from exertion and the pure pleasure of fucking his mother he sucked her wiggling breast in between his lips. His mother's hands went behind his head and pulled him closer to her chest. He raked his teeth across her hard nubbin sending delightful thrills racing through her body.

His cock began to tingle again, which let him know his orgasm would be arriving soon. He started to give his mother a series of shorter jabs to stave off the urge to cum, but she was having none of that. She swiveled her hips in tight circles and squeezed her cunt around his penetrating prick.

"I want you to cum again baby. Do it! Do it for Mommy."

"Oh fuck mother," Nick cried. Relaxing every muscle in his body he let go. His cum rocketed from the tip of his prick sending hot jets of his mother's clenching cunt.

Helen marveled that her son's second orgasm seemed as powerful as the first. He continued to fire into her, filling her cunt to overflowing. She could feel Nick's excess cum leaking from her abused pussy lips and coating her inner thighs while he continued to pour himself into her.

"I love you Mommy," Nick whispered into her when he had finished cumming.

"I love you to baby."

When Nick's cock finally deflated and slipped from his mother's pussy he rolled off of her. She curled up next to him. Nick gathered her into his arms and Helen put her head on his chest.

"Baby?"

"Yes mom."

"Will you still love me when I'm all pregnant and fat from having your baby swelling inside of me?"

"Of course I will mom."

"I want a girl you know."

"You can have anything you want mom. If we don't get it right the first time we can always try again," he said with a slight chuckle. "Besides I kind of like the idea of having a sister."

"Well at least you will be able to fuck her when I'm old and gray and not attractive to you anymore."

"I'll always fuck you mom, no matter what, but having a younger version of you to enjoy would be a definite plus."

Helen let her hand slide down her son's smooth torso. She loved how soft his skin was. She hated having Frank's hairy body rubbing against hers. She let her fingernails rake over each rip of his abdominal muscles until she reached his deflated cock. Encircling his soft prick she squeezed him trying to coax it back to life.

"You sure are horny today."

"Now you see what it's like for me to go without your big cock for two weeks. I dreamed about this thing every damn minute. Besides you know what they say about old broads like us."

"Mom, you're not old. I think you're the sexiest woman on the face of the earth and ok I'll ask what they say about sexy women your age because I know you won't leave it alone."

"Well, they say women my age are in their sexual prime and that's why we want young, virile studs like you."

Rolling over on top of her son, Helen kissed her way down his chest until her mouth hovered over his limp cock. Spreading her lips wide she sucked him into her mouth. In a matter of minutes she had coaxed his cock back to full mast. She paused and admired the evil cock that had brought her so much pleasure in the last two years. When she had him good and hard she pushed his cock flat against his stomach and sucked each one of his egg sized testicles into her mouth, flicking them back and forth with the tip of her tongue.

Nick pushed away his mother's hair so he could watch her suck him off. He always got turned on seeing her blow him. He felt so lucky to have a mother who would deep throat him whenever he wanted. She had such a talented mouth and a pair of lips that could suck a golf ball through a garden hose.

She bobbed her head up and down his entire length, making love to her son's magnificent member with her mouth. Her lips slid over his rock hard column of flesh massaging his aching hardness. Helen squeezed his shaft and found her son was so hard her fingers couldn't make a dent in the flesh. She licked the underside of his shaft enjoying his salty, manly taste. When she reached the top, she sucked his crowned helmet into her mouth, slurping on his took and teasing the sensitive spot located on the underside of his cockhead.

"Oh Mommy, I love it when you suck me off," he groaned in approval.

"Mommy loves sucking your cock too baby," Helen cooed. "You have such a nice big one. I'm so addicted to it. It's like my drug. I can never get enough of it."

Nick guided his cock back into his mother's sucking mouth. More sucking and less talking he thought. If it was one thing Helen loved it was giving head. In high school she had a reputation of sucking off her dates off instead of fucking them. Not one of them ever complained because she had such an excellent technique.

"That's it Mommy," Nick moaned thrusting his ass off the mattress. He force fed her his cock, watching his rigid length disappear into her mouth.

Helen spit out her son's mammoth prick and flung her leg over his torso, straddling him. She dragged her drooping breasts up Nick's body, letting her hard nipples scrape against his hard muscled body. Reaching in between them she grasped his aching member and guided his cockhead back in between his legs. With a slight movement of her hips she felt him slip inside of her again. She rocked her body backwards and let all nine inches of his prick fill her to the core.

"Oh shit that feels so damn good Mommy," Nick said pushing his hips to meet her oncoming thrust. Placing both of his hands on either side of her milk jugs he pushed them together and sucked on both of her nipples.

"That's a good boy," Helen whispered to her son. "Suck on Mommy's titties just like you used to when you were a baby."

Nick switched from one breast to the other, sucking on each one while his mother impaled herself over and over again on his cock. He let his hands slip down to her hips and he pulled her down harder.

"This is what I like," Helen said. "Nice and hard." She took all of Nick's cock into her and rotated her hips in a slow circle, grinding their pubic bones together. She threw back her head up toward the heavens while she bent her son's cock at what seemed like impossible angles.

She could feel another orgasm coming on so she humped herself faster up and down Nick's wonderful prick.

Looking into his eyes she could see he was close also. I have to time this just right, she said to herself.

She went with her instincts, riding her son like the stallion he was. She kept herself just on the verge of orgasm while she brought Nick's cum to a boil.

"Gonna cum again Mommy," he cried throwing his head back.

Those were the exact words Helen had been waiting for. She fucked herself up and down her son's long pole, riding him for all he was worth. Timing was everything for her now. She felt Nick twitch inside of her, which sent her over the edge. Biting down on her bottom lip her body stiffened as her orgasm washed over her like a gigantic tidal wave.

Nick grabbed his mother's hips and squeezed her tight asscheeks. He buried his face between her titties and cried out as he came inside of her.

The two lovers remained locked together riding out the throes of their mutual orgasms. Nick's prick lurched and spat out it's vile, incestuous seed into his mother's willing portal. Helen let her body go as the warm, continuous waves of pleasure washed over her.

Helen collapsed on top of her son. She hugged him tight, never wanting to leave the safety and comfort of his strong arms. Mother and son continued the rest of the afternoon fucking each other silly.

During the next month Helen and Nick enjoyed their own private honey moon in the privacy of Nick's bedroom. It had become their sanctuary, their inner sanctum where they could escape from the real world and into their own private little one.

One morning after Frank had left for work Helen headed down to her son's room. Her bare feet padded silently on the hardwood floor as she approached his door. Turning the doorhandle she slipped into his bedroom and closed the door quietly behind her.

She took off her robe and tossed it next to Nick's bed. The cool breeze created by the airconditioner blew across her naked body teasing her nipples and making them grow harder. She pulled back the sheets and her breath caught in her throat when she saw he was naked and his tool was rock hard.

Being careful not to wake him she climbed onto the bed next to him. Taking his iron hardness in her hand she inserted him inside of her and sighed as his cock pushed deeper into her pussy.

Nick's eyes opened to see his very naked mother already riding him. She started out almost everyday like this sneaking into his room and waking him up this way. He thought it was such a turn on having his sexy mother being his private alarm clock.

He sat up and sucked on her ripe breasts. He noticed in the last few days that they looked a little larger than usual. This time as he nursed on her breasts he was rewarded with a slight trickle of a tasty fluid dribbling into his mouth.

"What's that?" he asked.

Helen smiled at her son, ready to give him the good news. "Haven't you noticed that my breasts are getting bigger?"

"Yeah, I thought they looked a little larger, but I wasn't sure."

"Well baby," Helen said, "That stuff you just sucked out of my titties means that you made me pregnant."

"Really? Wow! That's great news Mommy," Nick shouted. "I can't believe we're going to have a baby."

"Yes, we are honey. Now suck on my titties while I fuck the living daylights out of you."

I hope you liked this incest fantasy Stud Warrior