

Incest Mommy  
by Kathy Andrews

## FOREWORD

In many cases today's family is seen as a business and/or social arrangement between people rather than a continuing expression of love.

The results are obvious: casual, promiscuous infidelity; a lack of concern, the breakdown of the family; and the use of others for thrill-seeking-and often deviant-purposes as an end in itself instead of as a means of showing devotion and affection. Too often a loving veneer masks a core of, at best, unconcern, at worst, depravity.

INCEST MOMMY is the story of Darla Williamson and Johnny, her son. Left to their own devices, they deviate from the path society would have them follow, leading them to discover forbidden erotic delights.

A shocking story, true, but also a mirror of our times.

-The Publisher

## CHAPTER ONE

Darla Williamson came rushing around the corner, her arms loaded with laundry.

Just as she arrived, starting to turn, Johnny, her son, came racing from the opposite direction.

They crashed into each other.

Laundry went flying as Darla was knocked to the floor. She cried out, more surprised than in pain. She sat on her ass, her arms behind her as she caught herself. Her dress went to her waist and her legs went up, spread out wide.

"Johnny! I've told you a hundred times to stop running through the house that way! Now look what you've done!"

Johnny had not been knocked off his feet. He stood staring down at his mother, his eyes wide, his lips parted. He was seeing her long legs open wide. Her tight panties didn't seem to hide anything. Darla's panties were very skimpy, hip-hugging and almost transparent. Johnny was staring in fascination at the shadow of her pussy hair.

For a moment, Darla was startled, frozen in her exposed position. Then she scrambled about, trying to gather up the spilled laundry on her hands and knees. She was trembling, knowing her son had seen her, that he was fascinated by what he had seen. She had caught a glimpse of his cock swelling inside his pants before she could move, and the sight had done something to her.

"I'm sorry, Mother," he said. "I didn't mean to run into you."

Darla picked up the last piece of laundry, sitting back on her heels as she held the soiled clothing to her tits, looking up at him. But Johnny wasn't looking at her face. Her dress was high on her legs.

Darla tried to keep from looking at the front of his pants, but her gaze rested there anyway.

"I wasn't hurt," she said softly, feeling heat in her body, a heat she had not felt in years. "Just don't run in the house anymore, you hear me?"

She stood up and found her legs shaking. She looked at her son for a moment longer, cl

utching the laundry tightly. She saw the film over his eyes, heard him breathing. His cock, she noticed, pressed out in hardness. She licked her lips, jerking her eyes away. She moved past him, her legs shaking. Her tits felt swollen, and her nipples were very stiff. By the time she got to the laundry room, she could feel the wetness in the crotch of her skimpy panties.

Dropping the laundry, she leaned against the washing machine, shaking with long-suppressed emotion. She closed her eyes tightly, taking a deep breath, feeling soft shudders flow through her body. She had had no idea her son was growing up. She hadn't noticed. He was there, and she took care of him, loved him, but she had not noticed him growing up. She had never thought of Johnny with a hard-on, never even thought of him as having a cock. He was Johnny, her son, and that was the only way she had thought of him. She enjoyed holding him as they watched television together at night, her arms around his small shoulders. She enjoyed tucking him in bed at night, kissing him before going to bed herself. She enjoyed cooking his breakfast and dinner, watching him play.

Most of the time, Johnny played alone. That had bothered her for a while, until he had explained to her that he wanted it that way. He wasn't an outgoing boy, and had made only a few friends. While other boys were out riding their bikes and fighting and playing ball, Johnny stayed home and amused himself. He was never home late from school, and never caused her worry. He was, she felt, the son all mothers wanted, but seldom had.

With a tremor in her body, she pushed from the washing machine and stuffed the soiled clothing in. Setting the water temperature and getting the machine going, she turned and pressed her ass against the edge, seeing his cock bulging inside his pants again. Darla hugged herself, a soft, wicked giggle bubbling from her throat.

"Johnny," she whispered, "you're getting to be a big boy."

Leaving the laundry room, she walked through the house until she found her son in the living room. He was sitting quietly, as he usually was, looking at one of her old women's magazines. She glanced at the open magazine, and saw he was studying a picture of a very pretty woman posing in bra and panties. The bulge of the model's cunt mounded outward, but there was no shadow of pussy hair. The panties were opaque, showing nothing but the model's body form. There was no way the picture could be taken as exciting or arousing, yet Johnny still had a hard-on.

"You never usually look at my magazines, honey," she said, pulling it from him. "Why that picture?"

"Aw, Mother," he said shyly, closing his hands together in his lap as if to conceal his hardness. "It was just there when I opened the magazine."

"You like to look at girls, baby?" she asked, her voice shaky.

"I ... I never really noticed," he said.

"Johnny, don't lie," she cooed softly. "It isn't nice to lie, not to your mother."

Her eyes refused to move from his lap. She could see the head of his cock pushing at his pants. It was throbbing, she noticed, making a very subtle movement. Her cunt clenched, and her tits swelled. Darla felt excited, more excited than she had felt in many years. She licked her lips, her eyes burning down at the head of her son's cock. She dropped her hand on his thigh, and slowly rubbed, caressing back and forth, lightly. She leaned to him, kissing his cheek. She felt her son shaking. He never shook when she kissed him, touched him. But he was shaking now, and he wouldn't look at her.

Darla brushed her hand upward on his thigh, her fingers very close to where the head of his cock bulged. She imagined she could feel the heat of his prick, and her clitoris throbbed tightly inside her panties. She shifted her ass closer to him, her hip touching his. She kissed his cheek again, her breath hot. She slipped the tip of her tongue past her lips and touched his cheek very, very lightly. Darla didn't think of what she was doing, what she was touching. She was afraid if she thought about it, she would stop, and she didn't want to stop.

"Do you play with it?" she whispered, her lips very close to her son's ear.

"Aw, Mother," Johnny said, blushing.

"Well, do you? I bet you play with it, Johnny."

Her hand moved again, the tip of one finger barely touching where the head of his cock pressed. She left it there, not moving it.

"I know you play with it, darling," she whispered very softly against his ear. "All boys play with it."

Johnny trembled, clenching his hands tightly in his lap. Darla crossed her legs, her dress riding a few inches above her knee.

"Johnny," she purred. "I want to be your best friend, not just your mother. Wouldn't you like to have me as your best friend?"

Johnny's head jerked up and down once, quickly. She heard him swallow.

"Best friends don't have secrets," she went on. "Best friends tell each other everything, things they wouldn't tell anyone else."

"I know, Mother," Johnny said, his voice cracking.

"I could tell you things I've never told anyone before in my life," she purred in his ear. "I could tell you things I'd never tell another person as long as I lived. Secret things . . . things girls do sometimes."

Johnny glanced at her from the corners of his eyes. But his mother's lips were close to his ear, and he saw her tits. They seemed to thrust at the front of her dress, and he was sure those were her nipples there. His balls drew up in hardness, making him moan.

"Does it feel good, darling?" she purred, the tip of her tongue lightly licking his ear.

Johnny swallowed again, his head jerking up and down.

"Want to be best friends with mother?"

"Yeah, Mother," he said, his voice very low and husky.

"And you want me to tell you secret things?"

Secret things a girl does sometimes?" Johnny gulped.

"I'll tell you, but you have to tell me, too," she mewled softly, licking the tip of her fiery tongue at his earlobe. "No secrets between us, okay? I'll tell you secrets and you tell me secrets, and we'll trust each other because we're best friends, right, honey?"

"Yes, Mother."

"Mmmm, that's nice, baby," she purred, running the tip of her tongue about the outer edges of his ear. She pushed her fingertip firmly at the head of his cock, making her son groan softly. "We can tell each other all the nice, exciting things we do. Now . . . tell me. Do you play with it?"

For a moment Johnny couldn't reply, and finally a very low, very hoarse reply came from him: "Sometimes, Mother."

"Ooooooh, I bet it feels good, too, don't it?"

Johnny began to shiver. Darla ran her arm about his shoulder, hugging him as she slowly moved the tip of her finger on the head of his hidden cock.

"Sometimes, at night," she purred, "I play with myself, too."

"Really, Mother?"

"Really," she said softly. "Sometimes, in bed, I play with myself and it feels so good, I get kind of crazy. Does it feel that way with you?"

"All the time, Mother."

Darla's cunt was throbbing now. The crotch of her panties was soaked with fuck juices.

"It feels good all the time, huh?"

"Yes," he said, his face resting on her soft but firm tits now. She wanted him to put his hand on her knee, but Johnny was still unsure, almost afraid of what she was doing.

"When you play with it, baby" she mewled, "does it get very big, very hard?"

"Oh, yes, Mother!" "How do you do it, Johnny?"

"I just sort of rub . . . you know, up and down with my hand. Then it gets to feeling real good and I . . . I . . . you know, shoot."

"Shoot?" she purred. "You mean, come?"

"Yeah," Johnny gulped.

"I bet that feels very good, when you come."

"Yes." He swallowed, watching her finger brush back and forth on the head of his cock. He wished his cock was out of his pants, so his mother could see and touch his prick, maybe make him come. "Do you really play with it, too, Mother?"

"Oh, yes!" Darla gurgled. "I love to play with it. It feels so good, and I get so hot, and then I come, too."

"You mean girls jerk off, Mother?" Johnny seemed surprised at this.

She put her finger under his chin and lifted his head, looking into his glassy eyes. "Yes, girls jerk off, in a way. It isn't the same as the way you do, the way boys jerk off, but yet . . . we jerk off."

Johnny wiggled against her, his hand resting on her stomach. Darla felt it there, felt the heat of his palm through her dress. She wanted to grab his hand and pull upward, force his fingers around her tit, have him squeeze them, feel them. But she would be moving too fast, she felt. Already her son was half afraid.

"You've never seen a girl, have you?"

For a moment Johnny didn't want to admit it, but he nodded his head, feeling his mother's tit on his cheek.

She could hear the washing machine in the other room, and listened to it for a moment or so, unsure of where she was going.

"When you knocked me down," she said slowly, softly, "did you see how my dress went up?"

Johnny nodded.

"And my . . . panties?"

He nodded again.

"Did it excite you, seeing me?"

Johnny gulped, watching her finger make circles over the head of his bulging cock.

"I saw you get hard," she whispered. "I saw this sticking way out, honey. You know what happened to me when I saw this? I got excited, too. I bet you wanted to go play with it then, didn't you?"

He nodded, his eyes now on her exposed knee.

"I wanted to play with myself, too," she said throatily. "I wanted to go to my bedroom and touch myself, play with myself. Jerk off, as you say." Johnny's young body was almost stiff, and he was gasping hotly as he listened to his mother.

"I wanted to go to my room and take my clothes off and play with myself, and think maybe you were doing it, too. I thought about you playing with your cock and imagining you seeing me."

"Mother!" Johnny gulped, his fingers digging into her stomach. His balls were very tight, aching slightly, and his cock throbbed. Johnny was afraid he was going to come in his pants.

Darla hugged him tight, pressing his cheek onto her tit. "No secrets, baby," she purred. "Remember, no secrets between us. We're best friends now, a girl and boy, and we can tell each other anything, everything, no matter what."

"I guess, Mother," he whispered, feeling her stiff nipple pressing at his cheek now.

"Then wouldn't it be nice to play with yourself and think of me, the way I sat on the floor, my dress at my waist, my panties showing?"

"Yes, Mother," he moaned, struggling to stop the jerking of his cock, desperate to keep from coming inside his pants.

"I bet it would be nicer if you let me watch," she said, her voice throaty, her finger starting to press at the head of his cock.

"I . . . gosh, Mother!"

"I would love to watch you play with it, Johnny. I've never really seen a boy play with his prick before. And ..." She sucked in a very deep breath, causing her tit to push against her son's face. "I . . . would let you watch . . . you know ... see me, too."

"Oh, Mother!"

"You could see me touch myself, play with myself," she went on, her satiny flesh rippling with exciting shivers. "I'd let you see how us girls jerk off, Johnny. That is, if you let me see you jerk off."

The washing machine made a clanging sound as it shut off, the laundry finished. She heard the sound, but it seemed far away. Her cunt was clenching, and now the insides of her thighs were slippery with wetness. She couldn't remember when she had been so wet. She pressed a bit harder with her fingertip on the head of her son's cock, rubbing.

"You want to see mother play, baby? Would you like to watch me play with myself?"

"Gosh, Mother! I think that would ... oh, yes, I wanna see!"

"Mmmmm," she purred, tracing his ear again with the tip of her wet tongue. She placed her free hand on top of his, pressing against her flat stomach for a moment. Then she pushed his hand down, across her thigh until she curled his fingers around her knee. "We might even ... I might even let you . . . touch it, too."

"Ohhhh, Mother!"

Johnny's cock gushed.

Darla's fingertip was near the head, and she felt his cock jerk, felt her son shudder.

She pushed her finger at the head of his hidden cock and knew what was happening. She squealed softly and pushed her palm hard on the head of her son's cock, feeling the moisture on his pants. She felt her son clutch her knee as he came, listened to his grunts.

"Ohhh, that's nice, baby," she whispered. "You're coming! Oh, Johnny, you're really coming!"

Johnny's cock spurted rapidly, making a mess inside his pants. Darla pressed her palm hard on the prickhead, feeling it throb, feeling the wetness seeping through his pants. Her cunt clenched and her clitoris knotted. She felt as if she, too, was about to come in her pants.

"Terrific, Johnny!" she panted when he finished. "That was terrific! I could feel how wet you got, honey."

"In my pants, Mother! Like a baby ... I shot off in my pants!"

"Not like a baby, sweetheart," she said. "A baby could never do that. You're a man, Johnny. A man that can come!" Johnny buried his face into her tits, embarrassed to have his mother know he had come in his pants, that he had such little control. But Darla was not embarrassed. She felt good, elated.

"It happens, honey," she soothed. "It happens sometimes. I almost did it, too."

"Did you, Mother?" he asked, pulling from her tit and looking at her eyes. "Did you really almost do it, too?"

She nodded, grinning wickedly. "Do you want to see?"

"You'll show me? You'll really show me, Mother?"

"In my room," she whispered.

"No, here!" Johnny said, literally shaking with excitement.

## CHAPTER TWO

Darla didn't really care where she showed him.

She stood up, her fingers caressing her son's cheek as she smiled down at him. Johnny's eyes were bright, and he was breathing fast again.

"You have to wait a minute," she whispered.

As her son sat on the couch watching her, she went about the room, pulling the drapes, making sure the door was locked. She didn't want anyone to see, to peek in the windows. No one, surely, would come barging through the door, but she wasn't taking any chances.

Returning to her son, she pulled him from the couch, her eyes seeing the wet spot on the front of his pants. She pulled him tight against her body, hugging him. She crushed her tits around his face, trembling with anxiety. She wanted to do this for her son, with her son. She wanted to very much. She was elated that he was responding this way, but any boy his age would, she felt. She was about to show him the secrets of a woman's body, the mysteries beneath her dress and inside her panties, and already her son had come off in his pants.

Tilting his face up, she saw his eyes burning with anticipation, felt his body pressing against her. She pursed her lips, and pressed them lightly onto his. Then she moaned, and crushed her son's mouth with her own. She held the back of his head, writhing her lips upon his. A low moan came from her throat as the cheeks of her ass clenched and her cunt bubbled.

"Lie on the floor, Johnny," she whispered, breaking the kiss. "Just lie down on the floor and watch mother."

Without taking his eyes from her, Johnny went to the floor, spreading out on his back

the way she asked. Darla stood above him, her feet parted a little. She swayed her hips, her hands fluttering up to caress her swollen tits a moment. She ran her hands down her hips, and moved her feet.

"Look, darling," she whispered as she parted her feet near his head and let him look up between her long, satiny thighs. "Can you see me? Can you see under my dress?"

"Yeah, Mother," he grunted as he stared at his mother's inner thighs, the bulge of her panties, the wetness there.

"What can you see? We don't have any secrets, remember? You can tell me what you see, baby."

"I ... I see you, Mother!"

"I know, but what part of me are you seeing?" she urged hotly, jutting her hips forward. "You can tell me what part you see, Johnny."

But Johnny was blushing, despite his excitement. He stared up under his mother's dress, gazing in fascination at her tight bikini panties. His cock throbbed, swelling into hardness again.

Darla glanced at his prick bulge, cooing with pleasure. "Ohhh, you're getting hard again, darling! You're excited to see mother like this, aren't you?" "Oh, Mother, yes!"

"What do you see, baby? Tell mother exactly what you see."

"Your legs, your . . . panties!"

"They're wet, aren't they?" He nodded his head.

"You make them wet, Johnny," she purred, reaching behind herself and opening her dress. "You make mother's panties wet."

She pulled her dress from her shoulders, holding it about her tits for a long, breathless moment. Then she shoved it to her waist.

"Ohhh, Mother!"

"Are they nice, honey?" she asked huskily. "Do you like to see mother's titties? I bet you've never seen a girl's titties before, have you?"

Johnny shook his head, his eyes bulging from their sockets, his lips parted and his tongue moved over his lips. His cock jerked inside his pants, throbbing as his balls grew tight again. Darla's tits were full and firm, with long, stiff nipples tilted upward.

She pushed at her dress, wiggling her hips. The dress pooled at her feet, and she stood there in her shoes and bikini panties, her son looking up at her with fascinated excitement. Darla's waist was small, her hips rounded, her legs long and slender. Her cunt pushed outward against her panties, making a rounded little hill. The insides of her thighs near her panties were glistening with wetness.

She hooked her fingers into the elastic of her tight panties, and began to roll them down her hips. She lifted first one leg, then the other, dropping her panties to the floor, kicking her shoes off. "Ohhh, Mother!"

She stood above her son, her feet parted, hands on her hips, letting him look. Johnny made soft choking sounds as he stared at his mother's cunt. She had long, curly, soft hair, and he could just see the pink slit of her pussy. His cock felt about to rip his pants open.

Darla's flesh shivered. It had been so long since she had stood naked and been looked at with such intense excitement. She mewled softly and brushed her fingers through the tangled hair of her cunt, feeling the tip of her swollen clitoris with one finger. She pulled her hand away, bent her knees together, and sat down on the floor next to her son, her face radiant with arousal. She saw his cock thrusting in hardness at his pants, and she placed her hand on

his prick. She pressed, making Johnny moan in delight.

"Your turn, honey," she said softly.

"My turn?" he swallowed.

"Yes, baby." She grinned. "This is show and tell, isn't it? We're showing all our secrets to each other, I thought. I undressed for you, and now it's your turn to undress for me."

With a flush on his face, Johnny stood up.

He peeled his shirt off and dropped it on top of his mother's dress and panties. Darla, watching him, her eyes slitted and smoldering with steamy heat, lay back on the floor, her tits hardly flattening out, her nipples jutting stiffly. She lay with her legs closed, her arms at her sides, watching him. Johnny stared at his naked mother, his eyes moving from her tits to the fan-shape of her pussy hair.

He fumbled with his belt, and she watched him trembling. She ran her tongue over her lips with eagerness to see him naked, to see his young cock stand out so hard. She lifted her hands and placed them on her tits, caressing them to urge her son to drop his pants.

With a quick motion, Johnny shoved his pants down. His cock sprang upright, almost smacking his stomach. His face was burning shyly, but he stood there with his pants at his ankles, letting his mother look.

"Ohhh, baby, that's very nice," Darla purred, her eyes eating up his young hard-on and loaded balls. "That's wonderful! So hard . . ."

Scant hair sprouted at the base of his cock, but his balls had none. It drew her attention to his youth, and that fact caused her cunt to contract with a soft but exciting orgasm. She twisted her naked ass on the floor as her eyes gazed hotly at his cock and balls. Her fingers dug into her tits.

"I forgot my shoes," Johnny said softly.

"Take them off," his mother whispered.

Johnny sat on the floor, removing his shoes and then his pants. He sat near her feet, and Darla parted her legs. Johnny gasped as he saw his mother's cunt opening. He stared, seeing the wet pink pussy lips, her swollen clitoris, the curling hair that seemed to disappear into the split of her tight, rounded ass. His cock jerked upward as he pulled his shorts from his feet. He dropped them on the floor and leaned over to look up between his mother's open legs.

"Do you like it?" she whispered.

"Oh, yes, Mother!"

"That's my pussy, Johnny."

"Oh, gosh!" Johnny gulped.

"That's mother's pussy, and that's your cock," she said. "They're a lot of fun to play with, aren't they?"

"Yes!"

Johnny's fist grabbed for his cock, squeezing very hard. She watched the prickhead bulge. "Not too hard, baby. We can't have you coming off too fast again. Be careful."

Johnny turned his cock loose. He was sitting on the floor with his feet toward her head, leaning over and staring up her thighs at her cunt.

Darla heard herself say: "You can play with it, Johnny. You can touch me there and feel it and play with it."



"I can? I really can, Mother?"

"Mmmm, it would make me feel very good if you did," she answered.

"I don't know how to play with it," he moaned. "I've never touch a girl before. I've never even seen a girl like this before!"

"Touch it anyway you want to," she hissed huskily. "Feel my cunt anyway you want!"

Johnny's hand shook as he ran it up his mother's open thighs. Darla trembled as she felt his hot, eager hand sliding along her flesh. When she felt his fingers in the hair of her cunt, she jerked, moaning softly. Johnny leaned farther, peering hotly at his mother's cunt. Her pussy was very wet, very fascinating. He felt about her pussy, his fingers turning slippery. Darla writhed her naked ass on the floor, making soft gasps of pleasure, spreading her legs as far as she could.

"Feel me all over!" she cried. "Johnny, touch mother all over . . . feel all of me!"

Eagerly, gasping, Johnny sat up and ran his hands about his mother's naked body, feeling her tits, her smooth stomach, back to her tits again. He pinched at her nipples, twisting them, pulling on them. Darla whimpered with ecstasy, rolling her ass against the floor, watching his cock jerk and drip.

"Now play with my pussy!" she cried in a hoarse voice.

Johnny eagerly ran his hands to her bushy cunt again, leaning back to watch. He found her knotted clitoris, and, noting the way his mother's hips jerked, understood this was something to play with that would give her pleasure. He smashed her clitoris, rubbed his finger about it, then pushed his finger into her cunt. Darla cried out as his finger entered her cunt, and her hips arched.

"Ohhh, baby, push your finger in and out!" she demanded.

Johnny did. He fucked his finger in and out of his mother's cunt, watching the pink cunt lips suck and squeeze. He became very excited, and thrust all his fingers up his mother's hot, wet cunt. Darla sobbed and shoved her crotch toward him, grinding her hips lewdly.

"Ohhh, my God, yes! Oh, Johnny, that's it!"

Johnny watched, fascinated, as he fucked his mother's juicy cunt with all his fingers. He loved the wet feel of her fuck juices, the heat that closed about them. He made wet sounds as he fucked his fingers in and out. His hand was small, and he could shove most into his mother's gripping cunt. Darla cried out as she whipped her naked hips about, lunging her crotch up and down, fucking her son's fingers as he stabbed into her. She was clawing at her swollen tits, her head twisting about, hair flying. She cried and moaned as the burning rapture swelled into a tight knot inside her lower stomach. Her clitoris was being smashed by her son's thumb each time he thrust his fingers into her cunt.

"Ohhhhh, you're going to . . . baby, you're going to . . . " Darla choked as her throat tightened. "Oh, my God! Harder, Johnny! Ohhhh, that's wonderful, baby! Ooooooh, you do it so good! Keep it up, Johnny! Ohhh, yes, keep that up and you'll make me . . . make me come!"

Johnny's eyes blazed as he leaned over, watching his fingers stabbing at his mother's cunt, watching her pussy stretch and hold his fingers. He could smell the wet heat of her pussy, a scent he had never smelled before, but one he liked. He wanted to grab his cock and jack off hard and fast, but he had already come once too fast and his mother told him not to come so fast again. But he wasn't sure how much longer he could stand it. His balls hurt, and his cock felt a mile long and a half mile thick.

Darla's naked ass danced and bounced on the floor, humping up onto her son's fingers wildly. She felt as if her cunt were full of his hand, stretched more than ever. She fucked at his fingers vigorously, grinding and thrashing, her legs opening wide, then closing inward.

"Deeper, Johnny!" she screamed.

Johnny tried to push his fingers deeper, but they were as deep as they could go already. Most of his hand was slippery wet with her pussy juice, and he loved the tight way her cunt clutched his fingers.

"Are you really gonna come, Mother?" he gasped.

"Oh, my God! I'm going to come so hard!" Ohhh, baby, ram your fingers in my pussy! Ahhh, fuck mother's cunt! Fuck it . . . fuck it, baby!"

Darla was almost out of her mind with ecstasy. She knew she was saying those words, but there was no way she could stop. She twisted her hot, naked ass lewdly, grinding on her son's fingers as her cunt began to pulsate and squeeze, flex and loosen.

"Ahhhh! Ohhhh, Johnny! Ooooo, baby, now!"

Darla's hips shot up, and her hands moved from her tits and grabbed her son's wrist. She held his fingers far inside her cunt as she convulsed. She sobbed with tears in her eyes, tears of intense rapture. Her cunt sucked and pulled on Johnny's fingers, her hips straining up at him. Johnny watched, awed, as his mother's cunt flexed on his buried fingers. His eyes were huge. He had never seen anything like this before, never felt anything this way before.

Darla held his wrist tightly with both her hands, crying out as she came. Her flat stomach rippled, and her legs were stiff. Her hairy cunt held her son's fingers in a scalding wet tightness, and her hips arched high.

A final shudder went through her naked body, and her ass slowly lowered to the floor. She sighed, shivering, her hands turning his wrist loose. She lay with her eyes closed, her body flushed with a wonderful glow. Her legs parted and her hands spread wide.

"Did you come, Mother?" she heard her son ask in a soft, awed sound.

"I came, baby," she breathed. "God, did I come!"

"You sure got tight," he said.

"Mmmmm, I know," Darla purred, her eyes fluttering open. It took a second before her vision would focus, and then she looked at him. "I always get real tight when I come."

"Gosh!"

She stroked his foot, smiling softly. "Did you enjoy it?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Now you know how a girl jerks off, don't you?"

"I know how I can jerk a girl off," he giggled. "I did it, didn't I? I jerked you off, didn't I, Mother?"

"And very good, too," she said, sitting up, her tits jiggling. She bent her knees, looking down at her inner thighs. "My God, I'm wet! Look how wet my legs are."

"You sure are hot in there, Mother. I liked the way it feels."

"Not 'it,' honey," she said softly. "We don't have secrets anymore, remember? That's not an 'it' anymore—it's mother's pussy, mother's cunt!"

Johnny giggled, half shyly. "Okay, if you say so, Mother."

"I do say so." She grinned. "If we're going to be best friends and not have secrets from each other, then you have to call it pussy and cunt. It is cunt, Johnny. It's hot, wet, nice cunt!"

"Cunt," Johnny said softly. "Yeah, Mother! That's what it is . . . cunt!"

"And pussy?"

"And pussy!"

Darla gazed at him, seeing his cock jutting up, very hard. "And that's your cock."

"Yeah!"

"Now, you're supposed to let me see you jerk off," she reminded him. "You are going to jerk off for me, aren't you? We had an agreement, I thought."

Johnny's gaze moved about his mother's tits again, feeling himself shaking. He was very close to coming, and he was afraid his cock would go off like a geyser.

"But you didn't jerk off for me, Mother," he said. "I done it for you. I jerked you off."

Darla let out a low, husky laugh. "No, you didn't jerk me off. I told you girls don't jerk off, not the way boys do. What you did was to fingerfuck me!"

"Same thing," Johnny said, feeling a blush on his face.

"Oh, but it isn't the same thing," she said.

Johnny still didn't understand what she was saying, but it didn't matter. He had felt his fingers inside his mother's cunt, felt how wet and hot and tight her pussy was. That was okay with him.

"Well, I done it to you anyway, Mother," he insisted. "You didn't do it."

"You're right," Darla whispered. "I guess that means ..."

Johnny nodded his head eagerly.

"Then you better lie down," she mewled. "Because it's your turn now, darling."

### CHAPTER THREE

Johnny stretched out on his back.

Darla sat near his hips, her eyes burning on his cock. His prick stood straight up, swelling with hardness. Johnny had his legs parted a little, and his balls looked very full. The head of his cock was smooth and swollen and pre-cum was beading on his small, slitted piss hole.

"Not too fast, now," she whispered, closing her fingers around the shaft of his cock.

"Ohhhhhhhh, Mother!" he groaned as she squeezed his prick.

"God, you're hard!" she whispered, leaning over him, holding his cock in her fist. "So very hard, Johnny!"

She cupped his hairless balls in her other hand.

Johnny watched his mother with wide, hot eyes. He was so excited, he couldn't stay still. He twisted and writhed, his young body trembling. Darla held his cock in one hand, his balls in the other, almost tenderly, leaning over and looking at them. His balls felt very full in her palm, and his cock was hard and hot. The prickhead was very swollen, the flesh satiny. The small slit of his piss hole opened, juices seeping from it and onto the smooth cockhead. She squeezed his cock slightly, holding her breath as she watched the prickhead bulge, her eyes smoldering, half open with desire.

Relaxing her grip on his cock, she gently squeezed his balls, twisting them, just a little.

"Ooooooh, Mother!" Johnny moaned, lifting his hips to push his cock into her fist. "That's real good, Mother!"

"You bet it is," she gurgled throatily.

She pulled up on his cock, then pressed down. Johnny moaned again.

"Does it feel good, honey?"

"Oh, gosh!"

Her tight fist pumped in slow motion, and Darla made low hissing sounds as she watched. She clung to his hot, hairless balls tightly as she stroked his prick, her eyes fixed upon the swollen cockhead, watching the fuck juices seep out. She sat with her legs crossed. Now she uncrossed them and stretched one over his thighs, the other still bent with her heel touching her hairy cunt.

"Mmmmmmmmm, you feel good, baby," she purred. "You feel very good. So hard, so hot!"

Johnny writhed his ass, his eyes staring at her fist on his prick, glancing at her full, firm tits swaying as she moved her arm. He doubled his hands into fists at his hips, grinding his teeth.

Darla, hissing hotly, suddenly pumping faster. She beat her tight fist up and down on her son's cock swiftly, making soft slapping sounds as she banged downward. Johnny gasped, his head and shoulders lifting from the floor as sudden ecstasy filled him.

"Ooohhh, yes!" Darla moaned, pounding her son's cock fast and hard, clinging to his balls. "Ohhhh, look at it! So beautiful, so hard! Ahhh, it feels nice in mother's hand, Johnny!"

Johnny couldn't reply. His eyes were bulging as he raised almost into a sitting position. His mother jerked on his cock in a way he never had himself. Her hand felt tighter, hotter as it beat up and down, and the way she clutched his balls at the same time made them tingle.

Darla pulled up hard on his cock, and Johnny's ass lifted. She squeezed to make the swollen prickhead bulge.

"Ahhh, beautiful!" she breathed heavily. "It's so beautiful, Johnny!"

Her son tried to speak, but all that came out were garbles of delight. Darla looked in to his face, grinning with her eyes flashing. She saw his torment, and ran her tongue over her lips slowly, looking back at his cock. The powerful throbs radiated up her arm and made her nipples very stiff, made her cunt twitch again.

"Close your eyes," she whispered. "Honey, lean back and close your eyes. Mother is going to make it better! Mother is going to make it feel good for you. Very, very good."

Johnny lay back, closing his eyes, his fists pressed tight at his hips. He tried to stop the shivering, but it seemed to make him tremble more. There was no way he could relax. He kept seeing his mother's hand on his cock.

Darla held his cock and balls as he tried to calm down, her eyes blazing with intense emotion. She breathed deeply, lowering her face. She felt the heat of his cock against her lips before she touched it. Pressing her fist down very tightly at the base, she made two inches of his hard cock stand upward. She held his balls in her other hand, and pushed her lips onto the head of her son's cock. She heard her son groan, and she looked up. Johnny was squeezing his eyes tight. His mouth was open.

Darla held the head of her son's cock between her lips, letting the satiny flesh burn them. She held her tongue away, feeling her anticipation swell. Spreading her fingers about the base of her son's cock, she slowly slipped her mouth down, taking his cock in. As her mouth filled, she touched her tongue to his prick. A soft groan bubbled out of her throat. She moved her lips down until they touched her fingers, his cock almost at her throat. She pulled her h

and away, and pushed her lips against the base, feeling those few hairs tickle them. She held his cock deeply, and pushed his hot balls upon her cheek. She pressed her tongue hard at his cock.

Johnny couldn't keep his eyes closed.

They came open and he stared down at his mother.

"Mother!" he gasped.

Darla's eyes flashed up at him, gleaming with heat.

"Your mouth, Mother!" Johnny groaned, fascinated. "You've got it in your mouth!"

"Mmmmm," Darla mewled, writhing her lips at the base of his cock. She held his prick deep and tight. She rubbed his sweet, hot balls about her cheek and chin, her tits touching his hip as she leaned over him.

"Oh, Mother! Ohhhh, gosh!"

Darla's body was responding to what she tasted in her mouth. Her tits swelled and her nipples bulged. Her pussy began to throb and pulsate with wet heat, and her clitoris strained from the hairy folds of her cunt. She tasted the smooth prickshaft, and worked her tongue against his cock. She moaned softly with the pleasure of having his cock in her mouth. Twisting her head slightly, she looked up his naked body, watching his face, seeing his expression change from fascination to pleasure. His eyes were glazed and he panted hotly. She caressed her hand up his quivering stomach, over his chest, her lips writhing at the base of his cock as she held his hot balls tight at her chin.

"Mmmmm," she purred again, sucking upward. She sucked with tight, wet, hot lips, strongly. As the cockhead pulled along her tongue, she tasted the dripping juices, and her cunt clenched inward with rapture.

She lifted her mouth from his cock, her lips rubbing back and forth. She pressed the tip of her tongue out and, staring into her son's hot eyes, swirled wetly about the smooth cockhead, then across his piss hole. With another moan, she swallowed her son's cock again, this time going down fast, her lips smashing at the base. Johnny cried out, and Darla sucked up again. This time she kept his cock in her mouth, her tongue lapping the smooth prickhead. Johnny arched his hips upward, and Darla shoved her hand under his ass, clutching the firm cheeks in her palm, still clinging to his precious balls. She bobbed her mouth up and down fast a few times.

With her lips as tight as she could get them around the base. Darla sucked up, her eyes gazing at his face.

"Ahhhhh, Mother!" Johnny cried, his hips lifting with her. "That's so . . . ohhhh, Mother! You're gonna pull it off! That's good, Mother!"

Darla lifted her mouth from his cock, grinning at him as she rubbed his prick about her face.

"You like it, baby?" she asked,, her voice thick with passion. "Does it feel better than your hand?"

"Oh, Mother, you know it does! Gosh, I think I could learn to love it!"

"I bet you can, too." She giggled almost girlishly as she rubbed the satiny prickhead across her lips, then about her nose and chin.

"Want me to do it some more?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Mmmmm, I like it, baby," she whispered, her lips against the head of his cock. "I like it as much as you do."

"Do it some more, Mother!"

"My, you're so anxious," she said, opening her lips and letting her son fuck his cock into her mouth.

She lowered her face as he pushed up, digging her fingers into his ass cheeks. She turned his balls loose, pulled her hand from under his ass. She shifted her position by swinging her legs over his. Her head was facing him now. She placed her palms on the floor at her son's hips, holding the head of his cock with her lips, letting her son watch as she sucked his cock. His prick jerked in her mouth.

"Ahhhhmmmm!" Darla mewled, and darted her face up and down, sucking on her son's cock swiftly, almost in a frenzy. Her lips glided up and down the prickshaft, her tongue swirling. Her hair flew about his hips, and Johnny stared at his mother, his eyes huge. Darla sucked hard and fast, making wet sounds, drawing her knees beneath her body, lifting her ass into the air.

Johnny could see the creamy cheeks of his mother's ass past her head, but he couldn't take his gaze off her mouth very long.

"Ooooooh! Oohhhh, Mother!"

Darla was pleased to see her son experiencing this agonizing ecstasy. She was pleased she could make him feel so good. Pleased to be the one to suck his cock first. Pleased to show him a naked woman.

Racing her mouth up and down his cock, she swayed her uplifted ass, feeling her cunt burning with wetness. The cheeks of her ass opened, and she felt cool air brushing the crinkle of her asshole. Purring with pleasure, she wagged her naked ass and pushed and pulled her mouth on his cock. The hot taste excited her.

She knew, though, that Johnny couldn't keep from coming quickly. She could feel it in those delicious throbs, in the way his cock dripped across her tongue. She slowed her rapid suction, and moved slowly up and down with her tight lips.

"Mother, you're gonna . . . ohh, Mother, it's gonna ..." Johnny gulped, his head lifting from the floor.

"Mmmmmmm," Darla purred as she pulled her mouth off his cock. "I know, darling! You'll come if I keep it up, I can feel your cock . . . you're about to come, aren't you?"

Johnny could only nod his head in a jerky way.

"I'll make you come, darling," she whispered, kissing his stomach. "Mother will make you come, but this way."

She licked her tongue up his stomach, swishing on his overheated flesh. Johnny watched with hot eyes, feeling his cock rub along her tits and leaving a trail of wetness on her flesh. Darla, too, felt his cock, and made sure her body stayed in contact. She licked her way up his chest, scooting her knees along his thighs. She sucked at the flesh of his chest, at his tiny nipples, then pushed her lips to his, kissing him feverishly. She felt the head of his cock brush through the soft hairs of her pussy, and she adjusted her hips. She felt the bulging prickhead rub along her distended clitoris, and her breath caught in her throat with ecstasy. She had to scoot higher on her son's body, and her lips pulled from his. She held herself up on hands and knees, twisting her naked ass while they both looked between their bodies. She felt her son's cock touch the fiery lips of her cunt, and a shudder of delight flowed through her.

"Oooooh, do you want to put that in mother, baby?" she moaned.

"Yes, Mother!" Johnny grunted.

Darla made a slight adjustment, and the head of his cock pushed at the hot lips of her cunt. She held her breath, lowering her crotch. She gasped as the head of her son's cock penetrated her cunt, and she held still for a moment. She didn't stop out of shame and guilt, but

to savor the way his prick was stretching her cunt. She could feel that swollen cockhead just inside her pussy, and, finally, slowly, she pushed downward.

"Ahhhh, Mother!" Johnny grunted as he felt the wet heat of his mother's cunt closing about his cock.

"Ooooh, God!" Darla cried, her cunt stretching as she lowered herself onto his prick. "Ohhh, Johnny, baby! Ahhhhh, so sweet, baby!"

She pushed her cunt down, the wet, hairy lips smashing onto the base of his cock. It felt deep, very deep. She shuddered, her ass twisting.

"It's in me!" she sobbed. "Ohhh, God, Johnny! Your cock is in mother! It's in mother's cunt!"

Johnny was gulping, beating his fists on the floor, his mother's hot pussy clasping his cock tightly.

"Oh, Johnny, Johnny!" she cried, and began humping her ass up and down, fucking him. "Ohhhh, baby! Ahhhhh, sweetheart! Ooooh, yes!"

Her ass danced, plunging swiftly, her cunt riding his cock. She held her head and shoulders up, her face tilted, neck tight. From the waist down she moved, churning her ass, fucking him. The wet sounds were loud as her hungry pussy rode his hard cock. She shoved her feet down, her legs spread on the outside of his. Her arms trembled, and she had to lower her upper body. Her tits were crushed against her son's face, and she placed her hands at the top of his head. She whipped her naked ass about, humping and thrashing. She stabbed herself in the cunt time and again with his intensely hard cock, feeling every ridge, every groove, every wonderful throb. Her pussy lips felt swollen and her clitoris was straining.

"Ohhhh, Johnny, Johnny! I'm doing it! Mother is fucking you! Ohhhh, God, I have to fuck you, baby! Mother's cunt is on fire, and it needs your cock so much! Ahhh, it feels hard, hot . . ." Her ass bounced and churned, her cunt pulling on his cock. Johnny, his face buried into his mother's firm, smooth tits, gritted his teeth as his balls became hard and aching. He pounded his fists on the floor, not knowing what else to do with them. He tried to lift his hips, push his cock into that searing wetness, but his mother was ramming so hard and fast, he couldn't move.

Darla jammed her cunt down onto his cock, pushing hard, grinding tightly. She was gasping and crying with sweet ecstasy. She strained onto her son's cock tightly, then began to whip her ass up and down again, twisting in a furious up and down motion. The satiny cheeks of her ass clenched and relaxed, and her hot thighs squeezed his legs. Tears came into her eyes, tears of joy. She slapped her hairy cunt up and down on his young cock with a frenzy of mindless passion, gurgling deep inside her throat. She felt her stomach knotting, her clitoris bulging. She scraped her clit along the shaft of her son's cock as she fucked her cunt up and down. She felt a threatening orgasm grow in the pit of her stomach, her cunt burning like a raging fire.

Johnny flung his arms about his mother's waist, hugging her as tight as he could, gasping into her titties. Despite her overwhelming rapture. Darla knew her son was about to come, about to spurt that young come juice into her cunt. With a squeal, she rammed hard into him, grinding as they both strained at each other.

"Mother?" Johnny shouted.

"Ohhhhh, God!" Darla cried.

Johnny choked as his cock gushed.

Darla screamed as she felt his come juice spraying the walls of her cunt. The hairy-lips of her pussy clamped about the base of his cock, and she exploded. The orgasm that burst inside her pussy was powerful, making her shapely ass clench. She lifted her head and screamed again as the contracting spasms took control. She pushed her cunt hard onto his squirting cock, feeling her son hug her waist so tight, she couldn't breathe. The searing orgasm went on and on, and her cunt started aching. She had never come so hard and for so long before, and she c

ouldn't believe it was happening now.

"Ahhhhh, Mother." She heard her son's muffled voice against her tits. "Oh, Mother!"

Darla's cunt slowly calmed down, the steamy orgasm receding, but left her cunt pulsing deliciously. She relaxed, her body limp, still on top of her son. His cock, deflating, was being slowly squeezed from her cunt, and she gave a soft sigh as his prick came free. She felt her son's arms fall away from her waist, but not because Johnny was suddenly shy. They fell away because his muscles refused to work for a while.

Darla lifted her body off his, rolling to the floor at his side, where they both lay gasping, fighting to breathe.

She turned her head toward her son, and found him looking at her, his eyes still big as if he couldn't believe it had happened.

And suddenly, they both started giggling.

"Well, that's that, I guess," Darla said, gathering up her discarded clothing, still gasping but not as hard.

"Now what, Mother?" Johnny asked, his voice showing eagerness.

She leaned over and kissed his lips quickly, then stood with her clothing clutched in front of her, looking down at him.

"I don't know, Johnny," she said softly, and left her son lying naked on the floor.

#### CHAPTER FOUR

But Darla did know.

She stepped into the tub and sank into the fragrant water. She felt very good. Her body still tingled in that delicious sensation she loved so much. Leaning her head back on the rim of the tub, she closed her eyes and let her mind drift.

She didn't feel ashamed of fucking her son. She felt good about it. She was pleased that he had been so willing, so eager. She shivered with pleasure as she thought of his fingers stabbing into her pussy, making her come so nicely.

She had been on her own since Johnny had been born.

She had been thrown from her home at a very early age when her parents had found out about her. But Darla couldn't help herself. She often thought she had been born with a cunt that made these strange demands on her, a cunt that was insatiable and wanted cock, hard cock. She had been fucking for as long as she could remember, making the passes at boys who were too shy to do it, letting the bolder ones do anything they wanted with her body.

She really had no idea who Johnny's father was. She didn't really care, either. Somehow, she had made a life for him and her, and now was doing quite nicely. For some unexplained reason, she had curtailed her sexual activities a few years ago, and it had been rough.

As she relaxed in the hot water, she wondered if she had stopped fucking out of fear. She wasn't afraid of fucking but the wild ideas that were starting to come to her, mostly at night, then during the day, interfering with her work. Where such outrageous ideas came from, Darla didn't know. She had never heard of some of the things that burned in her mind, but the wicked images would make her shudder with rippling pleasure, and her cunt would become very hot and wet.

Somehow, she had educated herself and had gotten a good job. She had not liked leaving Johnny with babysitters and day-care schools, but it was just one of those things. Now he didn't have to stay with babysitters or strangers.

She heard the sound of the hall shower and smiled to herself, picturing her son standing



ng under the spray, sweetly naked, his lovely cock and balls running with water. She hugged herself, smashing her firm tits almost flat with her arms. She grinned, then giggled.

Feeling heat swell about her body, Darla pulled the plug in the tub and stepped out of the shower. Without drying, she wrapped a towel about her naked body and left her room. She stepped into the hall bathroom and saw her son's body behind the sliding shower doors.

"Need someone to wash your back, baby?" she asked as she pushed the door open.

Johnny grinned at her, not in the least shy. He handed her the soap and turned his back to her. Darla's eyes moved up and down his body, gazing for a long time at the firm ass of her son. She soaped his back, her eyes burning on his young ass. She washed him, dragging her hands down to fondle his ass, cupping them, squeezing them, sliding the edge of her hand into the crack, listening to her son's moans of pleasure. She dropped her towel and stepped into the shower with him. Johnny faced her, the water running over his head and down his body.

"Wash me," she whispered, handing him the soap. "You can wash mother's titties."

"Gosh!" Johnny grinned and ran his hands over her tits, feeling them more than washing them. Darla closed her eyes and trembled with pleasure.

"All over, honey," she urged. "Wash mother all over."

Johnny's hands soaped her body, feeling the satiny flesh. He loved the feel of her skin, the softness, the curves. When his mother parted her legs and jutted her hips forward, he didn't need instructions. He squatted in the shower and lathered the hair of her cunt, his eyes burning with delight to see it again. Darla mewled softly as he cupped her pussy and washed it, and her hips jerked when he rubbed her clitoris.

"My back, baby," she whispered, turning around. "Wash my back, too."

But Johnny wasn't interested in his mother's back. He was interested in her ass. The supple cheeks fascinated him as he soaped the smooth curves. Darla pressed her ass back against him, wagging suggestively, listening to his soft gurgles as his hands ran about.

"Mmmmm, that's nice, honey," she purred as she felt his hand between the crack of her ass. "Wash mother good."

Johnny ran the edge of his hand up and down the crack of his mother's ass, feeling the heat. His eyes were huge, his cock swelling and stiffening outward. Darla wiggled excitedly, jutting her pretty ass to his hand.

"Are you getting a hard-on, baby?" she asked in a low voice. "Does touching mother's ass make your cock hard?"

"Feel, Mother," he urged.

Darla showed her right hand behind her body, and closed about his cock. She purred and squeezed. "Oooooo, it sure is hard!"

She pumped it, jacking him as she pulled the rounded prickhead against the cheek of her ass. Johnny arched his hips forward, looking down. He gasped when his mother pulled the swollen head of his cock between the cheeks of her ass. Darla held her breath as she felt the swollen cock brush her asshole.

"How does that feel, honey?"

"Hot, Mother!"

"Mmmm, nice and hot, huh?"

"Yeah!"

She held his cock, the head on her asshole, and slowly pushed back, feeling the pressure. She had one hand on the wall, bracing herself as she shoved her ass back.

"I bet your cock would go in me there," she said, her voice a low, soft whisper.

"Really. Mother? It feels kinda tight."

"Oh, it will!" she cooed. "I can take it there, baby! Do you want to put your cock in mother back there?"

"Gosh!" she heard him gulp. "I don't know ... I guess so."

"Hold still, Johnny!" she moaned.

She had her hand behind her ass, holding the base of his cock, and pushed her ass back. She cooed with the hot pressure on her asshole. She closed her eyes, her lips parted, holding her breath with anticipation. She pushed back a little more.

"Ohhhh, it's going in!" she purred. "I feel your cock sliding in, darling!"

She pushed a little harder, and the head of her son's cock pushed into her asshole. Darla gave a low squeal as she felt her ass open. She paused, giving herself time to become used to feeling his cock inside her asshole. She had anticipated pain, some kind of hurt, but there was none. Her asshole felt stretched, but it felt very good, too. She tightened her asshole on the head of her son's cock, trying to look over her shoulder.

"Do you like it, Johnny?" she moaned. "Is it tight, baby?"

Johnny was looking down. He could see the head of his cock inside his mother's asshole, and it excited him. The shower was still on, streaming over his naked body, and his mother's back.

Darla parted her feet as wide as she could, arching her back to thrust her ass toward her son. She slipped the ring of her asshole onto his cock, stopping again with half of that hardness up her ass.

"Hold my hips, Johnny," she hissed. "Hold mother's hips. You don't have to stand there so stiff. You can touch me and hold me and feel me, you know."

Johnny's hands grabbed his mother's rounded hips. He pushed his cock forward, and Darla cried out with pleasure as she felt his prick slide into her asshole. His cock went deep, and she pushed back at him.

"Don't move, baby!" she moaned. "Be still for a little while."

They stood rigid, Johnny's cock buried inside her heated asshole. Darla squeezed her asshole about the base of his cock, purring softly when she felt his prick throb. She moved a hand underneath her body and felt his tight balls. She cradled them, manipulating his balls as her asshole clutched his cock. Johnny, gritting his teeth as he stared down between the crack of his mother's ass, watching that stretched crinkle, dug his fingers into her hips.

"Mmmmm, this is good, baby!" Darla gasped. "Your cock sure fills my ass! Ooooh, baby, push your cock up mother's asshole! Fuck mother in the asshole, Johnny!"

"Oh, Mother!" he groaned, pulling his cock back, feeling the hot tightness grip his cock. "You're so hot and tight!"

"Fuck me, Johnny!" she yelped hotly. "Oh, God, baby . . . fuck mother in the ass! Stab that sweet, hard cock up mother's asshole! Ram it to me. Johnny! Ooooh, baby, please, please! Fuck me . . . fuck me hard and fast up my ass!"

She wiggled her ass for him, squeezing her asshole around the swollen prick. She felt a delicious burning there, her swollen lips and inflamed clitoris. Her wrist, resting against her hairy cunt as she held his balls, was slippery with fuck juices.

Johnny lunged forward, driving his cock up his mother's ass.

Darla screamed, a scream of perverse ecstasy. She felt her son's cock stab deeply, the prickshaft sliding past the gripping ass-ring. He went in so fast, his stomach smacked her naked ass, sending a jolt of fiery delight through Darla's body. She pushed her ass back, lowering her head and shoulders along the wall. She turned his balls loose, placing both hands against the wet wall, bracing herself as Johnny began to fuck his cock in and out of her ass, fucking her asshole vigorously.

The running shower had washed away all the lather on their bodies, but they were still slippery. Darla churned her ass in excited circles as her son pounded his cock into her burning asshole. She felt stuffed there, a strange, new, exquisite sensation. Taking her son's cock into her asshole made her tremble with erotic rapture.

"Oh, Mother!" Johnny groaned. "Ohhhhh, Mother!"

"Yes, baby, yes!" she hissed. "Fuck me, darling! God, fuck mother up the ass! Ram my hot asshole, darling! Ooooo, pound the shit out of my hot asshole! Fuck me . . . fuck me, fuck my ass!"

Her spreading legs shook as her son buffeted into her straining ass, the asscheeks rippling with the power. She pressed her face against the wall, trying to hold herself upright for him. The searing friction of his cock sliding in and out of her asshole made her gasp and cry out, tossing her ass about with wild passion. It didn't surprise Darla that taking her son's hard cock into her asshole could make her hairy cunt feel so good, too. She had imagined what it would be like for years, and now she was finding out. Her asshole was as greedy as her cunt, she realized. She wanted her son to drive his cock all the way up her asshole, split her asshole, push his prick out her throat. She shoved back at him strongly, whimpering as her asshole squeezed.

"Oh, God! Ohhh, God!" she sobbed with rapture. "Ohhhh, my God, baby! Ahhhhhhhh, it's . . . it's wonderful! Ram that cock to me . . . fuck mother up that tight ass! Ram my asshole. "Ooooo, my cunt is on fire, Johnny! You're about to make my cunt come! Fuck me, fuck my ass . . . mother's hot asshole! Come in my fucking hot asshole! Squirt that sweet, hot juice up mother's asshole!"

Johnny pounded frantically, fucking his cock back and forth, watching the cheeks of her ass ripple with each forward lunge. His cock was about to burst inside the scalding tightness of his mother's ass. His fingers dug brutally into her hips, jerking her ass back as he rammed forward.

"I'm gonna come in your ass, Mother! I'm gonna shoot it up your hot asshole!"

"Ooooo, that's it, darling! Talk to me . . . talk dirty to me and fuck my ass!"

"Yeah! Yeah!" he grunted. "I'm gonna come in your fucking ass, Mother! I'm gonna fuck your ass and shoot it to you!"

Darla gurgled as she thrust back at him, precariously braced against the wall. Hearing her son enhanced the searing ecstasy she felt. Her cunt was throbbing, and the inner surfaces of her cream, slender thighs were wet with the juices of her cunt. She felt her son slip his hands lower, his fingers pulling at the soft hairs of her pussy. Her asshole closed tightly, loosened, and closed again.

"I'm going to come!" she screamed suddenly.

Her cunt tightened, then the spasms struck. The lips of her hairy pussy contracted, her clitoris throbbing and knotting. She screamed against the wall, her asshole squeezing her son's cock tightly. Johnny grunted and fucked deep and fast, his balls very tight now. The velvety walls of his mother's asshole seemed to suck at his cock.

"Mother!" he groaned.

"Now!" she screamed.

Johnny's cock squirted.

Again Darla screamed as she felt his come juice burn along the walls of her asshole.

"Ohhhh, God! Oooooohhhh, my God!" she sobbed.

Johnny gripped his mother's hips as he fucked his spewing cock as deep as he could into her asshole. His balls writhed tightly, and he felt as if his mother's asshole were trying to pull them through his cock and up into her asshole, along with his hot come juice.

Darla had the impression, her asshole was sucking his cock off, the sensation that his spurting come juice was like a gallon of hot liquid filling her asshole. It was fantastic. She shuddered as her cunt calmed, and she squeezed her asshole about her son's cock, feeling a final squirt of come juice burn along the delicate walls of her ass.

"Ooooh, that was something, wasn't it, baby?" she cooed as his cock pulled from her ass. She turned toward him, her legs trembling weakly, a huge grin on her pretty face. "Did you like that, Johnny?"

"Gosh, I sure did, Mother!" he panted, leaning back, the shower spraying over his head.

Darla cupped his cock and balls, fondling them. "Did you like it enough to do it again? To fuck mother in the ass again?"

"Oh, yes, Mother!"

She giggled and squeezed his cock and balls.

"You know, I started to do something for you before," she said in a low voice. "I got kind of carried away, though, and had to feel your cock in me."

"What was you gonna do?" he asked.

"I think this is a good time to finish it," she purred, rubbing his cock and balls. "Do you have another load in your hot balls, baby?"

Johnny grinned at her. "I always have a load, Mother."

"Mmmmm, then I'll just have to see about that," she murmured, sinking to her knees before him.

Johnny leaned against the wall, the shower spraying down over his mother's head. Darla leaned her face toward him, kissing his cock, sliding her lips to his balls in her hand. She ran her tongue about them, then up to his cock again.

"You're gonna put it in your mouth again, Mother?"

Darla looked up at him, her eyes burning, her hair plastered to her skull.

"I'm going to suck it again, yes," she whispered. "This time, though, shoot it in my mouth, okay?"

"You want me to come in your mouth, Mother?" Johnny asked, his eyes big.

"Oh, yes!" she mewled. "That's the only way to suck cock . . . take it in the mouth." She nuzzled at his prick and balls. "You're sure you have a nice load for me?"

"I'm sure," he said, his voice shaking with anticipation.

"I hope so," Darla replied. "I love a good, hot load."

She closed her lips about his cock, taking his prick fully into her mouth. His cock was still soft, and she ran her tongue about, sucking, feeling his cock starting to harden slowly. She ran her arms about his wet hips and held his naked ass in her palms, her mouth working on his cock. She made soft, throaty sounds as she sucked.

As he hardened, she pushed and pulled her mouth, sucking strongly. Her eyes became glazed with ecstasy. The taste of her son's cock just after he had fucked her asshole didn't bother her at all. On the contrary, the taste made this more erotic for her. She found the taste to her liking, and she sucked back and forth with her tongue licking. She wondered if she could have a better taste of her own asshole if the shower had not been going, and her cunt seemed to swell with the thought.

Johnny rested his shoulders against the shower, his hips pushing forward, his hands on his mother's drenched head, watching her mouth move on his cock, feeling the wet heat as her tongue slipped along his prickshaft. His eyes were unfocused, and Darla's eyes flashed up at him. She cupped the cheeks of his ass in her palms and pulled his cock into her mouth, as deep as she could. The prickhead brushed at her throat, and she worked as she swallowed the seeping juices from his piss hole. Digging her fingers into the hot crack of her son's ass, she watched his expression carefully. When his face contorted, she pressed a fingertip upon the pucker of his asshole.

"God, your cock tastes wonderful!" she hissed as she pulled her lips off for a moment. "Your cock tastes so hard and hot, and I'm going to suck it off, make you come down my throat!"

She swallowed his cock again, and this time she worked the tip of her finger into his tight asshole.

"Oh, Mother!" Johnny said.

"Mmmmmmm!" Darla sobbed, and began to suck vigorously on her son's prick, stabbing the first knuckle of her finger in and out of his burning asshole. She pushed her finger inward as her lips went down on his cock, pulling back as she sucked to the smoothly swollen prickhead.

She closed her lips about the base of his cock and sucked hard, drawing fuck juice out of his piss hole, coating her tongue with it. Her eyes glazed with ecstasy, and she moaned, unable to keep sucking his cock slowly.

Darting her mouth back and forth, fucking his cock with her mouth, she finger-fucked her son's tight asshole. Johnny twisted and clung to her soaked head, trying to watch her lips, but his eyes wouldn't focus. His balls were tight again, very hot as they pulled upward. Darla felt them swell against her chin, and she sucked as hard as she could. Her finger went deeper into his asshole, and Johnny grunted. His cock was throbbing powerfully, searing her tight lips. He was about to come, and Darla became frantic for that heavy, creamy load. She gobbled and moaned, twisting her lips about his cock as she sucked as hard as she could.

"Mother!" Johnny yelped. "Ohhhhh, Mother!"

His cock jerked, and her mouth quickly filled with the sweet, creamy juice of his young balls. She sobbed wetly, sucking hard, swallowing the scalding spurts. The way his slime burned into her throat sent shivers up and down her satiny flesh. Her eyes closed as she gulped his come juice down, taking it into her stomach.

Johnny's knees started to buckle.

Darla pulled her finger out of his clenching asshole and squeezed his ass, drawing her lips off his cock, her tongue licking at his piss hole to make sure she had all that delicious fuck juice. With a soft squeal, she hugged his crotch to her face, holding him tightly as the shower water rained down over her head.

"Ohhh, baby!" she whimpered. "That was wonderful! It was a very wonderful load! Ohhh, I could suck your cock all day long! You taste so sweet and hot and . . . God, you come so fucking much!" Johnny panted, slumped against the wall, running his hands through his mother's soaked hair, grinning wildly.

## CHAPTER FIVE

Night was falling.

It was difficult for Darla to believe all this had happened in one day. But it had, and her son seemed ready for more. Despite her varied experience, she had never met a man with the ability her son had to become hard, his balls ready, so quickly. Maybe it was his youth, she decided. Whatever it was, he was giving her more satisfaction than any man she had ever, fucked.

They lay in her bed. Her arms were about him.

"You know, Johnny," she said softly. "You should have run into me a long time ago, knocked me on my ass so you could see me."

"Why, Mother?"

"We've wasted so much time, that's why."

She felt him pressing nakedly against her body, his cock and balls at her hip, feeling warm and comfortable. "That's what did it, you know. Seeing me on my ass with my dress up."

Johnny giggled. "It sure gave me a hard-on, didn't it?"

"Mmmm, a very nice hard-on."

She squirmed her hips tighter against his cock and balls, purring softly when her son returned the pressure. He had one hand holding her tit, his lips curled about the other nipple. He had been sucking her tit gently, but now simply held it in his mouth. She was waiting for his cock to turn hard again, but it was taking a longer time now. Her cunt bubbled with need.

As her mind went over everything that had happened that day, she realized she had left the laundry in the washing machine. She had never done that before, but she smiled into the darkness, thinking she had an excuse at least.

"Oh, baby," she whispered when she heard her son snoring softly.

She turned toward him, cradling his head in her arms and holding his mouth on her tit. She stroked his hair, his shoulders, disappointed that he had fallen to sleep. But she knew she had worn him out. She smiled into the darkness as she held him, feeling sleepy herself. Careful not to wake him up, she slipped her hand between their naked bodies and cupped his cock and balls, and that was the way she went to sleep.

When she woke up, she found herself turned around on the bed, her face close to his cock and balls. Johnny was still sleeping, and she wondered how this had happened.

One of her son's legs was draped over her tits, her head resting on the other. She found her eyes opening to the sight of his ass, his balls and cock, only a few inches from them.

She stared at him, never seeing a man from this angle before. She studied the way his balls, loose, rested there, his cock soft. She studied the cheeks of his young ass, the crack. Turning her face a bit, she kissed the thigh she had been resting on. She slipped her face up his thigh, and kissed the cheek of his ass. With the tip of her tongue, she tasted his flesh, licking slowly and lightly about his ass, then at his balls. She felt her son stir, but he didn't move his leg from her body. It seemed he squirmed his ass closer to her face, and Darla smiled to herself. She pushed her lips to his balls, kissing them, then drew her mouth upward, her lips sliding along the crack of her son's ass. She very carefully parted his ass cheeks with gentle fingers, and peered at the tight pucker of his asshole for a long time. It appealed to her, and she felt herself becoming excited. She was sure Johnny wouldn't say anything if he woke up, but she was very careful anyway.

Holding his asscheek wide, she lightly pressed her lips to his asshole, kissing tenderly. She felt his asshole pucker up, sink inward. The touch of her lips on his asshole sent a shiver through her, and she pressed her lips a little tighter, kissing the crinkled asshole. Taking a deep breath, Darla dipped her tongue out, licking with feathery lightness at her sleeping son's asshole, tasting.

"Mmmm," she purred softly, lapping her tongue lightly from his balls to his asshole. She felt her body quiver with delight as her tongue moved up and down his crotch. She flicked l

ightly, barely touching his young balls and asshole. She ran her tongue along the insides of his ass cheeks, tasting his hot flesh. His cock swelled and pushed against her tits, and she choked back a giggle of delight.

Pressing her lips lightly against his asshole, Darla kissed. She held her lips there for a long time, her eyes closed, enjoying the sensation of having her face in her son's ass. His balls touched her chin as his cock throbbed on her tit. Her cunt bubbled wetly, and she turned loose of his asscheek, letting it close over her face. Pushing her hand down to her pussy, she caressed gently, her hips writhing. Her tongue came out of her mouth and licked in a swirling wetness on his asshole. She felt her son stir, a soft moan coming from him.

Johnny was waking up, feeling his mother's face in his ass. Keeping his eyes closed, he pushed his ass lightly at her. Darla, knowing he was waking up, pressed her tongue against his asshole a little harder.

She pressed her open about his hot asshole and began to flick her tongue firmly. She licked at the hot pucker until her son was wide awake, pushing his ass hard into her mouth. His cock dripped wetly over her tit, making her nipple slippery. Bringing her hand up from her cunt, she closed her fist about his prick and pushed the wet cockhead onto her nipple.

"Mmmm, Mother!"

"Ahhh, baby," she purred into his ass, and began sucking and licking eagerly.

Johnny pushed and twisted his ass against her mouth, his balls burning on her chin. Darla stroked his cock, smearing those delicious fuck juices about her tits. She pushed her cunt back and forth. She felt her son's hot on her inner thigh, kissing her flesh. Darla opened her legs wide, her cunt ready for him. As her son's tongue flicked through the soft hair of her cunt, Darla whimpered and stabbed her tongue past the puckered ring of his asshole, making Johnny gasp into her pussy.

Johnny opened his mouth and buried it into her wet, hairy cunt, sucking, his tongue fluttering about the swollen, slippery lips. Darla sobbed, her lips pushing at his asshole with her tongue deep inside. She thrust her tongue back and forth, plunging in and out of her son's asshole, feeling the ring grip and squeeze. She shifted more onto her side and grabbed the cheeks of his ass, burying her face into the crack with feverish pleasure. Fucking her tongue in swiftly, she clawed at his asscheeks, opening them, pressing them about her mouth. Johnny was sucking with greedy sounds at her cunt, his tongue dipping past the satiny pussy, swishing about her inflamed clitoris. Darla rammed her cunt hard into her son's face, squealing against his asshole when he clutched the cheeks of her twisting ass, pulling her cunt as tightly as he could into his face.

She tongue-fucked his asshole hotly, squirming her drenched cunt at his open mouth. His cock throbbed at her tits with hardness. Darla moaned with perverse ecstasy and pressed tightly against his body. She drew one slim thigh across his shoulder and arms, arching her cunt at him. She squealed into his asshole when she felt her son's tongue slide across the slit of her pussy and about her steaming asshole. She shot a hand to the back of her son's head, pushing his face.

"Lick it!" she sobbed, her breath searing the split of his ass. "Lick mother there, too! Lick mother's asshole, too!"

Johnny wasn't bashful. Not anymore. He shot his tongue out and swirled it wetly against his mother's tight asshole, licking and sucking the way she was doing to him. Darla groaned with her sucking his asshole, while grinding her own ass at his mouth and tongue. Her cunt was juicy, very juicy, smearing his chin and neck. She rammed her tongue up his tight ass deeply, then jerked her tongue out, shoving her face to his balls. With a sob of ecstasy, Darla sucked at her son's hairless balls, tasting the heat of them. She swirled her tongue around and around, and, with another delighted squeal, let his balls loose and grabbed the head of his cock with her mouth. A soft moan of rapture boiled out of her throat as she slipped her down the hardness of his throbbing cock, the head brushing at her throat.

This was too much for Johnny. With a grunt, he rolled on top of his mother. As Darla was pushed onto her back, he clutched the rounded, firm cheeks of her ass with both hands, and sucked wildly at her hairy pussy, his tongue like wet fire. Darla wrapped her arms about her s

on's naked ass, pulling his cock into her mouth. She gazed with blazing eyes at his asshole, watching it crinkle and pucker as her sucked his cock. She lifted her knees and drew them back along her son's sides, her naked ass coming off the bed. Johnny pulled at her asscheeks, his lips sucking her cunt. Opening her ass, he raced his tongue to his mother's asshole, plunging past the ass-ring.

Darla cried out, the sound muffled by his cock, arching her hips up with all the strength she could muster. Feeling her son twisting his hips, she relaxed her hugging arms, and Johnny placed his knees on each side of her head, and began to fuck her mouth. He drove his cock up and down, penetrating her hot, wet lips, his balls bouncing on her chin. Darla sucked as he lifted, loosening her mouth when he came downward. Her eyes kept staring at his asshole. Her tingled with the friction of her son's hard cock sliding up and down, her tongue lapping.

She strained her pussy at his hot mouth, her clitoris knotted. The heat increased between her slender thighs, and juices bubbled out of her hairy pussy and into her son's mouth.

Her mind spun with erotic rapture as her cunt throbbed against her son's face. She was getting ready to come, and that wonderful sensation was taking control. She rammed her cunt up and down, beating into her son's face. The more she slammed her pussy at his face, the faster her fucked her mouth. She felt his cock increase in thickness, and she sucked with powerful greed anxious to have his come juice spurting into her throat. Johnny had closed his lips about his mother's clitoris, sucking, his tongue flicking in wild motion. Darla cupped her son's ass, groaning softly as his balls beat on her nose. His cock burned her lips, and he was getting ready to come, too.

With a grunt, Darla came. Her cunt exploded against her son's mouth, the contractions burning through her. She groaned again writhing her cunt as hard as she could at his sucking mouth. Johnny rammed his cock down almost choking his mother, but Darla grabbed the cheeks of his ass tightly as his cock touched her throat, holding him there. His balls pressed at her nose, and his asshole crinkled just above her eyes. She felt his cock throb, then tasted the creamy juices as he spurted. Her throat burned with the spewing come juice, and she gobbled hungrily. Her eyes were glazed, but she could see his asshole squeezing as he came. She held his prick deep inside her mouth, taking his juices directly into her throat. She loved the way his cock jerked and throbbed when he came, her tight at the base, those few hairs tickling them.

Darla clung to her son until his cock began to soften in her mouth, her ass lowering to the bed. She lay beneath him, her legs wide open, her pussy pulsing gently now. Johnny rested his cheek on the soft mat of her cunt hair, his breaths burning her hip as he panted. She kept his cock inside her mouth by wrapping her arms about his ass again.

Johnny lifted his cock out of her mouth, and rolled onto his side, his face glistening with wetness, his eyes shining. "That's a good way to wake up, Mother."

"You don't even have to wash your face." She grinned at him. "I washed it with my cunt."

"I'm hungry," he said.

"You just ate, darling."

"Pussy don't fill me up, Mother," he said, poking at her ribs and jumping from the bed before she could grab him. "Cunt is nice to suck, but I need something else to eat."

Darla pushed off the bed and nakedly went to the kitchen. Johnny went into the bathroom, and she heard him pissing. The sound of his piss hitting the water strangely excited her. She put on coffee, and set out his breakfast cereal, with milk. She placed bread in the toaster, and leaned at the sink as she waited.

"You forgot to wash your face," she said when her son came in. "You've still got cunt juice all over it."

"I'm gonna keep it there, too," Johnny laughed as he sat down at the table. "It might make my cereal taste better."

"You're a nut, you know that?" she gurgled happily, stepping to his side.



"You're a cunt," he said.

"What?" Darla gasped. "Why do you say that?"

"Because you are a cunt, Mother," he replied. "See, you're a hot, hairy cunt." He pointed at her pussy.

"Well, part of me is a cunt, I guess."

"Best part, I'd say," he laughed, spooning cereal into his mouth.

Darla poured coffee into a cup, leaning on the sink as she sipped it, looking at her son with a quizzical expression. Johnny was certainly different than the little boy of yesterday, she thought. She liked this change in him, this unabashed interest in her body.

"Give a kid a piece of ass and right away a girl is a cunt," she said. Johnny kept eating.

It was crazy, she thought. A girl could be called a cunt in a nasty way, but if you called a guy a cock, he didn't mind. But call him a prick, and he was ready to fight. And guys used the term pussy to indicate some coward, some asshole. It didn't make much sense to her.

She finished her coffee, and felt the need to piss. She remained there at the sink, though. She glanced at her son's lap, and saw his cock starting to stand up. She grinned, feeling wonderful. That cock of his never stopped working, she thought with a tremor of desire.

"What are you going to do with that thing?" she asked softly, indicating his cock.

"Fuck you," he said, pushing his bowl away.

"Oh? Just like that? Fuck me?" she asked, lifting her eyebrows.

"Why not, Mother?"

"Why not? Well . . . " She grinned wickedly, parting her feet on the floor. "I can't think of any reason why not."

Johnny gazed at his mother's bushy cunt, the pussy lips showing wetly through the soft strands of hair. He licked his slowly.

"Still hungry?" she whispered suggestively, her fingers pulling her cunt open, her clitoris pushing outward. "I have dessert for you, baby."

Johnny stood, his cock stretching outward with hardness.

"Ohhhh, I want that!" she squealed, her eyes hot. "Give it to mother, Johnny. Oh, yes, give mother that beautiful cock!"

Johnny stepped toward her, and Darla grasped his prick, squeezing as she pulled the smooth prickhead to her clitoris, crushing her clit flat against his piss hole. Johnny clung to his mother's hips as she leaned against the sink, looking down at their connection.

Darla lifted her right leg, bending her knee, holding it open. She pushed the head of his cock downward slightly, and made a hissing sound as his prick entered her cunt. Placing her hands on his shoulders, she purred.

"Ooooh, fuck me, Johnny!"

Johnny pushed his cock into his mother's cunt, his penetration made easy because he was shorter than her. Darla arched her cunt forward, balanced on one foot, gripping his shoulders, her eyes slitted with moist desire.

"Hump me!" she cried. "Fuck my cunt!"

Johnny, holding her hips, fucked his cock in and out of his mother's cunt, making her gasp and gurgle in pleasure. Darla wiggled her ass, pushing forward to meet his cock with her cunt.

The prickshaft scraped at her distended clitoris, making her tremble hotly. Her finger nails dug into his shoulders as his cock fucked in and out. The way her pussy stretched felt wonderful to her.

"Suck my tits!" Darla squealed. "Oh, baby, suck mother's tits and fuck that cunt! Oh, yes, suck my hot titties . . . fuck me and suck my titties, baby!"

Johnny sucked a rigid nipple into his hot mouth, trying to swallow it into his throat. Darla moaned softly, wiggling her ass, hoping she wouldn't fall to the floor before they came. Johnny moved his hands past her hips, clutching her tightening asscheeks, jerking her cunt onto his cock. Darla groaned deep in her throat, wrapping one arm about his head, smashing her tit into his mouth.

"Ooooooh, baby, baby!" she whimpered. "Stab me . . . stab my cunt! Ahhh, Johnny, fuck me good and hard, baby! Ram that hard cock deep in mother's cunt! Fuck my pussy, honey! Fuck mother's hot, wet cunt! Oooh, I can feel your cock so hard and hot up my cunt!"

Her pussy gripped her son's prick tightly. There was a squeezing action, a squeezing that made Johnny moan with rapture. He cried out as his mouth left her tit.

"Ohhhh, Mother! Ohhh, your cunt is . . .

ahhh, your cunt is so fucking tight!"

"Fuck my tight cunt!"

Darla humped her ass back and forth with him, wrapping her uplifted leg about his waist.

"Fuck me quick, Johnny! Ohhh, shit, I don't want to fall on my fucking ass before you come in me! Fuck me fast, baby!" She was clinging to his shoulders again as his cock darted back and forth, fucking into her pussy with wet sounds. Johnny was leaning back, watching her hairy cunt jerk back and forth. He was gritting his teeth as his balls swelled tightly.

Darla's cunt raged with wet greed. The hairy closed about her son's cock, then expanded, only to close again. Her clitoris felt as if the heat of his hard prick was blistering her. She shook her naked ass while she trembled. If she had not been pushed against the sink, there was no way she would have been able to maintain her balance.

She rammed her mouth down onto her son's, her sucking as she darted her tongue past his teeth. Johnny, his hips slamming back and forth, sucked at his mother's tongue, gasping against her mouth. As she pulled her tongue into her own mouth, his followed. With a wild cry With a sob, she jerked her mouth off his tongue.

"Oooooh, I'm about to come, Johnny!" Johnny moaned.

"Oooooh, my cunt, baby! Make mother come! Ooohhh, push that sweet, hard cock up mother's cunt! I'm going to come! Ohhh, God, I'm going to come!"

Darla's pussy convulsed about her son's buried cock. Johnny could hardly manage to pull it back, and then he fucked forward as hard as she could. Darla screamed as her throbbing clit was smashed at the base of his prick. The spasms tightened unbearably as her orgasm turned almost painful, but a very delicious kind of pain.

"Do it!" she screamed. "Do it! Come in me! Fill mother's cunt with your hot come juice! Come in my fucking pussy, baby!"

With a grunt, Johnny came, his cock spurting hotly into his mother's gripping cunt. Darla strained her hairy pussy on his prick, feeling the scalding wetness spray deeply with each throb of his prick. Her leg was shaking violently, and her other leg slid down his body until her foot touched the floor. His cock slipped out of her cunt, and a hot spurt of come juice s

plattered the thick curls of her soft pussy hair.

"Oooohhh!" Darla sobbed, and ran her hand through it, smearing his come juice into her cunt hair as her son dropped into the chair, his bare chest heaving up and down.

"I didn't mean to come on you that way, Mother."

Darla grinned wickedly, lifting her fingers and looking at the wet come juice.

"I don't mind," she said, and licked her fingers. "As long as I can make you come, I don't care where it is."

## CHAPTER SIX

They strolled through the shopping center, hand in hand.

Darla was fresh from her bath, and her son had showered. She smelled good, and it amused her that Johnny leaned close and sniffed every so often.

She wore a lovely cotton skirt and blouse, heels on her feet. Her hair shined and bounced, and her eyes sparkled. She loved walking along and looking at the window displays with her son. What was he doing?

Johnny's hand in hers. She had tried to get him into pants and shirt, but he had refused. Jeans and t-shirt were the uniform, and that was what he insisted on wearing. She wanted to throw his dirty old sneakers away and make him wear boots, but Johnny would have none of that, either.

They stopped for something cold to drink and it was then Darla realized she had to piss. That was usually the first thing she did in the mornings, take a piss. But this morning she had found her face in her son's ass, and pissing had to wait. Now, she had waited too long, and she was almost in pain.

"There must be a restroom around here," she said, looking up and down the air-conditioned mall.

"You gotta piss, Mother?"

"Very badly," she said, tightening her thighs.

Johnny was looking at her with bright eyes, a small smile on his young face.

"It's not funny," she said. "I really have to go."

"I know it's not funny, Mother," he said. "I was thinking about something else, not how you feel."

"Hey, guy." She flashed a smile. "No secrets, remember?"

"Right, no secrets."

"Well?" she asked. "What's making you smile that way?"

"Just thinking, Mother." He grinned. "Come on, tell me."

Johnny stood up. "I'll help you find a place."

Taking her son's hand, they walked down the mall. Darla peered into every doorway, searching almost frantically for a restroom now. She was trying to squeeze her cunt, afraid she would embarrass herself by pissing down her thighs.

Reaching an exit, Johnny led her from the mall. Darla paid no attention as her son pulled her down a narrow alley. She squeezed his hand, almost in tears with need. She glanced about frantically, and pushed her hand at her pussy.

"I have to go!" she gasped.

A dribble of piss came from her pussy, a quick one, but enough to soak her panties. "Ohhh, damn, damn! I'm gonna piss in my fucking panties if we don't-" "Here, Mother," Johnny said, pushing her between two commercial trash containers.

"I can't piss here!" she said, looking around fearfully. "Someone might come out one of those doors and see me."

"You gotta go, you gotta go."

Darla had no choice.

She hurriedly jerked her cotton skirt to her waist and squatted, her knees open. She started to pull the crotch of her panties away from her pussy, but began to piss before she could.

"Oh, this is embarrassing," she whispered. "I'm pissing in my panties and I can't stop it."

"I can see," Johnny said, his eyes staring.

He watched the golden piss spewing from the crotch of her panties, making her inner thighs wet. Frantic, she clawed her panties to one side, her hairy cunt now exposed. A strong stream of golden piss hissed onto the ground. Johnny's cock hardened inside his pants. He let his cock out.

"Oh, don't do that here, baby!" she gasped, seeing his cock before her face. "It's bad enough someone might see me."

"Suck it, Mother!" he urged, pushing his cock against her lips.

"Not here!"

"Suck my cock!" he demanded, grabbing the back of her head with one hand, the other holding his cock at the base. He rubbed the wet, swollen prickhead against her. "Come on, Mother, suck me off right here!"

With a groan, Darla opened her mouth and let her son fuck his cock into her mouth. The hissing sound of piss stopped as she began to suck at his cock. She closed her eyes as she squatted there, her mouth full of her son's cock. It made her feel deliriously lewd, and she lifted her hands to his hips, sucking hard as he fucked his cock back and forth.

"Nice, Mother!" Johnny moaned. "Very nice. Suck hard, Mother! Ooooooh, your mouth feels so good on my cock!"

Darla forgot about their exposed position and dug her hands into her son's hips, sucking greedily at his throbbing prick. She darted her face back and forth, her mouth tight as they glided along the throbbing, deliriously hard cockshaft. She swirled her tongue about his piss hole, licking up the seeping sweetness. She mewled softly and writhed her ass, feeling her clitoris bulge as her pussy clamped. She dug at his hips, jerking him forward as she rammed her mouth onto his prick, sucking with wild hunger now. She made wet sounds. Her pussy was twitching hotly. The crotch of her panties slipped back over her hairy pussy and was drawn into the slit.

"Mmmmm," she mewled, lovingly sliding her lips along his cock. The taste seemed to be enhanced because of where they were.

Somewhere down the alley, a door slammed shut, but Darla didn't care now. She sucked fiercely on her son's prick, devouring it with gleeful pleasure. She twisted her mouth around. Her hair danced on her shoulders. Her eyes opened and closed. She moved her hands off his hips and cupped the cheeks of his ass. The roughness of his open pants scraped her sensitive lips, but she felt only ecstasy. Being outside in such an exposed position, the sun hot on her head, made Darla feel more erotic than she thought possible. Her son's cock tasted better, harder.

, hotter, longer.

"Ohhh, suck me, Mother!" Johnny groaned. "Suck me off! Suck my cock with your hot, wet cocksucking mouth! Oooo, it feels so fucking good, Mother! I'm gonna come down your fucking throat, Mother! I'm gonna come so much . . . right down your cocksucking throat!"

Darla sobbed with rapture, listening to his lewd words sliding her in a frenzy on his prick. She wanted him to come a lot, to squirt very much in her mouth. She wanted the hot taste of his come juice boiling across her tongue and down her throat.

"Mmmmm! Ohhhmmmm!" she mouthed about his cock.

"Get ready, Mother!" Johnny groaned, squirming excitedly as he held her head and fucked her sucking mouth! "I'm about to fill your fucking mouth with come juice, Mother!"

"Ahmmmm!" she urged, gobbling frantically.

"Now! Ohhh, now, Mother!"

The creamy fuck juice spewed into her mouth, squirting so powerfully that slime dripped from the corners of her lips. Darla gulped wetly, swallowing as fast as she could, her cunt burning, swelling, her clitoris knotting. She groaned with wet sounds as her throat worked, and still come juice dripped out of her mouth and onto her chin.

"Ohhh, it's good!" Johnny cried.

Darla clung to his cock, her tongue whipping about his piss hole as the flow of come juice stopped. She rammed her mouth back and forth, wanting more, her cunt on fire but not coming.

But Johnny pulled away, his cock drooping.

"Oh, I didn't come!" Darla complained, shoving a hand to her cunt and rubbing in a frenzy. "I didn't come, darling!"

Johnny stepped back a foot or so, watching his mother rub at her pantied cunt furiously. Since they were soaked with piss, her hand made liquid sounds. He grinned.

"You look good, Mother," he said.

"I want to come!" Darla almost screamed, her eyes wild. "I have to come, Johnny! Ohhh, God, my cunt is burning!"

Johnny lifted his soft cock, and, before Darla knew what he was up to, he sent a long stream of piss over her hand. She gasped as the hot piss splashed against the back of her hand crushed against her cunt. She traced the path of his piss, from the head of his cock to her hand, watching the golden stream with hot eyes. With a cry, she pulled her hand away, and felt her son piss right onto her covered cunt. She lifted her head, eyes closed and her expression showing ecstasy. Darla, too, began pissing, right through her thin panties. The feel of her son's piss on her cunt and pissing with him was doing it-making her pussy bubble. "Oohhh, baby!" she moaned. "It's going to happen now!"

She stretched her knees as far apart as she could, lifting her cunt at a higher angle. Her eyes opened, then closed. Her stream of piss stopped suddenly as her cunt contracted with orgasm.

"Ohhh, my God! I'm coming so fucking hard, Johnny!" she gasped. "God, is my cunt coming! Oh, baby, piss on it! Piss on my cunt and make me come hard!"

The stream of her son's piss started to weaken. Darla moaned, her pussy clenching with orgasm. Before she knew what she was doing, she had shoved her face toward her son's cock again. She pushed her at the head of his cock, feeling the hot piss spray over them. She whimpered with unbelievable pleasure. Johnny was not pissing so hard that his pee wet her dress, and she held her lips there until he stopped pissing. Then Darla darted her tongue at his cock, licking up the drops of hot piss.

"Oh, my God!" she gasped, pulling her head back and looking around frantically again as her son laughed. "This is insane, baby! We must be crazy!"

"Why, because I pissed on your cunt, Mother? It made you come, didn't it?"

"Not that. I mean here . . . out here in the open!"

"Fuck it," he said, stuffing his cock into his pants and pulling up his zipper.

"That's easy for you to say," she said, standing up, "but I'm the one with wet panties. Damn, I can feel piss on my thighs."

"We can get to the car without anyone seeing us," Johnny said, motioning toward the parking lot.

Darla had been so frantic to piss, she had not really noticed how close they had been to the area. Taking her son's hand, she began to walk swiftly, her eyes darting around fearfully. "I hope no one sees me," she said. "I can feel piss running into my shoes now."

Johnny looked, and giggled.

"I think it's nice, Mother."

"You would," she replied. "I'm the one with piss all over, not you." She jumped into the car quickly, waiting impatiently for her son to climb in. She turned to him. "That wasn't nice, you know."

"What wasn't nice?"

"Taking advantage of me back there. You knew how hot I was, how I get when my cunt starts boiling."

"Well, I had to piss, too, Mother," he said innocently.

"Sure, on my cunt!"

He giggled. "You liked it."

Darla gripped the steering wheel. Then she started to giggle, too. "You better believe I liked it!" She writhed her piss-wet ass on the seat. "I like it now, sitting in these wet panties. But you just wait! I'm going to get you for that, smartass!"

"Promises, promises," Johnny laughed as she drove home.

In the house, Darla peeled her dress off. Her bikini panties were soaked, and they felt good on her body. She kicked her heels off and twisted her hips lewdly as her son watched. She peeled the waist of her panties down just far enough to expose the soft hair of her pussy, the cheeks of her ass showing. She prepared them a light, late lunch, dressed that way, watching her son.

When his cock got hard, she grinned. "Now that you're hard, what do you think you're going to do with it?"

"What I always do with a hard-on-fuck you, Mother."

"Want to bet?" she said, her eyes burning.

Johnny didn't understand her. "But Mother ... I thought you liked my cock!"

"I told you I was going to get you for pissing on me, didn't I?"

"Aw, Mother," he said. "That was just fucking around, playing, you know."

Darla stripped her piss-wet panties from her hips, and started advancing toward her so

n, holding them. Johnny's eyes widened, and he backed away.

"Aw, don't do that, Mother!" he said. "Come on, Mother. It was just in fun!"

"So is this!" she said, grabbing his arm and pulling him toward her. She shoved her pissy panties into his face, smearing them about.

Johnny sputtered, but Darla, laughing, stuffed the crotch of her panties into his mouth, holding them there. Johnny's eyes bulged as he tasted piss, and he stopped struggling. She was too strong for him, anyway.

Johnny sucked, tasting piss. Darla watched, her eyes glowing with a bright light. When she moved her hand, her panties stayed inside his mouth, dangling downward.

While her son held her wet panties in his mouth, she opened his jeans and shoved them down. His cock was lifting up with hardness. She closed her fist around his prick, squeezing.

She stroked his cock while on her knees, looking up as her son sucked at her panties.

"Suck the piss out of my panties, Johnny," she purred hotly, "and I'll jack you off. I might let you fuck me if you suck all the piss out of them."

Johnny sucked greedily, his eyes hot as he looked down at her.

"You like it?" she asked softly.

Johnny nodded his head.

"Then why don't you lie down on the floor for me," she whispered.

Johnny sank to the floor, her panties still in his mouth. He lay back, dressed in his t-shirt, his pants at his ankles, his sneakers still on. Darla knelt at his side, pumping on his cock for a while. Then she straddled him, sliding her knees up to his hips. Turning his cock loose, she pulled the hairy of her cunt open.

And she pissed over her son's cock.

"Mother!" Johnny gasped, jerking the panties out of his mouth and looking down.

"I told you I'd get you!" she laughed, pissing a strong stream onto his cock and balls. "How do you like it? I'm going to piss on your fucking cock and balls, Johnny!"

"Ahhh, Mother!"

Darla twisted her naked ass and sent a stream of piss over his tight balls. She leaned over and picked up her panties, twisting them inside out and then pressing the crotch to her son's mouth.

"Suck them, baby," she hissed hotly. "Suck on mother's pretty panties. I'm pissing all over your hard cock!"

"Ohhh, Mother!" Johnny yelped. His prick gushed, sending hot spurts of come juice from the piss hole. Darla cried with pleasure as the come juice splashed upon her cunt, and she kept pissing over his cock as her son spurted . . .

## CHAPTER SEVEN

Sitting on the couch with Johnny in her arms, Darla paid no attention to the television. It was an old movie, one she had seen before, but one her son was interested in.

She thought of straddling him and pissing over his cock and balls, causing him to come very hard. It didn't surprise her that he had come. He had squirted so very much, drenching her cunt and the inner surfaces of her thighs with that hot juice. Johnny had not been embarrassed about it. He had laughed with her as they later showered, washing and playing with each other.

ther.

She had accepted her own excitement when pissing while squatting between the two trash containers, and she accepted with pleasure the hot feel when he had pissed over the crotch of her panties and hand. Some might consider her a bit odd, she knew, but she wasn't concerned with the opinions of others. Her concerns were with herself, her son, and what pleasures they could give each other.

Hugging him tightly, she shifted her body on the couch, bringing her feet up and opening her legs to fit him between them. She had to pull her robe open, but that was fine. She held his back against her tits and her warm thighs along his hips. Johnny wore jockey shorts, but she didn't mind. It excited her to see the sweet bulge in his shorts. At times it was more exciting to see him in shorts than to see him totally naked. As she held his bare back against her naked tits, her arms over his shoulders, with him watching television, she watched his crotch. Squeezing his body with her thighs, she began to caress softly about his chest, playing with his tiny nipples. She was rewarded with a swelling of his cock.

Sliding one hand down his chest and over his stomach, she placed her palm on top of his cock and squeezed, making Johnny moan softly. She closed her fingers about his cock, feeling it through the shorts, and began to jack him. She kissed the top of his head tenderly, her eyes watching her hand and his cock. The head was outlined against the tight fabric, and getting moist where his piss hole was. Cupping his balls, she gently squeezed them, her other hand sliding down now. Slipping a hand into the elastic waistband of his shorts, she stroked his cock and played with his balls. When Johnny started squirming, she pushed his shorts below his cock and balls, and fondled him, watching the head of his cock bulge.

"Mmmmm, that's a beautiful hard-on, Johnny," she whispered with her lips on the top of his head. "If it was my hard-on, I bet I could think of something to do besides watch that dumb old movie."

Johnny turned and lifted his head, grinning at his mother. "I could watch television while you give me a blow job, Mother."

"Sure you could," she giggled, squeezing his cock hard. "That would show where your interest was, right? I wouldn't be a very good cocksucker if I couldn't take your mind off that fucking screen."

Johnny sat up. "Try it, Mother."

"You're just after a blow job," she grinned, Johnny scooted his ass to the edge of the couch, his cock shoved back into his shorts, but sticking up with hardness. Darla gazed and slipped to her knees before him. Johnny stared at the television as she moved between his legs, closing her fist about his cock and pressing downward. His shorts clung to the swollen prickhead, a wet spot seeping through the material. Darla lowered her face, licking her tongue over the wetness of his shorts. Johnny sat with his hands relaxed at his hips, his eyes gazing at the television as if totally unaware of what his mother was doing.

Darla grinned to herself, closing her lips about the head of his cock. The material of his shorts was rough against her tender, but she sucked, drawing the juices into her mouth. She pressed hard at the base, making his cock throb. Lifting her mouth off his cock, she pushed her face into his crotch, nuzzling him and purring happily. The hot feel of her son's crotch in her face always felt good to her. She kissed along his thighs, her tongue flicking, tasting the flesh along the edge of his shorts.

When he didn't respond, she closed her hot mouth over his covered balls, sucking them through his shorts. Her eyes flashed up at him, watching with amusement as her son strived to keep his eyes on the television set. She sucked his balls inside his shorts until they were wet, then she lifted her face and ran her tongue about the wet place where his cock pushed upward.

"Okay, you little fart." She grinned, pulling his shorts down. Removing them from his feet, she pushed his knees wide. Lifting her shoulders, she moved her naked tits forward, and closed them about his cock. Squeezing her tits tightly, she moved up and down, rubbing her son's cock. The prickhead poked at her chin and neck, leaving her flesh slippery with dripping fuck juices. "I'll just jack you off with my titties. I'll have this hard cock squirting in no time."



ime."

She felt his body trembling, responding. She giggled as she slipped her tight tits up and down his cock, his balls warm between them. The heat of his throbbing cock between her tits made her cunt grow wetter. She dipped her face down, and kissed the head of his cock as she shoved her tits downward. Her tongue darted and licked at his seeping piss hole, but Johnny fought the excitement in his young balls.

"Damn you, move!" Darla hissed, pulling back and dropping her face. She grabbed his hard cock with her lips, and raced them up and down his cock, sucking hard.

"Ahhh," Johnny moaned.

"Mmmmm," she whimpered, her eyes flashing with triumph. Pulling her mouth up, she said: "That got your attention, didn't it?"

"I wanna see the movie," he said.

"Bullshit!" she giggled. "Not with this hard-on, you don't."

She pumped his cock with a tight fist, her tongue swirling in hot circles on the swollen prickhead. "You want a blow job or a fuck or something, not that stupid movie."

Johnny laughed, his attention fully on his mother now. "You win. I guess a guy can never relax and watch television around here."

"Not when that guy has a hard-on," she murmured, pressing his cock against her cheek, holding with her palm, her eyes starting to glaze with pleasure. "All you have to do is tell me where you want it, and you got it, darling."

"Since I have a hard-on ..." He pretended to study on it a moment.

Darla pulled his balls playfully. "I have so many nice places, and you can't decide?"

"Well, how about pussy?"

"Ah, you like mother's cunt, do you?"

"It's as good as anyplace else."

"I'm going to knock your balls loose!" she said, but there was laughter in her voice. "As good as anyplace else, my ass!"

"Your hot ass, Mother."

"Is there any other kind of ass?" she asked, sliding onto the couch and opening her legs.

"Come on, honey . . . mother's cunt is waiting."

Johnny slipped to his knees between her thighs. He stroked her satiny flesh, toyed with the soft hair of her cunt. Darla purred and twisted her naked ass, and Johnny leaned down, kissing her cunt, his tongue licking at the swollen, hair-framed, and tickled her clitoris.

"Oooh, nice, baby," she murmured softly, watching his face press into her pussy. "You're very good looking with a cunt in your face, did you know that?"

"Fuck you," Johnny replied into her pussy.

"That's what I'm trying to do, get fucked."

Johnny darted his tongue into his mother's cunt.

Darla squealed and shoved her pussy hard into his face. His hands cupped her ass as he buried his mouth tightly upon her juicy cunt, sucking hard. She twisted her crotch at his mouth.

th, her eyes slitted as she curled her fingers around her swollen tits, watching him. His tongue plunged between the wet, hot of her cunt like a cock, thrusting in and out. Darla whipped her naked ass up and down, grinding at her son's face, crying out with ecstasy.

When he lifted his mouth to her inflamed clitoris and began sucking it, Darla gasped, a jolt of pleasure flooding her body. She pushed her cunt hard into his mouth, twisting her stiff nipples. Johnny squeezed his mother's grinding, clenching ass tightly.

"Oooo, baby!" Darla sobbed, humping her cunt at his face. "God, that's so good! Suck it, Johnny! Ohhh, yes, suck mother's cunt! Mmmmm, lick me right there! Ahhh, you'll make me come fast this way, Johnny!"

His tongue sliced about her distended clitoris, his smashed around it, sucking. He dug his fingers into her firm ass, lifting her crotch to his face. Darla whimpered and gasped as searing rapture burned through her body. The lower cheeks of her ass were now wet with the dripping juices of her pussy.

Darla shoved her hands down her trembling stomach, her fingers in the soft hair of her cunt. She pulled the puffy of her pussy wide open for his mouth. "Eat me! Suck my pussy! Ohhh, Johnny, tongue-fuck mother in the cunt! God, you'll make me come so fucking hard ... if you give me a nice tongue-fuck!"

Johnny ran his tongue into her pussy, sliding it along the satiny walls. He darted his tongue back and forth, using it like a cock, fucking his mother. Darla whipped her ass about, gasping with ecstasy. She clawed at her fiery cunt, trying to open her pussy farther than possible, wanting his tongue to drive deep. She hunched her cunt up and down, and Johnny stuck his tongue out as far as he could.

"Oooo, I'm going to fuck your tongue!" Darla cried. "Mother is going to fuck that tongue with her hot, wet cunt! I'm going to fuck it like I fuck your hard cock!"

She came.

A soft scream came from her throat as her orgasm burst. She rammed her cunt into her son's face brutally. "Ohhh, shit! I'm coming too fast!"

Johnny pushed his tongue past the contracting of his mother's pussy, holding deep as she came, feeling her cunt suck his tongue. He held her ass tightly, feeling her tremble with wild rapture. Darla pressed into his mouth hard and, when the spasms receded, lowered her ass. Her hands fell away from her cunt to her sides.

"It was too fast, Johnny," she breathed, "I wanted it to last longer! I wanted you to suck my cunt for a long time."

His face glistened wetly as he raised up. Darla leaned forward and cupped his cheeks, ramming her mouth onto his, kissing him hotly, tasting the juices of her cunt on his mouth. She darted her tongue past his a few times, then leaned back on the couch.

"Fuck me," she hissed. "Johnny, ram your cock up mother's cunt! Fuck me now, baby!"

Johnny's cock was rigid, swaying about. He placed his hands on her hips and touched the swollen head of his cock to the hairy cunt of his mother. Darla gasped as he pushed, her pussy stretching in that sweet, wonderful way as his cock entered.

"Ohhh, yes, yes!" she moaned as his cock fucked into her pussy.

Johnny held his prick deep awhile, feeling his mother's juicy cunt flex about. Darla slipped her hands beneath her ass and pulled open her asscheeks, feeling his young balls press against her asshole.

"Ram it to me!" she demanded in a hot voice. "Fuck me, Johnny! Fuck me hard. Make me feel your balls bounce off my hot asshole!"

Johnny clutched his mother's swinging hips and began fucking back and forth, running his cock in and out of her gripping pussy. His balls beat against her asshole, and Darla closed

her eyes to savor the wild, exciting sensations. The hard way he fucked her almost bruised the tender of her cunt, but she didn't mind. She didn't mind if he bruised her pussy, her mouth, her tits, her asshole. He could fuck her as hard and fast as he wanted, and she would help him all the way.

His cock felt very slick and long inside her pussy. She could feel the wonderful throbbing of his prick with the sensitive of her hungry cunt, could feel her clitoris being crushed along the hard cockshaft. She released the cheek of her ass and clutched at his swinging balls.

Johnny fucked hard into his mother's cunt, watching her tits ripple from the force. He moved his hands up to them, squeezing the firm flesh and pulling at her swollen nipples. Darla hissed and gasped, churning her ass frantically in timed motions with his stabbing cock.

"Oh, Mother!" Johnny gasped. "You're so wet and hot, Mother! Your cunt is gonna burn my fucking cock off!"

"Yes, baby, yes!" she wailed. "My cunt will eat your cock up! Fuck it, Johnny! Ohhh, God, baby . . . fuck the piss out of mother's cunt!"

Darla pulled her knees up and back, her arms coming past her hips to hold them at her shoulders. Her ass lifted, her cunt opening for his cock. She arched and churned with him. His cock drove the air from her lungs with sweet, wonderful, powerful thrusts. The wet sounds of his cock smacking against her fiery pussy excited her tremendously. Johnny was actually pulling his cock from her pussy, all the way out, then plunging back in. The sensation of this made her mind spin with wild pleasure.

"You'll make me come again!" she squealed.

"Ooooh, that hard cock in my cunt will make me come again!"

Johnny gasped as he rammed deeply. "Your cunt is gonna make me come, Mother! Oooo, shit, it's so fucking hot and wet!"

"I want to feel you come in it!"

"I'll shoot a fucking gallon in your hot cunt, Mother!"

"Oh, please . . . two gallons!"

"You like my come juice, Mother!"

"I love your hot come juice!"

"In your cunt!"

"In my cunt, in my ass, in my mouth . . . all over my naked, fucking body!"

"I'm gonna fill your cunt!"

"Yes! Ohhh, God, come in mother's cunt!"

Johnny's naked ass bounced back and forth, swiftly. His shorts were pushed halfway to his knees. His cock swelled with an almost painful hardness as his mother's cunt clutched. He lifted his face, gritting his teeth.

"Ohhh, come!" Darla cried. "My cunt . . . mother's cunt, is . . . ohhhhh, I'm coming now, baby! Again . . . coming again!"

With a screech, Darla came. Her cunt grabbed her son's cock with flexing, wet tightness. Johnny groaned with the exquisite sensation, and his cock gushed. The hot come juice splashed along the walls of her overheated, convulsing cunt, making Darla come harder yet. She strained her pussy onto his spurting prick as he pressed hard. Her body shuddered as he clung to her tits.

"I can't believe it's getting better," she said a few moments later.

Johnny was slumped, still on his knees, his cock soft and resting just inside the of his mother's cunt. He could feel her pussy pulsate just around the prickhead.

"It seems to be, Mother," he agreed.

"Better and better," she mewled, sliding her hands up and down his bare chest and stomach, her eyes glittering. "Every time we fuck, I seem to come harder and longer and more often."

"Does that mean I'm a good fuck, Mother?" he giggled.

"You're a good anything," she replied. "You're a good fuck, a damn good cunt licker, and . . . you're just wonderful, Johnny!"

"I bet you wouldn't think I was so wonderful if I pissed in your pussy right now."

Darla's breath caught. "Would you?"

He nodded.

"Oh, do it!"

"Really? You want me to piss in your cunt, Mother?"

"Yes, baby," she whimpered hoarsely. "I want to feel you piss in my cunt. Do it, honey."

She held still, hardly breathing, waiting to feel his hot piss spurt into her cunt. Johnny still held her tits with his hands, and only the head of his soft cock was inside her pussy now. It didn't take much of an effort.

"Ooooh, my God!" Darla gasped, her eyes opening as she felt the hot stream of her son's piss splashing into her pussy. "I feel it, Johnny! I can feel you peeing in my cunt! It's hot, baby!"

Johnny squeezed his muscles, sending squirt after squirt of hot piss into his mother's pussy. Darla giggled as her cunt filled and overflowed, his hot piss running out of it and over her ass, then to the floor. The harder he peed into her cunt, the better she liked it.

"Ooooh, you can make me come again, peeing in my pussy!"

Hardly had the words left her mouth when Darla experienced another orgasm.

It wasn't a strong orgasm, but still felt very good.

"Ooooh, piss in me!" she gasped. "Piss in mother's cunt, baby! It feels good, very good! Ahhhhh, so hot . . . and it splashed into my cunt . . . real deep inside my cunt."

She wiggled her ass slightly, and her son's cock slipped from her pussy. Johnny lifted and peed a golden stream on the thick curls of her cunt. The hair became soaked and matted, and he sent the stream over her clitoris and along the of her pussy.

"Mmmmm, I can learn to like this," she purred. "Oh, my, yes! It wouldn't take much for me to love being peed on . . . by you!"

## CHAPTER EIGHT

Darla felt very wicked.

It was a good feeling, a very good feeling. She had wanted to be wicked for many years, experience the things a woman and man could do with each other. Why she wanted this she couldn't say. But the urge to do them were strong.

She wondered, fleetingly, if these desires would have been as strong with someone other than her son. Years ago, she had sensed the change coming over her, the time, she realized, when a simple fuck was not enough to satisfy her.

But with Johnny, even a quick fuck wasn't boring. She could fuck him day and night, she felt, or suck on his cock, soft or hard. She loved the feel, the taste, of his cock in her mouth, and she loved it best of all when he spurted that delicious come juice into her body. And taking his cock up her ass . . . she would never have dreamed that that could be so exquisite, that it would make her come so strongly.

But the biggest surprise of all was being pissed on, and in, by her son.

The feel of his hot piss raining over her cunt could send her into a high pitch of ecstasy. There was something very, very wicked about letting Johnny piss over her cunt and in her cunt. Maybe it was that sense of wickedness that made it feel so good. She didn't know.

Curious, Darla closed herself up inside her bathroom. She stretched a pair of nylon panties onto her pussy and sat on the toilet, peeing through them, feeling her own piss by rubbing at her crotch. It felt good, but not nearly as good as her son peeing on her cunt. Then she placed a small mirror on the floor, squatting over it to watch herself piss, but that didn't work very well. As soon as the mirror was covered in piss, she couldn't see her cunt. She even went so far as to lick her piss-wet hand, to taste it, but that didn't taste as good as when she had tasted her son's piss between those trash containers.

She wondered if Johnny would enjoy the taste of her piss.

She dressed after her bath and went to search for him. She remembered how he had come on her cunt when she peed over him, and with a wanton smile on her face, she decided to try something on him.

Johnny was in the living room, sprawled out on his back and reading comic books. She stood and looked at him, feeling her heart swell with love. Even if they weren't fucking, even if she wasn't getting the greatest satisfaction of her life, she would love him so very much.

Johnny was wearing a pair of jogging shorts, and his legs were parted. It pleased her when she saw he was naked under them. She could see the head of his cock, just barely, and that was enough to start her clit to swell and knot. She felt her nipples stiffen and press at her dress, and her cunt began to turn moist quickly. She snaked in quietly, and poked a toe inside the legs of his shorts.

"Hi, Mother," he said, looking up at her over his comic book.

"Is that all I get, a 'hi, mother'?" she asked. "And after I bathed and got clean and smell so delicious for you?"

"For me?"

"It's always for you," she said softly, moving toward his head.

Johnny peered up her dress. "You're wearing panties," he said, pouting. "Why? I thought you liked being naked." "Playing with panties can be fun, can't it?"

"If they're sexy panties."

She pulled her skirt away from her body. "Are these sexy?"

Johnny saw the tight panties, hugging her hips. They were a red color, with black lace. He nodded his head. "Pretty, Mother."

"They look better up close."

She straddled his chest and bent her knees, squatting above him. She pulled her skirt to her waist, and Johnny stared hotly at her crotch. He could see the outline of her pussy hair, the moistness where the panties pulled slightly into her pussy slit.

"Kiss my panties," she whispered.

Johnny lifted his head and kissed her crotch. "Mmmmm, you smell good, Mother."

"That's my panty perfume," she whispered, "but mostly it's just my cunt."

"Then your cunt smells good," he said, pressing his face into her crotch and breathing deeply. "I like it."

"You just like pussy," she mewled, wiggling at his face. "You just like cunt."

"Anything wrong with that?" he asked, his lips brushing her panties.

"Nothing that I know of," she purred.

Darla inched her feet upward, and as Johnny lay his head back on the floor, her cunt hovered above his face. She held her knees wide, looking down at him, her eyes glazed with what she was going to do to him.

"Did you like it when I pissed on your cock, darling?" she asked in a low voice. "When I piss all over your cock and balls?"

He nodded his head, enjoying the moist heat of her pussy only an inch or so above his face. He ran his hands about her slender thighs, touching the lace of her panties with his fingers. His cock was swelling inside his jogging shorts, the head sliding out of one leg.

"It made me come hard, didn't it?" he giggled.

"Yes, all over my cunt and legs."

She felt her pulse pound as she looked down at him. She wasn't going to tell him, but surprise him. She brushed her pantied cunt along his lips lightly.

She let a little hot piss dribble from her cunt, just enough to soak through her panties. Again she rubbed her crotch at his face, and Johnny didn't say anything. Lifting her cunt a few inches, she let herself piss just enough so it seeped through the crotch of her panties. She watched it drop onto her son's nose, and still Johnny was quiet. His eyes were big and hot, but he didn't speak.

Darla squirted into her panties, hot piss spraying along the stretched crotch. The only sound her son made was a low moan.

"Ohhhh, baby!" Darla cried with pleasure. "You don't mind! You don't care if I piss in your face!"

She pissed hard, the golden liquid flowing out of her panties and across her son's face. Johnny's hands were cupping the cheeks of her ass. His cock was fully extended from his jogging shorts, throbbing and jerking.

"Ohhh, watch this!" Darla squealed, pulling the tight crotch of her shorts away from her cunt. She started pissing again, the hot stream splashing across her son's face. Johnny trembled and dipped his tongue past his lips. "Ohhh, right on your tongue, baby! Mother is pissing on your tongue!"

Johnny moaned.

"Open your mouth!" Darla hissed. "Open your cunt-licking mouth!"

Johnny parted his lips. "Ohhhh, I'm pissing in your fucking mouth, Johnny!"

Johnny opened his lips wide, feeling his mother's hot piss splash at his throat. His mouth filled and overflowed, and Darla stared as his face glistened with her piss. She slipped her hands behind her son's head, and lifted it. Johnny kept his mouth open as she pulled it to her cunt. She held her piss back until she felt his open mouth on her pussy, and then she began to squirt quick, rapid bursts of piss into his mouth. Johnny gurgled, his throat working, s

wallowing his mother's piss.

"Ahhh, darling! Drink it . . . drink mother's piss!" Darla moaned with perverse excitement. "Drink my piss . . . right out of my hot cunt!"

She slipped a hand behind her ass and grabbed his cock tightly.

"Ohhhh, it makes your cock hard, baby! Ooooo, your cock is so fucking hard now! I'm pissing in your fucking mouth and it makes your cock very hard! You like it, don't you, Johnny? You like for me to piss in your pussy-sucking mouth?"

Johnny made a whimpering sound, pressing his mouth tightly at his mother's cunt. He couldn't swallow fast enough, and piss sprayed across her hot thighs and his cheeks. Darla began to pound his cock as she kept pissing.

The crotch of her panties was held to one side by his . She had to strain her arm behind her body to jack on his prick, and she shivered with perverse pleasure as she squatted above his face.

"Oooo, I'm about finished, damn it!" she moaned. "Don't come, Johnny! Don't come yet!"

Johnny squirmed his mouth off his mother's piss-wet cunt. "I will if you keep jacking my cock so fucking fast, Mother!"

Darla jerked her fist off his cock. The crotch of her wet panties slipped over her pussy cunt when he moved his . But Johnny closed his fingers into his mother's hips and buried his face into them, the piss-wet heat of her cunt covering his lower face. Darla wiggled, sliding her crotch about his mouth as he sucked at her panties.

"Are you trying to make me come now?" she hissed hotly. "If you are, it's going to work."

Johnny pressed his mouth tight into his mother's crotch. With a grunt, Darla came. Her pussy contracted inside her piss-wet panties, and she pushed down at his face.

"Ooooh, see! I told you I'd come!" she hissed, rubbing her wet crotch about his face. "I told you I'd come . . . and I am! Ohhh, Johnny, suck my pissy panties!"

Johnny pulled the crotch of his mother's panties into his mouth, sucking the piss from them. Darla didn't know if she was coming because his face was in her cunt or because of the wild pleasure of pissing into his face and mouth, of her son swallowing her piss.

As the convulsions faded, she slipped back a ways and sat down on his chest lightly. His face was drenched, but his eyes were burning up at her, a huge grin on his face. Darla squirmed her wet crotch on his chest and reached back for his cock again.

"If I scooted a little more, I could get your cock in my cunt," she purred. "Want mother to take your cock in her hot cunt and let you piss in it again?"

"I wanna piss in your face, now," he said.

"In my face?" Darla gasped. "But, baby-" "You pissed in mine," he said. "Now it's my turn."

Darla giggled. "Maybe I won't like it as well as you."

"You like anything, Mother," he said.

"God, you're right?" she groaned.

Sliding backwards, she rubbed her pissy panties over the head of his cock and on toward his feet. She sat on her heels and leaned over his prick. She pulled the crotch of his jogging shorts away so she could see his balls, too.

"You can't piss with a hard-on," she whispered softly, stroking his cock and fondling

his balls.

"Maybe not, Mother, but if you sucked me off first ..."

"Oh, I see," she laughed huskily. "That's one way of getting me to suck you off, I guess."

"If you want me to piss in your face, you have to do something about my cock first."

"But, baby," she cooed, sliding her hand up and down his cock, "you're the one that wants to piss in my face. Not me."

"Wanna bet?" He grinned.

Darla felt her body tremble suddenly. She stroked his cock, gazing at his prick with hot eyes. Johnny was right. She knew he was right. She did want his hot piss spurting into her face. She wanted to wash her face in his golden pee.

She looked up at his face while running her tongue about his piss hole. He was dripping, and the juices on her tongue felt hot and sweet. Closing her mouth around the head of his cock, she sucked and lapped with her tongue.

Johnny moaned and arched upward, trying to fuck his cock all the way into her mouth. For a moment Darla teased him by lifting her head, but then she became too eager herself. Turning loose of his cock, she placed her hands on each side of his hips, and plunged her mouth down quickly.

"Oooooohhhh, Mother!" he groaned. "Suck it! Ahhhh, suck my cock! It feels so good in your hot, wet mouth, Mother!"

Darla only moaned in reply, dragging her up and down his cock, sucking hard. Her cunt twitched wetly inside her soaked panties as she drew her knees underneath her body, arching her ass, pooching her cunt. She twisted her mouth about his prick as she sucked, her eyes slit with intense ecstasy. The hot throbs of his cock against her tongue sent chills of hunger up and down her flesh. She pounded her mouth up and down, sucking at his hard cock in a frenzy, tasting, licking. The wetness seeping from his cock burned at her throat, increasing her eagerness to make him come in her mouth.

"Ahhhhhh, suck me! Suck me!" Johnny walked, fucking his cock up and down, watching his mother's stretching lips. "Your mouth is so fucking hot and wet, Mother! Ahhh, suck my cock hard!"

Darla took her son's cock into her mouth frantically, then lifted up and quickly pulled his young, hot balls into her mouth, feverishly sucking them, twisting them inside her mouth. She whimpered and darted her tongue beneath his balls, probing at his tight asshole, licking, then swishing her tongue around his hairless balls again. Crying out with deep emotion, she again swallowed her son's cock, sucking vigorously. Her uplifted ass swayed and twisted, her cunt bulging inside the wet crotch of her tight panties. Her clitoris throbbed in a hard knot, and the hairy of her cunt painfully swollen.

Johnny wrapped his legs about his mother's head, squeezing with his thighs. His shorts didn't bother her, but seemed to make sucking his cock that much more erotic. She squealed with pleasure as he squeezed her head between his thighs. She shoved her hands underneath and clutched at his ass, her fingers digging as she lifted him, yearning for his cock to slide down her throat.

Johnny rolled, and Darla found herself lying on her side, his cock still buried in her mouth. With her face resting on the floor, she let her son fuck her face, using her mouth like a cunt. She bent one of her knees and shot a hand to her bubbling pantied cunt. She rubbed at her burning pussy harshly, her hips pressing, twisting at her hand. She groaned and whimpered about the hard, throbbing prick of her son, her holding tightly, her tongue pressing. She grabbed her son's leg and pulled it against her cunt, rubbing at his flesh, letting him fuck her mouth. She loved the buffeting way he drove his cock back and forth between her, the heat blistering them. When Johnny grabbed the back of her head and pulled her face tightly onto his cock, she knew he was getting ready to come off in her mouth.



"I'm gonna come, Mother!" he shouted loudly, humping back and forth, fucking her fast er. "I'm gonna come in your fucking mouth! I'm gonna shoot it down your fucking throat, Mother!"

Darla sobbed with delight, straining her cunt against his leg. She tilted her head upward, staring into her son's eyes, his cock sliding in and out of her. With a cry, Johnny came.

Darla choked on the gushing come juice that splattered the back of her throat. She pulled her along his cock until she held the head between and worked her tongue about his gushing piss hole. His come juice filled her mouth, and her eyes glazed with rapture. The creamy juice of his young balls burned deliciously as she gulped with wet sounds, swallowing his come juice with greed. None escaped her tight now.

She ran her tongue over Johnny's piss hole, licking up any lingering come juice there, her vision still not focused. She clung to his cock with her, not wanting to turn loose. Her cunt was bubbling with a wet fire, and her clitoris was painfully knotted.

"Ohhh, Mother!" Johnny moaned softly. "That was so good! You sure can suck my cock, Mother!"

He ran his hands about her face, a fingertip tracing her lips that held the head of his cock, then through her hair tenderly. Darla mewled softly and licked the head of his cock very slowly, circling it as she looked up at his face.

"I think I'm gonna take a piss," Johnny whispered, stroking his mother's head. "I think I'll just take a nice piss, Mother."

"Mmmmm," Darla groaned, her tightening about the head of his cock as if afraid he was going to pull it out.

"Maybe in your mouth, Mother," he said. "Would you like for me to take a piss in your mouth?"

"Mmmmmmm," Darla moaned again, her eyes turning glassy once more.

Johnny stared down at his mother, and squirted quickly into her mouth. Darla moaned again as she tasted the hot piss splash across her tongue. Her squeezed.

"You like it?"

Again, he squirted piss into his mother's mouth.

"Mmmmm!" Darla groaned.

The taste was sweet, hot. She swallowed, her eyes dreamy.

Johnny sent two or three spurts of piss into her mouth, and Darla swallowed again, her tongue pushing against his piss hole. The spray along the inside of her cheeks felt good, tasted good.

She clung to his cock, waiting for him to squirt more piss into her mouth. But Johnny gently shipped his cock out.

"I'm gonna piss in your face, Mother," he said tenderly. "Do you want me to piss in your face?"

"Oh, baby!" she whimpered.

Johnny pulled his hips a few inches from her face, holding his cock at the base. Darla stared at his prick, breathless.

"My clothes ..." she whispered.

But Johnny wasn't listening.

He sent a hot stream of golden piss into his mother's face. Darla cried out as it struck across her nose, then splashed her cheeks. She closed her eyes, her expression radiant, very wanton. She felt her son pissing into her hair, and she didn't care. He shook his cock in different directions, spraying from her chin to her forehead, into her hair, across her closed mouth.

With a sob of perverse pleasure, Darla drew her hands to her face and washed herself as she kept pissing. Her body shivered and trembled with a most delicious sensation, and her cunt was throbbing very hotly. She parted her and let her son piss across her teeth. Although his leg was no longer pushing against her cunt, she felt as if she was about to come in a way she had not come before. Her hair and face were soaked in her son's hot piss, and now he was pissing against her teeth. She tasted pee inside her mouth, and her eyes closed as ecstasy started to roar through her.

"Ooooh," she cooed, parting her mouth and moving toward the head of his cock. "Piss in my mouth again, darling!"

Darla closed her around the head of her son's cock, whipping her tongue about the head feverishly. The hot piss gushed out of Johnny's cock with force, spurting into her throat. Darla swallowed eagerly, her cunt bulging inside her panties.

When her cunt exploded, the pleasure almost sent her out of her mind. She squealed around the head of Johnny's cock, sucking wildly as he kept pissing down her throat. She felt his piss run from the corner of her mouth, and didn't mind.

Her orgasm almost shattered her, and it went on and on.

## CHAPTER NINE

Johnny was developing a taste for more erotic games.

He talked constantly about watching her piss between the trash containers, his eyes bright and shiny. Darla understood his growing sense of sexuality. She was delighted to hear him talk, to watch him become excited, his cock swell hard. The more excited her son became, the more excited she became. She loved to hear him talk about his cock, her cunt, fucking her, being sucked off, pissing on each other.

He talked openly and bluntly now, the way she wanted.

They would talk far into the night about erotic desires, confessing fantasies to each other. They talked about fucking other boys and girls, with Darla telling her son she would love to fuck two or more boys with lovely hard-ons, suck them one after the other, and have them fill her cunt and mouth with sweet, hot come juice. She used words that described her desires, so did Johnny. They drew word pictures to bring each other to a high pitch of arousal.

Darla knew none of those fantasies would ever come true, but her son talked as if they would. Maybe a couple would happen eventually, but some of them were just too fantastic to be real. She was sure there were hundreds of horny boys and girls wanting the same things, but she had no intention of seeking them out. Like many women, Darla knew her fantasies were often much better than reality, but she didn't tell her son that. She didn't want to burst his bubble of erotic pleasure. She loved listening to him talk about sucking pretty little cunts, tongue-fucking a tight little asshole, of being sucked off by some special little girl in his class at school. She especially enjoyed it when he detailed what he would love to do with his teacher, a woman Darla had met during a couple of school functions. She could picture her son shoving his cock into that lovely, yet prim, woman, fucking her hairy cunt or mouth, even up her tight ass.

When he talked of his teacher, Darla would become so confused, she actually experienced an orgasm or two just listening to him, seeing it in her mind. He had been talking of this teacher one afternoon when he mentioned something she had missed.

"Would I do what, honey?" she asked.

"Eat her cunt, Mother."

"Well, I don't know," she responded. "I've never done that before. I've just sucked cock."

"I bet she'd suck your pussy," Johnny said, his eyes bright. "I'd like to watch her suck your cunt, Mother."

"Why do you think she'd do that to me?"

"Well, there's a story going around school," he said. "I don't know if it's true, but some of the kids say she was caught finger-fucking one of the students."

"I don't believe that."

"Maybe it's true, Mother," he said. "Maybe she does like girls. I could find out easily."

"Oh, you could, could you?" Darla asked, amused. "By just asking her, I suppose?"

"I could watch her, and when I saw her talking to a girl, I could follow and see what they do."

"No, you won't do anything like that, Johnny." Darla could picture her son sneaking about the school grounds playing spy. "You leave the woman alone."

"Aw, I bet she'd love to suck your cunt," he said, pouting.

"We'll never find out," Darla said, fondling his cock. But in her mind, she was trying to imagine that lovely woman's face between her thighs, sucking and licking at her cunt. She tried to imagine her face buried into the woman's pussy, that soft hair about her mouth. It would be hot and wet, soft, she knew. Her own cunt felt soft when she played with it, and other cunts would be soft, too. It would be different, much different, then having a hard cock in her mouth. For a moment she wanted to meet the woman, to try as subtly as she could to find out if she was receptive to such things. With a shrug, she pulled on her son's cock.

"No, we'll never know about her, baby," she whispered, kissing his face. "I don't even want to know if she would or not."

Johnny's cock was hard in her fist. "What if I ... I mean, what if she let me fuck her? Would you care, Mother?"

"Of course not," she murmured and probed his ear with the tip of her tongue. "A boy dreams of fucking one of his teachers, just the way us girls do. If it can happen, go for it, baby."

She turned her back to him, fitting her body onto his, spoon-fashion. She felt his hard cock slipping along the hairy lips of her cunt, and then he was holding one of her tits tightly, moving his cock along her pussy slowly. She was fantasizing about her son fucking his favorite teacher, and she saw it all in her mind. As she felt her son's cock slide into her cunt, the image switched on her without warning, and it was her face pressing into the teacher's juicy cunt. She saw her son probing the woman's asshole with a throbbing hard-on, just past her eyes, as she tongued the hairy cunt hungrily.

"Ooooh," she purred softly as her son's cock moved in and out of her satiny pussy. "Fuck me, Johnny!"

"I wanna fuck my teacher," he said with his lips brushing between her shoulder blades. "I wanna fuck her hairy cunt and then fuck her tight asshole and then make her suck my cock off!"

"But, baby, don't you want to suck her pretty pussy?" Darla asked, pushing her ass back to him. "Don't you want to taste her hot cunt juices, tongue-fuck her cunt?"

"Yeah!" Johnny groaned, thrusting his cock Darla arched her ass tightly against him, placing her hand over his holding her tit. Feeling his cock moving in and out of her cunt, she imagined sucking the woman's pussy as her son fucked her, then watching him fuck the teacher. She wondered if it would be exciting to suck his come juice out of the woman's cunt after he had come inside it. Tasting her son's come juice and a lovely woman's pussy juice together, her tongue deep, sent shivers of perverse ecstasy about her creamy, naked body.

"Ooooh, Johnny!" she mewled. "Fuck me in the ass! I want to feel your hard cock up my asshole for a while!"

She gasped as he pulled his slippery cock out of her cunt and shifted the head into the crack of her ass. Darla placed her hand on her asscheek and pulled it wide, pushing backward when she felt the swollen head of his cock against her burning asshole. The pressure thrilled her as much as it had that first time. She loved the feeling of her asshole stretching, opening for his hot cock.

As Johnny's prick slipped past the tight crinkle of her asshole, Darla cried out, a cry of pleasure. The friction of his cock sliding deeper into her ass made her tremble and her cunt throb. It was always a mystery to her that taking her son's cock up her asshole could make her cunt feel so good, make her come. But then, she could come with his cock in her mouth, or having him piss on her. Her emotions, her wild, crazy desires, were too much for her to try and understand, so she didn't.

Johnny leaned back so he could watch his cock penetrating his mother's asshole. He loved to watch his cock fucking her, no matter if it was her cunt, her asshole, or her mouth. There was something exciting about watching his cock plunge into the wet heat of her. Darla knew his desires, and tried to accommodate them. She found it exciting for him to watch, too, and she knew both of them would love to watch others fucking, and to be watched as they fucked. Maybe, one of these days . . .

"Ohhhh, baby, go deep as you can!" she hissed. "I love to feel your cock real deep! Ohhh, shove that sweet cock up my ass, out my throat! Oh, Johnny, I wish I could suck it at the same time you fuck my ass! Ahhhh, to taste your hot cock and have it up my asshole at the same time!"

Johnny pulled his cock from her asshole. "Oh, don't? Put it back!" Darla cried. "Suck it, Mother!"

"Oh, baby," she groaned, turning toward him. "You had it in my ass! I can't put it in my mouth now!"

"Suck it!" he urged, pushing at her head. "Darling ..."

She smelled the scent of his cock, and with a sob, pulled it into her mouth, and sucked it hard, darting her back and forth, her tongue swirling. It was so perverse, it sent her cunt into flexing tightness. She sucked hard for a while, then pulled away.

"In my asshole again!"

She turned swiftly, shoving her ass to him.

"Fuck me in the ass again!"

Johnny rammed his cock hard and deep.

Darla cried out with the sudden stretching of her asshole, although she had been expecting it. She shot her ass back, grinding as he lunged all the way to his balls. Squeezing her eyes very tightly, she strained at him, feeling the throbbing of his cock with the ring of her ass. She shoved her hand down to his balls, pushing them tightly against her bubbling cunt, gasping when he began to fuck furiously into her asshole.

But then Darla jerked her ass away, and turned to shove her face to his cock once more. She sucked at her son's cock hungrily for a while.

"I can taste my ass on your fucking cock!" she moaned. "Oooh, now fuck my ass good! Fu

ck it and come in it, Johnny! Come up mother's fucking asshole! Fill mother's hot ass with that hot come juice!" She turned her ass to him.

Johnny rammed brutally, staring down at her humping ass, watching the sucking ring grip his cock. But Darla, on her side, couldn't move the way she liked.

"Wait!" she cried, pulling her ass off his cock. She flipped onto her back, drawing her knees up, holding them wide apart. Her ass lifted from the floor. Her hairy cunt gleamed wetly. "Now fuck me!"

Johnny excitedly moved downward, and lunged forward. His cock entered his mother's cunt.

"Not there!" Darla squealed. "Not in my cunt! Up my asshole! I want you to fuck me in the asshole!"

Johnny quickly made the adjustment, and watched his cock plunge into his mother's fiery asshole. Darla gurgled and wiggled her ass feverishly. His lower stomach smacked against her swollen cunt, wetly. Shoving her hands down, Darla rammed her fingers into her pussy as her son stabbed into her asshole. Then, with a cry of erotic ecstasy, she jerked her drenched fingers out of her pussy and began to suck them.

"You'd eat her cunt, wouldn't you, Mother?" Johnny gasped as he watched her fingers move from her hairy cunt to her mouth.

"You'd suck my teacher's hairy pussy, wouldn't you, Mother?"

"Yes!" Darla squealed. "I'd eat her cunt! I'd tongue-fuck the piss out of her juicy, hot pussy! Ohhh, baby, fuck me! Fuck mother in the ass! Ahhh, you fill my asshole so good, darling! Ram it to me . . . ram that hot cock up my ass?"

"Suck her tits, too?"

"Yes! Suck her fucking tits!"

"Tongue-fuck her twat?"

"Suck her snatch!"

"Chew her fucking cunt off?"

"Yes, yes!" Darla squealed, rocking her naked ass up and down to meet the powerful thrusts of her son's cock. "I'd chew her cunt . . . suck her tits, eat her asshole, drink her piss!"

"Ahhh, Mother!"

"Oh, Johnny! Fuck me! Fuck mother's ass! Fuck the shit out of my hot ass . . . stretch my asshole! Ooooooh, baby, your balls feel so hot against me! Give mother that cock, those hot balls, that sweet come juice!"

Darla's mind was spinning. She was losing control, but didn't care. She didn't have to worry about control with her son. She could lose her control and do anything she wanted with him, to him, have her do it to her.

"I'm gonna fuck her in the ass!" Johnny groaned. "I'm gonna fuck my teacher in the ass, Mother!"

"Do it, baby!" she screeched, churning her ass frantically to his cock. "Fuck her tight teacher asshole!"

"And you'll suck my come juice out of her asshole!"

"Yes! Oh, Johnny, I will! I'll suck her fucking asshole and drink your piss out of it! Ohhh, I'm about to come, baby! Ahhh, fuck my ass. Make me come! I'll drink her piss and eat h

er asshole and . . . ooooooh, God!"

The spasm hit Darla with the blow of a sledgehammer. Her ass rammed upward, her cunt contracting, her asshole gripping his cock with flexing movements. Darla screamed with the intensity of her orgasm, her mind reeling.

She strained her ass up to her son as the spasms began to fade. She tried to focus on his young face, but everything was a blur. She felt his cock still throbbing inside her asshole, and she groaned.

"You didn't come, darling."

"I'm getting there, Mother!" he gasped. He began to run his cock back and forth again. "When you came, your asshole gets so tight. I had to wait."

"Ohhhh, fuck me and come in my ass now!"

Johnny placed his hands on his mother's lifted ass, holding her high in the air, gritting his teeth as he fucked deeply. Darla wiggled her ass, crying out for him to come. Her asshole felt on fire, but there was no pain, no matter how hard and deep he stabbed his cock. All she felt was an exquisite sensation, a tingling that she liked the more she felt it.

Johnny began to pant, snorting as he fucked his mother's ass. He stared into her crotch, seeing her hairy cunt, the pussy glistening wetly, her clitoris straining upward, the ring of her ass squeezing his prick.

"I'm about to come now, Mother!" he cried.

"Oh, shoot it to me!" she bellowed. "Spurt that sweet juice up mother's asshole-now!"

With a wild, throaty groan, Johnny came.

Darla gasped when she felt the rapid squirts of his come juice burning into her ass, filling her. She pulled at her pussy with both hands, stretching her cunt open, wanting a cock there, too, coming deliciously, the way her son was coming in her ass.

"Ohhh, I want more!" she whined when his cock softened inside her asshole. "I want more and more come juice!"

"You'll have to be satisfied with this, Mother," Johnny said, and incredibly, he began to piss into her asshole.

Darla's eyes opened wide, sparking. She giggled.

"I didn't know that could happen," she whispered. "I can feel you peeing in my asshole, Johnny! Ohhh, it feels wonderful!"

The hot piss filled her ass, and she felt pee seeping past the ring, overflowing. She wagged her ass lewdly, giggling.

"You're going to make me shit!" she warned.

Johnny pulled his cock from her asshole, grabbed his prick at the base, and sprayed his mother's crotch with boiling piss, spurting over her cunt and about her now-clenching asshole.

Darla gurgled and held her ass to him.

## CHAPTER TEN

"I don't want to meet your teacher," Darla said.

"But you might ..."

"No, I won't," Darla said, firmly. "Darling, it's fun and exciting to pretend, but that's all it is -fantasy. You're mistaken about this teacher. You best forget about fucking her."

"But I know I'm right, Mother," he insisted. "You can see it in her eyes! She's hot, Mother. She wants to fuck me, I know she does."

"Dream on, dreamer," she said softly, caressing his face.

There was an activity going on at his school, a carnival to raise money for a new gym. Ever since it had been announced, Johnny had been after her to go. Not just to attend the money-raising affair, but to meet his teacher. Darla didn't want him to be disappointed, but he had to know how wrong he was. He wasn't old enough or experienced enough to tell anything about a woman.

But Johnny was insistent, and she could not refuse him. When she agreed to go, and meet his teacher he was elated. He was so excited, he talked her into being naked under her dress. Darla didn't mind that so much. She knew it would excite Johnny, sitting and walking about the school grounds naked under her dress. But she knew, too, that he was thinking of fucking her someplace on the grounds. Darla wasn't really adverse to that. It excited her to get fucked in some half exposed place, with exposure possible.

"Just don't be disappointed," she warned him. "And don't expect me to start trying to feel her up, either. I've never made a pass at a woman in my life, and I'm not going to now, not even for you, Johnny."

"Just meet her," he said. "You'll see I'm right, Mother."

The day approached for the school carnival, and Darla watched her son become more anxious. She bathed and dressed in a clinging dress with a high slit along the left thigh. She wore nylons and a garter belt, with high heels. Johnny watched her dress with pleasure, stroking the smooth nylons often.

"I like them," he announced. "I think you look real good in a garter belt and nylons, Mother. I bet it's nice fucking you in them, too."

"You're getting a few fetishes, aren't you?" She grinned at him as she brushed her hair. "What's a fetish?"

"It's . . . Oh, never mind," she replied. "If you don't know, it might be best. Just enjoy what you like most, and everything works out."

The school grounds were crowded with parents and students, and the attractions were simple and cheap. Darla walked about with her son at her side, greeting those she knew, smiling at others. Bordering the school grounds was the old gym, a building ready to be torn down and replaced.

"Let's look at it," she suggested.

She wasn't wanting to look at the old building. She wanted to get her son alone. Walking about, naked under her dress, was making her hot, her cunt juicy. She had thought her son would be the one to suggest this, but instead it was her.

"You wanna get fucked, Mother?" he whispered as his hand slipped into hers. There weren't many people at this part of the grounds, and no one watched them. She nodded her head, grinning down at him.

"I bet there's a place in the old gym, don't you?" she asked. "I mean, this is why you asked me to be naked, isn't it?"

"Yeah!" he grinned, squeezing her hand. "Do you think we can get away with it, Mother?"

"I don't see why not. No one wants to look at an old building. I don't think anyone will come in looking for us."

They slipped into a side door, and found themselves in the huge room where basketball games were played. There were the odors of sweat, young bodies, of cocks and balls and maybe even cunt, in the air of the gym. Darla was quickly aroused by the scent. Light came through the high windows, shining on the smooth floor. They stood just inside the door and looked around. Seeing the locker room, Darla tugged at her son's hand.

"Let's go in there," she said, quietly, as if a loud voice would disturb the silence.

They pushed through the swinging doors and faced two rows of lockers, with a long wooden bench between them. The scents of young sweat, of young cocks were stronger here. Darla looked around, feeling excited to be in a forbidden area. Her hand moved along the front of her son's pants, feeling his cock swelling. Facing him, she unzipped his pants and pulled his cock out, stroking. Johnny wrapped his arms about his mother's hips and held her ass while she pumped his prick.

"It's nice in here," she whispered. "I love the smell, baby. I can smell hot cock and balls all over the place. I can just imagine hiding in here and watching all those guys undress, seeing dozens of cocks and balls . . . hard!"

"You couldn't stay hid long, Mother," he said, sliding her dress up to her waist.

"Ohhh, I know!" she purred throatily. "I'd be out and on those guys so fast! Ahhh, I'd fuck them all, one after the other!"

"Can I watch?" he asked, clutching one cheek of her ass, his other hand feeling the soft, thick curls of her cunt.

"Mmmmm, of course," she moaned as his finger slipped along her bulging clitoris. "That would be part of the fun, you watching me fuck those guys."

"And suck them off?"

"Oh, yes! Especially suck them off!"

"And take them up your ass?"

"Oh, baby, I'm getting so hot!"

"You're gonna get fucked, Mother!"

"Oh, yes, Johnny! Fuck me now . . . fuck me right here!"

Darla pushed her back against some metal lockers, holding her skirt at her waist, loosening the top to expose her tits. She opened her legs for her son, bracing her body with her shoulders. She arched her naked cunt wantonly to him, her eyes shtted with wet desire.

"Ooooh, shove that hard cock up my cunt, Johnny! Fuck me right here, right now!"

Johnny stepped up to his mother, his cock waving. They could hear the crowd outside the old building, the squeals of laughter. She gripped her son's shoulders as he pushed his cock down and up. She sucked in a hot breath as his cock slipped into her pussy. Her hips jerked, and she gritted her teeth, digging her fingers into his shoulders.

"Ohhh, God, baby, fuck me!" she cried, fighting back a scream of ecstasy. "Fuck mother quick!"

Johnny humped, stabbing his cock in and out of his mother's cunt swiftly. The wet sounds seemed loud in the empty locker room, but Darla imagined it was filled with a group of athletic young boys, all standing around watching her son fuck her, hard cocks in their hands, waiting their turn to fuck her. She closed her eyes, letting the fantasy grow, her cunt turning scalding hot around her son's cock.

The thought of taking cocks one after the other, wherever the boys wanted to stick them, sent her pulse racing. Her ass pumped, matching the movements of her son.



She clung to his shoulders tightly, twisting her ass. Johnny's hands were at her waist, holding her dress there, making her exposed from there down. The garter belt and nylons excited him, and he enjoyed the satiny way her inner thighs rubbed at his hips. He wanted to drop his pants to feel them against his flesh, but his mother was gasping and ramming her cunt swiftly on his prick.

"Fuck me!" she hissed hotly. "Ohhh, Johnny, fuck me fast! Hurry, baby! Come in mother's cunt . . . someone might come in here!"

"I don't care!" Johnny panted, ramming into her hairy cunt in a frenzy. "I don't care! I don't care!"

"Hurry! Fuck me, fuck me!"

Darla twisted her hips furiously, pounding her cunt back and forth on his cock. She was getting very close to coming. Her clitoris bulged outward as it scraped the cockshaft. The puffy pussy were swollen as they slipped along her son's prick, holding tightly. The cheeks of her ass clenched, and tears of joy streamed out of her closed eyes. The sounds of the crowd came from a distance through the walls, but Darla wasn't hearing them. The only sounds she could hear was her son's cock sliding in and out of her juicy cunt.

"Ooooooooooh, I'm about to come!" she whimpered.

"Me, too!" Johnny gasped.

"Harder! Faster!"

Darla pounded her cunt awkwardly against her son's cock, biting at her bottom lip as rapture flooded her flesh. With a choking cry, she came, her cunt grabbing at her son's cock hungrily.

"Ohhh, baby, you come, too!" she hissed.

"I will!" Johnny gasped, and rammed his cock hard into her contracting pussy. He grunted, then sent squirt after squirt of come juice into his mother's greedy cunt.

Darla made strangling sounds as her hips rolled and ground against him. His prick flooded her hungry cunt with the scalding juices of his tight, young balls.

The sound of a door opening came to Darla's hearing.

"Oh, my God!" she choked, pushing at her son.

Johnny's cock jerked out of her cunt, still gushing. He squirted come juice into the curls of his mother's cunt and along her inner thighs as she pushed him away. The quick force of her shove sent her off balance, and she fell back onto the cement floor, her skirt flying about her waist, and she sat there, legs spread wide in the same posture she had found herself in that day Johnny had knocked her down with an armload of laundry, only this time her tits were showing, too.

She stared, frozen, at the lovely woman who had shut the door and was now leaning against it, the woman's expression showing amused delight. Darla couldn't move, couldn't even clasp her knees together. She gulped over and over, a slight flush on her face. It had to happen, she thought frantically. She and Johnny were bound to be caught fucking sooner or later. What Darla didn't understand was the strange expression on the woman's face.

Johnny, too, was staring at the woman, his cock dangling out of his open pants and glistening with wetness from his mother's cunt.

"Well, now," the woman said softly, her gaze burning between Darla's thighs, gazing at her wet cunt. "What's going on in here?"

Darla couldn't answer. She couldn't move to cover her exposed cunt.

The woman was very pretty, with shoulder-length brown hair and big eyes that gleamed. Her breasts were full and moist, and her tits were pointed against a thin sweater. Her hips were rounded nicely. Darla saw all that in the blink of an eye, and finally found strength to move. She started to get up.

"No, don't get up," the woman said in a throaty voice. She pushed from the door, moving close to Johnny. Darla saw the woman close her fingers around her son's cock, but those eyes still burned at her cunt. The woman stroked Johnny's cock.

"Mother," Johnny said, "this is my teacher."

"And you're Johnny's mother?" the woman asked softly. "I've wanted to meet you. I had no idea it would be like this, though."

The woman knelt on the floor, still holding Johnny's cock. She pulled up her own skirt, showing frilly bikini panties. She turned her head toward Johnny, but her eyes remained on Darla's cunt. Darla saw the teacher's tongue swirl about her son's cock, and all sense of fear left her.

"I bet Johnny would love to fuck his teacher," the woman purred. "Most young boys have those thoughts. You don't mind if I fuck him, do you? I mean, if you're going to fuck him, you might as well share his lovely cock, right?"

Darla found herself nodding.

"Mmmmmmmmm, wonderful!" the teacher whispered. "Johnny, why don't you pull my panties down and fuck me?"

With a huge grin, Johnny dropped to his knees and shoved his hands under his teacher's skirt, pulling at her filmy panties.

"Now, this is nice," the teacher whispered, leaning her face into Darla's wet, hot cunt. "I can suck cunt very good, but I love it best with a young cock fucking my pussy."

Darla gasped, leaning back and pushing her pussy to the woman's mouth, her hands grabbing for that soft brown hair.

"How about in the ass?" Johnny asked, excitement making his voice crack.

"Oooo, anyplace you want to fuck me," the teacher said, and she plunged her tongue very deeply into Darla's juice-filled cunt . . .

Johnny fucked.

And Darla moaned, as if dreaming.

THE END