

Mama Told Me Not To Come

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Mama was a Bible-fearing Christian. I knew she was because she'd been telling me so darn near every day for as long as I could remember.

She was a regular churchgoer, my mama was. Not just on Sundays, either: for a long time she had made it a habit to go to private Bible study sessions on weeknights with Pastor Reeves, the young assistant to Pastor Johnson, a venerable, gray-haired minister who had presided over our church since before I was born. Mama kept her appointments for those sessions nearly every Tuesday and Thursday until Pastor Reeves moved away to start his own church three counties to the West of ours. I was never too keen about religion, myself, but it seemed to do Mama a heap of good. She had a skip in her step and a glow on her cheeks every time she came back from those afternoon sessions with Pastor Reeves.

Mama was never exactly the most talkative person. Papa wasn't either. But after Pastor Reeves left, it felt like Mama was quieter than before. She was grimmer in the face, too, and more prone to get snappy and peeved at little things, like when I didn't clean my fingernails carefully enough at the end of the day when I came in from the fields for supper.

I was a grown man by then, 19 years old, but still living on the family farm. I cannot honestly say that I had the most observant eye for the moods of women, but even with my limited skill, I could see something was bothering Mama. One day I asked her about it.

"Mama, is something wrong?" Mama was in the kitchen, shucking corn, and I'd just come in from slopping the hogs. I wiped my feet on the mat inside the door.

Mama didn't answer right away. She looked at me with a look I couldn't read.

"Why do you ask, Jubal?"

"Just seems like you've been out of sorts for a while," I said.

"No," she said. "I'm fine. Don't you worry."

I knew enough about Mama to know that was that, and I wasn't going to get another word from her on that subject. I went to the bathroom to clean up for dinner. I heard the door slam and knew that Papa was back from the feed store.

Dinner was delicious, as usual, but quiet. Mama was an able cook, and as far as I was concerned, she couldn't go wrong serving fried chicken with biscuits and buttered corn on the cob, which is what we ate. As usual, nobody said much. I noticed Mama looking at Papa a lot, like she wanted him to say something, but he didn't have much to say other than complimenting Mama once on her fried chicken and boasting about the good price he got at the feed store.

When the meal was done, I offered to clean up the dishes. Mama thanked me as Papa retreated to the living room. I heard the TV turned on. Papa only ever watched one show - reruns of Walker Texas Ranger. He must have been the biggest fan of Chuck Norris on the planet. Papa liked to turn the sound way up, so the noise of the show reverberated throughout the house. After a few minutes, I heard Mama's voice rise over the din. It sounded like she was complaining about something to Papa, but I couldn't tell what she was saying, and I knew better than to eavesdrop. When the last dish was washed, I left the kitchen and climbed the stairs to my room and closed the door. I picked up a dog-eared copy of a horror novel I was in the middle of. I guess you could say I was a big reader, for a farmer's son, and horror books were my favorite.

The next morning, a Saturday, I got up, early as usual, just before dawn, and I showered and dressed and went downstairs for breakfast. Mama was in the kitchen, but not Papa.

"Papa's gone hunting with the boys," Mama explained. "He'll be gone all day. He said to tell you to feed the animals, but when you're done you can take the rest of the day off."

It was a welcome thing to hear, because I thought I'd be tilling the fields after tending to the animals. I wasn't sure what I was going to do with myself.

Breakfast was a quiet affair of eggs and bacon and pancakes. I didn't say much, and neither did Mama. But I had the feeling she wanted to say something. She fidgeted in her chair

throughout breakfast, like she was trying to make up her mind about something but wasn't sure what to do or say about it.

I noticed she was dressed more nicely than usual, too. She wore a tight-fitting print dress that hugged her curves and showed off more of her legs than usual. Mama was a pretty woman. She had me when she was only 19--my age--so that made her only 38. The life of a farmer's wife had left some lines on her face, but Mama still looked youthful and pretty. It seemed like she'd taken extra care brushing her hair that morning, because it fell in soft shiny waves around her shoulders. I didn't have much of an eye for such things, but even I could tell she was wearing more makeup than usual.

After breakfast, I offered to clean up again.

"No, Jubal, I'll do it. You get to the animals. Get done quick and come back. There's something I want to talk about."

"What is it, Mama?"

"We'll talk later. First, tend to the animals."

I wasn't one to argue with Mama.

We didn't have a big farm, or a big barn, so it didn't take too long to feed the chickens, hogs, cows, and horses and to do some cleanup. Two hours later, chores done, I was back in the house,

coming through the back door into the kitchen again. Mama was there.

"Wash up, Jubal," she said. "When you're done, come to my room. I want to talk to you."

I was puzzled by the strangeness of Mama's request. My parents' bedroom was like their sanctuary. It was off-limits to me, most of the time.

But I did as she said, and 20 minutes later, freshly scrubbed and cleaned, and hair still damp, I knocked on Mama's closed bedroom door.

"Come in," she said.

I did, and I saw Mama sitting on the edge of the bed. The pretty dress was hiked up past her knee, and I couldn't remember Mama ever showing so much leg in a dress. A button was undone at the top of the dress. I couldn't remember Mama ever being careless enough to leave her dress in such a state. A shadowy hint of cleavage showed at the neckline of the dress.

Mama patted the side of the bed. I sat down next to her.

I waited for her to say something. It took her a few moments, like she was trying to figure out what to say.

"Jubal, do you have a girlfriend?" she asked at last.

I was surprised. Mama and Papa seldom talked with me about such things. All three of us were private about personal matters.

"No, Mama," I said, candidly. "You remember I dated Mary Anne Miller a few times last spring, but nothing since then."

"That's what I thought," she said. She patted me on the knee.

"It's too bad," she said. "A fine young man like you. It's only natural that you would want to enjoy the company of young women, although, as you are aware, we must always abide by the strictures of the Bible, which limits the explorations of the flesh outside the sanctity of matrimony."

"I'm aware of it, Mama." I knew what the Bible said, but Bible or no, Mary Anne and I had spent time in her parents' barn loft enjoying the explorations of the flesh together. I was no virgin, and Mary Anne had a reputation throughout the county. But I wasn't going to say any of that to Mama.

"Did your father ever have... the talk with you?" Mama asked, her voice rising in pitch uncomfortably.

"The talk?"

"About, you know. The birds and the bees. Bulls and cows. Men and women."

What was she getting at? I shrugged.

"Sex, Jubal. Did he ever talk to you about sex?"

Papa never said much of anything to me about anything, except the farm. I couldn't recall ever having a "talk" with him about anything related to sex.

"No, Mama."

"Pity," she said. "Fathers are supposed to talk to their sons about such things, as mothers are supposed to talk to their daughters. But I never had a daughter. Your father shirked his duty, which was not right."

She patted me on the knee.

"Your father, I am sad to say, has shirked that, and other duties."

She got a faraway look in her eye and was quiet. I wasn't sure what to say.

"What do you mean, Mama?"

Mama looked me in the eye and brushed her hand across my cheek.

"You're a grown man now, Jubal, so I feel like I can share some things with you as one adult to another. Do you mind if I do that?"

"I guess not." I shrugged, uncertainly. I didn't know what Mama was trying to say and I did not know how to respond.

"Your father is a good man," Mama continued. "He is honest, he is God-fearing, and he works hard and is a good provider for our family." She paused before continuing.

"OK," I said.

"But in some ways," Mama said, "Papa has not fulfilled his duties. Jubal, are you familiar with the first book of Corinthians, chapter 7?"

"I've read the Bible, Mama, but I can't say as I specifically recall that part of it."

"It says," she said, "in verses 3 and 4, that 'the husband should give to his wife her conjugal rights, and likewise the wife to her

husband.' So you see, Jubal, that while outside the bond of matrimony, sexual relations between a man and woman are a sin, within that bond, they are a duty. Does that make sense to you?"

"I guess so," I replied, but in truth I was utterly confused about what Mama was trying to tell me. She had never spoken so frankly to me about such things.

"I hope you do not mind my being so candid and intimate with you, Jubal," she said. "But since you are a young man, and your father's son, it is important for you to hear this."

Mama continued, as though she was reciting a long-rehearsed speech.

"A husband has duties to his wife, and a wife to her husband. I never shirked my duties to Papa. I gave him everything that the Good Lord commanded me to give him. If you know what I mean." She clutched and twirled a tress of her hair. "Your father, however, did not see fit to do his duty with the same diligence."

She turned to me.

"Does this make you uncomfortable, Jubal?"

"Um...." It was all I could say.

Mama patted my knee again.

"I understand it is difficult to discuss such things, especially with your parents."

Mama sighed and said nothing for another minute. The silence was oppressive. Tightness gripped my chest.

"I struggled, Jubal," Mama resumed. "In silence, for so long. But then, at last, I found someone to confide in. Pastor Reeves."

I didn't know where this was going, but on a scale of one to ten my discomfort level was fast approaching eleven.

"It was Pastor Reeves who assured me my feelings were normal. The Lord gives us urges, Jubal, and he has provided us with the institution of marriage to deal with those urges. But I was married, and your father--my husband--was not doing his duty to satisfy my urges. I suffered. Ah, Jubal, for so long I suffered."

Mama's hand rested on my knee. It felt heavier than before.

"Pastor Reeves explained to me that in such cases the Lord offered a remedy. That when the husband... fell short, the Holy Spirit could take his place. Through his instrument. Pastor

Reeves explained to me that, as a man of God, he could be the instrument of the Lord's remedy for your father's dereliction."

"Mama, are you saying...?"

Mama put her fingers to my lips, silencing me.

"Yes, Jubal. In our meetings, Pastor Reeves fulfilled the Holy Duty that your father would not."

I didn't know what to say, so I said nothing.

"But God called Pastor Reeves away, to start his own church, far from here. And now I am left, once again, without the benefit of a husband who sees fit to do his sacred duty to his wife. A wife, I might say, Jubal, whom the Holy Spirit has blessed with a healthy and youthful desire to have her husband's sacred duty done to her." She squeezed my knee. "Do you understand my meaning?"

"I think I do, Mama."

"You've grown into a fine, strapping young man, Jubal. Strong, and tall. How tall are you?"

"Six foot two, I reckon," I said.

"An inch taller than your father." She intertwined her fingers with mine. "And such fine, strong, big hands."

Mama sat closer to me than ever, and I almost felt I could sense the heat rising off her body, which stretched her tight print dress in ways I had not noticed only a few minutes earlier.

"When the husband shall fail to do his duty to his wife, so shall the Lord provide a surrogate in his place.' That's what Pastor Reeves said to me, Jubal. He was my surrogate, but he's gone. I have no one to stand in his place, to fulfill your father's duty, except... you."

"Me, mama?"

"Yes, Jubal. You."

Her hand remained clasped with mine. With it she raised my hand off my lap, and pulled it toward her, and she set it on her breast.

I opened my mouth to speak, incredulous, but no words came out. My hand, guided by Mama's, lay over the fullness and roundness of her breast. I felt the faint bump of her nipple under my fingers, shrouded by the fabric of her dress and an unseen brassiere.

"Jubal, you must step into the shoes of your father, and do his duty for him. I'm asking you. Please, Jubal. Your mother deserves this. She needs it."

"But Papa... "

"Papa will not be home for another six hours. He told me that he will have dinner with his friends after hunting, and he won't be home until late."

I didn't move. I sat frozen in place, hand still cupping Mama's ample bosom, not knowing what to do or say.

I didn't know what to do, and Mama seemed concerned at my reserve.

"Am I... unattractive to you, my son?"

I shook my head.

"It's not that, Mama," I said. "You're... you're very pretty."

"Do you mean that, or are you just trying to be nice to an old woman?"

"You're not old, Mama. You're only 38. And you're hot--prettier than any of my friends' mothers. They all tell me so."

"Do they really?"

"Yeah, they do."

I wasn't lying about that. Mama kept herself in better shape than any of the other farmer's wives in our community. My friends had remarked on this fact many times. In fact, they commented on it a heck of a lot more than Papa ever did. A compliment from Papa was a rare thing.

Mama put her hand over mine, still over her breast. She squeezed my hand, and I responded by squeezing her breast. It was bigger than Mary Anne Miller's, with a maternal fullness and only a hint of sag. My thumb pressed over her nipple, and I pushed down on it. Mama sighed.

And then Mama did something that not two minutes earlier I could never have imagined her doing: she withdrew her hand from mine and she lay it in my lap, where my legs came together, and she squeezed me, under my blue jeans.

"Lord have mercy," she said.

I didn't think the Lord had much to do with it, to tell the truth, but I wasn't going to contradict Mama, who took such things far

more seriously than I did. All I knew was that her hand lay on my cock, which was hard and getting harder by the second.

"Mama, what -"

She interrupted me with a finger to my lips.

"No, Jubal. Don't say anything. Not yet. Just follow me. Can you do that?"

I nodded. I didn't know what else to do or say.

"Each of you must love his wife as he loves himself," Mama murmured while looking at my lap. She looked up at my face. "Ephesians 5:33, Jubal."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Today you are my husband. The Lord wills it. We must submit to his will."

I said nothing in reply. Mama seemed to take that as a "yes," because her hands started working on the fly of my pants.

I could not say or do anything. I might have said a prayer for forgiveness to the Almighty, secretly, to myself, or I might not

have. All I recall for certain is that my cock was steely hard and straining uncomfortably against the confines of my blue jeans, until Mama's nimble fingers successfully navigated the buttons and my cock angled upwards with the sturdy quickness of a neighborhood barn-raising.

Mama's eyes widened and glistened at the sight of my upright member, and she emitted an audible gust of air from her mouth.

"Oh, Jubal."

I was aroused, but embarrassed. I had no words to express how I felt. But fortunately, I did not have to. Mama took matters into her own hands--literally. Her hand grasped and encircled the shaft of my cock. I felt it pulse under the touch of her fingers. Mama had slender, elegant hands, to my eye, but they were worn, too, after years of chores on the farm.

"You are every bit as much a man as your father," she said. "More, even."

Her hand slid slowly, down my length, until the side edge of her palm hit my pubic bone. My cock pointed to the ceiling, its head bulbous and purplish.

And then Mama did something that in my most feverish dreams I could never have imagined. She bent over at the waist, opened her mouth wide, and enclosed her lips over my cock head. I felt

the moisture and pressure of her tongue. It swirled around the tip. A tremor swept through me.

Mama must have felt it, too, because she lifted off my upright penis and looked me in the face.

"Jubal, you must not come. Not yet." The words said one thing, but her hand said another, as it stroked me, up and down, up and down.

"I don't know--" I tried say, but I choked back the rest of the words as I concentrated on controlling myself. "I don't know if I can control it, Mama."

"You must, Jubal," she said. "Do you know the sin of Onan?" That hand of hers kept stroking, stroking, stroking.

"I don't recall the details, Mama," I said, gasping.

"Genesis 38:9, Jubal," she said. "You should not waste your seed on the ground. It is a sin. The husband--that's you, now--must save his seed for his wife--that's me, now. You understand?"

"I guess I understand, Mama. But the Bible says one thing, and my body says another. Do YOU understand?"

"I do," she said, withdrawing her hand. "Then there is only one thing we can do now."

Mama sat upright on the bed. Her hands went to the buttons on her dress, below the one that already was undone. One by one, she undid all the rest of the buttons, from top to bottom, and when she was done, she pulled each flap of the pretty print dress away, until her body was revealed.

I drew in a big breath.

I had never seen Mama like this before. Her body was fully exposed, save for a skimpy white cotton bra and panties, and her skin was pale and supple before my eyes. Her torso and thin waste were revealed. It occurred to me that I could not recall ever having seen her belly button. On the few occasions I'd seen her swimming, she had worn a one-piece suit.

Mama kept peeling the dress off, lifting her bottom off the bed to finish the process, until she tossed the garment to the floor.

I saw a strange mix of desire and determination in Mama's eyes, but uncertainty, and a trace of fear, too. She may have had a strong will, but she was no fool, and she must have known that there was no way to predict with certainty how her son would react to what she was doing.

With what appeared to be enormous effort, she said, "Undress me, Jubal."

My hands must have moved with the will of the Holy Spirit, for I had no sense of control over them. I looked ahead, and my hands disappeared behind Mama's torso. My fingers fumbled at the clasp of her bra, behind her, beyond my sight. From limited experience, I knew this was the most embarrassing test for a young man: unhooking a bra. I looked into Mama's eyes while my fingers flailed at their task, and Mama looked back with what I thought was encouragement, a slight smile playing on her lips. After what seemed like an eternity, I felt the devilish thing come undone. Mama put a hand on my chest, and I pulled back. The bra now hung slackly on her chest, the edges of the cups just barely over her nipples. Mama's hands went to the straps and pulled them off her shoulders, and at last, magically, unbelievably, beyond anything I could have imagined an hour earlier, the bra fell to Mama's waist and her breasts lay exposed to my eyes.

I think I went slack-jawed. I'm sure I said nothing for at least a minute. Mama sat still in front of me, not moving, but the steady rhythm of her breathing caused her breasts to lift and fall before my eyes, and that was enough. My heart swelled with desire and my cock filled with blood. I was horny beyond anything I'd experienced before. Mama's breasts were full and pale, and her nipples were pink and erect.

"Don't stop, Jubal," Mama said, her voice barely more than a whisper. She lifted for a second off the bed, and her hands shucked the white panties off her hips and down her thighs. They pooled at her feet on the floor.

Mama sat naked before me. I sat, too, not moving.

Mama parted her legs, and my gaze drifted downward.

A luxuriant brown thicket of fur emerged at the junction of her pale legs. Beyond the hair, obscured but not hidden, lay the lush lips of her pussy. I had never seen anything like it. The few girls I'd been with had been shaven or closely trimmed. Mama's bush, by contrast, looked wild and untamed, and its exposure conflicted with everything I had ever thought about her.

My engorged cock stood tall and hard in response, and my hand reflexively went to cover it, but Mama's hand stopped me.

"No," she said.

I think I sighed, or maybe gasped. I don't recall.

"Touch me, Jubal," Mama said.

I put a hand forward and touched her hair, and I was surprised by its softness. My own pubic hair was coarse, but Mama's was gentle as down. I pushed a finger further forward until it touched flesh: Mama's pussy. The lips, thick and curved, were folded against each other. I ran my finger up and down, between them, until my finger stopped at the pink nub of her clitoris. I was no expert on a woman's anatomy, but I'd had enough experience to have a rough working knowledge of what I was touching and looking at.

Mama exhaled loudly when my finger touched her clit. She closed her eyes.

"Yes, Jubal," she said.

It was more of an invitation than I ever could have expected, so my finger continued its exploration of Mama's most secret and sacred place.

I didn't know what I was doing, but it didn't seem to matter. Mama's body shook with every touch. My forefinger circled her clit. My fingertip ran up and down the hood, on each side. I drew my finger down the soft, uneven folds of her flesh and pressed forward until the lips gave way and the tip of my finger disappeared inside Mama. Her sighs grew loud and labored.

"That feels wonderful," she said, her eyes closed, the words coming between deep breaths.

Mama opened her eyes. She stared at me in a way that made me think she was looking at me for the first time. She stretched out her hand to my chest. I clenched my pectoral muscle, and I think Mama's eyes glistened. Her hand traced my shoulder, then pressed against my arm muscle. It was strange to watch my mama looking at me with an expression of lust. I thought I saw goosebumps on her arms. I thought I felt them on mine.

I'd forgotten about my finger. It lay on the bed, just outside the entrance to Mama's pussy, at the fringe of the hair of her bush. Ah, that bush. So different from Mary Anne Miller's shaved pubis. The gap between Mary Anne Miller and Mama was like the gap between kindergarten and college. Though I'd been no virgin in the barn with her, I'd known what I wanted from Mary Anne. What I lacked in experience, I made up for in lust. But with Mama it was like the change from black and white to technicolor. I couldn't figure out what I felt. I just knew I was overwhelmed by it. With Mary Anne, I'd been the one in control. With Mama, she led the way.

Mama's hands pulled at the lower edge of my shirt.

"I need to take this off, Jubal," she said.

I lifted my hands over my head to help her, and in a moment the shirt was off and tossed to the floor.

I looked at Mama and her eyes were focused on my bare chest and they flashed in a way I was not used to. I'd spent the entire 19 years of my life seeing Mama as the embodiment of control and discretion, and now those qualities seemed like a façade hiding an untamed beast, coiled and ready to spring on me.

Mama didn't spring. She just said, "The pants, Jubal."

I fumbled with the buttons and turned to the side as I pulled the pants, and my boxer briefs, down my legs to the floor. Crazy as

it may seem, with my mama nude in front of me, I was embarrassed about Mama looking at me.

When I was done, I looked back at Mama, trying to focus on her eyes rather than her full breasts, but I couldn't help but notice how erect and pink her nipples were.

Mama took my hand in hers and pulled me toward her.

"Come closer," she said.

I scooted closer. Mama and I sat right next to each other, completely naked. I was terribly embarrassed, but aroused, too. My cock stood out from my lap, saluting my mother.

"Jubal, I need you to do something," she said.

"What, Mama?"

"Hold me and kiss me."

I'd never turned down a chance to kiss a pretty girl before, and Mama was pretty, no doubt about it, but I could barely move. I put my hands on each side of her waist, but so lightly and nervously it was like I was picking up a teacup made of fine China.

I couldn't make myself do anything more, and the silence in the room grew loud.

"Jubal," Mama said.

"Yes?"

"Do you not want to kiss me?" she asked. "Am I unattractive to you?"

"Oh, Mama, no," I said. "You're... you're beautiful. But this is so strange."

"I know," she said. "I'm sure it seems strange to you. But sometimes we must do things that seem strange to us. This is the Lord's work, Jubal. Take comfort in that. Kiss me. Please."

I wasn't so sure of the bit about the Lord's work, but Mama was naked, and she was right next to me, and her nipples pointed at me, hard and erect, and the sight of her nude body ultimately persuaded me as no Biblical sermon could.

I put my arms around Mama and drew her closer to me. I leaned forward until my lips met hers. I closed my eyes, and the lips were no longer the lips of my mother. They were the lips of a beautiful, sexy woman, in my arms, eager, lusty, and available.

We kissed. Mama's lips were wet and soft, and they gave way before the pressure from my own. One of my hands pressed against her back, pulling her toward me, and the other hand rested on her breast, pinching her nipple.

The kissing started gentle and tentative but in only moments became feral and frantic. Our lips mashed against each other. My tongue darted into her mouth, which opened eagerly to receive me, and her tongue responded with equal insistence, pushing its way past my tongue into my own mouth. The smack of our mouths on each other reverberated in the otherwise quiet room. We said nothing, other than saying "Mama" and "Jubal" to one another from time to time. The temperature in the room seemed to rise.

Some part of my brain screamed silently at me, "This is fucking crazy. You can't do this with your mom." But it was drowned out by the lust I felt as my body entwined with my mother's. I couldn't help myself. She was my mother, and twice my age, but her breasts were full and ripe, and her skin was pale and soft and her curves were perfectly placed and formed for my hands to caress. My lust was dialed up to level ten and my cock was a steel bar.

"It's time, Jubal," Mama said at last, drawing away from me and lying back on the bed, legs deliciously open and breasts lolling invitingly. "Take me. You must."

I threw off my clothes as fast as I could, only slightly embarrassed that Mama could now see the full hardness of my cock that the sight of her aroused.

A moment later my clothes were off, lying on the floor, and I stood naked like a hungry jungle beast over Mama, who lay before me, open-legged.

Mama looked up at me, eyes wide and lips moist.

"Corinthians, Jubal. Go ahead."

I cannot honestly say that the verses of the Bible had anything to do with it, but my cock pushed forward, as if on its own, until it pressed against the opening of Mama's sex.

"Are you sure, Mama?" I asked.

"Surer than anything, Jubal."

Every time she said my name, it packed an erotic punch.

She pushed her hips forward until the delicate edge of a pussy lip touched my throbbing cock.

Fortified by Mama's confidence in the Lord's will, I pushed forward.

My cock tip slipped past and between her lips. Mama closed her eyes and sighed. I pushed forward further, eyes agog and mouth open as the shaft of my cock disappeared inside Mama. I pushed on and on. Her pussy, slicked with wetness, offered no resistance.

"Ohhhhh," Mama said.

I was fucking my mother! The deed could not be undone.

There was only one thing to do: Keep fucking. So, I did.

I started slowly, maybe unbelievably, wanting to savor every fraction of an inch of my cock disappearing into Mama. Her pussy was heaven: snug enough to grip my cock with a fulfilling pressure but wet enough that I could stroke in and out of her with no chafing or resistance. Mama, for her part, obviously enjoyed it because she moaned with every in-stroke. When I pushed into her, her hips pushed back, but while I eagerly watched as Mama's pussy lips enfolded my cock within their depths, Mama threw her head back and closed her eyes, lost in whatever bliss she felt.

"Mama," I called to her.

"What is it, Jubal?" she asked, eyes closed and body rocking against mine.

"Is this what you really want?" I asked.

"More than anything."

That was enough for me. My hands gripped her on the hips, and I pushed into her as furiously and frantically as I could. For a few minutes, neither of us said anything. The only sound in the room was of our bodies slapping against each other. No sound could have been more arousing.

Our bodies rocked against each other for many minutes. I lost track of time. All attention was focused on the way I entered her, over and over.

I didn't think I could hold back long.

"Don't come yet, Jubal," Mama said, unexpectedly.

"What?" I replied, panting.

"Don't come," she said again. "Not until I do. Let me come first."

"Oh, Mama," was all I could say in reply. I was so near. I didn't know how I could hold back.

"I'll try," I said.

Mama pushed her body against me, over and over, and I looked down at her body, the supple curves rocking to the beat of my body against hers. I relished the simple but perfect beauty of her full breasts swaying in a rhythm, nipples pert and perfect. I didn't think I could hold back.

"Just a bit longer, Jubal," Mama cried, her legs shaking, and toes pointed up to the ceiling.

"I'll try," I said in a choked voice, but I didn't know if I could try much longer.

I tried to think of something else. A phone book. The interminable lessons in my high school chemistry class. The inside of the barn I had cleaned earlier that day. But the delicious envelopment of Mama's pussy on me could not be denied. I was going to come, and nothing could hold me back.

But Mama came first.

"Oh yes!" she cried, and I felt the full length of her body spasm under me. Mama came.

I let loose then, just moments later. I felt it, at last: the tide of my climax, swelling from deep within, spreading in waves over me, the flood loosened and released. I filled her, my Mama. My cum, inside her.

Mama gasped under me, for what seemed like several minutes, but I had no clear sense of time.

At last, she said, "It is done!"

"Mama?" I asked.

"Revelations 16:17," she said.

Scripture was far from my mind at that time. All I could think about was the exquisite sensation of my spent cock inside her pussy. I held it there for several minutes.

Eventually, I lifted off Mama, and I sat to the side of her. Her body was damp with a mix of my sweat and hers. A pall of guilt settled over my exultation at what we had done.

"Mama," I said. "What do we do now? Is this a one-time thing, or... are we going to do it again?"

Mama looked back at me, serenely.

"The Lord does not let the righteous go hungry," she said.
"Proverbs 10:3."

I knew that one.

"But Mama, doesn't it also say, 'He thwarts the craving of the wicked?'"

Mama looked at me for a long time before answering, but her expression of serenity and self-certainty didn't go away. She scooted closer to me.

"Jubal," she said, taking my cock in her slender and eager hand.
"Don't overthink this."