

Mom Calls for Help

Authors note:

All characters portrayed in this fictional story are over the age of eighteen years. This story includes unprotected sex between a mother and her son with the explicit intent of the mother becoming pregnant from her son. It does not include anal sex.

"Slow down, Chad," Mom scolded me for scarfing down my lunch. I couldn't help it. My eighteenth birthday was last Monday and tonight I was going to officially celebrate it. Time couldn't go by fast enough.

"You can't blame him, Nicole. Nancy is coming back to town from college today and he's eager to get away from the old folks," Dad chuckled.

They had no idea of the level of my excitement. Although I had gone out with my current girlfriend only a few times, tonight was special. Being older and more sexually experienced than me, she promised to take my virginity for my birthday present.

Impatiently waiting several hours, my departure time finally arrived. Before I could get out the door, Dad intercepted me. "You two have fun tonight, Chad. Here's some spending money for your birthday so you can have a good time."

Seeing at least one folded twenty, I accepted the wad from him. "Thanks, Dad."

On my way out, I heard him say, "Stay safe, Chad. Sometimes it takes more than money."

Once in my car, I unfolded the bills to see how much he had given me. Inside two bills was a packaged condom. Wow. How embarrassing. He must have seen my anxious state and knew I was looking forward to more than a date. No wonder he told me to be safe when he sent me off.

I wondered if he was worried history would be repeated as happened with him and Mom. He's eighteen years her senior and she conceived me soon after her eighteenth birthday, so maybe they weren't practicing safe sex and he didn't want me to repeat his lapse of judgment.

The drive didn't take long and before I knew it I was pulling up to my girlfriend's house. Her parents always went to the movies on Saturday night so she planned to give me my gift in her bedroom. Showing up at the prearranged time, I was surprised to be greeted by her father.

"Hi, Chad. Haven't seen you for a while. I hear my daughter is going to give you something special for your birthday."

Panic-stricken, thinking he knew about our plans, I was lost for words. Struggling with how to respond, I blankly stared at him while I thought of several responses that wouldn't get me in trouble. Before I could answer, my girlfriend quickly approached from the kitchen. She was smiling, almost laughing, coming to my rescue. "Oh, Daddy. It's just a movie and not that big a deal for his eighteenth birthday gift."

Finally taking a breath, I felt relief from the uncomfortable situation.

Moving past her father, she hugged me, kissing me on the cheek. "Hi, Chad. Ready to go? We need to hurry to get there on time."

Her Dad waved goodbye as we got in my car and drove off.

Her perfume was strong and I couldn't wait to have sex with her. Sensing my excitement, she divulged her game plan. "They'll be gone in a few minutes. Drive to the mall and head back. We'll have the house to ourselves and be done by the time they return from their night out."

"What if they ask you something about the movie you're not going to see?"

"Don't worry. I've seen many during the last few months. I'll just pick one of those if they ask. Everything will be fine."

Catching up on recent events, we were soon back at her dark, empty house. Once in the door, she wrapped her arms around me and passionately kissed me now that she was out of sight from her parents.

Gripping my hand, she pulled me to her room and wasted no time with small talk. Her hands hurriedly removed my clothes as we struggled to maintain mouth contact. She was already pulling down my pants and shorts before I could unbutton her blouse.

Wrapping her hand around my stiff prick, she stroked me to full hardness. She impatiently pushed me back on her bed. Smiling wide, she finished stripping off her top and sexy bra. Although I had felt her tits on a couple of dates, I had never seen them. They were bigger than I gauged from my brief feeling, tipped with wide, pink nipples. My prick grew stiffer in anticipation.

Crawling onto the bed, she ran her hands up my hairy legs. She took her time, lustfully smiling as she leisurely stroked my body, building my excitement level. Kissing her way up my torso, she flattened her tits against mine as we locked our mouths on together.

Raising herself off me, she moved down and stroked my hard cock. Looking sad, she stopped pumping. "Chad, I have a little bad news for you. My period started early this month, like yesterday. But I'll still be able to give my virgin boyfriend a great birthday gift."

That explained why she didn't take off her skirt. Damn, so much for fulfilling any dreams I had for tonight. In an attempt to not dampen the mood, I replied, "No problem, being with you is enough of a present anyway." That was a bald-faced lie, but I hoped she bought it so she'd continue.

Wrapping her meaty globes around my shaft, she moved to and fro. "How about a titty fuck? Would you like that?"

I closed my eyes and groaned in agreement as she fucked my slick prick. Sensing I was getting too excited, she stopped. Moving back, she held my stiff cock upright, leaning close as if she was talking to a microphone. I looked up to see her pretty face behind my hard shaft.

"Maybe you'd like something that feels more like a juicy pussy rather than fucking my tits." She ran her rough tongue up my length, keeping her lustful eyes locked to mine. Licking up and down my prick, she stopped to occasionally nibble on my hard rod.

I almost lost it when she popped the head of my prick into her sucking mouth. Lowering her head halfway down my shaft, she slowly raised back up, gently scraping my prick with her teeth. Her pace increased, elevating my excitement. I threw my head back and closed my eyes, blissfully enjoying my first blow-job.

She shifted up closer, providing a better angle to slurp up and down my shaft. Keeping my thoughts on other topics, I attempted to hold out as long as possible. Knowing I was nearing an orgasm, I opened my eyes to inform her I was going to erupt.

Looking down, all I could see was the top of her head moving up and down. Her hair was dark brown in color and her bob hairstyle reminded me of someone else. As soon as it dawned on me, my balls filled with a load of sticky cum. Before I could warn her, my cock discharged its load of cargo as I envisioned my mother sucking me.

She swallowed my load as I filled her mouth, seemingly unbothered by my abrupt, explosive orgasm. I moaned in pleasure, my cock

convulsing through my climax. After she cleaned my softening cock, she moved up and hugged me.

As she talked I was trying to figure out what just happened. Comparing Nancy to Mom, I saw a lot of similarities. Was that why I was attracted to her? We didn't connect on most other things. I found her to be pretty shallow, but I thought she would probably grow out of it. Before I knew it, she told me I'd have to leave before her parents came home.

I wasn't even that upset when she informed me that she was heading back to college tomorrow. After a quick, goodbye kiss, I headed home.

At breakfast the next morning I glanced more at Mom than usual and mentally compared her to my girlfriend. She's definitely better looking than Nancy. As with most healthy boys my age, I've stroked to fantasies involving Mom, but not frequently. I switched between her, several aunts and a few teachers for my fantasy fucks. Now that the flood gates were open, incestuous fantasies were freely forming.

Trying hard not to get caught, I stared at her long, lithe legs. Her skirt hemline was a few inches above her knees which allowed a strip of thigh to show when she reached over the counter. Her legs were much better looking than Nancy's. After she sat down to eat, my attention switched to her facial features.

Nancy and Mom's hair were very similar. Silky, straight and chocolate-brown in color. I wonder why I didn't see the similarities earlier. Their bob cuts differed slightly. Nancy's bangs were wider, her hair coming down on the sides of her face barely covering her ears.

Mom's bangs were narrow and lower, almost covering her eyebrows. The sides flowed down by the outer edges of her eyes on either side, accentuating her high cheekbones. Every time she turned to the side, her hair would cover one of her eyes. That would drive me crazy, but she must have liked it as she's worn it that way for years.

Her face is so pretty, I've always thought it was a shame her hair covers most of it. I chalked it up to Dad and Mom's age difference. More likely she wants to conceal how much younger she looks. More than once Dad has complained about how people mistake them for father and daughter when they go out to a restaurant.

Concentrating on Mom's hair for so long, I stopped eating. Mom cleared her throat which brought my attention to her eyes, which were locked onto mine. That brought to light another difference between them. Nancy's eyes were hazel colored, while Mom's were deep-brown, similar to her hair color. There was also a sensual and caring look to Mom's larger, wider eyes that Nancy's didn't exude.

Trying to explain my inattention, I croaked, "Sorry, Mom. My mind was on my homework."

She smiled and replied, "I was getting worried. It looked like you saw a ghost while you were staring at me. Finish your meal and don't worry so much. You'll do fine."

The following Friday I was despondently sitting at a cafeteria table when my friend Tom sat down across from me. Detecting my mopey attitude, he asked, "What's wrong, Chad? You look like you've lost your best friend."

"Nancy hasn't replied to any of my emails. Not sure what I did to make her mad."

"Damn, Dude. You didn't know? I heard she's moved on. I guess she found another virgin to conquer at the college she's attending."

"What are you talking about? Another virgin?"

Tom smiled and chuckled, "She's a cherry picker. That's her thing. She loves virgins. Sorry, I thought everyone knew that."

How could I be so naive? Tom's smirk told it all. He and the rest of the school knew that I hadn't been able to get laid and someone had taken pity on me. Now it was clear how such a hot girl hooked up with me. I didn't even know her before this year. She approached me when I was in the library early in the year and had struck up a conversation, leading to several dates.

The rest of the day was awkward as I mentally dealt with my newly discovered knowledge. Still feeling sorry for myself at dinner, Dad noticed and put down his paper to talk to me. "You going to see Nancy

again this weekend? She's quite the looker, not near as pretty as your mother, but still damn nice."

"No, Dad. We're not going together anymore."

Mom was by the counter and I saw her turn around to eavesdrop on our conversation.

"That's too bad. I thought she was a keeper." Leaning in closer, he whispered, "Did you at least get to use the protection I gave you."

Blushing, I answered back in a louder tone than I expected. "No, Dad. We didn't go that far."

Mom heard my reply, but I wasn't sure if she knew what I was talking about. She feigned disinterest and continued to prepare our meal.

Taken aback from my outburst, Dad replied, "Sorry, Chad. Long distance relationships are hard to keep alive." Leaning closer, he whispered, "I can see you're pretty upset. I kind of figured it was a special date. First time, maybe?"

If I had any thoughts of disputing his assumption, my blushing face confirmed his suspicions. "Dad, I'm not telling you that. Let's just say I'm upset at losing my first girlfriend and end it there."

He knowingly smiled and said, "Don't worry, Chad. You'll meet plenty of women in college. Don't fret about it too much."

"I suppose so, Dad. Thanks."

He was right. I wasn't even that disappointed with the breakup. Our conversations were never very substantial. I was more peeved that she didn't just tell me in the first place. There wouldn't have been any need for the dates. I would have been more than willing to assist her with her fetish.

There were only four months left until summer. I decided to dedicate all my spare time to finalize the work-intensive projects required for graduation.

Finishing up my final senior project, I turned off my computer with a sigh of relief. It'd been a hectic two months since I decided to buckle down on my studies. The time remaining until graduation would be a breeze.

"Come to dinner, Chad!" Mom yelled at me. Perfect timing.

Dad was already at the table when I sat down. When we finished eating, he turned to Mom and announced, "Nicole, we're having some server problems at the company which is going to affect my schedule.

My hours will be eleven in the morning to eight at night. I'll grab something to eat at work so you two won't have to wait for me."

"That's too bad, John. They rely on you for so much, but at least you can sleep in now. How long do you think it'll last?"

"It looks like eight months to a year, maybe shorter depending on whether I can get someone else up to speed."

Turning to me he said, "Chad, I'm going to need you to help your mother around the house since I'm not going to be here at night."

"No problem, Dad. There are only two months left until I graduate. I'm done with my major projects so I'll have plenty of time to help out."

Motion caught my eye as Mom reached up to pull back the hair on the side of her face, revealing her smile. Since my disastrous relationship ended with Nancy, I've been paying more attention to Mom's idiosyncrasies. Call it a tell or tic or a habit, but each time she pulled her hair away from her face, it was her way to express joy. She either smiled, laughed or verbally expressed her excitement each time.

Relief swept through me as she silently approved the change which would mean she'd spend more time with me. Her gleeful expression couldn't have surpassed mine. My affection for her during the last few months had elevated from infatuation to a mixture of love and lust.

We started our new routine the next morning. I'd leave for school at eight and arrive back home at three in the afternoon. The next few hours were spent in my room finishing up my homework. Dinner conversation was shorter without Dad, allowing us to finish and clean up earlier than normal.

Mom assigned me several chores occupying my time until Dad arrived at nine. He was so tired when he got home that we usually watched TV for only an hour before he went to bed.

On the Monday after we started our new routine, Mom stopped me on my way to my room. "Chad, you're going to be on your own in a few months at college. How would you like it if I teach you how to cook and some of the other tasks you'll be doing when you're out on your own?"

Her large, sad, deep-brown eyes and her apprehensive frown signaled she was afraid I wouldn't agree. As if hypnotized, my eyes locked onto her radiant beauty. Fearing she would change her mind, I quickly replied, "Of course, Mom. That sounds like a great idea. I can finish my homework at night when Dad comes home, freeing up my time before dinner."

And there it was, her tic. Pulling her hair back to the side, she smiled and cheerfully said, "Great, we'll start today."

From that day forward, Mom was determined to teach me how to prepare as many different meals as she could. My focus was more on her body, watching her move elegantly around the kitchen.

Occasionally we brushed against each other causing goosebumps to appear when our bare skin came into contact.

I increased the time I spent close to her body, using the pretense of learning. She never moved away or told me to keep my distance. Not paying attention one day, I was too near the counter when she was working with a bowl of flour. Looking at my powder-covered clothes, she chuckled, "It looks like you may have to wear an apron from now on."

Seeing her wide, sexy grin, I couldn't help but smile back. "I'm not wearing an apron, Mom. I'll have to be more careful in the future."

Her eyes slowly traveled up and down my body as if she were considering more changes with my attire.

After a minute of uncomfortable silence, I declared, "No way, Mom. Not going to happen."

She smiled, quickly brushed her hair to the side and said, "I know, Dear. I was just trying to picture you in one of those french maid outfits."

We both laughed but now images of how she'd look in that sexy attire flashed through my lecherous mind. I turned back to the counter to hide my growing erection. Homework that night was delayed as I surfed for a brunette, french maid and a young man. Finding one, I soon blasted off a load, envisioning my mother as the maid.

Two weeks flew by and my training was winding down in the kitchen. Today she was going to teach me how to use the blender to make a cake.

"Come stand behind me, Chad. You can look over my shoulder and learn how to mix in the different ingredients."

Maneuvering behind her, I positioned my head next to hers so I could see what she was doing. While her attention was on blending together the items, mine was focused on her scent. Realizing she had used a berry shampoo, I inhaled her fragrance.

There was another smell I detected as well, her natural aura. Leaning closer to her bare skin below her hair I breathed in deep in an attempt to inhale her scent. Misjudging, I accidentally nudged my nose into her soft neck.

Suddenly, her body clenched and she quickly turned around. Her bra-encased breasts slammed into my chest as she swiveled to face me. She exclaimed, "What are you doing?"

Startled by getting caught, I stammered, "Sorry, Mom. The strawberry smell from your hair was strong. I was just trying to get in a better position to smell the spices."

Her soft breasts were still pressed into my chest and her luscious lips were inches away. Could I kiss her? Would she get disgusted and end any progress I've made in having a closer relationship with her?

Before I could dwell any longer, she muttered, "It's okay, I was just startled. Guess I'll have to shampoo with something less strong in the future." She giggled and gave me a knowing smirk. She was no dummy, knowing her son was smelling her feminine essence, not the spices.

After turning back around, she reached up and moved her hair to the side, baring the side of her face. "Put your head next to my neck so you won't be distracted by my hair. Next time I'll have to use a shampoo that smells closer to the dish we're preparing." Chuckling, she moved her hand back to the counter.

Not only was she not irritated at my behavior, but she had also given me permission to get closer to her smooth skin. Pressing the side of my face next to bare neck, I found it difficult to observe what she was doing. All I could think of was the fact she moved her hair, indicating an excited condition. Glancing sideways, her sexy smile confirmed my assessment.

Feeling my manhood come alive, I shifted my pelvis back to avoid jabbing her soft body. Along with surfing mom-son porn tonight, I'd have to look up instructions on how to make a cake as I wasn't paying attention to anything she was doing.

All too soon, the batter was ready to go in the oven. Continuing to work closely together through the next week, I knew I was falling, if not already deep in love with my beautiful mother. Her flirting had really elevated my affection for her. I was certain by the signals she was sending that she had reciprocal feelings.

Two days later when I arrived home from school, I heard Mom call out from the kitchen. "Chad, I'm making a pie. Change out of your good clothes and put on your sweats before you come to watch."

Quickly stowing my pack and switching to more comfortable clothes, I made my way out to Mom. My heart skipped a beat when I saw her working in front of the blender again. Thinking it was just my imagination, I could swear her skirts were progressively getting shorter the last few weeks. Looking at the backs of her legs, I knew it wasn't in my head after all. Her hemline was halfway up her thighs displaying the backs of her shapely legs.

Knowing there was going to be a problem I took advantage of Mom's inattention as she focused on her work. Reaching into my sweatpants, I arranged my stiffening prick so when it became fully hard, it wouldn't poke straight out.

Moving behind her, I inhaled the scent of her hair, detecting a different smell than before. Reaching up to the side of her head, I pulled her silky, smooth hair to the back as I pressed the side of my face against her neck. As I suspected, a wide smile appeared as soon as I pulled her

hair to the side. I silently laughed noticing it worked even when someone else moves her hair.

"Would I be right assuming we're making some kind of a banana pie today?" I inquired.

"Good guess, Chad. It took me some time before I found the right shampoo for today's lesson."

With my head in place, my hand holding her hair slowly crept to the other side of her neck. Slowing moving my fingers on her flesh, I gently massaged her bare flesh. Her attention was on mixing ingredients which allowed me to notice her smile widen as I gently massaged her smooth skin.

Looking down to learn how to make the pie, my eyes abruptly stopped at the sight of the insides of her breasts. The top two buttons of her blouse were unfastened. A portion of her silky, blue bra was visible. My hungry eyes devoured the sight of the portion of bare tit-flesh that wasn't concealed under her sexy undergarment.

While she was mixing and explaining how to proceed, my attention was focused on her erotic exhibition. Feeling confident that my hard prick was tight against my body, I inched closer to get a better look down her open top. The exposed portion of her breasts jiggled as she worked with the ingredients.

Not paying attention to how close she was to completion, I was caught off guard when she backed up into me in order to move over to the other counter to fill the pie crusts. My prick, standing straight up like a flagpole, pressed between her ass cheeks as she bumped into me. Her thin skirt and my cotton sweats combined wasn't enough material to conceal the fact my hard cock was buried between her soft globes.

As if the close joining wasn't bad enough, I involuntarily gasped at the sudden contact with her sexy body. My hand that was massaging her neck squeezed her soft flesh while my free hand reached out to keep my balance landed squarely on the side of her bun. Pushing into her soft ass, I dislodged myself and stepped back to allow her to move. Taking a deep breath, I anxiously waited for repercussions.

She paused long enough to allow me to shift back, remaining eerily silent from my inappropriate action. Moving over, she continued to finish preparing the pies. Her knowing, sexy smirk added to my excited state. This was a step up from the casual flirting we had done in the last few weeks. It was evident she was sexually teasing me more aggressively. Did she share the same lust that I've tried so hard to conceal?

When finished, we prepared dinner and ate. At some point, Mom had fastened one of her buttons. She still left one undone revealing a good amount of cleavage with the edge of her bra peeking at the edge of her blouse.

Over the course of the next few weeks, she continued to wear short skirts and often had the top button or two undone on her blouses. Her

teasing was keeping me in a constant state of arousal, resulting in having to whack off a load each night before finishing my homework.

On weekends I noticed she would wear longer skirts and wouldn't expose herself as she did around me. This confirmed my suspicions that her flirting was for my benefit, concealing her overt sexual displays from Dad.

Each night I made it a point to go out and sit in an easy chair opposite my parents before retiring for the night. Mom routinely wore her robe and Dad often fell fast asleep as he was always tired. It couldn't have been coincidental that whenever Dad drifted off, Mom would stretch or rub her leg, pushing the robe off to reveal several inches of white thigh.

After each flashing, she'd reach up to flip her hair back and smile. She was probably unaware that every time she'd make that gesture, my prick would stiffen. She was either pleased or excited to display her bare flesh to me while Dad snoozed beside her. Seeing no need to hide my leering, my eyes scanned her exposed skin each time. She never acknowledged my inappropriate behavior, but her sexy smile sent a clear signal that she was appreciative of my attention.

Having been accepted for enrollment to the University on the other side of the state, I regretted the short time left I had left to spend with Mom. After debating the pros and cons to myself for several days, I decided

to divulge my future plans to my parents. It was only two weeks until graduation and I needed to inform them sooner than later.

At the end of dinner on Sunday, I announced, "Mom, Dad. I've decided to not attend college. I don't have any real interests and would like to take some time to figure out what I want to do."

Dad's face reddened as his anger grew. "What do you mean by that? I didn't raise my son to be a bum. You need to get a degree so you can get a decent job. You're not going to goof off around here, young man."

Hoping his anger would subside, I waited a moment before I answered, "I won't be a freeloader, Dad. I'll get a job and move out after I graduate. I just don't feel right about spending money on college when I have no idea what my degree would be."

Before Dad could answer, Mom chirped, "John, if Chad doesn't have any idea of what he wants to do, I see no problem in delaying his advanced education. It's not like you can't be happy in life without a degree."

Seeing Dad squirm in frustration, I realized he couldn't argue any further. She conceived his baby when she was eighteen and never went to college so any further argument would be a direct insult to her.

Before I could excuse myself, Dad said, "We'll talk more about this next weekend. I need to think about what's best for your future."

Fortunately, our schedules allowed little interaction between Dad and myself for the next week. His demeanor was definitely cooler toward me when I'd go out to say goodnight.

During breakfast the next Saturday, I anxiously waited for Dad to show up. Rehearsing all the arguments in my head why I shouldn't go to college, I felt confident I could convince him to see my point of view. To my surprise, Dad arrived smiling. He acted as if he had won and was ready to tell me what my future plans would be.

Mom's expression was apprehensive as if she was anticipating good news. Fidgeting in her seat, she finally turned to Dad and said, "John, are you going to tell him or not?"

Dad laughed and said, "I have this, Nicole. Don't fret."

Catching my attention, he said, "First off, Chad. I want to apologize for getting angry last week. It just took me by surprise, but after talking it over with your mother, I believe you've made the right decision. You have our support in whatever direction you want to pursue."

This threw me off as I was prepared for an unpleasant confrontation. Relieved to hear his answer, I replied, "Thanks, Dad. I'll start looking for a job and a place to live after graduation next week."

Dad's smile grew wider as he said, "That's nice of you to take charge, but your mother and I would prefer that you remain with us. She's

explained how your help has been a blessing and in place of room and board we hoped you'd decide to stay here and keep assisting."

This was a far better outcome than I thought would materialize. I was going to be with Mom as much, if not more than the last several months. Not wanting to sound overly excited, I quietly replied, "I'd love to keep living here. It'll make it a lot easier not having to worry about getting a place."

Looking to see Mom's reaction, I immediately knew I had made the right move. She was already smiling before she reached up to brush her hair to the side. She was excited to hear that I was staying. That was the only important piece of information I needed to know.

She had come to my aid again, standing up for me when it looked like things were going awry. It was eerie how she knew exactly what I was thinking and desired, but then again, she's been my dotting and caring mother for eighteen years.

The last week of school went fast. Dad's work didn't allow him to attend my graduation on Friday night. Mom went with me and was by far the prettiest mother present. After we arrived home, Mom told me to change into comfortable clothes and come out to the living room.

Quickly changing into my sweats, I went out to meet Mom. She hadn't changed but was holding a small, gift-wrapped package. She gushed, "I wanted to wait for your father to get home, but I can't stand it any longer. Here's our graduation present to you. Enjoy!"

Ripping the paper off, I uncovered a new phone. My old one was ancient and outdated. This one was top of the line. I couldn't contain my excitement as I turned it on.

Elated at seeing my enjoyment, she continued, "Your dad set it up last night. He used his passcode to protect it. His code is 5546."

Before unlocking it, I looked up to Mom's beaming face. "Thanks so much, Mom. I love it."

I moved close to hug and kiss her on the cheek when she unexpectedly turned at the last second, resulting in our lips colliding with each other.

We hadn't kissed like this since I was little. Her moist, hot lips elevated my excitement level so fast that I inadvertently hugged her tighter. Her breasts filled with air and pushed into my chest as our mouths locked together. My breathing increased as I realized she wasn't breaking off. Our kiss was transforming into more than a mother-son peck. Instinctively, I opened my mouth and ran my tongue across her full, wet lips.

She immediately backed off. Thinking I crossed a boundary, she set my mind at ease as she mischievously smiled at my obvious discomfort. Sure enough, there goes the hair. It was a clear signal that she wasn't repulsed from kissing her son. She approved and was excited by our brief contact.

Not wanting to lengthen the uncomfortable situation, I sat down and played with my new toy. I was so immersed with my phone that I didn't hear Dad enter the house.

"Looks like your mom couldn't wait to give you our present. How do you like it?"

"Great, Dad. It's a nice model, way better than my old one."

Dad grinned, seeing my excitement. He added, "It's exactly like my new one. I thought you'd like it."

After another hour of watching TV with Mom and Dad, I excused myself to retire for the night.

Still acquainting myself with my new phone, I barely looked at Mom when I sat down for breakfast the next morning. She cleared her throat in an attempt to break my attention. Looking up, I saw her smiling at my intent interest in my graduation present.

"Sorry, Mom. This phone is so much more complicated than my old one that I got carried away. You need something?"

"I hate to distract you from your newest, best friend but maybe you could help me prepare breakfast before your dad gets up," Mom pleaded.

"Of course, Mom. What do you need?"

"Set the table and scramble the eggs. I'll do the rest."

It was Saturday so Dad would join us like he did all weekends. Partway through our meal, Dad announced, "Chad, I've been talking it over with the other managers at work and we have a proposition for you. How would you like to work at our company? There are a lot of positions available. We'd switch you to a different area every few months. That way you can get an idea of what might interest you for future employment."

At least I could stop looking for a job, although I had planned on taking a few months off before I became employed so I could be at home all day with Mom for the summer. Masking my disappointment, I cheerfully replied, "Sounds great. When would I start and what will be my hours?"

"You'll be going in with me at eleven, but we can only justify a four-hour shift since you're not going to be a permanent worker. You'll take the car home at three and I'll catch a ride with Max. His house is only a couple of blocks away. The walk will be good for me. It's going to take some time to set it up. You won't start for at least six weeks. You deserve a little summer vacation anyway before getting into the

workforce. After a month or so at work, we can probably even work together. In some ways, you'll be my protegee."

This was great news, except for the protegee part. Not being able to disguise my happiness, I exclaimed, "Wow, that's perfect. I'm looking forward to it. Thanks a lot, Dad!"

Before going to my room, I stole a glance at Mom. While Dad's attention was on TV, she winked sexily before I turned to leave. How much did she have to do with this? This would mean I'd be spending a lot of time with her. Was she looking forward to it as much as I was?

With no more school to attend, we'd eat breakfast together before Dad would leave for work. Mom escalated her flirting, dressing more provocatively every day, touching me at every chance. She asked me several times during the week whether I'd prefer going out with a girl or spend some time with my friends. She knew I didn't have a girlfriend, probably even suspected I was a virgin. It was no secret that I hadn't been out with that many girls and Dad knew. I wonder if he told her about Nancy and about my sexual inexperience.

My answer was the same each time. I always told her I wanted to spend as much time as I could with her before I started my new job. She rewarded me with a thankful, sexy smile.

Thursday morning I arrived for breakfast to find Mom dressed in the sexiest outfit I've seen her wear to date. Sitting down to drink my coffee, I admired her long, toned legs on display. She must have dug

deep in her wardrobe to find an outfit resembling a mini-skirt. Her top was unbuttoned showing the edges of a red bra.

She had a natural beauty without makeup but today she had enough applied to make her look like a model. As she bent over to refill my cup, her sexy perfume overwhelmed my senses. Fortunately, my stiff prick was concealed beneath the table.

Since she was almost finished preparing breakfast, I didn't offer to help. Dad arrived, which answered my puzzlement as to why her schedule was earlier this morning. As soon as he sat down, Mom came over to set down a glass of juice along with some vitamins. Dad quickly picked up the pills and downed them.

The blue Viagra pill caught my attention as it contrasted so differently from the white pills. Why would Dad be taking a boner pill before he left for work? Throughout the meal, I stole as many glances as I could at Mom's exposed tit-flesh. Definitely no need for a pill to get me hard. When Mom finished her plate, she excused herself to her room.

As soon as the bedroom doorknob clicked, Dad turned to me and stated, "Chad, there's another reason we wanted you to stick around. Your mother and I are trying to conceive another child and we thought it'd be nice if you'd stay to help out and bond with your new sibling before you left."

Caught off guard, I jokingly replied, "Trying to get a better model, Dad? Maybe one that will go to college?"

He laughed and said, "No, you know better than that. We've always wanted more children and thought the time was right for it to happen. We've been trying for a couple of months, but your mother is sure the next few days would be our best shot. I'd appreciate it if you'd stay in your room until I go to work. She's a little noisy and I don't want her holding back, knowing you're within listening distance."

"Enough, Dad. I don't need to hear any more. In fact, I think that was too much information. And you don't have to worry about me staying. I'd love to help out any way I can. I'll catch up with you before you leave for work."

Quickly escaping to my room, I waited anxiously for my Dad to finish his husbandly duties. Images of Mom this morning caused my prick to fill with blood. Pulling my pants and shorts down, I slowly stroked my hard shaft, imagining it was me in that room instead of Dad. He had looked just as tired this morning as when he came home from work. Even him being eighteen years older than Mom couldn't justify his advanced physical appearance.

Having to take drugs to get hard was another sign his body was aging faster than normal, especially for a sexy woman like Mom. Jealousy swept through me as I thought about Dad fucking Mom while I only had my hand for gratification. Deciding to take my mind off what they were doing, I loaded up the french maid video I found months ago.

My hand flew up and down my hard rod, squeezing the head on each upstroke as I imagined the sexy maid was Mom. Slick with my juices, I

brutally assaulted my sex-starved cock. Closing my eyes, I thought back to the images of Mom's body and then recalled our kiss.

That was enough for my balls to contract and spray out thick globs of cum. After catching my breath, I cleaned up the evidence of my orgasm. As soon as I was dressed, I heard Dad leaving their bedroom. I laughed to myself, wondering if we had climaxed at the same time.

He was already out the door and on his way to work before I left my room. Shortly after I finished cleaning the kitchen, Mom arrived. She wore more conservative clothes than earlier and appeared despondent. I couldn't imagine sex causing depression unless something happened between them. Although she didn't say anything, she blushed when we looked at each other. Did she suspect I had stroked off to their lovemaking?

Mom divided up the tasks we had to do and within the hour we were finished. Excusing herself, she went to her room to change clothes before we took a break in the living room. While Mom explained what she was going to teach me today, my full attention was on her sexy attire. Her short skirt barely covered half her thighs while her unbuttoned blouse displayed the tops of her meaty mounds pushing out of her confining bra.

Suddenly, she rose and said, "Today is laundry day. I'm going to show you one of the biggest problems when dealing with an aging washer. Grab the basket at the end of the hall and meet me in the laundry room."

I hadn't even noticed the dirty clothes basket. She must have brought it out when we were cleaning the house earlier. Hastily retrieving it, I made my way to meet Mom. How hard could it be to wash clothes? Throw them in, close lid, turn the dial and stand back.

Mom had a lot more to say about it than I imagined possible. After she explained all the options, she opened the lid and started to chuck in our items. Her face reddened as she threw in her clothes first, some thin blouses and skirts. Looking at the jeans I was wearing, she said, "Go to your room and remove your pants so we can throw them in. Wear your gym shorts. I want to show you one of the problems you may encounter."

What was she up to? How could wearing shorts have anything to do with laundry. Seeing no need to argue, I went to my room and changed. Meeting her back at the washer, I threw my jeans into the tub. Quickly appraising my hairy legs, she finally met my gaze and said, "Here's the problem that can occur when loading our washer."

Demonstrating, she positioned my pants and three of my heavy shirts to one side while shifting her lighter clothes opposite them. Closing the lid, she twisted a dial to start it up. Turning to me, she said, "Okay, let's go wait in the living room until it gets to the right cycle."

We didn't even make it through thirty minutes of a show when I heard a clunk along with a buzzer noise. Mom stood and ordered, "Let's go. Time for your lesson."

Closely following her, I got another good look at the backs of her long legs. Her skirt was the shortest one I've seen. Already starting to stiffen,

I reached in my shorts and shifted my prick to point up, pressed flat against my lower stomach.

Standing in front of the left, front edge of the washer, she moved her legs to the front and side. She instructed, "Straddle the other corner, pressing your legs against the sides. That's why I wanted you to wear shorts. Our bare legs can detect problems easier."

Moving up to the machine, I mimicked her stance. One little problem. I had a dick and the corner of the machine pushed against it resulted in an uncomfortable situation. Looking over at Mom, I saw her bare legs mashed tight to the sides. Wrapping the machine with her legs caused her skirt to rise higher, displaying the top of her thigh where it started to thicken. Not helping my situation, I became fully erect. I shifted my groin, positioning my prick on the side of the edge, easing my discomfort.

I often wondered why the washer was set out. I had always guessed that the hoses in the back didn't allow it to be placed closer to the wall. Damn, and to think of all those times I didn't offer to help Mom with the laundry.

The spin cycle started and as the motor wound up, vibrations traveled through my body. Mom's legs were still pressed tight to the washer and were also shaking but the real show was the tops of her breasts struggling to escape her bra. Unable to stop staring at her jiggling flesh, I jumped when Mom tightly gripped my hand.

Placing my palm on the top of the washer, she placed hers on top of mine, firmly pressing down. The vibrations were getting stronger now as the unbalanced tub rapidly spun. Turning my attention back to her bouncing boobs, I noticed her face was flushed, sweat forming on her brow. Looking down, I could see she couldn't be glued any closer to the shaking metal. Her pelvis was flexed to provide maximum contact.

Feeling her hand squeeze mine, I shifted my gaze to her face. Her eyes were filled with lust and I could see the sexual passion in her facial expression. That's when I realized Mom was fucking our washing machine. She and Dad had sex a few hours earlier and she was already horny enough to pleasure herself in front of her son. Clueless about a woman's hormonal process, I chalked it up to her fertile condition.

What didn't make sense was why she wanted me to participate with her masturbation. It hit me then, she was teaching me more than a laundry lesson. She was showing me other ways to relieve my sexual anxiety. Following her lead, I pushed my groin into the metal causing my hard prick to shudder. She was right, it felt really good.

In an attempt to mask her self gratification, she explained, "See how it's unbalanced from the way I positioned the clothes? You have to distribute them evenly or the tub will cause the machine to shake more than it should. Keep close to it to feel its irregular spinning."

As the tub bumped the sides, jolts of pleasure shot through my prick. Pressing harder, my balls squashed against the vibrating side further elevating my excited condition. Mom's hand squeezed again bringing my attention back her writhing body. Barely noticeable, I could see

Mom was now humping the hard corner, grinding her slot into the edge of the shaking machine.

We remained silent for the next ten minutes while the washer stimulated our genitals. It felt good, but I saw little hope that this would be able to get me off. The spin cycle was maxed out and if not for us holding the sides, I'm sure the washer would have bumped itself further away from the wall.

She whispered, "Harder, press closer so you can feel it."

Obeying her, I ground my stiff prick against the corner like she was doing. My cock was steel-hard and desired more than the vibrating massage. I humped up and down as Mom was doing, but it was much more obvious. Beyond caring how it looked, I stroked against the hard, metal edge in an attempt to relieve myself. Both of us were now fucking our own edge of the machine. The intense vibrating pressure along with my frantic stroking convinced my balls it was time was unload.

"Harder!" she yelled. Before I could do anything, I felt her shaking hand tightly squeeze mine as she screamed, "Harder!"

Her face grimaced and her body shook as she climaxed. That's all it took for me. Spurt! My prick shot out globs of cum. The front of my shorts showed the evidence of my orgasm as the wet spot spread out wide under Mom's gaze. Mom released my hand, knowing she had succeeded with her masturbation lesson. As if the washer knew we were done, it quit shaking as it's spin cycle wound down.

There was nothing I could do to hide my cum-soaked shorts. Mom broke the awkward silence. "You better go change. I'll finish up here. Hopefully, you've learned all you need to know."

With my face flushed red with embarrassment, I turned to leave for my room. Mom kept her eyes locked onto my saturated groin, smiling proud, seeing the physical results from her lesson. Her beautiful face and wide smile did little to ease my chagrin.

Not even making it to the end of the hall, I heard Mom giggling. Was she laughing at my discomfort or just enjoying her next level of flirting. I wondered how many other times she took advantage of that lucky washing machine.

No word was mentioned from the laundry episode for the rest of the day. Dad arrived late and was eating a snack while watching TV with Mom. Almost finished with his plate, he inadvertently spilled some mashed potatoes on his shirt.

Apologizing, he stuttered, "Damn. Sorry, Nicole. Guess I'm a klutz tonight."

Reaching over with a napkin, Mom wiped off his shirt and placed the empty plate on the table. Having cleaned up the mess, she looked directly at me and said, "We'll just have to throw that in the wash. Chad and I can do another load in a day or two."

Remembering the scene of Mom climaxing on the washer caused my prick to lurch. It continued to stiffen as her hand traveled up to move her hair, ending with the telltale sexy smirk.

Not thirty minutes later, Dad's head dropped to his shoulder as he dozed off. I was ready to retire for the night when movement stopped me in my tracks. Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed Mom's hand in her hair. Turning to look, I saw she was facing the TV and her hand was twirling and playing with her silky strands.

Roaming lower, I soon saw the reason for her elevated excitement. She had crossed her legs and her robe had completely moved off her top leg. My eyes devoured her firm, sexy flesh that was lewdly on display. Near the top of her smooth thigh, her robe barely covered her panties. Leering up and down the length of her exposed skin, I was getting painfully hard and decided I better retreat to my room to alleviate my problem.

Rising up, I realized there was no way I could clandestinely adjust my stiff staff to disguise the tent in my robe. Hoping Mom's attention would remain on her show, I said, "Goodnight, Mom. I'm going to hit the sack."

Exactly opposite what I thought would happen, she turned and immediately locked her eyes onto my obvious bulge. Uncrossing her legs and moving them so her knees were pointed in my direction, her robe fell off both legs which exposed them to my hungry eyes. My gaze traveled up to where her thighs touched each other, concealing her

panty-clad treasure. If she was still looking, she'd see my cock bob up from her sexy display.

"Goodnight, Chad. See you in the morning," she whispered. Knowing what I'd witness when I looked up to her face, I wasn't disappointed. She had a lock of her silky hair wrapped in her fingers, moving it seductively across her lips. Locking onto her lust-filled eyes, we silently communicated the illicit attraction we held for each other.

Once in my room, I pounded my cock without the aid of a porn video. Closing my eyes, I reviewed the most recent sexy visions of Mom. In record time I splattered my belly with puddles of sticky cum.

I dreaded going to the kitchen the next morning, figuring her and Dad would repeat their mating ritual while I'd have to wait in my room. Seeing Mom dressed in her regular clothes caught me by surprise. Were they not going to try again today? Dad showed up early but Mom didn't include a blue pill with his vitamins. As we finished, Dad got up and said he was leaving for work.

Mom sternly said, "Remember, John. A half day today. Come home by four."

"Yes, Nicole. I wouldn't miss it for anything. See you two later."

That's why there was no blue pill. They were planning an evening of sex tonight. It looked like I'd be in my room an hour or two later on, while they took care of business.

After we cleared the table, Mom pleaded, "Let's go for a walk and a jog. It's nice out and we need some fresh air."

"Sure, Mom. Looks hot out there. We're going to work up a sweat."

"Don't wear your heavy clothes. You'll get overheated. Put on some unstained Nikes and we'll be fine." She smiled with a mischievous smirk, referencing yesterday's laundry event.

We went to our rooms to change. Fortunately, I found a pair of clean shorts. I completed my outfit with a mesh tank top. Meeting Mom at the door, my eyes immediately went to her bare, sexy thighs on display. She was clad in a short pleated tennis skirt and a tight tank top. Evidently, she was wearing a sports bra as her tits were mashed tight to her chest. I had no idea she had ever played tennis.

Noting my leering, she smiled and said, "Do you like my skirt? I haven't played since high school. A little tight but not bad after so many years." She twirled around, allowing her skirt to fly up, briefly exposing her white thighs.

Trying not to stare too long, I looked up and said, "It looks great, Mom. It should keep you cool. Let's head out."

We alternated between jogging and walking for several miles before turning back home. Not more than a block away from our house, Mom stopped to tie her shoe. After she finished, she reached over and pulled on my shoestring, untying it.

Jumping up, she giggled and ran for home, yelling, "Race you home, Slowpoke."

"Hey, no fair." Quickly tying my shoe, I ran after her. Her short skirt blew up, revealing her light blue panties. Shortly after, I saw her stop and drop to the ground. Her legs were straight out as she leaned over, massaging her left calf.

Rushing up to see what was wrong, I noticed her top had risen, exposing several inches of her bare back. Mom looked up and blushed as she commented, "It's just a leg cramp. Guess I'm too far out of shape to do long runs. Good thing we're close to home."

She rubbed her leg to relieve her pain. Sitting up, she moved her hands to the ground to support herself. Her pleading look was all the invitation I needed. Kneeling down, I cautiously reached out to massage her cramped calf. This was the first time I'd touched my mother's bare leg and it sent shivers through me as I stroked her firm flesh. She lowered her torso to the ground, smiled and closed her eyes while I pampered her.

Her skin was slippery with sweat. With my left hand, I reached under her knee in order to raise her lower leg off the ground. Lifting her knee

up a foot allowed me to work her calf with my right hand. As I stroked her firm flesh she brought her arm up to cover her eyes from the sun.

My full attention was focused on her exposed legs now that I knew she wasn't observing my actions. Carefully and gently I raised her knee higher while continuing to stroke her leg. Catching movement, I saw her short skirt drop down to her groin when her upper leg was straight up.

Quickly looking up to see if Mom had noticed, I sighed in relief at seeing her arm still in place. My eyes traveled down her body. Her covered breasts rose and fell at a quicker pace than just a few minutes ago. Was she getting excited having her son feel her leg? Confident she was not aware of my leering, I focused on her upright exposed thigh. Toned to perfection, it thickened near her groin. Hardly exposed to sun, her flesh was white and satin smooth.

The temptation to caress her succulent limb was overwhelming. My hands and mouth battled for which would want to caress her tasty treat first. My mind overrode any aggressive inclinations, not wanting to break the mood.

Her bunched up skirt rode an inch or two above the bottom of her panties, prompting me to advance my actions to uncover Mom's groin.

My prick was uncomfortably stiff, obscenely pushing out the front of my running shorts but I wasn't going to take a chance and remove my hands to adjust myself. If I could just spread her legs out a few inches, I'd get a better look at her panty-clad pussy. Focusing on her covered

eyes to ensure I wasn't overstepping any boundaries, I gently pushed her knee out while intensifying my stroking.

Not encountering any resistance when I moved her leg to the side, I felt her knee voluntarily shift forward at the same time. She was helping me spread her legs apart. Clearing her throat, I returned my focus to her covered face.

"Oh, Chad. That feels wonderful. The pain is almost gone. Just a few more minutes and I'll be ready to continue."

That was my signal. Plenty of time to gawk at Mom's crotch. Confident she wasn't going to uncover her eyes, I looked down to see if I had been successful in uncovering more of her panties. As my gaze lowered down, I noticed her top had risen above the bottom of her ribs. Her sweaty, sunken stomach was heaving up and down. Her breathing was shallow and rapid. Finally reaching my target, my cock lurched at the sight before me.

Most of her blue panties were on display. It was clearly evident Mom wasn't clean-shaven as her mound of crinkly fur pushed up against the thin material. Her raised, stretched-out thigh caused her panties to pull tight, allowing a few errant pussy hairs to escape out the leg of her thin underwear.

What would be the consequence of lowering my face down to feast on her treasure? I wanted to demonstrate that I was better than our washing machine. Maybe I could take a chance and at least lower my hand to feel her firm thigh.

How lucky was I that circumstances had led to the point where I was leering at my Mom's uncovered, sexy groin? Looking around, I noticed we were shielded from our neighbor's windows by hedges. Thankfully, our street never saw any traffic; otherwise, I'm sure someone would call the authorities as it looked like I was assaulting a woman jogger.

Wait. This wasn't luck, Mom had planned it. Added to everything else, her leg had no telltale knot from a cramp. She had spread her legs out submissively like an animal in heat, for her son, no less. Then it hit me, she was getting herself worked up, anticipating Dad's arrival. Evidently, it was another method to facilitate conceiving. She obviously picked a public venue, fearing I would rape her if she performed this stunt at home. She was most definitely correct on that assumption.

She was using me as a marital aid. Most men would probably sulk and feel taken advantage of under similar circumstances but not me. I was overwhelmingly pleased that I was the object of her arousal. It was much better than if she sought out a complete stranger. Additionally, my greatest desire was to make Mom be as happy as she could be. The rewards from her flirting made up for whatever ulterior motives she had.

As I thought about what actions I should take, I completely forgot about massaging Mom's leg. Having stopped my pretense at relieving her pain, she brought her leg in and lowered it. How could I have blown it so bad? Kicking myself for not continuing my caressing, I looked up to see Mom remove her arm, positioning herself to lift up.

A quick glance at her crotch confirmed my suspicions that her skirt once again concealed her panties. Standing up to help her off the ground, I realized she would be directly staring at my tented shorts as I pulled her up. She held her hands up so I can assist her. There was no escaping but she was the cause of it so I didn't feel too bad as I held her wrists and pulled her up.

She couldn't help but see my hard-on, staring directly at my crotch as I hoisted her up. Once off the ground, she sexily smirked, acknowledging she had noticed my excited condition. Afraid she was going to reprimand me, I was relieved when she said, "Thanks, Chad. It feels a lot better now. It's just a block more. I'll lean on you the rest of the way home."

"Sure, Mom. Happy to help." Mom pressed into me as she wrapped her arm around my waist. Reciprocating, my hand found bare flesh when I reached around to hold her. Gripping her waist below her ribcage, I pulled her tight as we walked the remaining distance.

She maintained her tight hold causing her bare legs to frequently brush up against my mine. Her soft breast mashed against my side and the feel of her bare midriff resulted in my prick remaining at full staff. Mom's frequent glancing was way more than accidental as she ogled my stiff pole pointing the way home.

After we were inside, she released me and unconvincingly limped off to her bedroom. Before she closed her door, she yelled, "Let's take our showers. We really reek after that workout."

While soaping up my stiff prick, I thought about whacking off a load. Thinking back to how Mom didn't say anything noticing my aroused state, I decided to hold off. I enjoyed being the focus of her flirtations and remaining hard around her made it even more exciting.

It was still early but it was too hot to put clothes back on after I showered. I threw on some shorts and my robe before going out to the living room.

Mom was already on the couch cloaked in a yellow sundress I've never seen her wear before. It was tight fitting and this is the first time I've witnessed her going braless. Instead of hard points pushing out the material, it appeared as if she had some sort of added padding attached to the top of her breasts. There was a faint outline that looked like a small stick. It was hard for me to fathom the fact that Mom might be wearing nipple rings.

She patted a spot by her indicating where I should sit. She leaned into me while we watched TV, resting her head on my chest. This allowed an opportunity for me to lustfully survey her exposed legs. Wrapping my arm around her, I held her as we watched a comedy.

She drifted off to sleep as I stroked her arm. The sound of the garage door opening knocked us out of our comfortable cuddling. She rose up first, holding her arms out to help pull me off the couch. Once standing, she hugged me, pressing her braless, meaty breasts into my chest. Moving her face near mine, her lustful eyes locked onto my gaze as her sensuous lips neared mine.

I didn't even attempt to hide my hard prick that was pushing out my robe. Pulling her closer, my hard cock jammed into her lower stomach. Her eyes widened when she felt my stiffened presence. Near enough to feel her hot breath, she whispered, "Thank you so much for taking such good care of me today. I don't know what I would do without you. I love you so much."

Leaning in, she pressed her hot lips to mine. It was no mistake this time. She was passionately kissing her son, with the danger of her husband coming in at any moment. Her tongue ran across my lips as we open-mouthed kissed. As the door clicked open, Mom backed off to greet Dad.

Their quick kiss was nothing compared to the one she had given me. I felt a little pride in knowing Mom was treating me better than Dad. My jealousy of my lucky father was a little subdued now.

Before I could go to my room to change into regular clothes, Mom insisted, "You two sit there and relax. I'm going to treat my favorite men to a great meal."

Halfway through dinner, the phone interrupted our conversation. Dad rose up to answer and soon after moved to the living room so he could talk in private. Mom excused herself to retreat to her room while we waited for Dad.

It wasn't two minutes before he returned to the dining room. "That was work. I was afraid something like this would happen. A server crashed earlier and they're going to need my help after all. Your Mom's not going to like it. Let her know I should be back within an hour."

"Sure. No problem, Dad. Hope everything works out." How rushed was he? It wouldn't take that much time to go down the hall to tell Mom. I suspected he feared there would be a long confrontation if he tried to explain.

He hesitated after he pulled out his cell phone. "Chad, I do have one problem. I didn't plug this thing in today and its charge is low. Could I use your phone in case I break down? And plug mine in while I'm gone?"

"Sure, Dad. Just a sec."

Taking his phone with me, I went to my room. I quickly replaced mine with his on the charging cord. He was already by the door leading to the garage by the time I caught up with him.

"I haven't changed the security settings. It's still your code, so you should be good," I informed him.

"Thanks, Chad. Say goodbye to your mother for me."

Mom strode out just as the garage door was closing. "Did your father leave?"

"An emergency came up at work. He said he'd be back in an hour. I guess it must have been pretty serious. He wasted no time in getting out of here."

She wasn't as upset as I expected, but this wasn't the first time Dad had to run off to work. Without having to worry about him catching me, it was easier to secretly stare at Mom's braless tits pressed tight against her fabric. Several times while my eyes were glued to her top, Mom would quickly look in my direction catching me.

Without mentioning my illicit behavior, she gave me one of her sexy smirks and carried on our conversation. My thoughts switched to the steamy kiss she had planted on me less than an hour ago. Did she harbor the same lust, or was it her way of ramping up for their scheduled sexual liaison.

Close to an hour had already passed when Mom said she was going to her room to wait for Dad. I retired to mine, eagerly looking forward to surfing some mom-son porn. After a quick search, I found a video that featured a woman resembling Mom. I quickly shed my robe and shorts to enjoy the moment.

Several minutes later, I heard Dad's phone vibrate. I woke it up to see a message from Mom. Unlocking it, the subject line immediately caught my attention.

Hurry home, Dear. I'm waiting.

Attached with it was a selfie of Mom, cloaked in a thin, white nightie. One hand was holding a selfie stick while the other was cupping her scantily-clad, braless tit. She was sitting in the middle of the bed and her bare legs were stretched out in front of her.

Memories from our jogging experience came back to me as I stared at her exposed, toned body. Her sexy smile couldn't conceal her horny condition. Her dark-brown nipples pushed out the thin material in the same manner as her dress did earlier at dinner. Precum oozed out my tip as I stroked to the sexy image.

She didn't know Dad had switched phones with me. I couldn't really answer her; otherwise, both would know I had seen Mom's sexy display. Setting it down on the table, I decided silence would be the best course of action.

Hearing it vibrate again, I hesitated to see what I would find this time. It was a text from me. Normally, that would throw me off, but the phone switch was still fresh on my mind. Dad had my cell so he must be text messaging from mine.

Chad,

It looks like it's going to take a little longer. Let your mother know it's going to be at least another hour.

Dad

What a predicament. Answering him would be acknowledging I saw Mom's picture and didn't notify anyone. Once again, silence was my best option.

Continuing to stroke my rock-hard cock, it wasn't five more minutes before the phone chimed another alert. I saw the subject line was from Mom.

Honey, it's getting hot in here.

I definitely wasn't going to ignore this note. I tapped it open to see Mom had lowered her nightie to her waist. This was the first time I saw her bare breasts and they were as perfect as I had fantasized. Full and standing up proud, it was obvious she was excited. Her fingers were locked onto one of her hard nipples. Her other nub stood proudly and if my cock didn't demand attention I would have taken time to enlarge the picture. Her nipples appeared to be a different shape than any I've seen.

My stroking accelerated as I punished my slick prick. It had never been so hard. This was far better than any porn video. I was ready to erupt when an email notification flashed on my computer screen at the same time the phone vibrated with another message. Seeing the email was from Dad, I relinquished stroking my shaft to read Dad's note.

Chad,

I haven't had any luck contacting you or your Mom on your phones. I'm writing to you from my email account at work. Our situation has deteriorated and I'm going to be delayed another hour or two. Let your Mom know, hopefully, she won't get too upset with me. Send me confirmation of this message, so I don't have to worry any longer.

Dad

This could work. If I answered Dad, no one would know I've been looking at his phone. I hastily replied to his email, telling him I received it. After ensuring it was dispatched, I checked his phone to see if he tried to contact me there too.

It was another text from Mom. My cock stiffened seeing the subject line.

Starting without you!

Opening up her text, my hand immediately wrapped around my hard prick to soothe its suffering. It was another selfie with her legs splayed open while she was flat on the bed. Her nightie was gone and her entire luscious body was on display. My earlier observation was confirmed as her hairy pussy was revealed. Her free hand cupped her mound, several fingers lodged in her slot.

Her full breasts proudly stood upright on her chest, capped by her taut nipples. I've never seen such a hot, sexy woman. Her head was raised enough to convey her sexual anguish. She was ready for Dad, completely unaware that he wasn't going to make it.

My jealousy turned to pity for Dad. He didn't know what he was missing. Maybe if I would have forwarded Mom's message to him, he would be here. Did I intentionally not tell him, hoping he wouldn't come home?

Seeing the sexual frustration Mom was enduring, I decided to stop stroking and notify her about Dad. If I took too long, it might look suspicious. Throwing on my robe, I opened my door and walked out to the hall. The cool air slammed into me, chilling my sweaty body. I must have significantly raised the temperature in my room with my sexual lust. My prick softened with the sudden temperature change.

Suddenly, an idea popped into my head. Going to the garage door, I opened and slammed it shut. She should hear it and get dressed to come out, thinking it's Dad arriving home. I'd explain to her I went out to the garage to check on something, then relay Dad's message to her. She'd go back in her room, disappointed and I'd be able to retreat to my room to whack off to Mom's images.

Minutes passed by with no sound from their room. Unable to avoid the inevitable, I made my way down the hall. As I neared their door, my mind told me the right thing to do would be to knock to let Mom know. My shaft grew stiff again, replaying the nude image of Mom. My plan

immediately shifted. If I open her door and accidentally see her nude body sprawled out, I can always stammer out an apology and quickly exit.

Slowly turning the knob, I anticipated a scream when I entered. Silence greeted me and before the door was fully open, I heard her muffled, raspy voice.

"Hurry up, Sweetie. I'm so horny that I'm ready to come without you. When I heard the garage door close, I got in your favorite position. Turn out the light. We're going to role-play tonight."

Fully inside their room, my eyes widened as I stared at my nude Mom. My cock came to full attention and was harder than when I drooled at the sight of her text photos. Gasping in a breath of air, I quickly looked to see if she heard me. She didn't say anything, building my confidence. I chastised myself for almost giving away my identity.

Perched on her knees with her ass high in the air, she was ready for doggy style. Her elbows were on the bed supporting her torso, causing her breasts to hang down. Her face was buried in her hands preventing her from recognizing me. My eyes locked onto her hairy pussy. Her legs were wide apart showing her wet slit, begging for satisfaction. It was an invitation meant for Dad's cock, not mine. It wasn't too late. I could apologize and salvage the situation.

My bloated, slick cock disagreed. It was sticking out my robe drawing me to my ultimate dream.

My leering was interrupted as Mom muttered, "Don't say anything. Chad is in his room. I don't want to disturb him. Hurry up and stick it in."

Turning off the light as instructed, I discarded my robe and moved closer to Mom. Pitch black with the lights out, I held out my hands groping forward until I made contact. My left hand connected with her leg above her knee. Gripping her other thigh, I ran both hands up her smooth flesh. Too dark to see her luscious legs, an image of them came to me from yesterday's jogging event.

My exploring fingertips caused goosebumps to form as I felt her succulent flesh. Wouldn't she be used to Dad's hands touching her skin? Why was she reacting this way to my fingers? Did they feel different or maybe they were just cold?

Using my palms, I ran my hands up and down her thighs until her goosebumps subsided, leaving her satin smooth flesh to remain in their place. When I was certain she was comfortable with my roaming hands, I ventured up to her hairy pussy. My cock twitched as my hand made contact with her hot gash. It was wet with precum. Finding her hole, I slid two fingers into her juicy snatch which resulted in a long moan. It seemed tight and too small for my engorged cock. Recalling the porn videos, I thought it should be fine. There was never a problem. Line it up, stick it in. How tough can it be?

Mom disrupted my train of thought when she requested, "Quit teasing me, Honey. Fuck me now!"

Guiding my stiff prick to her hairy hole, I slid the fat head of my prick up and down her engorged lips. We were both coated with slick juice. I was going to hell for sure for fucking my own mother. Would she hate me forever? I thought back to the kiss earlier and how she told me she loved me. She had also rescued me from several situations involving Dad. Maybe she'd forgive me for my moment of insanity.

Unable to stall my excitement any further, I attempted to push my fat, mushroom-shaped head past her outer lips. Stopping abruptly, it didn't seem possible. Maybe I was aiming it wrong and hitting her other hole. Reaching down, I re-inserted two fingers. It was the right place. I just wasn't pushing hard enough.

Placing my spongy head directly where it should be, I moved it around her outer labia with the guidance of my fingers. Positive it was in the right area, I pulled back my hand and shoved in hard. Pop! I was in. Both of us gasped as her ring of muscles snapped back into place, locking my helmeted head inside her pulsating slot.

Slowly, I began to descend into my mother's forbidden cave. Three inches in and I panicked. Full stop! Jesus, this was a lot different than I thought it would be. It was searing hot and very snug, tighter than my hand had ever been able to do while masturbating. And now her pussy was moving, squeezing along my length. How many muscles were in a pussy? It felt like a dozen fingers were alternately squeezing my hard shaft. I moved in another inch and pulled back to her entrance and shoved in again. Her pussy was like a vacuum, trying to suck in more of my turgid tube.

The pleasurable stimulation was more intense than I thought possible. I had to think of something else before I blew my load. Success! Running through the ramifications of getting caught fucking my own mom caused more than enough angst to stall my excitement.

Mom was going to get suspicious if I didn't continue to feed my snake into her hungry pussy. No longer in fear of ejaculating, I kept fucking the first couple inches of her hot cavern. She groaned as I felt her tight canal stretching to accommodate my girth.

"Oh! You've bigger and harder than ever. Fuck me hard, Sweetie. I need your dick deep in me when you release."

Reluctant to proceed any further, my cautiousness went out the window when Mom suddenly shoved back at the same time I thrust in. Her soft ass cheeks squished against my pelvis, almost dislodging me from her pussy. Instinctively, I reached out and held onto her waist, successfully keeping my pole buried in her snatch. Lesson learned, hold onto a woman when fucking her doggy style.

Shoving my hard prick deep into her velvety pussy, I involuntarily groaned in pleasure. Did she hear me and would she recognize the difference between Dad's voice and mine? Increasing my stroking, my breathing rapidly increased. Holding her hips tight, I pummeled her soft, tight pussy.

Mom inhaled, before stammering, "Who do you want me to be tonight Honey? Your hot secretary, Louise?"

This is what she talked about when I first entered. I wonder how times they acted out their fantasies. I never met Dad's secretary so I couldn't even picture who she was talking about.

"How about my sister, Marie? Is that who you want me to be?" uttered Mom, as I continued to slowly slide my cock in and out of her clasping sheath.

My aunt was indeed hot as I visualized fucking her. Was Dad interested in his sister in law? Unsure of how I was supposed to act in their fantasy, I concentrated on not coming.

Content that I was subdued enough to continue, I was proud of myself for lasting this long my first time. Mom must have sensed I wasn't ready to blow as she ramped up her role-playing.

"How about if I'm your mother? Do you want to fuck your hot mom?"

Grandma wasn't bad looking, but the mentioning of a son fucking his mom caused my prick to expand as I thrust deep into her pussy. My balls meshed into her soft forest of fur as I buried my cock to the hilt.

She screamed into her pillow with the sudden onslaught of my hard prick splitting her sensitive pussy walls. Not waiting for a response, I

pulled back and brutally shoved in again, flattening the spongy head of my cock on the back wall of her cavern. My thoughts were only on fucking Mom now, not caring whether I could hold back any longer.

"Oh, god! That feels so good, Baby. Fuck your mother with your virgin, fat cock. Let me be the first woman to feel your hot sperm."

Virgin cock? Dad's fantasy was eerily close to mine. There was no way I was going to stave off my release now. My prick quickly expanded, hearing her act out their mother-son masquerade.

"That's it, Honey. You're ready. I can feel you stretching my pussy. Fill me full of your cum. Give your fertile mommy a baby!"

I had forgotten all about Mom's desire for conceiving a child. Fucking my mother would be hard enough to explain, but breeding her would be inexcusable. As I thought about stopping, Mom's pussy squeezed tight as she climaxed.

I felt as if I had no control over my body. A surge of electric current pulsed through every nerve as my balls shot out a blast of sticky sperm. I've never experienced an orgasm that affected my entire body. My prick was on autopilot as it pistoned in and out, each stroke releasing a copious amount of potent seed. Thrusting to the bottom of her hungry gash, my balls squashed against her groin, squeezing more of my precious sperm out the end of my spitting hose. No interfering thoughts dared to interrupt my pleasure as I coated the insides of Mom's receptive cavity with my potent baby batter.

She screamed out in pleasure while we fucked through our orgasms. Hopefully, she didn't hear my loud groan as I finally fulfilled my fantasy of fucking a sexy woman, my mother.

As my excitement level declined, I started to pull my cock out. Mom's pussy walls squeezed tight as she commanded "Leave it in, Honey. Keep me plugged so your sperm won't leak out."

I pushed my semi-hard shaft back to the bottom and left it to soak in her warm pocket. Normally my prick would be sensitive after my orgasm and would quickly deflate, but her soft, tight canal massaged my length, not allowing it to shrink.

Now that I had finally fucked my mother, how could I explain my actions? Remaining silent, I was afraid she'd ask me something that would require a response. Maybe I could just pull out and retreat to my room and await the dire consequences.

Good plan, until Mom croaked, "Feel my nipples. I got so turned on they're still hard and need some attention. Twist them for me. Please?"

Almost too eager, I moved my hands up her sweaty ribcage to grope her meaty breasts for the first time. They more than filled my hands as I squeezed her luscious mounds. Searching further, my fingers encountered a different texture of flesh. Pecan-like knobs were pasted on top of her spongy, meaty tits. Enclosing her nubs, I twisted and teased them. Feeling an upright appendage at the top of her areolas,

my fingers wrapped around them. Previously thinking she was wearing nipple rings, I now knew they were fleshy tips. Rolling and flicking them back and forth caused her to shriek as her pussy convulsed on my cock.

My prick immediately responded, ballooning back to full size. Feeling my aroused state, she suddenly moved forward, dislodging my hungry cock.

"Dammit!" she shrieked.

Alarm bells fired off thinking she must have figured out I wasn't Dad. My mind raced with possible scenarios, none of them ending well.

I felt the bed shake and her leg brushed against mine as she flipped over. To my relief, she uttered, "Those pills are really working tonight. It's been a long time since you could recover that fast. Fuck your wife good. Pack your sperm in deep, John!"

Confident my identity was still concealed, my mind raced as to how I could continue to hide the fact that her son was fucking her, not her husband. A face-to-face union would be too revealing. Recalling my french maid video, I formalized a plan. Like in the movie, I gripped her knees and pushed them to her chest. This would allow me to fuck her without physically getting close. Her hands replaced mine to hold her legs tight to her breasts. Did she recognize the difference in my hands? I wasn't wearing a wedding band, but I didn't think she was observing that close. The only sound emanating from her was loud panting so I was confident my secret remained hidden.

Still too dark to see anything, I moved up until my cock landed on her hairy mound. Reaching down, I guided my hard prick to the mouth of her sopping, hot pussy. There was no resistance this time, feeling my head easily part her aroused entry. Her outer lips were trying to suck my pole into her hairy hole. Pushing down on her knees, I thrust in hard. She exhaled the contents of her lungs as she groaned in pleasure.

I fucked her deep in this position and had no fear of coming, having already taken the edge off. Mom was blubbering as I rammed in and out at a rapid pace. Images of our incestuous seduction for the last few months flashed by as I fulfilled my utmost fantasy. My virginity was gone and now I was fucking Mom a second time. I could have never imagined our flirting would ultimately lead to my cock completely buried in my mother's hot pussy.

Her gash was squeezing and convulsing from experiencing mini-orgasms as I fucked her, coating my cock with slick sex juice. After one of her larger contractions, she lowered her legs and moved them under me, pleading, "Suck my nipples, Honey. They're so sensitive and need to be nursed."

Quickly complying, I lowered down to her body and wrapped my arms around her back. Lifting her full breast to my mouth, I latched onto a hard nipple. I swirled my rough tongue around her puffy, engorged nipple. Gently clamping her excited nub between my lips, I twisted her sensitive bud while fucking her hungry pussy. Fearing she would bring her hands to the back of my head to pull her closer and immediately recognize I wasn't Dad, I mashed my face into her soft breast as hard as I could.

"That's it, Baby. Milk your mother's titties. Just like you did as a child. Fuck your mommy while you feed on her breasts."

She had reverted back to the mother-son role-playing. That worked for me as I lowered my hands down to her ass, holding her tight to pound in to the bottom. Appreciating the response, she continued, "That's it, Sweetie. Pound your mother's pussy. I'm ready to come. Kiss me, you Motherfucker!"

Knowing she'd immediately recognize my mouth was different than Dad's, I decided to ignore her demand. Instead, I moved over to her other nipple and voraciously sucked it while continuing to ravish her sex-starved pussy. If I could get her to climax, she'd forget about connecting with my mouth. Having devised no escape plan, my attention was brought back to pleasuring Mom.

Her excitement level increased dramatically as she raised her pelvis on each downstroke of my cock, ensuring maximum penetration. Her panting was preventing her from saying anything coherent. Her hips bucked up as she groaned in pleasure. Inhaling deep, she cried, "Harder."

Memories of laundry day returned. Responding to her request, I forcefully thrust in, smashing my fat head against the back wall of her pussy. Pulling back out, I waited for her to arch her back before I thrust my fat ram back to the bottom. Bam! My cock brutally ripped through her gaping gash. She shrieked in ecstasy, quickly approaching her orgasm. My prick couldn't have gone any deeper, lewdly smashing against her soaked pelvis on each stroke.

Slowly dragging my rod back out to the entrance of her clinging slot, I braced myself to pummel her again. Anticipating my next stroke, she screamed, "Harder!" Her hips bucked up as my cock tore through her convulsing walls, slamming to the depths of her cavern.

Remembering her yelling the same thing before her climax yesterday, I recalled the vision of her lust-filled face as she came on the washing machine. As her orgasm had brought me off yesterday, the same was occurring tonight. My balls tightened, signaling I was ready to erupt.

Mom felt my shaft thicken and screamed, "Dammit, Chad! Kiss me while I come on your fat cock. Obey your mother!"

Chad? She knew it was me? Not pondering too long on her discovery, I felt relief that I no longer had to pretend I was Dad. I moved my mouth to hers to kiss her as no son should do to his mother. She wrapped her arms around me and held tight as our tongues explored each other's mouths. Her hot breath gushed out of her nostrils as we committed our forbidden, taboo act of love.

Slamming against the back wall of her pussy one more time, my cock exploded as I felt my orgasm overtake me. Her pussy responded as her walls contracted around my shaft, milking any remaining sperm from my balls. Our hot sweaty bodies were pressed tight against together as we attempted to meld together. We thrashed together in erotic bliss, fully knowing that we were mother and son.

All too soon, we were done. My prick was spent this time and not even Mom's warm pussy could keep it hard. I pulled out and flopped down beside her, resting my face against the side of her full breast. Reality swept through me as I realized she knew it was me. How was she going to react? How long before Dad gets home and catches me fucking his wife? At least I'd die with a smile on my face.

While my mind was stressing out, Mom leaned over and turned on the table lamp. Blinded by the sudden flood of light, all I could see was a blurry, fleshy mound as my eyesight returned. It was the side of one of Mom's meaty mounds. This was the first time I saw it up close and I spent time examining the object of my desires.

My hand came up to cup her beauty, caressing and squeezing her spongy tit. Looking at Mom's beautiful face, I saw her smiling as I fondled her motherly breast. I must have still had a look of stress and confusion as she explained.

"Yes, Dear. I knew it was you. How you may ask? Maybe it was the way you fucked me twice with a harder and larger prick than I've ever had."

Smiling wide I squeezed her bouncy boob, silently acknowledging her veiled compliment.

She continued, "Or maybe it was because your father and I planned it. He let his phone die on purpose and he's not at work. He's at our summer cabin waiting to hear the results of our joining."

Looking up, my puzzled look caught her eye.

"We both wanted more children and your Dad's sperm wasn't virile. We wanted the father to be discreet and someone we both loved. He's the one that suggested you be the one to impregnate me."

My hand moved over to her other breast to caress her fleshy mound. I wondered how long they had been planning this. I thought back to all those months Mom flirted with me. Could I have been more aggressive, enabling me to fuck her sooner?

I questioned, "Dad desired his own son be the father? Weren't you shocked when he suggested it?"

She grinned as she answered, "You know that role-playing game we enacted? The one with a mother and her son? We've been using that fantasy the last few months, only it wasn't for him. Even when he could get hard, he wouldn't last long. Acting out my wildest desires was solely for my benefit so I'd have a chance at achieving an orgasm. He knew how hot I got when we pretended you were my lover."

She turned so we were facing each other and leaned in to kiss me. Her hands ran up and down my side as I caressed her succulent breasts. Rising up so I could examine her unique nipples, my eyes explored the tops of her tits.

They looked exactly like they felt, a hard round knob stuck on the top of her breast. They were deep-brown in color, the same as her hair. Contrasting against her lily white breasts, they looked like they were an afterthought, delicately pasted on top of her mounds. Sticking up from the center was an inch long tip, looking like a coffee straw, pointing straight up. It was made for feeding, giving the appearance that you could suck her breast milk through them.

My furtive attention was not lost on Mom. "Unusual, aren't they? Your dad says they're freakish. He won't touch them, says they just aren't natural. I think he's grossed out with them," she said with a mournful look.

"That's nonsense Mom. They're beautiful, as is the rest of you. You're the sexiest woman I know. Your nipples are turning me on just by looking at them. I could suck on them forever." Reaching up I rolled her tip between my fingers causing her to squirm and moan.

"Are they as sensitive as they look, Mom?"

"Yes! That's why I don't go braless. When my tips move against the fabric, I get so aroused that I'm afraid I'll leak and stain my dress. When I get too horny, I go crazy with lust, like what happened yesterday. After I failed to get your father aroused, I knew I had to satisfy myself before I got another glimpse of your hard meat poking out your clothes. Why else would a mother fuck a washing machine in front of her son? I solved both of our problems."

I smiled, recalling the strange events from yesterday. It was clear now, Mom was trying to avoid fucking me before she wanted it to happen.

Noticing my knowing smirk, she continued, "I hope you appreciated my gift to you today going braless. Of course, I knew I was going to get sexually satisfied tonight by my handsome son so I could afford to stay aroused."

"Very nice of you Mom. In fact, I think you should refrain from wearing a bra again, seeing first hand the results of a horny mother." Her sexy smirk returned, signaling she would routinely be braless from now on.

Before I could lean down to demonstrate how much I wanted to milk her breasts, she lifted one leg up, displaying her hairy pussy. My hand readily accepted her wanton invitation. Running my fingers through her full bush, I massaged her thick, pussy lips.

My sperm mixed with her cum coated her slot allowing my fingers to easily slide up and down her hot groove. She was already recovered from two major orgasms, groaning from my probing digits. She felt relieved and excited at the same time, knowing that her son had readily accepted her as a lover.

Pushing me flat on her bed, she rolled over to mash her soft body on top of mine. Sensually kissing me, she ground her firm, bare flesh against mine. We kissed as lovers, not as mother and son. Her eyes locked onto mine as we silently communicated the intense love we held for each other.

Rising up, she slithered up my torso until her breasts were close to my mouth. "Show me. Prove to me you really want to suck your mother's tits."

Pulling her tight to my mouth, I latched onto her nearest hard nipple. Sucking hard, I captured her upright tip between my lips and rolled it. She groaned as her body writhed on top of mine. I alternated between lightly biting, sucking and licking her hard tip. She moaned with delight as she enjoyed the way I paid proper homage to her unique and unappreciated nipples. Easing off her over-stimulated tip, I moved to her other nub and started the process all over again.

Before I could advance to the same level of teasing, I felt her arms moving. Hearing clicking, I realized she was typing something on her phone. Her hands were above my head as I feasted on her tit. Where or when did she get her cell? This reminded me of a comedy where a prostitute was servicing her client while texting her friends. Was she that bored that she thought playing on her phone was more important? Slowing down my sucking, I wondered if something else was wrong.

Feeling me relax, she answered my silent concerns. "Keep sucking, Chad. I'm so excited about how things turned out that I'm going to email your Dad to tell him everything is good. I'm going to inform him to stay at the cabin until we're sure you've planted a baby in me. I can hardly wait for an answer. What do you think, a couple of days should do it?"

Taking my mouth off her hard nipple, I answered, "Maybe a week or longer, Mom. A year would be nice, or more." Before she could answer my hopeful request, I lightly bit her nipple.

She squealed, "Perfect, that sounds good. I'll ask for two weeks, just to be safe. A year might be a little too much." She giggled as she finished and dispatched the message. Setting the phone down on the bed, her body relaxed, allowing my sucking mouth to continue its teasing of her excited nipple. Her writhing increased as her body responded to the attention her son was giving her.

After a long groan, she pulled off my latched mouth, making her way down my body. Kissing and massaging my hot flesh, she licked her way down my sweaty torso. Sucking my hard stomach flesh, I was sure there would be more than one hickey showing up tomorrow. Once she got to my cock, she licked up and down my shaft, cleaning off our sex juices.

Cupping my balls, she worshiped my prick with her raspy, hot tongue. Blood started to fill my prick to the delight of my horny mother. Latching onto my fleshy helmet, she sucked as hard as I did her nipples, reciprocating the pleasure she had received. Releasing my hardened prick, she sat upright, resting her leaking pussy on my stomach.

Looking at me with lust filled eyes, she lifted herself and positioned my prick back into the mouth of her tight pussy. She slowly lowered, allowing her snatch to stretch out enough to envelope my shaft. Once she bottomed out, she remained still, completely impaled on my cock.

Grinding her pelvis in a circular motion, she made contact with all her sensitive areas. Our mixed fluids leaked down, soaking my pubic hair.

She gripped my rib cage tight for leverage, fucking herself on my stiff prick. Not even close to an orgasm, I took my time exploring Mom's sexy body. Stroking her thighs, I squeezed her firm, hot flesh as she rode my pole. Her bouncing breasts cried for attention as I ran my hands up her curvy body.

Gripping her ribcage below her breasts, my hands were pummeled with soft tit flesh as she humped up and down my pole. My soaked groin met her hairy bush each time she bottomed out, saturating both of our hairy genital regions. Erotic squishing noises were getting louder as she increased her contact with my groin.

Moving my probing hands further up her body, I cupped her breasts and massaged her sexy mounds. Unable to keep my fingers away from her sexy nipples, I quickly captured and squeezed her hard knobs.

Her eyes were closed as she moaned with pleasure. Leaning down while still humping my shaft, she brought her engorged teat to join with my waiting mouth. Latching on, I sucked and pulled on her sensitive bud, sending waves of pleasure through my horny mom. As she neared another orgasm, I felt a sense of pride flow through me, elated that I could give Mom so much sexual enjoyment.

Her moaning increased in intensity when she found a position where my fat head scraped across the rough, sensitive patch on the top of her pussy. Up to now, I had allowed her to fuck me, lying still while she

did everything. It was time for me to assist. Lowering my hands to her hips, I held her in place while I lifted up, shoving my prick deep into her horny pussy.

"Oh, damn. That's the spot, Honey. You're fucking your mother so good. I can't believe I'm going to come again on your fat cock. Fuck me hard, Chad!"

Finding the same area of sensitivity, I sawed my stiff prick along the top of her pussy. Her moaning intensified to loud groaning. Feeling wet globs splash on my chest, I looked up to see her hair had fallen in front of her beautiful face. Either sweat or drool was dripping down from under her hair. Increasing my stroking, I was soon rewarded with a loud, orgasmic scream as my prick took the brunt of her climatic release.

Hot juice flowed around my cock as her pussy squeezed and released the stiff staff that caused her to come. Exhausted from fucking her son, she collapsed on top of me, leaving my hard prick lodged inside her. Feeling proud that I was able to hold out while bringing my Mom to a climax elevated my sexual confidence.

The side of her face was pressed to mine as she rapidly inhaled air, trying to recover. Her hot breath bathed my ear. She whispered, "Honey, fucking you is the best thing that's ever happened to me, but I want you to know, it's more than that. I love you. More than a Mother's love, far more than that."

"I know, Mom. I feel the same way. Our bonding is much more than physical."

She purred as I stroked her smooth back. Our silent connection was interrupted by the sound of Mom's phone vibrating.

"That's your father answering me. I can get it later," she whispered.

"No, Mom. I can't bear to wait any longer. I want to know how much time we have to enjoy each other."

Moving forward, she eased herself off my hard shaft. Reaching over to the phone, it only took a few seconds for her to read the message and resume her position on top of me.

Mom whispered, "He did answer. I'm not sure if I should tell you, though. What can you do to convince me?"

She giggled as I rolled us over until I was covering her firm body. She spread her legs, allowing my balls to fall in her slick groove. My hard cock was nestled in her cum-soaked, bushy mound. Moving my hands up, I moved her hair from the sides of her face and leaned down to lightly kiss her.

She smiled wide at my intimate attention. Moving my mouth around her face, I kissed her cheeks, her forehead, and back to her full lips. Staring in her deep-brown eyes, I shifted my hips, slipping my cock

back into her willing pussy. It was still slick with our juices allowing me to slide entirely to the bottom of her slick cavern.

Pulling her mouth off mine, she croaked, "Fucking your mother is definitely a good way to pry out information. He said three days and he wants you out of your room by the time he returns."

Before I could soften in reaction to the disheartening news, she chimed, "He wants you to move out because he wants your room. You're moving in here with me, forever."

My cock quickly returned to its hardened state as I slammed into her pussy. Waves of excitement flowed through me hearing I was going to be moving in and sleeping with my mother on a permanent basis.

"He said that? I can't begin to understand why he would want to be away from such a sexy woman." I stopped stroking, concentrating on our discussion.

She murmured, "In all honesty, the blue pill hasn't worked for months. Sex has never been that important for your father and now he's feeling it's more of a chore than a pleasure. He's been begging me to make a move on you for weeks."

Pulling my head down to hers, she passionately kissed me. Our tongues teased each other as my hands moved to her full breasts.

Releasing my lips, she said, "Didn't we have a deal where you were supposed to fuck your mother for divulging the message contents?"

Smiling wide, I continued stroking in and out of my sexy mom. Seeing pure enjoyment flow through her face, my love for her grew more than I thought possible. Kissing her lightly, I whispered, "I don't want to fuck my mother this time. I'm going to make love to the woman I cherish most. This time I'll be a husband bonding with the love of his life. Will you be my wife and bear my children?"

"Of course, Darling. I love you so much. Anything you desire is yours. Let's make a baby, my dear husband."

Smiling, I jokingly added, "And there will be no need to fuck the washing machine again."

She bucked up her hips causing me to involuntarily groan as my balls squashed against her pubic bone. She taunted, "Are you sure? Frank and I have been together for a long time. He really ramps up my sex drive." Humping up again, she physically presented her side of the argument.

"You've named our washing machine?" I laughed as I returned her enthusiastic thrusts making her groan the way she did me. "Anything that makes you this horny has my vote. Tell Frank he's still part of the family."

We both laughed as we returned our focus on pleasuring each other. Resuming our kiss, I steadily drove in and out of her horny pussy. We weren't fucking this time. It was an act of pure love. Her hands traveled from my sweaty back down to my ass cheeks, pulling me in tight on each downstroke. She exhaled air into my mouth each time my fat head slammed against the back of her convulsing pussy.

The first two times we fucked were committed in total darkness, not allowing our love to be shared from staring in each other's eyes. It was fantastic sex, but it wasn't an act of love. Our deepest feelings were communicated between us now as we ground our bodies together, caring about nothing but pleasing our partner.

Releasing her fat breasts, my hands moved up to the top of her shoulders. Pulling her body down as she pulled my ass into her, our humping increased in intensity. We kissed like lovers, not like a parent and child. Mom's hot body was shivering with excitement as I mercilessly pounded her pussy.

Her rapid breathing caused her to release my lips while refusing to lose eye contact, conveying her complete submission. She uttered, "You own my pussy. I'm yours, Sweetie. Fuck your wife and show her how much you love her!"

"It's forever, Mom. This isn't a childhood infatuation that a son has for his mother. I'm in love with you and want to be with you from now on. Bear my children, Mom."

"Of course, Chad. I belong to you. I'll do whatever you want. Plant your seed in my fertile womb. I'm ready to birth as many children as you want. Fuck your mother hard!"

Connecting our mouths together, our tongues battled as hard as we fucked. Moving my hands down her sweaty body, I held her ass cheeks and lifting her body up allowed faster and harder strokes. Her eyes widened as she felt my prick expanding.

She wrapped her legs around my body, enabling her to lift her groin to meet my thrusts. Her legs pulled me in as her nails dug into my back. Her body was convulsing and shaking in pleasure. Tears formed in her eyes as she experienced her most intense orgasm. My prick responded, spewing out whatever potent sperm was left. We groaned in each other's mouths. Neither of us wanted to break our kiss as we climaxed together as lovers.

Her pulsating, leaking pussy continued to squeeze my prick after my orgasm finished in an attempt to extract any remaining fluid. This was the first time we maintained eye contact while experiencing our mutual orgasms. It cemented the love we openly shared for each other. There was no doubt in my mind that Mom was completely in love with me as we experienced our post-coital bliss.

Not wanting to crush her any further, I rolled to her side and pulled her close. She wrapped her arm and leg over me, holding me tight.

She muttered, "Thank you, Dear. You're such a wonderful lover. You make me a complete woman. I love you so much."

Stroking her sweaty body, I replied, "Being with you is all I want. Should I call you Nicole, now that we're more like husband and wife?"

"Only in public. At home, I'm still your horny mom and you're still my motherfucking son," she gleefully said.

"Sure, Mom, there is something thrilling about calling you Mom when my prick is shoved up your pussy."

"Speaking of that, you are one sweaty, cum-soaked son. You know, newly married couples usually have a shower. Let's change the event to something improved and continue this conversation while we soap up each other. I promise you'll like it much better than some boring party."

Smiling wide, I leaned in to kiss my beautiful mother. One thing was certain, I was wrong when I thought it'd be bad being Dad's protegee.

THE END