Mom Coaches Me in Writing Erotica

I started reading *Literotica* several years ago when I was nearing the end of high school. It offered something different from the porn sites I usually visited and aside from the great quality of the best of its writing, it featured realistic characters and storylines that sadly have yet to make it into the visual medium.

At first I read all varieties but gradually, and to my disquiet, I found myself gravitating to the taboo section and specifically to mother-son stories. I couldn't figure this out as I had zero desire for my own mother. I could see that she was kind of hot – think a 1970s frowsy Dyan Cannon; but she was my mother who scolded me, sometimes looked a wreck, talked too much and too loud and would laugh uproariously at lame jokes so long as they contained a sexual reference. The men she dated were usually preening jerks. Also, she smoked; I didn't. She liked martinis. Beer for me.

She was also a published author with several titles in her own name and several others under pseudonyms for one of those bodice-ripper houses. I'd read a couple, make that, I started a couple, but couldn't get past expressions like "her hidden treasure" or "honeypot". Her heroes were bold and smouldering if male and proper yet coy if female. While she wasn't the most highly regarded in her field, she was prolific and her income afforded us a decent standard of living.

My father wasn't in the picture. Too many affairs; indiscreet ones at that. I'm Steve, now in my early 20s and a student at a state college. Blond, 5'11, trim and unlike so many Literotica protagonists, normally proportioned.

Anyway, a couple of years in I'd been focusing on the mother-son stories. I'd picture some imaginary mother who was cool with her son and through various circumstances, they'd hook up. All was fine until one fateful evening. I'd been checking out the latest Taboo offering when I got a call from one of my crew. Word had gone out to a friend that she could take the stage at a local music club since their main act had gotten busted. We all had to hurry down to support her. I closed up my laptop but worried, when, a half hour later, I couldn't remember closing the windows. "Oh well" I figured, my mother surely wouldn't be checking. And had she not, I wouldn't be writing this.

She'd already gone to bed when I got home so the confrontation didn't happen until I got back from school the next afternoon. I'd gotten in and was pouring myself an OJ when she, I'll call her Sheila, appeared in the kitchen.

"Steve, last night after you went out, your laptop started beeping. I went to close it down but I couldn't help but notice what was on your screens."

It wasn't just Literotica. There was a porn window also open and I reckon you can guess its contents. Dread. Anxiety. Shame at being caught. Worst of all, some sort of looming honest conversation.

I remained silent and hoped she would do the same. It wasn't much of a plan but I was floundering. She kept looking at me and for a while, I looked at the kitchen faucet as though it was suddenly fascinating. If it were only the one window I might have said that some unexpected link led me there. Or maybe attribute the beeping to some malign virus aimed at getting young men into trouble with their moms. These and other less intelligent plans came and went while I continued to study the faucet. But eventually I looked up.

"Well?"

"I'm sorry. I won't do it again."

"Of course you will. But why those subjects? Do you have a 'thing' for me?"

"No. It's just a fantasy. Not about you but some fictional mother."

"Fictional mother? You're saying that this 'fiction' never seeps into the real world?"

"No. Honestly, I don't think of you in that way."

"Then why this interest in incest between a mother and her son?"

"I don't know. There just seemed to be something..." I didn't want to say "exciting" or anything more sexual. But it was an honest answer. I'm not given to introspection but I sometimes wondered why I found the topic so stimulating. I put it down to "fantasy mother" but that explanation always seemed to lack something. Now I'd gotten lost in thought and I noticed my mother's look of impatience.

"Well?"

"I really don't know Mom. But I swear it's not about you." And I really hoped that was so.

"Steve, I'll take your word for that but just think how you'd feel if you caught me reading or writing about sex between a mother and her son."

I blushed and went back to examining the faucet. Still, she may have offered me a saving opening.

"But I wasn't writing about anything."

"Does that make a difference?"

I was hoping so but had no idea.

"Well, writing seems more personal."

"It is. But usually one doesn't read unless something about the subject interests them."

How I wished this talk would end. But I was now feeling like a beaten mutt and figured I might as well absorb all the punishment at once. If it got too bad there was always suicide.

"I dunno. It just seemed like a fantasy."

"And you're sure it doesn't involve me?"

"NO!"

"OK, but see it from my position. If I were to write, or just read, about sex between mothers and sons, what would you think?"

I didn't want to answer because I couldn't think. Or maybe I didn't want to think so couldn't answer. One of the two. Maybe both.

"I dunno."

She looked exasperated. "Alright Steve. I'm sorry but this must be embarrassing for you." Unlike her books, this was supremely understated. I nodded.

"I have to collect my thoughts on this and I may have more to say later on. But Steve, I don't mean to be condemning. Lord knows we all have our fantasies. Many of them are just that and would be horrifying in real life. And rest assured, I won't breathe a word of this to anyone."

"Thanks." I beat an exit with nary a look back at the faucet. But I knew there would be a round two.

I stayed away from Literotica and porn sites as though that might absolve my sins, or whatever they were. That if by

some divine act, my browsing history were revealed to my mother, she might think it was a passing fancy and there'd been no recent activity of the sort. Recent meaning three days or so.

A few days later my mother had evidently collected her thoughts.

"Steve, have you got a minute?" Leading question.

"You know, I've spent the past few days reading some of the Literotica posts. Goodness, there must be tens of thousands of them. Some are actually very good. Some are better than what I could write. Have you ever given any thought to writing something yourself?"

"Nope."

"Why haven't you?"

"Ah, 'cause I can't write?"

"Nonsense. You did fine on that entrance essay to get you into college."

"Mom, you basically wrote it."

"Oh, I just helped polish it."

"Mom, if you're so keen on writing, why don't you write something there?"

She shook her head. "Steve, I'm working on three different novels that will pay. Literotica doesn't. Do you see?"

She had me. "Well, you're the writer in the family."

"No one starts our being a writer. I got my start submitting recipes. Why don't you give it a shot?"

"Well, I've no idea what I could write about."

This time the look was more of sympathy. "Steve, write about what you like. What you'd like to read. What you think that others would like to read."

"Why should I write about anything? Writers need an audience. Maybe I'm just that."

"Maybe you are. And maybe I'm projecting my own writing urges on to you. But give it some thought."

I did. The idea that I could create some living legacy, anonymously though, had its appeal. But I knew I wasn't much of a writer. I'd been paralyzed by that college entrance essay. It was only salvaged when my mother read what I'd done and basically rewrote it. My major was economics with a minor in math and logic so hardly any essays there. Still, I thought I'd give it a shot.

The first one was a flop, to put it favorably. Rating was 2-something and there were only two comments. One was "Stopped reading by the third paragraph". The other was longer but compared the writing to a 15-year old. Hey, I was 21. You should have seen how I wrote at 15.

The next one was a tad over 3. Nice trending. But only one comment. Anonymously, the coward. He or she cited deficiencies in the plot, characters and dialogue. As Spinal Tap would say, "That's just nit-picking."

Eventually came the day when my mother asked if I'd written anything. I was tempted to lie but decided what the hell. I'd like to have something moderately successful.

"Yes, but they're terrible. They always have the worst rating of anything else that's published that day."

"Would you mind if I read them?"

"Yes I would. They're bad." They hadn't seemed bad when I wrote them but then when I read them alongside of other mom-son stories, I had to admit that they sucked. There was some sort of alchemy others possessed that was beyond my reach.

"They probably are. You're just getting started. You should see some of the rejection letters I got when I was just starting out. Well-deserved ones too. More than a few politely suggesting that I take up some other line of work."

That didn't cheer me up as much as you might think.

"Now I don't know if you want to get better or if you'd rather give it up. But if you want to get better, maybe I can help."

"Help?"

"Steve, I'm a published author. I'm not going to write stories for you but I've been through enough reviews that I can give

you some benefit of experience. But I do need to see what you've written."

It was painful but I showed her where to find them. "One thing though Mom. Can you read them while I'm not around?"

"Sure thing dear. Tomorrow while you're in classes."

I had a fatalistic attitude to the review. I knew it wouldn't be good and I wasn't convinced that I should even continue. But I really wanted to write something that wasn't crap.

"Alright Steve. You want to hear this?"

I nodded.

"Well, both stories are variations on a simple concept. The son asks his mother if she would fuck him and she says Yes. There's more to it of course but that's basically it, right?"

Nodded again, this time with a heavy sigh.

"Look. Look at me. For any story there has to be some build-up. The characters have to have motivations based on their

personalities or background. There has to be some set of circumstances that would lead them to taking such an unusual action. Two people don't just look at each other and then one says "You wanna have sex?" and the other replies "Sure." Given that what you're describing rarely happens, you have to invest it with more thought as to what led them into taking such a step."

More nods. She was making sense but it wasn't quite a roadmap.

"Look, here's what we'll do. Have you ever heard of a story pitch?"

Shaken head this time.

"Think about a story you'd like to write, and explain it to me. Give me the plot outline; tell me a bit about the two people and how they get to where they're going. Do you think you can do that?

Back to nods.

"OK, it's Wednesday. Why don't you present me with something on Sunday afternoon? And Steven, don't be dismayed if your first suggestion gets shot down. That's

happened to me many times and more often than not for good reason."

First Pitch

I'd been skimming through some stories trying to come up with something. Many stories had similar plots so after a while I stopped worrying about originality. I picked one that I thought might work.

My mother was in a business outfit, something I rarely saw her in on weekends.

"What's with the suit Mom? Job interview?" I'd heard that somewhere and thought it was hilarious. But I just got A Look. She must have heard it too. Many times judging by those pursed lips.

"No, I'm trying to instill some professionalism into this process. When I go into a meeting to pitch a story, I like to look like I'm someone who should be taken seriously. The people who hear my pitch dress the same. Now what do you have for me?"

Geez, this for an amateur story site?

"OK. The son has the hots for his mother. One day she catches him jerking off in his room and is in awe of his 9 inch cock. She doesn't say anything but continues to watch. Just as he's about to come he cries out 'Oh yes mommy.' She's startled. Shocked that her son lusts for her and she can't get that enormous cock out of her mind. At one point she observes 'He didn't get that from his father's side of the family."

"Stop there."

"Huh? I was just getting to the good part."

"Maybe you were but by now most readers would have shut down their screens and gone on to something else."

"How do you know? I've read stories like this and they get better ratings than my first two."

"Steve, do you like Chuck Norris movies?"

Holy non-sequitur Batman!

"What's that got to do with anything? And you know I don't."

"What you've written is Norris porn. No country's army can stop him. He's almost super-human. So is that 9-inch cock. And in this fantasy, no woman can resist it. By the way, is yours 9 inches?"

I was still trying to work out the analogy and just caught the question.

"Ah, no."

"8 inches?"

Head shake. "But stop there. I'm not going to keep answering until you guess."

"Steve, you can write something like that but it's far from original and frankly pretty ridiculous. Do you call out anyone's name when you masturbate?"

Shocked I was. We had an unofficial don't-ask-don't-tell policy when it came to that. Or so I thought. "I don't think so."

"Look, you can create schlock and you'll find an audience. But do you want a Chuck Norris audience or one that

enjoyed that awful Tokyo Drift movie you made me watch? Or would you prefer something more like Almost Famous or The Italian Job?"

"Tokyo Drift wasn't that bad, OK, not as good as the original, but I take your point."

"Good. Next time try to make it more believable. Shall we try again next Sunday?"

Second Pitch

For reasons I can't currently recall, I was much more confident this time. Mom was professionally dressed and I put on a clean shirt for the occasion.

"It's the son's 18th birthday. His mother says it's a special birthday and she wants to give him a special gift. He's long had the hots for his mother and says he'd like a special kiss. She asks what that means and he says 'a real kiss'. After some back and forth she agrees and is overcome when they do it. This leads to more and more and eventually they do it."

Mom paused for a while. "OK Steve. This one at least has some plot development. But I'm sure I've read near-identical stories and the plot is thin and overdone. You're improving

though. Do you really think that just one kiss is going to change a normal mother into a woman lusting for her son? Really?"

When she said it it seemed so obvious. But by now I was determined to improve. "Next Sunday then?"

Next Sunday came and I had nothing.

"Mom, I've wracked my brains but every story has been taken. I can't think of anything original."

"Steve, there's a balance. Nothing is completely original. I took a writing course once where the professor taught that there were only seven basic story lines and everything was a derivation of one of these. What makes a work original lies in the execution. How believable are the situations? How well drawn are the characters? Are there plot holes? Does everyone have to be an idiot for the unfolding of events to occur exactly as conveyed? Why should an audience be interested enough to continue with the story?"

Man oh man. It seemed like I should have already known this but hearing it put into words was revelatory.

"Gotcha. Next Sunday then?"

Third Pitch

I was less confident than the 18th birthday kiss pitch but felt that I'd improved.

"Shipwreck scenario. Mom and son are shipwrecked. After a while their clothes wear out and they walk around naked. The son has frequent erections and the mom is getting lonely too. They can't be sure when they might get rescued and as the nights get cooler, they have to cuddle at night. Passion eventually overcomes them and they have sex."

"I think I've seen two or three shipwreck stories so it isn't that overdone. But you're getting there. Take care not to plagiarize or borrow too heavily from the others but why not take a shot?"

Wow! This was well short of a Pulitzer but by far the most positive response I'd ever had. "Great, and thanks Mom. I'm getting started right away."

"One other thing Steve. Let's get you a new ID so your future stories aren't tainted by association with those first two."

Done. I started working away, writing and rewriting, while trying to keep character motivations and plot development in mind. Also, to change enough details so that it wasn't too much like the others. After a week it was as ready as it was ever going to be and I sent it in. I considered asking my mother to proof it but decided to hit her with the finished product.

I had to wait a few days until it was approved but finally it appeared on the New Incest Story page. I kept checking throughout the day and was enormously pleased when the rating crossed the 4 barrier. It eventually settled in around 3.80 but this was much better than my first two. And there were three comments. "Nice first story." "Hawt!' And a longer one that emphasized how derivative it was. Even that I didn't mind. "Derivative" sounded so much better than "fake" or "sucks". I prefer erudition in my critics.

"That's getting better Steve." My mother was at her screen reading. "There are a few typos but overall it's nicely developed and much more believable than your first efforts. Want more?"

This was encouraging. "Sure."

"Having the father get killed off in the boat was jarring, though it does set the stage. But Freud would have fun with it."

"Freud?"

"Freud. Don't tell me you haven't heard of him."

"Sure I've heard of him. The super-ego, subconscious and all that."

"Very good. And don't forget about the Oedipal Complex."

Wow. He'd written about that too? I was taking a while to reply.

"How about The Doors?

"The Doors? Light My Fire?"

"Dear, try listening to The End. You'll get the idea. But back to your story. It's an unusual twist that the two don't get together sooner because the mother's hairy legs put the son off, just as his beard does the same for the mother. Of the other couple of shipwreck stories I've seen, I don't think

that's been mentioned. Presumably it takes place off-screen and isn't relevant to their plots."

"As for how they come to have sex, it wasn't bad but let me give you a couple of tips. The deterioration of their clothing works for me and consequently their nudity is plausible. But you make it sound like when the mother sees your hard cock; I mean the story's son's hard cock; for the umpteenth time, it isn't as simple as the sight of it just driving her wild. Women aren't as visually oriented as men and it's more the sight of your, his, cock reminds her of the physical comforts she's been missing and she doesn't know when she'll ever be able to enjoy them again."

Most of this went in one ear and out the other. Except for the stumbles on "your" and "his". That made me remember what else I knew about Freud. Slips. I wondered if this could be one.

The Next Stories

The pitches were becoming perfunctory and I had a couple more. One was growing up on a farm with just the mother and her son. It was not well received. Typical response came from my mother.

"Steve, the mother isn't going to get aroused by seeing a bull humping a cow. Presumably she's seen that all her life. Now try something else and if that doesn't get better, we'll go back to the full-on pitches."

The next one was the vacation theme. Room mix-up, only a single queen-sized bed, mom's sexy bikini, fleeting nudity in the hotel room, drinks and flirtation on the dance-floor, goodnight kiss in bed, mother feels son's erection, sex. I took more time with this one and the rating settled in at just under 4.20.

"Quite an improvement Steve. Your style is much better but I felt like I was reading a pastiche of several other mom-son vacation stories. But that is one of my favourite sub-genres so I enjoyed it. Got quite aroused in places. Well done."

I blushed. She really didn't need to mention her arousal, but it was flattering to hear.

For the next one I opted for the naked mother theme. She's a former hippie, once lived on a commune, decides she wants to return to naturism when the son turns 18. Eventually he goes au natural too. Embarrassed by his frequent erections. Reassured by his mother that it happened on the commune too and it's a sign he's a healthy young man. She takes the commune lifestyle further and they start smoking dope. One night after a naked dope-smoking session she reminds him that the hippie lifestyle also embodied free love. Sex.

It was my most popular to date scoring over 4.30. But my mother wasn't impressed.

"Steve, you used our real names!"

"Only first names Mom. Besides, I'm posting under a pseudonym and everyone will just assume I've made up the names."

"But what if someone we know reads this?"

"Mom, they'll just assume that it's a coincidence. I've read stories where the main character is Steve and I don't think they're about me."

"But in this one it's Steve and Sheila and you describe me, Sheila, as looking like Dyan Cannon."

"Well you do."

"So it is supposed to be about us!"

I really hadn't meant it like that. I'd used the names just to be flippant and was imagining the real Dyan Cannon as my mother. But I could now see how it came out differently. I staggered over an explanation along these lines but it wasn't getting me anywhere.

"Steve, I'd actually love to look like Dyan Cannon. And you're not the first to have noticed the resemblance. But she's prettier and shapelier. Now tell me. Is this story a subliminal request to see me naked? To have sex with me?"

I wasn't quite sure what 'subliminal' meant. So far as I could recall it never came up in Economics texts. But the second question was clarifying.

"No. With Dyan Cannon, the 70s version, sure."

She looked at me skeptically. "Are you being honest with me Steve? If I were to start undressing now you'd cover your eyes and tell me to stop?"

"Yes! I was thinking about Dyan Cannon. I'm sorry I used your name. Our names."

Looking slightly less skeptical, "Well that's a relief. I'd feel pretty strange knowing my boy who sees me every day was having lustful thoughts."

I was glad that was over but it did give me pause. I looked up 'subliminal' and now understood my mother's question. And I wasn't sure of the answer. First reaction, near-instinctive was No. But I wondered about my own thought processes. The real names was more like being smart-alecky. And the Dyan Cannon comparison just seemed to go with it. It wasn't so much the thought of seeing my own mother naked horrified me; it was more like seeing her and then resuming the normal home relationship. That didn't mean I'd want it to lead to sex. Far from it. Could Dyan Cannon just be Mom without all the Mom baggage? By now these questions were confusing me. Best to stop here. Oh, and the naked, hippie mom story came in at almost 4.40. By far my most popular and the third highest rated the day it appeared.

A Better Story

I tried a road trip with Mom story but as a couple of commenters noted, it was too much like my vacation post. They were right and the 3.90+ rating was probably generous. A roommates one was better and I was back in the 4.20 territory. But I felt like I was treading water and that every good plotline had been done. And done better than I could write.

Around this time my mother started getting more casual in how she dressed. Bathrobes not fully tied, light blouses and T-shirts with no bra, very short shorts and the like. One weekend night we were going to watch a late night movie. I was in a T-shirt and boxers which is what I usually wore to bed. She said she wanted to get changed and returned wearing a dark nightie with a thin mesh top. That left her breasts basically exposed. They looked to be around 38C or more with large round nipples. I felt a stirring.

"Whoa Mom, what's this?"

"Too risqué for you Steve?"

"It's just that I've never seen you in anything like that."

"I know. I always tried to dress modestly around you. Didn't want to weird you out. But I prefer casual and since you assured me you didn't hanker to see me naked, I reasoned that I could go casual without arousing carnal thoughts in you."

"OK Mom, but I'm not sure if this counts as casual."

She laughed. "Fair enough. But sometimes I like to dress sexy and there really isn't a big difference between the two. At least when it comes to how revealing the clothes are. Now can we watch the movie? Surely this outfit isn't too great a distraction?"

It was and it wasn't. I most certainly did NOT want to have sex with my mother but hey, tits! And from the glimpse I got, great looking ones too.

"No, I'm sure I can cope."

After that there was further escalation. Walking around in underwear. One day she was wearing skimpy panties that couldn't contain all her pubic hair. I noted it was black which must have come as a surprise to those lovers expecting dirty blonde. We had a habit of taking our morning showers about half an hour apart, hers first. One morning she must have lingered as I caught her returning to her room nude. It was only a look from the side and back but still, first one ever.

For another movie night she was dressed in a short bathrobe and sitting on the sofa with her feet up on the coffee table. I was on a chair at an angle from her. At one point the bottom of her robe slid and I could see she wasn't wearing underwear.

"Whoa, commando Mom?"

"Oh, you can't really see anything. Does it bother you?"

"No, not really. But I thought you'd want to know."

"Thanks. I hadn't realized and didn't give it any thought. I guess I wasn't expecting my son to be looking at his mother's pussy."

"Mom! I wasn't trying to look. I was just mentioning it, like the way you'd tell me if my fly was undone. Besides, how would you like it if I were sitting here with my goods hanging out?"

"Goods? Goodness! I don't know how I'd react. I'll just have to wait till happens to find out." And a deep throated laugh. This was too much for me so I started the movie.

Over the next few days I pondered these displays and her flirty conversation. I had no interest in responding but I noted how I felt chagrined when she was properly dressed. While I was sure she wasn't teasing me, sometimes it felt like a tease. That was when I decided to sort of tease back.

A while back my mother and I attended an out-of-town wedding. Most guests were staying in hotels but as we were family, we were staying with the parents of the bride. A day or two before the wedding some other relatives who thought they couldn't make it, decided that they could. So my aunt agreed to put them up too. The local hotels were already booked so my mother and I wound up on a double mattress in my Aunt's attic. It was hot and stuffy and we discarded the sheets and blanket. I was in boxers only and my mother was wearing panties and a flimsy top. I slept awkwardly, mostly on my side facing away from her because I didn't want her to see my erection. It wasn't because of her; more like 18 year-old hormones. Nothing happened but in my retelling for Literotica, it certainly would.

I didn't use her name this time but I kept with the Dyan Cannon comparison. In the retelling, my mother, er, Dyan, is tipsy when she comes to bed. She tells me she's had a wonderful night and wants a goodnight hug and kiss. In hugging me she feels my erection. "Oh, is that what was poking me on the dancefloor?"

She moves her crotch against mine and we dry-hump while we kiss. Then she stops. "Steve, it's so hot and stuffy in here and since it's dark, do you mind if I remove my clothes?" She does and we resume hugging with the occasional kiss. By now my cock had sprung out from its confines and she feels it on her upper thigh. "Oh, so much nicer in the flesh than through the cotton. Why don't you take them off."

Now it's naked embracing and I can feel her pussy rubbing my cock. My hand wanders down to cup her ass. "Steve, we're never going to get to sleep in this state." She slides up and when she slides back down, I'm in her. We fuck for an hour or so, switch positions a few times and finally cum together. Next morning she apologizes for getting carried away and asks if I'm alright. "It was the most wonderful, most glorious night of my life Mom." She smiles and reminds me that she enjoyed it too but it mustn't happen again. I leave it as a cliff-hanger ending in case I want to add a second chapter for when they're back home.

I got really enthused in writing it up and to my mild disgust, I actually got hard in writing my own story. Weird. I reread it several times and then sent it in. It appeared on a Friday morning so when I was in classes, I was certain that my mother would see it. Sure enough, when I got home...

"Steve! Is this really your latest?"

"Yes." I was dying to check out the rating and comments but that would have to come later.

"I thought that after describing me as your naked hippie mother you weren't going to do that again."

"Well, I didn't use your real name."

"No, but you used yours and described me, or the 'mother' as Dyan Cannon. And all the details of the wedding and sleeping arrangements are exactly, almost exactly, as they happened. Without the sex of course. What if someone in our family were to read this?"

"Aw Mom, they'd probably just think it was coincidence. Besides, it was a few years ago so they've probably forgotten the details."

"Well you're betting our reputations on that. And it's a bet with no payoff except for some anonymous ratings. But that's not my only concern."

"It's very difficult for me to accept that you DON'T have a sexual fantasy for me. The way you describe me, describe my body, describe how I was dressed, describe my pubic hair as being black even though I'm a dusky-blonde. Steven, you must have been thinking of me and not some Dyan Cannon fantasy mother."

She stopped and looked, as though I was going to make a clean breast of it in my reply. But I hadn't thought that far ahead. After all of her near-flashing and the racy talk, I just thought I was retaliating. I'd still been thinking Dyan

Cannon but could those identities have blurred? I really wasn't sure now. My official position remained that in no way did I want to have sex with my mother. Admittedly it had been a while since I'd done a thorough re-evaluation of the Official Position. But to go from that to actually wanting sex with her? It was confusing. I was confused. But I knew I would never ask her, even if I eventually concluded that I might, sort of want it.

"Steve, I deserve an answer."

"Mom, I don't know where to start. You'd been dressing more freely and it sounded like there was some kind of innuendo on that commando night. I saw this post as kind of a 'back at you' response."

"Steven, that might all be very true but you're skirting the issue. We were in the very same situation and when you wrote about it you added sex. Pretty hot sex by the way. I don't understand how it could NOT have been me you were thinking about."

"Mom, I really don't know. I was..." I was afraid she had a point. I looked at her and tried to imagine her naked and us having sex. I still didn't like the idea but my cock was twitching.

"Well, there is a way to find out."

What? Truth serum? Lie detector?

"There is? How?"

"Re-enactment."

"Re-enactment?"

"Yes, you heard me. Tonight we'll go to bed together in my room. I'll turn up the heat and we'll wear what we were wearing in your story."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Was she offering, no, planning...?

"I'm not saying that anything will happen or that I'm promising or aiming at any particular outcome. But we need to know; I need to know if you're harbouring an Oedipal Complex. If you are, this could be 'the most wonderful, most glorious night of your life.' If not, we'll know soon enough and you can just go back to bed. So?"

I gaped, but realized I was expected to reply. I truthfully didn't know what I wanted. It sounded like an exciting situation but did I really want to risk having sex with my mother? If that indeed was a possibility. Which it must be for the scenario to make sense. If it were to happen I could probably get off on a Dyan Cannon fantasy. And if in the moment I was turned off, I could call a halt. If I refused right now, well, there'd be plenty of ongoing tension.

"I guess we could try it."

"Good. Now let's have dinner and watch a movie."

I don't remember a thing about the movie. I do remember my mother coming out in a short, diaphanous white nightie. Braless of course. It was very sexy and I had to admit, so was she.

"Hey, I don't remember anything so revealing from the wedding or from the story."

"We have to adapt for the circumstances. Before we got to bed there was some prior stimulation at the dance. I remember feeling your erection when we danced later in the evening. I pretended I didn't because I was certain you'd be embarrassed. So since we don't have a dance tonight, we needed an alternate stimulus." She glanced at my crotch and

guilty erection. And I see the stimulus did the trick. Now let's watch the movie."

My erection never completely subsided. From time to time my mother would run her fingers through my hair or snuggle against me. Each contact roused my cock. Sometimes I looked over for a glimpse of her nipples. Finally the movie ended.

"Well sweetie, I'd say it's bedtime. You ready?"

I was on auto-pilot now and nodded. We got up and she took my hand. When we opened the bedroom door we almost got knocked over by the heat blast. It must have been 85.

"Whew. I think I overdid it. We'll leave the door open. Now you'd better get out of that shirt."

She turned off the light and we lay down side by side. I was nervous but excited too, not knowing what would happen.

"Thanks for doing this Steve. I know it couldn't have been easy. Now, can you give me a goodnight hug and kiss?"

I gave her a quick peck on the lips and hugged her. She moved on top of me and gave me a bigger kiss. "Steve, it's OK to kiss back."

I gave her a better kiss, putting my hand on the back of her head and moving my lips around. No tongue though. I was hard again and it pressed against her upper thigh.

"Oh, is that what was poking me five years ago on the dancefloor?" We both laughed, me nervously.

She moved her crotch against mine and we gently dry-humped while we kissed. Then she stopped. "Steve, it's so hot in here and since it's dark, do you mind if I remove my clothes?"

"No." It came out as a croak.

She straightened up, shucked off her nightie and moved back to hug me. Panty-less too I noted. This hug felt super-erotic. I ran my hands over her naked back and I could feel her breasts on my chest and her bullet nipples pressing into me. We kissed lightly and continued hugging. Her crotch was grinding against mine and I knew her pussy hair must have been right over my cock. I now wanted to kiss her very badly so I pulled her head to mine and began frenching her.

She lashed her tongue around mine and she put bother her hands on my cheeks.

"Steve" she whispered, "it will feel nicer if you remove your boxers." With her help I did and we resumed necking with her naked body on mine. I was mega turned on and worried about coming. She may have sensed this.

"Steve, the next step, if we take it, is a very big one. You don't have to say anything but touch my ass if you want to continue."

It was like my hand was made of iron and her ass was emitting CERN Particle Collider level magnetic charges. I ran my hand all over her shapely ass. She kissed me once more, raised up, and came down; her pussy enveloping my cock. Fantasy Cannon or Mom – it didn't matter. I was in heaven and in her. Her pussy was way juicier than I'd imagined and I loved how her full breasts kept knocking up against my face.

She was pumping hard and fast and I was fervently multi-tasking. One hand stroking her ass; the other caressing a breast; my mouth moving between kissing her and whatever nipple was unoccupied; and keeping up with the cock thrusts. The orgasm came with little warning. An explosion like a bat out of hell which really wasn't the earworm I

wanted at that time. I wasn't vocal in bed but gave out a mighty "Whoa!" when it hit. My mother gave a few more thrusts and she too came with a "Woo!"

She collapsed on me and we lay there panting. We were both sweaty which just seemed to add to the carnality. I thought she was going to get off me but then I felt these little squeezes on my cock. It felt funny at first but soon enough I was growing hard again.

"Oh Steven, that was even better than I imagined. I love feeling you inside me. Your COCK inside me." More squeezes.

I was in bliss. Another part of my brain, the part that can't form sentences, had taken over and all I could focus on was how wonderful it felt. It vaguely crossed my mind that if I could have such glorious sex now, I could have it again. That this wouldn't be the last time. And again was coming soon. My mother's squeezes had gotten me back to full erection and I snapped out of my reverie.

"Ready to go again love?"

I nodded. "Anytime Mom."

"Good. Young lovers are wonderful that way. Let's try doggy."

I slipped out of her and my cock was drenched. She got down on her hands and knees and guided me into her. "And Steve, you can play with my ass in this position."

I started thrusting and caressing her ass while she pushed back and fingered her clit. She was really making a squishing sound. I kept thrusting and caressing when she grabbed my hand and redirected it so I was touching her asshole. I'd read about anal play in Literotica but had never experienced it in real life. But my mother was giving me the best hands on experience anyone could want. I would have been happy to continue on but my mother had other ideas.

"There's another position I just love Steven. You sit on the edge of the bed and I'll sit on you." Fair enough. I liked this position. She slid down on me and I went in deep. She also had to bring her arms around my neck which brought us closer. "Oh Steve, this is a great position for playing with my ass too. You can even try putting a finger inside."

No sooner said than done. She was very wet and with some of her pussy juices I slipped a finger up her ass while we were pumping. I could feel my cock through her anal walls. We started kissing and her pumping got fiercer. I think she

came once but we carried on. I was getting closer and called out "Mom, I'm going to...Ohhh!" She humped some more and made a guttural sound. My finger slipped out of her but I kept rubbing it around her anus. She made another yelping sound and relaxed. "I need a breather Steven."

We were lying there without speaking and she rested her hand on my spent cock. I put mine ion her wet mound of pubic hair.

"God, I can't remember when I've had such great sex Steven. By the way, was I your first?"

"No. Gina in high school."

"Oh. It would have been wonderful to have broken you in but it's probably better you started with someone your own age."

"But Mom, she was nowhere near good as you. I can't imagine that sex can ever be better than what we just had."

"Thanks sweetie. Even better than your story?" She kissed me. "I don't know if it gets better either, so we'll have to keep trying to find out. But right now I just want to kiss you everywhere."

We started with some deep French kissing and then she moved to my cheeks, forehead, a little nip on my nose and then tongued my ear, then the neck, shoulders, down my arm – at this point read in an et cetera. After she finished tonguing my navel she kissed around to my hips and using her lips, nibbled on my pubic hair. I was still recovering but my cock began moseying to see what the commotion was.

"Steven, I'm not nearly done yet but I'm going to linger here for a bit." With that she took my cock into her mouth and slowly started sucking. And it slowly started responding. When it was hard she moved around and lowered her hips on to my face.

"Wow Mom. I don't remember this from the story."

She took her mouth of my cock for a moment. "It wasn't there. But it should have been. Would have made for a much better read."

She resumed moving her lips up and down my cock and I started licking her pussy lips. I couldn't see them but they felt thick and not too long. I loved her smell. Some mix of sweat, musk and something else that must be sex. I stuck my tongue in as far as I could and enjoyed the juices that flowed back. She thrust her hips back so I could lick and suck her clit and I remembered to finger her asshole too.

She was frantically bucking her hips and her juices were all over my face. I was alternating between revelling in her smell and taste and enjoying her firm up-and-down sucking. I slipped a finger inside her ass and her body thrusts got almost spasmodic. Just as I was about to come, I felt one mighty grind on my face, heard a muffled sound and felt a pool of juices drenching me. That was enough and I started spurting in her mouth. Our movements slowed to almost nothing as we lapped up each other's fluids. She dismounted and moved in beside me. We tenderly kissed.

We lay there caressing each other's face. I started to say something and she put a finger to my lips, whispering "Steve, we'll talk tomorrow but let's just enjoy the feelings tonight. Oh, and here's something else you might enjoy. If it were just our love juices I'd be happy to fall asleep in them but I've been so sweaty that I don't want to wake up all stale. Would you like to join me for a shower?"

Would I? She led me by the hand and we got in. After just rinsing she started soaping my back. All the way down including a thorough scrub of my ass. I turned around and she worked her way up to my cock. Alas, it wasn't responding.

"Don't worry. He deserves some rest after making me come three times. And he'll be nice and clean for me in the

morning." She gave my cock a little kiss, then lathered up my chest and handed me the soap.

I repeated her route including plenty of action on her ass. That elicited some 'Mmms'. "Steven, have you ever fucked anyone there?"

"No."

"I didn't think so. It's never featured in your stories. Neither did squirting. But maybe they will after this weekend." She laughed and grinned.

I moved to her front which gave me an eye-level view of her pussy. She didn't shave and her hair was thick, black and curly but not terribly extensive. I liked that it didn't cover her pussy lips or around her anus. As I suspected, her lips were thick but short. Delectable. I started to think about how I could go from such an aversion to a total craving for sex with her. But since our talk wasn't scheduled until tomorrow, I went back to think how tasty her pussy looked. I gave it a tentative lick, then another. I heard a warm sound above me and gave a few more licks. My mother parted her legs and grabbed the back of my head; pushing me into her. I licked harder and more steadily while trying to take in her lovely juices.

"Oh yes Steven, lick me! Lick my pussy. Suck my clitty."

I have to admit I greatly preferred these orders to the "Clean your room now" variety. Happy to comply I sucked her clit into my mouth and tried to breathe through my nose as she pushed my head harder. Finally she mashed her pussy lips against my mouth, gave a couple of shoves and with an "Oh God yes!" flooded my face once again. She relaxed back and gave me a lovely view of those engorged lips. Man, this may not be the Paleo Diet but I was signing up for it.

"I love how you eat me Steven. But let's finish up and get to bed. Suddenly I feel exhausted."

Next morning I awoke and in that dim early state of semi-consciousness, I sensed something was different. The bed felt different, the shapes in the room looked different, and that hand holding my cock definitely wasn't mine.

"Good morning sweetie. I've been watching you for half an hour. You look beautiful asleep."

Still groggy, last night's events started coming back to me. Fuck, it really happened. But I decided to just enjoy the hand on my cock instead of thinking anything through.

"Morning Mom." I looked at her vacantly, not knowing what to say. She gave my cock a couple of squeezes.

"Your beautiful penis was up before you were. I like that in a man. Do you want to put him to use?"

Somehow it was easier to let the little head to the thinking. "What do you have in mind?"

"Oh, you'll like it. But I warn you – it's the least kinky thing we're going to do today. Aside from meals. I just want you to make love to me missionary style."

She released my cock, lay back and spread her legs. Her pussy lips were slightly parted and looked so inviting. I got between her legs and moved my cock up and down her lips.

"Oh yes Steve. Let them get to know one another. They're going to be great friends."

I could already feel the tip of my cock getting wet and couldn't wait. A quick plunge and I was in her. She put her arms around my shoulders and gave me the sort of look that almost made me fall in love with her. Tenderness, caring, contentment mixed with a dash of lust. "Oh Steven." We kissed.

Nothing fancy about the sex. Just a steady rhythm, squishing sounds, strokes on the back of my head and neck and, to my mild alarm, a couple of "I love yous". Her breasts were real beauties. Large and firm with wide, round, brown aureoles and small, dark brown bullet-shaped nipples. I've never thought of myself as a breast man but hers could easily get me to switch camps.

We upped the pace of our thrusting and got into a steady mutual rhythm. She kept looking into my eyes with a loving smile and I felt moved by the loving she was giving me. I could feel myself getting close and I thought she was too. She wrapped her legs around my hips and her arms around my shoulders. I was locked-in but loving it. That overall sense of physical intimacy couldn't last much longer and it didn't. I started pumping a lot and she was moaning "Oh Steven, oh Steven."

Nudist Hippie Mom

We showered separately and sat down for breakfast. Mom let me finish mine before bringing up The Talk.

"Well Steven, are you surprised it happened? Pleasantly surprised?"

"Surprised, yes. And I really enjoyed it. I thought they were just Dyan Cannon fantasies but now, I don't know. But I loved what we did."

"It came as a surprise to me too. Maybe not so much after reading your wedding story. But not so long ago I never could have imagined this. Do you want to hear my story?"

Duh.

"Like almost all mothers, I never thought of you sexually. There was that dance at the wedding where I felt your erection but I know that at eighteen a butterfly wing flap in Brazil can make that happen. Later that night in the attic I was incredibly horny. Not for you but just in general. I'm a very sexual woman and weddings affect me like that. Of course I thought of you and your cock right next to me but the idea of actually doing something? Just No!"

"Fast forward a few years and I found those stories and that porn on your laptop. I was shocked, unsettled really, that you were reading about mother-son incest. I was certain that you wanted me sexually. But when I confronted you, you made it clear that it was just a fantasy and I accepted that. Then you went on to writing your own stories."

"Something had changed though. All the while I had just looked at you as my son and had never considered you as a sexual being. That changed once I read your stories. Even though the early ones weren't that great, it was impossible to ignore the fact that you had sexual desires and fantasies. Even though for a time I accepted that I wasn't the object of your desires; that is, the mothers in your stories weren't me, the sons were certainly you. So it was hard not to think of you sexually."

"Just imagine if instead of writing my torrid romances, I wrote sexually explicit material where I described how I loved sucking my fantasy son's cock, having his dick in me, having him play with my ass and so on. Even if you didn't want to, I'd wager that you couldn't avoid thinking of me sexually. Well, the same for me."

"As I said, I accepted that it was just a Dyan Cannon laced fantasy, though since I resemble her, it did make me wonder. When you wrote about the naked hippie mom and used our names, I began to think that even though you weren't consciously fancying sex with me, something must be at work on the sub-conscious level. You reassured me again that it wasn't true and I acted as though I accepted it. But I had my doubts. That's why I began to dress more provocatively. To see if I could get a rise from you, so to speak. I was getting off on showing my body to you but I couldn't gauge your reaction."

"Meanwhile you were a feature of my sexual fantasies. I didn't think I wanted to have sex with you in real life, but when I masturbated I'd picture us in one of your story settings and give myself huge, messy orgasms. The first couple of times I felt a bit ashamed but soon that shame receded or just made it hotter. I still wasn't at the point where I actually wanted to have sex with you but when you were featuring in so many of my orgasms, well, that line gets blurry."

"Now we come to the wedding story. I was pretty sure it had to be me you were imagining. Maybe you were still telling yourself it was a Dyan Cannon fantasy but I was betting on the sub-conscious. And I had to find out. You see, I still wasn't sure if I wanted to have sex with you. That's when I hit on the re-enactment idea. We'd both find out if what we really wanted was each other. I said that I wasn't sure but as soon as we got into the bedroom, I was 100% sure. I was dying to fuck you; to feel your cock inside me. To suck you off, swallow your cum and to feel your tongue on my clitty. I tried to keep it as gradual as I could – to give you an exit if you were uncomfortable. But...well here we are."

Man, I knew she liked to talk but this one was plenty fascinating. She seemed to know more about me than I did.

"Wow Mom. I had no idea. I didn't realize I really wanted you until we were actually, ah, making love."

"Steve, you can say 'fucking' if you like."

"OK, fucking. I'm pretty sure it started out as a Dyan Cannon fantasy but as you said, at some point the lines got blurry."

"Steve, it couldn't have just been a Dyan Cannon fantasy. You weren't just fucking her. You were thinking that she was your mother and you were fucking her. And the fact that I look like her, well, do I have to paint you a picture?"

"I guess not." I was still confused about how we got here, that is, whether it was true that I always harboured some sexual desire for my mother. But what did it matter really? I sure had a sexual desire for her now. "So now what?"

"I rather liked the re-enactment. You wanna try another?"

"You mean another story?"

"Exactly! How about naked hippie mother? I was never one but I'm sure I could play the part. How about you?"

"I'm game. And it's more easily done than the road trip." She smiled.

"OK. I'm going to freshen up. Meet me in the living room in 10 minutes. And shut all the curtains."

I was sitting on the sofa dressed only in my boxers. Mom walked in holding a thick bath towel, fully naked. I'd never quite appreciated how lovely and sexy she really was. Her hips were very curvy and those breasts, wow! I couldn't quite believe that such a gorgeous sexy woman actually wanted to have sex with me.

"Hi Steven. Why am I the only one naked here?"

I got out of my boxers pronto and was fully erect.

"That's better. But before we can settle into a normal day, I think we'd better take care of that lovely cock."

I couldn't imagine what "normal" meant in this context but was happy to find out.

"Now you sit back on the sofa and I'll sit back on you."

She lowered herself on my cock with her back to me. Because her ass was rather large, the position was awkward and I slipped out of her a couple of times. She got up and faced me.

"I like the face-to-face better. I like to look at you while you fuck me. I like to watch your face while your cock slides in my pussy. How does it feel being naked with your mother? How does it feel to be fucking your mother?"

"Fantastic Mom. Better than anything I could imagine."

I was leaning back and she was on top with her feet on the floor. She pushed herself up. "Steven, sit up straight." I did. She settled on to me again with her legs around my hips and her arms around my shoulders. "Steve, I love it when you play with my ass. Just assume I always want you to. Thousands of nerve endings back there. Oh, and tell me when you're about to come."

We got into some steady humping and kissing. I had a finger up her ass and she was clutching my shoulders. There was that sloshing sound and I could feel some juices dripping down my balls. The body heat and her thrusts were getting me close. "Mom, I'm going to come soon."

She hopped off and took my cock into her mouth. A few sucks and I was blasting. She kept her mouth there clamped around my cock. It felt fantastic of course but I wondered why she didn't want me to come in her. Surely pregnancy wasn't a risk. After all, I'd come in her a couple of times last night.

"Mom, that was great. But can you get pregnant?"

"A little late to be asking me that. But no. I had the tubes tied years ago. There's another reason I wanted you to come in my mouth. Aside from loving your taste and the whole nasty notion of having my son's semen spurting into my mouth, I didn't want to have a mess in my pussy."

"A mess?"

"Yes. Remember what I said about squirting?"

I nodded.

"Well I'm a woman who squirts. It usually takes manual stimulation and I wanted you to see it without your cum mixed in. Shall we?"

She lay back on the sofa and placed the towel under her legs. One foot was on the floor and the other was bent at the knee against the back of the sofa. She was fully exposed.

"Now Steven, you put two fingers, fully extended, in my pussy and move the tips back and forth in a 'come hither' motion. That stimulates my G-spot and then, the flood."

It seemed simple enough. I was making the motion and could feel her pussy clamping down on me. She was panting and humping her hips. Within a few minutes her moaning got louder and she pushed my hand away. Then came a spurt. A pretty large one. Then a larger one. The liquid was pretty clear and didn't smell like urine. Another spurt. Most of it was caught on the towel. Some of it splashed on my hand and I couldn't resist trying a taste. Not too strong and at one moment a slight sugary taste; at another slightly salty. What surprised me most was the volume. It must have been a pint at least. But what a sexy sight.

"Well Steve. Now you've seen a woman squirt. Your mother no less. What do you think of that?"

"Unbelievably sexy Mom. That taste isn't too bad either."

"Maybe next time we'll try it with your face down there so you can a real fresh sampling. Now help me get myself cleaned up."

The towel came in handy and as though it was the most natural thing in the world, we did some tidying and read some, fully naked. I couldn't resist giving my mother's bum a squeeze whenever we passed by and she'd respond by squeezing my cock. I'd forgotten Literotica until late afternoon when I remembered that I hadn't seen how the wedding story was received.

I flipped open the laptop and clicked on Favorites to bring it up. By now another day's stories were on the list. Mine was down in the middle with a rating just under 4.50 and with five comments. Best ever!

My mother came over to see what I was doing. "Congrats Steve. You're really getting the hang of it. Scroll back and let's read it together."

She especially liked the naked hug part. While we were reading she reached down and stroked my cock. "You wanna get off reading your own story? While you think of how sexy it felt sliding your dick into your mother's warm pussy, just imagine how happy she'll be when she makes you come right now."

Between racy sentences she'd blow in my ear and thrash her tongue around all the while continuing to jerk me. "Now you're fucking me missionary. Doesn't your cock feel nice sliding in and out of your mother's pussy?" She kept on with a play-by-play and I was getting close.

"Mom, I'm..." She clutched her hand around my cock but it was too late. Fortunately none went on the laptop. But it was all over her hand, my cock and my stomach.

"Oops. Well the least I can do is clean you up." She knelt down between my legs and sucked my cum off my cock and licked up the rest that splashed on my stomach. "Yummy. Have you ever tasted your cum?"

"No." The thought never appealed to me.

"You should try sometime. If you don't mind shooting your load into my mouth, and me swallowing it, how bad could it be?"

I didn't know when but knew that someday I'd find out.

"Now lie down."

"What?"

"Lie down. I'm going to fuck your face."

I lay down and she slowly squatted over my face. "Incoming" I thought. Then I felt her warm juicy lips on my mouth. I thrust my tongue inside and she rocked back and forth. I could already feel her juices seeping down and tasted them. Yummy indeed. She leaned forward a bit so I could suck her "clitty". "Oh Steven when you can, please put your finger up my ass." That was easy when she was shoving her clit in my face but hard to manage when she was rocking. She upped the tempo of her thrusts and soon I was rewarded with a flood of her pussy juice. She got down beside me and kissed me."

"Oooh, I have a dirty secret." More than one I was thinking. "I love to taste myself. I always lick my fingers after I masturbate. And I love how I taste on you." Then she licked all over my face.

"Another fantastic experience Mom. You can fuck my face anytime."

"Thanks. Maybe I'll wake you up like that someday."

We got tidied up and I went back to Literotica. The five comments were all positive and I answered them. A couple asked for a Chapter 2 but I couldn't think of how to continue. "They returned home and fucked like crazy for the rest of their lives" seemed a thin premise. I'd have to give it more thought.

After dinner my mother asked if I had any marijuana. I did but it was supposed to be unacknowledged and I never smoked at home. I was pretty sure she enjoyed the occasional toke too but we never discussed it.

"Look Steve, if I'm going to be the hippie Mom, marijuana has to be part of the picture. Break it out and meet me downstairs in the rec room."

I grabbed my baggie and rolling papers and entered the rec room. She had lit several candles and was fiddling with an old turntable. "Can you hook this up?"

The speaker wires weren't plugged in properly and it turned out one of them was shot anyway. I started rolling when she stopped me. "Let's try this instead." It was a small glass hookah. I filled it up, lit it and we passed it back and forth. "Did you ever try shot-gunning?" I shook my head; she took a big toke and came over. I thought she was trying to kiss me

but instead she blew the smoke into my mouth. I coughed at first but soon got the hang of it. W finished the bowl and sat back to let it take its effect.

"Mister Music. There's something I really want to hear."

"What's that?"

"Look through that box of LPs. There should be one called The Doors. That one please."

I'd never listened to an LP before and was only slightly familiar with The Doors music. I liked Light My Fire which was the only song I was familiar with. And I noted it closed with The End, an 11 minute monster that my mother had earlier referenced. The sound was scratchy and because the LP wasn't in stereo, the loss of a speaker wasn't so bad. The first song Break On Through sounded familiar and was catchy. Neither of us spoke and I was getting into the tunes. Maybe those hippies really knew something about mood music. When Light My Fire closed Side A my mother asked me to turn it over. "Just go right to the last cut."

I bounced the needle a couple of times but soon enough I was listening to the opening bars of The End. I remembered it from Apocalypse Now. We were sitting on the floor facing one another. My mother was cross-legged Indian style which gave me a great look at her pussy, which she noticed.

"You like looking at my pussy?"

"Mom, I love everything about your pussy. How it looks, how it tastes, how it feels wrapped around my cock, how it feels fucking my face and the lovely juices it produces."

"Five points for that answer Steve. But tonight there's another part of my body you should get to know."

"You mean..."

"Yes. When The End ends, I'm going to show you another end." She giggled about that.

As Morrison belted out the closing lines "This. Is. The. End." my mother bent over and took my cock into her mouth. Stoned, it took just a few second to get completely hard. She removed her mouth and stood up.

"Steve, do you know about rimming?"

Of course I did. Literotica. Porn sites. "Yes."

"Would you do me first? Don't worry. I keep myself clean."

She leaned against the wall with her butt sticking out and her legs parted. I moved up to her and began kissing her ass. I moved between her cheeks and gave some tentative licks. She pulled one aside and exposed her asshole. "There Steve."

It being my first time, I was a bit nervous but in this state, I could have been talked into anything sexual. I pulled the other cheek aside and started licking. It felt highly taboo and kinky but it was also a massive turn-on. My tongue could feel the little ridges and wrinkles around her anus and I licked up, down and around. Now I broadened my tongue and licked harder. "Oh yes Steve. Oh yes!"

I was now getting the tip of my tongue to nudge at her opening but couldn't bring myself to try to slip it in. But from her moaning everything seemed to be going fine. In my doped up state I lost track of time but it felt like several minutes and my tongue was getting sore. With a shudder and one last "Ohhh!" she stood up straight.

"I've got some lube." She applied some to my cock and gave it a few tugs. Then she kissed me and sucked my tongue into her mouth."

"Now lube up my ass Steve." It was in a tube and I squeezed some out and rubbed it around her asshole. Squeezed a bit more and pushed my finger inside. A bit more now with two fingers.

"I'm ready Steve." We were on our sides in the spoon position. She guided my cock to her entrance and pushed back slowly. There was bit of resistance at first but I slid in and quickly went up to the hilt. "God I love this" she cooed.

I pushed gently as I'd read it could be painful. But she was thrusting hard against me so I let her do most of the work. I reached around to her clit and her hand was already there. We took turns and she continued to slam her ass against me. Her breathing was getting heavier and her juices more copious. I'd never felt anything like the firm warmth enveloping my cock and was close to coming. When I felt her final thrusts, I blasted off and we lay there shuddering. She turned and my cock slipped out.

"God Steven, it's been too long since I had that."

"Wow Mom. You really like anal that much?"

"Not a steady diet of it but once a month or so, my ass just needs to be fucked."

"I'm happy I could help."

"So am I Steve. So am I. But now I think I'm ready for bed. All our activities today and that dope...I'm done for. I'm going to clean myself up and you should do the same. Be sure to clean your cock."

I must have looked baffled. "I want to give it a goodnight kiss and, well, you know..."

The cleaning up done with, I entered her bedroom where she was sitting up for me. "Nice and clean now?" as she gave my cock a small suck.

"Steve, I'd like to end the day with a gentle 69."

"Gentle 69?"

"Yes, we'll lie side-to-side, nothing frantic or energetic. I told you I'm a very sexual woman and I'd like to drift off with your cock in or near my mouth. Just a little oral love to cap off a wonderful day."

We angled our bodies corner-to-corner; each of us with a pillow. She took my cock into her mouth and slowly sucked me. I gave her clit and pussy lips some licks and we carried on intermittently. I remember waking with a start to the feeling of my cock being vigorously sucked. And there was a pussy in my face so I responded. So much for gentle. She raised one thigh over my head and I stuck my tongue up her pussy. A finger in her ass too. We kept this up for a few minutes until we both came. I noticed that her clock was at 3:30 a.m.

"Whew. I think we fell asleep. It's a great way of waking up to have someone's tongue on your clitty."

"Nothing could be finer than to be eating your vagina in the morning."

She gave me a playful slap and kissed me. "Let's go to sleep normal now. Do you think we can manage that?"

"Yeah, I don't feel like I could come again for another week."

"Well I'll show you just how wrong you are tomorrow. But now I need my beauty sleep."

The next morning was Sunday so we slept in. She woke me with a kiss and a cock squeeze.

"Good morning sleepy-head."

"Morning."

"I feel like making a special brunch. You can relax for an hour while I prepare it. By the way, how did your last story turn out?"

"Not bad the last time I checked. I was kind of distracted but the rating was 4.46 and the comments were all positive. Some even asked for a second chapter."

"Well good luck with that. Do you have anything in mind?"

"Well, I could write about this weekend." Then I saw the glare. "But, I wouldn't know where to start and it's probably been done before. So I guess I won't."

"You'd better not!"