

Mom Loves to Read

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 but excludes pregnancy. It does not include anal.

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It was a relief to finally pull in our driveway after my hectic three-year schedule to finish College. Previously bringing home most of my belongings, I had one suitcase and my computer bag to haul to my room. Opening the front door, I was surprised to see my Aunt Monica talking to Mom on the couch. I hadn't seen her car in the drive, so Mom must have brought her over.

When Mom saw me, she jumped up and ran to me for a hug. Pressing her face against my neck, she inhaled deeply. My senses were bombarded all at once. Her soft breasts pressed against my chest, her berry-scented hair aroma, and her moist lips on my skin immediately made me relax and glad to be back home. Backing off, she exclaimed, "Definitely my son. Same wonderful smell."

Aunt Monica rolled her eyes as she witnessed Mom's familiar ritual. Castigating her sister, she scolded, "Melissa, he's an adult now. You still treat him like a child."

She was right. Mom had done this since I was little. Starting out as playful teasing, it had transformed into a permanent way of greeting me. It was bothersome when I was younger, especially when others were present, but for the last few years, I've craved her motherly affection.

She retreated to the couch to sit with my aunt while I sat in a chair opposite them. Mom commanded the conversation as she inquired about my activities from the last couple of weeks. My mind was focused more on how Mom hadn't aged the last three years. My schedule didn't allow much time at home, but if anything, she looked sexier than when I first began the accelerated degree program.

Every time I did come home for a weekend, Mom and I would spend all of our time together. Our relationship had gradually changed and for more than a year, I had accepted that I was in love with my mother.

Monica's appearance was noticeably different. My memories of her when we grew up together were of a gangly, skinny, and plain-looking girl. Her body had filled out the last few years. Smaller framed than Mom, she had transformed into an elegant, pretty woman.

As Mom shifted her attention to Monica to discuss her shopping list, I took the opportunity to compare the physical attributes of the two attractive women.

Monica's skirt was shorter and revealed six inches of her upper legs. They were as smooth as Mom's but were longer and thinner. Mom's legs were curvier and I wondered how much thicker her thighs were than my aunt's. Mom's legs were tanned light golden brown while Monica's were almost white. It made sense because I knew Mom liked to sit out in the sun and my aunt always preferred staying inside to read.

Traveling up their bodies, I paused on their filled blouses. As Mom was older and had larger breasts, I hoped they looked perky without any support. Monica's younger and more petite frame would probably allow her to go braless much of the time, but I'm sure she was wearing one now for Mom's benefit.

Finally reaching their similar, heart-shaped faces, it was easy to see they were genetically related. Their smiles and appealing eyes displayed their joyful personalities. Their high cheekbones added to their sex appeal.

My aunt's hairstyle matched Mom's pixie cut. Mom's brunette color was noticeably darker than Monica's beige-colored hair. Their matching brown eyes complemented each of their hair colors perfectly.

"Wake up, Alex! Time to go," Mom blurted out to me, breaking me out of my trance.

"Sorry, Mom. The long drive was tiring. Guess I drifted off. Where are we going?"

Mom explained, "You're going to drive Monica to the store to pick up some items for dinner tonight. Take your stuff to your room and get going. We're running behind."

"Sure, Mom. Glad to help."

After throwing my suitcase and laptop bag in my room, I went out to the living room where my aunt was already heading out the front door. As I closed the door, Mom yelled, "Don't you and your sister take too long shopping. I need those groceries for our meal."

"My aunt, Mom. Not my sister," I corrected her for the millionth time. She chuckled at my expected response. She often referred to Monica as my sister for good reason. She raised us as siblings. It began twenty-one years ago.

It was the night of my birth. Dad was ten years older than Mom when he married her right out of high school. He had built a thriving business and before their first anniversary, they decided to start a family.

His parents disapproved of their marriage, believing their son married a woman lower than their elitist, social circle. On the other hand, Mom's parents loved being with them. After Dad dropped Mom off at the hospital when her labor started, he drove to her parent's house and picked them up as they wanted to be together for the birth.

On the drive back, a drunk driver ran into them head-on and killed everyone. When the attending staff became aware of the accident, they didn't inform Mom until the next day to ensure a safe birth. Devastated with the loss of her parents and husband, she momentarily thought about calling his parents to help out. She knew they were notified, but they never called so she thought they were probably grieving and didn't want to be bothered.

After a week at home, she received notice of a lawsuit from his parents. It turns out they were more interested in obtaining their son's assets and business more than inquiring about their new grandson. Fortunately, the law firm her husband kept on retainer was more than glad to go to battle for her. It was an ugly fight and the parents accused Mom of cheating on Dad. She readily agreed to a paternity test knowing the result would be in her favor.

Her lawyers were more than surprised the parents continued the battle even though the odds were stacked against them. The judge could see the injustice and sided with Mom and even ruled that the plaintiffs reimburse Mom for all legal fees. Their outburst in the courtroom when they called her a cheating slut almost landed them in jail for contempt. Needless to say, she never heard from them again.

The stress of being a single parent was amplified when she assumed responsibility for the care of her sister. Being the older sibling, she had helped her mom care for Monica in her early years. My aunt was five at the time of the accident and Mom was elated when her parents' Last Will granted her guardianship. Selling off the business and her parent's

estate along with the settlement from the accident provided Mom with enough resources to remain home and rear her family.

Monica was always a sister to me even though Mom explained everything when I was old enough to understand. An added benefit was that Monica was an overachiever in school and tutored me through my senior year. She received her degree in three years while still living at home and helped me plot a similar path.

My aunt moved out and rented her own place when I started college. She switched to several different jobs before landing her current one. Although her credentials would warrant a higher paying position she ended up as an office manager. She loved organizing and the job fit her personality. Mom never denied her anything, ensuring her sister was always happy. It was apparent their connection was closer than most sisters.

Snapped back to the moment, I concentrated on the drive to the store. My eyes drifted over to my aunt's shapely legs. It was fortunate she filled out after she left home as we were in close quarters when she helped me with my studies. My sexual relief each night was from thinking of Mom rather than my aunt.

Thinking back to the driveway, I asked, "I didn't see your car parked at our house. How are you getting home tonight?"

She replied, "Your mother picked me up. She wanted me to stay home for a few days until after your birthday. It's a big deal for her and she wants us to be together again, for a few days at least."

"That makes sense. Mom mentioned she wanted to take me out for my first legal drink when I turn twenty-one in two days. Nice seeing you again, anyways."

Smiling back at me, she said, "Thanks, it is nice being with family again. I feel so alone at times. If it wasn't for my books, I'd go insane."

Turning into the parking lot, we made our way into the FoodMart.

My aunt assigned me the grocery cart as she picked out the items. This allowed me to follow and admire her lithe form. Her ass had filled out and I hardened as I dreamed of squeezing her cute buns. More than once I caught an errant husband staring at her beauty. Most of them quickly glanced away when they saw me, thinking I was her spouse, but some continued to stare until their wives admonished them to keep them in line.

When finished, I loaded our items on the belt as Monica tended to the credit machine. Halfway through, Monica exclaimed, "Damn, I forgot the bagels. Alex, could you run and get two bags? They're at the end of aisle eight."

"Sure. Be right back."

Before I was out of earshot, the cashier exclaimed, "Wow, you sure have your man trained. I wished my husband obeyed me that well."

Hearing my aunt giggle, I wished I could hear her reply but her voice was too soft for me to discern anything. Making it back before our items were rung up brought a big smile from the store employee. As I pushed the cart away, I heard her yell, "Thanks! You two have fun tonight."

As soon as I pulled into the driveway, my aunt pleaded, "Alex, could you haul in the groceries? I need to go to my room."

"Of course, Monica. See you inside." It was hard to refrain from making a snarky remark about her needing to relieve herself.

With my arms loaded with filled bags, I made my way inside. Right away I noticed Mom had changed to a shorter skirt. Was she competing with Monica? Pointing to where I should place the bags, she gave me a big smile and began unpacking. As I brought in another armload, I paused as I gawked at Mom, stretching on her tiptoes in an attempt to store a box of cereal.

Her skirt had risen showing the backsides of her smooth thighs. Hearing me enter, she asked, "Could you help me? I don't want to drag the stool over."

My mind flashed to one of my stories where a son presses his hardon against his mother's behind in the same situation. Not wanting to pass up a perfect opportunity, I eagerly strolled over to fulfill my fantasy.

Before I reached her, the box slid onto the shelf. She turned to me and said, "Never mind. Got it in."

Unable to conceal my disappointment, Mom mischievously grinned back and said, "Dinner will be ready in around twenty minutes if you want to go to your room and wait for my call."

"Sure, Mom. I'll go unpack my things." Mom's smirk made me think she knew something I didn't.

Discovering my suitcase was empty solidified my suspicions. Mom had unpacked my clothes. Checking the closet and dresser, I observed she had properly stowed everything. Knowing some shirts were missing, I found them in the hamper in the bathroom. She had sorted out my dirty clothes. That was my efficient mom doing her thing.

Panic hit me as I saw my laptop on the desk. A quick search of my computer bag revealed my porn was missing. I had kept the last six copies of my favorite incest booklets. Did she throw them away? After unsuccessfully searching in the trash, I scoured the room for my literary treasures. Noticing my end table was open a crack, I hurriedly opened the drawer to find them stacked neatly inside.

My emotions ran rampant as I wondered what Mom thought about my collection. Was she disgusted with my obvious stroke-off material, or did she chalk it up to average boy fantasies? Taking them out, I noticed she had put them in chronological order with the newest on top. There were only five though. I was sure I brought six. Going back to my bag I double-checked to see if one got missed. Nope. Nothing. I probably

left it in my dorm room. Recovering from my panic-attack, I placed my books back in the drawer.

"Alex, time to eat. Come to dinner," my mom yelled from the kitchen. Knowing she had found my secret stash, I averted eye contact with her when I entered.

"Everything okay, Alex," Mom queried.

"Sure. Thanks for putting everything away. I can't believe you even figured out which clothes needed to be cleaned."

She laughed and replied, "I've been taking care of your laundry your whole life. You don't think I have a nose for your dirty clothes?"

Monica walked in and sat at the table. Giggling, she said, "I feel sorry for you, Melissa. It must be a full-time job cleaning up after a stink bomb like Alex."

Mom grinned at her sister's comment and after she made eye contact with me, she added, "Did you check to ensure I put everything in the right place?"

Her smile was obviously intended to let me know she was talking about my books.

"Everything was perfect. Thanks a lot. Even my laptop and peripherals were set up correctly."

Her smile broadened as she finished placing the food on the table. I was relieved when Mom and Monica began one of their long discussions, shifting the focus away from our secretive talk. Once finished, Mom told us to take our showers while she cleaned the kitchen.

The hot water felt good as I lathered up my body. My thoughts were focused on the dilemma of Mom finding my books. Suddenly, I was interrupted by a soft knock on the door.

"Alex, I forgot to put clean towels in your bathroom."

Another incest story flashed before me. In this story the son allows his mother to see his erect penis and not long after they're in the shower enjoying each other. Opening the sliding glass door, I faced the door and brought my hands to my eyes. My prick was already coming to attention awaiting Mom's appearance.

"Mom, I have soap in my eyes. Can you bring them in for me?"

She immediately replied, "Of course."

The plan was set. Peeking through slits, I saw the door open a few inches. The next thing I knew her hand poked through with a towel and she expertly tossed it on top of the hamper. The door quickly closed.

"Come join us in the living room when you're done." Mom had once again veered away from one of my fantasy story scenarios.

After drying off and putting on a pair of sweats, I checked my stash again. Taking inventory I noticed the book I thought was missing was on the bottom, but there were still only five. Mom was reading them, one at a time. Was she trying to figure out why I enjoyed them? As long as she didn't confront me, I surmised there was a good chance she wasn't upset over my fantasies.

Monica was already in her favorite stuffed chair when I made it out. Mom was still taking her shower, so I took my place at the end of the couch. Switching to a romantic movie I knew Mom and my aunt would enjoy, I finally relaxed after the long day.

Mom strode in wearing a robe matching Monica's. It wasn't uncommon as they frequently shopped together and bought identical outfits. Sitting next to me, she leaned over to press her nose on my neck.

"Ah, my son smells clean and fresh again. It's so good having you home. I've missed our time together."

"Me too, Mom. Relaxing for a few days will be a nice change."

She brought her legs up on the couch and leaned into me in an attempt to get comfortable. We weren't into the movie for an hour when I heard Mom's steady, deep breathing. Evidently, the day was long for her too. She didn't stir through the rest of the show. When the chick flick ended, Monica rose and came over to say good-night.

She shook Mom's shoulder. "Melissa, wake-up. It's time to go to bed."

Mom remained asleep so I pushed her up straight. She slowly came out of it. Rubbing her eyes, she looked around and saw the TV was off. "Guess I conked out. I've been taking these new sleeping aids and they work almost too well. Sorry I missed the movie."

Monica piped, "It's fine. You looked so comfortable we hated to wake you, but I know you have a big day planned and would want to get to bed. See you two tomorrow."

Mom and I followed Monica's lead and went to our respective rooms. It didn't take too much reading from my stash before I blew a load, mostly from the memory of Mom's display from the morning grocery event.

Mom already had the food on the table by the time I arrived for breakfast. Curious as to her planned events, I asked, "Mom, what's on

the menu today for activities? It sounds like you and Aunt Monica have been cooking up some sort of an agenda."

"First, you two are taking a walk while I clean the house. When you return we'll drive to the Mall for shopping and lunch. After we get home we're going to play a game together, like old times."

"Sounds like a full day, Mom."

As soon as we finished, Mom shuffled my aunt and me out the door. Walking to the park was enjoyable as we caught up on our activities from the last few years. She clearly missed being with family and her depressed attitude was improving by the time we were back at the house.

Mom cheerfully greeted us as we went to our rooms to change for the outing at the Mall. Checking my stack of books, I noticed Mom had once again exchanged one of the older issues. It appeared she was going to read through all of them.

I was famished by the time we arrived at the Mall and hoped we would eat first, but Mom had a different plan.

As we walked by their favorite women's clothing store, Mom said, "Let's go in here and buy new outfits for Alex's birthday."

This could be good. This was a familiar theme I knew well. The son sits outside the dressing room while his Mom and Aunt parade around in sexy attire. At some point, Mom invites her son in to show off more than her clothes.

Once past the store entrance, Mom turned to me and said, "Alex, go to the electronics store and browse until we're done. We don't want to bore you. We'll text you."

Dammit, once again she disrupted my dreams. Had she not paid attention to any of the stories in the books? At least I could have fun drooling over the latest gadgets.

Almost an hour later I finally received word that they were ready. I hightailed it to the restaurant and made it at the same time as they arrived, each holding a bag of merchandise.

When the hostess led us to a booth, my aunt sat a couple of feet in as always. Mom and I usually shared one side while she sat opposite us. Mom decided this time to sit on the edge and pointed to the small space beside Monica. She explained, "I want to see the smiling faces of my beautiful children. I've missed both of you so much."

When I slid in, I was surprised Monica didn't move over to allow me more room. Our bodies squashed together was having an effect on me. It excited me as she moved around and bumped against me.

Partway through the meal, Mom started her interrogation of our romances. It was something Monica and I were used to as Mom was always trying to pry personal information from us. Both of us were reluctant to disclose anything when Mom blurted, "Monica, you've been working for a few years. Why haven't you met any nice young men?"

My aunt replied, "I haven't found anyone I can relate to and most of them are married. You know how tough it is, Melissa. You're single too." She nervously chuckled and followed up with, "A lot of men aren't interested in women like me."

Mom retorted, "Nonsense. You're a beautiful, young lady." Reaching out to hold Monica's arm, she added, "We have to get some color on you though. Your pale skin might be a turn-off. Don't you ever sit out in the sun at your apartment?"

"Nope. There isn't a private area and I don't even have a suit to wear anymore. It doesn't bother me. I have no desire to enter a relationship at this point in my life."

Mom wasn't about to let it go. "We're going to fix that. I saw some nice bikinis earlier. We'll go back after lunch, so we can get some sun tomorrow. We have a private area in our backyard. The only man around will be Alex."

My aunt knew when to give up. "Alright, Melissa. You win. Hopefully, I won't shock Alex when he's blinded by my white skin."

We laughed at my aunt's expense. I was looking forward to a sexy display of hot women. Finished dining, we made our way back to the apparel store.

Maybe I'd get lucky and Mom wouldn't ruin another great opportunity. Appraising women in swimsuits is the perfect job for an attentive son. Once again she turned to me at the entrance, handing me their bags of clothes. "Take these to the car, and wait for us there. We won't take long."

There it was, another roadblock. Sulking back to the car, I couldn't believe my bad luck. She was right though. They returned in fifteen minutes and we were off.

True to her word, Mom brought out some of her old board games we enjoyed playing during our childhood. After a few hours, we broke and ate dinner. We adjourned to the living room after our showers. Mom snuggled next to me again as we watched another movie.

She fell asleep after an hour and began twisting and turning to get comfortable. By the end of the show, her head was face-up on my lap. I loved running my fingers through her silky hair while massaging her head. Monica looked over and jokingly said, "Is she dead?"

I replied, "You might say that. Dead to the world. She must have taken another one of her pills."

Monica came over and watched Mom's facial expression. Mom must have been having a good dream as she smiled and giggled while she slept. My aunt lowered to her knees for a better look and said, "I think she's having a romantic dream. She has a look of passion if you ask me."

"Maybe. I don't know. Should we wake her?"

Monica whispered, "No, don't. Let's help her out. Lightly kiss her lips so she thinks someone is kissing her in her dream."

She had no idea of how appealing that was to me, but I faked my disapproval. "I can't kiss my own mother. She'd kill me if she wakes and finds my lips on hers."

My aunt persisted. "She won't know. Wet your lips and lightly touch hers. Like this."

She ran her tongue around her lips and instead of kissing Mom she leaned over and gave me a peck. My heart raced as my excitement level quickened. Quickly backing off, she smirked and said, "See, easy. Come on. Make your mother happy."

Finally agreeing, I wet my lips and bent to kiss Mom. After a couple of seconds of contact, I saw Monica's hand move in and squeeze Mom's robe-covered tit. I barely pulled off when Mom's eyes flew open.

"Whew, guess I fell asleep again. Sorry, I'm such a party pooper lately." Mom acted unaware of how she woke up.

Showing no sign of our indiscretions, she rose and went to her room. Meaning to give my aunt a dirty look, all I received from her was a smile and a wink. I couldn't help but chuckle and smile back at her.

After a restful sleep, I woke up and realized it was my birthday. Entering the kitchen, Mom cheerfully skipped to me and hugged me tightly. Pressing her lips to my neck, she inhaled deeply. "A year older but you still smell the same. Happy Birthday, Alex. Today is the big day. Twenty-one at long last."

Monica was sitting at the table observing the familiar ritual. She smiled and said "It's about time. Now you can drink with the rest of us adults."

Breakfast went too slow for my comfort knowing my mom and aunt were going to sunbathe this morning. Mom didn't waste any time and told my aunt to meet her in the backyard. I went to my room to change and by the time I made it outside, they were already lying on their stomachs.

They left the middle wooden chaise lounge for me. The sun's rays baked my back and I was close to falling asleep when Mom turned her head to face me and said, "I don't want your sister to burn. Be a good brother and put some sunscreen on her."

"Not my sister, she's my aunt," I dutifully corrected her as in the past.

It looked like Mom was finally following the script of one of my book's incest fantasies. She was the one who pressured her sister into sunbathing. Now she was orchestrating physical contact with my sexy aunt. There were several stories on how applying lotion leads to intimacy and I was more than happy to assist Mom with her fantasy.

Monica heard Mom and knew better than to object. Straddling her slim body, I sat on her soft buns and leaned forward to apply the sunscreen. Squirting a glob of lotion on my hands, I started with her shoulders. She was wearing her new halter top allowing my hands to cover more of her pale, smooth shoulders. She momentarily tensed as my fingers traveled across her flesh. She relaxed as I rubbed in more lotion and gently massaged her.

Her sexy skin was having an effect on me. I glanced over to Mom and verified that her eyes were closed. Quickly reaching down I adjusted myself, so I wouldn't have an obvious prick-tent. Shifting my body lower, I worked on her lower back. I could see her buns twitch as I coated the sides of her ribs.

With my fingers pressed against her, I slid my hands near her covered tits. She couldn't hide her excitement as her breathing rate increased. I hopefully asked, "Do you want me to unsnap you so you won't have a tan line?"

"No, I don't care about a line. Now hurry and finish my legs. You're blocking the sun."

She was as stubborn as Mom as far as evading a storyline. I was starting to think that maybe some of the stories in my books were made up. I positioned myself between her ankles keeping my weight off her fragile-looking limbs. Even though her legs were thin, they felt firm and fleshy. I quickly moved higher to the backs of her meatier thighs. She involuntarily spread her legs as I neared the bottom of her bikini.

Knowing my time was limited, I devised a plan to keep her mind off my groping hands.

"Aunt Monica? Since Mom is always calling you my sister and she did raise you, maybe we should act like brother and sister and call each other accordingly. You can refer to her as our mother from now on."

My fingers ventured dangerously close to her covered pussy. I thought she might yell at me, but instead, she gasped for a breath of air.

"Fine with me. I wouldn't mind having a little brother, even if he is a spoiled brat." She giggled and Mom's wide smile signaled her approval.

Knowing I couldn't prolong my groping any longer, I rose and retreated to my lounge. After twenty minutes they turned over on their backs. Feigning sleep, I peered through slits to admire Mom's perky tits and flat stomach. My prick was back up to attention.

Shifting my head to the other side I took in Monica's sexy form. While her tits were smaller, they were more than a handful. I fantasized about sucking them while fucking her petite body. After another five minutes of admiring Monica's body, Mom asked, "Alex, don't you want to turn over and tan your front?"

There was no way I could do that with a giant hard-on caused by my near-naked relatives. "No, Mom. I'm fine. It feels good on my back."

Not a peep. I had finally won a battle with her. Not two minutes later, soft legs smashed against the sides of mine. Mom uttered, "We don't want you getting sunburned on your birthday, do we?"

Her hands rubbed the lotion on my back and shoulders. My prick couldn't get any harder as Mom sensually stroked my flesh. Moving to my legs, she held one of them with both hands as she stroked up and down my length. It was more stimulating than the back massage. After doing my other one, she returned to her lounge.

After another twenty minutes, the sun's heat overwhelmed us and caused us to retreat into the cool house. Mom answered my thoughts as to what was next. "You two take your showers. I need you to go to the mall and get some more sleep aids. I'll stay here and make a nice lunch for us."

Before I could tell her I could go solo, Monica chirped, "Perfect. I saw the cutest outfit the other day to wear tonight. Let's get moving, Baby Brother!"

I chuckled at my aunt's quick acceptance of our new relationship. After my shower, I brought out my stash of incest books. I had dog-eared my favorite stories, and when I reviewed them I noticed I had tagged a dozen aunt-nephew stories. I had never fantasized about Monica, but the stories were hot, so I had marked them. Mom must have read them and concluded I fantasized about my aunt.

I needed to change Mom's perception to my real fantasy. Smoothing out the corners the best I could, I went back through and tagged only mother-son stories. Hearing Mom and my aunt talking in the front room, I put the books back and went out to run our errands.

The Mall lot was full, forcing us to park a long distance from the entrance. On the way there a couple of young boys walked toward us, horse-playing around. Monica moved closer and wrapped her arm around mine and held my hand. Her body stiffened, and I wondered if she had encountered problems when walking through lots. The boys passed by and didn't pay much attention to us.

When we were safely away from them, she didn't release my hand as she admitted, "I get scared when I'm alone and young men approach me. I'm glad you were here to protect me."

"What are brothers for, if not to protect their older sister?" We were still giggling when we arrived at the entrance. She released my hand to allow me to open the door. After we were inside, she wrapped her arm around me again, holding me tight. It was enjoyable to be accompanied by a pretty woman. She released me at the clothing store and said, "Go get Mom's pills and meet me back here. I'll be fast. I already know what I want."

By the time I got back, she was standing at the store's entrance with a bag for me to carry. As soon I grabbed it, she held my other hand as we walked out to the car. She led me to her door so I could open it. Smiling wide, she graciously slid into the passenger seat. She was obviously enjoying the subtle flirting.

When we arrived home, Mom informed us that lunch would be ready in thirty minutes. I excused myself to my room as I was eager to see if Mom had exchanged another book. Confirming my suspicions, I discovered she had acquired another one of my treasures. I wish I could have seen her face as she reviewed the updated stories I had marked.

After lunch, Mom called us into the living room for an announcement. "Since it's Alex's birthday, I want him to pick out the game we play before we go out for his birthday."

This was too easy. There were probably half a dozen strip poker stories in those books. She had to have read at least one of them. Was she helping me out?

"At school, we pretty much play only one game. Strip poker, but don't worry. We don't get nude. Once we're only wearing our underwear, we stop the game. It's not any worse than seeing people in their swimsuits." I was lying but they didn't know. I had never played strip poker at college as I was far too busy.

Mom looked like she was considering it. She was sticking to the script this time. My skin tingled as I anticipated seeing my mom and aunt strip down. She smiled and said, "Sounds interesting, but I don't think it's appropriate. We'll play a game of Risk today."

Monica looked as disappointed as I did. Was she looking forward to showing off her sexy body? Mom had reverted back to shutting down another fantasy. After what seemed like hours playing the game, Mom ordered us to get ready to go out for my birthday dinner.

Mom had pressed my dress pants and a shirt for me to wear. She was already in the living room when I finished. She was pretty without makeup but tonight she had applied enough to look even more beautiful. Lost for words as I stared at her, she said, "You look handsome, Alex. It's fun to dress up once in a while."

Before she could continue, Monica strolled out of her room. She upped the ante on looking sexy. It was obvious she didn't acquire this outfit when Mom was around. This had to be what she picked up at the mall today. Her mini-skirt barely concealed the bottom curve of her behind. Her half-blouse left her midriff bare and she was obviously braless with her stiff tips jutting out of the material.

Mom gasped and exclaimed, "Young lady, is that any way to dress to go out with your brother? Tonight is not for you to pick up men. It's about Alex."

Monica responded, "Mom, it's not bad. I thought it'd be nice to look good for his birthday."

"Good? No, it's slutty. I have half a mind to take you over my knee. You could use a good spanking."

Monica shrieked, "I'm not a little girl anymore. You can't spank me."

The moment of silence was stressful as we waited for Mom's reaction. Her expression relaxed and she appeared much calmer. "You have a point. Alex, remove your shirt and pants and carefully place them on the couch."

"Mom, why do I have to take my clothes off? I didn't have anything to do with it."

"I know you didn't. I don't want you to wrinkle your dress clothes. You have underwear on, don't you? Or are both of you dressing like sex-crazed kids?"

Not wanting to anger her any further, I shucked off my pants and shirt. As I draped them on the couch, Mom pulled out a dining room chair into the middle of the room.

"That's a good son. Now sit on the chair. I can't spank your sister, but being the birthday boy I think you are entitled to teach her a lesson. Monica, lie on your brother's legs to take your punishment like an obedient daughter."

I couldn't recall a spanking story from my collection but I wasn't complaining. Mom's improvisation was fine with me.

Surprisingly, Monica bent over my lap without any objections. Before she knelt over, I saw a slight smile emerge. Her bare stomach pressed against the tops of my legs. I'm sure she thought it was an act and she'd be getting back up right away. Mom nodded to signal I should begin.

Smack! Monica's giggling turned to a shriek once she realized I was going through with the spanking. I didn't want to hurt her so I didn't hit her with full force. Mom approvingly grinned as I slapped her three more times. I couldn't detect a panty line under her skirt when my hand connected with her butt.

Reaching to her hem, I pulled it up and exposed my aunt's bare bottom. A thin sliver of fabric ran through her crack. "Mom, it's worse than you thought. Look at what she's wearing."

Monica squirmed around and flung her arms back to pull her skirt down. Her voice sounded nervous. "Alex, please. Cover me. This is humiliating. It's time to stop."

Mom stepped over and declared, "Really, Monica? I can't believe you wore a thong for your brother's birthday party. Continue with her punishment, Alex."

Smack! My bare hand slapped against her exposed bun. Squealing and squirming, she continued her attempts to cover herself. Her slick body slid back until the bottoms of her bare breasts wedged against the side of my leg. My covered, steel-hard prick was pressed tight against her side.

Alternating from one bun to the other, they began to glow red. Her heaving chest and groans with each stinging slap gave away the pleasure she was experiencing. Stopping to admire her beautiful ass, Mom noticed my hesitation and asked, "You're not close to twenty-one slaps. Don't you want to finish?"

Not wanting to go overboard, I replied, "Mom, I think she's had enough. She's learned her lesson. Let's give her a break. After all, she has to sit at dinner tonight."

Mom smiled as she went to the kitchen and quickly returned. Handing me a bottle, she said, "Spread this Aloe Vera cream on her burned cheeks so she isn't too sore."

I ran a line of lotion on each buttock and rubbed it into her burned flesh. This was enough of a present for me. My hands groped and explored her buns under the pretense of applying the herbal remedy. They were as firm and spongy as they looked. Her body shook with excitement when my fingers ventured through her crack.

Mom let me have another five minutes of fun before stating, "Okay, be a good daughter and go put on the outfit we picked out together."

As my aunt stood I caught a glimpse of the bottom of her perky breasts before her blouse dropped and covered them. Her face was as red as her bottom as she scampered back to her room. Mom retrieved my pants and shirt and threw them on my lap, knowing my tented shorts would be obvious if I stood.

Mom sat on the couch to wait for my aunt and to provide me privacy to get dressed.

Monica's attire was more conservative when she emerged from her room. Her flared skirt ended at her knees and it was evident she wore a bra under her floral blouse. She turned around, apprehensively awaiting approval from Mom.

"Much better, young lady. Let's get going before we lose our reservation."

Feeling sorry for my aunt, I pulled out her chair allowing her to cautiously sit down. It was an upscale restaurant and our meals were easily going to top a hundred dollars. Mom had splurged to make my evening special. For my birthday drink, she ordered whiskey sours for my aunt and me. Monica was thrilled when the server carded us.

Tragically losing her family to a drunk driver, Mom never consumed alcohol if she was going to drive. Whenever Mom's attention was away from our table, my aunt would chug my drink. Leaning over, she whispered, "You owe me after the ass-whipping you gave me. I need something to deaden the pain."

Her sorrowful eyes caused me to return a smile, and I wondered how much of it was an act. Nevertheless, I helped her by discretely switching our drinks when hers would get low.

Mom's concern for my aunt was elevated when she saw how drunk Monica was at the end of the meal. She gave the server her card so we could exit before my aunt landed face-down on her plate. Mom ordered, "Monica, go use the restroom. We're going to be leaving in a few minutes."

"Hokie Dokie," slurred my drunk aunt. She staggered off as Mom and I ensured she made it to the door. She entered the ladies' room at the same time Mom's credit card was returned. After ten minutes Monica emerged and after several wobbly steps, she stopped and leaned against the wall.

Mom looked worried and picked up my aunt's purse. "Alex, please help your sister. I'll be waiting for you at the car. Be as discreet as possible. I don't want her embarrassing herself."

I reached Monica as she was beginning to melt to the floor. I wrapped my arm around her and propped her up. Her hand went to my far side and gripped my shirt. She leaned into me as we slowly walked out of the restaurant. Once outside, she stopped to breathe in the cool, refreshing air. She faced me and hugged me tightly. "You're such a handsome brother. You don't know how much I cherish you. I love a man with a firm hand." Pulling back, she giggled and pecked me on the lips before backing off.

Seeing her drift off again, I helped her the rest of the way to the car. Mom was standing by the opened passenger door behind the driver's seat. Like I'd seen police officers do, I placed my hand on top of my aunt's head while she slid into the backseat. Before I could go around to the other side, Mom firmly insisted, "Sit on this side. I want you to hold her upright and don't let her puke on the seat."

Once I settled in, Monica slumped against me and rested her head on my shoulder. My mind raced with the many lap-sitting car stories in my books. I didn't see any argument I could use to convince Mom my aunt would have to ride on my lap. Another fantasy swished away.

Since I couldn't use the seat-belt, I wrapped my arm around her to keep her from swaying. She reciprocated and snaked her arm behind my back.

I'd never seen anyone so drunk. She slurred and uttered nonsense as Mom drove us home. Pressing her face into my neck, Monica's hot breath and moist lips bathed my flesh. Her fingers explored my side as she squirmed against me. Her body heat and attention caused my prick to stiffen at an uncomfortable angle. Maybe it was the booze, but I decided to free my guy to give him some air.

Carefully unbuttoning and unzipping my pants, I pushed the material down until my prick popped out. It pointed toward the roof at full attention. As the air cooled my staff, I sighed with relief.

Confident I could explore more of my aunt's body, I cautiously moved my hand up and down her side. Several times I briefly bumped her covered tit. I wondered if I could get away with holding one in my hand.

Without warning, she squirmed in her seat and swung her other hand over to land on top of my hard cock. Panic-stricken, I stopped stroking her as I tried to figure a way out of my predicament.

Her palm flattened my prick. She remained still and probably wasn't aware of what her hand was pressing against. I sat motionless, hoping I would soften so I could carefully remove her off my manhood. My plan dissipated when her soft lips pressed harder against my neck and my cock flinched. Her long fingers instinctively wrapped around my staff and squeezed tight. Soon after, she began to sensually stroke my cock. She continued with her drunken blabbering, confirming she was not cognizant of what she was doing.

Her other hand holding my waist reached around to my front and took over the handling of my prick. Her free hand pulled her blouse out of her skirt and grabbed my hand holding her waist. Pulling me to her exposed flesh, she guided me up her smooth skin.

She released me and my hand continued to explore her torso. Up and over her rib-cage, I found and cupped her silk-covered breast. Her groans increased in volume as she rapidly stroked my cock. Mom heard her and asked, "Everything okay back there? Is she sick?"

"She's fine, Mom. She's dreaming about something and uttering nonsense. Nothing to be worried about."

Mom seemed content with my answer so I continued to squeeze and maul my aunt's tits. I felt her hardened nipples pushing out the thin, silk bra. Squeezing one nub brought out a loud gasp. I feared it would alert Mom but she didn't say anything.

After ten minutes of groping my aunt, Mom asked, "When I see you two in the mirror, there are two heads. A patrolman will obviously know you're not wearing a seat-belt. Can you lower her head so we don't get stopped?"

"Sure, Mom. She's pretty much out of it. I'll rest her head on my chest so it looks like one person back here."

Reluctantly releasing her tit, I moved my hand to her head and pulled her to my chest. As soon as I released her, she lowered and engulfed my hard prick with her open mouth.

"Damn!" I exclaimed. She sucked my head as her hand continued to stroke my shaft.

Mom heard my outburst and I could see her concerned face in the mirror. "What happened? Are you okay?"

"We're good, Mom. We had to make some adjustments back here."

Monica sucked in more length of my cock as Mom unsuspectingly drove on. Moving her hand to mine again, she placed it on her bare leg directly above her knee. She guided my hand under her skirt this time. I didn't need any further encouragement. My hand traveled up her smooth, firm thighs. When I made contact with her soaked panties, my fingers pushed the moist material into her wet slot.

Her sucking became louder as I moved my fingers through her cleft. Using my thumb, I pressed against the top of her slit and ground it on her covered clit. She groaned each time I rubbed her sensitive nub.

I was ready to erupt as my aunt sucked and stroked faster than before. Keeping in contact with her puffy clit, my prick expanded as I shot out a load of hot cum. She choked and gagged as I filled her mouth with my spunk. Quickly recovering, she swallowed my load.

As soon as I finished, I felt her crevice tighten from her climax. Her juices streamed out and soaked her panties. Hearing my aunt choke on my erupting cock, Mom exclaimed, "What's going on back there? Is she losing it on my seat? Make sure she pukes on the floorboard."

"No, Mom. She was nauseous and had to swallow saliva to prevent herself from vomiting. I think she's better already. No mess made back

here." Buying my explanation she returned her focus on driving. Monica moaned as she released my softening cock and rested her head on my groin. I moved my hand from her satisfied pussy and pulled her skirt back in place.

Nearing home, I raised her upright so I could zip my pants back up. By the time we pulled into the driveway, I was confident all evidence of our illicit interaction was concealed.

Mom opened the door and I exited. It was clear Monica was not going to be able to walk by herself. "Mom, I'll carry her. Open the doors and I'll follow."

Gripping her leg with one hand, I wrapped my other arm around her waist and held onto her bare flesh. She was light and I had no problem carrying her. Mom led the way to my aunt's bedroom and already had the covers pulled to the side. I gently laid Monica down on her back.

Mom shook her head while she surveyed her drunk sister. "Looks like she can't hold her liquor. Such a mess. Let's get her comfortable." She unfastened Monica's skirt while I unbuttoned her blouse. Noticing some of my cum on her cheek, I wiped it off before tossing her blouse to the floor.

I knew from groping her breasts her bra was thin. Her nipples were discernible beneath the translucent material causing my prick to stir again.

Mom couldn't miss the fact that Monica's panties were dark with her juices. "Damn, it looks like she wet herself. I guess her undies will have to come off," Mom stated.

More blood flowed to my cock. Reaching around my aunt's back to unclasp her bra, Mom stopped me. "Alex, this is when you go to your room. This is for girls only. I'll see you in the morning."

I sulked back to my room but wasn't too unhappy. Getting a blowjob from my hot aunt was more than enough of a treat for me. And, a dandy and unexpected birthday present!

After my shower the next morning, I followed the smell of bacon to the kitchen.

Mom was dressed in another floral sundress and was busy preparing breakfast when I entered. "Good Morning, Alex. How are you feeling this morning?"

"Fine, Mom. Smells good out here. I'm starved."

Setting a utensil aside, she walked over to hug me. Pressing her nose against my neck, she inhaled deeply. "You smell good, as always. I'll bet your sister is in worse shape. I heard her shower so she'll be here in

a few minutes. We can begin without her. I doubt if she'll have an appetite."

As soon as I sat, she served us. Partway through, Monica showed up with her hair still wet. Cloaked in her bathrobe, she slowly moved to the table. "I feel terrible. Breakfast isn't going to cut it. Think I'll go back to bed."

As she turned to leave, Mom said, "Monica, go put your suit on. I'll have Alex move the lounges to the shade and you can lie outside. The fresh air will be good for you. We'll bring out some orange juice and a bagel."

Without stopping her shuffle, Monica replied, "Thanks, Mom. Toast, no bagel."

Mom smiled and returned her attention to me. "Be a good brother and rearrange those cots. They're too heavy for her."

"Sure, Mom. Happy to help out."

After setting up the outside area I returned to finish my meal. Monica shambled by on her way to recuperate outside. Mom rose from the table and prepared some toast and orange juice. Once ready, she placed them on the table and asked, "Could you take these to your sister? Thanks, Alex."

Monica was sitting upright and smiled when she saw me bringing her meal. I wondered if she remembered anything from last night. I sat on the adjacent lounge to keep her company while she ate. If she did have any memories, she was an expert at concealing them. She quickly confirmed my suspicions.

"Last night is a blur to me. I don't remember anything after the first drink. Guess I'm not cut out to be a barfly."

Relieved my secret was safe, I nervously laughed and changed the subject.

When she finished eating, she pleaded, "I forgot to bring my book and glasses. Could you get them for me? They're on my end table."

"Sure. Be right back."

Mom was drinking coffee at the table when I re-entered. When I told her I was getting Monica her book she urged, "Slip on your trunks and sit with her. I'm going to change and clean the house. It'll be easier with you two out of my hair."

After removing my robe and sliding on my suit I proceeded to retrieve her book. Her bed was already made. She was always a neat freak. Grabbing her items, I left to go back outside. On the way out, Mom handed me a cup of coffee to take to Monica.

After explaining to my aunt that Mom wanted us out of the house to clean, I pulled the back of my chaise to the vertical position, so I could sit and visit. After sipping her coffee, she slipped on her glasses to read. They were oversized and made her eyes look larger and sexier. I couldn't help but stare at her pretty face.

I'd heard of men having an eyeglass fetish but never considered it to be erotic. Now I understood the appeal. After reading several pages, she caught me gawking at her. "What's the matter? Do I have food on my face or something? You're staring at me."

Blushing, I explained, "No, I've never seen you with glasses before. They bring out the color of your eyes. They look good on you."

It was her turn to blush. "Thanks. They're reading glasses and I don't need them all the time. My eyes tire out fairly fast if I don't wear them."

Before my prick rose to full attention, I leaned back to relax. I fell asleep immediately and didn't stir for several hours. When I opened my eyes, I saw Monica had set her book and glasses on the ground and was lying face down, fast asleep. Careful not to wake her, I grabbed her empty cup and went into the house.

Mom was stretched out on the couch watching TV. When she mentioned she'd change to her work clothes, I didn't imagine them being so sexy. Her pleated, short skirt revealed a good amount of her luscious legs. Her blouse was thin and was pulled out of her skirt. Her pointed tips gave away the fact she was braless.

My shorts were bulging as I stared at her body. Setting the cup on the counter, I tried to escape back outside before Mom could see my hardon. Her voice stopped me before I could exit.

"I was thinking about last night when you carried your sister. What would happen if something happened to me? How would you deal with that? She's much lighter and I don't think you would be able to do the same."

"It wouldn't be a problem. You're not much heavier."

She retorted, "Doubt it."

Her tone was more of a challenge than a reply. Walking over to her, I slid my arm under her legs. She giggled and squirmed. "What are you doing? It tickles."

"I'm going to prove that I can carry you to your room."

When my hand gripped her soft flesh directly under her knee, she shrieked and wiggled.

"Mom, you're supposed to be passed out. No moving or talking."

"Sorry. I'll be good now. Carry on."

She closed her eyes and her body went limp.

With a firm grip on her leg, I ran my left arm under her back. Her blouse had risen and my hand gripped onto her bare waist directly under her rib cage. A tingling sensation flowed through me as I held my hot mom. Before my prick could rise, I lifted her off the couch. Her head hung low so I shifted my left hand higher and pulled her against my body. She was heavier but I knew I could easily carry her.

Holding her close elevated both of our body temperatures. My right hand was slipping and moving higher on her slick skin. Fearing I was going to drop her, I extended my thumb and fingers around her fleshy thigh and squeezed hard. She let out a gasp but didn't open her eyes, still pretending to be passed out.

With my hand firmly holding her upper thigh, within inches of her groin, I continued our walk to her room. After a few steps, her head started to droop. She was out of balance so I shifted my left hand higher. Traveling up her slick ribs, I stopped when I was comfortable with her weight positioning. "Much better. A little more top-heavy than my sister."

Forgetting Mom was only pretending to be asleep I wondered if she heard me. Her wide smile confirmed my suspicion. Feeling my hand slip, I extended my fingers and dug into her soft flesh to get a better grip.

Without realizing how high my hand had gone, I was surprised when my tips pressed into the side of her meaty breast. She gasped and her chest heaved from my groping digits. If I lowered her now she'd collide on my horizontal, stiff prick. Not wanting to risk any more adjustments, I continued to carry her with my fingers dug into her spongy tit.

Having no trouble going the rest of the way, I gently placed her on the bed. She remained silent, so I thought now was the time to proceed as we did last night. My hands shook as I unbuttoned her top blouse button. I was about to see my Mom's bare breasts. As soon as I touched the second one, her hand caught mine and pulled me away.

Her eyes opened. "What are you doing?"

"Sorry, Mom. I thought we were rehearsing what we'd do if you were passed out. Like we did with Monica last night."

"Not going to happen. You proved you could carry me and that answered my concern. Give me some privacy and I'll be out in a bit."

She smiled and her eyes widened when she locked her eyes onto my protruding erection.

As soon as I entered my room, I checked my library to find she had exchanged another book. Still hard from the erotic encounter with my mother, it took only a few minutes to coat my stomach with a load of hot cum.

Mom had changed into her morning sundress and was working in the kitchen when I emerged. Handing me her bottle of Aloe Vera, she said, "Your sister would probably appreciate some lotion on her skin today. It'll make her feel better after the rough night."

"Sure, Mom. Yell out when you want us to come back in."

Monica was still sleeping when I straddled her body and began spreading lotion on her shoulders. She moaned as she woke up. "That feels good. Thanks. I never knew having a little brother could be so beneficial."

Switching to her lower back, I massaged in the moisturizing gel. When I moved to her legs, she whispered, "I want my entire back done. Unsnap me, please."

Not wasting time any time, I quickly undid her top and pulled the straps to the sides. My hands traversed the length of her back ending at her shoulders. She moaned in appreciation as I caressed her smooth flesh. Moving out to her sides I ran my hands higher and lightly contacted the sides of her squashed breasts.

Not hearing any objections I brushed against them again on the downstroke. Her back rose as her breath deepened. What would she say if I ventured lower and connected with her nipples?

My courage was at an all-time high and I was going to try it on the next pass when she said, "Okay, fasten my top and do my legs." My hands shook as I reattached her top.

Kneeling behind her feet. I ran a bead of lotion down the lengths of her flesh. Stroking her thin, firm legs was having an effect on me as I started to stiffen again. Damn, these women were keeping me aroused full-time.

Bringing my hands closer to her groin produced the results I was looking for. She slowly opened her legs to make it easier to coat her thighs. Her bikini was filled with her firm buns and beckoned for me to caress them as I did after I spanked her.

Breaking my attention, I heard Mom yell, "Dinner Time!"

As soon as Mom was back in the house, I took my chance. I slid the sides of my aunt's suit bottom to the middle and stuffed them down her crack. Before she could object I cupped her buns and massaged them as if I were applying lotion. Instead of objecting, she groaned as I groped her luscious ass.

Knowing Mom would come back out if we didn't appear, my hands slid lower. Monica's voice cracked as she croaked, "You better cover my butt. It's obvious you and Mom don't like seeing it from the spanking I received."

Sliding the material back to cover her white flesh, I said, "Mom might have been upset, but I wasn't. Your buns are sexy."

After extracting myself I limped into the house, unsuccessfully hiding my tented shorts. When we finished eating, Mom said, "It's nice outside. Why don't you two change clothes and take a walk? When you get back we'll play another game."

Opening my drawer I knew exactly the game Mom was playing. She was going through my books at a rapid pace. No wonder she liked sending Monica and me out. I reviewed the next book she hadn't read to make certain only mother-son stories were tagged. Arranging them back in a neat stack, I changed to some jogging sweats for our walk.

Monica was ready to go by the time I made it out to the door. Less than a block away she wrapped her arm through mine and held my hand. Throughout our walk, she bumped me and brushed her body against mine every chance she got. Almost an hour had passed by the time we made it back.

Checking my stack I saw Mom had taken another book. What would happen when she had read them all? Would she start over?

Mom yelled to come out and play a game with them. They were both sitting on the floor without a game board. "Mom, what are we playing today?"

"It's one day past your birthday and I feel bad I didn't let you decide yesterday so today we're playing strip poker, but only two pieces of clothing will be lost on any one person. Once the last person loses, the game is over. Both of you have underclothes on that aren't more revealing than swimwear, right?"

We both nodded as Mom split up the small number of chips. The games were going to be short and the first person to run out of chips would lose a piece of clothing. We had played poker as kids so we all knew the rules and more importantly I knew exactly when they bluffed and when they actually had good hands. This would be too easy.

I lost on purpose the first game to verify how they bet and to not discourage them in case they thought I held an advantage. I took my top off and redistributed the chips for game two. Monica's recent actions swayed me to cause her to lose although I was able to transfer enough chips to Mom and she was the one to bust her.

My aunt quickly unbuttoned and removed her blouse. She was almost too eager to strip for us. My eyes roamed over her slim form, remembering the night I ran my hands up her chest and squeezed her tits.

The next game I quickly had possession of Mom's chips as I anxiously wanted to admire her upper body. She was slower to remove her top, and the suspense was killing me. It was worth the wait. Her tight, low-cut bra caused her tit-flesh to spill out of the top, barely concealing her nipples. Monica's look of jealousy brought a wide smile from Mom.

My aunt would have to be the next loser since she appeared eager to strip. Once again, I used Mom to defeat her. She unsnapped her skirt and flung it off and sat cross-legged with a confident grin. She was proud to show off her long and sexy legs. It was hard to look away from her thighs, but Mom's smooth belly and protruding bosom brought my eyes back to her.

Giving Mom a break, I quickly lost the next game. Shucking off my sweat pants, I sat like Monica, mainly so I could adjust my hardening prick when I crossed my legs. Their attention was riveted on my legs as I reset the chips. There was only one piece left, Mom's skirt. It took some patience but I managed to get Monica to win and zero out Mom's stash.

Instead of removing her skirt, she declared, "Okay, the game's over. We all lost two pieces. Looks like I won too."

Monica objected, "Mom, you still lost and have to remove another piece. You wouldn't want to set a bad example to your kids by cheating, would you?"

Mom knew she had lost this battle. "Okay, you're right. Rules need to be adhered to."

Monica and I had puzzled looks when Mom reached under her skirt. Soon after, her hands returned as she pulled her panties to her feet and removed them. Triumphant, she decreed, "There, two pieces of clothing removed. Rules adhered to."

Smiling wide, she rose and left for her room, but not before saying, "Losers."

Monica and I looked at each other and laughed at getting outwitted by Mom.

After dinner and showers, we assumed our usual positions in the living room. Mom must have taken her pill as she quickly fell asleep leaning against me. She kept shifting her head to get comfortable and finally landed on my left shoulder.

They let me pick the movie so I selected a Sci-Fi I had been wanting to watch for awhile. After an hour, Monica lost interest and came over to say goodnight. Looking at Mom, she mischievously grinned and asked, "Do you need help waking her again?"

"No, thanks. I'm going to let her sleep until the end of the movie. It was a long day and I don't want to disturb her."

She sighed in disappointment but didn't pursue it any further. "It was a big day, especially after last night. My bed is going to feel good tonight. See you tomorrow."

Throughout the rest of the movie, Mom managed to wiggle around until the side of her face was pressed against my bare chest. Her hot

breath washed over my skin as she soundly slept. When the movie ended, I chose not to wake her, deciding to carry her to bed, and not interrupt her rest.

She had snuggled close, causing my robe to come off my left shoulder. The heavy, cottony material would interfere with my attempt to lift her. It was easy pulling my right arm out. Using my freed hand, I gently shoved the left arm of my robe off. Now it would fall off and out of the way.

Sliding my arm under her legs, I clamped onto her bare leg. There was no chance of slipping like the first time I carried her. I moved my left arm around her shoulders and pulled her close. Having a good hold on her, I slowly rose. Everything worked well and I was pleased with myself for successfully getting her off the couch without waking her.

As I traipsed by Monica's room, I hoped she didn't come out and catch me in my underwear. Fortunately, there were no mishaps and I successfully entered Mom's room. Her bed was made so I laid her on the far side. Pushing the sheets and top cover over I gently lifted Mom and lowered her to the cleared side.

I detected a bra under her robe so I wouldn't get in any trouble removing her outer garment so she could sleep better. Untying her belt, I pulled apart her robe to reveal her scantily-clad body. My prick jutted out in appreciation.

Her light blue panties were puffed up and a few dark-brown pubic hairs crept out from under the silky material. Her breasts strained to

pop out of her silky bra. Removing it might be crossing the line. She would be upset if she knew I stripped her while she slept. I decided against removing her underwear and continued with her robe.

Rolling her on her right side, facing away from me, I pulled the robe off half her body. Tucking the loose material under her, I rolled her back until she was facing me on her left side. Her head landed on her soft pillow, and she continued to breathe deep and steady. Removing her robe the rest of the way, I was ready to position her on her back.

Before I could continue she moved her top leg forward and bent it at her knee. Her left arm reached up under her pillow and straightened out toward the headboard. I recognized this position as it was the way I slept. We were side-sleepers. After staring at her beauty for another five minutes, I carefully covered her with the cottony sheets.

Retrieving my robe, I made it to my room and quickly pulled out the top book. With fresh visions of her body, I blasted out a load while reading the first marked story.

Waking to voices in the kitchen, I realized I had slept longer than anyone. Throwing on my robe I made my way out to the kitchen.

"Good Morning, Sleepyhead. How are you doing this morning?" Mom queried.

"Fine, Mom. Slept like a log."

She smiled back. "Me too. I can't even remember walking to bed. Guess my pill did it's magic again."

Breakfast was almost over when Mom said, "Alex, your sister wants to go back to her apartment today. Would you mind taking her? Return as soon as you can. I want to go to the mall for lunch."

Before I could agree, Monica piped, "Yes. I can't wait to get back to a decent shower." Mom frowned at her comment.

"Sure, Mom. I'll change and drive her home." Looking at Monica, I said, "Thanks for staying through my birthday, Sis. It's been fun."

She replied, "It sure has. Being with you two the last few days has uplifted my spirits."

Excusing myself, I went to my room to change. Checking out the last book Mom would probably read in the next hour, I verified all the hot mother-son stories were tagged.

After parking in Monica's carport, I got out and went around the car to let her out of the passenger side. She pleaded, "Alex, could you check my apartment first to make sure no one is in there?"

A little paranoid but maybe she was going to invite me inside so we could make sweet love. None of my fantasies had previously worked. Maybe this was the time.

Handing me her house keys, she stood directly behind me holding my waist. As we entered her apartment, her breath bathed the back of my neck. Everything was immaculately arranged, the same way she maintained her bedroom at home. Her kitchen was open and part of the main room. I had to chuckle at all the appliances perfectly arranged, spotless, and lined up on the counter. She whispered, "Check my bedroom, please."

Of course, she needed to navigate me to her bedroom to take advantage of her little brother. Smiling widely, I led us to her room. I noticed her end tables both had books resting on them. She loved to read.

"Thanks, Alex. It looks like my fears were unwarranted."

Needing to prolong my time with her I took notice of her mirrored closet doors. "I better check in there. It's the perfect place to hide."

She didn't object as I moved over and slid the doors open. I wasn't surprised to see her clothes meticulously sorted by color and type. A short, thin, blue nightie was on one end. Reaching out, I ran my fingers through the silky material. She sucked in air, watching me fondle her nighttime attire.

"Boy, wearing this around Mom would result in another ass-whipping."

She giggled and placed her hand on mine and pulled it off her sexy nightwear. "That's for my use only. We're good here. Come out to the living room. I want to talk to you about something."

Hopefully, she wanted to talk about how we were going to have sex for the next hour. Facing me close, she held my hands before she spoke. Her face looked conflicted as if she didn't know how to explain.

"Alex, I can see how much you enjoy being with your Mom. I hate being the third wheel, but my lease is ending. I don't care for this neighborhood and was thinking about moving back in with you and Mom until I can locate a new place."

She sighed as she finished. It must have been weighing on her and she appeared to be apprehensive about returning home. "It's fine, Sis. Whatever makes you feel safe. Do you want to pack some things now and return with me?"

"No. I haven't talked to Mom and I need to figure out what items to bring home first. I'll talk to her tomorrow and make arrangements. Thanks for understanding."

It was more like a misunderstanding. My fantasies had failed again. At least I'd see more of her when she was back home, living with Mom and me.

"One more thing before you leave," she croaked. She moved close and at the moment when I thought she was going to kiss me, she planted her lips and nose on my neck. Inhaling deep, she pulled back and giggled. "I wanted to see for myself what Mom smells. Nothing special, other than little brother stink."

Mom greeted me when I arrived home. Her look turned to one of concern. "Your sister has mentioned she doesn't care for her shower several times. Could you take a look at it and see what's wrong?"

Grabbing some tools from the garage I made my way to her bathroom. I immediately saw the problem. Her showerhead was the same as mine. Close to twenty years old, it provided a pitiful stream compared to current models. Removing it, I went to mine and did the same. Checking Mom's bathroom, I discovered hers was a newer model. Taking the two old ones out to the kitchen, I showed Mom my findings.

"Mom, the showerheads from Monica's and my bathroom haven't been updated like yours. This is what she was complaining about."

Mom examined them and explained, "I replaced mine after you two left, and I didn't think to have the others replaced. We'll stop by the appliance store on our way to the mall. Put them in a box and we'll take them with us."

Making a quick trip to my room to get ready, I checked on my porn library. The latest one was on top. Why didn't she take it when I was at Monica's? Taking count, I noticed all six books were present. She had replaced the other one after reading the final book.

Mom yelled that she wanted to leave, so I grabbed the box of shower fittings and met her at the car.

I surfed on my phone while Mom browsed through the plumbing shop. After thirty minutes she showed up, ready to proceed to the mall and lunch. Noticing she didn't buy anything, I asked, "Mom, didn't they have any you liked?"

"They did, but not in stock. We'll come back in a few days to pick them up. Let's get going. I'm hungry."

It was nice being with only Mom again on our outing. Sitting across from her at a booth, I could admire her beauty without any distractions from Monica. When we finished eating, Mom's face turned serious. "Alex, I need to talk to you about something. It might be a little uncomfortable for you."

"No problem, Mom. What's up?"

"I want to discuss your collection stashed in your end table."

My face reddened, knowing she was talking about my porn. "I'm not sure what you're talking about. I don't ..."

Before I could continue my fake charade she calmly stated, "You and I both know about your books. I've read through all of them."

There was no denying it now. "I'm sorry, Mom. I should have disposed of them before I returned home. It was never my intention for you to find them."

Mom smiled as she countered, "I don't want you to get rid of them. I'm not completely ignorant of a young man's needs. As your mother, I thought if I could see what your interests were I could help you with your fantasies so you could relieve yourself easier at night. It was fortunate your sister was home to unwittingly help out."

"Mom, the stories I liked most weren't about brother and sister."

It was Mom's turn to blush. "Yes. I understood your message after the first couple of books. You didn't think I wouldn't have noticed the dog-eared pages had been flattened and only mom-son stories were tagged? I can understand your attraction to your sister. She's a beautiful, sexy woman. As far as me, a lot of young men go through a phase where they fantasize about their mothers. You'll get over it when you date more."

"Not a phase, Mom. I've had thoughts about you for years. You're beautiful and sexier than any girls my age."

Mom stuttered, "I'm flattered, Alex. It can never happen for real, though. Family members can never participate in those kinds of fantasies. It's fine for you to keep using your books as an aid, but I can't assist you. It's up to me as the mother to guide my children appropriately. Let's not talk about this any longer. We've discussed it enough."

I was disappointed, but it wasn't the end of the world. I enjoyed being around her and while it may be a little uncomfortable, I'd get used to it.

Arriving at home, Mom was quick to assign me some chores which took most of the afternoon. After a light dinner, I went to my room to take my shower and change. When the water gushed out of the pipe, it dawned on me about disassembling our showers. The dinner with Mom made me forget about the visit to the plumbers. Throwing on my robe, I went out to the kitchen where Mom was cleaning.

"Mom, we left the showerheads at the plumbing shop. Do you want me to drive there and get the old ones back?"

"Don't bother. You can use my shower. Take your underwear with you and afterward, you can relax in the living room."

A few days ago my mind would have searched for a story where the mom invites her son to use her shower and steps in to join him. Not any longer though.

Her shower was definitely an upgrade. Monica was right about our old ones being unacceptable. Once dried and dressed, I sat at my usual spot at the end of the couch. I wondered if Mom would sit beside me like she has been doing, or is our cuddling time over too?

Hearing Mom's shower stop, I knew I'd soon find out my answer. Emerging cloaked in her robe, she strolled over and said, "Alex, I already took my pill and it's taking effect. I'm retiring early tonight. See you tomorrow."

She turned and left before I could say anything. I was tired also and figured that after watching the rest of the show I'd head to bed. Twenty minutes later I heard her door open.

"Alex, I was looking in my closet for my sleeping mask when I came across something I think you'd like."

Turning to look at her, my mouth hung open in awe. Her mask was held on top of her head and she was wearing a light pink nightie I'd never seen her wear before. She was right about me liking it though. Her silk panties and bra were clearly visible beneath the thin negligee.

Her perfume hit me as she sat beside me. I croaked, "Mom, you're beautiful. I like it more than you can imagine."

She looked puzzled and looked at where I was staring. "Not my nightie, Silly. I found these." Holding up her arms she had neckties wrapped around each one. She unwound them and ran them across my arms.

"These silk ties were your father's. See how nice they feel. I thought you could use them when you get a job."

She wrapped one around my arm, tied a knot, and cinched it tight. "See, it feels good against your skin. You better figure out the correct knot to use though. This one could strangle you." She giggled as she emphasized her meaning by pulling tight on it.

"Mom, entry-level positions generally don't require a tie, unless you have to go to a meeting but that's rare."

Mom smirked and squeaked, "Perfect. Four will be enough. As far as the nightie, you can't be looking at your mother like you're undressing her. It's not proper. Remember what I told you at lunch. No matter how attracted a mother and son are to each other, a mother can never willingly submit herself to her offspring."

Dejected, I said, "I know, Mom. It doesn't help that you look so sexy in it. I couldn't help myself. Good-night."

"Same to you, Honey. Don't stay up too late reading."

When she rose to leave my eyes remained locked on her bare, sexy legs. Another waft of perfume hit me along with a smell I recognized from my old girlfriends. Mom's pussy was aroused and her scent was having an effect on my prick. She was right about one thing, I'd be reading tonight.

When my show ended thirty minutes later, I made my way into my room. Removing my robe, I plopped onto my bed to relieve my built-up tension. Opening my drawer I noticed something amiss. One of my books had been folded so an inside story was on top. Picking it up I looked at the cover to discover it was a three-month-old book. It would normally be lower in the stack.

Turning back to what was originally faced up, adrenaline flooded my system causing my prick to harden. I immediately recognized the story. It was a scenario where a horny son crept into his mother's room, blindfolded her and tied her to the bed. He disguised his voice to make his mother believe an intruder was the one making love to her instead of him.

It came together now. The sleeping mask, pills to knock her out, ties, and her last statement about a mother wouldn't willingly allow interaction with her offspring. She wanted her son to take her.

How long had she planned this? She must have staged the book when I was taking a shower in her room. Did she plan for the showerheads to go away so she'd have time to set it up? She was finally giving me the green-light to fulfill my wildest fantasy.

Realizing I was wasting valuable time when I could be enjoying my mother's body, I threw my robe on and headed to her room. I felt the ties in my pockets where I had previously stashed them. Would I even need them? Evidently, she wanted me to proceed with her charade and I wasn't going to disappoint her.

When I opened her door, the light from the hall allowed me to see her sleeping on her side with her mask over her eyes. I turned on her end table light. I didn't want her luscious body shaded by darkness when I finally uncovered it. Her left arm was stretched toward the headboard under her pillow.

I wrapped the first tie around her wrist and secured it a post. Since her feet were covered, I carefully pulled the sheets out and draped them over her calves. After I tied her left foot, I hesitated to analyze my next move. I couldn't continue until she was flat on her back. Reaching under the covers, I left my hands on the bed near her body. I didn't want my cold hands to alarm her. Once they were warm, I gently rolled her flat.

Her right arm was along her side. Walking around to the other side, I knelt and snaked my hand underneath the covers again. It was hot as an oven. This was why Mom didn't have a weight problem. She burned off calories while she slept. Gently pulling her arm out, I stretched it up and attached another tie.

After securing her other leg, I stood to admire my work. I used hitch knots which could be easily released if necessary. Throwing off my robe, my prick bobbed and was steel-hard. The cool air didn't provide

any relief. Sweat was forming and my heart raced as I anticipated my next step.

She was still asleep or at least good at feigning sleep. I was certain the sleeping pill acts were all fake, but I didn't care as I was going to follow Mom's script. Gripping the top of the sheets, I slowly pulled them lower, revealing my beautiful mother. Not seeing any bra straps I knew her bare tits would soon be visible.

The sheets glided over her perky breasts exposing her exquisite mounds. Her nipples were chocolate-brown and rock-hard. Her body wouldn't allow her to conceal her excitement. Her smooth stomach caved below her ribcage and was pulsing with short rapid breaths. Her hips flared out as her panties came into view. Shoving the sheets on the floor I stared at my almost-nude mother. Her puffed out panties were framed nicely between her firm thighs.

Crawling on the bed, I straddled her and rested my bare ass on her panties-covered crotch. Cupping my mother's breasts for the first time caused my prick to ache and lurch. I leaned over her and pressed my cock into her lower stomach.

Gently kneading her fleshy mounds, my fingers wrapped around her taut nubs. Twisting them brought out a gasp. Lowering closer I latched onto her engorged tip. Her body shook as I nursed on her tit, and she couldn't carry on with pretense of sleep any longer.

She moaned and her voice cracked as she woke up. "Who's there? Please don't hurt me or my family. You can have whatever you want."

I knew I couldn't convincingly disguise my voice, but I could give it a try for Mom. I gruffly replied, "You have a family? How many people are in the house?"

She croaked, "I have a son and daughter. Only my son is here tonight. He's in his room sleeping. Please don't hurt him."

"Do as I say lady and I won't have to bother him. Keep quiet and I'll be out of here in no time."

"Okay. I'll do whatever it takes."

I made a mental note to feast on her tits at a later time. I was anxious to explore the rest of her body. Holding her sides I moved lower as I kissed my way to her panties. Sitting at the end of the bed, I stroked her long legs. My hands traveled the entire length, ending at her panties leg and back to her feet. Her breasts heaved as I continued to pay homage to her sexy legs.

"Lady, these are the best looking legs I've ever seen. Your son is a lucky bastard. He can look at these shapely gams every day. He probably wishes he could be stroking them like I am right now."

Mom remained true to her act. "No. He doesn't sexually look at his mother. We're not a depraved family."

My final objective was in sight. Her panties. Holding the top of them on each side I pulled them down until her spread legs wouldn't allow them to go any lower. Her bushy pussy was as deep-brown as her hair color. I palmed her mound, feeling the soft texture of her pubic hair. She gasped as I ran my fingers through her silky forest.

Pulling back I commanded, "If you behave yourself, I'll release your feet. Don't try anything you and your son will regret. Mind my commands, and you'll come out of this without harm."

"Yes, Sir. I'll do anything to protect my son."

Pulling the hitch knot on both ties released her feet. I moved her legs together and pulled her panties off. Gripping underneath her knees I lifted them and splayed her legs, opening her up. Desiring more access to her luscious pussy, I gently lifted her head and retrieved her pillow.

"If you scream, I may have to cover your face, but until that happens I have a better use for this."

Lifting her pelvis, I shoved the pillow under her ass. My cock jerked when her hairy pussy was prominently displayed. Pink, glistening folds were visible between her open, outer lips. Her scent was strong as I kissed her left knee and worked my way down her leg until my ear hit her puffy mat of hair.

I repeated on her other leg and her pelvis humped into the side of my head. She was becoming impatient, but she would have to go at my

pace. Running my fingers through her mound, I slowly traced my fingertips over each blood-filled outer lip. She jumped at my touch.

Spreading her lips, I exposed her wet interior. Maintaining contact with my fingers, I kissed my way down her thigh again and ended with a kiss on one of her puffy labia. I repeated my slow build-up, caressing her thighs and kissing her pussy lips on each pass. Her moaning grew in volume as I worshiped her body.

On the next pass to her pussy, I captured her engorged lip with my mouth and rolled it through my lips. She shrieked with the contact. After I did the same with the other side, I used my fingers to close her gap and brush-stroked my tongue through her slit and over her covered clit. She was benefiting from someone who was trained in pussy eating by one of my horny lab partners.

I lapped her slit while jabbing my tongue in as deeply as I could before quickly withdrawing. Her moaning elevated to gasping. Going back to mouthing her sensitive outer lips I asked, "When's the last time anyone paid attention to this beautiful pussy."

She managed to say, "Nn ...". She stopped to groan when I ran my tongue deep in her channel.

"Nine months? Weeks? Days? How long, Lady?"

"Nn ...". This time she stopped to gasp when I ran my tongue over her covered clit.

"Nine years? Has it been that long?"

Before I stimulated her again, she howled, "Never. This is the first time. My husband didn't like to do oral."

Releasing my mouth from her excited quim, I shoved three fingers deep inside her. She shrieked and humped her groin to meet my intruding digits.

"That's a crime. A pussy this fine screams for attention."

Stroking my fingers in and out of her gash, I leaned in and licked her steamy slot. I was patiently waiting for her clit to fill with blood and show itself. My tongue competed with my fingers to make contact with all of her sensitive areas.

Shifting her feet closer to her body, she used the leverage to lift her starving pussy higher. Her pelvis humped my fingers in an attempt to increase stimulation. Her groans were louder as she experienced oral sex for the first time. Her meaty thighs slammed against my head ensuring I kept my face on her quivering quim.

"Oh God! I'm building up to an orgasm. Keep sucking my horny pussy. I need relief so badly."

Increasing my pace, my fingers were coated with pre-cum as she escalated toward release.

"Don't get too loud. Your son will hear and come witness your hairy pussy being fucked by a hard tongue. It might give him ideas."

She gasped with carnal lust and her shiny, engorged pearl emerged. She was fully excited and needed to climax. My desire to please my mom convinced me to end her sexual suffering. Leaning in, I sucked her clit between my lips. Rolling and squeezing her sensitive nub while rapidly plunging my fingers in her sopping pussy resulted in her orgasm.

Her body shivered and shook as her pussy clamped onto my fingers. As her fluids spewed from her spurting snatch, I eagerly lapped her honey nectar.

Mom was out of breath when her pussy finally quit pulsing. Every muscle relaxed as she fell back to the bed. Her breasts heaved as she tried to recover. Her mouth was open and gasping for air.

"That was a nice display of sexual release, Lady. You had a lot of pent-up tension. It's not good to keep it in so long. You should have enlisted your son's help."

She was exhausted but not worn out enough to relinquish her morals. "No. Sons can't do that to their mothers. It's inappropriate."

Grabbing her knees, I pushed her legs outward and crawled up to her groin. I rested my stiff cock on her cum-soaked mound.

Sounding alarmed, Mom said, "You've had your fun, Mister. Can't you leave us alone now? My son might eventually hear us. I don't want you hurting him."

"It was fun for you but I have some unfinished business. Your tits are fucking fantastic. So firm and spongy." I kneaded and played with her full mounds. Her breathing rate increased as I squeezed and caressed her breasts.

"Your nipples are exquisite. They're so puffy and their dark-brown color beautifully contrasts with your creamy, white skin. They remind me of chocolate mint kisses."

Mom giggled and her breasts jiggled making them even sexier. "What's so funny, Lady? Are you laughing at me?"

"No, Sir. It struck me as funny because my son loves those candies. They're one of his favorites."

My fingertips ran higher and trapped her tips. I lightly squeezed and twisted them. Mom gasped for air and flinched. "Please. They're sensitive. Don't be so rough."

Her tits were truly magnificent. The light blue veins barely visible under her alabaster skin led to her areolas which were the best I've ever seen. "I bet your nipples provide a lot of pleasure for you. It must have been fun having your baby boy suck on your tits. Do you remember feeding him and how great it felt?"

My fingers played with her nipples, lightly rubbing and gently pulling them.

Mom stuttered, "No. Yes. What I mean is that I remember feeding him but it wasn't the way you think. It's not sexual when a mother nurses her child. It's a satisfying and nurturing experience. It's how a mother bonds with her child."

Leaning closer I gently blew on her engorged nipple and kissed it. She jumped and yelped.

Teasing her more, I groaned, "Your nipples are like magnets. If your son walked in right now I'm sure he'd want to bond with his mother again. I'll show you the first thing he'd do to your chocolate delights."

I latched onto a nipple and sucked hard while I twisted the other. Her body trembled as I licked and mauled her sensitive tits. Holding her nipple between my lips I pulled up to elongate it and let it bounce back. Immediately capturing it again, I ran my tongue around the tip.

Her head thrashed side to side and her back arched to push her needy breasts into my hungry, sucking mouth. Her pelvis bounced as her

body was consumed with pleasure. Her lustful screams were constant as her nipples sent shock waves to her spasming pussy.

Pulling off her brown buds, she slowly relaxed from the erotic moment. "Wouldn't you want your son to bond again with you? Think of the pleasure it would give both of you."

"No, it's not right. I can't allow him to feed on me. He's an adult. Please don't humiliate me any longer. Leave my son out of this."

Rising off her, I held my prick by the base. I drug it through her slick furrow, taking care not to enter. On each stroke, I made certain my flared head scraped her hidden clit. Her breathing increased as she anticipated her son's fat prick plowing into her hungry cleft.

Lodging my prick length-wise in her slit, I lowered myself on her body. Her body shivered when I slid my prick across her slot. After each pass, I would pause and rest it in her forest of fur.

"Your tits are a dream come true, but you know what's even more exciting? When a son gets a glimpse of his mother's hairy pussy, it's over the top. There's nothing more exciting and every son fantasizes about his mother's treasure."

She gasped and writhed under me, trying to coax me to give her what she needed.

"What's going to happen when I leave and you have no one to service your horny pussy? Your son is perfectly healthy to fill in. Do you think he'd be willing to fuck his beautiful mother?"

Breathing rapidly, she stammered, "Yes, he would love it. He's dreamed of it for years. I have to remain strong and I can't allow him to commit incest."

Sawing her pussy faster was causing more juice to flow from her slot. It was my time to groan as I felt the underside of my shaft slide along her wet, soft folds. Her fat lips spread around my cock and smothered it with another coat of her sweet nectar.

While squeezing her mounds, I moved my face closer to hers. I whispered, "I'm going to release your hands now. Don't do anything out of line."

"Of course not. I'll do whatever you say."

A quick pull and her hands were free. She brought them around my back and stroked my slick skin.

"One more thing I want from you. I want you to pretend I'm your son and tell him what you desire."

She drew in a deep breath and before she could object, I pulled her sleeping mask off. We stared into each other's eyes. I allowed the head of my prick to pop into her hot vagina for an inch before withdrawing.

"Let your son know what you want. Tell him you desire him and how you want to physically express your love."

She softly whispered, "Please, Alex. Push it in. I'm so excited and need to be filled with your hard cock."

"No more resistance, Mom? Are you ready to accept me as a lover? Willingly?"

"Yes, please."

I wasn't letting her off that easy.

"If you want it, you need to stick it in. You need to be the one to initiate our intimacy. You're the mother and know what's best for us."

Her eyes glazed over as her hand lowered and gripped my cock. Every time she attempted to jam it in I pulled back out of range. I kissed her neck and sucked in a hunk of flesh. She tried again. My hips pulled back again. Her breasts heaved under me as I prolonged our first incestuous union.

"I love you, Alex. Please make love to me. I need you. I don't care what society says. All that matters is how much we love each other. I want my son to fuck me hard."

She had finally accepted our relationship. Her needs and mine were the same. We both needed my cock buried in her pussy. Obliging our mutual desires, I shoved my bulbous head into her tight sheath. Her hand flew to the back of my head pulling me to her lips. We french-kissed as my shaft slowly sunk into her clinging, slippery channel. The flared edges of my tip separated her folds sending bolts of pleasure through her body. Her hips lifted as she tried to suck me in deeper.

I'll never forget the deep moans she made the first time my prick plowed into her hungry slot. I couldn't believe it. My cock was in my mother's pussy. Blood poured into my shaft, increasing its already large size. Our eyes were locked together conveying the love we held for each other. Her tongue fucked my mouth as we kissed like lovers. Her body shook as my prick was buried to the hilt, my balls hitting her butt cheeks.

Slowly pulling back out, I paused to relish the feel of her squeezing pussy that was desperately attempting to keep me inside her. Back to the bottom, faster this time, using my hips to shove through her tight slot. Her breath was short, and she released my mouth to breathe. Her eyes widened as my cock serviced her. Her ass lifted as she met my thrusts and her body shook.

"Oh, fuck! I'm coming on my son's cock. I forgot how good it feels to be fucked by a fleshy prick. My pussy feels like a baseball bat is stuffed in it. Fuck me hard, Alex!"

I hunched my butt and dug my cock deep into her as her orgasm overtook her. Hot fluid bathed my invading staff as her shaking body signaled her long-awaited climax.

"Let it out, Mom. Enjoy the fucking we've both needed for so long. Show me your love. Climax on my cock."

Her pulsating pussy clamped several times while I continued to slam into her. Her slot was so slick my prick easily slid in and out. I thought about anything else besides my hot mother to keep from coming. I didn't want our first time to last only seconds. Her body tensed up one last time as she worked through her orgasm.

She dropped to the bed when she was finished. Her breathing was rapid and sweat formed on her forehead. I stopped stroking and left my prick lodged deep in her pussy. Brushing away her hair stuck to her sweaty forehead, I kissed her cheeks, her nose, and finally her full, quivering lips. Her hands wrapped tight around me, holding me close to her soft body.

Recovered from her orgasm, she was finally able to speak. "So damn wonderful. I can't believe I made love to my son and enjoyed every minute. I've never come that hard."

"I know. A mother and son physically bonded together is the purest form of intimacy."

Kissing her again, I pulled my hard ram to her entrance and shoved to the bottom. Her eyes twinkled as she realized I hadn't climaxed and was going to fuck her again. She moaned as I slowly stroked in and out of her soaked crevice. The pleasure from my prick was nothing compared to the look from my mother. Her face displayed the thrill she was getting from our incestuous mating.

Her knees widened as she lifted her ass again to meet my thrusts. We fucked as lovers for ten minutes concentrating on each other's pent-up desires. We kissed again as we both neared our climaxes. Moving my hands to her ass, I held onto her cheeks and pulled her into my thrusts. She wrapped her long legs around my body as I pummeled her sex-starved pussy.

Her body was shaking and frantically writhing with lustful excitement. She was out of control as she released her pent-up lust. "Mom, how long has it been since you've been fucked?"

Panting and humping she managed to reply, "Too long, Baby. Since you were born. Only toys until today."

"No more toy cocks for you, Mom. Only your baby-boy's. Show me how much better I am than your toys. Fuck me, Mom. Squeeze your juicy pussy and climax with your son. I'm ready to fill you full of sperm."

Her hips jerked and wiggled as she put all her passion into pleasing her son.

"Arrgh, this one is going to be stronger yet. You're pounding your mother's pussy like a Motherfucker. You own me. Let yourself go. Fill me with your hot cum. Make your mother happy. Fuck me hard!"

Her lustful pleading put me over the edge. Feeling my balls fill with sticky cum, I locked my mouth with hers as my prick expanded with blood. The added girth made it harder to slide to the bottom but she made up for it by hunching her back and impaling my invading rod.

My mushroom head expanded as the first blob of cum shot out of my cannon. Her pussy snapped shut when she felt her insides getting splashed with hot sperm. My balls continued to empty their contents as I blasted my load of baby batter inside her. Her pussy milked my cock with each thrust, extracting every ounce of its payload. Waves of pleasure poured through me each time I released a blob. Her body shook with excitement as I unloaded and filled her cunt.

Our combined juices flowed out of her and bathed my balls that were smashed against her ass. My full length was buried in her, waiting for our orgasmic bliss to subside. When I tried to extract my softening prick, Mom pulled me tight.

She whispered, "Don't pull out. I want to savor this for as long as possible. I love you so much."

"I love you too, Mom. You are a fantastic lover. I'm so drained I feel like I could sleep forever."

She pulled my head beside hers and kissed my neck.

Her hands stroked my back and the last thing I heard was, "Sleep now, Dear. Let Mommy hold you and take care of you."

I slept more soundly than I had for a long time. My dreams revolved around my beautiful mother and me enjoying each other. Gaining consciousness, memories of fucking my mom reminded me of where I was. Feeling my cock being cleaned with a warm cloth, I realized Mom was already awake and wasn't underneath me any longer. Opening my eyes revealed only darkness.

Feeling Mom's mask over my eyes, I moved my hand to remove it but I couldn't. My hands and feet were tied to the bed like I had done to Mom last night. It looked like she wanted to play games. My cock jerked as Mom finished cleaning the dried cum off my shaft.

Sensing I was awake, Mom said, "Good thing I found you and not your mother. I came over to visit with her this morning and when I couldn't find anyone I looked around. What would she say if she found her son tied to the bed and his cock caked with cum?"

It looked like she wanted to play the intruder game again but it was her turn. I was glad to act like the poor victim knowing I'd get a nice reward in the end.

"Please, Lady. Don't tell Mom. She'd kill me. I don't remember what happened. Maybe someone drugged me and took advantage of me. Please don't tell Mom. I'll do anything to keep this between us."

Mom couldn't help but giggle at my dialogue. The bed shook from Mom getting up to get rid of the washcloth. Feeling the bed move again, her warm hands lovingly stroked my calves.

"These legs are sexy. I can see why girls would like them. Firm and muscular. Your prick is nice and large too. I bet whoever was here went away satisfied. Damn, it looks like I missed a spot."

Her rough tongue slid up the side of my shaft. When she got to the tip she swirled around the edge causing my prick to harden even more. I groaned as she licked my rod. Her hand cradled my balls and lightly squeezed as she worshiped my prick. Her other hand wrapped around the base and held it upright. When her head enveloped my sensitive tip, I let out a loud groan. Her tongue swirled around my flared helmet as her hand stroked my shaft.

For not having sex for a long time, Mom sure knew how to suck cock. I hoped she learned from reading my porn books. It excited me to think I was involved with Mom's sexual prowess.

Briefly pulling off, she said, "Don't be too loud. We don't want your mother coming to investigate."

"I'll try but you're so damn good it's hard to stay quiet. I'll be better. Please continue."

She replied, "Thank you for the compliment. Your cock is so tasty. When's the last time you had your prick sucked? Was it some young college girl?"

My thoughts raced for an answer. Should I tell her about Monica or fabricate something. My mind immediately answered. I wasn't going to lie to my mother. I loved her too much to be untruthful.

"Actually it was two nights ago. It was an older woman, my sister."

Mom alarmingly asked, "Your sister? How long have you been having intimate relations with your sibling?"

"We haven't been together. She was drunk and didn't know what she was doing. It happened during a car ride. She doesn't even remember doing it."

Her thrusts were harder and my breathing was short and rapid. She was quickly building me up.

"I guess mistakes do happen. Hopefully, she treated your cock with the respect it deserves. Did she swallow your cum?"

I croaked, "She was good, even drunk, and not knowing she was doing it. She sucked down every drop. It was pretty exciting getting a blowjob while less than three feet from my sexy mom."

"Wow, your mother was in the car? That must have been a thrill. What were you thinking of when your sister was slurping on your fine prick."

I quickly replied, "My mom, of course. I was envisioning it was her instead of my sister. It's why I came so fast."

It was the right answer. Her mouth captured my prick again. She lowered down my shaft running her raspy tongue along the sides as she descended. Colliding against her fist, she rose back up while her hand squeezed and followed her mouth. She sucked and stroked my prick like a pro.

My balls expanded as I neared my orgasm. She sensed the blood flowing into my shaft and stroked faster. Her mouth was like a vise on my hard prick. When the first stream flowed up my fleshy stem, Mom squeezed my balls. She kept sucking as she swallowed my load of morning cum. Spurt after spurt filled her mouth. She didn't allow any to escape. When my pulsing subsided, Mom released my spent cock.

"Too bad your sister couldn't remember how tasty your cum is. This should take care of you for a while. At least if your mother comes in, she won't see your glorious cock fully hard."

Mom continued to play the game. I wondered what was next.

"Lady, can you let me go now? I don't want Mom catching me."

"Lie still. I'll make sure she doesn't come in. Let me have some fun first."

She stroked and caressed my legs as I remained restrained. Her hands were soothing and I almost fell asleep while she massaged me. The phone ringing in the kitchen snapped me out of it. The answering machine picked up the call. I couldn't discern the voice or message but Mom did. Suddenly, the warm bed covers were pulled over my body.

Mom whispered, "I need to take care of that and make sure your mother didn't hear it. I'm keeping you covered in case she comes in. If I let you catch a cold, your mother would never forgive me."

Hearing the door close, it wasn't long before I heard muffled voices. She was talking to someone on the phone. I wondered who it could be and why it was taking so long. My smothered body was heating up. My mind drifted to the previous night when I made love to Mom for the first time. Those memories would stick with me forever. My prick responded as I started to drift off with thoughts of Mom.

The covers thrown off brought me out of my daydream. "I finally got rid of the pest calling and luckily for you, your mother didn't stir. We're safe for the moment."

Feeling her soft buns smash atop my upper thighs, I said, "Can you release me now? You can't keep me here forever."

"Patience, Dear. We still have some unfinished business to discuss. It looks like it's time to proceed. You prick agrees with me."

Wrapping her hand around my shaft, she stroked it several times until it was steel-hard. Her hands roamed higher to caress and massage my torso.

"Your chest turns me on so much. Not too hairy, soft but firm. I'm getting wet from feeling your sexy flesh."

Emphasizing her meaning she moved up and mashed her furry mound on top of my trapped rod. She wiggled around until her outer lips enclosed my prick, keeping it outside of her hot oven.

"Your prick feels good against my slit. I bet you'd like to sink it to the bottom of my horny pussy, wouldn't you?"

This is the same technique I used when I teased her last night. Was she teaching me a lesson? My lust grew as I longed for my cock to be buried deep inside her steaming snatch. She continued to slide to and fro,

coating my staff with her pre-cum. Her blowjob must have had an effect on her. She was profusely leaking pussy juice.

Trying to encourage her, I muttered, "Your pussy feels marvelous. The only improvement would be if it was my mother sliding her hairy pussy over me."

She groaned and increased her glide rate. She slowed each time my flared tip scraped against her hooded, pleasure bud. Her breathing rate increased with her elevated sexual state.

Panting, she croaked, "Your mom called me last night and said you made her suffer last night. She says you made her beg for your hard cock when she needed it most. It's not nice to treat your mother so cruelly."

Confirming my suspicions that she was teasing me as I did her, I thought about an answer she would like to hear. "I wanted her to admit she loved me as much as I loved her. I didn't want to have sex with her. I wanted to make love to her."

"Your mommy raised no dummy. Good answer, Stud," she croaked as she lodged my prick into her sheath and sucked my prick into her horny crease. Once fully inserted, she rose until I was almost out before quickly descending. Our bodies slapped together as my prick filled her completely. Her hands clenched my ribs as she fucked me.

When I bucked to meet her thrusts, she stopped.

"Don't move. It'll make too much noise and your mother will hear. Stay still and let me enjoy the ride. The first one is for me."

At least I knew I'd last a long time not having to do any work. My only regret was I couldn't see her bouncing breasts as she rode me. Her panting and groaning increased in volume. Her pussy vibrated, and when I was sure she was going to orgasm she pulled off my juicy rod. The bed shifted as she turned around. Her feet snugged up against my waist, and her knees butted against my legs. She positioned herself for reverse cowgirl.

Her hand held my prick upright as her tight channel slid down my length. Once she hit bottom, her hands gripped my ankles. She slowly humped me, twisting and grinding in an attempt to find the right angle. She was in total control, and her pussy notified her immediately when my fat head connected with her pleasure spots.

It didn't take long before she was groaning as loud as before. My bent prick was sending waves of bliss through me as she furiously pumped my staff. Releasing my ankles, her weight shifted as she rose upright to obtain a different angle. Her fingertips collided with my balls when she lowered to my groin. She was fingering her clit as she rode me.

She screamed, "So fucking good. It's like having one of my toys stuffed in me while I come from my clit. Only it's my son's hard prick buried in me. Such a hard, nasty cock!"

She was in such a state of arousal she had forgotten to stay in character, admitting she was riding her son's cock. A feeling of pride swept through me knowing Mom was going to climax on my turgid rod without any assistance from me.

"I'm there! I'm coming on your giant prick!"

Her pussy squeezed my cock as her hot fluid bathed my shaft and flowed out of her slot. She humped through her contractions as she enjoyed self-pleasuring on my staff. My pubic hair was soaked with her juices when she finished. Pulling off, she lowered her ass and smothered my soaked cock while she rested.

After several minutes, her breathing returned to normal. She leaned forward and released my ankle restraints. Turning around, she ground her pelvis against my still-hard prick while caressing my chest.

"Don't do anything tricky with your free legs. If you attempt to stop me, I'll scream and tell your mother you raped me."

"No, Ma'am. I'll do exactly as you wish. I also promise I'll never tease my mother again. My prick will be available for her whenever she needs it. I've learned my lesson."

"Good boy. You're proving yourself to be a caring and considerate son."

Her hands caressed and massaged my torso. Feeling her body shift forward, her bare breasts grazed across my chest. When her hard nipple made contact with my lips, I quickly latched and sucked her puffy tip.

She groaned and croaked, "Here's a little treat for your repentance. Chew on this and think of how much your mom would like to have her tits sucked. Mothers love having their sons milk and suckle on their breasts. Nurse from me, Baby."

After sucking and lightly biting her nipple she pulled off and replaced it with her other one. I resumed feeding until it was as hard and engorged as the first one. Pulling off again, her body shifted as she moved lower. Her slick sheath enveloped my bloated head.

She sucked in more cock as she rose. Once fully embedded she humped me at a solid pace. Her panting increased as she furiously fucked my shaft. Her hands gripped my sides as she ground on my cock.

"The first time was for me. This one is for you. Fuck me back. Stuff my pussy full of your big prick."

The next time she lowered I humped my hips to meet her downward strokes. She gasped as I stretched her walls and went deeper than before. I pushed as hard as I could each time our groins collided. She was quickly building up again and her grinding, claspings pussy was bringing me closer to my own orgasm.

While continuing to hump me, she leaned forward and untied my hands. Once free, I wrapped them around her and stroked her back as our sexual levels rapidly increased.

She pulled the mask off. Her lust-filled eyes met mine and communicated her desire to simultaneously climax. Moving my hands to her front I squeezed and mauled her breasts as her lips meant mine. We tongue-fucked each other and were physically connected as no mother and son should be.

Pulling off my mouth, she uttered, "Fuck your mother to completion. Show me how much you love me. Your cock is going to make me come again. Shove harder!"

Humping harder than before, I knew I was within seconds of exploding. Grabbing her fleshy, butt cheeks, I slammed her pussy against my groin. After several more power strokes, her walls squeezed shut causing my own orgasm to commence. My cock pulsed as it shot out the reservoir of sperm generated in the last hour. Her pussy had a mind of its own as it contracted each time my head expanded to expel its payload.

The side of her face was pressed against mine. Hot air bathed my neck as she fought to catch her breath. When her orgasm concluded, she lowered herself and kept my prick buried in her saturated muff. I soothingly stroked her back as her body relaxed.

Her lips locked onto my neck. Inhaling deeply, she released her mouth and said, "Still smells like my son. I guess I fucked the right person."

We both laughed as we recovered from our intense, illicit copulation. Her heart rate lowered as she rested her soft body on mine. A warm, soothing wave of contentment flowed through me and I knew exactly what I desired for my future.

We had bonded and were closer than ever before. We opened up and talked about our innermost feelings. After talking for thirty minutes, I had one lingering item to discuss.

"Mom. We've been sexually attracted to each other for several years. Why did you wait so long to admit your love?"

"That's an easy one to answer. As your mother, I wanted to do what's best for you. How much time would you have spent studying in college if you were fucking your mother morning and night?"

I laughed as I knew she was right. "We're going to make up for it now."

After cuddling for another hour we rose to eat.

Hungry from our workout we didn't change out of our robes as we prepared breakfast together. When almost finished Mom said, "Sit, I'll bring it over."

Fine with me. I was able to ogle her bare legs as she walked around the kitchen. My mind drifted to the day I brought in the sacks from the grocery store. Suddenly Mom said, "Eat, Alex. It's going to get cold."

Jolted from my memories, I was surprised to see Mom sitting at the table and our food served. She remarked, "What was your daydream about? You were lost in thought."

I chuckled as I relayed, "I was thinking of the time I brought in the groceries and you were stretching to put away the cereal box. Your legs were so sexy. I was on my way to press against your ass when you stopped and turned around."

She smiled and said, "Guess what? I wasn't wearing panties."

"Seriously?" I surprisingly asked.

"Not only that. I was ready to bend over the counter and let you ram your prick up my pussy. I was so horny I didn't care if Monica was in the house or not. Your books revved up my engine."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Mom sure played it cool through our courtship.

"How about the morning I proved how I could carry you?" I knew she was braless when my fingertips dug into her meaty breast.

"No panties. Wet. Ready to fuck. It's funny how you gave up so easily. It took my best toy to satisfy myself after you left."

"I had to do the same thing in my room. I bet we came together with the same fresh memories." We chuckled as we thought back to that morning.

Thinking of one more time I asked, "And the night I carried you to bed when you were sound asleep."

"As you know, since you removed my robe I was wearing undies. Even though I never took any sleeping pills I would've faked it if you would have removed the rest of my clothes and made love to me. Of course, I was prepared to suddenly wake up to scream when my orgasm hit."

I had never envisioned Mom as such a sensual and sexy woman. Thinking it was impossible to fall more in love with my mother, I was wrong. I would do anything for her.

After we cleared the dishes, Mom turned to me and asked, "What's next?"

"Right now I want you to follow me to my room."

Mom's eyes twinkled as she said, "You are certainly one horny boy."

I replied, "Get your mind out of the gutter, Mom. I want to talk to you about something else."

She feigned disappointment before a wide smile appeared. I led her to my room and had her sit on my bed.

"Don't say anything until I'm finished," I said as I pulled a drawer out of my dresser. Setting it on the floor I pulled out the others and stacked them on top of each other. Once finished I stood at the edge of the dresser furthest from the door.

Even though we had made love and our relationship had changed, my voice cracked with nervousness as I spoke. "Mom, I know our sex has been great and if you want to maintain our current relationship as a mother and son with benefits, it's fine by me." Her smile widened making me feel better. She remained still, knowing I wasn't finished.

"When I moved back home, my intention was to never leave again. No one else makes me as happy as you do. I want to be with you all the time as your lover and companion. I want to go to bed with you by my side and wake up every morning to see your beautiful face. I love you so much. If you share those same feelings, help me move my dresser into your bedroom. If not, we can ..."

There was no need to finish. Mom jumped up from my bed, grabbed the top on the other side of me, and tipped it over so we could move it. After relocating my clothes dresser, I moved the drawers over and

Mom cleared an area in her closet for my hanging clothes. After an hour all my belongings were transferred into our master bedroom.

We worked up a sweat and I was going to mention a shower when panic set in. "Mom, when I took Monica home yesterday, she said she was going to call you and see if she could move back in temporarily. It might be awkward to explain our new living situation."

"I know. She called this morning during our session. We had a great talk and I've convinced her to move back in with us. And it won't be temporary when she finds out the benefits of a loving family."

"Wow! I'm not sure if she's on board with incest. Even with all her flirting, she passed up a chance to be with me when we were at her place."

"Alex, I know her better than anyone. You do realize she's not only my sister but a daughter too. We have no secrets. She's relied on my hand-me-down toys for several years now. She yearns for a physical relationship and the way she looks and acts around you, she is more than ready to accept you as a lover. As far as not initiating intimacy, she's a lot like her mother and is waiting for you."

Mom surprised me again with her intricate planning. She must have planned to have Monica included since the beginning of her scheming.

"How are we going to break it to her?"

"Let your mother worry about that. Go get your books and bring them back here. I have a plan."

When I returned with my collection, Mom was sitting cross-legged in the middle of the bed. The top sheets had been thrown off. She told me she needed to change them from the soiled mess we made earlier.

Handing her my porn material, she kept three and passed the others back to me.

"Go through your books and retag only the aunt-nephew stories. I'll mark the hot brother-sister ones in these books. We'll stage these in a place where she'll read them. She can't resist a book and she will be screaming for sex after reading these."

"Mom, do you actually think she'll get excited from them? I figured porn was more of a guy thing."

"Silly you. Women get turned on as much if not more when reading good erotica. Now quit trying to second-guess me and tag those stories." Her sexy smirk was the only motivation I needed.

Having read most of the stories several times, I quickly marked three or four of the best stories in each book. When I looked up, Mom was still reviewing the second book. Halfway through, she set it down, reached over to her end table, and pulled out a pair of eyeglasses.

As she put them on she said, "This will help speed up the process."

They were the same style as Monica's and had the same effect. My cock was waking up as I stared at my sexy mom. When she finished marking the last story, she looked at me as she picked up the final book. Seeing me staring, she asked, "What's with you? You're looking at me like it's the first time you've seen me."

"Can't help it, Mom. It's the glasses. Monica wears the same style. For whatever reason, they turn me on. They enhance your beautiful eyes."

"Of course they're identical. We bought them at the same time. Quite a deal too, mainly because we take the same size and lens strength. So they get you going, do they? Should I dress up as a nurse? Or a schoolteacher? Who in your life wears glasses like this?"

"I can't think of anyone besides you and Monica. You both look extremely hot with them."

My prick stiffened and my bloated head peeked out from the split in my robe. Mom was deep in thought and suddenly, her expression turned to excitement. "I got it. I know who it is."

She pulled her glasses to the end of her nose and looked over the top of them. Her voice was husky and professional sounding. "As your therapist, I need to see your problem first-hand to make a proper diagnosis."

Damn, she knew my stories better than I did. My prick came to full hardness. Tearing off my robe, I walked over to the bed with my hard cock bobbing.

Mom licked her lips and her eyes became wider as she performed her part. Looking at my erection, she observed, "I see your dilemma. You're lucky you requested my services. It so happens my specialty addresses your particular predicament. This looks like an advanced case of Horny Son Syndrome. I know the cure."

Untying her robe, she parted it to the sides and stretched out on the bed, spreading her legs wide. Lifting her head to lock eyes with me, she looked through her glasses and said, "Young Man, fuck your mother!"

Needing no more encouragement, I crawled between her long legs and unceremoniously sunk my hard prick to the bottom of her soaked quim. Her slot was slippery and gave no resistance to my enlarged shaft. Lowering to her body, I cupped and squeezed one breast while I nursed on the other. I pounded her pussy as fast as I could. This wasn't love-making, this was raunchy, hard-core fucking.

She grunted and gasped each time my fat head hit the back of her snapping snatch. I wasn't going to last long and could only hope Mom would orgasm with me. Releasing her nipple, I moved higher to kiss her. Her glasses hit my face and she raised her hand to remove them. Intercepting her arm, I held her at bay. She understood and moved her arm to my back to pull me in tight.

She released my mouth and panted as I pumped my shaft in and out. Moving her mouth closer to my ear, she whispered, "Fuck me hard,

Baby. Don't hold back. Your prick feels bigger than ever. And the answer is yes. Yes, I will."

My balls were filling and I was building faster than normal. Her last words piqued my interest. "Yes, you will what, Mom?"

Her hands lowered to my ass and pulled me into her throbbing glove. Her pelvis humped up adding to my excitement. Breathing deeply she continued, "Your speech sounded like a marriage proposal to me. Yes, I will marry you. I will be your lover, mother, and wife. Sink your hard cock to the bottom. Fill your wife with your hot sperm and make me yours."

Her words sent a shock wave of pleasure to my balls. A load of cum flowed up my shaft. Moving my lips back to hers, I stared into her wide eyes as my prick exploded. My cock pulsed and jerked as it spewed out its precious batter. Her saturated pussy overflowed from the abundance of fluids we had generated. My hips slammed into her with each gut-wrenching explosion.

Fully drained, I remained buried in Mom's warm cavern while we rested. We lightly kissed, and I backed off to admire her beautiful face. Her look of contentment produced a calming effect through me I couldn't explain. Pulling my soft cock out, I melded with Mom as we recovered from our sexual high.

"Jesus, Mom. You're so hot. I can't wait to re-enact the other stories. I'm glad you actually read my books."

"Alex, I love to read as much as your sister. For the last several years while you were attending school, Monica spent a lot of her free time with me. Some nights we'd sit and read without any other distractions. Neither one of us can resist a good book."

Realizing Mom hadn't climaxed, a wave of guilt and selfishness flowed through me. "I'm sorry. You didn't have an orgasm, did you? You got me so excited when you said you'd be my wife I lost it. Let me make it up to you."

"No. It isn't necessary. Let me enlighten you a little about women. We don't have to climax every time. When I see the thrill and excitement on your face when your prick explodes inside of me, I get a warm feeling of satisfaction. Naturally, I cherish a good orgasm at times too."

Still exuberant from Mom's acceptance to be my wife, I asked, "Mom, you don't know how long I've craved your companionship and how I secretly wished we could live as husband and wife. You were so quick to understand. Did you know how I felt?"

Mom knowingly smirked, "I knew and also how long it's been. Well over two years. You came home whenever you could and never went out with anyone but me. The way you looked at me and treated me, it was obvious you were falling in love. I had the same feelings and I wanted to tell you, but I wanted you to finish school first. Six months ago I made our honeymoon reservations for next week."

She added, "Unfortunately, we don't have time to continue with your sister coming over in a few hours. Take your shower while I finish the last book. I want you to conserve your strength so you can properly service my daughter."

I rose and stood at the end of the bed. Unwilling to leave, I admired my mother's beautiful body. My thick, white cum oozed out of her hairy pussy. Her nipples were puffy and stiff, perched on top of those perfect breasts.

Mom professing her long-time love for me and the sight of her body was having an effect on me. I've never recovered so fast, but I've never been with a woman as desirable as Mom. Holding her ankles, I pulled her back until her pussy was at the edge of the bed.

Mom bleated, "Weeee! Thanks for the assist but I could have gotten up myself."

Before she could stand, I raised one of her ankles to my shoulder. Her eyes became wider as she looked over the top of her eyeglasses and stared in awe at my rising cock.

"Alex, you should save your strength for later. We'll do more tonight. I can wait."

Grabbing her other ankle, I lifted her other leg and positioned it.

She whimpered, "We don't have time. Monica will be here soon." She made no attempt to extricate herself as I stroked the lengths of her luscious legs. She tossed her head back and stared at the ceiling. Her smile and lustful expression caused my prick to fully harden. I moved close enough to lodge my head at her oily entrance.

Cupping her buns and lifting her pelvis, I thrust hard to the bottom of her vagina. She screamed and her glasses almost flew off from the force of my hammering ram.

"Hang on to something, Mom. You're in for a ride." Her hands firmly clenched the sheet.

I thrust in several times as hard as the first one. Her tits lewdly bounced as I pummeled her thrashing body.

Her breathing rate increased rapidly as I fucked her fast and hard. "Monica won't be here for three hours and I'll still be fucking you when she arrives if you still haven't come. One of your lady friends came by this morning and made me promise to satisfy my mom's horny pussy. I'm going to fulfill my commitment."

Mom groaned and croaked, "Wise woman. Do as she says. I've never been fucked in this position. I couldn't have imagined it would be so wonderful. I have no control and yet, I feel so much pleasure."

Moving my hands to the front of her thighs, I pulled her tight each time I bottomed out. Her tits were rapidly rising and falling while she

groaned and whimpered. Every half dozen strokes I'd change the angle and watch her face in an attempt to find the most enjoyable position.

Her pussy was leaking and oiling my drilling machine as her excitement level rose. Feeling my head scrap against a rough patch on her velvet wall, I concentrated on that area. Her pussy tightened, and I stroked faster knowing I hit an erogenous zone.

She screeched, "Fuck! You're hitting my G-spot. I'm coming and can't stop. I've never felt anything like it. Keep pounding me."

I wasn't about to stop as I relentlessly slammed my rock-hard prick through her folds. Her pussy clenched in orgasm as she gasped and screamed. Her body shook and her mouth was wide open, her eyes filled with sheer ecstasy.

Gliding my rod across her inflamed flesh, a hard nub scraped against the top of my prick. Her clit had emerged and was fully engorged. She screamed louder and her pussy clasped tighter as I ran my hard shaft across her pearl and G-spot. I wasn't sure how many orgasms she could have without passing out, but I wasn't going to stop now. Her head was thrashing as she continuously climaxed.

Watching her writhe around on my cock was bringing me up fast. Her milking pussy was squeezing and massaging my prick in an attempt to coax my cock to explode. I knew I would soon succumb to my mother's body. "Mom, I love fucking you. You have a horny pussy. You know the prescription, don't you?"

She couldn't answer as she was groaning and moaning while her body convulsed in orgasm.

"Mom, fuck your son! Shove your horny pussy back on your boy's fat cock. Show me how a woman fucks her husband!"

Her hips slammed upward to meet my thrusts so hard I thought I might dislodge. I moved my hands from her thighs to her ass again and helped her smash her pelvis into mine. Her snapping pussy released hot goo and coated my prick with so much juice it flowed out and down her crack.

Feeling my balls tingle, I screamed, "Mom, twist your nipples."

Her hands immediately flew to her hard tips and turned her knobs. She came again.

"Harder, Mom. Pull them and get ready for your son to come in your hungry pussy. Here it comes, Mommy!"

She pulled her nipples up, arched her back, and frantically bucked her pelvis. It was like riding a bronc. My cock swelled, causing even more friction against her sensitive spots causing her pussy to explode with an intense orgasm. My bloated head expanded and sent shock waves of pleasure through my system. My prick lurched and bulged as I experienced the biggest orgasm ever.

My balls, unaware my reservoir was drained, continued to spasm. Each time my shaft jerked, my mom's walls squeezed tight and released more cum.

Her pussy continued to contract after my prick ceased jerking. After several more squeezes, she gasped and breathed in deeply. Feeling her body relax, I lowered her ass back to the bed. Her breasts were heaving so rapidly she couldn't breathe to speak as she recovered from our blissful union.

After a minute, I pulled my cum-coated cock out of her drenched pussy. She sat up and immediately wrapped her mouth around my softening tool, cleaning off our combined fluids. When finished, she pulled back and rose. Hugging me tightly, her lips found mine, and our eyes locked together.

The eyeglasses had gotten discarded at some point when she was thrashing, but I didn't care. We were kissing and connecting after our intense coupling.

When her breathing returned to normal, she said, "I've never had so many orgasms in a row. It was like I had no control. My pussy kept coming on your magnificent cock. I couldn't have stopped it if I wanted to. You are such a good lover."

"Thanks, Mom. It was the hardest I've come, too. Your body drives me insane along with the taboo of fucking my mother."

We kissed before I dashed off to wash the sweat and cum off my body.

When Mom emerged from her shower, she prepared us lunch. Knowing Monica wouldn't arrive for a couple more hours we went for a walk after we ate. When we got back, Monica's car was already in the drive. She was early. Mom gleefully ran into the house to meet her.

They were on the couch chatting when I entered. They acted like they'd been apart for months instead of a day. Not wanting to interrupt them, I hauled in my aunt's suitcases.

Monica excused herself to go unpack when she saw me carry in the last two bags. While she was busy in her room, Mom ordered, "Get the chips and cards. It's time for the game to begin."

Monica spent another fifteen minutes putting away her things. She sauntered out and immediately spotted the piles of chips. She cheerfully chirped, "Are we going to play poker again?"

Mom answered, "Yes. Same as before so if you need to change to something more appropriate, do it now."

Monica hesitated as if she were evaluating what she put on this morning, turned and ducked into her room. Mom said, "I left some underwear for you in your top dresser drawer."

Removing my shoes and socks, I stripped off my pants and underwear before I opened my dresser and pulled out the shorts Mom wanted me to wear. Sliding them on, I grinned at Mom's devious plan. They were thin and tight. My cock and balls were visible under the thin silky material. Slipping my pants back on, I went back out.

Monica strolled out wearing a longer skirt. I had no idea why she thought it was necessary to change her skirt when it was going to be removed anyway. We all sat cross-legged as I dealt the first hand. The game went much quicker this time. Mom's betting was more aggressive, and Monica soon followed Mom's lead.

When it came to Mom's second piece, she removed her skirt this time instead of using her trick from last time. My eyes kept traveling up her long legs to her puffed out silk panties. My diverted attention made me lose my pants. Standing up, I unbuckled and slid my jeans off. Monica gasped when she saw my hardening shaft under the thin material.

My aunt was the last person to lose her second piece. Learning from Mom, she reached under her long skirt and returned with a pair of panties. She smiled at Mom, demonstrating how well she learned the game.

Mom mischievously grinned back. "We finished much quicker than last time. I think we should continue playing. I don't want anyone to be

embarrassed so the losing person can participate in an activity with the other player, rather than losing an item of clothing. If someone decides to remove a piece, we'll play one more round and quit."

Monica understandably looked confused. "How will that work?"

"Let me provide an example. Let's say I win and you lose. I would give you the option of removing an item or allow Alex to give you a shoulder massage. Something simple and harmless."

Monica smiled and replied, "Sounds fun. I'm game."

"Me too," I chimed.

It was hard to concentrate with two beautiful, scantily-clad women on display. Mom's bare legs were a constant distraction but I managed to come in second with Mom winning the first game. It was her plan so I thought she'd want to win the first hand.

Monica looked eager to hear Mom's directive. Mom giggled and declared, "Okay, lose a piece of clothing or let Alex rub your stomach like a watermelon."

We all laughed as we used to do this as children. Monica unfolded her legs and lay flat on her back. Moving closer, I placed my hands on her bare waist. She yelped and pulled my hands away. "Your hands are too cold. Warm them up."

Mom swiftly scooted over and kneeled above Monica's head. She grabbed my aunt's hands and pulled her arms up and sat on them. "I guess I forgot to explain. Interference is not allowed. I'll have to secure you until Alex is finished."

My hands returned and goosebumps appeared on her smooth skin either from the cold or the fact I was caressing her flesh. I rubbed her belly in circles as if it was a melon before exploring up to her rib cage. My eyes were locked onto her heaving, perky tits. My prick was getting harder and was dangerously close to peeking out the top.

If not for Mom telling me my time was up, I would have been content to keep going for much longer. After we reset, I quickly acquired all of Mom's chips.

It was an easy decision as I admired Mom's body. "Mom, remove something, or allow your daughter to caress your legs."

Mom immediately went flat and stretched out. Monica wasted no time, running her petite hands over Mom's calves. When Mom giggled, I moved over and kneeled on her arms as she had done to my aunt. Monica continued stroking higher and her eyes switched from Mom's panties to my thinly-covered cock. When her hands neared Mom's crotch, Mom spread her legs which caused some pubic hairs to poke out from her undies.

Monica's breathing was rapid and short. Impatient to keep the game progressing, I halted this round. "That's enough, Sis."

Her hands squeezed Mom's upper thigh several more times before releasing her.

Everyone returned to their starting positions. It was time to let Monica win and time for me to lose. Monica grinned, unsure of what to pick. Unable to think of a new activity she ordered, "I think a repeat would be appropriate. Allow your mother to massage your legs."

Following the established routine, Monica secured my arms after I fell flat on my back. Mom wasted no time stroking my legs. Kneading my thighs caused my bloated head to peek above my shorts. Monica squirmed on my arms and gasped as her eyes locked onto my exposed tip.

"Enough," Monica stuttered, having trouble speaking from her excited state. She either wanted the game to proceed faster or she wanted someone paying attention to her body.

Monica wildly bet and lost within five minutes. Fortunately, I was able to lose enough chips for Mom to declare her the winner. My aunt's elated face couldn't hide her sexual excitement. She couldn't wait for someone to use her as a reward.

Mom looked at me and then Monica before announcing her decision. "Okay, remove a piece or kiss your brother."

There was no hesitation as Monica moved close and pecked my lips with hers. Mom disapprovingly sighed. "No, I meant a real kiss. Get closer to him and wrap your arms around him."

Keeping her body away from mine, she obeyed. Mom moved behind me and gripped Monica's elbows and pulled my aunt's body to mine. Her bra poked into my chest as our bodies smashed together. Monica shrieked at the sudden contact.

Mom continued, "Now, kiss him like a woman would, not a sister."

Her lips met mine and we kissed more intensely. Mom piped, "Better. Alex, hold your sister's head and show her how a man returns a kiss."

My fingers ran through her scalp and pulled her head tight to mine. Opening my mouth, I swirled my tongue across her lips. Her mouth opened and our tongues danced with each other. Her arms wrapped tighter around my back without Mom's assistance. She pulled me closer, smashing my stiff prick into her soft stomach.

Monica remained sealed to me after Mom declared us done. Removing Monica's arms from my back, Mom pulled me away from my clinging aunt and said, "Enough, lovebirds."

Monica's bra was still heaving after we assumed our positions for the next round. It was her time to win with Mom losing. She was eager to repay Mom. "Okay, remove something or kiss your son. And no namby

pamby kiss either." She giggled in anticipation of watching mother and son kiss.

Mom hesitated before replying, "I'm not intimately kissing my son." Reaching behind, she unclasped her bra and quickly shucked it to the floor. Her meaty breasts were on full display. Her brown tips were hard and pointy. Taken aback from Mom's surprise move, Monica was speechless as she stared at Mom's bountiful bosom.

The silence was broken when my aunt let out a wolf-whistle. Mom laughed and scornfully looked squarely at Monica. "A well-mannered daughter doesn't catcall her mother."

Monica grinned and replied, "Maybe not, but a bratty sister might, so there is that."

Mom's breasts sexily jiggled as she turned her attention away from Monica. "Since I lost another piece of clothing, the rules are that we play one final game."

My eyes locked onto Mom's tits proved to be distracting but I knew for the final round Mom would want to win with Monica being the loser. It didn't take long to end the game.

Mom looked at Monica up and down before ordering, "For the game's finality, either remove a piece or allow your brother to massage your legs."

It seemed pretty low-key and my aunt must have agreed as she quickly assumed the position with Mom securing her arms. Monica's face turned to admire the bottoms of Mom's rounded breasts. My hands slid higher on my aunt's thin, smooth legs. Pushing her skirt up as I ventured higher, I lingered on her firm thighs. Squeezing and kneading her pale flesh, I couldn't help myself as I leaned over and kissed her leg.

She moaned as I sucked and licked her succulent thigh meat. Her scent was strong and now I realized why Mom chose this activity. Thinking she had outwitted us, Monica had removed her panties. Her bare pussy was inches away from my face and it was clearly aroused. Moving her skirt higher, I sucked my way closer to her treasure.

Monica finally realized her pussy was about to be exposed and cried, "No. He has to stop. I don't have any panties on. You can't expect my brother to see my privates. Mom, please?"

I halted progress as I waited for Mom's response. Mom finally answered, "She's right. That might not be appropriate. Put her skirt back in place and I'll choose another activity."

Damn, so close to seeing my aunt's snatch. I reluctantly backed off and obeyed Mom. Monica sighed in relief when she was covered again.

Mom's legs continued to restrain my aunt as she reached down to Monica's ribcage. "You didn't object to your brother seeing his mother's bare tits so I guess this wouldn't be out of bounds." She grabbed Monica's bra and pulled it up and off her perky breasts. Her tips were bright pink and as hard as Mom's brown nubs.

She shrieked at her sudden exposure. "That's not nice, Mom. Although I guess it's the same as removing an item of clothing. I guess we're done now. You can let go of me now. I think I've endured enough embarrassment for one day."

Mom remained on Monica's arms. "Not yet. The activity was for your brother to massage you. You interrupted him so he still gets to finish."

Mom looked at me before shifting her eyes to Monica's bare breasts. Monica's eyes widened as I leaned over her body and lowered my face to her luscious mounds. Cupping and kneading one of them, I latched onto the nipple of the other. She wiggled and weakly fought in an attempt to free her arms. I feasted on her firm, mouth-sized breasts as she shrieked with pleasure. Pressing my covered prick into her soft stomach, I relentlessly mauled her sensitive tits.

Far too soon, Mom said, "Game's over, Kids. I think we went out of bounds a little. I'm sorry I let it go so far. I should have ended it earlier."

Backing off, I admired Monica's breasts rapidly heaving. Her eyes were locked onto my groin. Looking down, I noticed my prick had managed to pop his entire head out of my tight underwear. Mom rose and said, "Monica, go shower and we'll watch some TV."

My aunt blushed as she scampered off to her room. It wasn't long before we heard a scream along with the loud sound of water splashing in her tub. Mom and I knowingly smiled at each other and Monica soon appeared, dressed in her robe. "Mom, my showerhead is missing."

Mom replied, "Sorry. I forgot to tell you. Use mine."

Once we heard Mom's shower running, Mom ran to her bedroom. She emerged with our robes and three of my books. "I placed the three brother-sister books on my end table. Put the aunt-nephew ones on her dresser so she'll see them when she goes to her room. She's probably already primed and ready for some family love, but these will seal it."

Placing the books in a conspicuous spot, I found her eyeglasses and placed them beside the stack. Returning to the living room, Mom was in the process of removing her panties. Her hairy pussy caused my prick to become painfully hard. I shoved my underwear below my balls, freeing my stiff cock.

Mom smiled at my flagpole and said, "Take off your underwear and put on your robe. It won't be long now." Mom threw her robe on and assumed her spot on the couch.

Mom's hand stroked my leg while we waited. Monica's shower stopped and fifteen minutes later my red-faced aunt emerged and retreated to her room. Mom grinned wide. "She read them. Did you see how flushed she was? Patience, Dear."

Mom's hand moved from my leg and ventured into my robe. Finding my hard cock, she gently stroked it. "It looks like you're looking forward to helping your sister in her time of need."

Slipping my hand into her robe, I slid my fingers through her mound. "You know how a hairy pussy affects a son. You are the cause of my condition. If she doesn't come out soon, she's going to witness a son fucking his horny mother."

"Give her a few more minutes to read the other stories. If she stays too long, we'll know she's taking matters into her own hands. I'm hoping she'll realize the real thing out here will be more pleasurable than her toys. If not, I'll be more than happy to slide my pussy down your prick and take care of it. It's my motherly duty."

We removed our hands when we heard the doorknob turn. Still blushing, Monica strolled in and my prick jerked when I saw her. Her sexy body was clad in the thin, blue nightie I saw at her apartment. Her tits and a thin, trimmed patch of pussy hair was clearly visible underneath. Mom called it right, she was primed for a good fucking.

Mom stood and appraised her daughter before she angrily chastised, "Seriously? Is that any way to dress around your brother. You should be ashamed of yourself, young lady."

Monica shifted one leg across the other and quietly replied, "Please, Mommy. Don't spank me. I can go change if you want."

Her begging tone didn't fool Mom. Almost running to the kitchen, she pulled out two chairs and ordered, "Alex, sit. Your sister needs another lesson on how to dress appropriately around her brother."

Monica didn't wait for Mom to command her. She skipped over and bent over in position. Mom moved the other chair in front of Monica and held her arms. "I don't want you interfering with your brother this time. Take your punishment like a woman."

My hand smacked on her behind, resulting in a loud shriek. After two more smacks, I pulled her nightie up to expose her bare ass.

Smack! Smack! Her soft buns jiggled each time I made contact. Her fake pleading and whimpering didn't fool anyone. She was loving the attention.

Her silk-clad body slid on my robe as I continued slapping her firm buttocks.

Mom interjected, "Stop for a minute. Her nightie is too nice to ruin. It doesn't deserve to be punished, only my daughter."

She grabbed the bottom of Monica's negligee and pulled it off her body. Mom continued, "Alex, your robe is too rough for her smooth skin. Open it so she's resting on your bare legs."

Monica's panting prevented her from responding as I opened and shoved my robe off my shoulders. Her nude body was resting on my legs and smashed against my rock-hard cock.

Smack! Continuing with her punishment, I slapped her several more times. The side of her waist was smeared with pre-cum from my leaking prick as her body moved back and forth. I stopped spanking. "Mom, her body is sliding. Hold her shoulders."

Mom untied her belt and placed Monica's hands on her thighs before reaching out to hold my aunt's shoulders.

"Perfect, Mom. I can help hold her in place too." My free hand went under her body and grabbed onto one of her hanging tits. She groaned and wailed when my hand made contact again. She wiggled her hips and her buns clenched tight in anticipation of the next slap. Her fingers dug into Mom's soft flesh as her eyes locked onto Mom's hairy pussy.

I kneaded and mauled her sensitive breasts as we continued pleasuring her young body. Her buns were glowing red when I decided she had enough and my prick was demanding we proceed.

Sensing I was finished, Mom scooted her chair closer. Monica rested her face on Mom's fleshy thighs, inches away from her aroused pussy. I gently stroked my aunt's sore buns and ventured to the backs of her thighs before returning to her cheeks.

Mom asked, "Should I get some cream for her?"

Monica screeched, "No, it's fine. Stay here." She opened her mouth and sucked in a hunk of flesh. It was Mom's turn to groan as Monica feasted on her succulent, thigh meat.

Running my hand down her ass crack, Monica opened her legs. It was clear she wanted more than her sore buns caressed. Deeper into her crevice my exploring fingers ventured until they ran across her slippery slit. She groaned as I massaged her outer lips. Her sucking noises became louder as I stimulated her sensitive pussy.

Inserting a finger caused her to yelp as I sunk deep. Pulling out, I jammed it in again. Her breast heaved in my hand as she rapidly tried to inhale air. Sticking another finger in, I continued to stimulate her. When she adjusted to my intruding digits, my third finger joined in to heighten her pleasure. I rapidly stroked in and out of her trembling slot while continuing to squeeze her tit with my other hand.

Her hips humped, and her mouth locked onto Mom's thigh. She was ready to release. Twisting her nipple with one hand and thrusting deep with the other, I smashed her swollen clit with my pinkie knuckle. Her mouth released Mom's flesh as she screamed, "Fuck! I'm coming hard!"

Her pussy clenched tight on my fingers as I continued my assault. Hot juice flowed out of her box as she worked through her orgasm. When she quit spasming, I pulled my fingers out and caressed her buns using her pussy juice as oil. She turned her head to the side and rested it on top of Mom's thighs.

She uttered, "It's been ages since I've had such an intense orgasm. I'm not sure if it was from Alex's fingers or your strong scent."

"You like the smell of your mother's pussy? You are such a nasty girl. Would you like to taste it, too?"

"Yes. Please, Mommy."

Mom rose and commanded, "Alex, carry your sister into our room. She's been good and deserves a reward." With one hand firmly holding Monica's tit, my other hand ran through her slippery slit and ended on her thin patch of pussy hair. Spreading my fingers out and poking my thumb in her pussy gave me enough of a grip to lift her.

She groaned as her excitement grew from the attention her pussy and breast were receiving. Holding her close to my upper body, my stiff prick was horizontal and led the way as I carried her to our room. It didn't take long for her hand to seek out and wrap around my cock.

After stroking me several times, she squeezed my spongy head. "So damn big. This would split me in half," she giggled.

Mom was already in position when we arrived. Her legs were spread, and her glistening pussy and lustful face gave away her excited state. I lowered Monica between Mom's legs, and she immediately plastered her face onto Mom's juicy slot. Once she was licking and slurping on Mom's pussy, I positioned myself behind my aunt. Her attention was solely on pleasing Mom.

Stroking her firm, lily-white thighs, I eased her legs apart. When her cute pussy came into view, my anxious prick jerked. Moving close, I

held my shaft at the base and ran my bloated head through her juicy slit. Her pussy lips were engorged and slick with her juices. Once my prick was coated with her slippery cum, I pushed my tip an inch into her tight slot.

She grunted from my intrusion and increased her assault on Mom's pussy. I slowly pushed in a few more inches before retreating to her entrance. Short-stroking her, I cautiously advanced until her cavity opened wide enough to accept my girth. Her pussy walls were slick and smooth as my cock split apart her velvety folds.

Holding onto my aunt's firm buns, I pushed deeper into her cleft. She was tighter than Mom and I took my time to push through her resistance to lessen any discomfort. Her breathing was rapid, and her groaning increased as her pussy filled with hard man-flesh. She let out a loud guttural sound as her channel grudgingly expanded to accept my manhood.

My balls hit her mound as I finally hit bottom. Pulling out halfway, I quickly pushed back in. Her pussy released more juices, enabling my prick to slide faster in and out. Pulling out to her entrance, I thrust hard into her, knocking her off Mom's pussy.

She gasped for air and screamed, "Your prick feels so hard. I've never been so full. Fuck me hard, Little Brother." Her mouth found Mom's pussy again as she resumed tongue-fucking her.

Increasing my pace, I fucked her fast and furious. Her body bounced around as I pummeled her horny snatch. I wasn't going to last much longer with the friction from her clenching pussy.

"Damn, Sis. Your pussy is so tight and juicy. My prick can barely plow to the bottom. I love fucking my hot sister." My hands moved higher and dug into her narrow waist. Holding her firmly, I rammed her slippery slot.

Locking eyes with Mom, I could see she was close to her orgasm. Her breasts heaved from her rapid breathing. "Fuck my daughter good. She deserves a big cock filling her pussy with hot sperm. Pump her full!"

Monica's excitement elevated from hearing Mom's talk and latched onto Mom's sensitive clit. Mom screamed, "Suck my pussy. I'm climaxing from your nasty mouth. It feels so wrong and yet so right."

Mom's quim clinched and erupted with slick cum. Monica lapped up the flowing juices through Mom's contractions. When finished, she rested her head on Mom's smooth stomach. Mom's hands held her firm as she ran her fingers through my aunt's silky hair.

"You're such a good daughter, bringing your mother to an orgasm. Concentrate on your brother. He's going blow his load any second now, and from experience, I can tell you it'll be your best climax ever."

When Monica heard verification Mom was indeed fucking her son, her pussy shook with a mini-orgasm. She wiggled and humped her hips

back to meet my thrusts. My cock enlarged even bigger in preparation for my own orgasm. My prick scraped against her walls as I buried my shaft to the hilt.

My balls tightened, and my prick grew in size as I neared ejaculation. Before my cock erupted, my aunt's pussy contracted tightly. She came harder than before and caused my prick to pulse out its payload deep inside her. She screamed when my hot sperm coated her insides. Her pussy clenched each time I deposited a spurt of cum.

Her soft vise continued to milk my prick after I had emptied my load into her depths. Her snatch squished from being full of cum from our orgasms. As soon as I pulled my softening cock out, she lowered her spent body and rested her head between Mom's mounds.

Lying on my side beside the joined, sexy sisters, I ran my hand over Monica's back. Mom turned her head and kissed me gently.

Monica looked up to see us and asked, "So how long have you two been fucking? And why didn't you include me?"

Mom answered, "Not long. And you're actually the first person to introduce our family to incest."

"Me? What do you mean?"

Mom replied, "His first sex with a family member was when you gave him a blow-job on his birthday."

Monica gleefully shrieked. "That wasn't a dream? I've fantasized about it so often I thought I had imagined it. Too bad I wasn't conscious to enjoy it."

They rambled while I rested and caressed my aunt's sweaty body. My hands ventured lower to her firm buns. Squeezing and massaging her meaty globes brought out a moan from her.

"I hope I gave my brother a proper blow-job for his birthday. If not, I can make it up to you."

Before I could answer, Mom said, "You did fine. He told me you even swallowed his load like a slutty sister should. And that reminds me. You have something I want."

"What is it? You know you only have to ask," replied my aunt.

"His latest batch of sperm. I crave the taste of my boy's batter. Bring your horny pussy here and I'll suck his cum out of you."

She eagerly complied with Mom's request. Straddling Mom's body facing her feet, she moved back to Mom's face.

Mom reached up and grabbed Monica's buns and spread them open to reveal her cum-filled slot. "You have such a pretty pussy and it's so full it's oozing. I've always been a believer a mother has to clean up after her children."

Pulling Monica's pussy to her face, Mom licked and sucked my aunt's cavity. Monica held onto Mom's ribcage and moaned from the erotic tongue fucking. My hands were now free to roam over Mom's exposed body. Leaning over, I sucked in a hard nipple while my hand massaged her other breast. Her chest heaved as her excitement elevated.

Monica watched me fondle my mother while groaning from the attention to her pussy. Continuing to suck Mom's tit, my hand ventured lower and ran through Mom's hairy cleft. Her slot was slick with her juices. She spread her legs hoping to encourage her son to service her horny pussy.

Getting up, I knelt between Mom's outstretched legs and moved close to her groin. Leaning forward, I wrapped my arms around Monica and kissed her. Our tongues tangoed as we connected. Pulling back, I kneaded and played with Mom's meaty mounds. Monica looked at my groping hands and with envy said, "Mom has great tits, doesn't she? I wish mine were bigger."

Moving my hands to Monica's smaller but firmer mounds, I gripped her nipples and lightly twisted them causing her to groan. "Nonsense. Your tits are perfect as is the rest of your body."

Seeing my soft cock resting on Mom's hairy pussy she reached down and held it. "Shouldn't you be putting this to use. The way Mom is feasting on my pussy I think she deserves her son's prick."

Her caressing hand affected me as I slowly recovered. Sensing I was taking too long to harden Mom reached over and grabbed her eyeglasses. Monica looked puzzled when Mom handed them to her. A muffled voice screeched out from below Monica's pussy. "Wear them!"

Monica slid them on and still looked confused when she looked at me. Her enlarged, beautiful eyes had the desired effect as my cock filled with blood and lurched with hardness. She laughed when her hand filled with hard prick. "Well, isn't that magical? I'm going to wear these a lot more often."

Grabbing a pillow, I slid it under Mom's ass to elevate her mound. Monica stuck her fingers in Mom's leaking puss and coated my cock with slick pussy juice. Firmly gripping my prick behind my fat, flared head she begged, "Let me put it in. Please, Little Brother?" My smile answered her request.

Her hand guided my tip through Mom's gash. Monica groaned as Mom intensified her attack. Bringing my bloated head to the top of Mom's slot, she rubbed it around Mom's covered clit. Mom must have concentrated on my aunt's pearl at the same time from the way she moaned and moved her hips. After teasing each other for several minutes, Monica pulled me into Mom's begging box.

Releasing her hand, she wrapped her arms around me and cried, "Kiss me as your cock enters our mother."

Our lips met and our tongues explored each other's mouths. With our eyes locked, my prick sunk into Mom's depths. Monica's pussy was tighter but Mom knew how to please her son. Her walls vibrated and massaged my prick as I slid in deep. Monica's breathing was rapid and she had to release me to suck in air.

She screamed, "I didn't think it was possible to have so many orgasms in one day. This is going to be another big one. Oh, Damn. Here it comes!"

Her fingers dug into my flesh and her body trembled as her pussy contracted and flooded Mom's mouth with her nectar. She screamed in pleasure through her climax. Her fingers eased up as she descended from her sexual high. Pulling off Mom she sat above Mom's head. Mom's face was smeared with my aunt's pussy juice, but she didn't care. Her son was fucking her.

Stroking in and out of Mom's horny pussy was so enjoyable I wanted it to last forever. Monica looked at our joined groins and begged, "Slower. Go slower. I want to see every inch of your fat cock slide in and out."

For her benefit, I pulled out until the ridge of my crown was visible outside of Mom's lips and slowly pushed back in. My prick was frothy and white from our combined juices.

Monica gasped as she witnessed mother and son fuck. "Amazing. You crawled out of that pussy twenty-one years ago and now you're returning. Your big cock is stretching her out. After you get done she'll be able to give birth much easier."

Mom's hips humped hard, desiring deeper and faster strokes. I rammed in several times and Mom met my thrusts while moving her hips and pussy to scrape my prick along her sensitive walls.

Monica's eyes were locked onto our genitals as we fucked. She croaked, "Mom's a great fuck, isn't she? I'm hoping to be that good in the future. You two will have to teach me. I promise to be a good student."

"Practice makes perfect and it may take years to teach an older sister how to learn new tricks."

She smiled and kissed me as I continued to pound my mother. Backing off, I stopped with my cock buried deep. Mom's hips humped up in an attempt to convince me to resume fucking her hungry pussy. Reaching back I grabbed Mom's leg and brought it up. Monica understood and held it while I did the same to the other.

Pulling Mom's legs forward elevated her pelvis and allowed me to sink in deeper than ever. Mom screamed out as my balls slapped against her ass. Her pussy shook with several mini-orgasms while I relentlessly pounded her horny kitty. Mom couldn't speak as she alternated from panting, groaning, and screaming.

When I neared my own orgasm, I stopped and lowered her feet to the bed. Mom kept her knees upright and bowed her legs out hoping my prick would sink in as deep as before. Kissing Monica again, I said, "You need to move to the side now. It's time to properly fuck our mother."

She giggled as she flopped down beside us and turned to her side so she could watch. I lowered my body and licked Monica's juices off Mom's face before kissing her. Her arms wrapped around my back and held me tight as I resumed fucking her. I snaked my arms under her to pull her as close as possible. Her meaty breasts squashed out from our bodies and her hard nipples poked into my chest.

Transmitting our love through our locked eyes, we concentrated on giving each other as much pleasure as we could. Loud squishy sounds emanated from our groins as our pre-cum kept flowing to lubricate my piston. Much of the stimulation was from the expression on Mom's face. A warm sensation flowed through me as I witnessed how much Mom loved our incestuous connection.

Her body trembled as she neared her orgasm. She screamed, "Your prick feels so good. I'm crammed full of my son's cock and I couldn't be happier. The man I'm in love with is pounding my pussy. Fuck me hard, my husband and Motherfucker!"

Gladly obeying my mother, I thrust as fast as I could. My balls slammed against her soft ass and I feared I might bruise them if I squashed them any harder.

"Mom, you're on fire today. You're so beautiful and fucking you is the best thing to ever happen to me. I love you. I'm close and I can't wait to feel my wife's pussy squeezing my cock."

She went into high gear knowing I was close. Her long legs wrapped around me and pulled me tight each downstroke. Her hips squirmed around at the same time as she humped up to drive my cock deep to the bottom of her horny pussy. Mom was hotter than ever this time. Was she demonstrating to Monica how to fuck a man or was she turned on from having illicit sex in front of an audience?

Whatever the case, I was the beneficiary. Her back arched and her muscles tightened. Her hips ceased humping as her rigid body prepared for a major climax. Knowing Mom loved kissing and maintaining eye contact through our orgasms I mashed my mouth against hers looking into her soul through her widening, brown eyes.

Her nails dug into my back and her legs pulled me deep as her pussy contracted. One more stroke and my shaft engorged with more blood. My prick jerked and spewed out the first load of cum as her walls clamped again. Each time my bloated head pulsed, waves of bliss flowed through my body. Our bodies were one as we melded together. Seeing her eyes glow with satisfaction and feeling her nails release their grip, I knew Mom was finished.

She lowered her back to the bed. Her locked legs kept my prick buried in her saturated pussy. When my prick finally softened, she released her legs and lowered them to the bed. We rested as we savored the bliss of our forbidden, incestuous act.

Once our breathing returned to normal, I kissed her cheek and forehead before ending on her sweet lips. We had forgotten Monica was with us until she spoke.

"That's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. You two make such passionate love, and it looks like you've been doing it for years. Not only that but it was extremely erotic. My pussy is throbbing from witnessing your act. Especially when you called Alex your husband. I can't wait to fuck my father, nephew, and brother all at once. Exactly when is it my turn again?"

Mom laughed and replied, "Not for a while."

Monica's lower lip protruded as she pouted.

Mom continued, "Don't worry, you'll be next. First, I want Alex to recover for a couple of hours. We're going to eat first. After that, we'll show you how to properly fuck your brother. He's going to have a full load of sperm and you'll be kissing him when he fills your pussy with hot cum. You'll thank me afterward."

Monica squealed with delight. "I knew my incessant reading would ultimately lead to incest."

THE END