

Mom Swap: Love Your Mother Right

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Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Mom Swap: Love Your Mother Right](#)

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Mom Swap: Love Your Mother Right

A crazy idea came to us one day.

"How are things with you and Lisa?" I asked Connor, who sat across from me. The dim light of the school cafeteria illuminated the empty table.

"Yeah, the same as always. Nothing. She doesn't like me. Says I'm in love with someone else. I have no idea what that means," Connor replied.

"We're having some bad luck on the personal front, have you noticed?" I took a sip of coffee and continued, "You can forget about Ellis too. I'm not her type, as it turns out. My virginity has been successfully protected."

"You know who your type is, Mark? My Mom," Connor said and grinned oddly.

"Don't remind me. Your Mom probably liked me since I was about 14 when I first visited your house."

I didn't want to admit it, but I'd always liked his Mom. Ms Yellow was slender and beautiful, a great milf with brown hair color, a well-fed ass, and breasts. But of course, I couldn't say anything like that to Connor.

"I don't think she's had a lover since Dad left."

"Didn't he go when you were a kid," I said.

"Yeah. I mean, she hasn't had a lover in a long time. I sometimes hear her masturbating at night."

The conversation suddenly turned to our Moms.

"Mine hasn't had a boyfriend in a long time either," I said. My dad left when I was only ten since then my Mom only cared about me, interrupted maybe by one-off encounters with some guys. But I didn't really get into it because it was gross. She was pretty, with short brown hair down to her shoulders. She wasn't as slim as Connor's Mom, she didn't work out, but she looked good for her age. With a full chest and ass, her breasts were definitely bigger than Ms. Yellow's.

"You have a very pretty Mom. Hot chick," Connor said.

I couldn't believe my ears. Here I am trying to be silent about how hot his Mom is and he states something like that right to my face.

"Your Mom's a real hot chick and milf," I said. "Did you see the way she stared at me last time I was at your house? She was almost begging, "fuck me, Mark."

"Gross," Connor said in a less than convincing way, leaning back in the seat. "Your Mom likes me too, huh?"

That was an odd thing to ask. Connor had been hanging around my house suspiciously often lately -- either helping my mom with groceries or finding some excuse to be there. Just this morning, she asked me, "How's Connor?" with a sweet smile on her face.

"Uh, yeah. I guess," I replied.

Connor leaned over in a weird way, the faint light illuminating his blonde hair. "What if we fuck each other's mothers?"

I was moments away from choking on my coffee when I clumsily brought the cup to my lips.

"What?" I said, wiping my shirt with a napkin.

"Think about it. We've got beautiful single Moms who are probably starved for dicks."

"Ew," I said immediately.

"My Mom likes you, yours likes me. Would you like to, well, you know, with my Mom? Would you do it?"

The conversation was definitely going somewhere wrong. "Come on, Connor."

"Yes or no?"

"Well, yeah," I said awkwardly.

"And I'd like to fuck your Mom. Fuck those girls our age. Let's do it. Our first time will be with each other's mothers. I already have an idea. I'll tell mine that yours agrees, and you tell yours that mine agrees. They'll think that since the other Mom agrees, it's okay to try."

I thought about Ms. Yellow again. Her firm soft ass in her tights, her breasts, her cute face, and her long brown hair. Fucking her would be breathtaking.

But at the same time, Connor had to fuck my mother. I looked at him: blond hair, tall, something like myself. I imagined Connor fucking my Mom, the way he held her hair, touched her breasts, entered her vagina.

It was not something I wanted to think about, but on the hand I had Ms. Yellow.

"So?" Connor asked. "I'm serious, Mark."

"Okay, okay. Let's give it a try."

Connor held out his hand. "Deal? You're going to ask your mother for it. And not just ask her - you'll talk her into it."

"Do you really want to fuck my Mom that badly?" I thought then. I held out my hand. "Deal"

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The next morning I was sitting at the table, right in front of my Mom. She was 39, named Aurora, and she always bragged about her unusual name.

This morning she was wearing a light T-shirt that almost fully showed her breasts minus nipples. Wasn't she in any way embarrassed to walk around like that in front of me? Her shoulder-length hair was pulled back in a ponytail on her head. She was eating cereal with her plump lips, reading something on her phone.

I mentally pictured her doing it with Connor. It felt gross, so I thought of myself doing it with Ms. Yellow.

"Don't you have to go to school?" she asked, noticing my gaze on her. "I have work soon."

"When was the last time you had someone over?" I asked suddenly.

She paused, placing her phone on the table. "What do you mean?"

"Just wondering. We're adults and I understand that you're a woman. I'm just...let's just say concerned about your health," I pecked at my breakfast with my fork, trying to avoid eye contact.

"I don't think I want to discuss that."

"Wouldn't you like to get to know Connor better? He seems like a nice guy."

"I certainly don't want to discuss it with you, honey. Besides, Connor's your friend. It's kind of wrong to, you know, date your friend."

"I don't mind. It's even better this way. I know Connor and I know he won't hurt you. And he's a good guy."

"I'll keep that in mind," she continued eating her cereal.

"He's inviting us over to his place, he has a country house. He'll be there, his Mom, you and me. Would you like to go?"

"Should have started with that, Mark," she pushed her plate away. "When will it be?"

"This weekend. Connor's been asking a lot for you."

She leaned back in her chair, her boobs beneath the tank top shook nicely, one of pink halos peeking out slightly. "Connor did ask about me?"

"Yes."

"And you wouldn't mind if I-"

"No. I'll tell you honestly. Ms. Yellow really likes me. And she'd really like to see me there," I smiled crookedly.

"Oh, is it? I didn't know Clara was such a naughty girl," Mom giggled.

"Apparently my charm is hard to resist," I took a sip of tea. So far things were going smoothly.

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We got on the bus; Connor's house was somewhere in the woods, and it would take a while to get there. For some reason, the idea of being in a cabin in the woods with Ms. Yellow was exciting, so the trip seemed less boring. I was okay with that.

My mom sat next to me, wearing a beautiful, loose, light floral dress. With confidence and poise, she periodically admired herself, ensuring that she looked impeccable from every angle with her red nails and lips.

"Don't say that," she sighed tensely, as if something was bothering her a lot.

"Is there something wrong? You know you can tell me."

"I'm just... You're an adult, Mark. I can tell you that I haven't been with anyone in a long time."

"I don't think it's a problem, Mom. Just try not to dwell on it. I don't want to talk about it in detail. You know."

"I can't believe I agreed to all this. I'm also ovulating," she remarked casually.

"Gosh, Mom. This is all unnecessary information."

"I'm just messing with you, honey. We're going to have a good time at the country house with your significant friend and his nasty Mom."

I stayed silent, staring out the window, watching one wooded area after another. His house was quite close.

"Or maybe you wouldn't mind having a little brother or sister!" my Mom whispered, nudging me again.

"Geez, where has that nervousness of yours gone?"

"You're right, I'm sorry. I just feel like I'm back at college." She placed her palms on her knee, displaying her red manicure.

I just shook my head and turned to the window again. We were close.

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"You can call me Aurora," Mom smiled, fluffing up her hair.

"Can someone help me? The bags aren't going to carry themselves," I plodded along behind her. Connor would still have time to admire Mom.

"I'll help you," Connor was wearing a light shirt to emphasize his slender form. I think my mother found it quite appealing.

"My Mom's in the house" Connor winked and helped me with the bags.

I weaved behind again while Connor and Mom whispered about some stuff, he kept pointing somewhere in the woods. He looked excited, though it seemed to me that he wasn't particularly interested in Mom.

If only I had known the whole truth then.

"Would you like a cigarette, Ms-- I mean Aurora?" Connor held out the pack.

"Yeah, I wouldn't say no to that. I don't usually smoke, but when there's a party, I don't say no."

Finally, the house came into view. It was a stunning, two-story residence nestled among the lush greenery of trees, with a well-maintained garden. "My Mom and I inherited this from my grandfather. He lived here with my great-grandmother, his mother. Let's just say he liked living with her away from civilization."

"It's a very beautiful house, Connor. But I will be honest, not the best I've ever seen."

"Really?" he grinned.

Finally, the house came into view. It was a stunning, two-story residence nestled among the lush greenery of trees, with a well-maintained garden. "My Mom and I inherited this from my grandfather. He lived here with my great-grandmother, his mother. Let's just say he liked living with her away from civilization."

"It's a very beautiful house, Connor. But I will be honest, not the best I've ever seen."

"Really?" he grinned.

"When I was your age, I was often driven to country houses like this. Your house is beautiful, but I've seen better in my wild young life, sweetie."

All I could do was twist my head around. They flirted and didn't even blush.

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"Put your stuff in the hallway, Mark," Connor said.

I did, looking around the large wood-framed hallway. Mom and Connor had disappeared somewhere, and I walked into the living room, catching my breath.

There were some interesting vintage photos by the fireplace, some man with a woman.

"Connor, is that you? Didn't you take my cigarettes? I can't find them. Have you seen them by any chance?"

I heard a voice from behind and turned around. Standing in the center of the hallway in a house dress was Ms Yellow. Through the dress I could see the slight outlines of her protruding nipples, she was tanned, just like my Mom. But what surprised me most was the hair. She always had long hair down to her back, but today she wore her hair cut short to her shoulders. Just like my Mom's.

"Oh, Mark, it's you. I mistook you for Connor," she said, putting her hand to her mouth, holding back a laugh.

"Yes, we get confused a lot, Ms. Yellow."

"Just Clara," she said, extending her hand. She had the exact same red manicure as my Mom.

From here I had a good view of her cleavage and voluminous beautiful breasts.

Mom and Connor were just returning to the living room. "I was showing Ms. Donovan our house, Mom."

"Just Aurora," Mom replied, blushing slightly, as she touched his shoulder and gently rubbed Connor's back.

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I remained by the fireplace as everyone exchanged pleasantries

I was drawn to one of the vintage pictures for some reason and picked one up. A young man accompanied by a woman who was undoubtedly old enough to be the man's mother.

You like the view?" Connor asked, looking out the panoramic window at the nearby forest

"Yeah, it's nice," I noticed his odd glance at the picture I was holding, though he didn't say anything.

"How did you talk your Mom into it? My Mom, to be honest, was against any of it. She's a very strict woman, actually. I was about to give up, but I guess in the end the hunger for young cock took its toll and she agreed."

"Connor, you do remember you're talking about your mother, right?" I turned around, I could see our Moms whispering about something in the kitchen. If it wasn't for the different dresses, I wouldn't have been able to tell which one was my Mom.

"The condoms are in my room. We'll go in there in the night and arm ourselves."

I suddenly thought about my Mom's words on the bus, about ovulating, the warmth of the fireplace somehow relaxing me deeply.

"Wouldn't you like to get our Moms pregnant?" I said suddenly.

"What?"

"Nothing. Forget it. Is that your grandfather in the picture?" I changed the subject.

Connor looked at the vintage photos. "Yeah, but I don't want to talk about him. The pictures are here purely out of respect for passing his house on to us."

When the pleasantries were done, everyone sat down at the table after a short setup.

I sat across Connor's Mom, he sat across mine. I kept looking at Ms. Yellow's cropped hair and trying to guess what the point of such a drastic change was. And then there was that red manicure.

"Connor was just a baby when we first came here. I thought he'd never grow up. And his dick was so tiny."

"Not the best way to start a conversation, Mom. Did you go on a wine binge while we were away? You don't have to tell our guests that," Connor said.

Mom and I exchanged a glance, struggling to contain our laughter.

"I apologize. We don't have visitors very often," Ms. Yellow chuckled. Suddenly, I felt someone's feet on my lap.

"It's been just the two of us here for years since Grandpa died -- just me and Mom," Connor continued, looking straight into my Mom's eyes.

The feet moved right on my groin. I took a deep sip of wine while Ms. Yellow, or just Clara, looked at me nibbling on her lips.

"I always wanted a big family to live in a house like this," she said, shifting her gaze to Connor. "But it ended up being just the two of us."

"I always wanted a big family too, to have lots of kids. But it turned out the way it did," I felt my Mom's hand touch my back. She looked wistfully into the void.

"At least we have such beautiful sons." said Clara, and here I felt the jolt in my crotch again. The evening promised to be long.

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We talked about everything: the school, the past, the future, and the house again."

"Have you boys found someone yet?" my Mom asked, and for some reason, she put her hand on my leg. I shivered slightly.

"No," Connor answered. "We're saving ourselves for special ladies." Connor leaned forward, not hiding a smile.

"How interesting," my Mom said as she slurped an olive. "Can I have a cigarette, Connor?"

He carefully handed her a cigarette and lit it. "You can smoke right in the house."

I felt another nudge in the groin from Ms. Yellow, who was sipping wine.

"It's getting close to evening, ladies. I propose a game." Suddenly, Connor pulled something from under the table. I thought it was some clothes, but it turned out to be a few dark masks with glass eyes. He took one and placed it on his face.

"How about a game of masks? You put on a mask before you go to bed. We have the masks, you have the masks."

"Masks?" my Mom took one. "That's kind of silly. Why do we need them?"

You could see almost nothing through the mask, just the eyes, although you couldn't discern the color of the eyes.

"I prefer to see everything," my Mom said, raising the mask to her forehead. I pretended I hadn't heard anything.

"It's more interesting in a mask, isn't it? Aren't you tired of the usual 'sleep'?"

"I don't know, Connor" Mom put the mask down on the table, stubbing out her cigarette.

Clara was suspiciously silent, watching the whole scene as if waiting for something.

I noticed Connor stirring, as if this wasn't part of any of his plans.

"I like it too," I said, putting one on. "Come on, Mom."

She stubbed out her cigarette again, as if she was sick of the whole thing. "Where's your restroom?"

"Up the stairs and to the right," Connor replied, taking off his mask.

Mom stood up, adjusting her dress and butt, and headed upstairs.

Connor glanced at me, and with a meaningful look, he gestured for me to follow him. "What's he got to do with those masks?" I thought, but I decided to follow him nonetheless.

As I ascended the stairs, I found my Mom there, holding another cigarette and looking at some pictures. "I thought you were going to the bathroom?"

"I wanted to stretch my legs."

I approached her, now catching a whiff of her strawberry perfume. "So... How often did you get to visit country houses like this when you were young?"

"She looked at me playfully, her breasts rising. 'Well, I was quite popular with boys your age, so quite often.'"

"Did you meet Dad there?"

She sighed, letting out the cigarette smoke.

"Your father loved my body. He loved the process; he was a good lover. But he lacked responsibility. He was just scared of having a baby with me and being in a relationship."

"I'm sorry."

"You shouldn't be. I didn't love him much either. That wound has long since healed. He isn't the first or last man in history to just run away. After your father, it took me a long time to choose who I could be with and have more children. But, as you can see, I couldn't find anyone worthy. It's a pity you have no brother or sister, Mark. I'm sorry for that."

"Well, today is a chance to make things right and give me some," I smiled.

She shook her head, a faint smile playing on the corner of her mouth, and extinguished her cigarette. "You are such a fool, Mark. You're just like your father in that."

"Agree to wear the stupid mask and deal with it, Mom."

"Okay, honey," she replied. She put out her cigarette and hugged me. Her breasts through the dress rested against my chest, it felt good. The cigarette smoke mixed with the smell of her perfume. I wrapped my arms around Mom, putting my hand in her soft hair.

"Let's go downstairs now."

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Okay, I don't mind masks," Mom said as she put one on, smiling at Connor before doing so. In turn, Connor looked at Clara, who simply nodded.

"While having sex, I'd like to see Ms. Yellow in all her glory, but I guess we're playing by Connor's rules. So I don't have the right to choose." I thought.

The evening was drawing to a close.

"We'll clean up in here, honey," Clara said. I finally felt her legs come off my groin. It seemed like she was really eager to end the evening.

"We'll go to my room then," Connor said, luring me in.

"Just don't be there for too long," said Mom smiling.

"Sure, Aurora."

We went upstairs and entered his room.

"Let's wait a little. The decisive hour is approaching, my friend." He pulled out a pair of condoms and handed them to me. "We just have to wait a little more until they're ready."

I sat down on the bed in anticipation. "Can't believe I'm about to lose my virginity."

"Don't forget about the mask. You can't moan or say each other's name," Connor kept talking.

"What's the big deal with the masks, man? Let's just enjoy some good sex with great milfs," I said tiredly.

"This is important, Mark. Do you understand me?".

"Yeah, yeah. Okay. No moaning or saying each other names."

"My Mom really likes this game. That's why she's been quiet. If you break it, you ruin everything."

"I said I got it, dude. Relax," I sighed and realized I was sitting on a book. "Look, have you changed your mind about...well...pregnancy?"

"Don't, Mark. I haven't changed my mind. We're just here to have a good time and lose our virginity. Don't get anyone pregnant."

"Alright, alright then. It's your house. When in Rome," I finally pulled out the book. On the leather blue binding, I noticed the inscription. "Kyriake's style."

I glanced at the cover. "Kyriake's Style: The Right Way To Love Your Mother."

"What's this?" I asked and Connor snatched up the book, placing it on the shelf. "Wow."

"It's nothing. Just a silly read. Weird, I forgot to hide it," Connor said.

"You read that stuff?"

"That's enough, Mark. Pull yourself together. I'm going to take a shower, you go next. Your door with my Mom on the left, mine with yours on the right. Don't forget it. It's important."

"My door on the left, okay. And the mask, yes."

"Great," he said as he walked over and placed his hand on my shoulder. "Whatever happens next, my friend, I hope you have a good time and don't forget this night for a long time."

"I hope so," I said. Connor was especially excited at this point as if he was about to meet the goddess of fertility and love herself.

He quickly exited, heading for the shower and leaving me alone in the room.

Things didn't turn out the way I'd imagined. I wasn't in control at all and Connor was acting way too weird.

I stared dumbly into the mask. "What on earth is this book about?" I stood up and vaguely recalled where it was placed. A leather blue binding. "Yup, here it is." I pulled it out and opened it to the first page.

"Introduction: The Unconscious Bonds.

The psyche of a man is an labyrinth of thoughts, desires, and yearnings. We are molded by our experiences, especially those from the formative years of our childhood. Our mothers, the first women in our lives, shape our perceptions of femininity, love, and intimacy in ways that often escape our conscious awareness.

'Kyriake's Style: The Right Way To Love Your Mother' is a journey to unravel the subtle yet potent psychological forces at play in these relationships and to shed light on why men, time and again, find themselves attracted to women who mirror their mothers.

The quest to understand why men fall in love with their mothers is a complex and sensitive one. But remember, there is no one-size-fits-all answer to this age-old question. Love is a multifaceted gem, and every facet refracts its own unique light. As we unravel the mysteries, we may find that the answers are as diverse as the individuals who seek them.

So, let us begin our journey into the enigmatic world of motherly love and its profound influence on the hearts of men.

In the enigmatic landscape of human emotions and relationships, there exists a peculiar and often mystifying phenomenon -- a profound connection between men and the women who raised them. We are all familiar with the age-old concept of the Oedipus Complex, but our journey into the realm of understanding why men fall in love with their mothers delves far deeper than the Greek tragedies that inspired Freud's theories.

Chapter 1: A City Unlike Any Other

In the heart of ancient Greece, nestled between rolling hills and the shimmering Aegean Sea, there existed a city unlike any other. It was a place where traditions, societal norms, and the boundaries of love had taken on forms that would baffle even the most open-minded of outsiders. This city was known as Kyriake.

Kyriake was a unique society that held dear one fundamental principle: the freedom of love. Here, love knew no bounds, no restrictions, no judgment. It was a city where people were free to marry anyone, regardless of age, gender, or even familial ties.

In a world where other city-states adhered to strict social structures and rigid rules, Kyriake embraced a radical notion. The people here believed that love was a force too potent, too pure to be regulated by man-made constraints. Love, they insisted, should be bound only by the natural inclinations of the heart.

But among the myriad of love stories that unfolded within the city, one peculiar trend emerged. Men, young and old, would often choose to marry the women they were most intimately connected to from birth - their own mothers.

This phenomenon perplexed scholars and philosophers from neighboring cities, who would visit Kyriake in an attempt to understand this curious practice. It wasn't that the men of Kyriake were forbidden from marrying other women; quite the contrary, they were free to marry anyone they chose. Yet, the city's customs had led many men to gravitate towards matrimony with their mothers, a bond typically reserved for lovers. It was a riddle that defied explanation, one that had become the subject of countless tales and legends throughout the ages.

The residents believed in the cyclical nature of love and believed that, in marrying a mother, a son would finally return the love he had received as a child.

Men engaged in passionate intimacy with mothers, making love to them, replacing fathers, cherishing each moment as they would with any other woman, their connection more fervent and their desires more intense than with any other partners. In the warmth of their embrace, new life was conceived.

Why was it happening?

The residents of Kyriake were much like people everywhere else. Deep within their minds, the primal instinct to seek an ideal partner prevailed, an instinct sculpted by eons of evolution. This primal drive, buried deep within the recesses of our brains, perpetually sought those with the greatest fertility and reproductive capabilities, aiming to produce as many healthy offspring as possible.

In our quest to ensure the continuation of our species, it was only logical to gravitate towards those who had already demonstrated their fertility and birthing prowess. For millennia, our mothers, by virtue of their proven fertility and the capacity to bring forth healthy progeny, inevitably represent the epitome of these qualities. It was this very wisdom that our subconscious minds seemed to inherently grasp, leading us to be drawn to women who bore a resemblance to our mothers, thus positioning them as ideal partners.

However, Kyriake's inhabitants enjoyed a unique privilege that set them apart. In their extraordinary corner of the world, societal norms did not frown upon the notion of a deep and abiding love for one's mother. This unique freedom granted by their culture allowed their brains to explore an easier and, in their eyes, the most ideal path to love and commitment. Their members found themselves at liberty to embrace the most straightforward and ideal path to fulfilling these ancient instincts: the act of matrimony with their very own mothers. Kyriake's people discovered a harmonious equilibrium between the primal impulses that reside deep within their collective psyche and the societal acceptance of their actions.

Instead, it took the form of an open and fearless embrace, where sons willingly and consciously chose to marry the women who had given them life, nourished them, and taught them the values of love. They would marry their mothers, make love to them and produce children.

In the pages that follow, we'll explore the lives, the loves, and the secrets of the inhabitants of Kyriake, as we embark on a journey into a world where tradition and convention take a back seat to the extraordinary nature of the human heart."

The sound of the door opening in the hallway brought me back to earth. Connor seemed to be just finishing up with his shower.

"What did I just read," was my first thought. I immediately closed the book and returned it to where I had taken it from. After which I headed to the shower room, not forgetting my mask.

The whole time in the shower I couldn't stop thinking about the book. Sons who marry their mothers? Is that true? Why would a book like that even be in Connor's room? And why was it lying on the bed?

I pushed all my thoughts away and tried to focus on reality. And the reality was that I was in for a hot night with Connor's mother.

I wore my mask, wrapped myself in a towel, and walked out into the hallway

"Left or right door?" I was peering through the mask at the doors. "Left."

Here it was, the decisive hour. I opened the door, light from the lamp on the nightstand illuminated part of the room. I shut the door.

Someone moved on the bed, and through the faint light I made out her - short shoulder-length hair and her face hidden by that stupid mask. She covered herself with the blanket and beckoned me with her finger. With a sudden movement, she pulled the blanket down exposing two beautiful bare breasts.

Her boobs would barely fit in the palm of my hand. Clara's swollen nipples were waiting for me, and I could see every detail, every little thing. She shook them slightly waiting for me.

I couldn't believe my eyes. I wanted so badly to take off the mask and kiss them, but I remembered Connor's words. If I took the mask off, I'd ruin everything. Her tits were better than I'd ever imagined. Tight, firm, fleshy, with swollen pink nipples.

My cock rose immediately.

I moved closer and reached out, grabbing one tit with my hand. It was heavenly bliss. My first breast, so soft, so incredible. The pleasure made my head spin and I almost fell over. My towel fell away, exposing my cock, and at that moment her fingers encircled it. I recognized the red manicure and gasped with pleasure.

She gently tightened the skin, with other hand rubbing my balls and scrotum. The pleasure made me dizzy again. But I'm not here for just a handjob. I was ready to fuck her so badly.

I pulled out a condom and put it on my cock in front of her, then joined Ms Yellow under the blanket. It was awkward at first, I climbed between her legs, discerning the outline of her vagina in the dim light. I gasped again as she straddled my cock and guided it in between her legs.

My tip suddenly hit something soft. "Finally, a pussy." The sensation was strange, the tip was immediately swallowed up by the flesh and it fell inside.

"Ohhhhhhhhhh," I pressed my lip together, holding back a moan. Finally, I was inside Ms. Yellow. She removed her hand and eased onto her back, giving me the chance. I moved my hips, entering deeper, keeping my eyes on her boobs and nipples.

The gentle sensations enveloped my cock as I moved deeper, and deeper, and deeper. The sensations were divine. Until I pushed to the end and my balls touched her ass. I was fully inside.

Unbelievable. This is so much better than a hand. Even through the condom I could feel the warmth of her pussy. I didn't want to move, I just wanted to stay inside as long as possible, savor the moment.

And yet, through the heavenly bliss, I felt in the crust of my head like something was wrong. I felt as though I've crossed a critical boundary, like a bright red line that I must halt at this very moment. Maybe that how you feel when you lose virginity?

She was rubbing my hair as her vagina tightened on my cock. I moved back and entered her again with a mad jerk, moving back and forth, I felt like I had already cum, because it felt soo good. Her vagina was perfect.

I pulled out again and entered, beginning to fuck her. Her insides greedily gripped my cock, not wanting to let go. Ms. Yellow was writhing in pleasure while I squeezed her breasts with all my might.

That bitch was really hungry for cock.

I pushed my cock in as deep as I could, reaching all the way to her uterus, pulling out and thrusting in again. My other hand was pushing her legs apart to the limit, her pubic hair rubbing my cock and groin.

I increased the pressure, gripping her arms, thrusting in and out furiously. Sex had no right to be this good. I kept fucking, ravaging her vagina. The same one Connor had come from. The condom was completely filled with my pre-cum. I used all the power in my hips, trying as if to pound her through with my cock. Her tight vagina was driving me crazy, squeezing me.

But I needed more. I slowly pulled my cock out, falling on her. With one hand, the other still spreading her thighs, I removed the condom tossing it aside. At that moment I could have sworn Clara could see everything, and she didn't mind at all, and was even in favor.

I went in bare again, feeling everything real now. And, oh Gods. It was incredible. That's what real sex is.

As I reached the end, a bizarre feeling began to envelop me again, growing stronger with each move. I could not understand what was happening. I wondered why my mind was resisting the simple pleasure of the moment. Just let me fuck her.

The sound of spanking was like music to my ears, the faint light gently illuminated her nipples, she rubbed them as she sensed me squeezing them furiously. Every jerk made them shake, Clara squirmed, giving herself completely to me, going through orgasm, restrained by the mask's rules.

I began to enter even more vigorously, feeling every fiber of my cock in pleasure. I wished it would never end. I didn't care what Connor said. I'm going to get his mother pregnant, I'm going to cum inside her.

I entered furiously again, breathing heavily, I definitely lacked stamina. His Mom is perfect, I'm not going to let anything stop me from cumming in her. As the orgasm slowly approached, I was overcome with pleasure, tinged with a touch of sadness because I knew this amazing moment would soon be over.

I bounced in and out furiously as the bed bounced and shook with me. Clara gave herself to me completely, running her nails with red manicure over my back, my hair, scratching my skin. I stared through the glass of the mask into her eyes, ready to put my seed in her. I was more ready than ever.

Meanwhile, my brain continued to do battle with me. The feeling of insane pleasure as my cock penetrated her warm pussy was sometimes replaced by a strange nauseating discomfort.

"Ohhhh," I barely held back a scream, all my balls and guts preparing to meet the inevitable orgasm. Despite the flashes of nausea, which I wrote off to the insane pleasure and my first time, I owed it to her to fill her with my cum. That perfect vagina. As that book said, we look for partners who will be perfect for our progeny. Here it is, the perfect cunt. The best one. If I had the chance, I'd fuck that vagina for the rest of my life.

I increased the speed, and she groaned, twisting under my pressure, her tits shaking wildly, driving me crazy, she tried to hold back a moan, throwing her head back, clawing at my back.

I jerked, my balls clenched. It hurt, I put my cock in as deep as I could with a sharp jerk, hitting her ass with my balls. "Ughhh."

And here it goes.

I tried not to scream, but the hot cum straight from my balls rushed in, I went in as deep as I could and deeper and deeper, and in that moment first stream of cum went all the way inside her, then again and against straight into her womb.

I thought I was dead, I felt a wild pleasure combined with the sensation of fulfilling my primordial duty, of reproduction. My hips shook as my cock emitted the entire contents of my balls directly into Ms. Yellow, into her perfect womb. My hand clutched her breasts painfully, scratching them, digging my nails into her breasts, but it was as if Ms Yellow didn't care.

She was enjoying the moment as much as I was. Waves of orgasm continued to fill my brain, rewarding me for what I'd done, for picking the perfect fuck partner. I was cumming

long and profusely, my twitching cock inside her shooting out more and more doses of white semen, it all lasted forever for me.

Finally, I stopped seeing angels, my balls slowly lowered, and my wet cock began to wilt and dropped. I was unable to move, unable to even take a breath.

Droplets of blood remained on my fingers, I ripped the skin on Clara's nipple to the blood.

She gently, almost maternally, rubbed my hair, my arm, and my buttocks.

It was over, and I had no regrets.

I rolled away, falling beside her. My flaccid cock fell out of the slimy vagina full of my cum. I was insanely sleepy, and tired after the tremendous work I had done.

But the drowsiness was suddenly gone when I heard the voice. "I didn't know you were such a passionate lover," she said under the mask. I was still muffled from my orgasm, the voice seemed familiar, maybe It was only my imagination, maybe I was crazy, or maybe what I heard was true.

We lay under the blanket and my brain suddenly disobeyed me, as did my body. I got up, not wanting to face what might be waiting for me next, picked up my towel, and ran out of the room, closing the door.

I only came to my senses when I was on the porch. I could smell smoke. Connor was standing there in a light robe with a cigarette.

"So how was it? Did you do it?" he asked.

I rubbed my eyes. "Yeah, yeah. It was unreal. Better than I could have even imagined. Just crazy."

"Yeah," he said with a smirk, taking another puff. "I can't believe it finally happened either."

Finally. Why does he use that word? Finally. Has he really been dreaming about my Mom for so long?

"I cum inside. Went against what you said and I did it all inside," I blurted out without thinking.

Connor just smirked, tilting his head in different directions. "Mark... I told you not to." He snuffed out his cigarette, and from the expression on his face, it seemed like something was dawning on him.

"Now you're going to have a brother or sister," I smiled like crazy.

"No, Mark. You are going to have a brother or sister," Connor said, getting closer.

"What? What are you talking about?" I almost fell over, holding the towel around my waist.

"It was your Mom."

The light hit my face, I felt dizzy, and my balls and cock ached like they'd been hit with a bat.

"What?" I repeated exactly the same way as if I hadn't heard the answer. I leaned my arm against the wall, trying to figure out why the world was spinning before my eyes. "My Mom? But..."

"It was your Mom, Mark," said Connor.

I felt like someone who had been hit by a devastating loss, yet the full impact hadn't sunk in. "No, I was..."

"I lied to you, Mark. You were in the room with your mother, not mine."

It couldn't be. I would have realized it. I would have recognized my Mom under the mask. And I would never have sex with her.

"You're lying," I instinctively replied. It was one of the stages of acceptance.

Had I really had sex with my Mom? And not just sex, I filled her with my seed.

"No, Mark. I've wanted to fuck my mother since I was 14. Like my grandfather did. And then finally I came up with the perfect idea. I started trying to look like you, got my hair done, and put on some weight. Next, I tried to please your mother. I found out what color nails she liked so I could give her a red nail polish gift. I was trying to gain her trust so she'd like me. Then I convinced my Mom to get a haircut like yours. Then I suggested the whole mother's idea to you. All so I could spend the night with my Mom, who'd think you were fucking her. But it was me. Meanwhile, you were fucking yours."

"So that's what the masks are for," I whispered.

"My Mom wasn't a fan of masks, so I made a bet with her. I said, 'If Mark's Mom agrees to it, then so will you.' We were sitting at the table, and I started getting nervous, thinking my plan might go wrong. But you convinced your Mom to wear the mask, and everything went smoothly. I'm really sorry, Mark. It was my only shot."

"You're messed up. You're sick, Connor. Gods." I was still holding onto the wall, preparing to fall. My cock seemed about to shrink and fall off.

"But you enjoyed it, right?"

"Yeah, but I didn't realize... I didn't know... Oh, God."

"Your instincts did. Your body did. It was a perfect sex."

"You are sick," I said again. "I saw that book, about that mother-son nonsense..."

"You should read it. It was after I read it that I decided to do it. I thought long and hard about my options and my plan. At 13, I found out my grandfather lived in this house with his mother alone. You can imagine what they were doing here. That's when I started thinking about my Mom, we lived here alone. And at 14 I realized for the first time that I wanted to fuck her."

I didn't listen to his story. I was still coming to my senses. He was right about one thing - the sex was incredible.

"You're going back to your room now, Mark. Change your clothes. Your Mom is probably asleep by now. Tomorrow morning, tell her you went back to her room after your night with Ms. Yellow. Tomorrow you're gonna pretend it was what it looked like. You were with my Mom, I was with yours. Do you understand?"

I was still staring blankly into the void.

"Mark? Do you understand?"

"Y-yes. Yes," I mumbled sluggishly. He turned me around the door, poured me some water, and sent me to bed.

I walked into that very room again wearing my clothes. It required an immense amount of courage to turn the doorknob and enter.

It was dark. I hesitated, allowing my eyes to adjust to the darkness until I could make out a silhouette beneath the covers. A mask lay resting beside a lamp on the nightstand.

I circled to the other side of the bed, slipping beneath the sheets, avoiding any direct eye contact with the figure lying beside me.

"Mm-mm, who's that?" I heard the familiar voice. The same voice that made me run away.

"It's me, Mom. I couldn't sleep, so I thought I'd come to you," I shifted my gaze towards her. Drowsy and disheveled, my Mom scanned me with her eyes and gently placed her hand on my head.

"It's okay, sweetie. Let's go to sleep."

It was really her. I turned my face to the wall and tried to sleep, to forget everything like a nightmare.

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I woke up to the sound of noise downstairs, the sun shining in my eyes. I felt so good, so relaxed and sleepy. Yesterday seemed like a stupid, silly dream.

It was empty next to me, I was lying in bed alone. Maybe it really was a dream. Then I still had hope.

I changed my clothes and went downstairs. Faint voices and laughter echoed from the depths of the kitchen, but I had no desire to go in there at all.

Someone pinched my butt and turning around in front of me was Miss Yellow. "You were really good yesterday, kiddo." She smirked and walked past in a light shawl.

No, yesterday's events had undoubtedly been nothing more than a bad dream. With that realization, I went to the kitchen.

My Mom was standing by the window, a cigarette tendrils of smoke curling into the air. Her hair, neatly arranged into a ponytail, framed her face.

"Good morning," I barely mumbled.

She turned around. "How did you sleep, sweetie?"

I stared at her face, still trying to figure out if yesterday was a dream or reality.

"Good," I replied.

"Good? That's all you have to say? Clara managed to paint quite the picture of last night. I had no idea you were such a perfect lover." Mom's lips curled into a mischievous smile as she leaned in, lightly nibbling on my ear.

"Yeah, me too."

We took our seats at the table, and Connor joined us soon after. The seating arrangement was the same as the previous day - my Mom and I sat on one side, with Ms. Yellow across from me, next to Connor.

Connor's gaze remained fixed on his mother, and my Mom couldn't seem to take her eyes off of him.

The atmosphere was heavy with silence, and I didn't feel like engaging in conversation. At one point, I glanced at my Mom and noticed the slight discoloration and blemishes on her chest, barely concealed by her dress.

"What are you looking at?" she said hiding her neckline with her hand.

"When did you get that?" I whispered and pointed to the redness on her chest.

"Oh, that. It's nothing," She blushed slightly and threw a glance at Connor.

Those marks, the ones I left yesterday. So it wasn't a dream.

Pretty soon we were getting ready to leave. I wanted to leave as soon as possible. I was still in the denial stage, my brain not fully accepting the fact of what had happened.

Just before we made our exit, Connor extended something towards me - a blue book.

"Here, take it," he offered.

"I don't want to read that abomination," I retorted, my emotions still raw.

"It's a gift. You should never turn down a gift. I promise you'll love it," he insisted.

As our Moms said their goodbyes, I took the book and stashed it in my backpack.

Ms. Yellow walked over to me, kissing me on the cheek. "That was the best sex of my life," she whispered, slightly biting my earlobe.

"Yeah, great," I nodded and immediately walked out.

"Come visit us more often" was the last thing I heard.

On the bus, I was afraid to even slightly look at my Mom. Maybe Connor really had tricked me. But then again, how did she get those scars on her chest? I did it.

To distract myself, I pulled out the book and picked up where I left off.

«...Initially, the notion of marrying one's own mother might strike as peculiar. During adolescence, we embark on a quest for a romantic partner. Yet, our mothers are our earliest guides into the realm of relationships, learning about the female body and its charming features.

At a young age, men often peek at their mothers' bodies. For example in the shower or when they are changing clothes. They think about that body and learn about it. They of course wanted more, but as men mature, these explorations and taboos recede, giving way to a pursuit of genuine, adult relationships with women who are not kin.

Nonetheless, these early, somewhat clandestine, encounters and emotions do not simply vanish into oblivion. They may lie dormant within the subconscious, casting a subtle yet profound influence on adult experiences. Neglected and unexplored, these feelings can manifest as various forms of psychological distress.

Today, these abandoned feelings become the cause of many men's mental illness, depression, and failure in their sex and family life...

The men of Kyriake disregarded the rules and immediately from puberty spoke of their desires to their mothers.

The women of Kyriake faced a choice. Few were willing to cast aside all convention and surrender to the passionate desires of their young sons. For some, it was a matter of loyalty to their husbands, while for others, the prospect of entangling in such complex relationships was fraught with trepidation.

But the prevailing sentiment that flowed beneath this unconventional love was one of fear; fear of estranging their sons, fear of shattering the sacred familial bond. And so, many mothers, bound by a love both maternal and fraught with desire, agreed to this passion. To be loved and impregnated by her sons."

I closed the book. I'd had enough mother-son love stories for one day.

I looked at my Mom. She was rubbing her breasts painfully through her tank top and touching her belly every few seconds.

"Did you like it at Connor's?"

She looked at me carefully, raising an eyebrow. "Yes, I actually did. But I don't think you want to know the details, honey," she smiled and rubbed her chest again. "I think your friend is in love with me. Though when we sat at the table he seemed kind of cold. Barely looked at me."

I pulled myself together. "It wasn't Connor, Mom."

"What?" she tensed her eyebrows, catching my words.

"It was me."

She was quiet for a few seconds, trying to determine which moment I was referring to, her breasts shaking a little from the motion of the bus. "What do you mean, it was you?"

"We switched rooms. I was with you, Connor was with his Mom."

She was silent. Her face slowly flooded with color, blushing and blushing.

"You mean..."

I nodded. Mom turned away, looking somewhere else and I fell silent.

I opened the book again and read one of the last paragraphs of the first chapter before shoving it into my backpack.

"All doubts of mothers immediately disappeared as soon as they tasted the sweet, young love of their sons. This love was nothing compared to what their old, incapable husbands could give them."

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Life went on. We never discussed what happened. Neither of us wanted to. Connor stopped going to school for some reason and I didn't see him for a long time. I wanted to curse him, but maybe there was a silver lining to it all.

I sank into the book, studying the contents for myself. With each page I became a little more educated, and a little more insane.

One day I came home and my Mom was sitting in the kitchen with her legs tucked in. She was wearing a lightweight dress, her scars from my nails already healed, her breasts almost jutting out of the fabric, her beautiful legs joined together, and her hair down to her shoulders.

"Sit down," she said sternly.

I obeyed. Was it the time?

"So it was you, then?" she said.

I nodded.

"Did you... enjoy it?" she barely squeezed out of her mouth.

I thought I hadn't heard the question well. So I remained silent.

"Mark, please be honest. Did you enjoy it?" she repeated with a newfound confidence.

"Yes. Very much. I loved it. Sorry."

A heavy silence hung in the air as she sighed deeply, pausing to gather her thoughts before continuing, "I'm pregnant, Mark. And you're the father."

"I'm sorry."

"Of course you are." She sighed.

At that moment, I felt no regret. Those words, "I'm pregnant" made me for some reason not dizzy, but excited and horny. What I learned from the book cheered me up.

"Did you like it?"

"What?"

"I was honest with you, Mom. Now I want you to be honest with me."

I got up and moved closer, my groin was on the level of her head.

"I... Of course, I liked it, Mark, but you're my son. Gosh, how can I even say something like that."

"It's already happened, Mom. There's nothing more wrong that we can't do again." I unzipped my fly.

"No, Mark"

Like the Kyriake women, my Mom had no chance to resist her son's young cock.

"Just remember how good it felt." I took her hand and dragged her into the bedroom. She didn't resist and I ripped off that stupid dress, revealing her tits. Her nipples were swelling, I touched them and sat Mom down on the bed, pulling up her dress.

"I can't, Mark." she lay down, pieces of her dress were still hanging off her.

"You can't say no to me, Mom."

"At least..." It's like she was about to cry. "Use a condom."

I wasted no time, pulled a condom that still left from the last time, and found myself between her legs, finding my way to heaven. Without wasting time I entered Mom's pussy.

"Ohhhhhh." I groaned.

"Ohhhh, Mark. Yeah, yeah, I starting to remember."

I entered all the way in and deeper, remembering the familiar sensations, though the condom of course prevented me from enjoying everything like the first time.

This time I had a chance to enjoy her face. It twisted as soon as I entered, my tip touching her guts. Mom's mouth opened in semi-agony and her eyes stared deep into mine.

Finally, I started fucking her, moving, savoring the moment. "Ohhhh, so fucking good". My hips moved on their own by muscle memory, my skin stretched to the limit inside a condom and incredible pleasure permeated every fiber of my body. It was a blissful and euphoric sensation. Every nerve ending tingled with the uncontainable delight.

"Do what you do best, make Mommy feel good," like that night, she rubbed my hair in a motherly way, giving herself to the moment.

I fucked her even more vigorously, using all my rage. My other hand was spreading Mom's legs, my hips hitting hers, my cock penetrating her, the sounds of bodies slamming filled the room.

I was shaking with pleasure, exhausted out of breath I paused briefly, not wanting to stop. At those moments she smiled slyly, biting her lip, making me want to fuck her even harder.

"You were much more active when I was wearing the mask."

I penetrated her again in a sudden rush, again and again trying to hurt her. My cock shook, the bed trembled beneath us, and I leaped up and down, trying to enter as deep and hard as possible

"Ughhhh, yes."

"Not so fast." she almost squealed, flinching after each thrust of my hips.

Here it is, the right speed. I pushed harder, the air rushing out of my chest. "Uh-huh-huh-huh," the joy I felt was unrivaled, filling me with a sense of contentment and delight beyond compare.

She sank her claws into my back, hugging me. But I kept pulling out of her embrace with a sharp jerk out of her vagina and back in, penetrating her. The perfect pussy.

I found a moment I sank my lips into her mouth, wanting to savor my mother's forbidden taste.

"M-m-m...Mark," she tried to stop the kiss, but I wanted to taste her so much. Our tongues intertwined in a tender touch, like lovers.

To her surprise, I froze and slowly withdrew my cock, pulling off the condom.

"No, Mark" she whispered beggily. "We shouldn't"

"Sh-h-h-h, Mom. Just enjoy."

At this point I entered full again, all the way in, but without a condom. "Ughhhhhh, Mom." I moved backward withdrawing halfway and re-entered my motherly pussy fully again. My cock was gently enveloped by her insides that had brought me into this world. The heat from Mom's body and breasts was driving me crazy. I dug my claws into her boobs and nipples again, ripping old wounds.

"Ughh, Mark," She collapsed and closed her eyes, cumming on her son's cock. I saw her cumming face and the nausea came again. Like this wasn't the woman I was supposed to be having sex with. I didn't care.

I kissed her frantically, from her mouth, to her cheeks, to her breasts, my hands interlocked on her neck. She didn't mind. She's mine now. The vagina I'll fuck as much as I want. I was incredibly close, almost on the edge. The air was still escaping my lungs with every thrust.

"I'm going to do it... inside, Mom. I'm sorry."

She didn't answer, coming to her senses after another orgasm.

With a final, powerful thrust, I buried myself as deep inside Mom as I could. With each passing second, the waves of pleasure grew stronger and more intense. I gasped for breath, my body trembling with the sheer intensity of it all. I almost fainted with pleasure, everything went black before my very eyes.

At that moment it was over. "Ughhhh, take it," My balls exploded and a torrent of cum erupted from my cock, flooding her pussy. It splurts inside, filling her insides and leaking out. Eruption after eruption, shot after shot right into Mom's vagina, filling its womb and sucking life out of me. "Ughhhh. Mom. I'm cumming in my own mother again." She ran her hands through my hair as I clung wildly to her breasts.

I trembled feeling cum leaving my balls and entering Mom's womb, emptying my balls. My testicles were rising and falling, releasing more and more cum.

Finally, I was empty.

I collapsed next to her, coming to my senses. "What could be better than this?"

Fixing her disheveled hair, my mom ran her hand over her wet vagina, semen flowed from there in a thin streak like a brook, it trickled out of her vagina. "You are crazy, Mark. You did it again."

I was passing out, and before I fell asleep I remembered the way she talked about my father, and how she had been looking for someone worthy to have more children for a long time, someone to give me a brother or sister. Maybe I was that worthy one. It's just like the book says. Our mothers are the perfect wives.