

Mom To The Rescue

by Roderigo

I guess that a truly loving mother will do almost anything for her child if she thinks that he is in danger. I'd like to tell you what fantastic things my mom did for me, and what she is still doing--to the joy and delight of both of us.

When I was just 16 and in my junior year in high school, there was a serious AIDS scare in our community. I only know of 3 students who actually contracted AIDS, but according to wild rumors, there were dozens, striking fear into the hearts of parents. One of the girls who got the disease was a very "popular" blonde who was notorious for having sex with as many different guys as possible. I never had her myself, but I would have jumped at the chance. (Actually I was still a frustrated virgin at that point.) A friend of mine did get into her panties, and when the story of her having AIDS got out, he lived in terror for a couple of years, undergoing test after test until he was clearly out of danger.

My parents were among those who were greatly concerned about the feared epidemic. I heard them worriedly discussing it and casting wondering eyes in my direction. However, I was totally unprepared for the solution to the dilemma that they finally chose to adopt. I never dreamed of the tremendous good fortune that was to come my way as a result of the disease scare.

One Sunday at lunch Dad said to me, very solemnly, that Mom and he wanted to have a talk with me later that afternoon. This was quite unusual, so I was wondering what on earth they could want to discuss--surely not the "birds and bees." The rest of the meal Dad was in an artificially jovial mood, joking in an awkward sort of way, as if trying to lessen the feeling that something very important was coming up. Finally, after the luncheon dishes were done, Dad called me back to the dining room and the three of us sat down at the table for the big talk.

Dad had a bit of trouble getting to the subject, but it finally became clear that their concern was for the AIDS scare, and they were worried about me. Mom is the one who kept moving the discussion ahead by getting to the real issues. Finally she asked me point-blank, "Have you been having sex with any of the girls at school?" I blushingly shook my head, but Mom persisted. "Have you ever had sex with a girl yet?"

"N-n-no, Mom," I stuttered, looking down at the table.

After some further questioning, she was finally convinced, and she looked at Dad and gave a big sigh of relief. "We're not trying to pry into your life, honey," she said, giving my hand a pat. "We're only concerned for your health and welfare."

"Now, of course," Dad went on, "we know that you are at the age when it is only natural for you to start wanting to--er--go further with girls. We know how it is. And we know how hard it is to resist temptation. We wouldn't blame you if you wanted to fu--er--have sex. It would only be natural."

"Yes, honey," Mom put in. "And we don't want to stifle you and make you miss out on such a big part of young life. But we don't want to lose our beloved son to such a terrible disease."

"Right, son," said Dad. "We would like for you to be able to--uh--lose your virginity--and have some--er--fun, but only if you can be perfectly safe."

They seemed to be waiting for me to say something, but I didn't know what to say. Finally I mumbled, "I haven't even got a girlfriend."

Mom smiled and patted my hand again. "I'm sure that there are lots of girls who would be delighted to date such a handsome young man if you weren't just too shy to ask them," she said.

"Yes, but that's not exactly the idea," Dad said. "How can you be sure that any girl that you might date is absolutely certain to be unexposed to AIDS?"

"I guess you really couldn't know for sure," I muttered, feeling very awkward in this weird conversation.

"So, we want you to be able to--to have sex," Dad said. "We want you to be able to overcome the temptation to have unsafe sex by--er--having safe sex--that is, with somebody perfectly safe. Do you understand?"

"Uh--yeah, Dad, but we just agreed that there's no way to know for sure." What on earth were they getting at? Had they picked out some girl that they were going to try to get me to date? And what kind of "safe" girl would that be?

Finally Mom got right to the point of the whole discussion. "OK, honey," she said, with a sort of funny blushing smile on her face, "here's the proposition. If you will promise not to have sex with anyone else--until later on that is--I will take care of all your sexual needs myself, right here at home."

WHAT? Could I actually have heard right? Of all the possible directions the conversation could have gone, this was the most unbelievable! "Wh--what do you mean, Mom?" I asked in a trembling voice.

"I mean that I will go to bed with you myself. I will have sex with you so that you won't have to seek it somewhere else." She paused and looked at me, her cheeks burning. As I continued to just gawk in silent shock, she shook her head and uttered a short laugh. "I mean that you can fuck your mother whenever you need some sex!" she blurted.

Dad blundered in heartily: "And let me assure you, son, that this has my complete approval. There won't be any jealousy. We're both willing to do this to keep our only child safe."

After a brief pause he continued, "And, believe me, she can give you all the sex you want. She's kept her looks and figure--and she's sure as hell damned good in bed! I'll guarantee that you won't be disappointed."

Mom just blew my mind away by adding, "And after all, pussy is pussy, no matter whose it is."

My God! I had never heard my mother talk like that before. She was very pure in her language and insisted that anyone around her must speak in a genteel manner as well. I was still in a state of shock.

Finally I gave my solemn promise that I would not have sex with anyone else, realizing that if I did, I would be jeopardizing all our lives. And it was understood, although no plans were made, that Mom would now become my sexual partner as well as Dad's. Everything was just left at that as we withdrew from the table, all of us obviously greatly relieved to have finished the ordeal.

The rest of the afternoon, I was in a daze. I don't even remember what I did, probably read a little, watched some TV, but I'm sure that I could not have had any idea what I was reading or seeing. Sex with Mom! My God!

What a thrilling thought! Now, I might as well confess that such an idea had crossed my mind before; in fact, it had positively dwelt in my mind for years. Mom was a damned attractive woman, and I had sneaked peeks at her goodies whenever I got the chance. I had fantasized about her gorgeous body thousands of times and had ejaculated gallons of masturbatory cum with her beloved image in my mind. Undoubtedly one of the reasons why I had never dated much was that young girls were so uninteresting to me in comparison with my mature, full-bodied, utterly fascinating mother.

At supper Dad was again hearty and joking, putting on a show of casualness, not very effectively. Mom was quiet, and I was absolutely silent, nervous and flustered. Mom did look at me a couple of times and smiled in a strange Mona Lisa way. Not a word was said about our bizarre agreement of a few hours before. The evening passed in similar fashion, with each of us involved in our own activities. I was wondering more and more how this whole thing was supposed to get started, but so far I hadn't a clue. Was anything going to happen at all, I wondered, or was Mom already regretting her offer?

Finally I said good night to Mom and Dad and went off to bed early, about 10:00. I was just so worn out by the tension that I couldn't stay around my parents any longer. I brushed my teeth, undressed to my shorts, turned off the light and climbed into bed. I doubted that I would be able to sleep. Maybe tomorrow Mom would say something about our deal. God, I hoped that she wouldn't back out of it--and then again I was afraid that she would go ahead with it. I didn't know what I would do under either possibility.

I had been in bed about a half hour, tossing and turning, wrestling with the bedclothes and with my thoughts, when all at once the door softly opened, then closed. A dim form entered my room, slipped to my bed, pulled back the sheets and crept in beside me. I could smell Mom's perfume. Oh, my God! This is it!

"Hi, honey," Mom murmured as she put an arm around me. "Are you ready to give it a try?"

I gulped and croaked, "Yeah--OK, Mom."

My cock started growing rapidly as Mom began to gently rub my chest. I turned toward her and she moved her body lightly against mine. I could feel the tips of her nipples just barely touch my skin. I could tell that she was naked, but I was scared to touch her with my hands. She ran her hand up and down my back, all the way down to my ass, which she squeezed gently through my undershorts. My cock, completely erect and hard, was now poking against her belly, constrained somewhat by my jockey shorts. Mom slowly moved her hand around to the front, caressing my upper thighs very close to my crotch. Then her other hand joined it as she cupped my balls and lightly squeezed my hard prick. Oh, God! What a sensation!

"Hey, lover," she whispered, "it's OK for you to touch me too, you know."

My half-paralyzed hands finally began to move. At first I just brushed them over her arms and back. God! How satiny smooth her skin felt. Mom was now tugging my shorts down, and I helped her work them off. Then her hands were again on my cock and balls, her warm fingers firmly stroking my hard rod, while the other hand played with my hairy balls. "Ummm! You've got a nice big one!" she murmured. "I'm glad to see that your old Mommy can turn you on."

Turn me on! My God! My head was spinning with sheer pleasure at her touch. Again I started rubbing her soft skin, working lower and lower until I felt her ass crack. I cupped one soft, but firm cheek and began to squeeze and caress it. Oh, God, God, God! How wonderful my mother's bare ass felt! And how wonderful her hands felt on my cock! I knew that I couldn't last long if she kept up her actions.

She must have realized this, as she stopped stroking me and just held my dick in a firm grip. I moved my hands slowly to her breasts and felt for the first time the ultra smooth, spongy firmness of a woman's tits--my own dear mother's tits! Oh, this was fantastic! Nothing could possibly feel better! I squeezed and gently pinched at her bountiful mammary charms. Her nipples were already hard, but they grew and hardened even more as I played with them, tweaking and rubbing and pinching them. "Oh, Mom!" I whispered. "Your ti--your breasts feel wonderful!"

Mom laughed softly. "It's OK, honey. You can call them tits if you want to. I'm glad you like Mommy's tits...Ummm! That feels nice!"

One of my hands strayed down over her firm, slightly rounded belly to the crispy, curly hair on her mound. I riffled through her abundant hair for a while and then moved lower. Mom spread her thighs farther apart as my hand reached the moist feminine softness between her legs. I cupped her pussy, pressing gently on it. Then I began rubbing up and down the puffy hair-covered lips. My middle finger found the opening, and I began to gently press into it.

"That's it, honey," Mom murmured, giving my cock a hard squeeze. "That's where this big thing goes in. Go ahead and explore a little."

Explore I did, probing deeper and deeper inside her very wet vagina. God! I had my finger up my own mother's sticky cunt! Mom pushed her hips against my hand, urging me deeper yet. "Mmmmm! Yes, honey! That's it." She began to grind her pussy on my hand, and her breath came a bit quicker. "Give me a kiss, honey," she said.

I bent my head and tentatively placed my mouth on hers. She opened her lips to me and began kissing passionately. Then I could feel her tongue licking at my lips. I responded by opening my lips, and then our tongues were together, licking and probing excitedly. "Mmmmm!" Mom began to hum into my mouth. We went on like this for some moments, my cock, still in her firm grasp, threatening to explode any second. She kept humping her pussy on my finger.

Finally she whispered, "Honey, are you ready to go ahead? Do you want to fuck your Mommy?"

Did I want to fuck my Mommy! Oh, God, did I! "Yeah, Mom," I managed to grunt.

Mom rolled over onto her back, pulling me with her. She spread her legs very wide and guided me between her luscious thighs. She was still holding my cock, and now she tugged it to her wide-open crotch. I could feel her pussy hair delightfully chafing my super-sensitive cock head. She placed me against her cunt lips and arched her back, lifting her hips to me. "Push, honey," she whispered. "Just push that big horny cock of yours right up into Mommy's pussy."

Wow! Mom's unexpectedly graphic words sent my emotions soaring higher yet. I pushed slowly inside, surprised at the heat, as her love channel warmly embraced my straining cock. Oh, God, God, God! What a

sensation! My overheated, overexcited dick in my own mother's hot welcoming cunt! Sinking deeper and deeper into the fantastic paradise of her sexual treasure! OHHHHHHH, GOD! GOD! GOD!

And then, before I was even halfway inside, I suddenly started cumming. I could hear myself whimper as my cock began jerking and shooting its load into my mother's vagina. Mom grabbed my ass, humped her belly up, and fiercely pulled me completely to the depths. Her hips began to buck as my juice poured deep inside her belly. She ground her pussy insistently against my groin as I panted and spasmed, emptying my seed into the hot, wet passage through which I had been born 16 years before. I came and came and came--much more than I ever had by masturbating.

At last the final weak spurt of love juice left my spent cock, and I collapsed in exhaustion upon my mother's soft body, panting and struggling for breath, trembling violently. Oh, God! Oh, God!

For a few minutes we lay that way, Mom's hands caressing my back and ass as I recovered my senses. I finally realized what a load I must be on her and lifted myself up with my elbows and knees. Mom sort of laughed a bit and murmured, "I guess you were really ready for that."

"I'm sorry, Mom," I breathed. "I just couldn't hold back."

"You did just fine," Mom said. Then she pushed me gently. "Let me up, honey. I want to go clean up a little." I pulled my shrinking prick out of her and rolled off her body, Mom wriggling out from under me as I did. She leaned over me and gave me a soft kiss. "Don't go away," she said. Then she slipped out of the room, and I was left alone in the bed, in the scene of our first incestuous coupling.

My God, I really did it, I thought. I really fucked my mother! It was true that I came too soon, but still what a fantastic thing! I was really a motherfucker--and with my gorgeous mother, that was truly something to be proud of. I finally thought of getting some tissues and cleaning the juices off my cock and groin, the mixed juices, Mom's and mine--joined as a result of a real honest-to-God fuck! How could such a wonderfully fantastic thing have happened? Just this morning, I might have dreamed of such a thing, but to have it actually happen would have been beyond my fondest hopes. A motherfucker! I WAS A MOTHERFUCKER! Heaven on earth! In just a few minutes Mom's dim figure reappeared through my doorway. She closed the door and then slipped in beside me again, her body still completely naked. This time I welcomed her warmly, putting my arms around her and pulling her delightful body against mine. Our mouths were together, and we began to kiss deeply, probingly again. I could feel her big soft tits pressed against my chest and my reawakening cock being delightfully tormented by her scratchy pussy hair. Oh, God, it felt so good!

For a long time we lay and kissed and kissed, trading saliva freely, both our faces wet from our passionate open-mouthed kissing. We began to caress again, and soon her hand was stroking my cock again, and my hand was on her wonderful cunt again. Both of us were humping our hips to increase the exciting friction.

Then Mom pulled her head back and murmured softly. "Come on, my lover boy. Fuck me again! Stick that lovely big dick back into your Mommy's happy pussy and fuck me again!"

Again she eagerly pulled me over on top of her and guided my rock-hard prick back into her hot, juicy love hole. Ahhh! Already it felt like home. This is where I belonged, where I had dreamed so many times of being. At last I had arrived. Wonderland was mine.

This time I made it all the way in--and then began to fuck my mother. I seemed to know just exactly what to do now. At first I fucked in and out of her cunt slowly and gently, all the way to the bottom, then almost all the way out, then slowly back in, feeling every delightful inch of her warm, slippery passage on every inch of my overjoyed cock. Mom raised and lowered her ass along with my probing. Ah, wonderful, wonderful, wonderful! Mom pulled my head down and we began to kiss as we fucked, warmly, lovingly--loving mother and devoted son still, but also lovers now--an unbeatable combination. I had one hand fondling Mom's big soft tits and one hand grasping a generous handful of soft, firm ass. Mom's hands were on my ass as well, rubbing and sometimes pulling me against her. In and out--in and out--fuck--fuck--fuck! Oh, what a tremendous experience, the very height of physical, mental--and yes, spiritual--joy! Oh, how I loved my mother! With all my heart and soul and mind and body, I loved my mother!

Gradually the tempo picked up. Mom began yanking harder on my ass and humping harder and faster with her hips. Again she began to sort of hum, "Mmmmmmm!" into my mouth, and her breathing quickened. Then she hissed fiercely, "Now, honey! Fuck me hard! As hard as you can! Fuck me, honey! Oooooohhh! Fuuccckkkk meeeee!"

Well, I didn't have to be asked twice. I began to slam into her with everything I had, ramming her ass down into the mattress with my hard thrusting cock, jammed as deep into her as it could possibly go. She bucked right back up for another thrust, jerking her ass frenziedly off the bed to meet me as I plowed into her. We became a super-fast, powerful fucking machine, my steely piston flying in and out of Mom's well-lubricated sex cylinder. Our fucking became audible, with the "Squish! Squish! Squish!" of each thrust into Mom's sappy wet pussy. This second time I was giving Mom a real fuck, by God!

Then Mom began to sort of whine and pant, and her ass just went crazy, leaping frantically and forcing our fucking to speed up even more. I felt my cum building and building and building, the heat spreading out from my balls through my stomach and then all over my body. With a big groan I finally let go, and the hot cum began to boil out of my cock deep into the depths of my mother's precious vagina. The intense pleasure-filled sensation swept over me in wave after wave, as Mom moaned with the ecstasy of her own orgasm. We were locked together now, not fucking, but trembling and shuddering violently as the hot delight rolled over us. I could feel Mom's pussy muscles spasming and grasping at my shooting cock. Our mouths were still open upon each other's, as we panted into each other.

For a long time we lay locked firmly together, shuddering, before finally the relief came, and we both heaved a great sigh together and relaxed. Again I was lying fully upon my mother's beautiful big body, crushing her into the soft mattress, my cock still buried to the depths inside her cunt. From time to time I felt a little ripple run through her cunt, a sort of aftershock.

Finally I was able to heave myself up somewhat, relieving Mom of most of my weight. She sighed heavily and murmured in a strange slurred voice, "Oh, God, honey! I don't think I was supposed to like it, but I did! Oh, God! Did I ever like it!...I think this idea was much better than I planned... Mmmmm! This is going to be fun!"

"I love you, Mom!" I whispered fervently. "I love you, love you, LOVE you! In fact, love isn't a strong enough word--no word can be strong enough to tell you how much you mean to me."

"And I love you, my wonderful lover son! More now than ever! I know exactly what you mean when you say that words can't express it."

We kissed long and lovingly and lay, still linked together at our genitals, for a long time, but then Mom gently urged me out of her body and rose from the bed. She leaned down to give me another long, wet kiss and then said good night. Then she was gone.

I lay for a while in sheer delight, thinking of the wonderful love session that we had just shared. It wasn't just a fuck--although it was a tremendously ecstatic fuck--no, it was a mutual sharing of love. It was deep, deep love, love that can exist only between a mother and son, but now made a thousand times deeper yet by the giving of one's complete self to the other. Mom had given me this priceless gift by giving me her body, her sex. She had already given me everything else that a mother could give. Now this made it complete. Now I had everything--heaven and earth combined in my mother's love. Thinking this wonderful thought, I fell into a deep sleep, a wonderful fulfilled sleep of peace.

Part 2

When I awoke early the next morning, I felt extraordinarily good. At first I didn't know why, but then the fantastic scenario of last night flooded my consciousness with a vividness almost as good as the real thing had been. It had really happened! Oh, my blessed God! I had really fucked my lovely, lovely mother--twice! And she had loved it as well! She had said so. She had told me how much she loved me--"more now than ever"! Oh, Mom, Mom, Mom! You wonderful, wonderful creature! What a tremendously lucky young man I was! What a world of joy to look forward to with such a sensitive and sensual lover! Thank you, dear God! I had all that I could ever hope to desire in this world.

Then mundane reality set in. This was Monday, a school day. And I had to go downstairs and face not only Mom, but also Dad, who knew what had gone on last night. Good old Dad! Could he really let me fuck Mom and feel no jealousy? Probably not, but I was sure that he would stick to the bargain.

I showered and shaved, brushed my teeth, and got dressed for school. Then, taking a deep breath and crossing my fingers, I slowly descended the stairs to face my parents. Dad was sitting at the kitchen table, dressed for the office, eating breakfast as I entered the room. Immediately he smiled a big smile and said loudly, "Ah, there's our lover! I didn't think you'd be able to drag yourself out so early--after your big night!" He laughed heartily.

I could hardly force myself to smile. God, I felt awkward. Mom smiled and came forward to give me a casual hug. "Sit down, honey," she said, "and I'll bring your breakfast."

I sat down across from Dad, who deserted his morning paper to concentrate on me. "Well, I guess I'll have to treat you differently now," he joked. "We're both men of the world now." Again he laughed as I failed to even make eye contact and was undoubtedly blushing fiery red.

Mom didn't help much. To my embarrassment, she smiled warmly at me and said, "Yes, our little boy became a man last night. He really enjoyed doing that to Mommy."

Dad laughed again, apparently in the best of spirits. "From the way you were glowing when you came to bed, he isn't the only one who enjoyed it," he said.

Mom didn't say anything, just smiled at me again. Dad went on with his joking and kidding until he finally had to get his briefcase and set out for work. "Now you guys be good while I'm gone," he smirked before he went out the door.

I breathed a big sigh of relief as the door closed. Mom laughed softly and put her hand on mine. "Don't let him get to you, honey. This is a big adjustment for him, and this is just his way of dealing with it. I think he's doing a great job of handling what could be a very difficult situation."

"You're right, Mom. I'm very, very grateful for the sacrifice he's making. I don't think that I could do the same."

"He's actually very turned on by the idea of his wife and son having sex. He was so wound up last night that I got another big screw after I went to bed with him. Mommy's tender little pussy really got a workout last night!"

Wow! My mind was in a turmoil again. Just imagine--Dad lying in his room, willingly waiting while his wife is taking the virginity of his only son! Then when she comes back to his bed, he fucks that familiar betrothed cunt that now still probably contained some of my incestuous cum!

Mom was now standing beside me, as I had just finished my breakfast. She bent down to kiss me tenderly, and her robe gaped open, showing a bounteous big naked white tit inside. "Honey," she murmured softly, "you still have nearly an hour before you have to go to school. Would you maybe like to--mmm--do it again to your dear old Mommy?"

"Oh, God, yes, Mom!" I exclaimed, jumping up and reaching for her.

Mom laughed and dodged out of my grasp. "Come on into the living room honey," she said. "We'll turn it into a loving room for a while."

I followed her eagerly. She refused to let me open her robe, but instead helped me out of all my clothes. When I was completely naked, my cock jutting out and up at a sharp angle, she pushed me onto my back on the sofa. Then she stepped back, and looking directly into my eyes, she slowly untied the sash of her robe and pulled it open. Then she slowly took it off, draped it on a chair and turned to face me, standing in a sexy pose, hands on hips, for a few moments, then slowly turning to let me get my first really clear view of all her naked beauty. It was obvious that she was proud of her body, and she knew that I was certainly appreciating the scenery.

Let me finally give you a full description of my gorgeous Mom, now that I had seen all of her myself. At the age of 38, she was not a small woman, very definitely not a skinny fashion-model type. She stood about 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighed perhaps 140 exceedingly well-distributed pounds. She had coppery brown hair, worn loosely curled, framing her rather round, dimpled face. Her eyes were a deep, dark brown, with what looked like little lights in them, especially when she was amused or excited. Her perfectly arched eyebrows gave a vivacious expression to her face. Her complexion was very clear, a golden light tan with slightly rosy cheeks,

especially when she blushed, which she did easily and beautifully. She had a rather short upturned nose, exactly the right nose for her face. Her mouth was a generous size, with full, shapely lips, and when she smiled, she showed perfect white teeth, with just a tad of overbite, which sometimes caused her to lisp slightly. Her smile was just out of this world, the most beautiful smile I have ever seen, live or in pictures.

And now to her body--ah, her body! I later got her to allow me to measure her nude, and she was 37-27-39. But just numbers can't do much to give the impression of her super-sexy form. Starting at the bottom, she had daintily trim ankles with extremely shapely calves. I loved her dimpled knees, but not as much as her full thighs, which swelled beautifully to excitingly broad hips. Her outthrust ass was a masterwork of art, round and firm--callipygian is the word: "having shapely buttocks"--I've never seen a woman more callipygian than my Mom (and believe me, I've looked). Her breasts were deep and full, very soft, but very firm. They sagged only the slightest bit, and her brownish-pink nipples, surrounded by large darker areolae, stood out proudly. Her belly was not flat (who the hell wants a flat-bellied woman?), but it was only slightly rounded, enough to make her look like a woman, not a little boy. And moving down from her cute belly button, we come to the most coveted part of her anatomy. Peeping through an abundant triangle of crispy dark-brown hair were her puffy pussy lips, which swelled and enlarged dramatically when she was sexually aroused. Ah, glorious, magnificent Mom, my adorable goddess!

Now that we have toured Mom's delectable exterior, let us proceed with the action, so that I can achieve another tour of her interior. With an eager smile upon her full lips, Mom approached the sofa and reached out to grasp my upstanding cock. "Oooh, God, honey, that big monster looks even bigger than it seemed last night! I think it might be just a bit bigger than your father's, and his is plenty big enough."

She began to mount me, telling me, "Now you just relax and let me do it this time. I'm going to give you a real treat, my honey boy."

She held my cock firmly in position and lowered her hairy pussy onto it. I watched my hungry rod slowly disappear as I felt that warm fuck hole begin to swallow it up. Ah, God! It was a delightful sight, the feeling greatly enhanced by the wonderful view. I put up my hands to receive Mom's lovely big breasts as she lowered them onto me. With a little wiggling and squirming, Mom was now completely impaled upon my rigid prick, and her belly was tight against mine, my light-brown pubic hair mingling with her darker curls. Mom lowered her face to mine, her mouth open, and those delicious wet kisses began. Oh, how fantastically wonderful she felt and looked and tasted as her naked body lay fully upon mine!

She lifted her head to murmur, "Oh, honey, your big dick feels so good in Mommy's pussy! Oh, I love you so much, and I love making love with you! Mmmmm!" And the humming began as she again covered my mouth with hers.

Mom began to slowly raise and lower her hips, sliding up and down my jutting rod. I placed one hand on her smooth ass, as I continued to play with her tits with the other. I loved the feel of her flexing rump muscles as she continued to fuck me slowly. Sometimes she would roll her hips from side to side, really screwing in a mild way, and sometimes she would pause at the bottom to grind her pubic area against mine. I was floating in a heaven of bliss as my mother lovingly fucked me. Up and down that beautiful big ass moved, creating the most delightful friction as her cunt moved up and down my tingling cock.

Gradually Mom began to speed up, grunting a little with each downstroke now, her belly smacking against mine as she rammed my cock to the extreme depths of her love channel. Her humming "Mmmmm"s became louder and more insistent, rising to a higher pitch as Mom's orgasm began to build. This time, although Mom was more or less doing it to me without my effort, I concentrated more on her feelings, and it thrilled me to watch her, bit by bit, lose control. Then all at once she was practically screaming into my mouth as she began to really leap and plunge upon my cock. I had been reciprocating her movements, but now as I began to rise to my own climax, I began to buck up under her, meeting her in midair and letting her battering hips slam me back into the sofa. God, she was really going at it now, and my cock was on fire with the heat of the frantic friction, and the still wonderfully new thrill of having my own mother fuck the hell out of me.

Then I just had to let go, and with a roar I began spurting inside Mom's plunging pussy. She gave a real scream now, and I could feel her cunt muscles churning and grasping as she came big as well. She jammed herself down onto me as tightly as she could and held on, shuddering violently, shaking both our bodies and the sofa as well. Even in the midst of a tremendously earth-shaking cum of my own, what I loved most was the frenzied ecstasy displayed by my orgasming Mom, pleased to the max by her own son's cock--by my proud and very happy cock!

For long minutes, Mom just lay upon me, shuddering and moaning, her open mouth still on mine, just drooling saliva into me. I had both hands on her ass cheeks now, pulling her trembling body to me, wishing we could just blend together as one, to get even closer than these physical limits. "Oh, Mom!" I thought. "Oh, you heavenly queen of all that is beautiful and good and loving! Oh, you goddess of sexual love! Oh, my own dear mother, my lover, my all!" I couldn't say those things aloud then, although later I was able to, to my mother's great delight.

Finally with a big groaning, sighing "Ooooooh!" Mom raised her head up and looked into my eyes. "Oh, God, honey!" she said. "That was the best ever for me! I have never felt so--so--oh, so God-damned fucking goooood in my life! Oh, what a fabulous fuck! What a grand and glorious fuck!...Oh, God, I have never felt so--so alive."

These so shocking words from my mother became commonplace when we were making love, but never at any other time. She was normally so proper in her speech that one word would tell me when she was starting to feel horny and I was likely to get a piece of her gorgeous ass.

We lay for some time recovering our senses. I really didn't want to get up and go to school, but we both realized that we had to go on with regular life as well. Eventually I kissed my mother good-bye, fondling her naked body inside her robe as I did so. I went through the school day in a semi-daze, hoping that I wouldn't seem too stupid. When at last the final bell rang, I got out of there as quickly as possible.

And when I got home and found Mom in the kitchen, guess what she was wearing--a pair of high-heeled slippers, an apron, and a big smile! So we fucked like mad for the fourth time in less than 24 hours. This time I

got to fuck her from the back. I loved watching that big beautiful ass wiggle as I fucked her, although I missed our open-mouthed kisses.

Thus began my long-term sexual affair with my beloved mother. From that point we had sex every day, frequently more than once. Mom made it clear that Dad was still her primary sex partner, although obviously he didn't fuck her nearly as much as I did. Mom and I usually screwed in the morning or after school, before Dad came home. Sometimes, however, we would go to my bedroom while Dad was in the house, and Mom said that, every time, he would be so turned on that he would fuck her again when she went back to her own bed. Mom was really a well-fucked woman. She never refused me, except for some very good reasons, such as her period, and I was very demanding. And Dad was still a very vigorous man who adored his well-endowed and always willing wife. Mom absolutely thrived on all the sexual attention. She was more cheerful around the house than I had ever seen her before, singing and doing little dance steps even as she did housework. Dad said that if he had known how happy it would make Mom, he would have sent her to my bed long ago.

Dad remained a very good sport about the whole thing, very unselfishly. He loved to joke about the situation -- in fact, sometimes driving Mom to distraction. Sometimes we would talk about her little sexual idiosyncrasies right before her, trying to get her to laugh, which she sometimes did, or more frequently to embarrass her, which we always did. Once when we were commenting upon the way she whined and jerked her hips when she was coming, as if she had a hot wire up her ass, she leaped to her feet and screamed at us that it was HER ass, and if either of us ever expected to get another piece of it, we'd better watch our language. Secretly Dad and I talked about the possibility of a threesome, but we knew that Mom would never consent. She was plenty hot stuff in bed, but she had a strong sense of modesty as well. She would never let either of us fondle her or try any other sex play while the other was present, although she always welcomed it when we were alone.

Once when I had Mom laid out on the bed, legs spread, ready to be fucked, I was so taken by the beauty of her curly-haired cunt that I leaned down and kissed it. Mom gave a little screech and pushed me away, but when I persisted, she let me go ahead. She started getting really turned on then, and I was able to part her sticky, puffy cunt lips and lick inside. In no time at all I had her pulling my head frantically into her crotch while she bucked us all over the bed. Man, she came big time, obviously loving my mouth on her pussy. She told me afterward that Dad had no interest at all in oral sex, so she had never been licked before.

Likewise, she had never sucked off a man before. After cunnilingus became a frequent part of our lovemaking, Mom finally felt that she owed it to me to at least try fellatio. She was very tentative at first, just kissing the tip of my cockhead, then licking a little. But when she saw what a tremendous effect it had on me, she determinedly began giving me a real suck, thrilling me out of my mind. God! That was fantastic, watching my curly-headed Mom bobbing over my cock, her red lips moving up and down on me, her hands holding me firmly as she drove me crazy. She finally began swallowing my load and came to love it. This was one area of our lovemaking which was entirely different from sex with Dad.

This whole thing started in early April, so in a couple months the school year was over. This year I didn't get a summer job. I did play on a very good amateur baseball team, which even played in a national tournament, and Mom always did a lot of volunteer work. But still we had many long summer days during which we swam naked in our pool, shielded by a high wall, or lolled in bed for hours talking and caressing, fucking leisurely sometimes and fiercely at other times. We also went on a camping trip, staying in a rented cabin, which was all just one room. Mom would start out each night alternately with Dad and then me; then she would usually switch to the other bed. At last I got to hear her having sex with Dad, and once when it was cool enough to have a fire in the fireplace, I got a pretty good look at her on top of Dad, raising and lowering her beautiful body ardently on his cock. Of course, Dad also got to see and hear Mom and me, and he told me later that it was almost as good as fucking her himself. He had to struggle to keep from jacking off, even when he knew that she was going to be bringing her always hot ass over to him shortly. Ah, it was a great summer!

Mom told me that we were not the only ones who had decided to use family sex because of the AIDS scare. She knew of at least two other young men and one girl who were being fucked by a parent to help them avoid the temptation to have unsafe sex. She told me the name of the girl, and I was amazed. I will call her Stacy here, a very pretty, intelligent, dignified young lady whom I had always admired. Her parents were very good friends of my parents, and the two mothers had discussed the whole thing before they began the affairs. Stacy's mother was not only an extremely attractive lady, but she was also a highly successful businesswoman. Her husband, a forthright, decent man, who inspired respect, owned a busy machine shop. The thought of this outstanding man fucking this beautiful and very fine young woman really stirred me. Generally I am strongly opposed to father-daughter incest, because there is too much likelihood of abuse. (Mother-son sex, on the other hand, I think is great, provided that the son is mature enough to handle it properly.) But for these fine people, and with that gracious mother's consent--I thought that it was terrific!

One day, after my senior year had started, a group of us students were sitting around talking at lunch time, and I made a stupid joking remark which showed clearly that I knew that Stacy's father was boffing her. No one else in the group could possibly know what the innuendo meant, but Stacy turned fiery red and abruptly walked away. I tried to apologize to her later, but she wouldn't even talk to me. I was extremely sorry for my stupidity and poor taste, and the more I thought about it, the more I realized how much I really thought of this truly admirable girl. I told Mom about the problem and my feelings. She also had a high regard for Stacy and urged me to do everything I could to earn her forgiveness.

It took several weeks, but at last I got Stacy to speak to me again and convinced her of how truly ashamed of myself I was for my thoughtless remark. We started walking to and from school together, and our conversations revealed that we thought the same way about most things. I began to like her more and more, and I couldn't help noticing what a spectacular figure she had developed. Finally I asked her for a date and she accepted. When I kissed her for the first time, I knew that this was the girl I wanted to marry. More dates and some heavy petting confirmed my desire. Of course, I was still deeply in love with Mom, and we were still fucking daily, but I knew that eventually this would have to end.

I could talk freely to Mom about anything, and when I told her of my love for Stacy, she admitted a bit of jealousy, but she warmly approved of my choice. Now I knew that we could not marry for some time, and I really wanted to fuck Stacy. I told Mom this too; I had to because of my promise not to have sex with anyone

else. Mom talked to Stacy's mother, who consulted her husband, and eventually they all gave their approval, provided that Stacy herself agreed. That part was up to me to achieve.

I could hardly wait for our next date, and my understanding Mom urged me to go ahead and make the effort. It didn't take too much. (I found out later that her mother had told her that if she wanted to have sex with me, it was OK.) Stacy was a great piece of ass! Her experience with her father had given her skills far beyond those of a normal teenager, and I certainly had learned a lot of sophisticated techniques from Mom. So our first fuck, instead of consisting of awkward juvenile fumbling, was a beautifully coordinated coupling that lifted us both to the heights. We became constant lovers, perfectly fitted for each other. We were allowed to meet privately at either of our homes and even to sleep over frequently.

Stacy is shorter than Mom, about 5 foot 4, and she is a little rounder in the hips and thighs, with a little less than Mom in the tits department. She has a great body, and she uses it with abandon when we fuck. She is a blue-eyed blond, and the fluffy fuzz on her pretty pussy is blond as well, softer than Mom's rather scratchy bush. She is extremely exciting in (and out of) bed.

This did not mean that I gave up sex with Mom. No way! We didn't have as much sex, but it was still almost every day, and our very frequent fondling and deep kissing continued as before. Likewise, Stacy still slept with her father occasionally. We were both quite comfortable with the situation.

An interesting sidelight of this whole set-up was that Dad and Stacy's mother started talking together. They realized that Mom had two lovers, Stacy's dad had two lovers, Stacy and I both had two lovers. Only the two of them had only one. The result was that Dad and Stacy's mom began a sexual affair of their own. They soon confessed to their respective spouses, and with very little argument, their behavior was approved. Now all of us had two lovers.

I am now 24, a college graduate with a good job. Stacy and I are married, and she also has her career. We love each other deeply and are completely compatible in every way. We plan to start a family eventually. But in the meantime, I still stop in to see Mom, still gorgeous at 46, at least 2 or 3 times a week for a delicious motherly fuck, and I don't object when Stacy visits her father for a similar purpose. We are all one big happy family. Actually there is a new complication that has developed, but I'm not too worried about it. Recently I stopped by Stacy's old home to drop something off, and her mother was home alone. She invited me in for a cup of tea, and we became very friendly, in fact, so friendly that she made it obvious that she would like a sample of my cock. She was wearing a very short skirt, and she let me clearly see that there were no panties underneath. Well, one thing led to another, and soon we were deep kissing and she was unzipping my pants, while I had a hand up under her skirt, probing into her very wet and horny pussy. Stacy got her good looks from her mom, and damn, her mother gave me one hot fuck! I haven't told Stacy yet, but I suppose that eventually I will. So now I have 3 absolutely gorgeous women to fuck. What a lucky guy! But the best of them still, the best in the whole world I'm sure, is my sexy and very deeply beloved Mom, who gave me her all to save me from danger.